

# THE SHY GIRL

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## Chapter One

Justine was a shy, quiet girl whose strict upbringing had failed to acquaint her as thoroughly with the social and behavioural skills generally expected of a girl her age. Her father having died when she was quite young her mother, a woman much given to fits of panic at the small stresses and strains of life, had decided that boarding school was the best recourse for both of them. She had spent most of her young life at St. Gwendolyn's Academy in Switzerland, a quiet, strict, and traditional school for girls. There she had learned the merits of modesty and the proper behaviour of a young lady.

Though she had enjoyed her life at St. Gwendolyn's, Justine had emerged with little of the strength of character and confidence a woman of the modern world required to make her way in life. It was not in her nature, for example, to argue or even strongly disagree with her elders, those in a position of authority, or even those of strong will and spirit. Though a friendly girl, she was easily cowed by a harsh word or raised voice.

She spent most of her time reading. She read romances, books about stars and the universe, and sometimes science fiction books which featured strong willed, powerful women who captained space ships and were just as strong and capable as men. Justine liked to imagine herself like that, but knew she wasn't brave enough.

Justine, as it happened, was an extremely attractive young woman. Her brown hair was dark and glossy, silken in texture and always perfectly brushed, parted at the centre of her forehead, spilling gently down the sides of her head to frame her delicate face, falling to her shoulder in back and curling in slightly towards her jaw at the sides. She had a slender face with soft brown eyes and slightly upturned nose. Her smile was shy, demure, and often hesitant, as if she were uncertain if amusement were permitted, yet it exposed perfect white teeth and turned up the corners of her full, sensuous lips.

She was a slim girl, with narrow shoulders, and hips (though well rounded), a tiny waist, and a round, boyish bottom. Her breasts were on the small side of normal, but due to her slender chest they seemed much more full than would otherwise be the case. They were exceptionally firm, however, even for a girl barely into adulthood, with areolas barely darker or larger than the tiny pink nipples they surrounded.

Occasionally, Justine would gaze at herself in the mirror and be anxiously pleased that she seemed pretty, that her hair was as lovely as it was, that her face was sweet, her complexion clear and that her body was slender.

More rarely she would, when dressing, pause to look at herself in the nude, hesitant, almost embarrassed to do so, and feel a strange little quivering sense of pleasure that she looked sexy. Though sexy was not a very well defined concept to her, even at eighteen. The topic had not been one the traditional education had considered necessary or even desirable for a young lady.

That summer, on returning from Switzerland, her mother permitted her to shop for a new wardrobe. It would be much hotter in LA in the summer than she was used to, and so her mother advised her to buy lighter summer clothes. Justine spent considerable time at the mall buying shoes, skirts, tops and dresses, and enjoying herself thoroughly. She bought light, loose, linen and cotton trousers, with a few tighter, more form fitting khakis. Her skirts were all minis, for that was what her European friends all wore, and she never considered that they might be more rarely worn in conservative America. Especially since all the girls on television wore minis.

And, of course, she bought bathing suits, for while swimming was not a frequent or common recreation in Switzerland it was reputed to be so in California. It was while she was examining swimsuits that the saleswoman approached her. She was holding a pale yellow one piece up against her body and examining herself in the mirror.

The saleswoman was a blonde, though a fake one, of perhaps thirty five or so. She had long legs and a comfortable chest inside a blue tank top.

"No, no, no," she said, her words startling Justine, who turned in surprise to find the woman standing behind her. "The colour is all wrong for your complexion and the style is wrong for your body type."

She took it from Justine's hands and tossed it back in the pile, then led her further along the counter to where the bikinis were. "With your long, slender body, dear, you really must wear a two piece," she said.

Justine had no difficulty allowing the woman to pick through the suits and take several, following her around the counters. She was used to being told what to do and what to wear by adults and persons with even tentative authority. And though she had technically achieved the age recognized by society as that of an adult her mind had not yet made the shift from obedient girl to self confident woman.

"Come, dear, and we'll try these on," the woman said, taking her arm and leading her towards the dressing rooms.

Again, Justine didn't question her, following along to the changing room area, and taking the bathing suits the woman handed her as she stepped through the small door.

The first suit she tried on was black. It was a thong, as they all were, but that caused her only minimal hesitation, for she had grown up in Europe.

"Finished?"

The woman didn't wait to hear her reply but pushed through the door. Justine stepped back a pace, blushing a bit as the woman examined her.

"Turn around, dear," she said brusquely, gripping Justine's arm and turning her.

She reached down and slipped two fingers into the top of the thong, tugging it upwards, and went "Hmm."

Justine swallowed as the tug pulled the crotch up harder against her soft mons.

"I don't like this back," the woman said, letting her hand slide gently across the downy flesh of Justine's buttocks. "Your bottom is so shapely, it needs a higher cut waist in back."

She turned her again, guiding the girl by the upper arm, and examined the bra cups. She slipped a finger into each cup, incidentally brushing across her nipples, and tugged on them.

"I think a small cup," she said.

"But this I my size," Justine said uncertainly, her lower belly strangely fluttering at the woman's intimate touches.

"I know, dear. I know. But not all of the manufacturers are as dutiful in keeping to the proper measurements. Try on this blue one."

Again she turned Justine, and her hand flicked the clasp at the back of the bra so it came apart. Then she tugged the bra up over her head and hung another over her neck before Justine could even react. Justine stood there, somewhat embarrassed but not doing anything but raising her hands uncertainly. The woman pulled the straps back behind her back and snapped the clasp, then turned her again.

"Better," she said.

She reached into the left bra cup and squeezed Justine's breast, adjusting it in the cup, then drew her hand back. Justine gasped in surprise, but still did nothing as the woman adjusted her right breast in a similar manner. Only the doctor at school had ever touched Justine's breasts, and she felt quite embarrassed, even as the flutter in her lower belly grew stronger. Though it made her quite uncomfortable it did not really occur to her that the sales woman was behaving in an inappropriate manner and should not have been touching her.

"Much better," the woman said brusquely, examining the bikini top.

It was smaller than the other, and tighter. The tiny triangles covered the centres of her breasts, but left the inner curves bare, and did not entirely pull back to her ribs on the sides, so that the soft pale flesh of the sides of her breasts were visible.

"Now try this bottom."

Justine hurriedly slid the thong down herself and stepped out of it, then took the new thong and slid it up her thighs. The waistband was more steeply angled at both front and rear, and the small triangle of material at the top of the cleft of her buttocks was much smaller. So, for that matter, was the small triangle of material over her groin in front. It was so low that it covered only her small sex, and exposed some of her downy pubic hair above.

"You'll have to shave a little lower," the woman said, tugging lightly on her pubic hair. "In fact, you really ought to just have this removed. Go to a an electrolyses or laser hair removal place and have it removed permanently."

She ran her finger along the top, through Justine's pubic hair. "See how it gently cups your pubic mound while the straps lead the eyes downwards?" she asked, smiling. "Yet you are well-covered, there, for the material is thick enough not to pull in between the lips of our sex."

Her finger slid down the centre of the suit and rubbed lightly back and forth against the material over Justine's pussy opening. Justine gasped and started, and almost protested, yet the woman's word sand demeanor were quite casual. Perhaps, she thought anxiously, it was only she who thought there was anything untoward about the woman's finger tracing the line of her sex. Perhaps sales women commonly did such things in swimsuit stores in California.

But it was making her feel quite breathless and causing her legs to go quite quivery.

The woman stepped back and turned Justine to the side, then put a hand on her belly.

"Very nice," she said. "Your body is nicely toned., and you have a great bottom."

She squeezed Justine's bare bottom admiringly and the girl blushed.

"This suit is you," she said.

"Isn't the top a little small?" Justine asked timidly.

"Small? Girl, you want something that shows you off! You're only young once, after all. Besides, this suit being black, they won't really be able to see your nipples very well, so best give them something else to look at, eh?"

Justine looked at her blankly.

"Least I don't think they'll show very well. Let's see."

She licked her fingers and tugged one of the cups aside. She didn't have to tug it far to exposed Justine's nipple, and then to Justine's shock, she brought her moistened fingers together against the small pink button and rolled and pinched it a little to harden it. She was on the edge of protesting when the woman stopped and tugged the suit back up.

"See? You can't really notice unless you're up close and really look."

Justine blinked her wide eyes.

"The material is strained somewhat, but not too tight against your breasts."

Her hands cupped Justine's breasts, squeezing them gently as she smiled over her shoulders, meeting Justine's wide eyes in the mirror.

"Now did you want a second one?"

Justine shook her head hurriedly.

It never occurred to her to wonder why the woman had come into the changing room with her, though she thought that perhaps she should not have stroked her nipples in such a familiar fashion. But it was simply not part of her makeup to really question what people did, even if it did make her uncomfortable.

She took the suit with her other things and drove home, all in all, quite pleased with her day's shopping.

The problem of Justine's sheltered life became apparent that summer. A gentle girl, Justine had decided to go to university and study Astronomy, for she had always appreciated the quiet, serenity of the universe above the hurly burly world around her. Unfortunately, it emerged that while St. Gwendolyn's had done an excellent job teaching her art appreciation, cooking, posture, table manners, fashion and the three "R's, including Latin, it had done rather less well in teaching American history, knowledge of which would be helpful in taking her SAT exams for entrance to university.

So Justine, in her innocence, simply applied for a local high school course given during the summer, to young persons who, like herself, had somehow not been properly educated in the requirements dictated for high school. It did not occur to her as she did, to consider what manner of young person might be attending with her, and why, despite their not having attended school in a foreign country, they had been insufficiently educated to the point they were required to attend school during the summer vacation period.

Because she had never learned to drive at boarding school, Justine's first exposure to the less protected elements of life arrived on the bus to school her first morning. She was clad in a light summer dress, one she had recently purchased but never worn, and carrying with her several notebooks, a pencil holder, a paperback dictionary, and a box lunch. These she managed to place together and hold under one arm as she stood on the crowded bus holding onto an overhead strap.

Because her mother had disliked the California summer heat, she had taken a chalet in Switzerland during summer months, and Justine had joined her there during the school holidays. Her short time at her air conditioned home, and in similarly equipped shops and cars, had taught Justine little about what to expect, and so Justine was poorly equipped for the heat that day.

She had begun to perspire the moment she had left the house, and by the time she reached the bus stop many blocks away Justine's light summer frock was, in places, pressed very tightly against her soft, warm flesh. The bus, when she finally got on, was worse, for the air conditioning was not working

Justine stood, panting, swaying, occupying a tiny space between the body of an enormous, fat Black woman and a greasy looking, long haired man wearing a soiled undershirt and baggy jeans. Her eyes were half closed as she breathed in shallow breaths, the heat and sweltering humidity robbing her of energy. When she felt a hand on her belly her eyes jerked open and she gasped softly.

She was staring over the shoulder of the fat black woman, and as the hand rubbed softly at her belly her heart began to pound and her pulse raced, and a red flush crept over her face. The hand was coming from behind her. She tried to look over her shoulder without being obvious, but with her left arm held up to hold onto the strap that proved impossible. A braver girl would have whirled around and confronted whomever it was, but to Justine, the thought of meeting the eyes of whoever was touching her was just too embarrassing.

The fat woman was blocking her way ahead, and the bus was just turning onto a freeway, which meant it was not about to suddenly stop - even if she could reach the bell.

She stood, tense to the point of trembling, biting her lip, eyes rolling from one side to the other as the hand gently caressed her moist stomach through the thin summer dress. It went away, and she felt a momentary relief, but then her eyes widened even further as the hand slid onto her bottom and began to squeeze her buttocks through the thin dress.

This was much more embarrassing than having a hand on her stomach, and Justine turned beet red, her ears hot as she tried to think of what to do. One of her teachers had once told her to simply ignore girls who were teasing her. The theory behind it was that if they didn't get a rise out of her they'd get bored with their teasing. It hadn't really worked very well, but it was very much in keeping with her meek personality, and so she had been reacting to teasing and other unpleasant situations in the same way for more than a decade.

But it was very hard to ignore the hand as it squeezed and caressed her bottom through the thin material. She managed it because her only alternative was to create a big, humiliating scene. As soon as the bus stopped she would get off, and that would be that.

The hand went away, and then it slid onto her belly again, caressing her flat tummy, then sliding upwards. The higher it moved the faster her heart pounded, until, as it slid gently up over her left breast she thought the people standing nearby must surely be able to hear it pounding away like a drum.

But no one appeared to notice anything as the hand began to knead her breast. She tried to turn away, but she could not move her position enough and still hold onto the strap. So she had no alternative but to stand in place and pray the bus would stop, that people would move, that she could move away before someone noticed.

The hand was not squeezing her quickly or strongly. In fact, aside from the humiliation burning through her mind the hand actually felt - nice. And she blushed even more deeply when she realized her nipple was hard and that the mysterious stranger who was fondling her must notice due to the thinness of her dress.

Sure enough she felt the fingers rubbing at her nipple, then stroking and pinching it lightly. Her heart was still pounding, but now she felt a strange dark heat between her legs.

The hand slid down her stomach and rubbed her lightly between the legs, then glided down her left leg, and up the inside. She gasped as she felt the hand slide slowly up and down her inner leg, climbing higher along her thigh. She tried to snap her legs shut but almost immediately lost her balance and was forced to spread her feet apart again. Even as she did so she felt the hand stroke up along her inner thigh and rub against her panty covered pussy.

She snapped her thighs closed again, but only succeeded in trapping the hand between them. The thumb was pressed up along her groin while the rest of the hand was pushed in between her thighs and rubbing at her sex. Then the thumb curled under and slid in under the elastic band to stroke directly across her warm mons.

Justine was a virgin. No one had ever touched her there but herself, and she had done so sparingly, wary of her teachers' warnings of bestial influence coming from "unnatural" libidinous behaviour. She hadn't wanted to be a prostitute and drug addict, as her teachers promised her were the normal fate of girls who touched themselves in forbidden places, and so had avoided doing so.

Now the long, thick, pudgy thumb was pressed against her sex right across her narrow slit, and even as she clenched her teeth to keep from crying out in horror and embarrassment, the thumb stroked softy upwards and began to rub against the top of her opening.

By coincidence, perhaps, she was extremely sensitive there, and the stroking thumb was sending strange shivery sensations through her belly. And the more the thumb rubbed the softer and more delicious it felt. After long, flustering moments she realized that the thumb now felt slippery and moist, like her fingers did when she was soaping herself up. Her groin began to warm, to feel hot and heavy and liquid, and it was beginning to make her legs feel rubbery.

She twisted her hips to the right, then to the left, as much as she could without pulling free of the strap and probably falling against someone, and tried to brush her skirt down with her right hand without dropping all the things she was holding in the crook of her arm.

She realized her legs were no longer as tightly closed as they were when she felt his thumb stroking downwards and the rest of his fingers push up under the crotch of her panties and rub gently back and forth along her sex, pushing up into the soft, warm flesh. She let out a soft gasp, and tried to close her legs again, but suddenly he slipped his middle finger right up against her narrow slit, and with uncanny aim thrust it right through into her pussy.

Justine's eyes bulged and she shuddered. It stung, yet it also seemed to unlock some strange part of her nervous system already exposed to the shivery sensations his thumb had caused. She froze,

trembling, as his finger pushed deeper into her pussy, and then his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris again and she closed her eyes in dazed disbelief as her hips rolled slowly and helplessly.

Her eyes were wet with unshed tears now, her mind spinning with fear, embarrassment and confusion. Sweat was rolling down her body and she was gulping in air through her open mouth. She felt a second hand slide up beneath her skirt in back, pushing up through the leg hole of her panties to stroke and squeeze her bare bottom.

It drew back and then suddenly she felt the man's body pressing into her from behind, felt something especially hard grinding into her bottom as a hand slid around her belly and up over her breast. It had a small, very sharp knife, and she bit back a scream as she felt a warm breath in her ear. "Don't worry, baby. Nobody will see," it said.

The words were oddly reassuring, though the knife was frightening. But the knife slid downwards, out of sight, and a moment later she felt the hands gripping her panties, tugging them up against her. She felt the waistband pull free, as if torn - or cut, then the other do the same, and suddenly there was air against her moist pussy and she realized the man had cut her panties from her.

She felt what could only be his erection still pushing against her bottom from the rear, and looked frantically at the people crowded in front of her and to one side. None could be aware, and her mind was twisted with terror and anxiety at the same time. If someone saw they could perhaps protect her, but if someone saw - Justine could not bear the thought of someone seeing, of them screaming, pointing, eyes swivelling to stare.

She whimpered, but kept her eyes down, even as she felt the zipper at the back of her dress pulling slowly down, felt the shoulders loosening. The zipper pulled all the way down her back, then she felt fingers at the clasp of her bra. It loosened and pulled free, and she whimpered in denial as a large, moist hand slipped over her back, rubbed softly as it pushed deeper into her dress, around her ribs, and then up under her left breast.

It pushed her loosened bra cup away and cupped her bare breast, fingers sinking into the soft, sweating flesh, kneading and massaging it as her skull pounded with such intense anxiety she felt she must surely faint. The hand continued to squeeze her breast, and then the other pushed down between her legs again, fingers clawing her skirt up, sliding the soft fabric up her thighs until the hand could push beneath.

It stroked her trembling thigh, then cupped her sex and rubbed lightly. The middle finger traced the line of her slit, then wriggled through the taut pubic lips, searching for and finding her entrance. It slid easily inside her, pushing, probing, fingering her. She felt the hand at her breast sliding up, and let out a helpless little squeak as her rigid nipple was caught between thumb and forefinger and pinched, then twisted.

She felt a throaty chuckle, and the fingers loosened, then began to roll the nipple between them. The man's groin was grinding into her bottom as his finger pumped into her sex. The top of his finger was rubbing heavily back and forth against that ultra sensitive little bit of flesh at the top of her sex, and her body was beginning to fairly glow with heat.

The bus was very noisy. The engine was grinding, the air was rushing through the open windows, the traffic around them was growling, and there were many loud conversations, many in foreign languages. Justine's soft, ragged gasping breaths and occasional whimpers drew no attention whatever as the man behind continued to grope, fondle and molest her.

And then to her horror she felt him tugging her skirt up in back, and felt something thicker than a finger, softer, yet still very hard, warm and throbbing, press up against her bare bottom and rub between her buttocks. She quivered with revulsion and horror, and tried again to pull away. But the hand tightened on her breast, squeezing painfully, and she felt his warm breath at her ear.

"Do you want me to cut you?" he hissed.

She halted, frightened. It did not occur to her that with one hand in on her breast and the other between her legs he had none left to hold a knife. She stood frozen in fear as he continued to rub himself against her bare bottom. They were both sweating, and his cock moved easily, sliding gently against her buttocks, then in between.

Justine jerked as if slapped when she felt the fat, spongy head pushing at her sex. She knew he could not have sex with her in this position - or thought she did. But she was still terrified that what she knew about sex was wrong, that somehow he would find a way to take her virginity.

She felt the head rubbing back and forth along her slit, and despite her fear she felt that strange shivery sensation through her groin and lower belly again. It was worse now, and she felt as if she were melting down there as the soft head pushed slowly in between the lips of her sex.

She felt her pussy lips stretch and strain, but, riding a warm, moist layer of perspiration, the fat, soft head pushed slowly through, and the man began to kind of rock and grind against her, pushing just the head in and out of her quivering opening. He pushed faster and faster, and she felt and heard his breath grow faster behind her. He squeezed her breast harder and his other hand rubbed at her sex more quickly.

And then he groaned softly and she felt much more slickness where the head of his cock was pumping just inside the mouth of her sex. His cock eased back and he leaned against her a little. He fumbled with something, and she thought she heard his zipper. Then she felt something between her legs, some kind of fabric rubbing against her, pushing into her sex, moist and wrinkled, driven by his finger in between her pussy lips, then pulled slowly out.

She felt his lips at her ear. "Open your mouth," he growled.

Hardly able to think, she did as she always did, and obeyed. A moment later she saw a movement just before his hand rose and he pushed something into her mouth. She started to close her lips but a growl in her ear opened them again as he pushed what she realized were her own panties into her mouth. She was bewildered by this, moaning softly as he forced the wadded up panties through her lips, prodding at the last bit to stuff it inside.

"So you won't talk," he growled.

She heard the bell ring, and then her skirt dropped and he tugged up the zipper on the back of her dress. She felt nothing, then, and when the bus stopped and people started crowding and jostling she was turned about and saw nothing but strange faces. She did not know if one of them had molested her or if her molester had left.

A seat was freed and she sat down, almost falling into the seat as her legs gave way. She rubbed sweat from her face and forehead and brushed back some of her damp hair, fighting nausea and feeling faint. Her mind was still reeling and she trembled and flushed as she recalled the man's hands on her body.

Worse, her mouth was stuffed with her own panties, and she could not possibly bring herself to take them out, not in public where people might see. She could taste her own sweat, and smell her own musky sex on the panties. And then, worse, a trickle of something warm and slimy rolled onto her tongue, and she almost vomited as she realized it could be nothing other than the man's own fluids.

But vomiting in front of all these people would be horrifyingly embarrassing, to say nothing of them wondering what a pair of panties were doing in her mouth! So she forced her stomach down, desperately trying to concentrate on anything else, to ignore the salty liquid as it trickled over her tongue and into the back of her mouth. She was determined not to swallow, to hold it in check and spit it all out at the first opportunity, but saliva began to fill her mouth and soon she had no choice but to swallow - repeatedly, despairing as she felt his juices sliding down her throat.

She didn't notice, at first, that she had missed her stop. When she did, she reacted instinctively, pulling the cord to stop the bus as soon as possible.

She got off on a narrow street lined with small shops, many of them closed and boarded over. She knew approximately where she was, however, and hurried up the street in the direction the bus had come. It was only, she guessed, a few blocks to the school.

She was uneasy, however, for while her skirt was not especially short she wore no panties, and she knew the summer blouse was fairly thin. With the way she was sweating it was plastered against her bare bottom, and she was fearful about what passers by could see. Yet she could do nothing about it, not even pull the panties out of her mouth, for there was no time when there were not strange eyes on her, when she could remove them secretly without anyone seeing.

In her desperation she turned down a narrow side street, and thence into an alley. With her back turned to the street she at last had the privacy to reach up and tug the wadded up panties out of her mouth. She crumpled them in her fist, spitting and coughing, and jamming them into her purse. She looked behind her, but no one had seen. She decided to take a chance, and walked deeper into the alley for more privacy.

To one side was a low cement platform with a large steel door. This was a ramp trucks backed up to, but all Justine cared was that she could put her purse, books and box there to free her right hand. That done she reached behind her and pulled the zipper of her dress down, then reached back for the two ends to her bra strap and tugged them back. She felt the bra cups closing against her breasts once more, and pulled harder, trying to fix the snap together.

"What jou doink leetle puta?"

She gasped and whirled around. The man was large, strongly built, with thick, curly dark hair. He had on rough, loose brown pants and boots, as well as a dirty T-shirt. He was carrying a tire under his arm, but set it down as he moved towards her. Alarmed and embarrassed, Justine backed away, then stopped as he halted and grinned, looking at her things.

"P-Please," she gulped, as he picked up one of her books. "I need that."

"Hey? Jou need dees? What chou pay for eet?"

Justine stared at him in bewilderment. "Those are mine," she gulped.

"Jou calleeng me a thief?" he growled, his face going flat.

"No! I mean. I mean, those are my books," she gulped, starting to back away again. "And my purse."

"Your purse, eh? You want mebbe I give eet to jou?"

She nodded helplessly.

"Come get eet, den."

He held the purse out to her and Justine licked her lips anxiously. She wanted to turn and run away, but her purse was there, and her books. She had no money if he took her purse. How was she to get home? She stepped forward anxiously, nervously, then took another step. She reached for it and he pulled it back a little, grinning.

"Please," she gulped. "I have to get to school."

"Jou a schoolgeerl, eh? Jou dress nice for a schoolgirl," he said with a leer.

Justine blushed, stepping a little closer, reaching for the purse as he held it out.

"I geeve all deese things to jou for one theen," he said.

"Wh-what?"

"A little kees."

She blinked her eyes. "Pardon?"

He chuckled. "A leetle kees from jou."

"I-I can't!" she sputtered.

"Why not? Am I ugly?"

"No!"

"You mebbe don't like Mexicans?"

"Of course not! I mean, of course I like Mexicans!"

"Jou geeve to me leetle kees den. Not so big trouble, eh?"

She looked behind her desperately, then drew in a shaky breath, "Can I have my things then?"

"Of course," he said with a slow, spreading smile.

She licked her lips, then stepped a little closer. He was sweaty, but not as much as she was, and not really ugly, though he was many years older than she. She pulled her lips in tightly, as if she could make them disappear, then leaned in to brush them against his cheek.

His arms went around her and she squealed, trying to wriggle free.

"Just a kees," he said. "A real kees. Jou not know how to kees? I show you."

His lips crushed hers. One of his hands slid up behind her head while the other spread wide and squeezed her bottom. He ground his pelvis into her as his tongue pushed into her mouth and slid lewdly across her own.

Justine's eyes nearly bugged out of her head as his lips slid forcefully and wetly over her own, his tongue twisting and writhing inside her mouth like a maddened snake. The kiss seemed to go on forever, and even when he pulled back she found herself still trapped in his arms, backed against the low ramp.

"Jou like my kees?" he leered.

"Please let me go now," she gulped.

"Of course I let jou go!" he exclaimed. "What you do here with your dress open, eh?"

His hand slid up to the open back of her dress and rubbed at her bare flesh. "Jour bra ees open, eh?" he chuckled, his tongue sliding along his lip.

"I-it came undone," she gulped.

He kissed her again, this time seizing her head in both hands, his mouth fairly devouring hers as his tongue thrust in and out over her lips. He pushed her back against the low stone wall, his body pressing her hard, his pelvis grinding into hers as she frantically slapped at his chest.

"Jour are a very preety geerl," he said.

"Please let me go!" she gulped, her eyes staring to fill with tears.

"Of course I let jou go! I just like preety girls. I like to look at jou and touch you."

Her arms were extended towards him, and his hands were behind her shoulders, so it was nothing for him to slide his fingers into the open back of her dress and - pull. The dress slid forward over her shoulders and down her arms.

Justine cried out in shock and embarrassment and clamped her arms down across her chest, but the dress was now off her shoulders, and the man pressed his body against her again, chuckling as he pulled at it, purring and licking at her, calling her a pretty girl as he fought her hands for possession of her dress. He forced her arms down, and now was able to pull the open bra over her shoulders as well.

Justine's face flooded with heat as he stared at her bare breasts, his eyes lit up with glee and lust. He spoke in Spanish, then to her horror, bent forward and took the centre of her right breast into his mouth. His teeth bit into the soft flesh and his lips closed tightly as he began to suck powerfully. His tongue licked wildly at her nipple, and in desperately Justine slammed her knee up into his groin.

He gurgled in pain and stumbled back, his lips pulling off her breast. He clawed at her as he fell, tearing her bra down her arms. Justine yanked her dress back up and grabbed her purse and books, then turned and ran from the alley as he shouted incoherent curses after her.

She pulled the dress over her shoulders as she ran, then reached behind her and yanked the zipper up.

She ran for two blocks before slowing, by chance, in the proper direction. She saw the looming bulk of the school ahead of her, and moved doggedly on, deciding to get to the school and call a cab. She had been through too much that morning to sit in a classroom and listen to history. Besides, she was sweating like a pig, her hair was a mess, and she now had no underwear at all. She was quite nervous about the sweat dampened clothes clinging to her body.

## Chapter Two

After an anxious and hurried walk, Justine finally reached the tall fence around the rear of the school. She followed it to an opening, then dropped her eyes anxiously as she saw a pair of boys - young men really - leaning against the fence there. She clutched her books over her chest and held her purse tightly as she headed for the narrow gate.

"Hey, baby."

She would have ignored him but he moved to stand in the middle of the opening.

"I need to get by please," she said, not looking up into his face.

"I'm just trying to be friendly," he said with a grin. "I'm Jeff. What's your name?"

He was tall and thin and had long brown hair and a scruffy looking little brown - beard was too generous - growth on his chin. He and the second youth were perhaps eighteen or twenty had tanned faces and acne.

"Never seen you before," the second boy said.

"I-I just started," she said nervously.

"Yeah, what you taking?"

He snatched her books out of her arms to look at them, and the other boy stared at her chest.

"Woah!" he said with a leer.

She folded her arms over her chest and backed off, blushing furiously.

"She has really tiny little nipples," he said to the other one.

Justine almost turned and fled, mortified, but the second boy had moved behind her.

"Nice ass," he said.

"Please!" she gulped. "Let me by!"

"You didn't tell us your name?" he purred.

"Yeah, we like to know the names of the girls we fuck," the other one said, his voice rising on the last word.

"And who would that be besides the palm sisters, you asshole?"

A girl moved forward, walking with feline grace. She was tall and dark skinned, with short, spiky black hair. She was beautiful, with flashing brown eyes and a firm, almost mannish jaw. She wore a thin tank top and tight, low cut jeans. The thin, black waistband of a thong curved up visibly across her bare right hip.

She put a hand against the boy with the scraggly growth on his chest and shoved. She didn't seem to put much effort into it but he staggered backwards, hit the fence, and went sprawling to the ground.

"Give me the books," she snapped at the other boy.

He swallowed nervously, then handed them over and jerked back.

"Assholes."

She looked at Justine and her eyebrows raised for a moment. Then she snapped her fingers and nodded towards her. Justine hurried forward and the girl turned and strode away with Justine following.

"Th-thanks," she gulped.

"You know your dress is almost see through?"

Justine blushed anew. "I-I didn't know. I mean, it wasn't - I'm all sweaty and - ."

"You didn't wear a bra?"

She turned, thrusting the books into Justine's arm, then almost casually lifted her skirt. Justine gasped and twisted away and the woman let the skirt fall.

"No panties and no bra. You some kind of whore?"

"No!" Justine cried, tears filling her eyes. "It wasn't my fault!" she cried, her jaw quivering now as she began to sniff back the tears.

The girl rolled her eyes.

"Oh don't bawl," she said. "Jeees."

"I'm s-s-sorry!" she sniffled. "I did have a bra! I did!"

"What? You lost it?" the girl asked incredulously.

"A man took it!" she cried.

"Okay, okay," the girl sighed. "Don't go all weepy. Look, you can't go to class looking like that. That dress is - well - even if you had underwear you'd be the centre of attention. Besides that your hair is a mess and your face looks like shit."

Justine's lip quivered even more and the girl smiled.

"Hey, I live nearby. We can go there and I'll get a car and drive you home."

Justine nodded her head gratefully, still sniffing.

"My name is Selina," she said, putting a companionable arm across Justine's shoulder.

"I-I'm Justine," she replied gratefully.

"You don't look like you handle the heat very well, Justine," she said.

Justine shook her head resignedly. "I had no idea it would be this hot. I haven't ever been here in summer."

"Where you from?"

"Well, my mother lives here, but I've always been in boarding school in Switzerland."

Selina stared at her in astonishment. "No shit!? That must be neat."

"I-it's nice," she gulped.

Selina led her along the fence to another gate, through it, and out onto a curving street lined with long rows of red brick townhouses with tiny front yards. She unlocked the door to one and gestured Justine inside, then followed, closing the door behind her.

It was just as hot and stuffy inside as out, and Justine rubbed her arm across her sweating face as she looked around. It seemed a claustrophobically small, boxy looking house, with the living room just inside the door, and the dining room and kitchen adjoining it. There was a low counter between kitchen and dining room, but all in all it seemed terribly small to her.

"You live up north, eh?"

"I live well, in Belmont."

"That's up north. Rich people."

"We're not rich," Justine protested.

Selina sniffed and took her arm, leading her to the kitchen.

"Honey, there's rich and then there's middle class rich. Middle class rich is big houses, big cars, boats, and holidays in Europe. Middle class poor is small houses, old cars and no holidays. And no air conditioning."

Justine groaned silently. She had been desperately looking forward to air conditioning.

Selina ran the water and gave her a glass, then ran a washcloth under the water and pressed it against Justine's forehead. She gasped at the cold and jerked back, but Selina gripped her upper arm. "Hold still," she ordered. "The heat isn't that bad for me but your body doesn't know how to handle it yet. You could get heat stroke."

She wiped the wet washcloth across Justine's face and over her head, running it under the water several times. Water dripped down Justine's face and neck and into her dress, but she did feel better, and cooler.

"Get this thing off," Selina said. "It's all over soaked with sweat anyway. I think you need to take a cold shower."

Justine blushed. "But I - ."

"Now," Selina said firmly. "No one's home but me."

She turned Justine around and tugged the zipper down, ignoring her feeble protests as she pulled the dress forward over her shoulders and down her arms. Justine blushed redly as the girl slid the dress down her body, over her hips, down her legs and off.

"I'll put this in the washing machine and then the dryer. "Come on. Upstairs. Shower."

Justine tried to cover herself with her arms, face scarlet, thighs squeezing together. "I I don't - ."

"Now."

"But if you'll just call me a cab I - ."

"I'll drive you home as soon as my mom gets off work and brings the car home."

She led the now naked Justine towards the stairs, ignoring her protests as she led her up the stairs and down a narrow hallway to a small bathroom. Like the rest of the house it was boxy, with a tub on the right and a counter on the left, a toilet between them.

Justine didn't want to have a shower, but could not stand against the other girl's brusque determination. She let Selina push her into the tub and pull the thin plastic curtain. Then Selina turned on the water pulled a lever so that cold water poured out of the showerhead. She squealed at the cold, twisting away and trying to pull the curtain in front of her, but Selina wouldn't let her.

"It's too cold!" she cried, hugging her chest.

"Cold is what you need."

"Please, Selina!"

"Don't be such a baby. You'll get used to it in a minute. It's not like it's ice water."

Both of which were undeniably true, and she felt silly and weak and childish, so she tried to stand still, her arms squeezed in against her body as she shivered in the cold.

"I'll be right back. I'm going to put your dress in the washer. You turn that water warmer and I'll smack your bare ass."

Justine stared at the curtain after Selina drew back, still shivering, then looked at the lever. She could make it a little warmer, but Selina would be mad. She left it where it was, huddled coldly as the water poured over her.

At least, she thought, she was no longer sweating.

And the water wasn't too too cold, not really, not now. It was still uncomfortably cold, but Selina was right. She was getting used to it.

The curtain slid aside and Justine turned, then her eyes widened as she saw Selina smiling in at her, naked. She eased back as Selina stepped into the tub, but could not go far before her bottom was pressed tightly against the tiles.

"I'm hot as hell," Selina said. "A cold shower is a lovely thing to feel when you're hot. I wish I had a pool. You have a pool, Justine?"

Justine shook her head mutely, staring at the other girl as she moved forward and let the water spray against her body.

Selina was a head taller than her, with an athletic body. Her arms and legs both showed well-developed muscles beneath smooth, cocoa coloured skin. Her breasts were larger than Justine's, and not so firm, with larger, brown nipples. Her hips were round, thighs were tight, and she had a dark slit arrowing down between them, with no hair whatever to hide it.

"You never shower with other girls in that school in Switzerland?" Selina asked, amused.

"Uhm, well, yes," Justine said hesitantly.

"Come on. Back under the water."

And with that Selina took her arm and tugged her in beneath the stream of water, pulling her around in front of her and hugging her there so the water poured over their heads.

Justine stiffened, terribly embarrassed, feeling the other girl's soft, warm breasts pillow against her back.

"I love cold water," Selina said with a sigh. "I wish I could get to the beach more. What about you? You been to the beaches yet?"

"N-No," Justine gulped.

"How come?"

"I-I - well, uhm, there was nobody to go with," she confessed.

"Doesn't this water feel nice?" Selina groaned, her head coming in over Justine's right shoulder.

"Y-Yes," Justine gulped.

"Are you cold?"

"A-A little," she confessed.

"Good."

She reached forward and turned the water off, then reached to the side where a bar of soap sat and took it in her hand. She stepped back a little, so that her breasts no longer pressed against Justine's back, and Justine felt an easing of the tension in her belly. But then she began to soap up Justine's back, and the tension returned, though not so strongly at first.

But as her hands moved gently over Justine's shoulders and along her arms, then moved in around her waist to stroke at her belly and abdomen the tension returned. With it came that strange, fluttery sensation in her lower belly, only it was much stronger now. It felt quite wicked to be naked with another person there, much less another person touching her. For while the girls at St. Gwendolyn's had indeed bathed together that had halted upon reaching puberty, lest their unbalanced hormones lead them into sinful and wicked homosexual explorations.

She inhaled sharply as Selina's right hand slid gently up between her breasts and stroked at the skin of her upper chest, and then moved down and sideways, rubbing all too casually across Justine's breast for her to complain. And yet her mind was spinning, whirling with confusion and uncertainty and anxiety. Should she protest? How could she be so ungrateful!? Was Selina even doing anything wrong? Perhaps she was simply friendly? They were both girls, after all. What was to be ashamed of?

Both of Selina's soapy hands were now rubbing gently across Justine's breasts, and Justine felt a terrible embarrassment as she realized how stiff her nipples were. Surely Selina would realize this was due to the cold and not because of any - unnatural desires on her part. Wouldn't she?

And yet she was uncertain it was only the cold which was stiffening her nipples, for her breasts felt warm and taut, throbbing against her tight chest as the butterflies spun through her lower belly.

"I-I can d-do it," she gulped.

"Shush," Selina whispered into her ear.

Her hands glided up and down across Justine's now slick, soapy torso, and then her right hand slid down her belly and glided just past her sex, stroking her inner thigh before curling around the front of her leg and caressing her right hip. The hand moved back, then, holding the bar of soap, and slid between Justine's legs, rubbing at her sex.

Again her mind spun anxiously. Yet, she told herself, Selina wasn't actually touching her sex, but merely holding the soap, and was it wrong for soap to touch her down there? She couldn't say it was, not truly.

The soap moved along her inner thighs, and then up along her sex again before pulling back, sliding around her body and moving over her bottom. Yet Selina's hand came after it, rubbing at Justine's bare buttocks, spreading the soap over cool skin still dimpled with goose bumps from the cold water.

She was certainly spreading a thick layer of soap over her body, Justine thought anxiously.

"Isn't it comforting when someone soaps you up?" she whispered into Justine's ear. "It's like being in a spa."

It was nothing like being in a spa, really, but Justine did not contradict her as the girl's hands continued to move over her body.

"I-I think I'm all soapy now," she gulped.

She heard a small laugh, then Selina turned her and handed her the soap. Justine blanched as the girl smiled, and she licked her lips anxiously. Yet how could she refuse? It would be churlish and unfriendly and ungrateful and - and childish, for surely there was nothing - wrong with chastely soaping each other up.

She soaped up her hands and then started very hesitantly at Selina's shoulders, reaching up to rub her hands back and forth. She was surprised at how firm they were, how full and strong compared to her own thin shoulders. She rubbed her hands up and down the girl's arms as Selina watched her out of soft brown eyes, then, licking her lips nervously, gently hinted at Selina that she should turn.

The girl smiled and did so, and Justine, faced with the comparatively safe smoothness of Selina's back, moved her hands more freely, rubbing up and down her spine and over her shoulder blades, moving slowly downward, trying to delay her time before touching anything - private.

Selina turned and took Justine's wrist, pulling her hand in against her belly and rubbing it from side to side. Justine continued as the girl's grip relaxed, but could not quite bring herself to move higher - or lower, until Selina again took her wrist and guided her hand up against her breasts.

Selina felt her lower belly throb strongly as her hand moved over the soft contours of Selina's breast, yet she also felt intrigued at the tactile feel, for she had never, of course, ever felt another woman's breast before. She saw and felt that the girl's brown nipples were hard and stiff like her own were, but told herself this was only due to the cold as her hands brushed across them.

Then, heart pounding, she took the soap in her hand and slid it downward, gliding it over Selina's abdomen, down between her thighs and over her hairless pussy. She let the soap move slowly back and forth over Selina's sex, almost not daring to breath until she could move on, to caress her thighs and hips.

"Don't forget, pretty girl," Selina said in a soft, throaty voice. "Soaping is only one step. Now we must scrub the sweat from our bodies."

Justine stared at her uncertainly, and Selina smiled and then stepped forward, her arms going around the slighter young woman and drawing her body in so close their breasts pushed against each others' chests.

Justine dropped the soap, gasping.

"I know a fun way to scrub," Selina purred.

Selina seemed to shrink, to get lower, and Justine saw that she had spread her legs wide so that they were almost of a height, then she pushed forward, squeezing her body against Justine. Justine gasped again as she felt the other's soft breasts pillow against her own. She stared into Selina's smiling, friendly face, and shuddered softly, quite sure now, almost, that Selina meant something - sexual.

She had no idea how to react. Men had been touching and trying to touch her all day. Now a girl was doing the same. Yet she felt little outrage. She felt instead a sense of weariness, a sense of inevitability, a submission to what was happening. Yet she also felt a strange, heady sense of excitement and anticipation as her breasts felt the soft, delicious touch of Selina's own breasts squeezing against them.

Selina's hands slid up and down her soapy back, and the soft slick, warm sense of touch felt lovely against her body, even as they slid downwards and over her bottom.

Selina kissed her gently, and Justine stared, jaw dropping. Selina kissed her again, on the left cheek, then on the chin, then on the forehead, then she pressed her lips against Justine's again, letting them part and spread, her open mouth kissing Justine's as her tongue dipped out and caressed the smaller girl's lips.

It was not - unpleasant. Justine's heart was pounding and pulse racing, and she felt quite embarrassed, and certain she should somehow put a stop to this. Yet she continued to feel gratitude towards Selina, and did not want to make her angry. And perhaps she had led the girl on by letting her touch her so much. Perhaps Selina had become aroused by the touch, and so it was partly Justine's fault.

Selina's hands were kneading her buttocks now as her tongue probed inside Selina's mouth. Selina's eyes were wide, but she had not yet responded, had not yet decided what to do, nor really knew how to respond.

"Kiss me," Selina demanded, her eyes hungry.

Justine swallowed anxiously, then as the other girl's lips came against her again tried to imitate her, awkwardly and uncertainly, but with a growing sense that the world was whirling out of control.

She jerked backwards against the wall as she felt Selina's fingers slide down between her sex and felt them rub back and forth over her moist lips. The slippery soap made the sensation one of exquisite and delicious heat as Selina's fingers stroked steadily and knowingly up and down her pussy. Her clitoris pushed outward from beneath its hood and she shuddered as Selina's fingers rolled and caressed it.

"I-I-I - ."

She bucked and shuddered more violently, her head falling back and rolling against the wall as a crackling sexual electricity poured through her body, rippling up through her belly from her groin and making her breasts throb. Her nipples were pinpoints of fire as she rode Selina's fingers in helpless, mindless, dazed wonder.

She came, her body flaring with sexual pleasure, her jaw slack, eyes slitted as she arched her back again and again.

"Did you like that," Selina purred. "Little baby. Little bitch. Did you like that?"

She cupped Justine's sex, squeezing gently.

Justine groaned in response, her body feeling drained and weak.

Selina's mouth moved against hers, hot, demanding, her tongue thrusting into Justine's mouth until her own slowly, hesitantly began to move against it.

Their tongues slid together as Selina's right hand slipped down Justine's bottom and in underneath, then gripped her inner thigh and forced it open, lifting her leg up and thrusting her groin in. Justine gasped as she was pressed into the corner of the shower, then gasped again as Selina angled her pussy in and ground it against her own.

The soap made a slippery layer between them as Selina began to grind and roll her hips, sliding her leg in beneath Justine's leg, her lips pushing down stronger against Justine's mouth as her fingers dug into the wide eyed girl's bottom.

Justine felt that thrumming sense of excitement rise again between her legs. The soft, slippery touch of Selina's sex was doing wonderful things inside her. She felt the power of her sexual heat rising and spreading through her body once more - so that she was trembling against Selina's body, and gasped softly and continuously as the other girl ground herself up into her sex faster and faster.

She cried out softly as Selina's fingers caught her hair and forced her head up and back. She bucked and twisted, her hips beginning to grind back now, even as Selina began to rain small, stinging bites along the nape of her neck and her upper shoulder.

"My baby bitch," Selina whispered, pulling on Justine's hair. "Tell me you're my bitch, Justine," she breathed. "Tell me."

She ground her pussy in harder against Justine, who moaned and shuddered and ground herself back in dazed, wondering sexual heat.

"Tell me," she growled, twisting her fingers in Justine's hair.

"I-I'm your b-bitch," Justine cried, not understanding the words, nor caring.

Justine's soft, soapy sex ground over her sex once more and she came, crying out in pleasure, bucking and writhing in Selina's grasp as a heady sexual pleasure burned through her body.

She sobbed in pleasure, her body shaking and trembling as her body spasmed with the force of the orgasm. She clung to Selina desperately, moaning, her rubbery legs half collapsed.

Selina let her slide down to her knees in the tub, then eased back, turning and letting the water flow again. It was warmer, now, and Selina pushed her back so she slid down onto her bottom, taking her ankles, pulling them towards her, then lifting up so that Justine lay on her back with the water pouring down on her.

Selina laid her left leg over the edge of the tub, and pushed her right knee back, leaning in to lay atop Justine, kissing her, nipping at her earlobe and the nape of her neck, sliding her hands over her body to

help wash off the soap. She slid her body back, letting her tongue trail down Justine's chest until she took a hot, aching nipple into her mouth.

Justine's eyes closed and she arched her back, groaning weakly as she felt the Spanish girl's tongue stroke against her nipple, as she felt the warm, moist lips sucking gently on the surrounding flesh and the hard little teeth grinding gently against her areola.

Selina raised her head, eyes boring down into Justine. "Tell me you're my bitch again," she growled.

"I-I'm your bitch," Justine said anxiously.

Selina mouthed her nipple again, sucking and licking, and Justine moaned and writhed on the bottom of the tub. She felt the girl's hands sliding down between her legs again, where much of the soap had now been rinsed away. The slippery sense was gone, but the girl's fingers still felt delicious against her. She felt Selina's middle finger turning, pushing against her small hole, slowly wriggling down inside her.

"Oh! Oh don't!" she gasped.

Selina ignored her, pushing the finger in deeper and deeper, twisting and turning it from side to side, corkscrewing it around within the entrance to her sex, then thrusting down deeper until she met her hymen.

"Little virgin slut," she purred.

Justine stared breathlessly up at her, confused, embarrassed, excited. A slut? Her? How could she be a virgin slut?

Selina was sucking and chewing at her breasts, at her nipples. They ached and burned, and yet Justine's body trembled with excitement, twisting and rolling on the bottom of the tub as Selina shifted her mouth from one to the other. Then she slid further downwards, licking a trail along her belly, her hands stroking along Justine's hips. Her mouth moved down through her pubic hair, circling her sex, and began to lick and kiss her inner thighs.

Justine stared, wide-eyed, gasping, moaning, whimpering in anxious anticipation as she saw and felt the girl's mouth nearing her sex. Then her thumbs gently peeled the lips of her sex open and her tongue coasted along the length of her sex. Her hips bucked upwards in response and she let out a guttural moan of surprised and excitement.

Selina's mouth opened and then closed over her sex, sucking and licking and kissing her. Then her focus narrowed. Her finger pushed into Justine again, sliding a soft, slippery layer that was not soap, pumping slowly in and out as her lips and tongue brushed back and forth over her clitoris.

The feel of the other girl's tongue on her clitoris was indescribable. Justine let her head fall back, gasping open mouthed, staring at ceiling overhead as she felt that delicious, wonderful tongue sliding up and down and back and forth over her pussy. Her body began to pulse with excitement, and she could not keep her hips still.

Selina rose abruptly, turned and turned off the water. Justine stared dazedly up at her and Selina bent, taking her arm, helping her stand. Justine sagged and the other girl caught her.

"Come with me," she demanded.

Her arm around Justine, she led the girl out of the bathroom and up the hall into a bedroom. It was clearly her room, with posters of rock stars on the walls and a mass of makeup, perfume, jewellery, and assorted knick knacks filling the dresser tops. Clothes were strewn across the floor, and the bed was unmade.

She pulled Justine to the old wooden framed bed and let her half fall into it. With a fast, harsh movement she swept the covers onto the floor, then turned and yanked open a dresser drawer. She turned, her fist clutching several lengths of rope, and climbed into the bed with Justine, pushing her back, shifting her body. She reached above her and yanked the pillow away, tossing it on the floor, then dropped the ropes and gripped Justine's slender wrists, lifting them up and shoving them back harshly against the top corners of the bed.

She stared down at the dazed girl and her teeth gleamed hungrily.

"Tell me you're my bitch," she growled.

"I'm your bitch," Justine said, panting.

Selina picked up one of the lengths of rope and wrapped it around Justine's right wrist, tying it snugly and cinching the knots in.

"S-Selina?"

She forced her hand back towards the corner, once again, then extended the rope, wrapping it around the wooden head post and tying it off.

"Wh-what are you doing?" Justine asked plaintively.

Justine took her chin in her hand, pinching in roughly. "Are you my bitch?"

"Y-Yes!" Justine gasped.

Selina let her chin go and seized her other wrist, wrapping another length of rope around it, then pushing it up again to the top corner, tying the rope against the post.

She sat back, straddling Justine's belly, sliding her hands slowly up and down her wet torso, squeezing her breasts together.

"Slut. Little virgin slut."

She slid backwards, then turned and climbed out of the bed. As Justine watched anxiously she took another of the lengths of rope and wrapped it around her left ankle. Justine had no idea why she was tying her up, but the fearful, anxious sensation was not strong enough to push back the sexual heat and hunger gripping her body.

Her legs were spread and bound to the lower corners of the bed, and Selina climbed into bed and knelt between her legs. She laid her long, moist body down atop Justine and her mouth came down against the nape of her neck. For long minutes her tongue and lips trailed up and down her face and throat and over her mouth as she gently ground her body down against Justine.

Then she began to slowly lick and tongue her way down her body, sucking on her nipples until they were tingling and swollen with heat. Her teeth gnawed at the edges, grinding in opposite directions with her areola caught between. Then she bit lightly at her nipples until Justine cried out at the stinging pain.

She licked at them to sooth them, then let her tongue trail lower. Soon she was between Justine's legs once more, licking at her pussy, her finger pumping in and out of the front of her sex opening as her tongue caressed her swollen clitoris.

Justine writhed in the bonds, feeling helpless and wildly aroused. Her ankles and wrists ached as she pulled instinctively against the ropes, and her belly was tight and aching as her insides twisted and swirled with heady sexual pleasure. She was on the edge of another orgasm, gasping and whimpering in delight as the sensations rolled over her body and mind, when Selina drew back.

The Spanish girl got up and left the room, leaving Justine alone, groaning, helpless, and naked, staring at the ceiling and wondering dazedly about school, about her mother, about what she was doing there.

Selina returned with a can of shaving lotion and a razor. She used scissors to snip Justine's downy pussy hair close to the skin, then sprayed shaving cream over her groin and let her fingers rub it in. Her fingers spent a lot of time sliding up and down between her pussy lips and almost drove her into climax before she withdrew them.

Then she began to shave away Justine's pubic hair.

Justine did not ask why. The saleswoman had suggested she have her pussy hair removed, and she certainly needed to cut it for her new bathing suit. And Selina had none at all. The thought of Selina's bare sex rubbing against her own made her pussy throb and pulse with excitement.

"Tell me again that you're my bitch," Selina demanded, sliding the razor slowly back and forth through the thin growth of pussy hair.

"I'm your bitch. I'm your bitch, Selina," she said breathlessly.

She was not entirely certain what that meant, but got the sense that she was giving over control to Selina, that she was admitting to Selina that she was in charge. That did not bother her. It made perfect sense. Selina was strong and smart and tough and - and knew things, so many things. Justine had no problem at all in admitting this. She was already in awe of the other girl, and knew full well how inferior she herself was by comparison.

Selina used a damp clothe to clean her off, and Justine struggled to raise her head and stare at her hairless sex. What she could see looked quite shockingly bare, and she gasped as she saw Selina's fingers stroke over it.

"Little slut virgin," Selina whispered.

She kissed her thighs, then began to lap at her pussy once more. Justine moaned and wriggled, her back arching, her head rolling slowly from side to side as the sexual heat reignited, as her body began to pulse with sexual heat and hunger.

A single stroke of the Spanish girl's tongue across her clitoris was enough to bring her to climax. She cried out, heedless of who would hear, straining against the bonds, her muscles spasming as her body bucked and shook with orgasmic pleasure. She felt Selina's tongue lapping strongly across her clitoris as she came, and sobbed in wildfire pleasure as the climactic storm washed over her.

Selina eased her movements and then pulled back from her groin, licking at her thighs and up along her belly, gently mouthing her nipples and licking at her breasts as Justine lay limp and dazed. Only when she recovered did she begin again, licking a trail along the edges of her sex, mouthing her soft pussy lips, pumping her finger in through the tight opening of her sex. This time she added a second finger, and Justine groaned as they strained her vaginal hole.

"Hot, my little bitch?" Selina whispered. "My little slut?"

She got up suddenly and left the room. Justine was alone, naked and bound, amazed and wondering. The sound of her return jerked her eyes to the door, and she felt a sense of relief that it was

Selina, and not someone else. It felt quite bizarre to be naked and helpless as she was, yet, oddly, it also felt quite natural, quite proper.

Selina was wearing something. It was strapped around her hips and groin, and projected out ahead of her. Justine gasped as she realized it was a mock penis, a long, thick, black man's organ strapped to Selina's body. She almost laughed, but then realized, as the girl climbed into the bed again, that the man's cock was destined for her body. She stared at it with a new sense of anxiety and fear. It was far too large. It glistened and gleamed wetly, as if it had just been washed.

"I'm going to fuck away your cherry, bitch girl," Selina growled.

"N-No!" Justine squeaked. "Y-You can't!"

"Watch me."

Selina rubbed the thing up and down against Justine's naked slit, and Justine felt suddenly very slick and slippery, even more so than when she had been soapy. The thing was covered in something very slippery, and as Selina pushed, she felt her sex lips slowly spread apart.

"Selina!" she gasped. "Please! Don't! I-It will hurt!"

"You're my bitch," Selina growled. "I'm not letting anyone else rip your cherry away."

Justine gasped in pain as the thick, fat thing pushed slowly into her body. She felt the sense of tightness in her entrance as her pubic lips strained wide around it, felt her tight tunnel spreading wider as the head of the thing pushed deeper.

"I-I don't want to," she whimpered.

"Bitch."

She laid her body down atop Justine again, her hips twisting slowly from side to side with the head of the thing inside her. She pushed them down, and Justine groaned and shuddered as the sex toy pushed in deeper, almost to her cherry now. She pulled helplessly against the ropes, her protests drowned in Selina's mouth as the girl's tongue flitted around against her own.

Then she felt a tight, sharp pain within her pussy, and cried out, her back arching, as she felt the thing push deeper. She felt a sense of loss and sorrow, a sense of anger and frustration, yet also a strange wicked excitement as she felt the thing pushing deeper still.

Was this what it felt like to have a real cock inside her? She focused all her attention on the sensations coming from her lower body as she felt the thing driving deeper. She ached and stung a little, but her body was charged with sexual heat at the same time, and when Selina began to pump the thing in and out she nearly swooned with excitement.

At first the motions were slow, but even as the stinging and discomfort began to slowly fade she felt Selina thrusting the thing deeper, felt her hips moving up and down more quickly. She cried out as Selina's teeth bit into her lip, and the Spanish girl raised her head, eyes hot and fiery.

"All those guys wanted to fuck you today, to fuck away your cherry, to rape your pussy, but I got to do it. I got to rape away your slut cherry," she panted.

Then she crushed her lips down against Justine again, and her hips thrust especially deep. Justine cried out once more as the nose of the long, thin pretend cock jammed into the back wall of her pussy. She could feel Selina's smooth belly and abdomen pressed against her, could feel her hips against her thighs, and knew the girl had buried the entire long length of her pretend cock inside Justine's tiny sex.

Justine was amazed and fearful, yet the feelings were pushed aside by her rising sexual hunger as Selina began to roll and grind her hips, began to pump the cock thing inside her. Justine's body was elated at the sensations, at the deep penetration, at the hard, steady thrusting.

Selina's words made her feel dirty and yet at the same time sexy. Without any conscious thought she had placed Selina into the role of adult, of teacher, of an authority figure who must be obeyed. And no authority figure had ever spoken to her in that manner. Yet at the same time Selina was something quite different, a lover, a lesbian lover at that, and Justine's sheltered mind had no comfortable niche in which to place the girl.

She was her friend, but not her friend, an authority figure, but not, a girl who used her as a boy would.

And there was no time for her think, no way her mind, bathed in fiery sexual need, could come to any conclusions about anything except - it felt wonderful.

She was being fucked, by Selina. Selina was fucking her like a boy. She had taken her cherry. Yet she was still a virgin.

Justine stopped trying to understand it all. She did what she always did when confused, abandoned herself to the person in authority.

Her body pulsed with excitement as Selina stroked into her. The girl's warm, moist flesh rubbed against her own, and her tongue and teeth moved over her throat and face.

She felt another orgasm building, and her breaths became short, ragged and frantic. Selina thrust harder, painfully harder, so that the rounded nose of the thing punched sharply against the back wall of her

pussy tunnel. But that did nothing to lessen or even detract from the wicked pleasure coursing through her body.

"Come, little bitch," Selina hissed. "Come while I fuck you with my cock! Come while I'm raping away your cherry!"

Justine obeyed.

### Chapter Three

Justine stared up at the other girl's sex, blinking her eyes anxiously.

It was beautiful, she thought. Was this what she looked like up close?

Yet she was desperately aware of how little she knew about sex, especially compared to Selina, who seemed to know everything.

"Lick me, my bitch."

She didn't know how to lick a girl's sex. And, in truth, never having wanted to, had never really given the matter any thought. Yet Selina had licked her, and it had felt - wonderful - so how could she refuse to reciprocate?

"I-I don't know - ."

Her words were muffled as Selina slid her pussy down against her mouth, grinding her sex up and down across her chin, over her mouth, and against her nose. Justine stared up the long length of Selina's body, up her smooth, flat belly, up at her breasts, and through them to the dark eyed girl staring back. She pulled at the bonds locking her wrists to the corner posts, unable to move, unable to do anything as the Spanish girl rubbed her sex back and forth against her mouth.

Selina eased up a little, and her fingers came down to tug gently but stingingly at Justine's hair.

"Lick your mistress, bitch."

Justine licked. She was embarrassed, certain she would do an amateurish job of it, but knew she could no longer disobey Selina's order. She tried to focus on what Selina had done to her earlier, though in truth, it all seemed like a blur now.

Her tongue lapped up and down the girl's tight slit, then pushed between her pubic lips and stroked along her pink furrow. She felt some distaste at what she was doing, but knew she had no alternative, so did not think very much about it. She had been assigned a task and whether she liked it or not must obey. She was well used to this.

She licked upwards towards Selina's clitoris, and, staring, saw the little button peaking out from beneath the golden woman's hood. She licked at it, trying to close her lips around it, to suck.

Selina ground herself against her, her hips rolling, her sex sliding from side to side, pressing down, then up again.

Justine heard her groan in pleasure and felt a wild thrill of delight that she had been able to accomplish that much. She redoubled her efforts, licking up and down the Spanish girl's sex, trying to thrust her tongue into her small hole as Selina had done to her, kissing and sucking against her clitoris whenever it pushed down against her.

Selina was whispering, moaning, cursing. "My little slut," she groaned. "My little bitch. Dirty little whore. Lick me. Lick me. Ahh, you filthy bitch. Suck me. Pretty girl. Pretty little bitch."

The words were strange, even shocking, but did not insult or hurt Justine. They made her mind squirm oddly, however. She had never envisaged herself as slutish, as wild and sexual. Selina thought was just teasing her, she was sure, yet the words made her blood burn.

Selina began to grind her pussy faster and faster, and all Justine could do was push her tongue up and let the girl grind her clitoris and sex against it. Then Selina cried out, calling in Spanish, jamming her sex down against Justine's mouth, almost smothering her as she came.

She slid backwards to lay upon her body, licking gently against her earlobe.

Then she sat up, smiling, her face hungry.

"My little bitch," she said, caressing her body.

Selina leered at her, fingering her nipples, twisting and pinching them so they stung.

"P-Please, Selina," she gasped.

"Does that sting, my little slut?"

"Y-Yes!"

"Poor baby," she whispered.

She bent and sucked gently on the wounded nipple until it throbbed hotly, then turned to the other. The Spanish girl bent over her other breast, drew the centre into her mouth and bit on the soft flesh.

Justine cried out again, bucking and twisting as tears came to her eyes.

Selina smiled, opening her mouth, sliding her teeth down around her nipple, letting her tongue lap slowly across the quivering little button until Justine's breaths grew short, then took it between her teeth and bit hard.

Again Justine screamed, twisting and sobbing as the Spanish girl pinched her nipple and drew her mouth back to stretch the burning little pink button out.

She lay down atop Justine then and licked the tears from her cheeks, then crushed her lips down against Justine's mouth, her tongue thrusting into her mouth and playing along her lips. She nibbled lightly at her lower lip, sucking on it, tongue swirling in against Justine's, then drew back, licking and kissing and biting her way down the panting girl's body until she lay between her legs. She rubbed her fingers along the swollen pubic lips, both spread slightly around the base of the sex toy she had left inside her after removing the straps.

She pulled the sex toy out and pushed her face fully into Justine's wet sex.

Her tongue thrust deep into her body as she ground and mashed her face into her warm, musky opening, moistening her lips and cheeks and nose. She reached forward, prying her pussy lips open and mouthing them, sucking and licking as she slowly worked her way up towards her clitoris.

She brought her to the edge of climax before even touching her clitoris directly, then drew back again and got out of the bed. She left the room again, returning with another sex toy, this one of shining stainless steel. She sat, cross legged between Justine's legs and picked up the first one, then pressed the slippery head against the small rosebud of her anus.

Justine's eyes widened. "Selina!"

"Justine!" Selina echoed her mockingly.

"D-Don't!"

"Why not?"

"I-it's dirty!"

Selina smiled and leaned forward. "I like dirty," she purred.

She twisted the thing around, pumping it in and out, slowly forcing it into the whimpering younger girl's body.

"Oh! Oh! Ouch!"

"Shh, little bitch," Selina purred, pumping the dildo in and out slowly. It was only a few inches deep, but she was using more and more pressure, forcing it deeper.

She reached up and abruptly slapped Justine's right breast. The sting and shock made Justine cry out, and her anal muscles loosened momentarily so that Selina could thrust the thing several inches deeper.

"D-Don't! Please," she whimpered.

"You're my bitch, Justine," Selina said. "My whore."

She slapped the other breast, and Justine cried out again, eyes filling with tears from the stinging pain - and also from the cruelty.

Yet Selina did not appear to be angry at her, which while comforting, was confusing. The thick thing in her bottom was moving in and out. It ached. Yet though she felt terribly embarrassed she felt little real pain. Selina wanted it, and so she would simply have to accept it.

"Oh!" she cried, as she felt a cramp deep inside herself.

"Slutty little girl," Selina whispered, running her free hand over Justine's wriggling body. "Dirty little slut."

"Ungh!"

The dildo was thrust painfully deep now, and Selina held her hand against it, putting pressure against the base, trying to force it deeper. She slapped Justine's breast again, and again the sting distracted her internal muscles so that the thing could slide deeper.

"I-it hurts!" she whimpered.

"Good. You should be hurt."

"B-but why?" she gulped.

"Because you're a bad girl. Bad girls need to be punished, don't they?"

"I-I - guess," she said helplessly.

"Are you a bad girl, Justine?"

"I-I - ."

"Are you a bad girl?" she demanded, her voice rising.

"Yes," she whimpered.

"Of course you are."

She thrust the dildo in deeper and left it, then picked up the other one. She flicked a switch and it began to buzz. She smiled and licked at it, then brought it down against Justine's pussy and let it slide up and down, circling her clitoris. Justine gasped and jerked and twisted, her nerve endings jumping and spasming wildly as the buzzing toy trembled against her.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! What?! Oh!"

"Nasty little slutty girl," Selina purred.

Justine's hips rolled and bucked wildly as her insides began to shake in tune to the metal thing pressed against her. She couldn't control her body, and her bottom bounced and shook as an orgasm roared inside her.

One, two, then a third finger were thrust into her sex with aching force. Selina pumped them roughly in and out as she rolled the buzzing metal instrument back and forth across her clitoris. Justine's head thrashed and twisted, and small, guttural cries of shocked excitement escaped her open mouth as she arched her back repeatedly, her hips rolling and rutting up against the buzzing metal tube.

And then she came, with such power she cried out in helpless, wanton, wondrous ecstasy, her body stiffening and then thrashing and bucking against her bonds, against the tube, against Selina's fingers thrusting in and out of her now sopping sex.

Selina laughed in amusement as she forced her through the climax, but never halted, never slowed, even as the girl finally went limp, gasping for breath. She used the vibrator to taunt and tease her, her tongue to send burning thrills through the gasping, writhing girl's body, forcing her to orgasm after orgasm as her muscles spasmed and convulsions wracked her body. Justine had never imagined what it could be like to have multiple orgasms, yet with the combination of Ali's tongue and the vibrator working on her clitoris she came repeatedly, barely able to gulp in air between climaxes.

And then Selina left her to recover, with the buzzing toy (she knew, of course, that it must be a vibrator, for girls had whispered and giggled about them at school) buried in her sex, and the dildo still embedded in her anus. She lay spreadeagled, still bound to the corners of the bed, body glistening with sweat, chest heaving

When she heard a voice, a strange voice, her mind woke with alarm from its state of exhausted, languorous rest, and she raised her head just in time to see a woman come to the open doorway and look in at her. The Spanish woman looked much like Selina, but older, slightly taller, with long, dark hair. Her eyes moved over Justine with a calm, assessing look which showed no embarrassment or surprise. And when the blood rushed to the younger woman's face her lips quirked up in a smile of amusement.

But then, mercifully for Justine, she turned away.

Justine gaped at the door, then her head fell back and she whimpered, shame flooding her as she pulled desperately at the bonds. Yet there was no way for her to break loose, no way for her to hide her nude body, nor even the dildo and vibrator protruding from her sex and anal opening.

After a minute Selina returned, calm and unhurried, carrying her dress. "My mother is home. I can drive you home now."

"She saw me!" Justine cried.

Selina shrugged uncaring.

"Oh my God!"

"It's no big deal. She's seen girls naked before."

"But... but... not like this!"

Selina snorted in amusement. "Oh yeah like this. Where do you think I learned about this, eh? My mother has been doing this kind of thing for years."

Justine gaped at her as Selina unbound her ankles, then tugged the vibrator and dildo out of her body.

"Sh-she has?"

"Oh yeah. I used to sneak up to her room and peek in the door when she had one of her playtoys there. She used to gag them but you could hear anyway, especially when they came, or she was spanking them."

She untied Justine's wrists and handed the dress, and the girl scrambled out of bed and yanked the dress over her head.

"Sex is nothing to be ashamed of," Selina said, sitting on the edge of the bed and watching her.

'Maybe not for you! My mother would go insane if she knew what I had done today!'

Selina shrugged. "So don't tell her."

She stood up and took her hand, then, to Justine's surprise, drew it to her lips and kissed the back. "Come on, my little bitch. Time to go home.'

She insisted on holding her hand as they went downstairs, and thought Justine anxiously tried to pull free she had neither the strength of will to try hard - which might have offended or hurt her feelings, nor the physical strength to overcome Selina even if she did.

And so, blushing furiously, she was led down in front of Selina's mother, the woman who had looked in on her earlier. She kept her eyes downcast as Selina led her to the door and showed her her shoes. She slipped them on, never looking up until the woman came to her and put a long finger beneath her chin.

Then she was forced to raise her eyes, face flaming, and look at the tall, older woman, who said something in Spanish in a deep, husky, amused voice before Selina tugged her free and out the door.

They rode in near silence in the car, Justine too traumatized by her shame to speak and Selina relaxed and amused as she moved through the traffic.

"Tell your mother school ended early first day," she said, as she pulled to a stop before Justine's mother's large house.

Justine nodded wordlessly, still huddled near the far door. Then she hesitated, her hand on the door, and bit her lip. "Wh-what did you mother say at the door?" she gulped.

Selina sniffed. "She said you were quite a prize."

Justine frowned uncertainly. "What does that mean?"

"She thinks you are a natural slave."

Justine's eyes widened. "A slave?!"

Selina smirked. "She wants to fuck you."

Justine's face coloured again and her jaw dropped, then she snapped her mouth closed and threw the door open.

"I'll call you," Selina said.

Justine nodded, wishing now that she had refused to give her her phone number earlier.

She rushed across the lawn to the front door, grateful when she could close it against Selina's dark eyes.

Her mother was not home. Gratefully, Justine hurried up to her room and stripped off the dress, then, averting her eyes from her dresser mirror, she went into the bathroom and showered, wincing a little when her fingers brushed across nipples still stiff and sore, and down against her sex which felt swollen and aching.

That morning had been, without question, the most amazing, shocking experience of Justine's young life. She had been with boys before, at parties and gatherings, been groped and fondled and kissed on several occasions. She had, on one notorious evening, learned how to reduce a boy to jelly by sliding her lips up and down his stiff cock, and in return been masturbated to climax.

But those experiences paled into insignificance compared to the glittering wonder of her morning with Selina. Why, the experience had been so shocking and powerful it was almost enough to cause her to forget her earlier distressful experiences that day.

What a day it had been!

Justine stood beneath the shower, her hands moving slowly over her torso, her mind moving from one shocking memory to another.

Was she a lesbian now, she wondered doubtfully. Did that mean she had to date girls from now on? No, of course not. She liked boys. No doubt the boys she had experienced had simply been too youthful, too inexperienced. Besides, those occasions had been hurried things with no time or privacy. Which, she thought, was just as well else she'd probably have gotten pregnant by now.

She did not, she decided, really want to be a lesbian. But the experience with Selina had been so marvellous she determined to experience it again, only with a man. Before that happened she would have to take the proper precautions, and so, summoning all her courage, she looked in the phone book and found a doctor, and then made an appointment to get birth control pills.

She knew it would be an embarrassing experience. She had only had one "exam" in her life by such a doctor, and it had been humiliating to lay back naked with her legs splayed while the man fingered her sex.

Although, now, as she considered it, she did not think she would be quite so embarrassed any more.

Out of the shower, she again avoided looking at herself nude. She slipped on a loose pair of Capri pants and a tank top, and then went downstairs to get ice cream. She returned to sit on her bed and watch soaps, then read a romance novel. In this way she was able to forget Selina for long periods of time, sometimes for as long as ten minutes or more.

When her mother got home it was quite difficult for Justine to behave normally. She felt almost as though she were a different person, as though her experience had been of such drama and import that her mother might sense how changed she now was. Yet her mother was oblivious to her change, and perhaps, Justine thought sadly, that was to be expected. For her mother had always been largely oblivious to Justine's problems and concerns.

What would it be like, she wondered, to grow up with a mother like Selina's. She felt a shiver of awe run down her spine at such a thought, and swallowed repeatedly, trying to tear her imagination away from it.

And yet Selina had survived it, and become a strong, self confident woman. Justine was woefully aware of her own weakness, yet resigned to it. She dreamed of being like Selina, who, she was sure, could do anything, and would never allow anyone to bully her.

She went to bed, but found it difficult to sleep. Not only had the day been extraordinary, but her stomach churned as she thought about tomorrow, when she must go to school again, go on the bus again. Had the class all introduced each other the previous day? She would have to be the only girl no one knew! And she would be behind in the work.

She sighed as she lay in bed, looking at the moonlight streaming in through the large windows next to her bed. She felt hot, despite the air conditioning, and threw back the covers. She pushed her pyjama bottoms down and off and slid out of her tank top, then lay nude, looking down at her body glowing pale in the moonlight, at the soft shadows playing across her breasts and thighs.

Tentatively, she slid her hands over her breasts, cupping them lightly, then let her fingers gently roll and pinch her nipples until they were hard. Her breathing growing stronger, she licked her finger and moved it between her legs, stroking lightly across her clitoris. Her mind played back the exciting images from her morning with Selina, and her breath became ragged as the sexual heat swelled within her.

And then, strangely, she thought of Selina's mother, and despite a rising sense of embarrassment at the memory, her mind slipped into fantasy where the woman came into the room and sat on the bed, then began to run her hand over Justine's naked body.

Her excitement soared, and she groaned softly, drawing her legs slowly back and apart, far enough apart that the tendons in her thighs ached, and she thrust a finger into her bruised, aching sex, climaxing in seconds.

## Chapter Four

Morning, and her eyes opened to the soft cream and white lace of her bedroom. She sighed and turned beneath the covers, feeling the warmth of her soft bare breasts against her arms and wrists. She was slightly puzzled at realizing her nudity for a sleepy moment, then remembered. And with the memory came the flood of memories of yesterday, and a churning anxiety mixed with a soft sense of excitement and anticipation.

Remaining on her side, she slipped her finger down between her thighs. She was still a little sore, but the soreness did not deter her. And as she began to rub at herself she found the soreness actually increased the sensations to the point where she climaxed within a very short time. She sighed and rolled back on her back, staring up at the roof and wondering what the day would bring. Then with a grunt of effort she threw back the covers and sat up, swinging her slender legs over the edge of the bed.

She stood up, and her eyes drifted across her nude self in the mirror. She straightened her back, swallowing a little, and ran her hands gently over her torso, caught by the newly awakened image of herself as an erotic, sexual being.

She pulled on a thin, tiny, lightweight thong in black silk and a matching French lace bra, then drew a loose dark blue silk shift over her shoulders. It floated around her chest and upper belly, tissue light, exposing her midriff and flat stomach. She pulled on a pair of loose white drawstring trousers, satisfied that they would be more difficult for groping fingers to find their way into than a summer dress. She turned and posed for herself in the mirror, grinning a little bashfully, acknowledging that she was hot and sexy, but remembering how Selina had treated her, controlled her, used her for her own pleasure.

Selina was exciting but - dangerous - wild, unpredictable. Justine felt overwhelmed by her, and was both anxious and fearful of meeting her again.

It seemed cooler than the previous day, and the bus was both air conditioned and less crowded. Still, she was nervous as she made her way up the aisle, feeling the eyes of the men on her and newly aware of the hot, dark thoughts some of them possessed.

She sat, and the trip to school was uneventful. The bus stopped outside, and she walked among a dozen others through the main doors. Still, it was somewhat traumatic for her, for she was a stranger there, and she detested not knowing what to do or where to go. Blushing, she had to ask people for her class, and

then everyone there looked at her as a stranger. Worse, she was made to stand up and tell everyone about herself, an event she had missed the first day.

Her face was red and hot for the next fifteen minutes as she sat quietly in her chair, only slowly losing her embarrassment at being stared at by thirty other young people.

As she was only taking the one class, she was done by ten, relieved to have it over with and relatively content. And then as she made her way through the hall towards the exit Selina came up beside her.

"Hello Chiquita," she purred.

Justine's heart skipped a beat and her face flushed.

"H-hullo," she gulped, dropping her eyes.

"Finished your class, heh?"

Justine nodded.

"Good. Then you and me can have some fun again."

"I-I can't," Justine said. "I promised my mother I would be home right after school so I could help her pick out wallpaper."

"Wallpaper? You kidding me?"

Justine shook her head.

"Come," Selina said, taking her arm.

Justine anxiously followed, looking around, her pulse quickening as Selina led her out through an emergency exit and around to the rear of the gym. There was a narrow alley there with the blank gym wall on one side and a two foot high stone wall with a tall fence atop it on the other. Selina guided her to the low wall and sat beside her.

"You look nice today," she said.

"Th-thank you," Justine said. Then after a moment's delay. "Y-you look nice too."

Selina wore a very tight tank top, which strained across her breasts, and low slung jeans.

She turned and leaned in to Justine, her tongue licking lightly at her earlobe.

"Tell me you're my bitch," she whispered.

Blushing, Justine looked up and down the alley. There were people moving past, but distantly, not really able to see what they did.

"I-I am, I guess," she gulped.

"Don't guess, little slut," Selina growled.

Her left arm had slipped over Justine's shoulder, and now it slid back and her hand gripped the hair at the back of her head, gently but forcefully pulling her chin up and her head back.

"You're my bitch. Say it," she hissed.

"I-I'm your bitch!" Justine gasped.

"Again!"

"I'm your bitch!"

Selina held her hair with her left hand while her right gently stroked Justine's cheek and throat, then her hand moved down her body.

Justine gasped as she felt Selina squeezing her left breast, her eyes rolling fearfully left and right to see if anyone was watching.

"My little slut," Selina whispered.

Her hand moved down Justine's body and squeezed her between the legs.

"S-Selina! Someone will see!" she gasped.

Selina's fingers tightened in her hair. "Say you're my bitch."

"I-I'm your bitch!"

Selina's finger tugged at the knot at the centre of her drawstring pants and Justine gasped, dropping her books as she reached for it. But Selina pulled on her hair again and she cried out in pain, her hands going up behind her head to grasp at the girl's wrist. Instead Selina gripped her wrists with her own hands, pinning them easily together and pulling them down behind her neck.

"Selina!" she moaned.

Selina chuckled throatily, then her free hand returned to the drawstring, pulling the knot loose and slipping down into her white trousers. She rubbed lightly at her sex through the thong, then eased up and then down through the waistband, her fingers stroking lightly against Justine's sex.

Despite her anxiety and embarrassment Justine felt an instant bolt of sexual excitement at the touch. She squirmed against the fence, her legs apart. She could see the outline of Selina's hand inside her trousers, her knuckles rubbing against the inside of the fabric as she stroked her fingers along Justine's soft, warm sex.

Justine's heart was pounding. Her head turned left and right and left again, staring at the people going by, her breathing going ragged as Selina's fingers slid deep into her pussy and her thumb began to stroke across her clitoris.

"We - I - you sh-shouldn't!" she gasped.

Selina leaned in and began to chew lightly on her earlobe. "Slut," she whispered. "Bitch slut."

Her fingers hurt as they pushed into Justine, but it was like earlier that morning, the ache only seemed to add to the sensations, and Justine felt herself melting around those fingers, felt her body going liquid. She panted for breath, moaning as Selina's fingers drove her body into a state of steaming sexual hunger.

"Are you my little bitch?" she growled.

"Y-Yes!" Justine gasped.

"Say it."

"I'm your little bitch!" she groaned.

Selina ground her thumb down across Justine's clitoris and she cried out as she came.

She got home on time, though her mother complained that she and the interior decorator had already looked over the wallpaper. She grudgingly let Justine look at what they had discussed, but it was clear the decision had already been made. That was just as well, as far as Justine was concerned, because it was quite difficult to focus her mind on anything just then but Selina.

Selina had told her to return to her house that afternoon. Her mother would be away, and she had "plans" for Justine. Justine had wanted to say no but had agreed anyway. She was forced to have lunch with her mother and the designer, then, stomach hurting with tension, she took the bus back to school and walked as slowly as she could to Selina's house.

Justine's skin felt electric as she pushed the door bell.

The door opened and Selina's mother looked down at her.

Justine's face flushed and her she found herself speechless as the woman's lips curled softly upwards.

"Hello, little Justine," she said, her voice soft.

"H-H-H-Hi," Justine squeaked.

"Come to - play - with Selina?"

Justine blushed furiously and her eyes dropped. She heard a soft chuckle.

"Selina," her mother called over her shoulder. "Your little playmate is here."

"Come ahead in, dear," she said, stepping back.

The woman was in her late thirties, she supposed, and looked very much like Selina except that she was taller.

"That's a lovely outfit," the woman said. "But I don't think you'll be wearing it for long."

More heat flooded Justine's face.

Selina trotted down the stairs, her eyes momentarily going dark and hungry as they lit on Justine, then fading to normal as she turned to her mother.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do," her mother said with a smirk.

Selina sniffed disdainfully, then took Justine's arm and led her past the woman and up the stairs. She turned at the top of the stairs and looked back down, then turned to Justine, smirking. "She wants you," she said.

"No she doesn't," Justine protested anxiously.

"Ha. She's been collecting leather for years. I bet she's already picked out what she'd like to have you wear."

"I don't understand," Justine said slowly.

"Never mind. Strip. I want to see you naked."

Justine blushed. "Couldn't we just - talk?"

"You can talk when you're naked."

Justine swallowed and then obediently undid the drawstring at the front of her trousers and pushed them down over her hips. Self conscious, she reached down and tugged her top up and off, then kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her trousers. She hesitated in thong and bra, but Selina, laying on the bed, motioned for her to continue, and she obediently unfastened her bra, then pushed her thong down and off.

She stood awkwardly, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, gripping one arm in the other hand.

"Put your hands behind your head."

"Why?"

Selina's face hardened. "Don't ask questions."

Justine nervously obeyed.

"Arch your back. Push your tits out, and spread your legs."

Blushing again, Justine obeyed. Her nervousness was growing as she displayed herself to Selina. She felt very odd, and very self conscious as the Spanish girl lay back, propped up on her elbows, and stared at her.

"Turn around and bend over."

Justine blinked. "Why?"

"I said don't ask questions," Selina snapped.

Chastened, Justine turned and self consciously bent over.

"Farther. Farther. Take your ankles in your hands and hold them.

Embarrassed, but unable to refuse her, Justine obeyed, cringing at the knowledge of what a lewd view of her she was giving Selina.

Selina stood up and Justine straightened, then gasped as the girl slapped her bottom with stinging force.

"Ow!"

"I didn't say to straighten up, did I?"

"N-No."

"Do only what you're told."

She opened the closet and took out a long coil of thin white rope.

Justine's pulse began to race.

"Y-You don't have to tie me up," she protested.

"I want to tie you up."

"But your mother - ."

"Is leaving."

She tied a loop near one end of the rope, then another.

"Bend over again, not so far."

She gripped Justine's hair and pulled her over so she was bending at a ninety degree angle.

"Stay like that."

She pulled the rope beneath her so that the loops were beneath her soft breasts, then pulled them up. Her breasts were wider than the ropes, and Justine felt the soft rope squeeze a little against her flesh as Selina pulled the loops up harder, until the rope was flat against her ribs. Then she pulled on both ends and Justine gasped as the loops tightened around her breasts.

"Selina!" she protested.

"Shut up and don't move."

The loops tightened further, but not painfully so, and then she felt Selina tying the rope behind her back. She gasped as she felt the girl's fingers pull at her hair again, lifting her upright, and then stared down at her breasts.

They were much - tauter - now, much firmer, swollen out a little because of the way the rope squeezed in around them.

Selina took her right hand and pulled it behind her back, then lifted it upwards, up behind her back, up between her shoulder blades, pressing her wrist against the rope which circled her chest and then coiling the rope around it several times to hold it there. She did the same with her other hand, and then threw a coil around Justine's arms just above her elbows and began to tighten the loop.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! OwOwOw!" Justine cried as her arms were forced slowly and painfully back, her shoulders aching. "It hurts!"

"Don't worry, little bitch. It will feel all right once you get used to it."

She let the rope down Justine's back, then held it there and brought it around her waist and back again to tie in place. The loop was very tight, and squeezed in almost painfully against Justine's narrow waist. She brought another loop around her, and another, and three more, until six tight loops of rope tightly and uncomfortably circled her waist, squeezing her in as tight as an old fashioned corset.

Justine had to breath in shallow gasps, and the pressure was squeezing her insides downwards so that she felt as if her pussy lips were swollen with the pressure inside.

Selina forced her to bend over again, and produced a pair of thick dildos which were covered in small bumps. She slowly worked the first into Justine's pussy, and the second, she covered with a lubricant and forced, despite Justine's protests, into her anus.

Selina then brought the rope down between Justine's buttocks and pulled it up front, slid the rope through the lowest loop around her waist, and pulled. Tightly.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!"

"Such a baby," Selina smiled.

"It hurts! It hurts!"

The rope was pulling up hard against the base of the two dildos Selina had pushed into her, and both were too long to fit fully inside her. The rope was jamming the head of the sex toys up into her belly with painful force.

Selina drew the rope down back between her legs, and up between her buttocks, through the back of the rope around her waist, and then down again. She tugged on it so it was as tight as the first loop, and also pressing against the base of the sex toys. She bound it to the rope around her waist, and tied it off, smiling.

Justine was groaning, her belly cramping with pain, aching with the pressure of the two dildos driven up inside her.

Then, just as she was beginning to cope with that Selina picked up a pair of plastic clothes pins, opened them, and to Justine's shock, let them snap closed around her pink nipples.

She yelled in pain, dancing from foot to foot.

"Take them off! Take them off!"

"Just give it a minute, baby and it'll go away."

"It hurts! It hurts!"

"A little pain is good for you."

The door opened and her mother looked in.

Justine froze, gasping, her face reddening at once. She jerked around, turning her face and body away, but couldn't escape the soft chuckle of amusement.

"Do you mind?" Selina demanded.

"I heard shouting, dear."

"I thought you were leaving."

"Just going now."

"Good."

Selina pushed the door closed, muttering in Spanish.

"Untie me!" Justine gasped.

"No fucking way. I want to look at you. Turn around."

She took Justine's arm and turned her around, then examined her, running her hands over her breasts, down her belly and between her legs.

"Now, little slut. It's still a school day. I'm going to teach you a few things. Get on your knees."

She pushed down on Justine's shoulder and, groaning, Justine dropped to her knees. Selina then locked the door and undressed.

Justine felt a wave of arousal as she saw the Spanish girl's body, and licked her lips as she felt her pussy squeeze down on the dildo impaling her.

Selina stood in front of her and spread her legs. "You're going to learn how to lick pussy properly," she said.

She took Justine's head in her hands and guided her mouth to her pussy.

"Start on the inner thighs, to either side of my mons, then lick lightly up and down my pussy just to either side of my slit."

Justine bent forward, licking at her sex as Selina ordered. Her arms and shoulders arched and her insides still throbbed with the pressure of the dildos pressing against them. She was uncomfortable and yet darkly aroused. It was wicked and bizarre and sexy. More than that she was only required to do exactly as Selina ordered, and that was a role she found especially comforting. Following instructions was a reassuring experience, and she licked and kissed and sucked as Selina directed.

She was able to lick Selina to two orgasms, feeling quite excited by the girl's soft curses of pleasure, and quite happy to know she had made Selina happy.

At the same time the pain inside her belly seemed to ease, and she found herself oddly aroused at being so tightly bound, so helpless before the beautiful, strong-willed Spanish girl.

After her second orgasm Selina pulled her up by the hair and then plucked the clothes pins off her nipples. That stung almost as badly as when they went on, at least at first, but then as the pain began to fade she felt a kind of pins and needles effect, and when Selina began to lick and suck gently on her swollen, aching pink buttons the world began to spin around her.

Selina licked more strongly, sucked more harshly, and Justine came. For the first time, the orgasm seemed centred on her breasts, rather than her pussy, but her pussy roared with pleasure, as well, squeezing and spasming around the dildo thrust inside her.

Selina laughed and pulled the ropes off the base of the dildos, then gripped the one in her pussy and began to thrust it roughly in and out. At first it hurt, but soon Justine was gasping and moaning and rolling her hips in pleasure as another orgasm rolled over her.

"Bitch. Little bitch," Selina growled, thrusting it in so hard her hand punched against Justine's bare mound.

## Chapter Five

The next day, and the next, and the next, after school, Selina led her to her house, tied her up, and they had sex. Justine was always forced to kneel to lick at Selina, who now slapped her head and face lightly when she was displeased with how she performed. Selina always used the dildos on her, sometimes strapping them to her groin, sometimes just using her hand to thrust them in and out.

It was quite a strange relationship for Justine. Yet it contained considerable pleasure and excitement, and she enjoyed being tied up. Some part of her liked being told what to do, being given exact instructions, and being helpless to do anything but obey.

Yet she remained concerned that she was a lesbian. She had no other friends in Los Angeles, and so was too shy to go out clubbing alone in search for men. On the Saturday, however, equipped with the birth control pill which had been proscribed for her, and the new little black bikini with the thong bottom, she rode to the beach and found a spot near the water to undress.

She was a trifle self conscious as she pulled her summer dress over her head to expose the thong bikini underneath, but not as much so as an American girl would have. The attitude towards nudity and swimming in Europe was much more relaxed, and many girls went topless, or even entirely nude (though Justine had never done so).

Still, she was anxious about meeting a nice boy, and her new awareness of her sexuality made her feel very much the centre of attention as she spread out her towel and knelt atop it. Few other girls seemed to be wearing swimsuits which were as revealing as hers, and the men were all looking at her in a hungry way she had often seen in Selina's eyes, and those of her mother. The looks made her stomach flutter and her pussy throb alarmingly.

She slipped on a pair of dark glasses, and then picked up the suntan lotion and began to stroke it across her body, reminded, as she did, of the soap Selina had spread over her that first day.

Her sexuality was ever present in her mind as she lay back on her towel and baked in the sun, and she basked in the attention of the men and boys around her even as her mind squirmed with embarrassment.

She sat up, after a time. As she turned her head male eyes of all ages turned away, not wanting to be caught staring. But they were on her, she knew, anxiously. They wanted her, wanted to fuck her, wanted to tear her swimsuit off and put her on her knees like Selina had done, and then ram their hard cocks into her body.

All of them. The giggling thirteen and fourteen year old boys off to her left, the two twentysomething men ahead of her, the gray haired guy just past them, the paunchy, middle aged man with his wife and kids. All she had to do was turn her head away and look out of the corner of her eyes to see them turning to look at her.

Justine stood up, feeling their eyes on her as she strolled towards them, feeling them on her bottom when she passed. A little prickle of excitement ran up her spine, and she straightened her back, her legs moving sensually, bare feet sliding through the sand. Almost every male she approached turned his eyes on her, and she could feel them following her as she passed. Her ego purred with satisfaction and she felt a moist heaviness in her loins.

I am so sexy, she thought, a trifle arrogantly. They all want to use me!.

She knelt next to a rocky outcropping, then fell forward onto hands and knees, knowing exactly what view the men behind had of her shapely bare bottom and the snug little sack of her pubis clad in the thin black thong. She shuddered slightly as sex heat rolled over her body, and she pretended to pluck at a seashell, then stood up and moved on, not looking straight back, but letting her eyes roll sideways towards half a dozen men.

You wished you could have done it to me when I was on all fours, she thought, embarrassed, but aroused.

She slid into the water, striding slowly, letting it creep up over her thighs, then dove in and slid downwards, arching up and turning over before popping up out of the water. It was chest deep and her breasts floated a little on top as the waves rolled past her. She was not far from shore but alone, with no one close in the water.

Those on the beach could not see what she was doing, of course, and she slid her hand down into her front of her swimsuit, stroking at her bare pussy slit, rubbing her clitoris, feeling an intense rush of excitement and heat as she watched the people on the beach. She moved slowly through the water, backing a bit, letting it rise up almost to her neck. Sex heat washed over her like the waves and she was almost trembling as she shoved her swimsuit bottoms down around her thighs, then undid the snap between her bra cups and let them pull away.

She ran her hands over her bare breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples, and began to rub her clitoris furiously, gasping as she stroked her hand up and down between her legs, letting her fingers push slowly into her sex now, pumping as Selina had pumped.

She was right under the eyes of a hundred people and none could see what she was doing. The water swirled around her bare body, the loose panties caressing her knees now. She tugged one leg up and free, a thrill of fear striking her as she imagined losing the bottoms and what she would do then to keep from being exposed.

She spread her legs wider, her fingers racing over her body as she gulped in harsh, ragged breaths. People were splashing in the water, swimmers were moving back and forth. Some kids on an inflatable raft were moving closer. She felt a terrible urge to pull up her other foot, to be free of the entanglement of the swimsuit altogether, to pull the top off from her shoulders and throw it away so she could slide naked through the water.

She had to keep moving a little or else people would wonder what she was doing up to her neck in water. She dragged her left foot along the sea floor to prevent the swimsuit from sliding out from underfoot.

She dunked her head below the water then, reaching down to her ankle and grasping the swimsuit, pulling it off. She pulled the open bra off, as well and turned and twisted naked in the water. She surfaced with a gasp, her breasts almost popping out of the water before she caught herself. She leaned into the water and swam strongly for a minute, entirely naked. She stopped, gasping, spreading her legs and rubbing at herself. She used the balled up swimsuit bottoms, rubbing the material up and down against her sex.

And then she felt a shock as she realized two men were swimming towards her, very closely. She froze and desperately unrolled the material. In her haste she let go of her bra, and had to snatch at it as it began to float away. She dove under water, pulling her bottoms up her legs and cinching them tightly, then, almost out of breath, pulling the bra over her arms and yanking it in tight against her breasts, reaching down to pull the clasp closed.

She exploded from the water, gasping deeply for breath. The men were no more than ten yards away, swimming strongly, almost ignoring her as they passed to one side and continued out further.

Justine made her way back to the beach, gasping at her near escape, imagining how mortifying it would have been if they had seen that she was naked. What would they have done, she wondered, as she ran her hands over her wet hair, forcing the water to spill down her shoulders, back and breasts. Would they have stopped and leered, wanted to fuck her right there? That would have been a bit noticeable!

God, I'm turning into such a whore!

She made her way back to shore, skin tingling, laughing to herself at how she was nearly caught, and still feeling smug and cocky about herself. She strolled further up the beach to one of the snack shacks and purchased a popsicle, then wandered back from it, sliding the coloured ice deep into her mouth, sucking gently. She saw a man watching, an older man, perhaps mid thirties, tall, strong looking, with a very hairy chest. On another day she would have wrinkled her lips in distaste at both his age and hairiness, now she returned his direct gaze, and slid the popsicle slowly in and out of her mouth as she sucked.

She moved into the shade of a group of trees near a parking lot and leaned back against a brick wall, easing the popsicle out of her mouth. The man had sidled closer, watching, staring. She felt only a little indignant at his rudeness, more interested in taunting him. She casually licked at the popsicle, twirling her tongue around the top, then closed her lips and pulled it slowly into her mouth.

It shocked her that he actually approached her, that he actually came right up in front of her and looked at her.

"That looks good," he said.

She felt like a little girl, dropping her eyes in embarrassment, ashamed that he had seen through her, known that she was showing off.

"Does it taste good?" he asked.

"I-I guess," she gulped.

"If you suck too long it'll get soft," he said. "And you wouldn't want that."

A little tremor ran through her.

"You're a very pretty girl," he said.

He reached out and took the popsicle from her hand. She was startled, indignant, and not sure how to react as she saw him slide it between his own lips and suck lightly. He took it out and held it out to her.

She reached for it and he drew his hand back, grinning smugly. He held it out only to her mouth. She flushed, but her arousal that day warred with her common sense and pride.

She let him slide it into her mouth, and sucked lightly, feeling her spine quiver, a hot flood of excitement filled her body and she just looked at him. He pulled the popsicle free of her mouth, and then slid it down against the exposed top of her breast. She gasped, but made no move to stop him as he rolled the popsicle slowly along the exposed upper edges of her breasts just outside her bikini top. Then he dropped the popsicle lower, rubbing it back and forth over her nipple through the thin fabric.

Her nipples were already hard, and she felt goose bumps rise along her arms as he rolled the popsicle back and forth. He grinned arrogantly at her, then eased his fingers inside one cup and tugged it down a little. A little was all that was required to bare her nipple, and she swallowed anxiously, her head turning from side to side to see if anyone was close enough to see.

The popsicle was melting, and icy drops of purple liquid were trickling down her breasts and belly as he rubbed it slowly back and forth across her nipple. Justine's heart was pounding with the danger of being caught, of being seen, with the uncertainty and anxiety of what the stranger would want to do.

He held the popsicle to her lips and she opened them slowly. He let the popsicle slide back and forth across her lips, then pushed it deep into her mouth. She felt his other hand sliding down her belly, down her abdomen, gliding sideways to caress her bare hip, then in along her inner thigh and up. She shuddered and gasped as he squeezed her mons through her thong, and, pulse racing, she stared around her, searching for watchers.

She felt his fingers sliding through the edge of her thong, sliding across her ultra sensitive sex, then they tugged the thin strip sideways, then again, baring her sex.

She inhaled sharply. "D-Don't!" she gasped.

"But you like it," he whispered, his finger stroking up and down along her slit.

"I-I - don't," she moaned.

She shifted fearfully, her head looking around, tilting to look past him. She felt exposed in more ways than one, and even though her body was thrumming with sex heat she felt a terrible fear of discovery.

"Spread your legs," he growled, stepping forward.

She stared up at him, unmoving, though his thick body forced her thighs apart as he moved directly against her. She felt him rubbing against her, first with his fingers, and then - .

Her pulse skyrocketed as she realized he had undone the front opening of his swim trunks and brought his cock out to rub against her.

He can't! Not here! Oh no!

But she felt the head pushing up through her warm, moist, pudgy lips as he pushed his groin closer. Both of them were standing upright. She was leaning just a little against the wall, legs apart, and inhaled sharply as she felt him driving slowly up into her body. He was not a tall man. Perhaps that was why he was able to enter her so easily while standing upright. His cock slid up into her sex as he ground his pelvis against her, and he pulled the popsicle free and pressed his lips against hers.

She looked at him silently, chest heaving, eyes wide, heart pounding, blood on fire as he began to thrust into her with short, sharp movements. His cock ground across the very top of her slit, putting a delicious sense of pressure on her clitoris. He turned his own head, looking around him, as his hips thrust in and out slowly.

I'm not doing this. I'm not. I don't believe I'm doing this!

He chewed lightly on the nape of her neck, then reached down and tugged her bra cups down hard, pulling them under her breasts, exposing them both. His hands moved over them as he thrust harder, gasping softly into her ear as his cock ground back and forth through her throbbing opening.

He suddenly clutched her body against him, gasping, bucking his hips forward, then groaned in relief. She knew he had come, and stared over his shoulder, almost dazed with wonder at what she had just allowed to happen. She felt his cock softening and he slid backwards, pushing himself back into his swim trunks. Then he grinned lewdly and turned away. She abruptly realized she was virtually nude and tugged the crotch of her bikini panties back into place, then pulled up the cups of her bra.

She fell back dazedly against the wall, staring at nothing, amazed at herself. Shame made her cheeks burn, and she pushed off the wall, striding quickly away, afraid to look at anyone nearby in case their faces showed they had seen.

What in God's name was I thinking??

She had been acting like a complete slut that day, feeling like a bitch in heat. It was as if her experience with Selina had twisted something inside her, made her far more aware of her own sexuality, and turned her hormones up several notches. Even now, shocked at herself, shamed at what she had done, a part of her mind exulted gleefully in the wild, thrilling, forbidden act which had just taken place.

She had let a complete stranger have sex with her, right out in the open, up against a wall. She didn't even know his name! What's more, he had not been a boy, but a man. The oldest boy she had let

grope and kiss her was Jean Phillipe, who had been all of 20. The man who had just had sex with her, who had, she realized, with shocked realizing, taken her virginity, must have been well into his thirties.

God! God! God! I'm going insane!

She had thought her virginity had been lost when Selina had taken her cherry, but now she realized, belatedly, that she had truly been a virgin until just then, until a strange man had simply used her up against a wall, like a whore.

She moved back onto the beach, and now felt self conscious as people looked at her, as the men's eyes turned her way. Were they seeing her erect nipples? Was there some mark on her bikini bottom? She turned and hurried to the water, diving in, turning and twisting in the water, letting it slide over her body.

She emerged, dripping wet, and striding from the water, pushing her hair back as she moved back up the beach. She knew there could be no sign, now, but still she felt self conscious.

They all want to use me.

It was a thought she had had before, an exciting thought. It was still, despite her shame, exciting, but it was anxious, as well, and embarrassing. She saw their eyes and knew they saw her as a body they wanted to ravish, to throw down and thrust their cocks into. She felt like a deer making its way through a crowd of wolves, all slavering at the thought of sinking their - teeth - into her soft, defenceless body.

And still it aroused her. She imagined them all jumping on her, baying and growling and pinning her down, thrusting naked cocks at her from all directions. The fat man holding the ice cream, the old gray haired guy in the baseball cap and knee length shorts, the two teenagers sitting on their bikes, the three body builders standing and talking. Their eyes sliced across her as she passed them, and she felt their hunger for her, felt their minds growling as they thought about jumping atop her and riding her.

It was too much. She returned to her place and yanked her dress on, relieved to be more covered, to be more protected from their hungry eyes. She gathered up her things and hurried from the beach, striding towards the bus stop up the street.

"Hello, Justine."

She halted, shocked, then alarmed as she turned to see Selina's mother.

She swallowed, face reddening.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it?"

Justine nodded mutely.

"Going home now?"

She nodded again.

"I'll drive. Come along."

"Oh - uhm, no, it's okay I - ."

"Nonsense," the woman said, putting her arm over Justine's shoulder and turning her towards the parking lot. "You don't want to take buses any more than you have to, honey. Nasty types take the bus, you know."

"But - but I wouldn't want to put you out of your way," Justine said anxiously.

"Oh it's no problem at all," the woman said, her arm sliding down so it was around Justine's waist.

"Did you enjoy your day at the beach? That's a lovely dress."

"Uhm, yes," Justine said nervously.

Mrs. Ramirez led her to her old brown Chevy and unlocked it, then guided her in through the passenger door. She slammed the door and moved around to the drivers' side, turning briefly to smile at Justine before starting the car.

"I love the beach," she said as she backed away. "The water rushing ashore, the wind in your hair. It's all so - primal, don't you think?"

She pulled out onto the street and turned again to smile at Justine, her eyes dropping to the front of her light summer dress.

"Selina tells me you haven't been here for very long," she said. "You have to be careful the harsh sun doesn't burn your skin. You're such a pale girl."

"I-I used a lot of suntan lotion," Justine said quietly, looking out the window.

"Suntan lotion," the woman repeated, steering around a slow moving truck. "I've always liked the feel of suntan lotion, of anything warm and slippery against my skin. There's nothing like having someone apply oil to your back before a massage or - something."

She grinned knowingly at Justine, and Justine blushed and turned her eyes away again.

"You're such an innocent," Mrs. Ramirez said, not unkindly.

The car stopped at a light and Justine inhaled sharply as she felt the woman's hand slide onto her leg and stroke lightly up and down between her hem and knee.

"You have lovely, soft skin," Mrs. Ramirez said. "I can see what Selina sees in you."

Heart pounding, Selina felt the hand stroking upwards, easing up beneath her short skirt, gently gliding back and forth along her inner thigh just below her pussy as the car started forward.

"I love the soft skin of young girls," Mrs. Ramirez said. "And their innocent lust."

Her hand gave a final stroke and then lifted off Justine's thigh.

"So what kind of bathing suit did you wear, Justine? I presume it's under your cute little sun dress."

"Uhm, yes," Justine said softly. "Just a uhm, black bathing suit."

"A little bikini perhaps? I love little black bikinis."

Her hand returned and she casually gripped the hem of Justine's dress, lifting it up and back to expose her bikini bottom.

"Very lovely," she said. "That's a thong, isn't it?"

Justine, red faced, nodded, heart pounding again.

"Good. You have such a delicious little bottom. You should show it off. Youth is a time to enjoy life, to be wild and crazy. To have experiences which teach you about yourself and the world, experiences you can remember when you're older."

She gave Justine's thigh a squeeze, then drew her hand back, and Justine anxiously smoothed the short skirt back down over her legs.

She looked around her, trying to judge where they were, but the city was still foreign to her. Then she realized they were in the neighbourhood of the school, where Selina lived. Her pulse raced, and she turned her head and looked anxiously at Mrs. Ramirez, but she said nothing

They turned into the small, dirt drive next to Selina's house, and the car stopped. Mrs. Ramirez smiled at her. "I just need to get something."

Justine nodded.

"Come along inside. I wanted to show you something anyway."

She got out of the car before Justine could reply, and then moved around to the passenger side and opened it. Justine wanted to stay where she was, but swung her legs out of the car and climbed out. Mrs. Ramirez closed the door behind her and, arm around her waist, led her around to the rear door and up the stairs to the porch.

"This isn't the best neighbourhood," the woman said. "But it's better than the one I grew up in. I work for a very nice lady in Bel Air, and she pays top dollar."

She guided Justine into the kitchen and then exhaled loudly. "Lord it's hot in here!"

She peeled her own dress up and off. Beneath she wore a one piece black swimsuit. It consisted of a very narrow strip of cloth rising up from between her legs to just below her breasts. The strip then peeled apart into two strips which crossed the centre of her breasts, covering the top but leaving the bottom inside of each breast exposed. It was a very sexy swimsuit, and Justine marvelled that a woman her age, a mother, would wear such a thing. The idea of her own mother wearing a similar suit was too absurd to even contemplate.

Of course, Mrs. Ramirez had the body to carry it off. She was larger, all over, just as Selina was, taller, broader of shoulder and hip, with large breasts and long, lush legs.

"You might as well take that off before you melt," she said. "No air conditioning in here."

"Oh uhm, that's okay," Justine said, flushing.

"Nonsense. You'll get it all sweaty."

She plucked at the hem and pulled the dress up, and, rather than fighting her, Justine gave in and allowed her to pull it over her head.

"What a lovely suit," Mrs. Ramirez said. "And you fill it out so nicely."

"You look - nice too," the blushing girl replied, looking away.

"I'm not bad," Ramirez said modestly. "But I'm not slender young thing any more."

She took Justine's arm and turned her, gazing at her nearly bare bottom, then reached down and gave her a squeeze. "I bet a lot of men were looking at this today," she teased.

Then she took Justine's hand. "Come downstairs. It's much cooler."

She pulled Justine to a closed door, then opened it and guided her through. Justine meekly stepped down onto the landing there, then turned and walked down the stairs ahead of her as the woman closed the door behind her.

"Has Selina told you about my hobby?" she asked.

"No," Justine said.

"I do photography."

"Oh. That's nice."

"Not the common snapshots you see in photo albums. I do artistic pictures."

They emerged in a finished basement lined with plywood, the floor covered in a thin green rug. It was cooler, but the heat rushed to Justine's face as she stared at the pictures on the walls.

Most were black and white, and they were all quite large photos of naked young women tied up in various bizarre ways.

"There's nothing quite so beautiful, so erotic and desirable, as a lovely young female in bondage." Mrs. Ramirez said.

She took Justine's arm and guided her into the room.

The far corner of the room had been walled off, the door open, showing it was a darkroom now. There were cheap metal shelves along one wall, and a black plasterboard table against another. A row of three wooden chairs sat near the stairs, and a television and VCR sat in a corner, with a camcorder on a tripod standing next to them.

"Have you ever felt the erotic excitement of cold chain against your skin?" Mrs. Ramirez asked, her voice softening and deepening.

On the shelves was a jumble of rope, chain and leather straps. Mrs. Ramirez picked up a slender length of chain and took Justine's right arm, pulling her wrist out. Justine stared numbly as she wrapped the chain several times around her wrist.

"Give me your other wrist, Justine," she ordered.

Justine hesitated, raising her hand only slowly, and Mrs. Ramirez reached for it, yanking it up and placing it next to her other wrist.

"Clasp your fingers together for a moment."

"Wh-what are you doing?" Justine asked helplessly.

"Just going to show you something, dear."

She wrapped the thin chain around both wrists, then down between and up again to tighten the loops. She raised Justine's arms abruptly and led her back from the shelf, then lifted the chain up and set one of the links into a hook driven into the ceiling.

She moved to the wall next to the dark room and wheeled out a six foot high mirror, turning it and setting it in front of the anxious girl, tilting the mirror slightly so she had a perfect view of herself.

"Don't you think you look scandalously sexy?" Mrs. Ramirez purred, moving behind her.

Justine gasped as she felt the string of her bikini top being pulled loose, and her arms tugged at the chain to no avail.

"Wha- Mrs. Ramirez!" she protested.

"Oh it's just us girls," Mrs. Ramirez said. "You'll want to see how sexy you look."

She undid the string behind her neck as well and the top fell away to bare Justine's breasts. Then she gasped even more loudly as the woman's fingers slipped into the waistband of her thong and she tugged it down her legs to her ankles, pulling it out from under her so Justine had to dance from one foot to the other or hang from her wrists.

The woman stood up behind her and smiled over Justine's shoulder.

"Don't you think you look wonderfully sexy?" she whispered.

Justine's face was burning and her heart and pulse racing. She pulled anxiously at the chains, which held obstinately tightly.

"Look," the woman whispered, tugging on Justine's hair, forcing her to look at herself in the mirror.

She did look very sexy, Justine thought, very sexy and helpless, with her arms raised over her head and chained together, her always firm breasts lifted up and a little apart on her chest, her long legs bare.

"Lovely as a picture," Mrs. Ramirez whispered, her arms going around Justine, her hands gently caressing her belly, then one sliding downwards.

"Oh! Please! M-Mrs Ramirez!" she gasped, as the hand cupped her sex.

"You have such a soft little pussy," the woman said.

Her middle finger sank in between Justine's labia and rubbed softly up and down.

"Your pussy lips are thin and soft and tight."

"I-I - you shouldn't!" Justine gasped.

"I know, my dear."

Her left hand rose to cup and gently squeeze Justine's right breast as her left stroked softly up and down against her pussy. Justine stared at her image in the mirror, her mind squirming with embarrassment and anxiety.

"Do you keep your pussy naked all the time?" she whispered? It looks so delicious. Did my daughter shave your hair away? She always liked her girls to be bare, to feel their naked skin against her tongue."

Mrs. Ramirez moved away, but only to the shelves, to get more chains. She bent before Justine and wrapped one around her left ankle.

"Please unchain me," Justine asked plaintively.

"Of course I will, Justine. You know you have nothing to fear from me."

She tugged on Justine's ankle, shifting her leg further and further to the side, then clipped the chain down to a ring set in the floor. She eased to the other side, sliding another chain around Justine's other ankle, and forcing it out to the side as well. This served to lower Justine's body so that her arms were extended straight up, her arms taut against the chain around her wrists.

"M-Mrs. Ramirez," she moaned.

"Shhh. Don't worry, darling. You'll enjoy this."

She straightened and moved back to the shelves, then returned with a plastic bottle. She squeezed out a thick clear cream and spread it softly across Justine's chest and breasts, then down her belly and between her legs. It was as slippery as anything Justine has ever felt, more slippery than the soap Selina had used, more slippery than the tanning lotion. Mrs. Ramirez spread it all over her body, and it made her skin warm and glisten.

"Lovely," the woman said.

She moved back to the shelf and returned with another chain. This was even more slender, and only a foot or so long. It had a small round clip on either end, and as Justine watched, her eyes wide, Selina's mother placed one of the clips against her erect left nipple, then turned a tiny screw so that the clip closed and squeezed her nipple flat.

"Ow!"

"Just a little tighter," Mrs. Ramirez whispered.

The clip pinched in more tightly, and Justine cried out a second time, head twisting violently from side to side, her wrists pulling at the chain as her nipple burned.

Mrs. Ramirez slid her fingers down the chain to the other end, and raised that clip to her other nipple.

"Please don't!" Justine begged.

"It's only a little pinch," the woman said. "You'll love it when it's on."

She closed the clip tighter and tighter, until the pinching became a hot, burning, stinging ache, and Justine was again twisting her body from side to side. Then she let go of the chain, which hung down from both nipples, tugging on them.

"It hurts!" she whined.

"It'll feel better soon."

She went back to the shelf, and Justine stared at each other in the mirror, stared at the chain hanging from her nipples, stared at her glistening, naked body, and felt a soft dark hum between her legs.

How had this happened? How had she become involved in such wicked things?

Mrs. Ramirez came back, clutching two thick metal cylinders. They were each about ten inches long, with a thick lip two inches from the bottom. Mrs. Ramirez smiled and slid the top of one of the cylinders over Justine's oiled abdomen, then pressed it against her bare sex. Justine inhaled and her head fell back as she stared up at the ceiling, chest rising and falling rapidly. She felt the soft lips of her sex pushed in and then back as the cylinder slid into her body.

She moaned softly, pulling against the chains as she stared at the cold metal circling her wrists. She felt the cylinder sliding gently higher, pulling back, and then pushing forward again, working its way up inside her until the fat lip near the bottom pressed against her pussy. She moaned as the pressure grew, as her pussy lips spread wider and wider, and then the lip sank into her and her pussy lips closed behind them.

Mrs. Ramirez stood and moved behind her, and Justine dropped her eyes, staring at her pale face, then at her chained nipples, then down to the wide metal cylinder protruding from the lips of her sex. It was wide enough it probably would have stayed in place regardless, but the wide lip a few inches from the bottom ensured that it would not slide out further.

And then she felt the second oily cylinder probing against her small, puckered anus. She bit her lip and shuddered as it pushed into her, pulled back, then pushed in again, gently forcing its way through her sphincter, pumping in and out.

One of Mrs. Ramirez's hands pushed between her legs and her fingers began to stroke across Justine's oiled clitoris. Justine tried to ignore it but it proved impossible. She was already somewhat aroused, and the woman's expert touch soon had her clitoris straining out, swollen with excitement and eager for more.

The cylinder was pumping gently in her anus, pushing higher with each passing moment, high enough that the fat lip near its base now pushed against her anus. She stared at herself in the mirror, groaning, feeling her body's heat rising as Mrs. Ramirez stroked and pumped.

The thing pushed into her and her anus closed behind it to lock the cylinder in place. Both of them could be seen sticking out beneath her, for the mirror was not directly in front of her but angled slightly.

Mrs. Ramirez stood and moved around in front of her, her hands gently kneading Justine's firm breasts.

She bent and began to nibble at the base of her throat, her fingers massaging Justine's throbbing breasts, then sliding around her body and cupping her bottom as her mouth lifted and then closed against Justine's.

Her tongue danced along Justine's, then swirled up and back and caressed her lower lip. She pulled back before Justine could think to respond, and sank to her knees before her, then, her hands still kneading her buttocks, she began to lick at Justine's quivering clitoris.

Justine could not help herself. It took only seconds before she was gasping and panting at the churning waves of sexual passion which began to roll over her body. She could feel the solid cylinders in her pussy and anus as her muscles spasmed around them, and the weight of the chain pulling at her stinging nipples.

"Please! Oh ungh! Oh! Please," she gasped, her hips jerking and grinding in helpless excitement as the woman's tongue twirled around and around her clitoris.

She was near, so near, and then Mrs. Ramirez halted, rising to her feet, and going back to the shelf.

"Please," she moaned dazedly.

And then the woman was standing back from her, holding something to her face, and Justine realized it was a camera, which snapped, snapped, and snapped again as the woman darted from side to side.

"D-don't!" she gasped, jerking her face aside.

"Beautiful. Beautiful," Mrs. Ramirez said, the camera snapping again and again as she moved behind Justine, then around in front again.

She dropped to her knees in front of her and put down the camera, then clutched her bottom and began to lick again. In minutes she had Justine writhing and twisting in passion, and snatched up her camera once again, snapping rapidly from her knees, looking up the length of the gasping, moaning girl's glistening body.

She stood abruptly, hurriedly putting down the camera, then moved to the shelf, pushed aside a weight of chain and rope, and came out with something else which looked at first like leather straps and laces.

"This will sting a little, but only a little," she promised. "It's a very light flog. But it will mark your body a tiny bit, just long enough for me to get pictures."

Justine just stared at her, not understanding. The thing in her hand looked like a foot long leather handle with a number of long black laces attached to its end. She watched Mrs. Ramirez draw her arm back, and understood what she intended, understood what "flog" meant, after a fashion, but could still not quite grasp what was happening. It was simply inconceivable to her that anyone would strike her with something, especially - .

The woman brought her arm forward, and the flog snapped forward, the strings or straps spreading wide and then striking Justine's chest and sensitive breasts with a sharp crackle of stings

"Oww!" she cried in shock as the stings rippled through her nervous system.

Her body jerked violently against the chains, but could not, of course, move away. She was still in shock, still staring in disbelief, when Mrs. Ramirez brought the flog down again. Once again she felt the laces snapping into her soft flesh, felt the stings of ten sharp little teeth nipping at her chest and breasts.

Her mind could simply not comprehend what was happening. Her breasts stung where the little laces had struck, and while the fast, sharp sting faded quickly her breasts still felt sore afterwards. Yet the pain was only a secondary shock. She was simply unable to wrap her mind around the fact that Selina's mother was striking her breasts, flogging them - .. Whipping them!

"Don't! Oww! Please! Please! Please stop, Mrs. Ramirez! Ow!"

The laces of the flog snapped down across her lower chest and belly and across her abdomen, and wherever they landed she felt a rain of sharp little stings across her body, which jerked and shook in response.

The flog came down across her breasts again, and she cried out in pain.

Then the woman dropped the flog and abruptly picked up her camera, snapping rapid fire, moving from side to side as she moved the camera up and down Justine's glistening body, recording the long, thin pink lines which the flog had left across her breasts and belly.

She popped the film out of the camera, moving quickly to the shelf and taking another to replace it. Then she returned and snapped that role entirely, moving up and down and from side to side as Justine trembled and moaned.

The stinging had faded, and with its passing her hunger had roused even more strongly. She was almost trembling with lust now, excited beyond bearing by what Mrs. Ramirez had done. She stared at her red lined body, amazed, shocked, horribly aroused as she stared at herself.

Then she saw the woman take up the flog again and move behind her. She closed her eyes and whimpered fearfully, stiffening against the blow she knew would follow.

Whipped! She was being whipped!

The flog cracked across the centre of her back and she screamed, jerking against the chains. The stinging stings were sharper now, and she could sense Ramirez was swinging harder. Another blow, and another, and another, and tears filled her eyes as her back grew hot and her skin throbbed sorely.

The woman laid the laces across her upper back, then lower, then lower still, again and again, swinging harder still, so that Justine cried out with every blow and strained helplessly to twist her body free.

Yet when her head was not jerking up or thrashing to one side her eyes were on the mirror, staring in shocked disbelief and dreadful hunger at a naked girl being whipped.

Her back and buttocks ached sorely, as if she had a bad sunburn. Mrs. Ramirez dropped the whip and picked up her camera again, snapping again and again and again. When she finished the role she moved to the wall and lifted the tripod forward, turning the camcorder on Justine and turning on the television.

Justine moaned and dropped her eyes to the floor, chest heaving, hair bedraggled, skin feeling sore and raw front and back.

Mrs. Ramirez knelt in front of her and began to work on her pussy. Her tongue was a mad thing and her lips sent almost painful sensations of pleasure through Justine's steaming body. She sucked strongly at her clitoris and Justine shuddered and bucked as the woman's soft lips drew and stretched out her puffy clitoris and her tongue whipped across it.

She cried out, a long, low, guttural expression of helpless ecstasy, her head thrown back and back arched as she came violently, her hips bucking frantically against the woman's tongue and lips and teeth. Yet Mrs. Ramirez was almost violent in her own hunger, her tongue insatiable. Her fingers dug into the soft flesh of Justine's bottom as she held her mouth close against Justine's pussy and continued to lick and suckle and tongue her all the way through the powerful orgasm, through a dazed moaning languor, and up another steep hill to a second shattering climax.

Still she would not stop, and her fingers gripped the base of the cylinder thrust into her bottom and pulled, slowly forcing her anus to let the fat lip of the cylinder out, then pumping the thing up and down, thrusting it back in painfully deep, so that the nose jammed against something high inside the sweating, gasping, moaning girl's belly.

Another climax rode over her, and Justine's head arched back as she cried out in dazed ecstasy, her body twisting and shaking, all but hanging from the chains as her balance left her and her rubbery legs shook and trembled beneath.

## Chapter Six

"Justine?"

"Yes?"

Justine raised her eyes and her face reddened as she realized everyone was looking at her.

"President Lincoln was inaugurated on what date, Justine?"

"I'm sorry. I don't know," she said, blushing.

"Pay more attention, Justine. The summer will still be there when you get out."

Justine dropped her eyes again, embarrassed to have been caught daydreaming again. Mr. Baxter had already warned her once that class.

It had been almost a week since she had been flogged by Selina's mother. She had avoided Selina ever since, and let her mother or the machine answer her phone.

She had always been daunted by Selina, as well as awed. Now she was afraid that the girl would somehow know immediately that she had been intimate with her mother, that she had allowed her mother to bring her to screaming climaxes there in their basement. Justine's fear was divided evenly between what Selina would do in her anger, and whether Selina would feel hurt and betrayed.

Yet Selina had been in the hall before class, a black look on her face which promised a confrontation when Justine emerged. Justine kept looking back over her shoulder at the door, and imagining what angry things Selina would say and do.

Perhaps she didn't know. Perhaps she would only be angry and hurt that Justine had avoided her. Yet that was only a modest improvement on her fears. Justine always felt stricken at the thought of hurting someone's feelings.

Yet she did not regret what had happened, not really. She had been unable to forget the shocking sense of wild sexual heat, of her skin tingling, her insides twisting, the terrible arousal and heat on her as she was whipped. Her mind played back the incident again and again, day and night, and she helplessly masturbated to the images.

Yet it was wicked, sick, dirty, disgusting! She was ashamed of herself for thinking such things, much less for allowing Selina's mother to lead her into them. If only she could move away, go somewhere far off where there were normal people who never thought about such nasty things. Yet she knew she would be unable to avoid Selina and knew as well that she would be helpless to resist whatever the fiery young Spanish girl wanted to do to her.

She watched the second hand sweep around and around on the clock at the head of the class, and her stomach churned more violently with each passing minute. By the time the class ended her chest was tight, her heart was pounding, her skin was clammy and she felt like a trapped animal.

She hung back after the door opened, then moved out behind the largest group of students, hoping to dodge past Selina. At first she thought it had worked, as she strode quickly up the hall and around the corner. But then Selina came from out of nowhere and seized her arm.

"We'll go to my place," she said in a tight voice which brooked no argument.

Her fingers dug into Justine's arm just shy of pain, and she was silent as she led her to the rear door and then out across the schoolyard. Justine kept her eyes down, not speaking, heart racing as she waited an angry word or worse.

"I-I was busy this week," she said finally.

Yet even to her the words sounded anxious and untrue.

Selina did not reply, but pulled her through the fence and up the street towards her house.

"I have to be home soon," Justine gulped.

Selina led her through the door and then yanked hard. Justine gasped, stumbling forward and half falling against the wall as Selina slammed the door behind.

"You don't answer the phone," she growled, stomping forward. "You don't call me back. You run away and hide at school?!"

"I-I was busy," Justine said timorously.

"Strip!"

"But I - ."

Selina slapped her face hard and Justine fell back, her books spilling onto the floor as she cried out in pain.

"Strip!" Selina yelled.

Justine held her aching cheek, then quickly undid her short dress and pushed it down her body, over her hips. She stepped out and then undid her bra and removed it.

"Hurry up, bitch!"

Justine flushed and slid her panties down her legs, then stood up, her shoulders huddled in a little, her hands rubbing her arms self consciously.

"Turn around!"

Justine swallowed fearfully, but obeyed, and gasped as Selina darted forward and seized her right arm, twisting her hand up behind her back as she shoved her face against the wall.

"Oww!"

"Shut up, bitch!"

"You-You're hurting me!" she cried.

"Good!"

Justine felt the rope pull tight around her wrist, then felt her other arm seized and pulled against her first, the rope winding around the other wrist as well.

The pressure on her back eased and she was yanked back and spun around.

"Why didn't you answer me!?" Selina demanded.

"I-I'm sorry," Justine moaned.

"You're my bitch. Say it."

"I'm your bitch," Justine said anxiously.

Another open handed blow jerked her head aside and sent her spinning onto the sofa.

"You call yourself my bitch but you run and hide and don't answer the fucking phone!"

"I'm sorry!"

She yelped at the sting to her flesh as Selina slapped her bare bottom, then yanked her off the sofa by her hair.

"Please let me go!" she begged.

"I don't think you want me to let you go," Selina said. "I think you want to be punished. That's why you were such a stupid little cunt."

She pulled Justine over next to a chair and sat down, then yanked the slender girl down, pulling her belly down across her lap. Her hand stroked her bare bottom and then slapped down sharply enough to make Justine cry out and kick her legs.

She ran her hand up and down between Justine's buttocks, down beneath and over her bald pussy mound.

"Lucky for you you kept your cunt bare," she growled, rubbing it heavily.

She palmed Justine's sex, then curled two fingers in and thrust them through her puffy lips.

"Ow! Please!"

"Oh fuck off, bitch! You know you want it. You're already getting wet"

And she was. Justine could feel her sex moistening as Selina's fingers roughly pumped in and out, could feel her body rousing despite her fear, alarm and discomfort, despite the pain from bruised cheeks.

Selina thrust her fingers in deeply, slowly twisting them around inside her, then eased them out and began to rub at her clitoris. She brought her other hand down hard on Justine's bare bottom and the girl yelped and kicked feebly.

"You're going to be my little sex toy," Selina told her.

Selina's fingers eased back and Justine heard a buzzing sound. She twisted her head up and around but could not see what the blonde was doing. Then she felt the hard rounded nose of the vibrator pressing against the flesh just below her clitoris and gasped as it sent vibrations through her body.

Now she felt the thing moving slowly up and down across her sex, sliding through her pussy lips and along her slit, then she groaned as Selina pushed it into her body. It was thick, and stretched her pussy lips deliciously. She felt the hardness driving into her puss and her body reacted with the same sense of pleasure it always did when she was penetrated. More. For the thing pushing into her was purring and buzzing wildly, sending delicious tremors up and down her vaginal tunnel.

"Unnggh!"

It was deep. Selina was twisting it slowly from side to side as she pushed it deeper into her sex, pulling out a little, then driving it down deeper. Justine's hands pulled feebly against the ropes and her feet jerked against the floor. The thing slid deliciously deep, then uncomfortably deep, then painfully deep.

"Oww! Please, Selina!" she gasped.

A sting rippled through her body as Selina slapped her bottom. But the vibrator eased up and back and began to pump in and out. She felt another sting, and another, and another, as the blonde girl began to spank her, and wriggled and twisted, gasping and moaning as she pumped the vibrator in faster.

Then it came out, and the spanking eased as Selina played it up and down her sex and brushed it across her clitoris.

"Oh!"

"Ahh, like that, did you little sex toy?"

She rolled it around and around her clitoris, then brushed it across again. She pushed it down more heavily, rubbing it back and forth across her clit, and Justine shuddered, her bottom thrusting up helplessly. She blushed as Selina snickered.

"Oh please," she gasped.

A stinging slap to her bottom followed the request, and she felt the vibrator pull back, then push into her sex once more, pumping in and out as Selina's fingers stroked across her clitoris.

She felt the vibrator pull back then thrust hard and deep. She cried out in pain, but the pleasure was almost as strong, the pleasure of being deeply penetrated by the thick, hard toy.

She could feel the side of Selina's hand against the base of the vibrator at first, then, as the girl pushed it deeper, she could only feel her fingertips, and knew she was now holding it with her palm against the base. She thrust it deep, and then pushed, and Justine felt a painful pressure deep inside her belly.

"Oww! Oww!" she cried.

The vibrator eased back, then twisted. She felt the base jamming downwards, as it was thrust forward. She felt the pain again, but less severe, and yet the vibrator pushed deeper. She felt Selina's fingertips against her pubic lips, then felt her fingers spread out, and she shuddered as the vibrator slid ever so deep and she felt the palm of the girl's hand against her sex as the base of the vibrator was pushed fully within her body.

"What a lovely, deep little cunt you have," Selina said. "Do you know how fucking long this vibrator is, little bitch?"

Justine moaned as she felt the girl's fingers against her pussy lips, felt them pushing inside to grasp at the base of the vibrator. Then she felt the vibrator sliding backward. She moaned again, this time because her body hated having the thick plastic toy pulling away. She felt it slide fully out of her body, and then cried out as Selina gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back. She stared at the vibrator as Selina held it beneath her face, and gasped at its size.

The thing was much thicker than the one Selina had used before, and looked incredibly long. It was stainless steel, with a small blue plastic base which had a black switch on it. The whole thing was moist, shining with her juices, and then it was in her mouth as Selina pushed it up. She tried to twist her head away but Selina had her hair firmly and she could not close her teeth hard enough to keep her from sliding the vibrator deeper.

She tasted her own juices as it slid over her tongue, and felt something give inside her mind, a kind of mental adjustment that allowed her to close her lips against it and stop struggling. It was as though a part of her mind had simply acknowledged that someone was stronger, both physically and mentally, than she was. And there was no point fighting her.

And she certainly couldn't fight with her body shaking with sexual desire as it was, with her limbs trembling and her insides heaving. She sucked on the vibrator as Selina pushed it in and out, almost gagging as she pushed it too deep. Then the vibrator was withdrawn and she felt it at her sex, sliding up and down, grinding across her clitoris. She shuddered and then groaned as Selina thrust it into her body, shoved it hard and deep again, and began to pump it in and out.

She was about to climax, and her thighs spread slowly apart as her bottom lifted to let the vibrator thrust harder and deeper.

A stinging slap to her bottom did little to slow the swelling excitement, nor a second, nor a third, and even when the slaps grew harder the stinging sensations only seemed to send ripples of excitement through her lower body. She almost imagined she could feel the ripples washing over her clit as Selina pumped the vibrator in and out.

"Unggh!"

Selina forced it all the way in. It hurt, but it felt delicious to be so deeply penetrated, to feel the girl's hand flat against her sex and know the entire length of the thing was buried in her pussy.

Her bottom stung and throbbed with fiery heat as Selina continued to spank her. The pain mounted and tears filled her eyes, yet Selina needed only to shift her hand to the vibrator driven tightly into her body, needed only to pump and twist the vibrator, or rub her fingers roughly across Justine's clitoris for the terrible heat to roar to life and cast aside the pain.

"I bet you wish I was a guy," Selina growled, "A guy with a big stiff cock to pound away at you, to ride you like a little bitch in heat."

She eased her left hand down beneath Justine's chest to squeeze her warm breast, her fingers kneading the soft flesh, then pinching her nipple.

"Nice tits," she said. "I bet you're really proud of them."

Justine did not answer. She did not know what to say, and her mind was still spinning even as her chest heaved with exertion.

Selina shoved her off roughly, and Justine gasped as she fell onto the floor and rolled over.

She watched Selina go to the closet and slide the door open, then reach inside for something. She turned, carrying a belt, and as she neared Justine blanched, for the belt was more of a harness, and attached to it was a very large, very thick dildo. Heat rose to her face as Selina wagged her tongue at her and then began to step into the thing, not bothering to undress.

Selina had used such a thing on her before, of course, had taken her virginity with it, but not with one so large and thick. And at least Selina had been naked, then. Now, with her fully dressed, it seemed even more bizarre, and she felt even more naked, more vulnerable.

"Please don't hurt me," she whimpered.

Selina cursed her and knelt, gripping her hair, forcing her head back. "Are you my bitch!?" she shouted.

"Yes!" Justine cried.

"Then you're going to be punished for avoiding me. Get on your knees. Now!"

She twisted the girl's hair and Justine cried out in pain, rolling onto her belly and pushing her bottom up.

"Spread your legs, whore!"

Justine moaned and shifted her knees apart. The big vibrator was still purring deep inside her pussy, but the dildo looked even bigger, and she felt a breathless sense of anticipation and anxiety.

She cried out in surprise and pain when Selina caught her hair and yanked her head up, lifting her upper body off the floor and upright.

Selina stood in front of her, the plastic cock inches from Justine's face.

"Suck me off, little bitch."

"I - ."

Selina reached for her hair, caught at it with her fingers, and thrust the dildo into her mouth. Justine gave a muffled cry of surprise, and tried to close her mouth, to keep it from pushing too deep. She felt it

sliding over her tongue, thrusting up against the roof of her mouth, then twisting and pushing deeper. She moaned, pleading with the Spanish girl with her eyes.

"Suck."

It seemed bizarre, but she sucked, and Selina eased the pressure, pulling back a little.

"Let me see those pretty little lips sucking on my cock," she growled, pumping it slowly in and out."

She held still, and pulled at Justine's head instead, pulling her up the length of the thick cock until she began to bob her lips back and forth herself.

"You taste the pussy cream on it? I was using it on myself earlier. I had it way up my pussy while I thought about using it on you."

A ripple of shock ran through Justine's mind, but excitement followed, and she continued to suck, to slide her lips up and down the black cock until Selina pulled it free. The Spanish girl walked around her, walked to the closet and took out a small jar. She opened it and then smeared something over the length of the black cock before returning.

She moved behind Justine and Justine gasped as she was pushed hard, falling forward, almost hitting her face on the floor.

"Raise your ass, little bitch."

Selina knelt behind her, running her hands over her sore, reddened bottom, her thumb pressing at the base of the vibrator which protruded slightly from her sex, forcing it back inside. She slapped at Justine's raised bottom and then the bound girl gasped and trembled as she felt the Selina's fingers in her hair, tugging on it lightly but stingingly.

"Are you my little sex toy?" the girl purred. "Are you?"

"I- yes!" Justine gasped.

"Say it then."

"I-I'm your little s-sex toy!"

Her hair was released, and she gasped in relief, then her eyes widened as she felt the tip of the fat dildo pressing against her small rosebud anus.

"No!" she gasped.

The nose was covered with some kind of cool, slippery substance, and she felt it jabbing against her tight opening, rubbing and grinding against the wrinkled hole.

"Don't! Selina! Please!? I don't want it there!" she cried, nearly panicking at the thought of the enormous dildo being used on her little puckered anus by the angry Spanish girl.

"You're my sex toy. You just said so. I get to do anything I want with my sex toy."

"Oh please!"

She struggled for real, but she was in no position to resist, and Selina simply gripped her hair again and jammed her cheek against the floor.

She felt the thick dildo thrust forward into her anus and she cried out in shock. "Agggh!"

It pulled back, sliding surprisingly easily, twisted slowly around, and then thrust forward again more slowly. It sank into her anus with less pain, though much discomfort.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please!"

The dildo slid back then forward again, Selina kneeling over her, her hand gripping the hair behind Justine's head, forcing her face down hard against the floor as she worked the dildo in and out. It felt slick inside her now, moving back and forth through her tight anus with a strong but almost sensuous caress against the insides of her anal tube. It ached, but bearably.

"Ungh!"

She felt the thing thrust deep, and though there were cramps the sensation was - not completely unpleasant.

Justine's little back hole had been violated before by Selina, and by her mother. But both had been content to thrust something into her and leave it in place. She had never been sodomised, with a real cock or anything else, had never felt anything pumping in and out of her anus in this fashion. The ache and cramps grew worse as Selina thrust harder and faster.

She gasped as she felt the harsh fabric of Selina's jeans against her sore bottom. Her flushed face was pressed against the floor, panting, and she realized that the entire length of the big dildo had been buried in her anus. The knowledge sent a little sliver of heat through her mind. And when the Spanish girl's fingers moved beneath her to push her clitoris back against the base of the purring vibrator her groin throbbed excitedly.

"Oh," she groaned.

"You like it, bitch?" Selina thrust the dildo deep into her anus again.

"Ungh!"

The deep penetration ached, but it roused her heat further. She felt the sexual excitement flooding her body and, like a drug, pouring over her mind like a white wave, drowning her thoughts in a hazy, shimmering steam.

"Ung."

Her jaw went slack against the floor, her eyes slowly closing as Selina began stroke in and out, as the girl's hips slapped against her bottom and the dildo thrust back and forth in her anus. The vibrator was still buzzing, purring inside her belly, and she was doubly penetrated, her body becoming inflamed by the lush sense of fullness.

In and out. In and out. In and out. She grunted softly with each stroke, sometimes gasping aloud as the dildo probed especially deep and cramps rippled through her belly.

She felt Selina's hands beneath her, fully cupping her bare breasts and squeezing up, fingers spreading apart, mashing her breasts back against her ribs.

The dildo was pumping faster now. Her anus was tight around it but the plastic rode a slippery wave of lubrication and the feel of it as it slid back and forth inside her, stroking against her flesh, was darkly seductive and sensual. Selina's hips struck her raised bottom with enough force to jar and shake her body, and when the girl slid a hand down her abdomen and jammed her clit back against the vibrator inside her, then began to roughly stroke across it Justine came with a violence she had never felt in her life.

The pleasure screamed through her body, fire tore through her veins and the power of the orgasm shattered her mind. Her mouth opened in a soundless scream, her jaw aching, her eyes closed as she let out a long, warbling cry of wanton pleasure, her voice broken again and again by helpless gasp and grunts as Selina hammered the dildo deep into her aching belly.

## Chapter Seven

Her phone woke her the next morning. She grumbled and reached across her bed, pulling it off the night table and holding it to her ear.

"What?" she mumbled.

"It's Selina. Come here now."

"But it's Saturday," she protested, staring at her bedside clock. It was barely past dawn.

"Are you my bitch?"

Justine felt her stomach flutter.

"I-I - yes," she said in a small voice.

"Say it!"

"I'm your bitch," she said, her chest tightening.

"Are you my sex toy?"

"Yes," she gulped.

"Say it."

"I'm your sex toy," Justine said.

"Get your bony ass over here."

The Spanish girl hung up, leaving Justine staring at the phone and frowning.

She looked at the clock on the table again. It was even earlier than she usually got up for school. She groaned as she sat up, yawning and looking at the dark, rainy day outside. She threw back the sheets and swung her legs out of bed.

She was clad in a pair of loose tap pants and a thin, form fitting tank top.

The phone rang again and she stared at it a moment, then picked it up.

"Wear the boots and a raincoat. Nothing else."

The phone went dead again and she stared at it, feeling a little thrum of heat roll through her lower belly.

The Spanish girl was crazy. What would she do to Justine today? Would her mother be home?

She went to the window and looked out. Rain was spattering softly against the window pane and the streets were deserted. She picked up the chair in front of her makeup desk and carried it over to the closet, then set it down and climbed onto the seat, reaching to the back of the closet shelf for a long white box. She drew it down and carefully stepped down.

She and Selina had gone shopping afterwards. Selina did not have a lot of money, but knew that Justine did. More. Justine had plastic. They had gone into a sex and lingerie shop. The shop was brightly lit, and Justine had blushed darkly as Selina had moved along the aisles, insisting on holding her hand as she inspected dildos and vibrators and wands, whips and chains and riding crops.

The other customers had stared at them, and Justine had felt horribly shamed as Selina had cuddled close and spoken very plainly, her voice not particularly low as she held up an enormous dildo.

"Do you think you'd like this big monster cock in your tight little pussy?"

Laughing, she set it down, drawing the embarrassed girl further down the shelves. In the rear, she had taken out a pair of leather restraints and ordered Justine to hold out her hands. Then she had strapped them around her wrists and linked them together.

There was a middle aged man in the aisle behind, and a couple in their twenties a dozen feet on the other side.

"Very sexy," Selina had purred.

She took her shackled hands and lifted them up and behind her head. "Hold them like that."

Face beet red, Justine obeyed.

"We'll buy those," Selina said.

Justine was able to drop her hands again, but Selina did not take the restraints off, and ignored Justine's desperate whispers.

"Oh wow," she said, tugging on her arms and leading her to where leather boots were on display.

"These would be perfect for you."

The boots were all black, and all had very high heels.

"I don't like high heels," Justine said softly.

Selina took out the highest pair. "What size do you take?"

"Selina!" she moaned.

"Do you want me to spank you again?" she asked, in a voice which carried up the aisle to the middle aged man.

Face burning, Justine dropped her eyes.

The boots were very high, the tops brushing her crotch, with five inch heels which made her sway even standing up. Stricken, shamed, she had stood in them, her wrists still in the restraints as Selina and the store clerk, a thin, weasel faced man with lewd eyes, looked on. People walked past them in the aisle as Selina looked her over and admired the way the high heels pushed her bottom up and out.

She had had to wear the boots and restraints out of the store and onto the sidewalk, then up the walk into Selina's mother's car. She had felt like dying of shame, but somehow had lived through it.

Then in the car, parked just outside the sex shop, Selina had slid her fingers into her panties and masturbated her. Justine had climaxed helplessly, even with the weasel faced clerk staring out the window and leering at her.

Now she stripped off her tap pants and slowly pushed her feet down into the soft leather boots, feeling a little thrum of arousal inside her groin as she drew the leather up higher and higher.

She did not have a raincoat - exactly. What she had was a poncho which fell to about mid thigh. It was loose and light, and wearing nothing under it made her feel more naked than naked, especially with the thigh high boots covering her legs all the way to just an inch shy of her groin.

She brushed her teeth and hair, gargled, put on a very tiny bit of makeup and without even stopping for breakfast drove to Selina's house.

Selina yanked the door open, eyes hot.

"Get in here."

She half dragged the girl inside and closed the door behind.

"Get that off."

"Your mother - ."

"Is at work! She had to do overtime! Do what I tell you!"

The stirring of rebellion rose within her, but quickly collapsed. The excitement won over and she pulled the poncho up and over her shoulders, her nipples already hard and straining.

"Are you my bitch, Justine?"

Justine swallowed. "Yes."

"Say it."

"I'm your bitch."

The words aroused and inflamed her and she let out a soft moan as Selina's hand slid between her legs and squeezed her mons.

Selina turned her around and produced a leather belt.

"Put your hands behind your back."

This time Justine did not protest, though she felt another thrill of heat swirl through her belly at the words. She clasped her hands together behind her and felt the belt go under her arms just below her shoulders, then pull back around them.

"Ow! Selina!"

Her arms and shoulders ached as the belt tightened, forcing her arms back harder, pulling her shoulders back. Her hands spasmed fitfully, but with her upper arms forced back together she could do little with them. Then a thinner, shorter belt went around her wrists, binding them together. Selina bent her over the back of a chair and forced one of the big black dildos up her pussy, ignoring her groans and grunts of pain and discomfort as she jammed it in.

She produced a thin chains which had alligator clips on the ends and, grinning at her, forced the jaws of the clips open and placed them around her stiff nipples, then let them snap closed together. It was not unlike the nipple chain her mother had used, yet in place of the little screws were the sharp, painfully biting teeth.

Justine cried out in pain, twisting and writhing as the hard, sharp little teeth bit into her tender nipples.

"Ow! Selina! Please! Take them off!" she begged.

Selina's eyes gleamed with excitement as she watched her dance around.

"Take them off! Take them off!"

"Shut up, bitch."

The fierceness of the jagged pain began to fade, but her nipples continued to throb.

"We're going for a walk."

Panting and sniffing, Justine hardly heard her at first, but cried out as Justine moved away and she felt the chains pull at her nipples. She scurried after her on the high, stiletto heels, seeing the two chains come together into a thicker chain which had a handle wrapped around Selina's hand.

"Selina!"

"Do as you're told, bitch."

She pulled on a raincoat, then slid the patio door at the back of the house open and stepped outside. Justine let out a cry of pain as the chains pulled on her aching nipples, almost tripping as she hurried after, then half falling down the stairs.

There was a small back yard behind her house, and behind it a narrow alley.

"Selina! Someone will see me!"

Selina ignored her, pulling relentlessly on the chain so that Justine had no choice but to scurry forward, gasping and moaning, head twisting frantically from side to side.

They walked a few dozen feet up the alley then turned at a cross alley which was much more narrow, little more than an unpaved sidewalk. They emerged from between two houses onto a narrow street lined with trees. On the other side was a park, and Selina walked casually out into the road, pulling the whimpering, gasping, naked Justine behind.

Rain fell lightly around them as Allison strolled slowly across the street. The dildo was a thick presence nestled just within Justine's pubic lips but her attention was all focussed without, on the houses and empty streets.

"Looks like rain," Selina said, casually tugging on the chain attached to Justine's nipples, walking slowly off the road and into the park. Justine gasped in relief to be off the road and in amidst the low trees and bushes, her heart continued to beat wildly as she stared around them, frantic not to be seen as they walked deeper into the wood.

"Selina! Please! Please!" she gasped, hurrying along, pulled by the nipples as the Spanish girl moved out past the trees into a grassy meadow.

Thunder rolled lightly overhead and the gentle patter of light rain picked up.

"You said you just got up," Allison said with a cruel grin. "Probably didn't even have time for a shower."

"Someone will see me!" Justine begged her.

"What? What will they see, Justine?" Selina taunted. "A naked, kinky slut? Do you think they'll think badly of you? Maybe they'll want to fuck you?"

"Sel - ."

"You know what? If we meet any men I'm going to offer to have you suck their cocks. And you're going to do it."

"I won't!" she gasped.

"You better or I'll give them to you and walk away and they can do anything they want to you."

"Selina!"

Justine was soaking wet as the rain poured down over her head and body. The leather boots glistened as the water trickled down their sides. It was trickling down her chest and over her breasts as well,

and being naked out of doors was, despite her anxiety at being discovered, starting to excite the girl. They were walking on the edge of trees, and they had seen no one, not even in the distance. The rain continued to pour down, making it exceedingly unlikely they would run into strollers.

"Not so hard!" she begged as the chains tugged on her aching nipples.

They moved in among more trees. There was no brush, but at least the trees offered some protection from people seeing her.

They walked down a narrow dirt path, Selina moving easily, Justine struggling to keep up in the stiletto heels. Selina turned off suddenly and walked across to where a small tree had fallen. It was about waist high and she ducked under it, but pulled the chain up over the top.

"Ow! Ow!"

Selina grinned as she stood on the other side of the tree and pulled Justine forward against it. She turned and pulled the chain forward, wrapping it around another small tree behind her, then ducked under the fallen tree again and moved behind Justine.

Justine was bent forward, the fallen tree pressing against her abdomen, her breasts straining, nipples stretched. She looked down as Selina squatted by her left foot and she saw a strap going around her ankle. The Spanish girl pulled her left leg to one side and ran the strap around a bush. Then she shifted to the side and tied another strap around her right ankle.

"Please! Can't we go back to your house?" Justine begged. "I'll lick you and make you come!"

She gasped as her right leg was pulled apart and strapped in place.

"You're my bitch," Selina whispered into her ear.

She ran her hand down the soaking girl's back, fingers kneading her ribs, then slid it down between her buttocks, feeling the water which trickled down her cleft. Her fingers pressed against the dildo protruding from her pussy lips and she gripped it and began to pump it slowly in and out.

"Say it," she ordered.

"I'm your bitch," Justine moaned.

Selina pumped the dildo in and out, using long, fast, hard strokes, letting her front fingers slide forward across her clit with every deep stroke. The bizarreness of it all began to get to Justine, and she shuddered and moaned and shook her head so that water droplets flew from her soaking hair.

"God! God! God!" she gasped.

Selina chuckled, her hand stroking up and down across her belly, then caressing her wet breasts. She thrust the dildo deep, and Justine gasped and shuddered as she felt the nose grinding against something deep inside her pussy, felt the pain throb through her body.

Then the Spanish girl stepped back. Thunder rumbled more strongly, and Justine dazedly recalled advice about not standing under trees during thunderstorms.

Selina pulled something from beneath her coat. It was about two feet long, black, and very slim. It was one of the riding crops they had seen in the store. Justine had not seen her buy it, but now stared, gaping.

She grinned at Justine and pressed it up against her cheek. It was leather, strong but flexible.

"There are houses, like mine, about fifty yards that way," she said, pointing into the trees. "Better keep quiet."

She moved back and drew her arm back, then swung it forward and the black thing snapped across Justine's out thrust bottom. It stung terribly, and she let out a helpless cry of pain as the shock of the stinging impact ripped through her body and mind.

"Ow! Don't! Please! That hurts!"

"I know it hurts, bitch. That's the idea."

She brought the crop snapping down across her slick, dripping bottom a second time, and the stinging pain was just as powerful, though she managed to control her cry of pain.

"Don't! Why are you always hurting me!?" she half sobbed.

"Because it turns me on to hurt you."

She moved closer and slid the thing between her legs, stroking it up and down against her slit, over her clitoris.

"I see a gorgeous, hot, sexy babe like you all tied up and helpless, and I get hot and horny. But when I feel a strap or riding crop cutting into your gorgeous ass I feel like I'm in heaven."

She ran her hand over Justine's bottom, down in the cleft, feeling the water trickling lightly down her back, then stepped back and slashed the - riding crop - down across her bottom again. The sound as it struck was wet and sharp, loud in the quiet wood, and Justine cried out, trying desperately to stifle the sound lest someone hear and come to investigate.

Another blow struck her bottom and she cried out, twisting and jerking in helpless pain, the alligator clips tugging painfully on her nipples whenever she shifted. Another blow, and another, and then Selina knelt

behind her and her tongue slid over the wounded raised welts, then downwards. Her fingers pushed Justine's buttocks open and her tongue slid down her cleft and circled her anal opening.

Justine gasped in shock. She felt the girl's lips push up harder, felt her tongue circling and circling her anus until she thought the sensations would make her scream. She felt Selina's hands on the dildo and it began to pump in and out, her fingers stroking across her clitoris.

She sagged weakly, moaning helplessly. It was all so strange, so bizarre, so kinky. She raised her head, gasping, staring out through the rain trickling down her forehead, at the trees and bushes and grass around them. At any moment someone might wander past and discover them.

She's crazy! She's insane!

Her body was cold as the rain trickled down her cheeks and over her breasts, splattered against her face and back and trickled down between her buttocks. But her groin was warm, hot, throbbing and thrumming and burning as Selina thrust the dildo into her and continued to tongue her anus. Then she pushed her tongue against her little hole and thrust it inside. Justine gasped in shock, her hips squirming as she felt the soft, warm, slick little tongue pushing inside her anus.

Then Selina stood up and leaned over her, still pumping the dildo.

"I should have brought another dildo so I could fuck you in the ass," she said.

She smiled and thrust the dildo painfully deep, then backed up.

"I'm going to go home for it. Don't go anywhere."

Justine gasped, her head twisted around. "Don't go! Don't leave me like this! Selina! Someone might come!"

"Yeah, you," the Spanish girl laughed. "If anyone comes they'll just take you for a whore and fuck you. You'll like that."

"Selina! Selina!" she cried, not daring to raise her voice higher as Selina walked away.

She disappeared in the trees and she was alone, her head swivelling wildly from side to side, eyes wide.

Oh God! Oh God! OhGodOhGodOhGod!

No one was around. The rain continued to fall, hitting the trees and brush with a continuous hissing sound. She was soaking wet, and though the small trees were some protection the rain continued to spatter against her body. Her bottom was hot where Selina had used the riding crop, and the cold rain trickling across her flesh was a relief there. It followed the contours of her body, though, her raised buttocks forming a dam which guided the water from her back down between them, down across her suddenly much more sensitive anal opening, and then down around her bald pussy and the base of the thick black dildo protruding there.

Her nipples continued to throb painfully, and she had to keep bending forward to ease the sting. Her back began to ache from the strain of the unnatural position. Her back wanted to either straighten up or let gravity bend her over further.

Minutes passed, one after the other. She kept turning her head, certain that Selina had had more than sufficient time to go home and return, wondering what was keeping her. She developed a paranoid fear that Selina would not come back at all, that she would simply leave her to eventually be discovered, perhaps not until the next day, by picnickers. They would be shocked and call the police, and everyone would gather around her, staring and pointing, taking pictures and making notes.

More minutes passed, and still more. The rain eased and the thunder went away, and her back ached fiercely. She began to curse herself and Selina bitterly and desperately, her fear and anxiety mounting as her head jerked at every sound.

And then she heard something which shocked and terrified her. It was a voice, more than one voice. It was a conversation, off to her right. She prayed and begged to God for them to go away but the voices grew louder, coming closer. She pulled against the clamps until her nipples stung so badly tears filled her eyes but she could not pull herself free.

She could make out individual words now. At least two female voices talking about a movie they had seen. Her body was in shock, horror filling her mind as she heard the sound of twigs snapping and bushes being pushed away. Frozen in shock, she saw colour to her right, red and yellow, two people in raincoats moving through the woods.

Please don't see me! Please don't see me! Please! Please! Please!

But they kept coming closer, as if to mock her desperate prayers, and then one of them started as she noticed Justine. They both halted, staring across the distance, and Justine turned her face away as she felt heat flooding it.

Go away! Go away! Please go away!

She heard the sound of their approaching footsteps, but would not turn around. She heard a shocked giggle and a broken off laugh.

"Uhm, are you okay?" a hesitant female voice asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Do you, like, want any help? I mean, uhm - ."

"Look how thick that thing is!" the second voice gasped.

"No," she said in a strangled voice, not looking back.

There was a pause.

"Justine?"

The blood left her face and she felt faint.

"Justine?"

The girl shifted to one side and Justine opened her eyes to see Erica McKewan standing there, a strange grin on her pretty young face. She was one of the girls in Justine's history class. They were not friends, had never even spoken to one another, and Justine felt an almost physical blow as the shame she felt redoubled.

"You weren't, like, raped and left like this were you?" she asked uncertainly.

Justine wished she could die. She had never imagined she could feel such humiliation.

"Oh right, like someone raped her and put on these boots," the other girl said mockingly.

"Ashley," Erica said reprovingly, running her fingers through her long blonde hair.

Ashley, the other girl, was one of those big boned girls who could easily seem fat but wasn't, like one of those German milkmaid types. She had broad shoulders and hips, and a thick chest, but heavy breasts and a flat belly.

"Oh come on! She's doing some kind of weird, kinky sex thing with someone. Look at this! It's a freaking riding crop. See? Someone used it on her butt!"

The laughing girl's finger traced along one of the stinging lines across her rounded rump and Justine cringed, trying to twist away.

"We should go," Erica said.

"Why? When someone left us a perfectly good toy to play with."

Justine let out a startled cry of pain as the girl's big hand slapped against her bottom.

"Was it a guy who left you like this or a girl?" Ashley taunted.

"Please don't!" Justine gasped.

She felt the girl's fingers trace the line of her sex where it gripped the rounded dildo protruding from between her lips. Then she gasped as she felt the dildo thrust upwards, the head grinding against her cervix.

"Please!" she half sobbed.

"Please!" Ashley taunted.

"So you kinky things like this?" Erica asked.

Justine moaned as Ashley began pumping the dildo in and out, using long, slow, deep strokes.

"I bet she's done this with a lot of people," Ashley taunted. "She looks like the type."

"Are you the type, Justine?" Erica asked, her voice soft and strangely deep.

"Please," was all she could manage.

She cried out again as she felt her hair pulled, her head forced up and back, and rolled her eyes fearfully towards Erica, who stood beside her, glaring. "I asked you a question."

"No! Please!" she cried.

She saw Erica's eyes flick downwards to where her nipples were pulled out and forward by the clips and chain. She ran a finger along the chain, then over the smaller chain clipped to Justine's left nipple. She let her long fingernail circle the puffed up areola and the stretched out nipple, then closed her long fingers in against Justine's breast and squeezed it.

Justine moaned and then cried out as Ashley thrust the dildo up into her body hard.

"What should we do with her?" Erica asked throatily

"Anything we want, of course," Ashley replied.

Ashley ducked beneath the low tree and unwrapped the chain where it was wrapped around the other one. Justine groaned in relief as the taut pressure eased, and then felt a tremendous wave of relief as she was able to straighten her back.

"Untie her ankles," Erica said.

Ashley gave the dildo a final thrust, burying it in Justine's aching pussy, then squatted behind her and unstrapped her booted feet. Erica then pulled on the chain, twisting the still helpless girl around sideways. She grinned and lifted her hand, pulling the chain up, stretching Justine's nipples once again.

"If I tell you to lick my pussy," she said thoughtfully. "You'd do that, wouldn't you, Justine?"

"Yes! Yes! Please!" Justine cried, her chest straining upwards, her nipples burning.

Ashley laughed. "You're gonna make her lick your pussy?" she asked.

Erica grinned at her. "Why not?"

She eased the chain down, and Justine collapsed to her knees, trembling. Erica looked down at her and smirked. "Rich girl," she said mockingly. "Putting on this big, brave act about how smart and sophisticated you are. You just look like a slutty little sex toy now."

She reached down to her skirt and tugged it up, then used one finger to pull aside the crotch of a green thong.

"Oh man," Ashley said, half excited, half amused.

"So lick me. Show me how good a sex toy you are," she ordered, giving the chain a little tug.

Justine looked around desperately for Selina, then cried out as Erica tugged on the chain again.

"Let's see it," Erica demanded.

Ashley gripped her hair and shoved Justine's face into the girl's groin, and Justine heard them both laughing.

"Lick her, sex toy!"

Justine thrust her tongue forward, licking it up and down Erica's small, pudgy pussy opening, and both girls laughed again. But Erica shifted her legs apart and stared down excitedly as the bound girl thrust her tongue through her lips and pumped it in and out of her small hole.

"I could get to like this," she said, looking at her friend.

Erica licked upwards, her lips pushing against the girl's pussy lips, her tongue searching out her clitoris and stroking across it. She kissed the hardening little button, sucked lightly, and licked the way Ali had shown her, and soon Erica was sighing softly and rolling her hips in pleasure.

"She any good?" Ashley demanded.

"Oh yeah," Erica groaned breathlessly.

"Cool."

"My legs are getting wobbly," Erica gasped.

She looked around then moved back, pulling on the chain, forcing Justine to shift forward on her knees through the dirt and grass. Then Erica pulled her thong off and sat back on a low stone, spreading her legs and guiding her in between again.

Justine resumed licking, her nipples aching. She was bent forward again, and her back complained sharply. Then she felt pressure nudging the dildo and gasped in pain, trying to close her thighs.

"Spread your legs," Ashley ordered.

Moaning a protest, she obeyed, still licking at Erica's sex. Erica had a hand in her hair now, and she could not turn around to see what Ashley was doing, but she felt pressure against the dildo again, short, sharp, jabbing pressure.

"She almost has this whole fucking thing inside her," she heard Ashley say. "It's like a foot long at least."

She felt something hard, cold and wet against her bottom, and from the direction of Ashley's voice she knew the girl was still standing. It had to be her foot, then, her shoe, pressing against her backside, the heel jabbing against the dildo protruding from her puss. It mortified her to be so casually used, especially by girls she barely knew, but it also twisted some dark, ugly aspect of her mind so that she felt an almost masochistic sense of exultation in how they were treating her. She didn't understand it, but it was worse than what she had felt with Selina, because the situation was so much more embarrassing and degrading.

Erica's fingers tightened in her hair and she continued licking as the girl pushed her sex up into her face. "Yeah," she groaned. "Yeah. Oh."

"After you do her you can do me, sex toy," Ashley said.

The dildo was being jabbed repeatedly, the tip jammed somewhere high inside her, at the deepest pit of her belly, causing sharp little aches and cramps.

Then Erica gasped and shuddered, jamming Justine's face into her groin as she bucked up against her, cursing softly and passionately as she came. Her fingers loosened only slowly as her movements stilled and she moaned and sat back, gulping in air.

"My turn," Ashley said.

"Wait until I can stand," Erica said, panting. "She's good."

She got up slowly, grunting with the effort, and stepped into her thong as Ashley sat down in her place. Ashley was wearing a zip skirt which she simply unzipped so it fell open. She had no panties, and drew Justine's mouth towards her sex. "Now show me, sex toy," she ordered.

Groaning, Justine obeyed, lapping at her larger, thicker pussy lips, letting her saliva ease the way between them as her tongue slipped up and down the length of the girl's cleft, then pumped at her little hole.

Erica stood by watching, not touching her, but the dildo remained lodged deep inside her and her pussy muscles squeezed softly and slowly together around it. When Ashley came she cursed violently, gasping and moaning and jamming Justine's face against her. Then she pushed the girl back so she fell on her back on the ground.

"I've always wondered what it was like to fuck a girl," Erica said. "To pound her with a big cock."

She dropped to her knees and then slid atop Justine's bare body, her hand sliding up and down across her, then her lips dropping to suckle and kiss at her breasts. Moments later Ashley was on her other side, and they tugged the clamps free of her nipples at the same time. The pain made Justine cry out, made her back arch and her legs spasm and twist beneath her.

The two girls licked their way up her body, both half atop her, their hands mauling her breasts, and caressing her sex. One of them gripped the dildo and began to pump it in and out, while the other stroked her finger across Justine's clitoris. Their tongues licked up along the nape of Justine's neck on both sides, and their teeth bit down softly, nipping and pinching at her warm flesh.

Justine felt her body rousing despite her humiliation, felt their soft lips and gliding fingers ignite the fires inside her body and mind. She struggled to control her breathing and show no reaction, moaning softly in pain as they took her nipples into their mouths together, sucking and massaging them with their tongues and lips.

Then Erica pushed Ashley aside, sliding firmly atop Justine between her thighs. She reached down and took the base of the dildo in her hand, pulling it flush with her own pussy, and holding it there as her hips began to rise and fall.

"Yeah! Fuck her!" Ashley growled, grinning at her friend.

Justine groaned as the dildo thrust in hard and deep, the weight of Erica's body behind it as the girl chewed at her throat and then locked her lips against Justine's. She could feel the girl's hand around the base of the dildo as it was driven deep inside her.

"Lift her legs," Erica said, panting.

Ashley shifted, moving to Justine's head, reaching across her body and grasping her legs behind the knees, then pulling both of them up and back, tilting Justine's bottom up. Erica let her shoulders come forward onto Justine's legs, still thrusting with her pelvis, pretending to fuck her with the dildo.

The pain and pleasure twisted and ached within Justine's abdomen, and her nails dug into the palms of her hands as she stared up at the girl's passion filled face through her booted legs.

"What are you two doing with my bitch?" Selina's irritated voice demanded.

## Chapter Eight

The two girls jumped up, startled, letting Justine's legs fall to the ground, the dildo buried inside her.

"We found her," Ashley said. "I mean, if you just left her here for anyone to use."

"I didn't. I left her here while I went to get a few things," Selina said coolly.

"Well, when you leave your toys in public like that you should expect people to play with them a little," Erica said, shrugging.

Both girls were a little chastened but rebellious.

"I suppose I can't really blame you," Selina said. "She is very fuckable, after all."

"A pretty little sex toy," Ashley said. Then the corners of her lips quirked up. "You got her another big dildo? Gee, I wonder where that one goes."

The three girls looked down at Justine, who blushed and squirmed.

Selina raised an eyebrow. "Want to help?"

Erica and Ashley shrugged.

"Turn the bitch over onto her belly and spread her legs."

The two grinned and squatted, then gripped Justine's legs, rolling her onto her belly and pulling them wide. Justine whimpered as Selina knelt between her legs and pressed the thick dildo against her anus.

"That's even bigger than the one up her snatch," Ashley said.

"I bet it hurts," Erica said in a small, eager voice.

It did, and Justine cried out, her voice rising, as Selina forced the thick dildo down into her anus.

"Selina! Please!" she cried. "Not so fast! Please! Ow! It hurts!"

"Shove this into her mouth," she heard Selina ordered.

"How is this going to shut her up?" Ashley asked.

A moment later she said "Oh," in an amused tone.

Someone pulled on Justine's hair, pulling her head up off the ground, and with her mouth open to cry out, jammed something hard and leathery between her lips. Her mouth wasn't open wide enough so her hair was pulled harder, then harder still, until the thing could be lodged there between her teeth. She felt a

strap pulling back across the corners of her lips, then pulled back behind her head and buckled into place, but though her teeth were definitely pressing down on something, and held wide, she did not feel anything in or blocking her mouth.

Then something was pushed into her mouth, going through whatever was holding her teeth back, sliding in neatly like a tube through a ring, sliding across her tongue and pinning it down, then pushing right up to the back of her throat, almost gagging her. She felt a snap against the thing holding her jaw open, as if the thing inserted had been locked in place, and then her hair was released, the hands pulling back.

She fought against gagging, against the fear that whatever was in her mouth would push deeper, but it stayed in place, filling her mouth like a big cock, pressing down on her tongue.

She twisted and writhed on the ground, gasping and moaning as the dildo was thrust into her anus harder and deeper. It burned and ached, but none of the girls appeared to care, and she screamed as Selina rammed her open hands against the base to force it in deeper still.

"Fucking bitch has the whole thing up her ass!" Erica laughed.

"Deep ass, the movie," Ashley joked.

"You guys want to play for her a little? I have to go make a phone call," Selina said, getting up.

"Sure," Erica said.

Hands on her arms and hair yanked Justine to her feet in time to see Selina walking away. She stood, gasping and moaning, staring through wide eyes at the two girls who were grinning at her, and at Selina's retreating back.

"What else do you want to do with her?" Erica asked. "Whip her?"

She picked up the riding crop and slapped it experimentally against Justine's hip.

"I don't know. Let's wander around a little," Ashley suggested.

The two girls fixed their own clothes, then Erica clipped the chains to Justine's nipples and they walked deeper into the wood, pulling the naked, whimpering redhead with them.

Justine's belly ached with the hard, deep penetration of the two dildos, and she continued to fight the urge to gag, and the instinct to try to swallow the hard lump sitting at the entrance to her throat. And now her nipples began to burn as if they were on fire as the two girls walked quickly through the woods and she struggled desperately to keep up, often stumbling on the uneven ground in the stiletto heeled boots.

She felt a sudden terror that her nipples would actually be torn off as the two girls walked heedlessly along, talking, hardly paying her any attention.

"... do with her?" Ashley asked.

"We could bring her to the alley behind the liquor store where the rubbies hang out and leave her with them," Eric said.

"Or we could just call the football team and chain her to a bed somewhere."

"My parents aren't home. We could take her there and let them gang bang her."

"Yeah, but they might get grabby and figure we must be part of the deal. I don't need to get fucked by ten guys today."

"Especially since everyone would be talking about it the next day."

"Yeah."

Erica craned her neck to one side. "Uh oh. Someone's over there."

Ashley turned her head as well, and Justine moaned in relief as they finally stopped, but then gasped in rising fear as she saw movement near the far treeline. Two boys came out of the trees, walking casually along, clad in jeans and T-shirts.

"Do you recognize them?" Ashley asked.

Erica put her hand to her eyes. "Nope."

"Think they'd want to play with our sex toy?"

"Are you kidding?" Ashley laughed.

Instead of leading her deeper into the trees the two turned towards the figures and began walking. Justine was helpless to do anything but follow as the chains bit into her swollen, burning nipples. Her pulse raced as they grew nearer and nearer, and her chest tightened, her belly twisting with frustration and humiliation as their eyes got wider at the sight of her, and she could do nothing to cover herself or pull away.

"Hey," Ashley said. "You like our sex toy? We just found her tied up in the woods."

The two were speechless as they stared at her. One was large and blonde, with very short hair. The other was shorter, very thin, with long, scraggly hair.

"Holy shit," the skinny one said.

"No kidding. She's a sex toy," Erica said. "You want to play with her?"

"This is some kind of a joke, right?" the big guy asked.

Justine squirmed, her face burning, eyes staring at the ground before her feet. Then she cried out, the sound muffled by the gag as her hair was yanked back. She stumbled and fell to her knees, her head still held up and back so she was forced to look up at the two wide-eyed teenagers.

Ashley's fingers went to the gag, and she unclipped something. Justine coughed as she felt the thing in her mouth slide out through the ring forcing her jaw open.

"Stick your cock in," Erica said with a laugh. "It's like - self serve, you know."

The big guy looked uncertain but the skinny guy, after looking around carefully, yanked his zipper down and stepped forward. Justine made a whimpering sound as he drew his cock out, her own eyes getting wide as she realized that this time it was no pussy she was going to be forced to eat.

And then it was pushing through the thing, the ring, she thought, which held her teeth wide, sliding over her tongue the same way the plug had done, filling her mouth with its warm, hard, sweaty taste and odour as he looked down at her eagerly.

"Suck it, sex toy," Erica said with a laugh.

Ashley twisted her fingers in Justine's hair, and Justine began to suck, moaning tearfully as the stranger stared down at her.

"What's her name?" the bigger one asked.

"Sex toy," Erica said with a smug grin.

"She must have a name," he said doubtfully.

"Call her whatever you want: Slut, whore, fuck toy, whatever," Ashley said.

She suddenly shoved Justine's face forward and Justine gagged and retched, her eyes bulging as the boy's cock slid down her throat. She choked, twisting frantically, but the boy reached down to hold her in place, and Ashley laughed, pushing her face forward, forcing her lips all the way down the boy's long cock until her nose and lips were pressed into his groin.

"Man!" the boy groaned.

"This is nothing," Ashley said. "You should see the size of the one up her asshole."

Justine's desperation waned as her air ran out and she began to feel faint. Dark spots danced before her eyes and her movements stilled as they held her face pressed to the boy's groin. Then he slowly drew back, and only her dazed condition prevented her from gagging anew as she felt the thick meat sliding up over her tonsils, sliding up along the sensitive flesh of her throat, and then pulling out into her mouth.

She choked and coughed as she finally gulped in deep breaths of air, surrounded by laughter and sneers.

"You like that?" Ashley taunted.

"Weren't you hungry, dear?" Erica asked snidely.

"Man, you gotta feel what it's like to have your whole cock buried in a chick's throat," the skinny guy said to the larger boy.

He forced her face forward again, and Justine gave a half sob before drawing in a deep breath as she felt his cock sliding into her mouth once more. He didn't hesitate, but thrust himself straight down her throat, jamming her face into his groin once more as she shuddered and twisted dazedly.

This time he did not hold still, but began to pump slowly in and out, his thick cock gliding back and forth across her inner throat in a way which made her stomach roil. He gripped her head with both hands then, his knuckles digging into her scalp as he gripped her hair, and he began to fuck her throat with hard, fast strokes that slammed her face into his groin again and again.

Justine knew instinctively he would not stop this time, not until he came, and so it was a race between whether he would come off in her mouth and withdraw or she would faint. He was excited and unrestrained, jamming her face into his groin again and again, her nose crushed up against his jeans. Her face being pummelled by the force of his blows as his hands jerked her forward repeatedly and his cock rode wetly back and forth across her tongue and up and down inside her throat.

She was on the verge of fainting, her eyes closing, the world spinning away, when he finally came and pulled his cock free. She fell backwards as he released her, landing on her back, gasping and coughing.

"Can I fuck her?" the big guy asked, his voice echoing distantly to Justine as she lay back, gasping, eyes closed.

"Sure."

She moaned, uncaring, covered with shaking and covered with sweat as she breathed. Hands rolled her over, and larger hands yanked her hips up, raising her bottom. She felt fingers at her sex and then the thick dildo was pulled free. For a moment she felt gaping, empty, then fingers plunged inside her, pumping in and out, and shortly afterwards a thick male cock pushed into her body.

She didn't care.

All Justine cared about was that she could breathe. She knelt, her face in the dirt, moaning as she felt the big guy's cock thrusting into her, and breathed deeply, shuddering in relief. But as she calmed, as her breaths began to slow and the ache in her skull eased, she became more aware of what was happening, and whimpered helplessly as she realized anew that she was being fucked, that the big guy was behind her, riding her, while the others watched.

She felt a strange sense of separation as he rode her.

I'm being raped, she told herself dazedly. But there was no fear, not really. There was discomfort and embarrassment, some anger, a sense of frustration and self pity, and, despite everything, a dark sense of arousal and even, oddly, vindication, as if this was what she deserved.

Her body was being jarred by his big hips as they struck her raised bottom, and she felt his thick cock pumping steadily in and out of her body. I'm being raped, she thought again, but the thought had outrage but little terror. And the dark heat and hunger inside her mind began to swirl faster and seep through her body.

"You can do anything you want to her," Erica said. "She's like, a thing, you know."

"You own her?"

"No, but the girl who does said we could use her."

"I'm getting hard again."

"Fuck her face again."

Justine whimpered, then cried out as harsh fingers yanked her head up, raising her face off the ground, lifting her shoulders up and holding them as the skinny boy knelt in front of her and pressed his cock against her mouth. She drew in a deep breath, then choked as his cock slammed down her throat again.

It was - easier, this time. She knew she could endure it, and perhaps her throat was getting used to being raped, for there was less pressure to gag and retch, her stomach shuddering but not threatening immediate revolt.

Her scalp ached as her head and upper body were held up by the hair. Her body shook between the two as they thrust into her from opposite directions. Their hands mauled and groped her breasts, and their bodies crushed her between them.

"About time you guys got back with my bitch."

The four of them wandered into Selina's house through the sliding glass doors. A dazed, exhausted Justine trailed behind, pulled by the chains clipped to her nipples.

"We wanted to take your toy around for a walk," Ashley said with a laugh.

She tossed the leash to Selina, who pulled Justine up tight against her and smiled down.

"And I suppose you guys wanted to fuck her," she said to the boys.

"What are we, fruits? Of course we fucked her," the large boy said.

"We need to get more guys to fuck her," Ashley said, flopping down on a leather sofa.

Erica said beside her. "Yeah. She should be gang banged by, like, a huge pile of guys."

Selina shrugged. "If there's too many guys they'd be looking at any girl in the room."

"We could hide a video camera and watch it later, or have the guys tape it for us."

"I wouldn't mind," the skinny one said.

"How many guys you think you could get?" Selina asked, coyly smiling down at Justine.

"Let me show them a picture of her and I can get as many as you like."

"I've got a digital camera," Ashley said.

Justine moaned and Selina reached down and removed the clips from her nipples. As before, there was instant pain, shocking and burning, and she howled, twisting and turning, her arms pulling against the straps until the pain began to recede. Selina pulled the gag thing out of her mouth, and now Justine could see it was a short, thick dildo, with a penis head. A moment later she undid the buckle behind her head and gently worked what proved to be a black ring out of her mouth.

Her jaw ached as fiercely as her nipples had, at first, and she sobbed aloud as the stiff muscles closed.

"You need to train her tongue more," Erica said. "She can't push it out nearly as far as you can."

Justine almost overlooked the remark at first, then blinked as its import registered. She turned and looked at Selina, who smirked. "Yes, little bitch, I know them. I told them you'd be there, and that they could play with you. Are you grateful to me for giving you so much excitement?"

"She liked Kirk's big cock," Erica said tauntingly. "But she didn't enjoy Collin nearly as well."

"Hey, I taught her how to deep throat," the skinny guy said as he re entered the room, carrying a glass of coke. "All you did was fuck the bitch."

"She would have choked on my hog," the big guy said with a smirk.

"Yeah, right. You're such a giant."

Serena was - eating - at her mouth, which both stung Justine's abused muscles and felt deliciously exciting. The Spanish girl had Justine by the hair and had her head tilted back as her mouth licked and sucked hungrily, her tongue dipping and darting, her teeth nipping at Justine's lips and tongue as she half dragged her backwards onto the sofa.

Justine moaned as her bottom hit the cushion and the hard dildos was jammed into her body. Someone tugged on the chain biting into her nipples, but she could not see. Then someone fingered her clitoris and began to pump the dildo in her pussy in and out.

"What a little whore," Gwen sneered, and Justine shuddered, knowing it was true, ashamed and at the same time glorying in it.

Selina's hungry mouth pulled back, and her dark eyes bored into the girl below.

"Do you want to be gang raped, little Justine?" she purred. "Do you want a gang of lust crazed men pawing and groping and drooling over you, ramming their cocks into every hole while they fight over your naked body?"

"N-No!" Justine gasped in terror.

But a dark side of her did indeed.

"Selina?"

There was shock and dismay from everyone at the voice, except Selina. The others ran from the room, straight out the back door as footsteps sounded in the front hall. Selina pushed her off onto the floor and stood up, turning, glowering, as her mother walked into the room.

Justine lay on her side, red faced, as the woman walked across the rug and stood over her.

"Selina. I've told you to keep your toys in your room," Mrs. Ramirez said.

"You weren't home," Selina said defiantly.

"But now I am."

Selina shrugged, then reached down and gripped a fistful of Justine's hair. Justine cried out in pain as she was dragged to her feet, staggering as Selina pulled her towards the stairs. Then Mrs. Ramirez caught at her arm.

"What a nasty way to treat such a soft, pretty little bottom," she said, smiling at Justine's well striped buttocks.

Selina yanked on her other arm to pull her away and led her up the stairs, muttering in Spanish as she glared down at her mother.

"Bitch," was the only word Justine understood.

## Chapter Nine

Justine looked at herself in the mirror and wondered what was to become of her. Her life had never really been in her control, but lately it seemed to be spiraling into darker and stranger areas, and what little control she had was fading away. She felt like a passenger in a runaway car, frightened of where it was headed but excited by the speed and wild ride.

She looked perfectly normal standing there in short skirt and tank top, like any other California girl on a hot summer day. Even if she were to raise her skirt there was little to see of the stripes the crop had left on her bottom the other day. Her flesh still felt tender, however, as did her breasts were Selina's mother had flogged her.

She trembled at that memory, raising her hands and cupping her breasts through the cotton fabric of the tank top. She had felt even more helpless with Mrs. Ramirez, even more wildly out of control. Yet it had been still more exciting, as if anything could happen. Perhaps, she thought, it was because Mrs. Ramirez was an adult, and she still thought of herself and Selina as girls. Adults had strange, dark hungers, but surely girls were only - playing.

Her skirt and top were in white, as were the sexy little pair of shoes she had found at the mall. The shoes were high heels, with cute little straps around her heels and criss-crossing her toes. She turned from side to side, cocking her head, staring at herself. Yes, she thought, she looked sexy, and innocent, as well. Had she worn white because of that, out of some foolish desire to appear virtuous and virginal?

She shrugged off the thought and turned from the mirror. She called a cab, not wanting to get sweaty under the harsh California sun. She was going to the museum, going to do something entertaining which did not involve sex. For surely there was more to life than that.

Yet as she walked to the car, as the taxi driver's eyes took her in, she felt a sudden warmth between her legs as an awareness of her sexuality moved with her. She climbed into the rear door and sat, giving the driver the address in a soft voice. His eyes stared at her in the mirror and she flushed slightly, looking away as the car stared forward.

She self consciously smoothed her skirt against her thighs, wondering if she should have worn shorts instead, or a longer skirt. Yet museums deserved better than shorts, or so she had been taught, and the skirt was fashionable, especially with the hot weather.

She was being foolish, she told herself, to imagine every man looking at her was thinking wicked thoughts. But that was what her recent experiences had done to her. They had made her all too aware of her desirability as a sexual object, as a focus for the lusts of others.

The taxi driver was dark, foreign, with bushy hair and a moustache. His eyes kept flicking to her in the rear view mirror, making her uncomfortable. She smoothed her skirt again and licked her lips nervously, hoping the man did not crash the car because he was staring at her.

She stepped out onto the bright pavement and walked away, feeling the man's eyes on her. She walked up the stairs and between the columns, then inhaled deeply, refreshed, as she stepped into the cool confines of the museum.

The security guards to her left stopped talking. Both were gray haired men. Yet they turned and watched her silently as she walked past them. She felt their eyes on her as she walked towards one of the halls. Men of all ages seemed to be watching her as she passed, and she wondered if it were true or if she were simply paranoid now. Or had they always watched her and she simply not noticed?

Not paranoid, she thought wryly. Vain. If she were under the illusion every man she passed wanted to - to do things to her then surely she was unbearably vain.

She walked slowly through the hall, examining the exhibits. It was, of course, a history museum. Justine was a studious girl, and while she knew she would enjoy herself - she always did in museums - she hoped also to advance her knowledge of history.

She examined the pictures of great men of the past, gazed at muskets and cannon, at small models of the early days of the republic. She looked at hand bills of wanted men from the old west, and climbed cautiously into a stage coach from the eighteenth century, smelling the dry musky scent of the old wood, and let herself imagine living in the old times, imagine the people who had once sat on the same hard bench and ridden the bump coach out across the great emptiness of the west.

She climbed out awkwardly. There were dozens of people in the hall, many of them men, mostly older, with their families. Many eyes turned her way as she climbed out of the coach, and she was uncomfortably aware of her short skirt rising dangerously high along her bare thighs until she could get both feet on the floor.

Vain, she thought to herself, flushing a little as she walked on.

The next hall dwelt long and disapprovingly on slavery and its cruelty. Along the walls were the heavy metal collars and shackles and chains, pictures of long rows of slaves being driven off ships, of sad black people being terrorised by their captors. Yet while her heart went out to them she felt a dark crackle of sexual heat run along her skin.

She stared at a picture of a slave auction, ignoring the men on display, but looking at the women. The slaves were nude, collared, shackled, their heads low as they were auctioned off. Her chest tightened as she imagined herself standing on such a stage, naked, being sold to a cruel master. Being naked in front of so many people would be - horrifying, yet it inflamed her mind, and she could feel the inner lips of her sex swelling and growing warm.

She turned away, passing along the rows of long, ugly whips used to discipline the slaves, and pausing before an old, scarred, chipped, cut up wooden post eight feet high. It was, the sign told her, a whipping post, where recalcitrant slaves were shackled and then whipped. There were shackles fitted to the sides of the post up high, and she could not help imagining herself naked, breasts pressed against the harsh wood, a crowd gathering around as her master drew the whip back.

How painful the whips must be! They were far heavier and more menacing looking than the little crop and flog which had been used on her.

She was aware of her small nipples tightening within the cups of her lacy white bra. She turned her eyes away, slightly breathless, and saw a large man staring at her. She swallowed and looked away, moving from the post. What had the man been thinking, she wondered. Had he also imagined her naked and shackled to the post?

What would slavery be like, she wondered. There was something comforting about the thought of never having to make her own decisions, of having everything decided on her behalf. And there was something thrilling about the idea of being a sexual toy for her master or mistress to use and abuse, to punish as cruelly as they desired.

She brushed the hair back from the side of her face and saw another man looking at her. She realized her nipples were quite visibly thrusting out against the thin fabric of her top and turned aside, pacing away, eyes scanning the exhibits as she crossed her arms before her chest. It was cold in the museum, and she thought that this, perhaps, would cause her nipples to remain hard for some time.

She quickened her pace out of the hall, then turned into another, darker one which was less crowded. This was much safer, for it was devoted to archeological explorations of early native communities. There were mock digs set up visitors could gaze into and down upon. The exhibit was set up in a criss

cross fashion, the narrow pathway angling up as it went across the hall, turning, and angling up higher still as it came back.

Justine felt a little more comfortable, for there were fewer people, and children running to and fro. But as she turned aside from gazing at old arrowheads she noted a face turned towards her. She turned and the man jerked his eyes aside. He was on the lower level below her, and she realized abruptly that he could probably look right up under her skirt. She flushed, feeling indignant and then frustration.

Why were men always staring at her!?

She wasn't that beautiful. Her clothing wasn't that revealing. Was there an invisible sign painted on her forehead or something? She strode away, feeling much put upon. She was not just a sex object!

She frowned around her as she strode across the main hall, deciding to leave. Were women staring at her, as well, women like Mrs. Ramirez? If so they were more discrete.

She felt like a small white lamb passing among a group of slaving wolves, and quickened her pace, looking down self consciously.

"I want you to meet some friends."

Justine frowned uncertainly, her stomach fluttering.

"I'm uhm - ."

"You have nothing else to do," Mrs. Ramirez said. "Do you really want to sit home bored watching television?"

No, she didn't.

"It's a small, dark bar with friendly people there. We'll sit at a table and talk about things."

"Well - well all right," Justine said.

"I'll pick you up in half an hour."

Justine hung up and felt her groin thrum with anticipation.

A small, quiet bar. That didn't sound terribly dangerous. She would wear trousers, tonight, however, and - a nice halter. She chose white trousers and a dark blue halter which complimented her hair and pale complexion. The halter was almost backless and sideless, with a strap behind her neck. It curled in only slightly against her sides, and had a single thin strap across her lower back.

Mrs. Ramirez arrived promptly, and Justine nervously climbed into her car.

"Hello," she said shyly.

"Hello, Justine," Selina's mother said. "How is that pretty little bottom of yours?"

Justine flushed a little. "Fine," she replied.

"And your darling breasts?"

"Okay," Justine said, blushing more and dropping her eyes.

Mrs. Ramirez chuckled and squeezed her thigh, then pulled away from the curb.

"Selina is such a jealous child," she said as she turned a corner. "She doesn't like anyone else to play with her toys."

Justine did not know how to reply to this, so didn't.

The drive was surprisingly short. Mrs. Ramirez parked in a small, dark lot and then took Justine's arm and led her out onto the sidewalk, and then up the block until they reached a heavy wooden door. There was the sound of music and people inside, a sound which grew enormously as the door was opened and laughter and shouts spilled out into the night.

Mrs. Ramirez, clad in a small black dress, pulled the girl into the dark room, past two stony faced, thick bodied women with crew cuts.

"This is - nice," Justine gulped, looking around her with wide eyes and clinging to Mrs. Ramirez' arm.

The club was dark and noisy, the music so loud the base was setting her body to quivering. The older woman took her hand, which, given the setting, made her blush, and wove through the crowd to the far end where there were booths.

"Look what I've got," she called, yelled really, over the music.

Hands waved back to her. Justine saw many eyes on her and blushed nervously.

"Get in," she yelled, pulling Justine forward and pushing her behind the table.

A young woman with very short blonde hair made amused kissy faces at her and slid over so Justine could move in. Mrs. Ramirez slid in next to her.

The young blonde was named Tonya, and was wearing a black lace bra and - tight, short leather pants beneath the table. There were three other women sitting in the booth, across the table. One was a bald woman, her head showing just a bit of stubble. She was about thirty, very thin, with very tiny breasts showing through a see through chain top. The other two were older, perhaps close to forty, one white, one black, both tall, with wide shoulders and very short hair. The black woman wore a leather vest, her breasts bulging out from around it. The white one wore a tank top.

Drinks filled the table, and more were brought, as Mrs. Ramirez introduced her to the other women. Justine felt self-conscious and awkward. A part of her felt like an intruder, as though she were there on false pretenses. She wasn't really gay, after all. Would these women be angry at her if they found out? Would they demand she leave?

It was hard not to stare about her, for this was unlike any club she had imagined. Some of the women were topless. Others were kissing and fondling each other quite openly. She didn't think straight clubs were like this. At least, the few she'd been to in Switzerland since she turned eighteen weren't. Of course, she had not been in any clubs in California. She was still below the legal drinking age - though no one here seemed to be paying that much attention.

Her nervousness had her gulping the cold liquid put in front of her, and that helped her relax and laugh along with the others at the table. Because she was the youngest there they teased her, but though that embarrassed her a little, the alcohol helped her laugh and shrug it off.

There was a lot of talk about sex. It was amazing how casually they discussed issues which shocked her, issues so personal and private she would never have considered talking about them even in private, with people she knew very, very well.

"...nothing inherently pleasurable about penetration," Sarah, the older white woman said. "There just aren't that many nerve endings inside a pussy."

"There's always the G spot," Karen, the black woman said with a grin.

Sarah waved her point away. "How many guys even know about it much less touch it?"

"Guys don't know pussy," Tonya said, her head rolling slowly, drunkenly.

"Guys don't know pussy," Karen agreed.

"But there is an inherently exciting psychological stimulus in being penetrated," Sarah said. "At least for straight women."

"And a lot of dykes," Mrs. Ramirez said.

"Some dykes."

Mrs. Ramirez smirked. "I ever tell you about the time I fisted this butch dyke? She was practically a virgin, but with my fist up inside her she bucked like a wild horse. That bitch came like there was no tomorrow."

"I said some dykes," Sarah said in irritation.

Justine tried not to show her shock and amazement, wondering if she could possibly have misunderstood Mrs. Ramirez. She would have asked, but the topic was too embarrassing.

"For Christ's sake, Sarah," the bald girl, Amber said. "The mind is all. You should know that. You can't dismiss excitement produced by whatever kink turns someone on."

"What I mean is there's no physical basis."

"There's no physical basis for you to get aroused by watching to hot, gorgeous, sexy girls fuck, either. But you still get aroused because it turns you on emotionally, psychologically, whatever the fuck."

"We could ask Justine why she likes getting cocks inside her," Mrs. Ramirez said with a smirk.

Justine blushed, despite her somewhat drunken state, as they all turned their eyes to her.

"Are you bi, Justine?" Sarah asked.

Justine blinked at her. "What?"

"She means do you like cock as well as pussy," Mrs. Ramirez said.

She turned to the others, grinning. "She's such an innocent. She's spent her life in a Swiss boarding school, if you can believe that."

"No shit?"

"Selina tells me she took her virginity with a strap-on."

Justine blushed more deeply and dropped her eyes.

"So, you got to taste the lovely pink pie of the beautiful Selina, Justine?" Amber asked with a leer.

"I-I guess," she said, smiling hesitantly.

"I'd like to taste your pink pie," Sarah said, leaning forward with a grin and running her hand along Justine's bare arm.

Justine wasn't quite sure what pink pie meant. She smiled self-consciously and looked towards Mrs. Ramirez.

"It is sweet, sweet, sweet," Mrs. Ramirez said. "Like a little girl."

She pulled Justine in closer against her and then kissed her on the cheek.

Justine blushed and grinned, embarrassed.

"You call that a kiss?" Karen asked. "Fuck, Maria, maybe you're not as hot as we thought you were."

Justine turned, surprised at suddenly realizing she had not known Mrs. Ramirez' first name before.

"Fuck you guys," Mrs. Ramirez said.

She suddenly grasped Justine's hair and yanked her head back, then crushed her lips against her, her tongue thrusting into her open mouth as her lips slid moistly from side to side.

Justine moaned into her mouth, her left arm waving a little, her right trapped behind Mrs. Ramirez' body as the heavier woman leaned into her. She reached up behind her, trying to pry Mrs. Ramirez' fingers off her hair, but then her arm was grabbed by Tonya, who also leaned into her, giggling and licking at the nape of her neck on that side.

Mrs. Ramirez pulled her lips back briefly, eyes a little glassy, grinning. "Kiss me, little slut."

She kissed her again, even harder, and Justine felt her face reddening as the other women looked on, laughing and whooping. She gasped as she felt Mrs. Ramirez's hand cupping and kneading her right breast. Then, a moment later, Tonya's hand slid over her left, rubbing back and forth through her halter.

"Do her! Do her!" she heard Amber shout to laughter.

"Show us her tits!" Karen called.

And she yelled in panic and jerked violently as she felt the string behind her neck untied, then the one behind her back. Her right arm was crushed against the back of the seat by Mrs. Ramirez, who was leaning in against her hard. Her left was pinned down by Tonya. Her head was forced back by Mrs. Ramirez's fingers in her hair and she couldn't even see the other women as her top was pulled from her and her breasts bared.

She felt dazed, shocked with humiliation as the women across from her cheered and whistled. She felt more hands on her, four, five, six, sliding over her bared breasts and belly as Mrs. Ramirez's tongue continued to thrust into her mouth, her lips to crush and slide against her own. Tears filled her eyes as her hair was yanked back harder, the back of her head now pressed against the back of the seat of the people on the other side of their booth, her body bowed painfully back.

Two women knelt there, laughing at her, their hands on her body, in her hair, on her arms to hold her in place. Her legs were scrabbling on the floor as she tried to pull free, to ease the pain of Mrs. Ramirez's fingers in her hair. Her bottom was raised off the seat as she pushed herself backwards. She was filled with shocked panic, half naked in a room full of people who were staring at her, strangers groping and fondling her bare flesh

People were chanting, yelling. "Virgin! Virgin! Virgin!", and the voices seemed to be growing louder as more women took up the cry.

Hands were sliding up and down her taut stomach, over her hips and between her legs and her whimpering pleas and protests were completely unheard over the chanters. She felt mouths on her breasts, sucking, kissing, teeth nipping and biting. Tongues lapped across her erect nipples as women laughed and talked about how small and pink they were.

She felt the top of her trousers opened and kicked wildly, frantically, but strong hands gripped her thighs, and then a hand plunged down the front of her pants and cupped her sex, squeezing roughly. A moment later she felt hands tugging on her trousers, and, with sheer horror, felt them sliding slowly over her hips, then they came free and slid down her legs and off, to more cheers.

Stunned, mortified, she sobbed weakly, the music pounding at her, the chanting voices beating at her. Hands were all over her body, sliding one over another as they fought to stroke her thighs and pussy, her bottom and hips and breasts and belly.

Several hands pulled her legs wide open and then the hands at her sex eased off and she felt an unmistakable tongue there, licking up and down her hairless slit. The tongue licked more deeply, and fingers pulled her pussy lips open, pinching painfully. The face plunged into her, and she cried out, the sound disappearing into Mrs. Ramirez's mouth.

Hands were under her bottom, stroking and squeezing as the tongue licked up and down her sex. She felt lips on her clitoris, sucking lightly, then the tongue began to work on her there, lapping up and down, then sideways.

She didn't know how many people were watching. She was in a state of shock, unable to understand, to cope. Fingers pushed against her anus while others squirmed up into her pussy. She was wet with saliva now, and they pumped in and out of the entrance to her sex, jabbing against her cherry as the tongue - more than one tongue now, licked at her sex.

Those tongues were doing strange things to her body, despite the flow of shock, fear, humiliation and bewilderment flooding her mind. The lips sucking on her nipples were making them tingle and burn, and the hands squeezing and kneading and stroking her breasts made them throb.

And despite her humiliation, there was something wickedly, darkly, horribly arousing about being naked under the eyes of so many people, naked and engaged in lewd sexual activities.

She never lost her humiliation, but the strength and effect began to soften as her body's heat roused. Her stiff, straining limbs began to relax, to go limp in their hands as tongues slid all over her body. She whimpered weakly, still frightened, still embarrassed, but very hot now, very aroused.

"Devirginize her!" she heard.

"Do her!" another voice cried.

"Pop that cherry!"

"Get Peter!"

Justine shuddered, struggling anew, wondering what they meant, wondering if they knew she had already had men inside her, thinking they were going to fetch a man to rape her, but then she realized that was the last thing they would do.

The tongues continued to lick, and she shuddered, her hips twisting.

Then her head was raised, hands gripping it tightly, leering faces looking at her in delight as a woman stepped forward. She was short, and very stout, with a graying crewcut. She had - an enormous dildo in her hand. It was gigantic, as long as her arm. The table had been pulled back, and now she moved forward, stepping between where Karen and another woman she did not know knelt at her groin.

Justine whimpered as she saw the thing's size. The woman rubbed it slowly up and down her moist, swollen pussy opening, then began to apply pressure.

"No!" she gasped.

A hand slid around her mouth and pulled in tightly, and she moaned, her eyes wide, as the woman twisted the big dildo from side to side and began to push it forward. Justine pulled against the hands holding her to no avail as the pressure mounted. She felt her pussy lips being forced back, being spread aside, being strained wider and wider as the thing pushed into her body.

Her bottom bucked up and down and the hands tightened on her thighs, forcing them back. She twisted and writhed, and her hair was yanked, her head forced back over the back of the booth again. She felt the dildo pushing deeper, twisting from side to side.

A crowd surrounded them, faces leering, eyes hungry, women jammed together in a semi circle, fighting to see better. The chanting voices had softened. "Do her. Do her. Do her," the whispered.

The dildo twisted and came free, twisted and pushed in.

"Do the fuckin' bitch," one impatient voice snapped.

The dildo pushed in again, then out, then in. It was pushing harder now, deeper, twisting from side to side. Suddenly it was yanked out then thrust in hard. Justine screamed, her back arching violently as she was impaled on the hard, thick cock, felt it driven achingly deep into her belly. Cheers and whistles and the sound of clapping hands flooded the room as the dildo sank slowly deeper, inch by slow inch into Justine's writhing body.

It hurt.

Justine groaned and shuddered, her lower body on fire as the dildo thrust in and out of her and the laughing women looked on. Hands continued to race over her body, pawing and groping and pinching as her ankles were held up high and wide and back. The dildo pumped powerfully, and she cried out with each deep thrust.

"Fist her!" someone shouted.

She whimpered. The dildo was drawn back and Mrs. Ramirez, eyes hot, put her fingers against Justine's sex.

"Please! Please," she whimpered.

She felt the woman's fingers sliding into her body, twisting from side to side. A cool liquid was poured against her sex, and the fingers pumped in and out, much more slippery now, a third driving inside her. Then a fourth. She groaned as they twisted around, as she felt Mrs. Ramirez's knuckles jamming against her opening. The thought of having an entire hand inside her was terrifying, shocking, yet her protests were drowned in the chorus of cheers and obscene shouts, and then her head was yanked back again and several women took turns hotly kissing her, blocking her words.

The fingers pumped in and out, then she felt the thumb inserted, felt the wedge of her fingers pushing forward, widening as they approached the knuckles. Her pussy opening grew more and more taut, and she gulped in air as the pain mounted. She cried out as someone pinched her right nipple hard, then again as someone bit her left.

"Please!"

She felt the knuckles grinding painfully against her labia, twisting slowly from side to side as Mrs. Ramirez tried to force her hand through the tight ring of flesh.

"Tight little slut," she muttered.

"Ram your fist into her!" someone shouted.

"Rip her cunt open!" another howled.

"Fist her, fist her, fist her," some women chanted.

"Unggh!"

Her lips strained even wider as Mrs. Ramirez's knuckles ground slowly through them. Justine's pussy felt torn, stretched beyond all tolerance. It burned as Mrs. Ramirez forced her knuckles through. There was a cheer, and Justine felt like cheering as well, for as the knuckles passed the strain against her pussy opening lessened.

Mrs. Ramirez had all five fingers in her now, and they wriggled around inside the tight, wet sleeve of Justine's warm sex as she twisted her hand from side to side. She pushed deeper, and Justine groaned as her hand slid further inside her body, further easing the strain at her opening. Yet she felt a wonder and a terror, as well, that someone's entire hand was inside her body.

Her pussy lips closed around the woman's wrist with some relief, and Justine felt dazed as she felt the hand turning and the fingers twisting about within her, felt finger probing at the walls of her sex, scratching lightly, rubbing and stroking.

It hurt. It ached, yet the ache was less than she had felt as it had gone into her, and so by that measure it was actually a relief.

"Fist the whore!"

"Ruin her for men!"

Mrs. Ramirez pushed her hand deeper still, turning it from side to side inside Justine. Justine felt the strain on her pussy opening growing as the woman's wrist slid through and her arm began to widen.

A black woman crushed her lips, then drew back, leering. "I had my arm in some bitch all the way to the elbow once," she told another woman beside her.

That woman was leaning in, pressing her own lips against Justine, her tongue thrusting into her mouth.

There were two mouths on her left breast, one biting at the soft flesh, the other sucking and licking on the nipple. Another mouth sucked her right nipple. Hands stroked over her breasts and belly and buttocks and thighs. Fingers rubbed lightly at her clitoris. A woman with curly hair was chewing and sucking at the nape of her neck on the left as the woman on the right thrust her tongue into Justine's mouth. Both her legs were lifted up high, her knees pressed against the back of the seat to either side of her body.

She cried out as Mrs. Ramirez fingers thrust in and met her cervix, rubbing at it. One finger slid in and curled behind the cervix, then a second, probing against the back wall of Justine's pussy. Then the fingers drew back, one by one, pulling into the woman's palm until she had formed a fist inside Justine. She thrust it forward, and her forearm slid through the painfully stretched entrance to Justine's sex.

"Deeper! Deeper!" voices called.

"Faster! Harder!"

The world spun around her and Justine stared dazedly up at the ceiling past the faces of the laughing women leaning over her. The fist pushed deep inside her, then drew slowly back before pushing in again. Slowly, painfully, the fist began to pump. And as it forced her open it moved faster, harder.

It was an intense, shocking, amazing experience to feel something so large moving inside her.

It was painful, as well, but not as much now, and as usual, her body exulted in the feel of being deeply penetrated. As her mind went into a state of numbed acceptance her body began to respond to the lips and fingers and tongues molesting her, and Justine's eyes closed as she shuddered to the hard, powerful thrusting of the big fist inside her belly.

It hurt just too much for her to come, just a little too much. Yet her body was filled with lust and a dark, crackling sexual electricity rolled along her skin and up and down her spine.

She began to cry out as the fist started to thump against her cervix, and the woman surrounding them cheered and hooted in approval. Her entire lower body was jerking to and fro as Mrs. Ramirez's fist yanked her across the seat. Yet the tight hands on her thighs and legs pinned her in place so that the hard fist could move up and down her aching pussy sleeve.

Then her view of the roof was obscured and blocked by a woman climbing up onto the seat. She straddled the back between the front and rear seats and sat her naked sex down onto Justine's face as laughter erupted around them.

"Suck! Suck! Lick me!" she heard.

Dazedly, the girl complied, her tongue pushing out and licking at the pussy which ground against her mouth and face.

The woman rode her face hard and fast, and Justine cried out in pain as the back of her head was jammed down onto the hard wooden back, as the heavy, wet, warm flesh ground over her nose and against her jaw. She licked as best she could as hands pulled on her hair, just trying to survive the crushing, grinding experience.

Yet one pussy followed another as they raped her, black, brown, blonde, bald, sitting on her face, crushing her head back, rubbing and riding and bouncing on her face as they whooped with laughter and that terrible fist pumped faster and faster inside her burning sex.

The world spun around her, small black dots dancing before her eyes.

She was yanked up, at last, and cried out in pain as the fist came free of her pussy. Then strong hands were dragging her by the arms, her knees sliding along the floor as laughing, grinning, leering women made room, easing aside as she was dragged through a narrow door and down a dim back corridor.

She was placed on a kind of dental chair, or perhaps, a doctor's chair. Her mind did not really dwell on it, nor care. Her arms were strapped back and her legs were lifted up and apart, placed into stirrups and straps locked around them.

A liquid was poured into her dry mouth, and she swallowed reflexively. Women hovered over her and she felt her breast squeezed, then a terrible pain at her nipple which lasted only a moment before easing. She cried out, and then was gagged. And then everything blurred.

A parade of women moved over her. Justine did not know where she was or what was happening, or care. Women's faces smiled, leered and their lips kissed her deeply, their tongues moving over her cheeks and along her throat. Justine was laying down, spreadeagled. She did not know where, or care.

## Chapter Ten

Justine woke slowly. Confusion filled her, and sharp pains assailed her. Slowly, her mind shed the haze gripping it and she raised her head, looking around her, groaning tiredly. She was in a strange room, a bedroom, but a spartan one, with nothing but a narrow cot, a rough beside table, and a chair. There was no carpet on the tiled floor, no pictures on the walls. There was a small, high window letting sunlight into the room.

Her wrists were held by leather straps attached to the top bar of the cot, and she was nude. Her nipples stung, and Justine's blinking eyes saw that there were metal studs thrust through the centre of each. Her entire groin felt bruised and raw, the surrounding flesh felt as if it were scraped and sunburned. She felt sore inside herself, as if she had just been punched in the belly, but from the inside.

She lay still for long minutes, looking at her body, angling her head up to look at her bound wrists, looking around the room, and trying to remember what had happened.

Everything was clear up until the women had started to grope her, then the images began to run together. She remembered being stripped, remembered especially the feeling of her halter sliding off, of her trousers sliding over her hips, of the laughing, leering faces, and the fist pumping inside her pussy.

But where she was, and how - and when her nipples had been pierced - was nothing but vague shadows.

Her head hurt and her mouth was dry.

She raised her head again, looking at the studs in her nipples, and a dull throbbing drew her eyes downwards to her belly button, which was also pierced by a stud. She groaned and dropped her head back.

The door opened and a woman entered. She was forties, tall and dark haired, almost motherly looking.

"Hey, sleeping beauty's awake," she said, pleased.

Justine gasped, pulling wildly at the straps pinning her arms in place. When she realized she could not free herself she tried to roll away from the woman to hide her body.

Chuckling, the woman sat down on the edge of the cot and rolled her back, then brushed the hair back from Justine's forehead.

"How you feeling, cookie?"

"P-Please untie me!" Justine gulped, face red.

The woman put her finger against Justine's lips and held another up to her warningly.

"When I ask a question, you answer the question," she said. "Now how do you feel?"

Justine gulped in air, her eyes wide. "I-I- sore," she gulped.

"I wonder why."

The woman smiled and her eyes flickered down the length of Justine's body, then her hand followed, caressing her breasts, then easing down between her legs.

"Oh," Justine gasped. "P-Please don't!"

"Why not? You have a lovely body, soft warm skin, a pretty little pussy."

Her hand slid lower and Justine gasped in pain.

"Still sore, huh?"

Justine clenched her teeth and the woman drew her hand back, then brought her fingers to Justine's lips. She slipped a finger inside and brushed it across the startled girl's tongue, then drew it back out and rubbed it lightly against her clitoris. There was - something - there, something hard and lumpy.

"How do your piercings feel?"

Justine blinked repeatedly.

"Who did this?" she gulped.

"Gladys. She's been doing it for years. It only takes a second and it looks really hot."

Her moist finger rubbed lightly against Justine's sore, aching clitoris.

"We'll get you a couple of rings for the nipples, and maybe a wider barbell for the clit."

Justine stared at her, a shadowy memory of a sudden, terribly intense, sharp pain in her groin.

"M-My c-c-clit..."

"Yeah, you didn't see the little stud? Well, it's not your clit, really, just the hood."

Her finger rolled the little stud and Justine moaned, half in pain, half at the throbbing ache which was, strangely, growing into a dark, hot, hungry pleasure.

"Please don't," she whispered.

But the woman only smiled and her finger continued to rub gently at Justine's sex until she hissed helplessly and arched her back, her heels shoving and pawing at the mattress as she gurgled in ecstasy.

"That's a really good sign," the woman said. "You know most women are so sore for days after they can hardly touch themselves down there. But after that, the sensation is supposed to be amazing. The women I know who have had their pussies pierced say they're much more sensitive and their orgasms are more intense."

She leaned in over Justine, again brushing the hair back from her head. "That you can come by clitoral stimulation just a day after you've been pierced is kind of amazing. Maria is right. You are something special."

She undid her trousers and slid them down and off. Justine stared, embarrassed anew, noting that, like herself, the woman had no hair between her legs. As if noting her look the woman smiled again and rubbed herself.

"Nobody likes a mouthful of hair," she said.

With that she climbed back on the bed, straddled Justine, and slid higher until her sex was over the wide eyed girl's head.

"Now show me what you learned the other night," she said.

"Please!" Justine gasped.

The woman pressed her sex against Justine's mouth. "Come on, cookie. Lick."

"I-I ungh... don't... urgh... want to!" Justine gasped, twisting her head from side to side as the woman rubbed her sex against her.

"Yes you do. You want to do what you're told," the woman said sternly.

She gripped Justine's head and then twisted a long length of hair around her finger and - pulled.

'Oww!'

"Lick, cookie," the woman said.

She smiled, but her eyes were firm. "Lick. Now!"

Justine pushed her tongue up, moaning, her legs flailing on the bed as the woman straddled her head and shoulders. She licked up and down the woman's sex, staring up the length of her body at the eyes looking down on her.

"Get used to it, sweetie. It's what you were made for," the woman said.

She sighed and released the hair, her body beginning to rock to and fro against Justine's face. She was not as rough as the women the previous night, but Justine's mouth and nose were already sore. She licked as rapidly as she could, whimpering in pain whenever the woman's weight pushed down too hard on her mouth. And she felt a desperate relief when the woman began to gasp and moan in pleasure, her pussy opening grinding against Justine's mouth.

With a shudder, she came, pressing her sex down hard, groaning aloud and rolling her bottom from side to side. She exhaled deeply, then pushed herself away, patting Justine's face.

She smiled and stood up, then pulled her trousers on and walked out, closing the door behind her. Justine's face was moist with her juices and her own tears. She twisted on the bed, rolling onto her belly, gasping as she pushed herself to her knees and stared at the straps binding her wrists to the head of the bed. She examined the straps, searching for a way to release herself.

The woman returned shortly, accompanied by another.

"Now, now, none of that," she said firmly.

She slapped Justine's bottom hard, and the girl yelped in pain. The other woman was hatchet faced, with a crew cut and wide shoulders. She glared at Justine and yanked her leg back hard so she fell on her belly, then laughed and thrust a fat hand between her thighs, squeezing her pussy hard.

Justine squealed in embarrassment and pain and the woman laughed again.

"You must be hungry, Justine," the first woman said. "And a little dehydrated. We're going to go get you something to eat and drink."

The other woman reached forward and held her wrists firmly while the first woman removed the strap holding them above her head. She cried out softly as her arms were pulled down and back behind her, then the two women helped lift her out of the bed.

"The piercings will be sore for a while," the woman said. "My name is Jen. You may call me Miss Jen."

She turned to the other woman. "Thank you, Pauline," she said in a dismissive voice.

The other woman nodded, leered at Justine, and left the room.

"Where am I?" Justine asked.

"Still at the club. Come on, dear. We'll get you something to eat."

Justine stared down at her nipples and Miss Jen took her arm firmly and led her out of the room, up a narrow hall and into a kitchen.

"You probably won't want to sit down just yet," she said. "So it's just as well for you to kneel."

She pushed down on Justine's arm and the girl sank to her knees.

"That's a good girl. Keep your legs well apart."

"It hurts," Justine said. "When can I go home?"

Miss Jen nodded. "We gave you some codeine. I'll give you another couple of pills after you eat and drink something."

"But - ."

"No more questions," she said firmly.

There was a low bench in front of Justine and Miss Jen set a bowl of milk on it.

"Drink some of this while I get you something to eat," she said.

Justine looked at her, then at the milk. Her throat felt painfully dry, and she leaned forward, knees well apart, and pressed her lips to the cold white liquid, sucking thirstily.

She looked up as Miss Jen returned and pulled a chair over next to her.

"What time is it?"

"It's afternoon, dear."

Justine bit her lip. "My mother - ."

"Tonya called and told her you were staying at her house."

Justine nodded slowly.

"Eat this, dear."

Miss Jen held a small bit of sandwich to her mouth and Justine looked up at her briefly, then took the piece from her fingers.

"Good girl," Miss Jen said, sounding pleased.

She stroked her hand along Justine's hair as the girl chewed and swallowed the piece of sandwich. It was ham, which was not her favourite, but her hunger did not care.

Miss Jen had cut the sandwich into tiny squares, and fed them to Justine one at a time, letting her take them from her fingers. Justine did not ask to be unbound. It was clearly not the woman's intention.

Her stomach somewhat assuaged she took a pair of pills from Miss Jen's fingers and washed them down with milk, then she was taken back up the hall and into another small room. This one had a jumble of weights, a weight bench, an exercise bicycle and a treadmill. None of it was new, and all was well used and well worn. Miss Jen led her to the treadmill and had her stand on it as she turned the device on.

"We want you to get some exercise," she said. "But we're not cruel enough to put you on the bicycle yet."

She laughed lightly and Justine started to walk as the treadmill growled and moved beneath her.

"Just keep walking, dear. I'll be back momentarily."

Justine watched her go, then turned her eyes back to the treadmill, setting one bare foot before the other as the rubber track moved beneath her.

She had missed a class, she thought worriedly. And her mother would want to know all about Tonya and why she had not called herself. Or would she? It had often struck Justine that her mother considered her more of a problem than anything else. And her mother hated problems.

Miss Jen returned holding a leather collar and chain. She fastened the collar around Justine's throat as she walked, then clipped the chain to the bar in front of her.

"We don't want you wandering off," she said.

Then she left again.

The treadmill was not moving quickly, but it was moving continually, and so Justine was forced to keep walking, at a brisk pace. She had not had very much exercise since leaving school, and it grew tiring. She had no way of measuring time, but many, many minutes seemed to have passed, and her legs were growing tired. But the bars on either side of her prevented her from slipping off the treadmill, and the chain attached to the collar kept her from backing out.

She kept walking.

There were several small meters on the front panel, and she understood one to be a mileage reading. If she understood it properly and it started at zero when the machine was turned on Justine had walked almost four miles.

The room was cool and dark, so Justine was not sweating. But she was breathing heavily, and now her back was tired, as well. She wanted to bend her legs, to sit down, but the machine moved relentlessly, and she was forced to keep walking.

Miss Jen returned finally and without a word shut the machine off. She took the chain from the front bar and pulled Justine back.

"Good girl," she said, patting her head.

Then, holding the chain, she walked from the room, leading Justine behind her, back up the narrow hall and into the room with the cot. She gave her another pair of pills, held a glass of water to her lips and let her drink it down, then helped her lay down on her side, and left. Justine heard a metallic "snick" of sound after the door closed and guessed it was being bolted.

Her mind had been in a slight haze since she had wakened, as if the ordeal of the previous night had put her into shock.

Why was she here? Why had they locked the door? Why were they keeping her bound? None of that was right. She should have been taken home, or at least to Mrs. Ramirez's house. Of course, Selina would not have been happy with that, so perhaps Mrs. Ramirez had left her here for that reason. Perhaps she had drunk too much and she did not want her to go home in that condition.

She comforted herself with these reasons, some of which had been drifting through her mind since she had wakened, and, tired and sore, she fell asleep.

The next morning Miss Jen led her back to the kitchen, where she was again permitted to eat from her hand and eat from a bowl on a low bench. Pauline fingered her sex as she bent over and Justine cried out in pain and embarrassment, half falling onto the bench and knocking over the milk. Miss Jen came over and shook her head sternly.

"Bad girl," she said.

She pulled Justine back into position, bent her over, and then slapped her bottom several times, hard. Justine gasped and yelped in pain, trying to squirm away.

"Now clean up that milk," Miss Jen ordered.

Justine stared at the floor in confusion. Her hands were bound behind her. She looked up at the woman who looked back sternly. "Now, Justine. Clean it up. Lick it up."

Lick it off the floor?

Justine stared at her in shock, but then felt a weird little flutter in her lower belly. She turned and, despite feeling ashamed as Pauline looked on, bent over and began to lick the spilled milk off the floor, her pink tongue sliding out again and again, stroking across the tiles to clean up the white liquid.

Afterwards, Miss Jen fixed a thin leather belt around her waist. There was a long thin leather thing hanging from one side, which Justine thought was a switch or crop, and a long, thicker, heavier thing hanging from the other, a kind of dildo.

"You get this if you're good," Miss Jen said, pulling a long vibrator from a sheath, "And this if you're bad."

She took the other thing off its little hook and showed it to Justine. It was, as she had suspected, a riding crop.

"B-but, when can I go home?" Justine asked.

Miss Jen sighed and took the crop off its hook, then turned Justine and bent her over.

Crack!

"Oww!" Justine cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Justine squirmed and yelped, her bottom on fire, her face burning furiously as Pauline watched and laughed cruelly.

"Now behave!" Miss Jen said sternly, hanging the crop back on the little hook on the side of the belt.

"Behave, little girl," Pauline sneered.

She turned and smiled at Miss Jen. "Shouldn't we be getting her tongue ready?"

"You train her a little, but don't be unnecessarily rough. We'll clamp her tongue at nights from now on."

Pauline moved forward and Justine quailed, trying to squirm back on her heels.

"You're going to learn how to make women happy, little girl," she purred in a soft, nasty voice.

She was wearing loose track pants, and Justine whimpered as she drew them down and off. Her legs were fat and pasty white, and unlike Miss Jen she had never shaved between her legs. Justine made a face and turned away.

"Now, little girl," Pauline said, seizing her hair and yanking her up and towards her. "Now you show me what a good little girl you are."

"No!" Justine cried. "I don't want to!"

"Then I guess I get to use the crop on you," Pauline said.

"I don't care!" Justine cried.

Pauline took the crop from her belt and lifted her to her feet, then bent her across the back of a chair.

"Let me know when you decide to behave," she said.

The crop cracked across Justine's already sore bottom and the girl yelled in pain. Pauline laughed and struck harder still, and again, and again, raining slow, deliberate, painful blows across the squirming, yelling, sobbing girl's white buttocks as her legs twisted and turned and her bottom turned red.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she sobbed. "Please!"

"Are you going to be a good girl?"

"I-I-I will," she sobbed.

Pauline yanked her up and back by the hair and Justine stumbled, then fell to her knees. The woman moved in front of her and drew her face in between her legs, grinding her sex against Justine's mouth and nose.

"Lick me, you little slut," she panted excitedly.

Feeling nauseous, Justine pushed her tongue out and licked up and down between the woman's fat brown pussy lips, wrinkling her face in disgust as Pauline laughed and ground her hips lewdly.

"That's it, slut. Take my clit and suck it," Pauline ordered.

Justine gasped for breath. Her face was wet with the woman's juices. Her nose hurt and her tongue was sore from the previous evening. But the pain flaring in her bottom gave her no choices, and she licked and sucked at the woman's musky sex for what seemed forever before Pauline groaned in pleasure and climaxed.

"You better learn better, little girl," she said, releasing Justine's hair. "Or you're going to have a very sore ass."

She gripped Justine's hair again and pulled her to her feet, ignoring her cry of pain. She led her out of the room and up the narrow hall, and then into the front of the bar.

The club was empty now, closed down. The tables were all set up neatly, the chairs pushed in. The lights were turned on, and a tall woman in a checkered red shirt was behind the bar wiping glasses. There were two other women present, one of them Tonya, the other a stranger. Justine felt the blood rush to her face as they looked at her, shamed and feeling terribly vulnerable and especially naked as her feet moved over the hardwood floor.

"How's our little guest?" Tony asked, smiling.

"She has a lot to learn," Pauline replied.

Tonya turned and grinned at the other woman, a busty brunette with shoulder length hair. "Shall we teach her a thing or two?"

The brunette smiled.

Tonya rose and Pauline laughed as she took Justine by the hair and bent her over the table.

"Don't! Please don't!" Justine panted.

Tonya took the vibrator from its sheath and turned it on, then gently slid the buzzing toy against Justine's clitoris.

Justine gasped and her legs jerked violently.

The other two women laughed at her response.

Tonya let the tip of the vibrator press against the little stud piercing her clitoral hood. It ached terribly, but with the ache came an intense rush, her entire groin shaking and quivering and trembling so that her sex began to moisten and burn and her pussy lips swelled and parted.

"Please!" she gulped. "Please!"

"She's so polite," the brunette said.

All three laughed, and Tonya slid a finger into Justine's sex, pumping it lightly in and out, then added a second.

Justine groaned and her hips bucked instinctively, shaming her as the three women laughed again.

Tonya played the vibrator back and forth against the little stud and her clitoris, and an orgasm rushed out of the depths of Justine's belly and made her shudder and buck in helpless pleasure. She felt as if her lower body was electrified, and shook wildly as the orgasm rolled through her.

"That's one thing to learn," Tonya said, pulling the vibrator back.

"Now teach her something useful," the brunette said.

Justine was lifted up and allowed to sink to her knees, panting for breath. She was turned, and saw that the brunette had removed her pants, slumped in her chair, and raised her legs up and apart, draping them across the arms of the chair.

"Come here, precious," she said with a smirk, "And I'll learn you something."

Justine was forced to lick her to climax, and then do the same to Tonya. As a reward, and to her shame, they made her climax with the vibrator again.

She was taken into the back room and made to run on the treadmill again, then given more pills and allowed to lie down. When she woke, she ate on her knees again, then was taken by Miss Jen into a bathroom and washed. The woman was very careful around Justine's piercings, and applied a soothing salve afterwards.

Justine was then permitted to kneel in a kind of small living room which contained a couple of worn out sofas and an old TV, and watch television with Pauline. It was hard to concentrate, however, because the woman kept staring at her, smirking at her, and grinning whenever Justine's face turned red.

"Come here," she ordered.

Reluctantly, Justine climbed to her feet and shuffled over.

Pauline took her arm and yanked her across her lap, laughing as Justine wriggled and twisted.

"Hold still," she ordered, slapping her bottom.

She forced her legs apart, and then began to finger Justine's clitoris. Again Justine felt pain and moaned. The pain grew as the woman continued to rub at her, but then the sexual heat flared and despite her most desperate wishes her body began to respond. Justine snickered in contempt and Justine bit her lip in misery as her hips began to jerk and grind and her breathing came in short, frantic little puffs and pants.

When she climaxed her head thrashed and twisted from side to side and she made frantic, passionate little grunting sounds which drew brays of laughter from the older woman.

She slept on her back that night, with the straps replaced by leather restraints buckled around her wrists and chained to the two top bedposts. She tried, but was unable to find any way of freeing herself from them and, finally, felling into an exhausted sleep.

## Chapter Eleven

"Please," she panted.

"A little more," Miss Jen said.

They had bent her over and thrust an enema hose into her rectum, then released a flood of warm water which swelled Justine's belly before thrusting a plug into her. She ached terribly and her stomach felt ready to burst.

Finally, they drew her to a bathroom, and, laughing, watched her expel the water. Shamed, Justine dropped her eyes to the floor as she was pulled away, whimpering as they pushed the enema hose into her a second time and washed her out again.

Afterwards, she was carefully washed, and dried, then given a dab of perfume.

She had been in the club for several days now, and was growing immune to the embarrassment of having people see her naked, of having to perform sex on them, of having them fondle and grope her and force orgasms upon her, even of them wash her and watch her go to the bathroom.

She had stopped asking to go home. Every time she did she was given several hard blows from the riding crop attached to her belt.

They dressed her carefully, first putting on the long black boots which were almost the twins of the ones Selina had had her purchase, then fitting her with equally long black gloves. They placed a leather halter against her chest just beneath her breasts and drew it behind her, then began to tighten the laces. Justine gasped as it squeezed in more and more tightly, crushing her waist so that she had to breath in short panting breaths.

The halter left her breasts bare, and in that way was more of a corset. Yet it had a kind of curving lip at its top which pushed up against the underside of her breasts. Attached to the lip were a pair of straps which were pulled up around the outside of her breasts and then curved in across the top to cross each other below her throat and then slide up over her shoulder. These had the effect of squeezing her breasts in

from the sides. Another, smaller strap crossed the top of her breasts, pressing down. Her breasts were thus presented, as if on a platter, squeezed together and down.

A collar went around her throat, much thicker than the other collars she had worn, pressing against the underside of her jaw whenever she tried to lower her head. A heavy stainless steel ring sat at the front of the collar.

The studs in her nipples were removed and replaced by a pair of ornamental stars. The stars were hollow so that her nipples and small areolas thrust through the centre, and a pin slipped through the centre of her nipples to hold them in place.

Her gloved arms were drawn back behind her, and straps wound around her wrists to bind them in place, then around her upper arms just above the elbows, drawing her arms back painfully, making her shoulders ache. When she complained a ball gag was thrust into her mouth, jammed deep, and a narrow strap wound around her head to buckle behind her.

Finally, the women attached a chain to her belly ring and ran it down to the ring they placed through her clitoral hood. The chain was intentionally too short, and tugged at the clitoral hood, lifting it up to bare her clitoris.

Smiling, they brushed her hair, then led her down the hall to another room.

There were two people in the room, a tall, distinguished looking Spanish man in a black suit, and a Spanish woman, equally tall, with long black hair done up in an elaborate style. They stared at her, and Justine quivered and blushed deeply and tried - and failed due to the high collar, to drop her chin down and stare at the floor. The man was the first she had seen since Mrs. Ramirez had brought her to the club. And aside from the strange man at the beach, and the two boys Selina had given her to, the only man to have seen her naked.

Her mind swirled and squirmed and she tried to look away, horribly embarrassed, but a sharp smack on her bottom made her go still, though she trembled and her heart pounded furiously.

They spoke together in Spanish, and walked over to her. The man cupped and squeezed her breasts, smiling when Justine moaned and flushed even more deeply. The woman smiled and fingered her sex, thrusting a finger into her. A moment after she withdrew it the man pushed his own finger into her, then turned her and bent her forward. They continued to talk, and Justine knew they were discussing her. The man's hand caressed her bottom, then a finger pushed into her and wriggled about.

They talked with Miss Jen, who, to Justine's surprise, spoke fluid Spanish with ease. There was a minor disagreement, Justine guessed.

She was turned again, her head pulled back so her back arched. The man caressed her belly and his fingers slipped between her legs to rub lightly against her pussy.

The agreement appeared to be settled and the Spanish woman took a leash from Pauline and attached it to the centre of Justine's collar, then turned and walked from the room. Justine stumbled after, rolling her eyes at Miss Jen, who was ignoring her the Spanish man drew an envelope from his jacket pocket and began counting out bills.

The Spanish woman led her farther up the hall than Justine had ever gone, and out through an emergency exit. The alley was dark. It was night. A large car sat a few feet away, and a man in a dark suit who had been propped against the hood abruptly straightened, threw away a cigarette, and hurriedly pulled open the rear door.

The Spanish woman climbed in and pulled Justine after her. She slid aside to the opposite door and pulled Justine until she sat in the middle. She turned, smiling, but her eyes were hot and dark. She spoke to Justine, but Justine did not understand. The woman ran her hands over Justine's body, and then slipped her fingers beneath the chain clipped to her belly button and clitoral hood. She tugged on it lightly and repeatedly, so that Justine winced and moaned.

She leaned in and licked lightly at her earlobe, whispering something Spanish into Justine's ear.

A moment later the Spanish man arrived and slid into the seat on the other side of her. The woman and he spoke at length as the other man got into the driver's seat and the big car moved forward. A dark tinted window slid up from the seat in front of them to block the driver's view of the back, and the two began to run their hands over Justine's body, squeezing, kneading and caressing.

Justine moaned as a rough finger rubbed insistently against her clitoris. It ached, yet there was a delicious sense of heat as well. She felt terribly helpless and exposed, bewildered about what was happening, and frightened, yet her body flared with hunger as the two ran their hands over her and their lips sucked at the opposite sides of her throat.

Their hands glided over Justine's soft young body, fingers and thumbs rolling her aching nipples, teeth nipping lightly at her earlobes and the nape of her neck, hands massaging her slender thighs and smooth belly.

Justine felt her arousal deepening, and a dark lust spawned by the awareness of how utterly helpless she was, of how much beyond her control everything had become. She writhed helplessly, moaning

into the gag as the two massaged her breasts and slid fingers into her sex, pumping them softly and smoothly in and out.

She felt herself growing more and more moist, and her legs spread on the seat as she opened herself up to their attention. Her breasts throbbed and her sex was on fire. Her exposed clitoris was swollen and exquisitely sensitive as their fingers pushed it up and down and caught at the chain linked to her clitoral hood.

Panting, gasping, moaning in heat, she only started weakly as her nipple was pinched, and then again, groaning as the woman closed her teeth against one nipple and ground them from side to side. It ached hotly, but the heat of her sexual arousal absorbed it and claimed it as its own.

Her hair was forced back across the top of the seat, and her back arched. She moaned, remembering how she was similarly used at the dark club, and her body shuddered as her sex spasmed powerfully.

A fingernail scratched across her clitoris and she writhed and cried out in pain, yet even the pain seemed a part of her hungry need, the sharp, stinging sensation only adding to sensual storm swirling through her body and mind.

Yet on the edge of climax they drew back, smiling, stroking her hair and face and smiling at her, leaving her to moan weakly and gulp in air.

The room was wide and high, with large white stone blocks for walls, and enormous wooden beams traveling across the roof thirty feet overhead. There was a large blue Persian rug in the centre of the floor. The rest of the floor was bare stone, though polished. The woman led Justine past tables and stools, chairs and cabinets, strange racks and frames, to a dark, carved wooden beam which rose from a heavy dark mahogany platform and curved sharply in until it went from vertical to horizontal. A hook was attached to its end.

Justine was made to step up onto the platform, perhaps six inches in height, and then her wrists were lifted up behind her. She gasped as the effect forced her to bend forward at the waist. The woman released her wrists, but they remained in place, her arms pointing straight up.

The woman spoke again, her fingers rubbing Justine's nipples. Then she pulled the pins free. Clips with tiny, painful metal teeth replaced them, and Justine cried out as they bit into her soft, sensitive nipples. Then small weighted balls were hung from the clips, pulling her nipples downwards. Her legs were spread and Justine screamed into the gag as the teeth of a similar clip bit into her clitoris.

Tears of pain and anguish filled her eyes as she shuddered and twisted and cried out. The woman laughed and slapped her bottom lightly. Then she attached a weighted ball to the clip.

She left, and Justine shuddered and trembled in her pain, panting for breath, saliva dripping from around her gag, hair hanging around her head. Soon her arms became numb and her shoulders and back began to ache fiercely. She raised her head often, gazing around the room, moaning, wondering what was happening. But she could never keep her head up for long and had to drop it, groaning weakly.

The fire in her nipples dimmed after a minute or two but they continued to throb powerfully. The sharp, jagged ache in her clitoris took longer to ease, but after a few minutes it was easily bearable. Though she felt terribly sore, pinched and swollen. She quickly discovered, however, that every small movement made the weights swing and twist and shake so that stinging pain rippled through her sensitive flesh.

Yet, despite her pain and anxiety her excitement, her heat remained. Justine was terribly aroused, thrilled at this bizarre and confusing turn of events. It felt terribly wicked to have a strange man seeing her naked, to have him fondling her. And she had no doubt he would soon be thrusting himself into her warm body, using her to satisfy his own lusts. And who was the woman? His wife? What a strange pair! What wonderful, terrible things would they do to Justine with her naked and at their mercy?

Despite her discomfort she was aware that her bottom and sex were lewdly presented to anyone who stepped behind her, aware that she could be conveniently used in such a position by any man who chose to do so. And the fact that she could not even protest such an event gave her a tight, wild little thrill.

Had they paid Miss Jen for her use? Did that make her a prostitute? The thought of that was both daunting and shockingly exciting. Justine had always regarded herself as a quite boring and dull girl, and so it was almost impossible to see herself as a prostitute, as a wicked sexual person.

She turned her body slightly and winced as the little ball pulled at her clitoris. Pain like little sparkles of fire ran through her groin, and her moan was only partly in pain. Her nipples throbbed and pins and needles crackled around the centre of her breasts.

The man and the woman abruptly returned, holding hands and smiling. The man wore a leather vest and tight, short leather shorts. The woman wore stiletto heeled leather shoes, a G-string, and a leather bustier. They parted as they reached the girl, the man gripping the strap behind her head and unfastening it while the woman moved to a nearby cabinet.

The man pulled the gag from Justine's mouth and she cried out in pain as her jaw muscles were finally permitted to move. He gripped her hair and yanked her head upright, so that Justine screamed a second time, tears spilling from her eyes.

"You will obey. Do you understand?" he demanded, his accent thick.

"Please don't hurt me!" Justine panted.

"Foolish girl," the woman said, coming over to stand on her other side. "You were born to be hurt, to be used, to be enslaved. That is why we have purchased you."

"I-I don't understand" Justine gasped.

They laughed in amusement.

"Once you are properly trained," the man said. "You will find life here quite exciting."

"You will be quite happy," the woman added, fingering Justine's breast.

"Once you are trained," the man said, emphasising the final word.

"Yes. We are not needlessly cruel," the woman said. "But animals must be trained, and pain is all they understand. You will be trained to instant, unquestioned obedience."

Justine stared at her in confusion and hunger, thinking of what a strange, wicked game the two were playing, and how exciting it was.

The Spanish woman moved to a nearby cabinet, the man continuing to hold Justine's head up by the hair, and drew the front open. Justine was shocked to see a woman inside. The cabinet barely wider or taller than she was. She was entirely nude and entirely hairless, with her arms drawn back behind her. She wore a metal collar around her throat. Small chains descended from its centre and clipped to pierced nipples, holding them up and slightly elevating her breasts. A kind of metallic belt went around her waist, and dropped down the centre of her abdomen and between her legs.

She stepped out of the cabinet and slid smoothly to her knees. The woman caressed her bald head and turned to Justine. "Yvette will teach you how to properly satisfy a man or a woman with your mouth. You had best be a very good student, for you will be expected to make rapid progress."

She snapped her fingers and Yvette rose to her feet, following the woman back towards where Justine was bound. At a finger's touch Yvette turned so that the Spanish woman could show her back to Justine. Justine saw that three metal bands held her wrists and arms together, forced back just as tightly as Justine's own.

"You see no locks on these bands," the woman said, eyes alight with fiery excitement. "No hooks, no buckles, no catches. These are welded on, as is her collar. It has been so for more than a year now, and will be so forever. She has no need of her hands to fulfill her task in life. Perhaps we will do this with you, yes? Or perhaps not. It is limiting in some respects, though enjoyable in others."

The man drew his erection out of his leather trousers and rubbed the head against Justine's face. She cringed weakly, her pulse racing. She had only had one man in her life, excluding the two boys Selina had given her to, and was still quite flustered and uncertain of herself in regard to pleasing them.

The man thrust his head into her open mouth and she closed her lips automatically as Yvette and the Spanish woman looked on. Her face coloured at their attention, and she moaned around the hard male flesh as the man's fingers twisted in her hair.

Yvette dropped to her knees beside her, placing her almost cheek to cheek with Justine, and the man pulled his cock out of her mouth and thrust it into Justine. Justine angled her head upwards and slid her mouth forward. Justine saw the bulge in the outside of her throat as she took the man's cock straight down, and watched her lips move smoothly up the length of his cock to the base.

There was something terribly exotic and erotic about Yvette, about her helplessness and submissiveness, about her allotted task in life as an apparent pleasure toy, yet at the same time the thought of being deprived of her hair and arms permanently astonished, shocked and frightened Justine, though of course, she had not had the use of her own arms for at least a week by then.

She watched the bald girl slide her lips up and down the man's cock, her blue eyes rolling up at him, filled with a limpid arousal and devotion which shocked Justine.

The man pulled his cock free and pushed it against Justine's mouth. Panting weakly, she closed her lips and sucked, drawing it in until she gagged. Then her eyes widened and she cried out at a sudden pain to her backside as a crack of noise echoed through the room.

"If your fear of taking a man too deep interferes we will provide a distraction," she heard the Spanish woman say from behind her.

The man thrust forward as another crack of noise announced a surging shock of pain to her upraised bottom, and Justine gagged only momentarily as the man's thick cock slid down her throat. He held her hair up in one hand as he fed his cock to her, and reached below her to knead her left breast so that the little weight danced and tugged at her nipple.

Another crack of pain made her jerk and shake, and the man began to pump his erection up and down within Justine's throat. She choked weakly, yet her body thrummed with the power of a near feverish

sexual hunger and as she rolled her eyes upwards she knew a tremendous masochistic heat at the cruel treatment she was undergoing.

Another crack of pain across her bottom made her eyes water, and her head throbbed with pain as her chest burned from lack of oxygen. Small black dots danced before her eyes as her mind began to swim dazedly.

The man pulled his cock free and she gasped and coughed and gulped in air, only weakly aware of the bald girl mouthing the man's testicles with her lips, sucking and licking at them as Justine regained her breath.

Another crack of pain made her body shake, causing the weights to jiggle and dance and pull below her. She whimpered, confused, uncertain, helpless as the cock was thrust into her mouth and down her throat once again.

The man pulled his cock free again and moved back, and, coughing once more, Justine drew in deep lungfuls of air as the woman moved before her. She was wearing - a strap on dildo - Justine thought. Yet the cock was unlike the ones Selina had used on her. Those had been carved to resemble a penis in shape, complete with head, and veins. The thing the Spanish woman wore was thickly coated in pointy little rubber studs.

As Justine stared at it, still gasping for breath, the woman thrust it into her mouth and Justine's eyes bulged as it forced her jaw painfully wide. The studs scratched across her lips and tongue uncomfortably, and for a moment she had a terrible fear the woman would force it down her throat.

Instead, laughing, she withdrew it, and rubbed it against Justine's face.

"Do you think this can give you pleasure, little slave girl? You would say not, but I think yes."

She moved behind Justine and the man moved forward again, thrusting his cock into her mouth. Justine moaned as she felt the rubbery cock pressing against her swollen sex lips, felt it pushing forward. Her pussy lips were spreading wider and wider, eager for penetration, but as the studs passed through her inner lips Justine felt the sharp discomfort as they clawed across her sensitive skin.

It - hurt. And yet, the heat flared across her skin, fire crackling up and down her spine as the woman pushed it deeper and deeper. She felt the sharp little surfaces of the rubber studs clawing at the velvety walls of her pussy tunnel, and moaned around the cock thrust into her throat.

The man shifted his grip on her hair, spreading it apart now into two fistfuls, one to either side of her head. He pulled them up and out and began to thrust faster into her throat so that his pubic bone crushed painfully against Justine's nose.

The studded dildo thrust deeper still and she shuddered, then cried out soundlessly as it withdrew, sliding smoothly and painfully back up her pussy. It was thrust forward again, and the woman began to pump steadily.

At first the pain overwhelmed whatever excitement she felt at being deeply and fully penetrated. The studs were scratching at her inner pussy in a way which made her bottom dance and shake and twist with discomfort. But then the sharp little aches seemed to merge into the heady sexual fire burning through her veins and the heat roared higher.

It hurt, and it was wonderful!

The woman thrust harder still, and pain and pleasure merged and mixed and screamed as her nervous system overloaded. Justine gurgled dazedly around the cock now pumping up and down in her throat. She could not breathe, and even that seemed to add to her arousal, as her dazed mind was swamped by overwhelming waves of orgasmic ecstasy.

She had never felt such pleasure before. The entire world was filled with pleasure, pleasure of such intensity as she had never known. It thundered through her body, with pain crackling through the storm like sheet lightning. The orgasm seemed never-ending, and convulsions wracked her body as her wave after wave of pleasure howled through her.

## Chapter Twelve

She woke to another orgasm.

Her body arched and her hips twisted in midair as she shuddered and moaned in dazed pleasure. Her head felt as though it was ready to explode, and confusion reigned supreme within her mind. But as the orgasm subsided she realized she was upside down. Yet her head was no longer hanging forward, but

backwards, for she was bent back across something, her legs spread wide, her arms bound down below her.

Her back ached fiercely, and she stared at the upside down world around her and saw that she was still in the stone room, though so far as she could see she was alone.

But not alone, for a pair of soft lips were at her sex, mouthing her labia gently, a tongue smoothly caressing the edges of her clitoris.

Her groan brought a soft sound, and a moment later the bald girl knelt in front of her, smiling.

Justine groaned and the woman leaned in and kissed her gently on the lips.

"Wha-what- what's happening?" Justine gasped.

The girl smiled again.

"You are to have no rest, no surcease, no peace," she said in a small, French accented voice. "You will be absorbed by the sexual heat surrounding you so that you know and want nothing else. This is what Mistress has ordered and Yvette obeys."

She kissed her again, her tongue sliding liquidly into Justine's mouth, her lush lips massaging Justine as the girl's head twisted slowly from side to side.

She pulled away and moved around behind her, and Justine, turning her head, realized she was draped back across a kind of wide barrel, her wrists and ankles bound to rings set on the floor to either side. Then she felt the girl's lips against her pussy and her tongue pushed deep - shockingly deep into her moist opening.

Her tongue was irresistible, and Justine began to shake and tremble, her muscles spasming and twisting as another orgasm overcame her, and then another, and another. Her belly ached, her back burned, and she gasped breathlessly, her chest on fire. But the girl's tongue could not be resisted, not, at least, by a girl as weak as Justine. Another and another orgasm rolled over her, and still more, as she shuddered and bucked and sobbed in helpless, wanton pleasure.

The Spanish woman arrived, her heels clicking lightly on the stone floor, but Justine hardly noticed her. Then the flog cut across her straining belly and she cried out in pain. Justine jerked her head, gasping, staring, moaning. Another blow made her cry out, made her arms and legs strain against the chains holding them.

"Please!" she cried.

The girl seized her swollen clitoris between her lips, her tongue twirling against it. A dozen sharp cracks of pain merged as one as the flog came down across her taut breasts. Pain and pleasure clawed at her mind and she gave herself to the wildfire lust and excitement filling her mind and soul.

"I'm so tired."

Yvette drew back slowly. She was wearing a bizarre kind of strap on dildo. For it was attached to her chin rather than her loins. She was kneeling between Justine's legs, using both her tongue and the thick dildo to keep the girl moaning and gasping.

Justine was hanging by her wrists, heavy shackles lifting them up and out to either side of her body. Her legs were similarly spread and chained, leaving her sex exposed and vulnerable to Yvette's attentions.

She could not remember ever being so exhausted. Her arms were numb, her shoulders on fire. She had come more times than she could remember, and her belly and chest felt as if they had been pummelled by angry fists. Her sex felt raw and sore. The touch of the bald girl's tongue against her clitoris now brought almost as much pain as pleasure.

"No rest, mistress said," Yvette told her.

"H-how did you get here?" Justine panted, desperate to keep the girl's tongue away from her clitoris for at least a few extra seconds.

The French girl hesitated. "Mistress bought me," she said after a moment.

"H-how?"

"Yvette was a bad girl," she said sadly. "A bad girl, a disobedient girl, a useless girl. Yvette had to be punished. Mistress taught her. Mistress trained her."

She pushed her head forward and Justine groaned as the thick dildo slid up into her body once more, driving deep enough that the girl's tongue could begin to once again lick at her clitoris.

The door opened at the far end of the room and the Spanish man arrived. Justine felt an up welling of hunger and a delicious sense of embarrassment as his eyes moved over her. He did not speak, but moved to the nearby cabinet and searched among the whips and flogs there.

Justine moaned, her head falling back as she looked up at her shackled wrists overhead, then down at the bald girl licking at her sex.

"Please... don't," she gasped dazedly as the man moved towards her.

"When you're fully trained you will be grateful," he said with a smile.

The flog made no noise as it flew through the air. The long leather strips spread out and then crackled across her back like a rain of fire. Justine cried out, her back arching, her body straining and twisting in its bonds.

Another blow, and another, and another had her back on fire. A fifth, and her back felt raw. A sixth and the pain deepened and grew sharper. Three more and she was sobbing openly, helplessly, snivelling, begging.

She cried out as her head was yanked back by the hair.

"Do you want my cock instead?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" she gasped frantically.

"Master," he growled.

Her dazed eyes blinked. "Master," she panted.

She felt it rubbing up and down between her buttocks, felt its hardness, its warmth, its thickness even as the girl continued to lick and suck at her clitoris. She felt the cock sliding between her thighs, stroking along her moist slit as the girl drew back and tried to lick at it.

Then it was pushed against her anus. She moaned, but it was far preferable to being flogged, and so she felt a desperate relief as he thrust himself into her. The ache in her rectum a minor thing as he slowly worked his way deeper, the pain in her sex as the girl thrust the dildo back inside and began to lick quite minor compared to the sharp cut of the flog.

"You are a slave now, Justine," his voice breathed into her ear. "Know this. Know it deep in your soul. Your body is ours to do with as we please."

She groaned as his cock slid deeper into her anus.

She felt full, achingly full, and groaned in a mixture of pleasure and pain. He began to pump, and the hard, steady thrust of his cock made her insides quiver and roll. The girl pumped her chin in and out, lapping at Justine's clitoris every time she thrust it deep, trying to time herself to the master's thrusts.

Justine cried out as she came - again.

She did not know what time it was, or really, where she was or even, who she was. The world was quiet and peaceful, and she floated. Thinking was hard. Her head ached terribly. She was hot - everywhere. Her skin felt flayed, burned front and back.

Justine hung upside down, as she had for many hours. Her legs were spread wide, her pale flesh a mass of red stripes and lines of various thicknesses, criss crossing her back and belly, her breasts and bottom and thighs and even her hairless sex.

She did not know that she was upside down. For while she was conscious her mind was not functioning on a level capable of such complex thoughts and understanding.

She ached. Everywhere. The pain was a wall around her mind, constantly there, unending. She did not know or care its source, or dwell upon it. It was simply - there.

Occasionally her stomach grumbled emptyly, yet her hunger was merely another discomfort, its source not understood. Her throat was dry, her tongue swollen, for she was dehydrated.

Justine moaned softly.

The world tilted and her stomach roiled with nausea. Yet it was empty, and no threat to rebel. Shadowy figures moved around her and the terrible pressure in her head began to slowly ease as she felt something cold and hard against her back and buttocks. She was penetrated, and grunted weakly, a part of her pleased. There was a hard, steady thumping against her buttocks as something moved within her, and she felt oddly comforted.

She was blinded. Sharp smacks and blows to her bottom and back raised her to her hands and knees, but she was shaky, weak, dazed. Still, pain provoked her to movement and she crawled as she was ordered. When a hand pushed her face down and she felt water, she began to drink. She reached for the water and a sharp blow to her bottom stopped her.

After she had drank she ate small bits of food from someone's hand, then crawled again, her knees aching as they moved across the floor. Someone mounted her and used her roughly, then her wrists were locked behind her again and she was pulled to her feet. Yet then one of her ankles was lifted up high and locked in place, forcing her to balance precariously on one foot. This she did - for a time, then fell and hung by one ankle. Her other leg hung wide, heavy, open, and she moaned dazedly.

She felt a touch at her sex, fingers rubbing and stroking and squeezing, tongues and lips forcing pleasure into her aching, exhausted body. Then she was taken down and carried and placed on a table or bench. She heard many voices, and then hands were all over her body. It was like the club, except these were larger hands, harder hands, rougher hands, male hands.

Even in her dazed state she felt embarrassment, yet relief that she could not see them. Somehow, that made it better, even as they thrust their hard cocks into her, even as she felt her soft pubic lips split, felt

them squeezing down around the hard shaft sliding through. Even as her mouth was filled with a hot, thick cock, and her anal opening groaned at the pressure inflicted upon it by another.

She did not know how many men used her. It was like the club in its wild confusion, the yelling, the voices calling out, shouting, laughing, joking, the hands all over her body, groping, squeezing, fondling, slapping, pinching. The lips on her breasts, the hands pulling at her hair. But the penetration was different, as cock after cock slid into her body and began pumping, one, two, and sometimes three at a time.

Then she was bent over and strapped until her tears soaked the inside of her blindfold, and taken back to a hard cot and thrown down to sleep. It was the first real sleep she had had in a long time and she fell instantly into a dark hole, not to awaken until slapped awake many, many hours later.

She was sore, aching all over, but they cared nothing for her pain. The Spanish woman had her taken into a tiled room and washed by servants, then two men in black trousers and white shirts took her from the servant girl and dragged her away, still bound, and dripping wet. She was brought into a small room lined with mirrors, with a strange looking thing in its centre.

It was a metal frame of sorts, gleaming stainless steel, angled sharply forward. She thought to look on the back, which faced up, where she believed a girl might be placed, to lay back at an angle, yet they led her to the front and turned her to back against it. There were two thick cylinders running up the front of the frame. The two men lifted her as if she weighed nothing and tilted her forward, then backed her against the cylinders. She gasped as they pushed heavily against her pussy and rectum, trying to wriggle free, but their hands were like metal shackles around her thighs and arms and there was little she could do to resist them.

She felt the pressure growing, the pain mounting as they pushed her down and back. She cried out into the gag they had forced into her mouth as the cylinders were driven into her body, her soft aching, swollen flesh forced aside by the resolute strength of her captors and the harsh cold steel now sliding upwards through her body.

Her legs were lifted up and back, thick leather straps fastening around them at ankle and thigh to pin her against the frame. She slid lower and the metal tubes pushed higher into her belly. Her arms were forced back behind her, and then down sharply, painfully, forcing her upper torso to arch farther and farther, the arms threatening to pull free of their sockets as the men forced them back still farther. The rounded, top edge of the frame cutting into her back as they finally strapped her arms down.

She was leaning forward like the figurehead on a yacht, her back arched painfully. And then they gripped her hair, twisting it together behind her, and pulling back, fastening it in some way which held her head up and back.

One of them stopped before her, and took out a small black ball attached to a metal pipe. He pushed the pipe between her parted lips, fitting it to the gag there, and began to squeeze. She felt the gag expanding still further, and moaned, trying to shake her head at him. He had no expression on his face, neither pleasure nor regret as the ball within her mouth grew wider, forcing her jaw to open yet further.

He withdrew the pipe and then placed a blindfold over her eyes.

The frame began to move.

She felt herself tilting forward farther and farther, the frame tilting with her until her ankles were higher than her head. Then the frame tilted back, farther, still farther, so she was almost on her back. It turned to one side and then forward. Meanwhile the two cylinders within her began to pump, slowly at first, but with increasing strength, churning in and out of her body, both vibrating powerfully so that her entire body began to tremble.

"What is your name?"

Justine looked up but saw nothing. The hand slapped her face lightly and her eyes blinked.

"What is your name?"

"J-Justine," she whispered in a voice so soft they did not hear.

They slapped her face again. "What is your name?"

"J-J-Justine," she whispered again, more loudly.

She could see now, could focus her eyes. They were sore. Her hair was sore. Her arms and legs were sore. Her breasts ached, her nipples burned, her groin hurt, and inside she felt - raw - bruised - and sore.

She did not know how long she had been on the device. It had hurt terribly at first, then, as the pain had faded, pleasure had swept through her body. The churning, buzzing cylinders had driven her body into orgasm after orgasm, dozens and dozens until she was so exhausted, her stomach muscles so sore that they actually hurt. And still they had come, even with the pain, even as the pain had grown worse from her bruised, overused pussy and numbed anus.

And then had come - something else. A series of electrical shocks which made her yelp repeatedly, which had come faster and faster and grown more powerful until it was one long shock and she had gurgled in mindless agony, the cylinders still pumping strongly inside her straining, sweating body.

"You will serve obediently Justine. It was what you were created for."

Justine wore the leather boots and gloves she had arrived in. Her master and mistress seemed to approve of them. She wore the collar and halter as well, but with large silver nipple rings. A fat, heavy barbell stud through her clitoral hood gave her little clitty no peace, and it was constantly swollen and aroused. Even her walking was difficult, for it ground against her clitoris in a way which made her gasp and squeeze herself. She had to walk with her legs more widely apart so that the sensation was not too intense to resist.

She wore leather restraints on her wrists and ankles, but these were often unbound so that she could accomplish chores and tasks Yvette could not. She was given the task of feeding Yvette, of washing her and taking care of her needs. She spoke to Yvette often at first, but found the girl had little interest in anything beyond sex.

She had apparently belonged to the Spanish couple for some time, and found her situation as a sex slave to be exciting and entirely fulfilling. She spoke lovingly of the orgies she had taken part in, of the many men and women she had serviced, and delighted in showing Justine how far she could thrust her tongue out.

"I am a fuck toy," she said proudly. "As you will be some day, when they remove your hair and lock your wrists in place."

Justine ran a hand self consciously through her hair and the girl laughed.

"You won't miss it," she said. "All it is good for is a hold for their hands to pull on. You'll be glad when it's gone."

"H-how do they get rid of it?" Justine asked, staring at Yvette's bald head.

Yvette snorted. "You ask this? How did they get rid of that?"

She gestured at Justine's bare sex and Justine looked down.

"I-I don't know," she said. "I mean, they shaved me but - ."

"Stupid slut," Yvette said in amusement. "Electrolysis, or laser. Don't you wonder why it doesn't grow back? It will never grow back, fool. And soon they will do it to your head as well, and you will be as I am."

Justine did not understand the girl, did not understand her pride in her "status" as a fuck toy, as a helpless, armless creature of sex. Justine was still embarrassed a little at being seen naked by the servants who worked and lived in the big house. Yet Yvette preened around them, as if she thought she were better than they were. She flaunted her body and her bondage, and flirted outrageously with everyone she saw.

When she was hungry or thirsty she would go to the kitchen and kneel with her legs spread wide, begging in a loud yet submissive voice for food or liquid. It clearly embarrassed many of the servants, who looked at her as a bizarre creature and were very reluctant to hold cups to her lips or put food on the floor for her to lap up.

Of course, it did not bother the male servants. Yvette boasted that every male servant, and there were scores, had taken her at least once.

Justine walked about only when she had to, and was much more discreet and meek around the servants. She felt - bizarre in her sex outfit, as she thought of it, and tried to question them about where they were and where the exits were. Yet though the servants clearly were unnerved by the naked slave girls they were also quite loyal to their master and mistress, and for her questions Justine found herself stood between a pair of pillars in a courtyard and painfully whipped.

It was not a flogging. The Spanish woman used what Justine had once thought of as a whip, the only thing she had thought of as a whip, a long single tail leather whip which slashed across her back with such pain it drew a scream which hurt her throat.

And it was only the first.

Her screams echoed across the courtyard and against the open windows as the Spanish woman sent the long whip slicing across her tender flesh, scoring her back from top to bottom, then slicing into the soft, warm flesh of her buttocks.

Thrashing, weeping, begging for mercy, frantic with the pain and desperate to escape, Justine tore at the shackles binding her in place, tears spilling down her cheeks and over her breasts as she twisted and jerked to the painful blows.

The whip sliced forward again, the terrible "crack" of noise bringing another savage blast of pain, but this time from another direction. The whip curled around her chest, the tip flipping up and snapping at the tender underside of her right breast.

Her shriek made birds fly from a nearby tree, and the chains creaked as she flung her weight against them. Yet her struggle went for naught.

The whip cut across her back again, once more curled around her rib and snapped cruelly at her breast, sending the soft round orb bouncing as she threw her head back and screamed in agony.

Again and again the whip sliced around her body, on the left, on the right, on the left again, striking her breasts and belly and then angling downwards to stab at her sex and inner thighs.

Only when her screams had stopped, only when she hung by her wrists, when she responded with soft grunts to each new blow, did the whip stop. She was taken down, dragged back into the house and flung into a cold stone cell, her whip marked body red with welts and blood.

Thus did she learn discretion.

After a day in the cell she was given back her small room with its soft, warm bed, and salve and time wore the welts and cuts away to leave her skin once more unmarred, though her mind, of course, had been stricken and scarred forever.

She obeyed without question now, performing upon the master or mistress - or both - with feigned enthusiasm, smiling happily at the guests she was given to and doing her best to please them.

Yet she and Yvette were not the only other slave girls at the estate, as Justine was to learn when the Spanish woman saw her in the hall one day outside her room.

The Spanish woman, wearing a long black dress, stopped and frowned at her, and Justine lowered herself to her knees before her. The woman looked at her, then away.

"A walk would be good for you," she said. "You are too pale."

She slid her fingers in beneath Justine's hair, brushing it aside from her cheek.

"But we would not want such lovely skin to be damaged. We will ensure you are well protected from the sun's harsh rays.

She called out to one of her servants, a large woman with a flat nose and the woman waddled over. They spoke in Spanish for several seconds, and the fat woman bobbed her head obsequiously, took Justine by the arm, and led her up the corridor.

Once out of her mistress's range the woman began to mutter angrily, casting disapproving, sidelong glances at Justine. She barked a word or two at her in Spanish, and snorted at the girl's obvious lack of comprehension.

They walked down a long, winding staircase, past the first floor, into the basement. Justine kept her eyes downcast, staring at the brown tiles on the floor as her bare feet padded across them.

She raised her eyes when they turned into a large, brightly lit room, noted it to be a kind of laundry room, and then dropped her eyes again at the presence of several servants.

She heard the fat woman speaking, and heard another woman reply. Then she heard a strange, squeaky male voice, and her blush deepened. Yet she raised her eyes as a small figure approached, blinking in surprise to see a very small man come around from behind a counter. He was no more than waist high to her, but very broad shouldered. His face was wide, with a large nose. He was in his fifties, she guessed, with much of his hair already gone.

He stared at her like a child given an ice cream cone, and she trembled and dropped her eyes to her bare toes as they continued to speak in rapid Spanish. There was laughter from some of the women, and someone slapped her bottom sharply enough for her to yelp in pain, which drew more laughter.

Then the fat woman walked her back into the hall, with the little man hurrying after on his short legs.

They walked up the corridor and then through a tall door into a cross corridor. They passed several servants as they walked, but Justine kept her eyes glued to the floor.

They turned into a room bright with sunlight streaming through wide glass doors. There, Justine was knelt, and ordered to wait. The fat woman left her, and the little man stared with wide, excited eyes which flitted all over her. He whispered to her several times in Spanish, dry washing his hands in his lap as he paced back and forth.

The fat woman returned, bearing a plastic bottle and a short chain with a leather handle on one end and a clip on the other. A leash. She handed both to the little man, spoke to him for a minute, then, smirking at Justine, turned and left them.

The little man looked at her anxiously, shyly, then poured a thick, creamy liquid from the bottle into his hand and stepped towards her. Justine dropped her eyes again, her heart beating quicker as he grew near. She started as his hand dropped onto her shoulder and she felt the coolness of the liquid and the hard, rough calloused hand against her soft skin. The man whispered soothingly to her in Spanish as he spread the cream over her shoulder, then skipped behind her, stroking it smoothly down along her back and over her other shoulder. He hesitated, then spread the liquid down her arms and, slowly, up along her hips and sides before taking a deep breath and moving around in front of her.

Justine could see that his trousers bulged as he stared at her. Then he poured more cream into his hand and began to brush it lightly down her chest, moving between her breasts at first, then, with an indrawn hiss, slowly, daringly, caressing the underside of one breast, rubbing the creamy liquid into her skin as his hand rubbed ever so gently back and forth, sliding slowly higher, his fingers tightening, squeezing softly into the malleable flesh.

His hand moved upwards and his oily fingers stroked across her nipples, then up higher, rubbing the soft top of her breast before shifting to the other side of her chest.

The longer he touched her the more comfortable he seemed to get, and his oiled fingers gently rolled and stroked her other nipple between them, squeezing lightly and plucking at the ring to stretch the skin.

He called out a word to her which she did not know, and impatiently tugged at her hair so that, understanding, Justine rose to her feet. His hand moved down her thighs now, down her legs and over her ankles, sliding up the backs of her legs, up and down, quite slowly, his eyes intense, his expression filled with awe and delight as his fingers caressed her downy skin.

His hand moved upwards, past her buttocks. He poured more cream, then rubbed it into her lower back just at the cleft between her buttocks, letting the liquid dribble slowly down, his hand following, spreading the slippery cream over her bottom, fingers kneading freely now as he made to enjoy himself more.

Saving the best for last, his hand, large for such a little man, slid down between her buttocks, down beneath her, following the contours of her body to stroke across her sex. She shuddered lightly, a swirling mix of embarrassment, shame, indignation and excitement filling her mind as his hand caressed her sensitive little mound.

Then he tugged at her to bring her to her knees, and pushed her forward so that her shoulders were pressed against the floor. He moved behind and she heard the sound of his zipper going down. Her knees shifted apart as, panting, she waited to be penetrated.

She did not expect much, and gasped in surprise at the thickness of his cock as it was driven into her oiled sex. She groaned aloud as he pushed deep, and then his big hands seized her hips and he began to ride her, thrusting hard and fast, too eager to accomplish more than a rough mounting.

But a rough mounting was all Justine wanted, and she gasped and panted as his hips struck her upturned bottom and his plunging cock pumped up and down inside her belly.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she gasped as the little man used her.

The hard thumping of his groin against her pussy did delicious things to her clitoris, especially as the little barbell rubbed and rolled against her. She came just before he did, closing her eyes, her mouth drawing wide as she shuddered in orgasmic pleasure.

He emptied himself within her, groaning in delight. Then staggered back, panting, hurriedly doing himself up, looking around him in obvious fear that someone might see.

He urged her up onto her feet, and then clipped a chain to her clitoral ring, an obvious leash. He opened the door and led her outside, and Justine's bare feet exulted in the cool grass underneath as they walked out into a large garden.

It was an enormous and well kept garden, with large, decorative fields of multi coloured flowers, small, gurgling ponds and fountains, and perfectly trimmed rows of hedges and trees. The little man walked her slowly along a path made of small, interlocking brown marble stones, tugging occasionally on the leash if she slowed.

They passed a pair of servant girls, who stared at her with wide eyes until she passed, then, giggling madly, hurried away.

Justine could see a tall stone wall in the distance, running from left to right as far as the eye could see. It was taller than some of the trees around it, and she realized it must mark the boundary of her masters' estate. Clearly no prying eyes could see her there in the yard, and that was why the master had allowed her to be walked there.

The little man walked her up and down the pathways and through the hedges, clearly bored.

He reminded Justine of a young boy forced to walk the family dog, and she flushed a little at the comparison. He walked her back towards the open door, and then halted as the Spanish woman emerged, holding another leash. Justine froze as she saw, what she first thought was Yvette crawling at the end of the line.

Yet it was not Yvette. This girl was more slender, and, though it was difficult to judge, smaller. Moreover, she had no arms or legs, or rather, no hands or feet. Her limbs had been severed at the joints where her elbows and knees would have been, and in their place were flat black rubberized - hooves.

Perhaps there was another term for them, but they looked, to Justine, like nothing more than hooves. She stared in shocked wonder as the Spanish woman led the girl up to them, and Justine saw that the leash was fastened to a ring set in her nose.

She smiled at Justine and then fondly patted the bald girl's head. The girl's eyes shone and she looked up and rubbed her head against the woman's knee as though she were a cat.

"This is Katrine," she said.

"Wha- how - ."

"She is Russian. One day she was lost in a storm. By the time she was found frostbite had cost her her arms and legs."

"But - ."

"She was abandoned by her parents. Too much trouble to take care of. She was in a state home, being treated like a useless cripple, waiting to die. But we saw something more for her, saw a better life than the social workers could give her."

She patted the girl's head again and Katrine mewled and rubbed her bald head against her leg.

She handed the leash to the little man, who shrugged and took it. The Spanish woman returned to the house and the little man continued walking, now holding two leashes.

Justine could not take her eyes from the girl. Her wide eyed look of happiness disappeared after the Spanish woman left and she looked at Justine with a gaze of sad acceptance as the little man pulled on her leash. She whined softly as her nose was tugged, then followed along, her rubber "hoofs " making little clomping sounds as she hurried to keep up.

The little man walked them behind some hedges and then turned with a broad smile. He jerked on Justine's leash and she yelped in pain, then gasped as he forced her down onto a bench. He said something to Katrine and slapped the side of her head lightly, and the girl crawled between Justine's legs and began to lick.

Her tongue was as long and adept as Yvette's, and Justine, fascinated and appalled, stared, as she watched the dwarf man move behind her and take out his erection. The girl looked up at her with sad eyes as her tongue circled Justine's clitoris, and then she gave a little shudder as the dwarf thrust himself into her from behind.

Justine was soon panting as the girl's tongue roused her body, and groaning in pleasure as the heat swirled around her.

The dwarf was riding the crippled girl as he had ridden Justine, wildly and enthusiastically, his big cock pumping furiously in her pussy as his hands squeezed her dangling breasts.

Justine was on the edge of orgasm when he groaned and collapsed atop her. She was so near she almost screamed when the little man rose and pulled Katrine away from her, yanking her to her feet by her leash and walking off again.

They returned to the house, and the little man handed Katrine's leash to a serving girl, who giggled as she looked down at the woman, then led Justine back up the hall and back up the stairs. Justine's wrists were released and she was locked into her room.

She had gotten quite used to walking on the high, stiletto heels now, and moved easily across the floor. She was always aroused now, perhaps because of the barbell in her clitoral hood, perhaps because she was always more or less naked, perhaps because she was now in an environment where her sexuality was highly prized and she was used often and openly.

She was not given sex toys to play with. Her master and mistress did not particularly wish her to satisfy her own lusts. They preferred to have her craving their use and that of their guests. However, if she was in deep need there was a device placed in the room which she could use to satisfy her needs.

It was a thick dildo set into the wall near her bed. She need only bend over and back herself against it, then slide her moist sex slave down its length until her bottom slapped against the wall. However, there was a small wedge set against its underside so that, when she was fully impaled, it jammed painfully against her clitoris, pinching the small, sensitive bud against her barbell.

But pain was no longer a real deterrent to Justine.

She turned and bent forward, reaching between her legs for the thick dildo and guiding herself onto it. She gasped as it slid into her pussy, and placed her hands on her knees, backing further, her bottom rolling as she began to pump her hips in and out. She thought of the Russian girl, of how wild and savage she looked, so much like an animal, yet human. She was a sex animal, and the cruelty and exotic nature of her made Justine's legs go liquid.

She slapped her bottom back against the wall, gasping as the wedge beneath the dildo ground against her clitoris.

If she held her bottom an inch away from the wall she could avoid the pain, but she could not. Her arousal demanded every inch of penetration, and she slapped her bottom back again and again, gasping and moaning as her heat intensified, as her breasts wobbled below her and her groin caught fire. She cried out as she came, cried out in pleasure, her bottom flattening again and again against the wall as her insides erupted in orgasmic delight.

Sated momentarily, she slid off the dildo and moaned, stumbling to her bed and collapsing into it, rolling over onto her back and squeezing her pussy gently.

## Chapter Thirteen

The Spanish woman opened the door and Justine saw the Russian girl kneeling - or rather, standing in the centre of a small stone room, her leash tied to a ring set in the wall. The Spanish woman untied the leash and gave it to Justine.

"You will be responsible for looking after our pets now," she said. "Both this one and Yvette. You will see to their needs, wash them, feed them, and if we so order, punish them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress," Justine said, her eyes wide.

The woman left and closed the door behind her, leaving Justine staring at the other girl. "Uhm, is there anything I can get for you?" Justine asked uncomfortably.

Katrine looked up at her sadly. "My arms and legs," she said in a soft voice.

"I'm sorry," Justine said.

The girl seemed to shrug. "It's not so bad being an animal. People pet me a lot."

Justine bit her lip.

"I used to dance a lot, you know," Katrine said.

"Couldn't they uhm, give you something artificial?"

The girl gave a bitter laugh. "In Russia? Surely you joke. A pair of wooden pegs and a hook on one hand is the best I could have expected, and then only by bribing someone. I was lucky to even get food in the hospital. I would have been dead had Mistress not purchased me for her - her pet."

She clomped across the floor and Justine saw there was a small mattress in a corner of the room. The girl lay down awkwardly on her side and looked up at Justine.

"People treat me like an animal now," she said. "Except that they don't usually fuck animals."

Justine sat down gingerly, the butt plug throbbing inside her, the small weight pulling against her clitoris.

"Do you wish you could run away?" she asked, then blushed. "I mean - ."

The girl laughed mockingly. "I don't move very fast on these," she said, raising an arm. "And where would I go? I will always be a freak. The thing they did to my head means I will never grow hair again. Like the French girl. I suppose I could find a wheelchair and a wig and spend my life watching television. It does not sound like a big thrill, however."

"Besides - ."

She rolled onto her back and her short, stumpy legs were spread wide.

"They have changed me, these sick people. Too much of me craves what they do to me. They ride me like a bitch dog, and sometimes I feel like one, like a bitch in heat."

She gazed down at her naked sex and then at Justine.

"It is a part of my misery that I can do nothing about the heat I feel. If you are my keeper, if you to look to my needs, look to this one."

Justine crawled closer and reached out with her hand, sliding it between the girl's legs, lightly rubbing her sex.

"You're very wet," she said in surprise.

"I'm always wet," the girl said, her voice already deepening, her passion rousing.

Justine slid a finger through the girl's tight pussy lips and felt her cream oozing out around it as she pumped it in and out. Katrine moaned, her head rolling from side to side.

The door opened and the Spanish woman stood there.

"I almost forgot," she said. "You will not permit her to climax. Is that understood? If you disobey you will be punished."

"Yes, mistress," Justine said, yanking her hand back.

The woman smirked. "Tease her all you like. Just do not let her climax. We have a party tonight and she will be much in demand there. Bathe her and make her ready."

The door closed and Katrine stared after her, glowering.

"Sorry," Justine said.

The girl rolled over, sighing.

"I was studying to be an economist," she said. "Now I am a-an animal, a sex animal."

"I'm a sex toy too," Justine said sympathetically.

"You are a sex toy. I am a sex animal. You will see my shame tonight."

She rose on her stumpy arms and legs.

"Wash me now. I will be filthy enough after their games."

She crawled off the bed and over to a corner where a low toilet sat.

"First the enema. They will sodomize me often. I must be clean or they will whip us both."

Justine nodded, picking up the enema bag and filling it then sliding the tube into the girl's rectum. When that chore was done Katrine climbed into a low tub.

Justine then knelt, turning on the water. She washed the girl's body with a soft soap, her leather gloves sliding back and forth over her bottom and between her legs. She could not resist penetrating her, pumping softly, stroking her thumb across Katrine's clitoris as the girl panted and moaned and thrust her bottom back.

Then the girl pulled away, shaking her head. "They will whip you if I come," she said, panting.

"They won't know."

"They will," she said. "They know everything. Dry me, and use the oil there on the stand."

Justine patted her dry, then picked up a can of lubricant and used her fingers to slide it inside the girl's pussy and anus. She tried to be clinical as her leather fingers slid into the girl's pussy but Katrine gasped and rolled her hips uncontrollably, jerking away with a cry.

"I am so- so sensitive now that - I cannot control myself," she said in a husky voice. "My mind is twisted and broken, as yours will be."

"But - ."

"My leash. We do not want to be late."

Justine had no sooner attached the leash to the girl's nose ring when the door opened and the Spanish woman stood there, wearing a red and black gown. She nodded and smiled in satisfaction. "Excellent," she said. "Bring her."

Justine walked after her, trying to walk slowly, but needing to keep up. The Russian girl had to crawl rapidly to keep the nose ring from pulling painfully against her as they walked up the hall, past several servants, and through a wide hall to what Justine thought of as the better decorated side of the house.

They turned into a large, walk-in closet and the Spanish woman found a long black dress for Justine to wear over her sex outfit, as she thought of it. The dress was quite modest, and even pretty, and swept the floor at her feet, hiding, she thought, what she was. Then they moved back up the hall.

She began to hear voices ahead, and blushed nervously. Many people had seen her naked now, but she had still not gotten used to it, especially when others were fully clothed. And while the Spanish woman had given her a dress to wear she was under no illusion it would stay on her body for very long.

The room was wide and there were dozens of people present, all richly dressed, as the Spanish woman was. Many eyes turned on them as they entered, and Justin flushed, dropping her eyes to see that the Russian girl had gone pale, rather than red.

The Spanish woman said something, an announcement which was greeted by laughter and cheers, and someone squeezed Justine's bottom through the dress.

The Spanish woman took the leash from her and walked around the room quickly, and the people laughed, some in amusement, some in horrified delight, some in awe, to see the bald girl scrambling after her like a frantic puppy, yelping at the pain to her nose.

She stopped and called a command, and the Russian girl bent and licked at the toes of her shoes, her tongue lapping wildly and enthusiastically. She called another command and Katrine awkwardly sat back, her legs apart, and - barked.

Laughter rained down upon her, and Justine saw the girl's face redden.

The Spanish woman sat and drew the girl across her lap, then began to alternately finger and spank her.

If Katrine was acting it was a very good act, for her body began to writhe and twist, her bottom to shake and roll and grind wildly as all eyes looked on. Then she was dumped onto the rug like a dog, to kneel on all fours, bottom raised, pussy gleaming with her juices, eyes wild and desperate.

The Spanish woman spoke to her, and evidently Katrine had been with her long enough to understand. She crawled to the nearest man, licking at his feet, then whirling, raising her bottom and spreading her legs, calling to him in a wheedling voice, begging him.

The man laughed along with the others. He reached out with his foot and rubbed it against Katrine's sex, and the girl shuddered and rubbed herself back at him. This drew more laughter and he placed the flat of his shoe against her bottom and shoved so she fell over onto her side.

She got up and went to another man, speaking in the same wheedling voice, turning and raising her bottom to him. He looked around modestly, as men and women shouted instructions, jokes or encouragement, then unzipped himself and dropped to his knees.

Katrine dropped her head, shuddering, trembling, and the man gripped her hips and thrust into her. She screamed as he filled her, her head snapping up and back violently, then she began to rut back in a frenzy that shocked Justine. She stared in amazement as the girl cried out in growing pleasure, wild, raw,

unrestrained sexual pleasure that was more animal than human. Though no animal ever made such a sound.

The man rode her for long minutes as Katrine howled and whined and shuddered and rutted back at him, and when he finished she crawled to another man, whimpering and mewling, licking at his feet, presenting her sex to him and begging him to use her. She grovelled before them all, men and women, and they laughed and shouted in amusement and excitement, the men using her violently, hungrily, the women, some of them, sneering and allowing her to climb up to where they sat, to lick at their sex and bring them to climax with her long, skilled tongue.

Abruptly, the Spanish man took Justine's arm and yanked her around to present her to two other men. He spoke to them in rapid fire Spanish, squeezing one of Justine's breasts. Justine blushed as he undid the back of her dress and pushed it down. It was worse somehow, to have been clothed, and now to be naked, to be as naked as she was, with her bare pussy lips, with the butt plug protruding obviously from her anus, with her nipples throbbing and swollen around their rings.

She was painfully embarrassed, and aware of gowned women looking on as the Spanish man pushed her to her knees and one of the men undid his zipper. Then she had his cock in her mouth and was bobbing her lips up and down as several people looked on. Her face was hot. She had seen what a sexual animal was, and now felt like one herself as they sneered at her and used her for their pleasure.

But despite her shame and embarrassment the pleasure came as well. Their fingers on her clitoris drew shudders from her body, and when they threw her back across a low table and thrust into her she groaned aloud so that the women sitting on a sofa alongside the table chuckled with amusement.

Perhaps because she was new, the men all wanted to use her, and many did so, taking her on her back or on her knees. It felt - bizarre, to be doing such things in a crowded room with so many looking on. It was not like the dark and noisy club where she had first been taken, or the gang rape when she had been blindfolded. Soft music played and voices were low and amused, and the music was bright.

She straddled a man on a sofa, his wife, apparently, looking on from beside him as she rode his stiff erection. Another man stood to the side, and she sucked on his cock as another worked his organ into her rectum. The woman smiled at her, reaching in and fingering her breasts and nipples whenever the man she was riding was not feeding at them.

They were almost all a generation older than her, and she felt almost as a child as they stroked and fondled and smirked at her, especially the women. And then, afterwards, she was given a strap on dildo to wear, and they placed her on her knees behind Katrine.

By then Katrine was exhausted, drained, her legs and arms shaking, her back sagging. Yet Justine had to mount her, to thrust the big dildo into her pussy and ride her harshly, pounding her hips into the girl's backside as the men and women sat to either side in their elegant clothing and watched and laughed and rubbed their groins in arousal.

And then, for no reason she could discern, Justine was ordered to stand still, legs apart, and her hands behind her head. She was not bound, but was given a firm order not to move. The guests, or some of them, were given switches, not as heavy as crops, but still stinging, and were permitted to attempt to make her disobey.

The first was a fiftiesh women, her hair graying, her stomach pushing out despite her corset. She laughed and joked as she brought the switch down across Justine's breasts, aiming for her nipples Justine let out a soft cry of pain, but held her position, held it through a second blow, then a third, none of which, because of the woman's drunken state, actually touched her nipples.

The next guest was younger, thinner, and less drunk, and her switch struck Justine's nipples three times in a row, filling her eyes with tears and making her body tremble and shake. Yet she held her position.

It was an unfair contest, Justine thought, for the pain mounted as the third guest struck at her, concentrating on her left breast, driving the thin, flexible switch into the centre with each blow. The next struck them from beneath, setting them bouncing. And the man who followed struck so harshly, so cruelly, that she was driven sobbing to her knees. Yet she held her head back, her back arched, her now red, aching breasts thrust out.

Laughing, they dismissed her, and she returned, gasping and red faced, to her room, whimpering at the pain in her breasts.

The next day she fed and bathed Yvette, and gave in to her flirting and masturbated the armless girl to climax. Then she went to see Katrine, who lay miserably on her bed.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

Katrine opened her eyes and closed them again.

"Were you acting when, uh - ."

"No."

"You must be very - sensitive."

"I think that I am a what you call it, nymphomaniac," she said with a miserable shrug.

Justine sat down with a sigh. "At least they didn't hit your breasts."

"Sometimes they do. Sometimes the master hangs me from my stumps and whips me, or hangs me upside down and whips my pussy. And I come anyway. I don't know why. I don't know how they made me like this. I was not like this before."

"It's not a bad thing to come a lot," Justine said.

Katrine just looked at her and Justine sighed helplessly.

"You are new to them," Katrine said, rolling onto her side.

Justine nodded.

"How do you think you will feel in a year, or two years?"

"I don't know," Justine said. "I wish - ." She did not dare even speak it aloud.

"The walls are high, the grounds are wide, and the Master is a rich and well respected man who is loved by his servants, servants who are paid very well for their discretion. If they go anywhere, to another estate, you will be gagged and bound so tightly you can barely move your eyebrows, then crated and carried by loyal servants in his truck to his aeroplane to be loaded by more loyal employees."

She sighed and rolled over onto her back again. "Not that I could exactly run away anyway."

Justine, of course, could, if she just knew where to run to.

The next day she began learning to dance. It was not the type of dance her mother would have approved of. It was a dance more appropriate to a strip club, and indeed, involved stripping off clothes before the master and his guests at small gatherings, rolling and grinding her hips, staring saucily about, bending and twisting and shaking her head seductively as a stripper would.

She would also masturbate with large dildos, laying back on the deep carpet, thrusting them into her naked pussy and rectum as they sat and watched and grinned. And then she would service them with her mouth or any other orifice they desired before withdrawing to leave them to play cards, or discuss business, or do whatever it was they did.

The master had many guests, and each night she would visit with one or more, wearing slinky, filmy lingerie, teddies and G-strings and merry widow outfits, and once a pair of girlish pajamas, and they would use her body as they chose, sometimes pleasantly, sometimes roughly. Occasionally they would spank her or beat her, if they so desired.

She began picking up a few words of Spanish here and there, but, being both clever and quiet, never let on. In this way, she came to know that the master was sending a large crate of rare wine to a politician whose favour he was seeking. She decided to hide herself in the crate, but after scrunching up as much as she could she could still not quite fit inside. What was worse, she could not screw the top shut again.

"You are crazy!" Katrine whispered.

"It's a chance."

"They will rip the skin from our backs!"

"It is a chance," Justine persisted.

"For you, perhaps. What would I do out there? Join a circus?"

"The very least you could do out there is give your body to men for money. That is what you do now, except you receive nothing. But this is not Russia. We did not drive far enough for us to have left California. There are many things they can do for you here."

"Can they give me back my arms and legs?" she asked bitterly.

"It is a chance," Justine said again.

Katrine sighed and looked at her. "I will do it, for you," she said. "You are too young to spend your life like this."

And so Justine walked her, as she normally did, and they snuck down into the wine cellar, and she again unscrewed the crate waiting for shipment, took out the wine and the masses of small puffy white foam bits which were used to protect it, and helped Katrine scramble inside. Then she poured as many of the little foam bits back in as she could, to keep Katrine from being thrown from side to side when the crate moved, and screwed the top down.

She hid the wine away and hurried back to her room, heart pounding.

She did not sleep that night, and as morning approached she began to sweat and tremble in fear, calming only after great effort. The morning passed without anything amiss, but she could not tell if the crate had been taken away as it was supposed to have been. Afternoon passed with still no notice. But in early evening Katrine's disappearance was finally noticed.

"I don't know where she is!" she cried.

A hand cracked across the side of her face, throwing her head to one side. An instant later the back of the hand cracked across her other cheek, throwing her head back. Again, and again, and again she was slapped, her head rocking from side to side, stars blinking before her eyes as she tasted blood in her mouth.

She was bound tightly, her shoulders aching, two men holding her arms firmly.

"We will find her," the mistress growled. "Wherever you have put her."

"It wasn't me!" she cried.

Again she was slapped, and then her breasts were slapped. The Spanish women seized both her nipples, twisting and yanking them viciously so that Justine cried out in pain.

"She could not even open a door on her own," she growled. "And no one would help her. They are loyal to my husband!"

"M-maybe one of them was fucking her and - and something happened!" she stuttered.

Again she was slapped, and again, and she sagged in their arms.

"You were responsible for her," the woman growled. "If she is not produced I will make you into my little fuck animal in her stead. I will remove this pretty hair - ."

She yanked at Justine's hair savagely and Justine screamed in pain.

"And I will find a surgeon to remove your pretty legs and your arms, and make you my little barking fuck animal. I will even have your voice box removed so that you can not speak. I will do all this to you if you do not produce my little dog!"

Justine trembled and stared at her, then gasped and doubled over as the woman punched her in the belly.

"Find out where she put her!" she snarled at the men.

Justine was dragged away and carried downstairs where a special frame had been prepared. A narrow triangular crosspiece sat between two upright posts, and Justine was made to straddle it, her weight coming down hard on her soft pussy mound. Her legs were drawn up and back, her ankles shackled to the post behind her. Bars were slid through her bent legs and weights attached to them to pull her down even more cruelly, and soon she was screaming at the pain to her sex.

The board felt as though it were cutting through her flesh, as if her body would be carved in two. The agony was intense, and she sobbed and begged them to release her, blubbering and stuttering and promising that she knew nothing of Katrine's whereabouts.

If she had thought for a moment that her confession would save her from the pain she would have done so, yet she had learned much during her months with the Spanish couple. Much of her innocence and naivete had been worn away. She knew they would continue to punish her, that they would punish her to the point of breaking her, and perhaps make her into another Yvette. Or worse, another Katrine.

She lost consciousness several times, but always they forced her awake so that the pain could continue to tear at her mind, the endless, terrible, aching, grinding pain against her swollen, burning sex.

And then, suddenly, she was being lifted off the thing, and soothing voices spoke gently to her. She gratefully lost consciousness, waking in a world of white; white sheets, white walls, and people dressed in white.

She was in a private room, the door closed. It looked far too plain to be one of the rooms at the estate, and she could hear the sounds of traffic outside the window. Then she heard a muffled voice over what sounded like an intercom or loudspeaker and knew she was away from the Spanish man and his wife.

She was not as filled with joy at that as she would have expected. It was a relief, but suddenly she was faced with what to do next. What would she tell people? What would she tell her mother? Would they all know about what had happened, about what she'd done?

That thought was not as humiliating as it would have once been, and she wondered if she had become immune to embarrassment, at least to some degree. But then she imagined the police interviewing her, asking her to relate everything which had happened, earnest people sitting across a table from her writing everything down as she talked about the Spanish man and his wife. And she realized she could still be embarrassed.

There was a call button by her bed, but she only looked at it. If a nurse came she would probably look at her with shocked pity, and Justine did not want to face that. Instead she imagined sneaking away from them all, perhaps hiding at home and then going back to school where no one would know what had happened.

Then the door was banged open, and she gasped, sitting up. It was a woman in a wheelchair, and it took her a moment to recognize Katrine.

"Hey, you!" the Russian girl called cheerfully.

"Katrine," Justine said.

The wheelchair was electric, controlled by a joystick near Katrine's chin.

"You like this fancy thing? You Americans are amazing." Katrine also wore a long blonde wig, appearing almost normal now.

"I have a lawyer, too! He says I can get millions of dollars off of Gomez."

"Who is Gomez?"

"The master!"

"Oh." Justine had never known his name.

"You can too. He said I should give you his number. He said we can both get millions and millions. And I can get artificial legs and arms!"

"That's nice."

"Only that stupid Yvette is unhappy. They removed the bands from her arms even though she didn't want it done. Idiot girl."

"I guess everyone knows," Justine sighed.

Katrine nodded. "Our pictures, especially your picture, are on the front of every newspaper with all the nasty details.."

Justine gaped at her in dismay.

She hoped Katrine was exaggerating, but when she saw the newspapers later that day she realized she was, if anything, downplaying the enormous circus which had grown up around the arrest of the wealthy, powerful and very well known Mr. Alejandro Gomez. The story of deviant sex had been enthusiastically embraced by the papers, and read with delight by a voyeuristic public. There were numerous pictures of her, some of which were clearly censored versions of the pictures Mrs. Ramirez had taken. The uncensored pictures, she was told, were filling the internet and being downloaded by hundreds of thousands of people every day.

Her mother had disappeared into a retreat in the Himalayas to mediate and calm herself, leaving Justine with Katrine and a lawyer eager to exploit the case to rake in as much of Gomez' money as he could get his hands on. He was a sleazy man who leered whenever he talked to her, but Justine thought that was probably normal for a lawyer.

After several humiliating days of interviews with police she was allowed to escape to her home, but there were so many reporters crowded around she felt besieged there. Returning to college did not seem to be an option, not, at least, until her notoriety faded. Justine watched television, read the newspapers that were delivered, and was bored, uncertain what to do or where to go.

She ignored the doorbell, as she always did, and only really looked up when the pounding became insistent, realizing it was at her back door. She got up and padded across the room, clad in black satin pajamas, then peeked through the curtain over the rear door to see Selina looking back. The Spanish girl made an angry motion and after a moment's hesitation Justine drew the curtain back, looked around cautiously, and opened the door.

"About fucking time."

Selina pushed her way in and closed the door and curtain behind her.

"Shit, reporters all over the goddam place she said."

Justine just looked at her and Selina looked back.

"So now I know where you been all this time," she said. "I suppose I shouldn't punish you since it wasn't really your choice."

"Punish me?" Justine asked in surprise.

"Yeah!" Selina said indignantly. "You're my bitch, remember? And you been out fucking other people without my permission."

Justine stared at her in amazement.

"Now get your fucking clothes off, bitch. Right now!"

Selina glared at her and Justine swallowed and stepped back, then, feeling a sudden swelling rush of excitement, began to fumble at the buttons of her pyjama top.

"Too slow, bitch."

Selina tore the top open, sending buttons popping, then shoved her back so Justine fell onto the sofa. She snatched at her pyjama bottoms and yanked them down and off, then knelt on the sofa over her and gripped her hair, yanking her head back and crushing her lips down against Justine's mouth.

She drew back, eyes alight with heat.

"Tell me you're my bitch," she growled.

"I-I'm your bitch," Justine said weakly.

"Fucking right you are."

"Ungh!"

Justine gasped as Selina's hand thrust between her legs and squeezed her pussy hard.

"And this cunt is mine."

A moment later Justine's wrists were tied behind her back, her ankles bound together, and she knelt at Selina's feet, her tongue licking up and down the girl's sex as Selina cursed her and twisted her fingers in her hair.

In an odd way, she felt as if she were finally home.