

The Straight Girl

JJ Argus



Stories of Domination and Submission

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By JJ Argus

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

I considered my prospects. Jobs were hard to come by, especially good ones, especially for someone with as little education and experience as I had. I'd taken a one week bartending course, and had worked part-time at a few places since then, but there were a lot of very good, very experienced bartenders out there, many with connections I lacked.

I was not adverse to taking advantage of my looks, of course. Anyone who'd worked in clubs and bars knew you got a lot more tips if you looked hot. But the danger there was you ran into a lot of half drunken guys twice your age who thought you wanted to be their next girlfriend just because you were nice to them.

The Basement Bar seemed like a classy outfit, and its clientele would probably be big tippers, from what I'd heard. It was a gay bar, after all, and it wasn't like those people had to spend money on kids. I wouldn't get hassled by the guys, at least, and I didn't feel the same sense of threat from women. What could women do to me but whine?

I'm five foot, nine, after all; no shrinking violet. I've always been athletic, and enrolled in kick boxing classes years ago when they wouldn't let me take gymnastics due to my height. I'm pretty good at it, too. No, I wasn't worried about women coming onto me. It might even be fun, in a giggly sort of way. But could I pass for gay? I could say I had a girlfriend if anyone pestered me too much.

I went to the bathroom mirror and examined myself. I didn't look gay to me. But then, what did a lesbian look like? I knew lots of them had very short hair and lousy wardrobes, but some of them were just like any normal women. And people had mistaken me for gay before due to my tomboy attitude and my somewhat deeper than normal voice.

I didn't have the sweet, round face of a pretty girl, either. It's more oval, with a strong chin, and freckles across the bridge of my nose. My hair... I've never really put a lot of effort into it. It's about shoulder length, maybe a few inches longer. I usually just pull it back into a loose pony tail, with some bangs inevitably spilling across my forehead.

Now I combed my bangs back with my fingers and then pulled my hair back

harder. If I pulled it back more severely, would that make me more gayish looking? Hmmm.

I peeled off my clothes and considered my wardrobe. I settled on a pair of not too-tight jeans, boots, and a white T-shirt. I considered myself in the mirror, and stripped off the T-shirt, then found a tighter white tank top instead. I posed, considering again, then removed my earrings. I figured I could pass, and headed out the door.

* * *

“Honey, you are about as queer as a five dollar bill,” Kiera said in a slow, melodious voice rich with amusement.

“What? Why would you say that?!”

I tried to summon up suitable outrage. Kiera was the manager of The Basement Bar. She was a short, beautiful coffee colored woman with her shoulder length hair in dreadlocks. We were sitting at a table in the corner of the bar, which had just opened for the day. There were only one or two customers so far, and the bartender was washing something behind the counter.

Kiera shook her head in continued amusement. “I know dykes when I see them, honey. You're no dyke.”

“I'm new at it. I haven't taken all the courses!” I protested.

Kiera laughed in amusement.

“It's not like all lesbians are the same,” I said lamely.

“No, they're not, but I've got my gaydar and it's telling me you are a breeder girl trying to pass. We don't get that much, to be honest. Usually it's the other way around, but I have very good gaydar.”

“I'm a lesbian!” I insisted. “I have a girlfriend!”

“You mean a lover.”

“Yeah!” I said, flushing.

Kiera didn't seem convinced but she seemed faintly amused. Then again, I was getting the impression Kiera was always slightly amused. She'd had me make a number of drinks to test my knowledge, and that sardonic half-smile had been on her face most of the time.

“Well, I don't have an exam to give you – not one that wouldn't get me in trouble anyway. And I suppose it's not all that important so long as you can mix the drinks properly. Except that if the customers don't like you, if they don't get a good vibe off you, they're not gonna tip you much, and I'll get complaints. So I'll give you a try, and it's up to you.”

* * *

I licked my lips, then peeled my sweater up over my head. This was my first night working at the Basement Bar, and I'd visited the the place every day to check out the action and see how things were working. I'd observed the other bartenders, and more importantly, the big jars of tips they were collecting.

This was a nice bar, but not a conservative one by any means, as I'd have expected. It had lots of dark corners, and thick, dark leather seats in all the little booths. It was built for privacy, and I'd seen a lot of things in passing which had widened my eyes, though I'd done my best to take it in stride and not act surprised.

It wasn't like anyone was having sex in the bar, after all. But there was a lot of kissing and groping among women, and that wasn't something I was used to seeing. There were also several rooms in the back where, I understood, more serious making out happened among the guests. I hoped I wouldn't be required to go near them.

Then again, it wasn't like I had anything against lesbians. In fact, I'd been curious about what it would be like to be with a girl for years. I just hadn't found a girl I could trust to have an interest and to not blab to my friends if she wasn't into it. Most of my friends made jokes about lesbians, though they would make out from time to time, usually when drunk, usually in front of guys to tease them.

But the important part of my observation was how the bartenders acted and dressed. And the answer was somewhat depressing: like sluts. Lots of cleavage, short shorts, short skirts, flirting outrageously with the clients.

I wasn't entirely surprised. Female bartenders and servers did play up their looks to a certain extent in a lot of places. The difference here, I thought, was that they didn't have to worry about guys taking the game too far, then getting violent once they found out your flirting was just an act. None of the customers seemed to be taking them too seriously, though there was some occasional groping.

I could cope with that, I thought, especially since it was only women. The three bartenders I'd seen tended to dress very tough, though, in leather, with buckles and studs. I didn't own any leather and didn't have the money to buy those kinds of outfits, not yet anyway.

What I did have was a pretty nice set of boobs. I was, after all, only twenty two, and very healthy and athletic. My breasts were very firm, and though I was not exactly buxom, they were certainly noticeable. Even more so if I wore a reasonably tight shirt and no bra.

I hadn't worn a shirt without a bra in a public place before, though since I was about ten or eleven. And even taking into account there were no men around I still felt extremely self-conscious as I straightened up and headed out into the bar.

Oma, the surprisingly tall Asian bartender I was helping out stopped me with a smile. "You're gonna have a headache if you keep your hair pulled back all night, hon," she said, reaching up behind my head.

She undid my hair, ignoring my hesitant objections, brushed her fingers through the bangs, then pulled my hair back into a loose tail and slid an elastic around it.

"Much better. Don't try so hard to look the look."

I felt my face flush but wasn't going to argue with the woman. I was the junior girl here, after all, and she was easily five or six years older than me. Stepping out behind the counter, which was more brightly lit, caused me to flush even more, given my braless state. I looked down then back up. It wasn't that obvious, I tried to tell herself. And anyway, you couldn't really see much. I mean, it wasn't like the shirt was see through or anything.

There was no fuss. Kiera came over to the bar to chat with me, and I managed to put through several orders without anything happening. That calmed me down considerably and gave her a little more confidence.

“Who're you?” a frowning, leather clad woman in her thirties demanded a few minutes later.

“This is Riley, our new bartender,” Kiera said in her melodious voice.

The woman looked at me doubtfully, then eyed my chest with a little more appreciation.

“She looks... firm,” she said with a smirk.

I felt myself flush again.

“Get Cosmo a Heineken, Riley,” Kiera said with a smile.

“Girls tend to be pretty open around here,” Kiera said after she had walked away, beer in hand.

“I guess,” I said.

“Men would be more polite,” Kiera added.

“Only when sober.”

“True enough.”

It was Friday night and the place got progressively more busy so that me and Oma were both kept hopping. There were more than a few similar 'compliments' directed my way, enough that I started to get used to them instead of blushing.

“Nice tits,” a middle aged, short haired woman said.

“Yes, they are,” I said a trifle cocky by then. “Can I get you something? Else?”

The woman grinned. “Rum and Coke.”

“I remember when my tits stood up to attention like that,” a tall, skinny woman with her hair in a bob said.

“Mine sit on my belly,” the first one grumbled.

“You must exercise a lot,” the second said.

“Kick boxing,” I replied with a grin.

The woman seemed suitably impressed. Maybe, I thought, that was the sort of thing a proper Lesbian was supposed to be taking.

Oddly enough, though, a lot of the conversation was about sports. I'm a big sports fan, but rarely spoke sports with my girlfriends. With guys, yes, but not my girlfriends. It was fun talking with these women. And I soon found herself drifting into the same sort of relationship I had with guys when I was growing up as a tomboy.

Sure, they all wanted to fuck me, but they knew they weren't going to, and they did respect me as 'one of the guys' even while never missing an opportunity to look down my shirt, if I gave them a chance. I was a great softball player, moderately good basketball player (for a white girl) and had a good memory for names and statistics.

That all served me very well with a lot of these women. I had to point out I had a girlfriend several times, but that was easy enough. I'd told similar fibs to guys often enough, when I hadn't wanted the attention.

I was bought a lot of drinks, but I discretely kept the alcohol out of them so I could redeem the tips in cash later. That was how most bartenders did it, those who weren't alcoholics anyway.

I did have a couple of drinks at first, screwdrivers, to calm myself a little, especially when one woman reached out and tried to grab my breast. I didn't jerk violently back with a squeal and hit her, as I might have. Instead I just grinned and fended off the drunken woman's hand.

“Ah, ah, ahh,” I said, wagging her finger at the drunk. “No touchee.”

In fact, even though they were women, or perhaps because of it, I found all the appreciation of my looks kind of an ego trip. I didn't feel in any sort of danger or under any kind of pressure, and I didn't feel like I was flaunting myself since, well, they weren't men, after all. And besides, it seemed kind of expected the bartender here would look... desirable. I think we were, like, part of the décor, in a way.

Most of the customers were middle-aged, though there was no lack of those in

their thirties. There were few young women in here, and I guess, like men, the middle aged dykes liked looking at pretty girls.

I caught myself thinking, a number of times, about what it would be like sleeping with a woman, and which of the women I could see myself sleeping with. Kiera was at the top of the list. She was so laid-back and yet beautiful. Oma was pretty, but scary-pretty, like a pretty boy in a way, and with really big shoulders and arms.

The tips were really good, and I got better at flirting. Like I said, I felt far less restrained since they weren't men, and it was kind of an ego-trip. It was also weird, of course, especially when they commented about my breasts so openly. But then, it was 'just us girls', you see.

All in all, the night went by pretty well. It was fun, and I made really good tips. Oma still made more, though, which confused me and made me feel a little insulted. Of course, they all knew her, so they were probably being more generous for all of that.

The next night I had a kind of blue tank top thing I was going to wear, but Oma gave me a white one instead.

“Wear this. It's for a promotion,” she said.

It was a fairly normal tank, midriff baring, white, but with the words Seagrams Gin across the front. It looked a little tight, though, and when I tried it on – without a bra, of course, it proved to be too small. My tits were really obvious! I mean, they were actually straining against the fabric, pushing out hard, and my nipples were pretty fucking obvious!

“It's too tight,” I protested.

Oma was wearing one, though she had a leather halter over hers, and hers wasn't as tight. She looked at me.

“Looks fine.”

I blushed, then unfolded my arms which had been across my chest. She grinned.

“Looks fine.”

“Oma!”

“Hey, just think of the tips you'll get.”

I did, but shit, this was like, totally slutty!

“I can't wear this!”

“It's only girls, hon.”

“I don't think Kiera will agree.”

“Kiera likes whatever her customers like and our customers will like the look.”

“Isn't there a bigger one around?” I asked a little desperately.

“Oh don't be shy. They're only tits. Everyone in here has a have a pair.”

“But not on display!”

“Some nights, it comes pretty close.”

“I should ask Kiera,” I said anxiously.

“Ask Kiera what?” I heard from behind.

I turned, instinctively crossing my arms across my chest.

Kiera raised her eyebrows inquiringly, that smile on her face.

“This is uh, too tight,” I said.

She looked at it, ran her fingers along my shoulder where the seam was and shrugged.

“Looks right.”

I sighed, blushed, and opened my arms.

“Oh my,” she said, smiling even more. “Very nice.”

“Kiera!”

“What? They're only breasts, dear.”

“See?” Oma said smugly.

“But...”

“They look very nice, I must say. And you have a very nice flat belly here. You look very attractive.”

She slid her hand along my bare abdomen as she spoke, and I felt her warm skin against mine with a startled sense of sudden heat.

“Come on. Time to work,” Oma said, grabbing my arms from behind.

“But – !”

And then I was pulled out front, and was hoping I wasn't blushing too horribly! I'm telling you, my tits were sticking out against that tight white cotton like they were a pair of melons! Nobody could possibly not notice!

And nobody failed to notice. It was really embarrassing, at least at first! I know they were women, but they were also lesbians, and they weren't at all hesitant to offer up their opinion of the shirt.

And what was underneath.

Needless to say, they all approved. There were some suggestions I shouldn't even bother wearing the shirt, too, that I should just tend the bar topless. That made me blush even more!

But you know, after a while, I kind of got used to it, and was even able to laugh and joke with them. I did point out it wasn't my shirt, wasn't my choice to wear it, and that if they'd like to complain to Kiera she might have me wear something different. No one wanted to complain, though.

And yeah, I started feeling even more ... cocky, more smug about myself, the way everyone was looking and whistling and licking their lips like I was a lamb-chop and they hadn't eaten in days. I was kind of self-conscious about it at times,

but to tell you the truth it was kind of making me horny, too.

And that was bad, because my nipples got hard, and they were already fucking obvious against the too-tight shirt.

That led to Oma giving me nipple twists, which made me yelp and drew a lot of giggles and snickers.

“It's just that it's cool in here!” I protested, blushing.

“Suuure, it is,” Oma said with a smirk.

“Bitch,” I said.

That got me a slap on the ass, which also made me yelp, and drew even more laughs from those at the bar.

But you know, it was kind of a turn-on too, in a sort of exhibitionist way. Not that I was an exhibitionist, or at least, that I had known I had that sort of tendency. Still, being the object of all that sexual attention was kind of an exciting thing, if daunting.

In fact, I got slapped on the ass several times by Oma that evening. Once when leaning over the counter talking with a woman about the Yankees, once when she told me to go get more Bud, and hop to it, and that time I called her a bitch. No way I was going to try and slap Oma, though. She was a daunting personality.

The next evening they had something else for me to wear.

“Oma just can't pull this off,” Kiera said with a smile.

It was basically a pink T-shirt. I agreed, Oma couldn't wear it. It was form-fitting, but not as tight across the chest as the one from the other day had been. It had a red cross on the left chest, and also came with a little hat, well, more of a kerchief, with another red cross on it. The promotion was for red cross, the Viking Gin that would be first aid to those desperate for booze. Or something like that.

Basically it was like a slutty nurse outfit. Did I mention the t-shirt fell to just

below my buttocks, and that I wasn't to wear pants with it?! Instead it came with a pink thong!

It had cleavage, too. It wasn't like, super low cut or anything, but it was noticeable. And while it wasn't as small as the tank top had been, it was tight enough to squeeze my breasts together to form some very decent cleavage.

That really wasn't the issue, though. The cleavage wasn't that bad. What was bad was that if I bent over much the thing pulled up to show my ass! Well, not all of it, but you know!

I was self-conscious again. I wasn't used to showing off anywhere near that much leg! And of course, I was still braless, and now had some cleavage to boot! I had gotten fabulous tips the previous day, though, and I started getting great ones again. The comments were more restraints, with less talk about my tits. A lot of them thought I looked sweet in my 'nursy outfit' with the cute kerchief.

But Alicia, or maybe it was Oma, had put the Viking Vodka on the top shelf behind the bar! Which meant that every time someone ordered it I had to, you know, stretch. That pulled the hem up enough that the women at the bar could see at least the underside of my buttocks.

And I was wearing a thong, remember.

Like I said, I was embarrassed for a while, but then I started kind of getting into it, to the point Oma leaned over and whispered "Show off!" to me.

And I couldn't deny it. I was becoming a show off! A little slut in the way I was flirting and showing myself off! But boy, the tips were piling up, and a lot of women suddenly felt a hankering for vodka.

There were a lot of comments about my legs, which, given how short the little pink outfit was, were looking awfully long, and I guess, well, the attention was kind of heady. I admit it. I got bought a lot of drinks, too. I made most of them with water, of course, but I drank a few. Heck, why not? I was feeling pretty good and there was a lot of laughter around. I was feeling pretty cocky, to the point Oma started calling me a brat and slapping my butt.

But that was okay. I felt bratty! And the evening kind of raced on past midnight and then into the morning.

I was reaching up for the vodka again, my back turned to the counter, rising up onto the balls of my feet, when Oma's hand slid in to give me a squeeze right between the legs. I squealed that time, and there was a lot of laughs from the women at the counter as I slapped her hand away and glared at her.

But I wasn't angry, just a bit embarrassed. My face flushed, but it wasn't entirely due to the embarrassment. All that attention was turning me on, especially given all I was wearing was a little pink T-shirt and a thong!

Oma smirked and turned away and I poured the drink, muttering about perverts and molesters, but feeling a bit more breathless than usual. The thought of Oma was kind of... intimidating. I mean, I was sure she was a pretty damn demanding lover, and I knew just about nothing about sex with women. No, my fantasies, such as they were, about exploring same sex 'playing' was mostly on girls my age who knew as little as I did.

“Those are long fucking legs,” Gina, one of the regulars said a little later.

“And they go all the way up,” I said with a grin.

“Yeah, they do,” Oma said as she pulled up the front of the little pink shirt to reveal my thong.

I snatched it down, blushing, but again, feeling a bit breathless as the two women then at the bar whistled and applauded.

The little thong didn't cover a lot. The thin strings plunged down from my hips to a pretty low point before attaching to the tiny pink triangle of silk and if I'd had any pubic hair, well, it would have shown.

“Lecherous perverts,” I said, “Ogling an innocent young girl like me! For shame!”

“I'd like to do more than ogle you,” Gina said.

I sniffed and turned away, and got another slap on the butt from Oma.

“Hey!” I protested, scooting down to the other end of the bar.

We closed down at two, and things quieted down. Gina, who was a very short

haired woman of maybe forty, was chatting with Oma at one end of the bar, and I had moved around front to gather up the few empty bottles and glasses which remained on empty tables, push the chairs in, and generally tidy up.

When I got back to the bar Kiera was leaning on it, grinning.

“I guess you got a lot of tips tonight,” she said.

“I guess,” I said happily.

She pushed over a screwdriver and I took a drink. It was a double. I eyed her suspiciously.

“Are you trying to get me drunk, lady?” I demanded.

“Perish the thought,” she said with that ever-present smile. “I was just thinking that you were the worst little flirt I'd ever hired, especially given you'd never even kissed a woman.”

“Of course I've kissed women!” I protested.

Not really seriously, of course.

“When you were fourteen and practicing with your girlfriend doesn't count.”

“I've kissed lots of girls,” I said.

“Uh huh. And were men present watching and yelling?”

“Well...”

“That's what I thought,” she said.

“I've never really understood why men get so worked up at the thought of women ignoring them and pleasuring each other,” Oma said, wandering over.

“They don't get that it's a rejection of them?”

“They just see two hot chicks messing around,” I said. “That's all they care about.”

“And you consider yourself hot?” Oma asked with a smirk.

“Of course!” I said, sliding onto a bar stool.

I don't know if you've ever sat on a bar stool with a really, really short skirt, but it's not easy to keep things covered.

“I've had nighties bigger than this,” I complained.

“I think it actually was a mighty,” Kiera said with a smile. “A nightshirt type nightie, until someone stitched a cross on it and added the kerchief.”

“Looks good on you,” Oma said. “Look better off you, though.”

I stuck my tongue out at her.

“Don't show me that if you don't intend to use it, baby,” she said.

“Ha. You wish!”

I was sipping from the screwdriver as we chatted. There was almost no one left except Gina and her two friends, and they were getting ready to leave anyway.

“Still a couple of tables to bus, brat,” Oma said.

“Hey, I'm a bartender. Bussing tables is beneath me,” I said airily. “You should hire a busboy, er, bus girl.”

“This late in the night? I'm not paying someone to stay this late when I've got your little ass sitting around doing nothing,” Kiera said, jerking her head towards the tables.

I sniffed and slid off the stool, went around back, dodging Oma's hand, and got a rag and some spray, then went back out front and grabbed the glasses from the two tables and put them on the bar. I went back to the tables as Gina's table left, and sprayed the table, then with a grin, bent over to clean it.

You can't not bend over to clean a table, okay! I mean, it wasn't like it was my fault Kiera had put me in a nightie with a thong! Of course, maybe I bent over a little more than I absolutely needed to, even though I could feel the hem of the little cotton shirt sliding up to bare at least half my buttocks.

I returned to the bar, smug, knowing they'd both been watching, slipped onto the stool (though I had to tug the hem down as it rode up to bare my thong) and picked up the drink again.

“Cunt tease,” Oma said.

“Hey, I didn't choose this outfit!” I pointed out. “I didn't put the vodka on the top shelf either. You two are exploiting my body for profit!”

“And you're not?” Kiera asked in amusement.

“Well, I'm just an innocent girl trying to cope with the perverted lesbians surrounding me.”

“I could make you less innocent,” Oma said.

“You wish,” I said.

I was sitting with my back to the bar, well, partly my back, partly my side, facing towards Kiera, and gasped as I felt Oma grab my pony tail and pull my head back.

“Hey!” I started to exclaim.

But she had leaned forward and her mouth met mine, and I was in a pretty awkward position to resist, even if I had really wanted to, which, to be honest, I didn't. Or at least, I wasn't sure if I did. Well, it was only a kiss, right?

I hadn't thought it would go on quite as long as it did, though...

And as she pulled me backward I hadn't really thought about how that made my back arch, made my chest push out and pulled the hem of the nightshirt up even higher. Not until, oh, maybe five seconds into the kiss, when I felt a hand slide along my thigh and begin stroking lightly up and down against my skin.

I knew it was Kiera's hand, short and soft and gentle, and I felt a little thrum of something indecipherable in my lower belly. That hand caressed my thigh very high up, then curved in along my inner thigh to stroke my skin there. I felt the tips of her fingers easing up to the crotch of the little thong, and I felt a sense of breathless anticipation.

But I had thought she might, if she dared, grope me like Oma had, you know, kind of rub me through the thong. That wasn't what she did. Instead her fingers eased in under the crotch and I felt them against my bare flesh right there!

I kind of squealed and waved my arms in the general direction of my crotch, but being bent backwards across the counter, well, I couldn't actually reach it. And I had spread my legs for balance. Still, I wasn't seriously concerned. I mean, Oma had groped me earlier too, and it was ... kind of exciting.

And now her lips were doing strange and wondrous things to mine, even as she held tightly to my hair. More than that, I gasped as her other hand slid around my chest and her fingers began to lightly roll and pinch my nipple through the thin cotton!

Kiera rubbed lightly along the naked cleft of my pussy, kind of tracing it with her finger, then withdrew, but she didn't withdraw for very long. Just as my heart, which had started pounding, began to ease back I felt her tugging the nightshirt thing up a bit, then her fingers sliding right down 'there', sliding into my thong from the top, coasting across my clit and along my soft, sensitive, narrow sex, and I felt a hot wild rush of energy, shock, embarrassment, uncertainty and excitement through my body.

I was a little woozy from the drinking, but not that much. Really, what had me dazed and confused was the huge rush of emotions – and sensations! A lot of that was of the “oh no, I can't do this!” kind of thing. But there was also that wild dark passion, a rush, a thrill of sexual excitement combined with the sensations Kiera's fingers had quickly roused between my legs!

And frankly, Oma really knew how to kiss! I mean, she really knew how to fucking kiss! My lips and hers had been locked together for what felt like a full minute, her tongue dipping and darting and flitting across my tongue as I felt some side of myself just go ... passive, if that's the right word.

No, not passive but... mesmerized by it all, though another part of my mind was fluttering like a bird in a cage trying to figure out what to do or say, or how to respond.

Kiera's fingers slid out and away from me, which caused a wave of relief (mixed with disappointment) sweep over me. But a moment later I felt the hem of the little nightshirt pushed up, then her fingers on my hips as she gripped the strings

of the thong and tugged them down. My eyes went wide and I squealed into Oma's mouth, my body jerking and struggling as she yanked them out from under my butt, but it was too late to grab them, especially in my awkward position.

She slid them down my legs and off, then I felt her hands on my thighs, spreading my legs wider. A moment later I felt her mouth right on my pussy! My mind nearly freaked, but as I flailed my arms a bit I felt my left arm grabbed by someone, and saw another figure there. It was Gina, who hadn't left after all, but had gone to the bathroom.

“W-wait!” I gasped.

But the feel, to be honest, of Kiera's mouth against me was just... incredible! I mean, it wasn't like I was a virgin, but to be honest, most of the guys I had slept with were the rough and ready types; jocks who were into hard pounding, which I liked, and not so much into giving oral sex. That hadn't bothered me a whole lot, to be honest. I liked penetration, not foreplay.

But in the first few seconds of her mouth on me I was already starting to realize what I'd been missing. She was kneeling in front of the stool, her hands on my butt, her mouth against me, her tongue pushing shockingly deep through the swollen lips of my sex.

And I could feel the little pink nightshirt pulling higher, and higher as I struggled, albeit weakly, my mind dazed and spinning and unsure what to do or say. Oma had my right hand and Gina the left. But Oma also had my hair and was kissing me passionately while Gina was tugging up the shirt.

It slid up across my breasts, and I felt another shock, then yet another as Gina bent over and I felt her mouth around my left nipple! Then Kiera slid two fingers into my moist pussy and began to lick at my clit, and I'll tell you, that did nothing good for my decision making ability!

I mean, fuck! I was practically naked! The nightshirt, dress, or whatever you want to call it was up under my arms now and I had nothing else! I was arched back across the deck, my legs up and spread wide, and Kiera was eating me while Gina was sucking and chewing and licking at my nipple!

And this was all happening in the bar! I wondered if the door was even locked!

But it was awfully hard to protest with Oma's tongue in my mouth!

And then she released my hair, finally, but it was to grab the nightshirt. Before I could react, she and Gina yanked it up over my head, forcing my arms up and back with it, and then back down my arms. I grabbed at the material desperately, but they yanked it away, though Oma held onto my arms, or rather, my wrists, crossing them and pinning them in her surprisingly large hand.

That kept me bent back across the bar, though at least my head was free now. I could see Gina, and the hunger in her eyes, and I could see the top of Kiera's head between my legs. I stared down in shock as her mouth threatened to devour me, her tongue licking hard, her fingers pushing and twisting inside me as the heat rose up so hot and powerful I felt hardly able to breath!

“Y-You guys!” I gasped.

“We're not guys, sweetie,” Oma purred.

She moved around the bar, she and Gina each grabbing one of my arms, though to be honest I'm not sure whether I would have pushed Kiera's head back or pulled it in tighter. Then they took turns kissing me – hard, and sucking and chewing on my breasts as Kiera added a third finger and pumped them slowly in and out of my now very, very hot, pulsing body.

Their hands kneaded my breasts as I felt a shudder pass through me. My nervous system was becoming overloaded with the power of the raw sensations pouring through me, and I was trembling, shaking, gasping for breath, my mind overcome by it all. I was embarrassed, shocked, excited, anxious, and wildly aroused all at once.

“Please!” I moaned helplessly.

“Please what, baby? Please make me come?” Oma asked, nibbling on my nipple.

“Please fuck me,” Gina asked, her lips coming down on mine.

And the wild sexual storm which was raging inside me exploded, and I came, right then and there!

My hips bucked frantically against Kiera's face as she drove her fingers into me

harder and faster and licked wildly against my thrumming, crackling clitoris! I gurgled and gasped and sobbed in helpless pleasure as my body thrashed and arched and ground up against Kiera! My legs bounced up and down and my head rolled helplessly from side to side, blonde hair cascading across my face.

“Come for us, baby,” I heard. “Come for us, little slut!”

I couldn't stop myself from doing just that, barely able to stop from screaming as the power of the orgasm tore through me and drove me into helpless convulsions!

* * *

I was ... groggy... in the aftermath of that powerful orgasm, moaning, feeling a kind of lethargic afterglow as the women guided me from the chair. I felt my arms pulled back behind me but hardly paid it any heed, and felt something in my hair, the kerchief yanked off. I didn't pay any attention to that either.

But then they wrapped the kerchief around my arms, which were crossed behind me at the elbow. I twisted my head, panting for breath, trying to see, to understand, pulling feebly at my arms even as my hands flailed helplessly behind me. I was pushed to my knees, and then Kiera stripped her dress up and over her head.

She had a gorgeous body, though more compact, more petite than mine, with coffee colored skin and no hair visible beyond those dreadlocks. She smiled down at me and freed my hair from its pony tail, then grasped it in her hand as she sat down on a wide, straight backed chair and spread her legs.

“N-No, no!” I gasped. “I-I don't.. .know how to...”

“Shh, we'll show you, baby,” Kiera said, drawing my mouth in closer to her sex.

“But... but I ... like men!” I gasped, wriggling in her grasp.

“You just like cock,” Oma said behind me. “We can give you that.”

Kiera released my hair and then Oma grasped it turned my head. I gaped at the sight staring me in the face. She was, as she usually was, wearing black leather trousers. Now she had straps around her hips and thighs, and a huge black cock,

well, a dildo, ringed with veins and a big fat head pointed right at my face.

“See my pretty cock, little het girl?” she purred. “It's for you.”

She moved behind me as Kiera gripped my hair again, pulling me into her pussy.

I tried to struggle, weakly, embarrassment and anxiety swirling and churning in my mind. But in truth, there was a wild, dark thrill sweeping around me as well. This was so... fucking wild! I mean, I didn't fear any of them at all, and this was the most excitement of any kind I'd had in a long time.

And then hands gripped my thighs, yanking my legs back and spreading them wide.

Crack!

“Oww!”

A hand slapped solidly against my bottom!

“Spread those legs, you sweet little slut,” Oma growled.

It was hard to believe this was happening! I was stunned by this wild turn of events, and still had no idea what to do about it!

I felt Oma's fingers at my pussy, stroking me, then penetrating me; first one, then two. Her fingers were bigger than Kiera's, and they pushed deeper. I was very wet, I noted dazedly, even another sharp stinging slap connected with my bottom.

“Raise that ass, little slut,” Gina said. “You want Oma to give you a good fucking, don't you?”

Shit! This was impossible! This... this was... perverted! I struggled anew, but then Kiera pulled me firmly in against her and her fingers reached down to spread back the hood of her clitoris to expose it.

“Kiss me, baby,” she said in her soft, melodious voice. “Kiss me right there.”

I didn't know what to do or what to say. Refusing after she'd just licked me to an orgasm seemed kind of, well, rude, to say the least. Then again, I hadn't asked her to lick me to a come!

“Kiss me, baby,” she said.

“Do it, slut,” Gina ordered, and I felt another sharp slap to my bottom.

Then she reached under me to squeeze my breast, and her fingers caught the nipple and began to pinch and twist it.

“Kiss her, nasty girl,” Gina growled.

I gasped and moaned, and then ... and then I kissed her.

“Again, little slut.”

I kissed her again, gasping as Oma slid a third finger into me.

“Now lick it.”

I licked her, probably with all the expertise of a dog lapping at an ice cream cone, but I did it, and she seemed content for just then, as Oma's fingers withdrew and I felt a pressure against the whole of my pussy. I moaned helplessly as I felt the pressure growing stronger, felt that big dildo of hers slowly forcing its way into my body.

It was thick! I felt the strain against my pussy lips, felt them slowly spreading wider and wider, then the big thing pushed forward. It was slipperier than it should have been from just me, so I knew she must have used something to lube it, but it was still really thick, the biggest cock I'd ever had, and I moaned helplessly as it slid deeper and deeper into my belly!

“Ohh! Ohh!” I gasped. “Please! Oh! It's... it's too big!”

“You can take it, pretty girl,” Oma said, slapping my bottom stingingly again.

The truth was that it kind of hurt, yes, but as I said, I have always gotten off on penetration, and this... well, I was really being penetrated! I mean really! I gasped and moaned, hardly even thinking about the clit I was licking as I felt that big black cock pushing slowly up the tight sleeve of my pussy, pushing so deep I began to ache deep inside.

I heard a buzzing as Gina knelt beside me again. I hadn't really even been aware when she'd gone, or where, nor cared. Now I felt her hand kneading one breast as something else slid down along my abdomen, something that buzzed. It found my clitoris, and began to kind of rub from side to side across it.

I had never actually used a vibrator. I mean, I'd considered buying them, of course, ordering them on the internet, say, but I had never lived alone and the thought of my parents or my brothers getting it and seeing it was too horrifying to contemplate!

Now this thing began to rub back and forth across my clitoris, buzzing wildly, and the sensations it roused were so overpowering it was impossible to keep still! My hips began to grind and roll and buck helplessly as I felt that big dildo pushing even deeper inside me!

I felt Oma's hand on my other breast as the dildo retreated a little, then pushed

forward again. It retreated, then pushed forward, and the super tight muscles of my pussy began to slowly relax as it slid in and out of me.

Oma was fucking me. That was a strange, bizarre, wondering thought in my head. Oma was kneeling behind me fucking me with a big dildo, fucking me like a man would! But my mind was wrapped in bright flashes and sparkles of sensation and emotion, my entire body flaring with heat as the three women worked on me.

Oma and Gina were plucking and pinching my nipples in between kneading my breasts, and they soon began to tingle and burn. But the real sensation wasn't that, nor even that big cock thing pushing in and out of me. They soon became the background for that wild buzzing against my pussy. I could practically see my nerve endings spasming and quivering wildly as the vibrator rubbed back and forth against my clitoris!

I found it hard to breath. The heat was steamrolling me under! I was gulping in air, gasping, panting, moaning, as Oma fucked me, as Kiera jammed my face into her clit, and then the second orgasm hit me, even more powerful than the first. I cried out, this time, my hips jerking back violently against the dildo, against the vibrator.

My arms jerked spastically, my body thrashing and twisting, but they held me easily in place as Oma fucked harder and the vibrator ground back and forth across my clitoris!

I sagged dazedly, moaning, slack-jawed. But Kiera wouldn't let me rest for long. She tightened her grip on my hair and pulled my face back to her pussy.

“Now pay attention, baby girl,” she said softly. “And start earning your keep.”

I had no idea what she meant, but she soon began to demonstrate how I should lick her pussy properly, how I should suck and use my lips to massage her, and let my tongue caress the lips of her sex. She didn't take no for an answer. She told me what to do and if I didn't do it right away I felt Gina's hand slapping against my bare bottom!

It was wild and it was... thrilling! I mean, I'd never even really imagined doing something this insanely pervertedly sexual! And the fact it was with women was, in a way, doubly wild, even while robbing it of much of the anxiety and

embarrassment I would have felt if it were men. I felt completely out of control, like I was careening along on a rickety roller coaster without any brakes!

Fuck! I was kneeling on the floor of the bar naked with my legs spread and my arms bound behind me while Oma fucked me with a strap-on dildo! That was such an astonishing, unbelievable thing my mind had still not been able to accept it fully!

I gasped at each deep thrust. My pussy had stretched, I guess, so that it didn't really hurt, but it still felt... well, not exactly aching, but I felt really, really full whenever she pushed it deep into my body. And it was an absolutely delicious sensation! An incredible feeling that left me breathless!

God!

I licked at Kiera, I used my lips to suck and massage her clitoris, and I ran my tongue up and down along her pussy and thrust it as deep into it as it would go. The thought of doing this to a woman had once made my face scrunch up in distaste, but now I felt completely different. I was too excited, too full of a wild sense of abandon to let that sort of thing affect me.

All I was really intent on doing was following her directions in hopes it succeeded in making her come. She was such an amazing woman, and I really wanted to impress her, and wanted to make her climax.

Her legs gradually spread wider as she slumped lower in the chair, and then she draped them across the arms to spread herself especially wide. I licked harder, trying to keep my mind under control and my body steady even as Oma's hips slapped against my buttocks and the nose of the dildo jabbed me deep inside, as if hitting the very back wall of my pussy.

But I felt a rising sense of pleasure and excitement for I knew I was succeeding. I could hear Kiera's voice getting more passionate, could feel her fingers tightening in my hair, and she wasn't giving directions so much any more either. That meant I was doing it right!

When she came, I knew it. She jerked convulsively on my hair and arched back, letting out a long, low moan as her hips bucked up into my face. I licked as hard and fast as I could while she was in the throes of her climax, and felt a genuine delight as she sagged down with a satisfied moan. Her fingers eased open and

then her hand kind of pushed back at my face a little.

Almost at once I felt another hand in my hair, rougher, harder, and I let out a startled cry of pain as I was yanked back, and up. I felt the dildo sliding out of me at the same time, but not for long. Oma kind of manhandled me forward against the edge of a table and shoved me down across it.

Crack!

I yelped as she slapped my ass again.

“Spread your legs!” she barked.

Gasping, I spread them apart, only to another sharp slap.

“Raise that ass high, slut,” she growled.

I felt the nose of that fat, slick dildo jammed against my pussy entrance, and moaned helplessly. Oma ground it up and down against my entrance, then pushed hard and it slowly forced its way into me, up me, deep, and I shuddered as she started fucking me again, harder than before. I was soon gasping, breathless, moaning.

Crack!

“Nasty little slut,” she said.

I cried out as she yanked back on my hair again, kind of forcing my head up and back, raising my chest off the table as she leaned in and started to chew her way along my throat.

“Are you gonna be my bitch, blonde girl?” she whispered. “Are you gonna be my little love toy?”

I couldn't answer, my head swirling as she jammed the dildo deep, then started to thrust into me with short, rapid motions. I was all stretched out inside, and now the nose of the thing was jabbing me fast and hard right at the very back wall of my sex!

I kind of sensed rather than saw Gina's presence as her hand slid in with the

vibrator, and it was jammed against my clitoris. Then Oma shoved my face down against the table again and redoubled her thrusting efforts, and I climaxed – hard!

God, it was all so fucking wild! I cried out helplessly as she rammed her hips into my upraised buttocks, as she drove that thick, long dildo into me with harsh, powerful strokes! My hips jerked spastically as my head twisted and writhed in her grip, my whole body feeling ready to come apart with the force of the pressure exploding within me!

She eased back as I kind of went limp, my knees rubbery, and I felt her strong hands on my thighs, then, really quickly, she kind of rolled me over, jerking my legs up into the air and apart. I found myself on my back, well, laying on my crossed arms on the table, gasping for breath. She adjusted my body, pushing me further back, and my head fell off the far side.

I could feel the tendons my thighs aching and straining as she spread my legs far, far apart, stroking slower now, with much longer strokes. Her fingers danced along my clit, too, even as a shadow moved before me. It was a naked woman, or at least, naked from the waist down. White skin, but hairless, like Kiera, and me, for that matter, were before me as hands reached down and gripped my hair to pull my face in against her.

“Lick, little sex toy,” I heard Gina order.

Panting, moaning, dazed, I started to lick, though I was confused by the fact my head was now upside down. I felt hands on my breasts, rolling and tugging and caressing my nipples, and a feeling though crossed my swirling mind: Oma's 'cock' was not going to get soft.

That was a strange and confusing thought, in my current state. Because the guy coming was always the end of things. His cock softened, and that was it. But... Oma's cock was never going to get soft. How long was she going to go on fucking me!?

See, it wasn't the first time I'd climaxed twice during sex. I had discovered that when I got, well, excited, things kind of continued to build. I mean, I'd had three climaxes once, with one particularly hunky, bull of a guy who'd had staying power. But no guy had the staying power of a dildo, so... what was that going to be like!?

Not that my head was in any kind of shape for considerate analysis at that moment. The though just kind of flitted through a haze as I tried to lick properly at Gina and she pinched my nipples to punish me for not doing it well enough.

God! That cock was just pummeling me inside! I was going to be sore when this was over!

I barely heard the buzzing, but definitely felt the vibrator when it was placed against my clitoris! I jerked helplessly, moaning and gasping into Gina's pussy as whoever it was ground it back and forth against me. Oma fucked faster, and I licked harder, and then I came again, arching up off the table, crying out helplessly, my voice muffled as Gina jammed my face into her sex.

“Little slut loves cock,” Oma said in amusement.

Oh God did I!

“I wanna do her,” Gina said eagerly.

I went limp, finally, save for my heaving chest. Gina moved away, and I felt the big dildo sliding free of me. I just kind of lay there, sprawled across the round table, gulping in air and moaning.

Fuuuuuuuck!

I felt hands caressing my body, but I couldn't see anything, since my head hung over the opposite end. I thought it was Kiera, then, for the hands were small, delicate and gentle. They slid across my throbbing breasts, then down between my legs. A chair scraped, and then a tongue traced its way up and down along the outside, then the inside of my pussy as fingers spread me open. The tongue slid up and lips enveloped my clitoris, the tongue swirling and teasing lightly.

I moaned, kind of light headed because of my head being upside down.

I didn't really know if it was Kiera or someone else, and to be honest, didn't really care. I just kind of lay there, moaning, gasping, grunting as fingers slid into me and twisted around.

A body moved into shape. Oma, naked now, shaved, pulling my mouth up against her. I licked immediately, and then felt the thick dildo pushing into me

once more. Godddd!

The vibrator played across my clit. Lips sucked and chewed at my nipples when hands weren't plucked, stroking or pinching them. The big dildo drove into me hard and deep, and my body rapidly heated up towards another orgasm. With my head upside down, the way I was light-headed, when it struck it seemed to hit me with even more force.

I was like... insane! I cried out and thrashed wildly as the orgasm shattered my mind! It was incredibly intense, and all I could do was bounce and twisted and writhe and sob as it tore through me with uncontrolled force!

Oma pulled back and knelt before me, our faces more or less on a level, though mine was still upside down. As the orgasm subsided she began to rain kisses across my face. Then she tightened her grip on my hair and I saw something in her hand. It was another dildo, though not as thick. I had a fleeting instant to wonder what she intended doing with it before it slid into my open mouth.

I moaned around it.

“Suck! Suck that cock, little blonde girl,” she purred. “Suck it like a lollipop. You know you love it!”

It didn't make any sense to suck a fake cock but I did as she told me, sucking and licking at it as she pumped it slowly in and out of my mouth.

“Swallow it, little cock-lover,” she purred. “Swallow my cock.”

I wasn't sure exactly what she meant, but then she pushed it deep, and I felt it pop into my throat! I gurgled weakly, but I was so dazed my gag reflex didn't seem to really be functioning that well. I stared stupidly at it, cross eyed and upside down, as I watched her fist moving forward, watched the ridiculously long cock sliding forward and felt it pushing deeper and deeper into my throat.

Mouths were sucking and chewing at both my breasts as Gina continued to drive the dildo into me, and then the vibrator began to play across my clitoris again...

I couldn't really breath with the dildo in my throat, filling my throat. But my mind didn't feel a sense of panic. I was too blasted for that. The dildo pushed even deeper, and I felt a sense of unreality to it. How could a cock be this

fucking long!?! Then she let go of it and I stared stupidly at what was obviously a cock-head, or at least, a dildo shaped like one, sticking out of my mouth.

I wondered why she hadn't used that end, but then remembered having seen one on the other end, and my mind wasn't functioning well enough to understand, or to consider there might be one on both ends. Of course, it was a double headed dildo, twenty inches long, as I later found out, but I'd never seen one before.

I was to become very well-acquainted with this one.

Dots sparkled before my dazed eyes, my chest burning, my head pounding, and I felt faint before Oma slid the long round toy back up out of my throat, out of my chest, and I could breath again. I coughed and gagged weakly, gulping in air as she kissed me again.

“You're going to be our little het slut, blonde girl,” she said.

I was rolled over again, groaning, gasping.

Crack!

“Nasty little girl,” Gina said.

Crack!

“Little blonde slut,” Kiera added, sounding amused, as always.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I yelped and gasped and moaned even as the dildo pushed deep again. Then I felt my buttocks spread apart, felt an oiled finger pushing into my ass! I would have objected but my hair was pulled back, jerking my head up and back, and then the double headed dildo was thrust through my open mouth and, very quickly, down my throat again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Different hands slapped my bottom, the sharp stinging slaps distracting me from the feel of the dildo pushing down my throat and into my chest.

“Blonde whore,” Gina said.

Crack!

“Cock loving little slut,” she said.

Crack!

A second finger pushed into my ass, thrusting in and out, twisting around. Then something bigger, thicker... longer. I moaned helplessly around the dildo in my throat, starting to get light-headed again. It was withdrawn, and then all I cared about was breathing even as something big and hard was pushed down into my ass!

I'd never gone in for anal sex, but the wildness of all this, the outrageousness of it, had lit my mind on fire! I was already feeling incredibly full because of the size of the dildo Gina was using on me. Now I felt even more full as another one, probably not as big, pushed deep into my virgin ass!

“Nasty slut,” Gina taunted. “You like it up the ass, don't you!?”

Crack!

“Don't you!”

Crack!

“Say it, slut!”

Crack!

I only moaned and gasped and yelped.

“Say it,” Oma said, leaning in, her face near mine. “Say I love getting a cock up the ass,” she ordered.

“I-I... I love g-getting a ... a cock up the ass!” I gasped.

Crack!

“Again, slut,” Gina ordered.

I moaned helplessly. “I love... getting a-a cock up the aaaass!” I moaned

“Beg for it, blonde girl,” Oma said, her face right in front of me as she held my hair. “Beg to be fucked in the ass.”

Crack!

“Beg,” Gina ordered.

“Please!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Beg.”

“Please... I... “

Crack!

My ass was starting to get hot with the sharp stinging slaps!

“Beg!”

“Please fuck me in the ass!” I cried.

Crack!

“Again.”

“Please fuck my ass!” I cried.

They were already doing it anyway, the dildo, for what else could it be, sliding in and out of me back there. It had ached at first, but now it just... felt full.

I felt whatever it was sliding out, even as the big one in my pussy also slid back. Then I felt the pressure against my back opening, the pressure of something big, of the one they'd been using on my pussy! I moaned helplessly as it pushed hard, as it slowly forced my sphincter open and pushed into me.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I gasped.

“Say please fuck my whore ass,” Oma ordered.

“Please!”

Crack!

“Say it!”

“Please fuck my whore ass!” I cried.

Crack!

“Say please fuck my blonde whore ass,” Oma said next, grinning.

“Please fuck my blonde whore ass!” I cried.

Oh God! It was so thick! I groaned as it slid into me, even as someone worked the vibrator against my pussy.

My hair was yanked up and back sharply, and I let out a scream as I was pulled upright.

Hands guided me back, and then down as Gina sat in one of the chairs. My legs were forced wide as I was made to straddle the chair. It was the one Kiera had been sitting in, and it had high arms which I could quite get my legs around. That meant what I had to do was kind of balance myself up atop Gina, legs grinding into the wooden arms of the chair, spread really wide!

My ass was sliding slowly, but surely down onto that big fat cock. It ached as I slid lower, giving me cramps deep in the belly. I was using the muscles of my legs to ease myself as much as possible.

Kiera, in the meantime, knelt in front of me, and began to lick and suck at my pussy. One, two, then three fingers pushed up against me and slid inside. Then a fourth slowly wormed its way into me as I sank lower and lower on the fat cock up my ass!

Kiera had a small hand, but even so, her four fingers made me ache as they pumped in and out and twisted around inside me. Her tongue and lips were driving me crazy as they worked over my clitoris, but then she bunched her

thumb in against her four fingers and I felt the lips of my pussy spread and spread... and spread... and stretch... and ache.

I stared, transfixed, full of disbelief, sensations and emotions both flooding through me! I didn't realize at first, watching her pushing and twisting her small hand, staring at the sight of it, the heel of her hand trying to push through my aching, burning pussy lips. Then I did realize. I felt... thunderstruck, full of disbelief for a moment!

Then the heel of her hand slowly pushed through and her whole hand was inside me! Her whole hand! I gaped, shocked, even as the sensations poured through my body and mind. Her whole hand! It was... inside me! I could feel the fingers inside me, the thumb... I whimpered and moaned, then cried out as I sank still further onto the big dildo in my ass.

I was even more full, even more stretched, and after getting over my initial shock and horror the realization Kiera had her whole hand inside me just blew me over the edge. The orgasm was, if anything, more intense than the last one! I twisted and writhed and arched and cried out again and again as I rode her hand and her tongue and my mind disintegrated under the force of the sexual release!

Her hand pushed deeper into my pussy, and slowly, one by one, as I slumped, gasping, dazed, I felt her fingers drawing in and back, each one momentarily kind of clawing against the soft, slick wall of my elastic pussy until it was bent and pressed back into the palm of her hand. Then she pushed her fist forward, deeper still.

I stared at the sight of her wrist as it disappeared inside me, then her forearm sliding in, inch by slow inch! Her fist slowly rotated inside me, and I shuddered and cried out, aching, burning, the sensations and emotions overwhelming me!

It didn't take very long until another orgasm hit, then another. And then another, but this one was different. It wasn't as massive as the others, and yet, it was powerful enough to set me writhing and jerking as my muscles convulsed in pleasure. But as it started to ease, it rocketed up again, then eased, then rocketed up again.

It just seemed to go on and on and on! Kiera moved her fist in and out of me. I felt it like a hard bell in my belly, sliding up and down my aching pussy. I stared at her forearm moving in and out, even as Gina started to thrust her hips up to

work the dildo in my ass. It was insane! I was going insane! I came and came and came until I was barely sane, barely conscious!

And then I think maybe I lost consciousness entirely. Or maybe I was just semi-conscious. I don't really remember how I got from the front of the bar to the back room. But I found myself face down on the bed, my wrists and arms pulled out to the four corners, and bound there by some kind of straps.

Oma sat before me, legs spread wide, fingers in my hair, pulling my mouth down onto her pussy.

Gina lay atop me, naked, slowly working the dildo in and out of my ass. I was kind of laying on the vibrator. It had been placed on the mattress right below me so that it was jammed into my pussy. As Gina fucked me, my body kind of ground against it, keeping me in a constant state of feverish sexual hunger.

They turned me over, finally, after several more orgasms. Gina straddled my face, grinding her pussy down against my mouth. Someone licked me, pumping a dildo in me. I couldn't see who, of course.

It was all kind of whirling around. I was feverish, exhausted, dazed. I remember Kiera straddling my face, and Gina, and numerous orgasms.

I woke at some point to find myself alone.

I was laying on my side in a strange bed. But there was some light coming through a window from a nearby streetlamp. I grunted weakly, aching all over, then, trying to move, realized my wrists were locked together somehow behind me. I sat up, or tried to, and found something around my neck, like a collar. It was chained to the headpost, and pulled me back.

“K-Kiera?” I gasped, my throat aching a little.

“Kiera?”

The door opened and Kiera entered, nude in the soft light.

“Shh,” she said. “You should get back to sleep.”

She climbed into bed and pulled me back.

“Kiera! What time is it? I ... need to get home.”

“Why? You live alone. You can sleep here tonight. It's too late for the bus.”

“But my parents...”

“You called them, silly.”

“I did?”

She giggled softly, her hand sliding onto my bare flesh, caressing my breast.

“You told them you'd missed the bus and would be staying over.”

“I don't remember ...”

“You did a good job. They didn't seem upset. I listened.”

“But...”

“Shhh, little blonde girl.”

Her hand had slid down between my legs, and I gasped at how swollen and sore and sensitive I was down there.”

“Oh! Kiera!”

“Shhh,” she whispered, kissing me lightly.

Her fingers stroked against me, and at first it ached, but only for some seconds, then the sensation was quite different. It took her, perhaps, well, say two minutes, that was all, and I was climaxing against her, my bottom grinding back against her groin as she kissed my throat.

* * *

There was a nice shower back here, big enough for several people. I was shy, uncertain, embarrassed about what she'd done the other night. But that couldn't last, not with Kiera being so open, and also naked, bringing me into the shower with her, her soapy hands on my body, pulling me in, our lips together.

She slid her leg between mine, and angled our pussies together, and with the slick soapiness of our bodies, rubbing our flesh together was exquisite! I came quickly, gasping for breath as she ground her pussy into mine.

Afterward, she insisted on drying me with a soft towel, then brushing and blow-drying my hair.

I guess maybe I had kind of a crush on her to let her get away with all she had. There was more to it than that, of course. Everything had happened so fast, and one thing had led to another and, well, it had just been the most incredible, crazy experience of my life! My mind was still adjusting to it, which is why I guess I offered only token protests when she'd slid the collar back on, and then placed the leather restraints around my wrists and locked them together behind my back.

On my knees, I licked her to an orgasm, and felt flush with praise as she complimented me on how fast I was learning.

We went out front, and again it felt really weird being naked out in the bar like that! I followed her into the kitchen, where she cooked up breakfast, and talked about herself, and how she'd come out as a lesbian in junior high, and her experiences then.

We sat side by side at a table, and she had to feed me as well as herself because my wrists were still bound together behind my back. It was weird, but... not exactly unpleasant or anything, and kind of squirmingly kinky!

She even brushed my teeth afterward!

Then she showed me a weird looking thing that looked kind of like a mushroom.

“It's a butt-plug,” she said with a wicked smile. “I think you like getting fucked in the ass. This will make it easier.”

“Oh no!” I gasped, eyes widening. “Kiera!”

“Bend over, blonde girl.”

“But – !”

She gripped my hair and forced me to bend over a table, then slowly pushed the thing inside me. It was round and thick, but then narrowed to almost nothing, save for a kind of flat base which rested against the outside of my back passage.

She showed me another toy, then. It looked sort of like a big plastic clothes pin, with one side bigger than the other.

“What's that?” I gulped warily.

“This part,” she said with a wicked grin, fingering the round pink tip of one side, “Will caress your G-spot as you move. This part,” she said, indicating the other branch, “Hooks up along the outside of your pussy, right over your clit. And it's got a tiny vibrator inside. They squeeze together to hold it in place.”

I bit my lip anxiously, nervously, excitedly, as she slipped it up inside me, or, well, one part slipped inside me. The other part rested up against my clit, and I could feel the pressure as the two branches tried to squeeze together, just like a clothespin!

I yelped as the door to the bar opened and Oma let herself in. She grinned to see me, and my face flushed red in embarrassment.

“Hello, blonde girl,” she said. “Ready for more orgasms?”

My wrists pulled helplessly against the restraints.

Then I was on my knees licking Oma as the little vibrator buzzed against me. It wasn't really that powerful enough, but when combined with the situation, it soon had me almost trembling with sexual heat.

Then it stopped.

Turned out, it had a remote control, and Kiera had the remote.

The little pink nightie thing had proven so popular the previous night they dressed me in it once again for the day crowd. They removed the collar and restraints, though. The day crowd was more relaxed, but I wasn't. Every time I started to calm down the fucking vibrator started buzzing away at me!

Oh, and I wore no underwear.

It was horribly embarrassing whenever someone spotted the butt plug, but I was in the throes of a deep sexual hunger, and in a weird, twisted way, the exhibitionism of it all turned me on even more.

After a few hours I was so hot I was flirting wildly, flaunting myself, teasing them, and ready to go in a bathroom and masturbate!

Kiera gently took my wrist and led me into the back as Oma handled the front alone, then drew me down a corridor and through another door. We were in the back area! She drew me into one of the rooms with a smile, ignoring my babbling, breathless questions. She slipped the little pink thing off me, put on the collar and restraints, locked my wrists behind my back, and ordered me to kneel on the edge of the bed, bottom raised, legs wide.

And then she left.

Panting, moaning, I heard the door open. I turned my head, and my eyes went wide. I didn't even know the woman who came in! I gasped, too shocked to move at first. By the time I started to react, to try to twist around to cover myself, she was already at the edge of the bed.

Crack!

“Don't move!” she growled.

She drew on a strap-on as I knelt, mortified, trembling, moaning, then pushed the dildo into me and started fucking.

She didn't even have to take that vibrator thing out. The dildo pushed in past it and started pummeling my insides!

Within maybe a minute my inhibitions melted away. I came two minutes later, doing my best to hide my cries of pleasure as she rode me through it.

Then I was on my knees, sucking her 'cock', gurgling as it slid down my throat.

She pulled out, stripped, and drew me in against her, and my tongue started working. Few words were necessary. I felt ... anxious, embarrassed, and intimidated, in a weird way, into obedience. I don't mean I was afraid of her or anything. But I was... well, naked and with my wrists restrained and, well, a

whore, or at least, had been presented to her as a whore.

I acted the part.

After I had licked her to climax she left. Kiera came back for me, kissed me, removed the restraints, put the pink outfit back on, and then slapped my bottom and told me to get back to work.

I would get to know the room well that day, and in the days and weeks which followed.

The weird thing is that I never became a lesbian. I mean, The sheer obscene kinkiness of it all was a massive turn-on that drove me crazy with pleasure. But I never felt any desire to date a woman or anything. I did, however, become a much more capable and demanding lover to the men I dated.

It was the oddest job I ever had, and the most exciting. The tips were terrific, and usually, after the little back room sessions, the women gave me money too. It took a while before I started thinking that made me a kind of prostitute. For the truth was I didn't do it because of the money. I did it because... Kiera told me to, and because it was incredibly exciting.

All my girlfriends bitched about their dull, boring, unrewarding jobs, and their low pay. Even the ones with office jobs just whined about being stuck in cubicles all day. Meanwhile I was in a state of breathless sexual excitement much of the day, and climaxing at least half a dozen times while at work!

And I made way more money than them too!

And the money, the 'tips' those women gave me in the back room, set me on a course for something more in life than bartending. A lot of those women had money, like I said, and they weren't shy about using it for their pleasure. One day Kiera gave me a card and pointed out a sleek looking brunette in her mid-thirties sitting in a booth.

“She wants you to come home with her,” she said.

I stared at her, then down at the card. It said “Andrea Rollins, Senior Vice President, Bank of Albany” on it.

“Uh... but...”

“It's worth a thousand dollars, blonde girl,” Kiera said.

I stared at her, then at the women, then at her again.

“Your shift is almost over anyway,” she said, smiling.

“But...”

“A thousand dollars.”

Shit!

So I went home with Andrea Rollins, or really to her hotel room, which was way nicer than anything I'd ever seen in my life. She put a collar and restraints on me, spanked me, called me names, and made me come a whole bunch of times before I could even get my tongue on her to return the favor.

Andrea was the first, but far from the last. There were a number of attractive women with money who wanted a discreet female lover. Some of them weren't even lesbians. Eventually I stopped working at the bar. I suppose some might call me a prostitute, but I never thought of myself that way, at least, not emotionally.

Intellectually, yes, I suppose. But I never went with anyone I didn't want to, nor did anything I didn't want to. The money was amazing, enough for me to buy a condo even nicer than Andrea's hotel room had been.

And since it was always with women, I never really feared for myself, or felt intimidated. I had great sex, a lot of pleasure, a lot of fun, and made a lot of money doing it. If anyone wanted to look down on that they were crazy.

But it surely influenced my sexual preferences forever. Not only with women, either. I was almost always tied up as they made me writhe and twist and buck in pleasure, and that had an effect on my mind. I became heavily into bondage, with men. All a guy had to do was tie my wrists together to make me incredibly wet! I also loved having my hair pulled, loved getting spanked, and loved anal sex!

I became a kinky slut as far as my male dates were concerned. But that was okay. My sexual hunger had been awakened and was not going to die down. Nor was I about to settle for some slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am kind of guy ever again. I might be a submissive in sex, but what the women did to me gave me a sense of confidence in myself which served me very well in life.

I became a millionaire, and a strong, assertive, confident woman who pursued what she wanted in life.

And if what I wanted was to be tied up, bent over someone's lap, spanked, then thrown down and violently screwed, well, who was going to say there was anything wrong with that? None of my boyfriends, that was for sure.

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

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