

The Weekend



JJ Argus

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By JJ Argus

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

To suggest Sydney's life had too narrow a focus was akin to thinking dairy farmers spent too much time thinking about milk. The analogy worked on several levels given Sydney was born on a farm and her grandfather was a dairy farmer.

Sydney's life, however, had taken a radically different turn. Sydney was obsessed with history, most specifically, early Roman history. Oh, she had an intense interest in all manner of history, of course. It had been a hobby in junior high school, become something of an obsession through her teenage years, and was turning into a career.

She had majored in history at university, then gone for her masters, while becoming a teaching assistant for Professor Collins. After getting her masters degree at twenty-three, she continued as a teaching assistant as she sought her doctorate.

Sydney's cerebral interests did not lend themselves much to social interaction outside her profession. Sydney didn't have any particular interest in sports, other than the Olympics, did not watch television, except for documentaries, mainly on the History channel, and had little interest in movies, other than those of a historical nature. She liked classical music, especially Celtic music, and read mainly non-fiction.

Her one, somewhat embarrassing weakness was that she read romances; Gothic romances, mainly, but she'd devour anything set in the distant past. Bodice rippers, as the genre were often described, was like candy to her soft blue eyes, and she would read, usually in bed, with wide eyes and a sense of excited outrage at the rudeness and rough romance accorded to heroines in their stunning and beautiful gowns.

As for men, Sydney had found the male gender to be largely a disappointment. In terms of manners and behavior, they had been embarrassing and offending her since adolescence. She was a prim and proper young lady who believed in comporting herself with a sense of dignity, and required respect from those about her.

Men, in her experience, were salivating pigs, rude to the point of obnoxious, and always lusting after every woman in sight. They were quite a bit better in the

academic setting she had sought refuge in, of course. Partly that was due to temperament, and partly to rigid human resource behavior codes on campus.

That wasn't to say she had no experience with men. Just that none of it had been particularly satisfying. In terms of sex, she had discovered she had a weakness for kissing. She could kiss for hours! Unfortunately, few men felt similarly, and none she had come across. Most seemed to feel kissing was merely a brief, and regrettably necessary introduction before their hands began to paw and grope her.

Nor did their big, rough hands on her soft, slender body usually rouse her to anything other than embarrassment, indignation and discomfort. That wasn't to say she didn't have a sense of the erotic, for she certainly did, quite a powerful one, in fact. However, her only physical pleasure in the realm of sex had come about through her own hands combined with her own fantasies.

She found her interpersonal relationships at work to be quite satisfying, given the academic nature of most of her conversations, and the few social gatherings she attended. But while everyone seemed to like her, and she had a number of friends, none were particularly close.

However, that began to change when professor Sofie Orell came to teach in her department. Professor Orell was from Sweden, and a youthful, and attractive blonde woman in her mid thirties. She belied the Swedish archetype in that she was lithe and slim and had neither large hips nor breasts. Her accent was slight, her movements precise, straight-backed, and careful.

She also had a husband, Nils, who all-but took Sydney's breath away when she first saw him. He was a writer and artist, with long, untidy blonde hair and stormy gray eyes. His face was long and narrow, but with a strong jaw and high cheekbones. He was an incredibly handsome man, with a sharp, clipped voice and melodic accent which made something low in Sydney's body thrum with interest.

Sofie, as Sydney soon came to know her, confided that many people thought Nils' arrogant, but really, he was simply very, very strong willed and self-confident. Their marriage was somewhat stormy in that he tended to give orders and expect them to be obeyed, which did not always happen to his satisfaction with Sofie.

Sofie was an assertive woman with strong views, both academic and social. While she was polite in social occasions she rarely backed down. Those were personality traits Sydney had often envied in others, and she was envious of how Sofie conducted herself in such a confident, forthright manner.

Sydney herself was a soft-spoken woman who shrank from conflict, and did not like to disappoint people. She always endeavored to please, and when she found herself in disagreement, was always quite diffident and respectful in how she made that disagreement known.

So when she was invited to Sofie's house one day for a swim, Sydney was wracked with uncertainty. On the one hand, she was delighted at the chance to get to know Sofie better. On the other hand she didn't even own a bathing suit! Because of their rude staring and comments, well, at least when she was a teenager, the thought of exposing her body to the eyes of men made her squirm.

But the thought of doing so to Nils made her breathless!

Of course, she had no predatory thoughts with regard to a married man! The idea didn't even occur to her! That would be highly improper and unfair to Sofie! Even so, the thought of him seeing her in something other than the loose, often shapeless, dark-colored garments she normally wore at work gave her a tight sensation in her chest.

She was only partly relieved when Sofie suggested Nils would likely be out golfing, and it would just be the two of them. She might still see him! More importantly, he might still see her!

And so felt a great deal of tension and stress at the thought of what to wear, what to buy, and how best to appear so as to not look foolish to Sofie. The woman was from Sweden, after all! She had always indicated a respect for Sydney's conservative attire and behavior, but what would she think of she showed up in some sort of old woman's bathing suit?

Black was her favorite color. It didn't stand out in a crowd. So after hours and hours of shopping, she finally settled on a black bathing suit. It was not, despite her wishes, a one piece, for she was sure Sofie would find that amusing. Instead it was a bikini. But it was a bikini with a full bottom, and good coverage in front, too. The top was likewise designed to almost fully cover her breasts.

Sydney's breasts were rather a sore point to her, insofar as wardrobe was concerned. It embarrassed her that they drew attention from men. She was a generously endowed young woman, with a slender body, and any kind of form-fitting outfit tended to emphasize the size of her chest. She usually wore bras which worked to minimize this, and loose clothing.

So the bikini, with its triangular shaped cups which displayed some small amount of cleavage was rather daring for her. But it would be in a private back yard, with another woman. That was the reassuring part. But on the other hand, Nils might show up, or still be there when she arrived. That was the unnerving, and also exciting part.

She arrived after work on Friday, with the weekend ahead. She was both relieved and disappointed when Sofie greeted her at the door to their lovely old Victorian home with the information that Nils had already left for his golfing. The house was tidy, and nicely furnished, and the back yard thankfully enclosed by a tall fence.

"This is lovely!" she exclaimed, examining the bushes and flowers scattered around the in-ground pool.

"Yes, we were lucky to find it so cheap," Sofie said.

"Do you do a lot of swimming in Sweden?"

"Hardly! That's why we were pleased to come here, where it's so much warmer."

She got them drinks while Sydney went into the bathroom to change. She returned, nervously clad in her bikini, with a long wrap over her, and found Sofie already out back, just sitting down on one of the long, wooden chaise lounge chairs, the small table between them holding their wine.

Sydney skipped a step as she realized the woman was wearing nothing but a bikini bottom, her breasts small, round, and very firm on her chest as she lay back. But her indrawn breath was soft, and not noticed by the other woman. She did not make a moral judgment about Sofie's semi-nudity, but instead berated herself for being surprised. The Europeans, after all, thought topless bathing quite ordinary, and she should have remembered that!

In fact, she didn't even disapprove, really. She found the American attitude

towards nudity, particularly female nudity, to childish and ignorant. Of course Sofie wouldn't share that attitude, she told herself with a mental roll of her eyes.

She shrugged off the wrap quickly, and then sat down on the chair next to Sofie.

"I guess you spend a lot of time out here," she said, determinedly not looking at the woman's breasts.

"Whenever we can. We're both very busy, you know."

Sydney nodded her head in understanding as Sofie picked up a plastic bottle and squirted it over her arms and then her stomach and lower chest. Sydney realized she'd forgotten something else as the woman ran her hands over her body, spreading the suntan oil out.

"Oh my gosh! I forgot to bring any suntan lotion!" she exclaimed.

Sofie only smiled. "You can use mine. It's very good, and all natural. Calling it suntan lotion is probably incorrect, though. It's more to protect the skin and prevent it from too much of a tan. I think my hair color is too light to look proper with a deep tan."

"I'm kind of the same way, though it doesn't look as bad with my hair," Sydney said, flicking her fingers through her shoulder length brown hair.

They chatted about her drive as Sofie quickly and efficiently spread the oil over her chest and down her body. The woman also spread it over her legs, and as she stood, Sydney became away, again, surprised, but then not surprised, that she wore a tiny thong.

Sofie handed her the bottle as she sat down, and Sydney quickly spread it over her own body. Her skin was light and sensitive, so she appreciated that the oil was natural and protective.

"You don't mind what I'm wearing, do you?" Sofie asked. "I know you're very conservative."

"No, no! It's fine! I mean, it's your back yard, for heaven's sakes! I actually envy you your attitude. I sometimes wish I wasn't so... self-conscious about my body."

“Why would you be self-conscious?” Sofie asked. “You have a fantastic body! I wish I had your breasts!”

Sydney blushed slightly. “They attract too much attention,” she murmured.

Sofie chuckled softly. “But that's the idea, my dear. You are unmarried, after all.”

“It's the wrong kind of attention,” Sydney said. “From the wrong kind of men.”

“My dear, if there's one thing I know about men it's that breasts like yours will get attention from all kind. It's just that only the wrong kind have the courage to be rude and aggressive about it.”

“I suppose,” Sydney said uncomfortably.

“Is that why you dress so conservatively? You really don't need to be afraid of aggressive men at school.”

“Oh no, well. I suppose it's mostly force of habit. But also, not everyone I interact with is an adult, you know. I do teach classes, and some of the young men there are, well, young.”

Sofie chuckled softly. “I suppose you don't want them daydreaming about the sexy teacher instead of thinking about their lessons.”

“No!” Sydney blushed. “Anyway, I'm not sexy.”

Sofie laughed. “Well, not the way you dress at school, although even there, hmm, I can tell you that some of the men would disagree with you.”

“Oh please.”

“You have a lovely face, my dear, and lovely eyes. I've heard men comment about your eyes.”

“What men!?”

“Ah, that would be revealing a confidence.”

“Oh come on! Tell me!”

“Perhaps later, if you're good,” Sofie said with a smirk.

Sydney snorted.

“They say you have sexy eyes,” Sofie said with a playful grin.

“Please,” Sydney said, blushing but not unhappy.

It took a couple of glasses of wine, some teasing, and assurance that Nils would not be home for hours, before Sydney was convinced to remove her top. Doing so made butterflies soar within her belly and she felt incredibly naughty as she lay back in the sun. She blushed deeply as Sofie handed her the suntan oil.

“Unless you'd like me to do it,” Sofie said teasingly.

“No thank you!” Sydney laughed.

After a short while Sofie persuaded her to go for a dip, and they swam leisurely in the water, then dove (Sydney jumped) off the diving board a few times. Sydney wasn't a very good swimmer, but Sofie was, and insisted on giving a brief lesson.

That necessarily involved a lot of close, physical contact, and the first time Sofie's arm pressed briefly across her bare breasts sent a very surprising rush of sensory pleasure through Sydney's body. Her nipples were quite hard and sensitive due to the cool water, and she was, moreover, feeling a sense of the erotic due to her semi-nudity outside.

She felt another such sensory rush when Sofie stood in the shallow end, and supported Sydney's body as she tried out a stroke the Swedish woman had shown, that was when she felt the soft mounds of Sofie's breasts against her side for a few seconds.

The thought of sex with another woman had occurred to Sydney on occasions. Perhaps women, she had often thought, would not be so aggressive and crude as men. Perhaps they would be more gentle and loving. So she was not at all adverse to the idea of experimenting with lesbian sex. In this particular case, much of the anxiety she would otherwise have felt at the thought of someone seeing her naked was also dissipated.

So she began to feel a breathless sense of the erotic around her as she and Sofie interacted, as their bodies touched, however briefly, and however nonsexual that touch was. When Sofie hugged her in delight at her learning a stroke, and she felt the woman's hard nipples pressing firmly into her breasts a rush of heat blossomed down low in her belly.

Sofie's skin was so soft against her body! And the woman was so calm and knowing and capable that Sydney began to feel a delicious sense of anticipation and hope, though of course she would not dare to attempt anything! The idea of making her swirling erotic feelings known to Sofie on the chance the woman would not be offended was horrifying! In fact, she did her level best to ensure she showed nothing at all!

But her eyes took in Sofie's lovely body in her brief thong with envy and admiration. The woman moved with a fluid grace she never felt herself. She wished, in fact, she had smaller breasts, feeling something of a cow with how large her own were. And when Sofie joked about her larger breasts she blushed both in embarrassment and excitement at the topic.

"They help you float," Sofie teased.

"I would rather have yours," Sydney exclaimed. "Mine are too big!"

"Nonsense! They fit you well. You could be in a magazine."

"Ha! I would much rather simply not have anyone staring at them."

"Oh I can get men to stare at mine, Sydney," Sofie said with a grin. "It's not like I'm flat chested, you know."

"Oh I didn't mean that!" Sydney hastened to reassure her. "Your breasts are lovely!"

"Are they?" Sofie asked in amusement.

Sydney blushed at her own words and Sofie laughed.

"You're such a sweet girl," the blonde woman said, "But painfully innocent."

Then she reached out suddenly, and caught Sydney's stiff nipples between her

fingers, giving them a quick, soft pinch and tug before laughing and pulling away.

“Hey!” Sydney gasped in shock, another rush of heat sweeping through her lower belly.

An almost completely unfamiliar sense of excitement and arousal was sweeping through Sydney, yet so too was frustration. She was almost aroused enough, as she climbed out of the pool after the Swedish woman, to do anything the woman wanted! If only the woman wanted to do anything! But she absolutely would not give any hint of such, nor did she have any idea how she would even try.

“So no boyfriend?” Sofie asked as she toweled herself off.

“No,” Sydney said. “I don't meet a lot of men my age at school. For the most part they're either younger or much older.”

“Hmm, there's something to be said for the skilled hands and lips of an older man you know, my dear,” Sofie said, batting her lashes.

Sydney blushed a little and shrugged helplessly. “I don't think there are many good prospects in the History department.”

“Oh God no!” Sofie said with a laugh, “Maybe in English, though. There are a few sexy men there.”

She was spreading the tanning lotion over her body as she spoke, then frowned. “I think we're going to run out,” she said. “Hold out your hand.”

Sydney did so and Sofie squirted the remains of the bottle into it.

“I don't think this is enough,” Sydney said, spreading it over her arms and then starting on her chest and belly.

“Well, I have a lot. I can share.”

Sydney wasn't sure what the woman meant, at first, but, giggling a little, Sofie moved behind her and put her arms around Sydney's body, then pressed her own body in against Sydney's back and rubbed herself against her. That she was rubbing her bare breasts against Sydney's back did not seem to bother her, but

another very hot rush of heat spread through Sydney's suddenly tense body.

"We don't want your lovely skin to get burned," Sofie said in a soft voice.

"N-No!" Sydney squeaked as the woman's slippery hands rubbed up and down her belly.

But then those hands rose, caressing the underside of Sydney's breasts, and the shock of pleasure and heat almost staggered her. She felt a crackling wall of sexual electricity ripple along the surface of her skin as Sofie's soft hands stroked gently back and forth against the underside of her breasts. The slipperiness of her skin only made the touch feel that much more silken as Sofie's hands rose, stroking across the center of her breasts, across the tingling, overheated nipples!

She felt the woman's warm breath against the nape of her neck, then her lips press softly against her as her right hand skimmed gently down over her belly, and her fingers slipped lightly in under the waistband of her bikini bottom.

She froze, gasping, eyes wide, as she felt the woman's fingers gently rub against her abdomen, sliding from side to side, moving slowly, dangerously lower. Her heart pounded and the blood rushed through her head as she agonized with how far Sofie's fingers would go! And what she would do if they went too far!

And then they did, and her face became scarlet as the woman's fingers eased down through the thin, neatly trimmed hair of above her sex, then slid right across her clitoris. Her hips jerked helplessly at the intense pulse of pleasure that produced, and while her mouth opened to protest, her legs almost immediately got rubbery as the fingers slid back up, then down again, rubbing gently against her there.

Sydney had touched herself there on numerous occasions, and had thought she knew the pleasure that touch could bring. She now discovered how very much mistaken she had been. She had never used a slippery oil to produce such an exquisite tactile sensation, and the feel of someone else's fingers were so very much better than her own!

"S-S-Sofie!" she gasped helplessly.

"Shhh, sweetie," Sofie whispered, biting and kissing softly against the nape of

her neck as her fingers rubbed insistently against her clitoris.

And since Sydney was largely incapable of thought at that point, she could do nothing to resist. She gasped and gurgled helplessly, gulping in air as the woman's lips moved up along her throat and under her ear, and her fingers sent shockingly powerful rushes of sensations through her body.

The orgasm came with stunning suddenness, and she jerked against Sofie's body, crying out helplessly, hips grinding against the woman's fingers as Sofie held her in a firm, tight embrace.

She gulped in air, moaning softly as the orgasm faded, hardly aware of Sofie's fingers slipping off her sex, then tugging her bathing suit bottoms down so they fell around her heels.

“Sit down, my dear,” Sofie said, guiding her back to the lounge chair.

“Oh! Oh my!” Sydney gasped, flushed deeply, chest heaving.

Sofie smiled and pushed her back against the chair, and Sydney was too dazed to do more than allow herself to be guided.

When the woman picked up her wrists and lifted her hands up above her head she only groaned, still recovering. It was long seconds before she realized, surprised and confused, that her wrists seemed to be caught up in something. She cocked her head up and back to see that her hands were actually drawn down behind the back of the sloping chair, but she could see some sort of leather straps around her wrists.

“S-Sofie?” she asked uncertainly.

“Shhh. Just lay back and enjoy it, my sweetling,” Sofie said, pressing her fingers against her lips.

Sydney tasted strawberry on those fingers as the blonde woman, smiling, straddled the long chair, facing Sydney, then lifted her left leg and dropped it across one of the wooden arms. Sydney stared in open-mouthed confusion as she saw her lean over, then felt something wrapping around her ankle.

“What are you doing!?” she gasped, trying to jerk her leg back.

“I'm going to teach you another stroke,” Sofie said with a mischievous grin.

“B-but... but..l you can't – .”

Sofie lifted her other leg up and draped it across the other arm, spreading Sydney's legs very lewdly apart, and making her blush horribly as she tried to jerk her legs closed.

“Sofie!”

Sofie wrapped another strap around her ankle, leaving her feeling horribly and obscenely exposed!

But then the woman slid further forward on the lounge, leaning in until their breasts touched, and Sydney's protests were stilled by her lips.

Sydney moaned into the older woman's mouth, still trying to protest, but the woman's lips and tongue were persuasive and her embarrassment began to fade. The feel of Sofie's breasts against hers, and the woman's hands slowly caressing her body soon built up that crackling wall of sexual electricity again, and she was breathless with anticipation, helpless to resist even if she'd not been tightly bound.

Sofie's fingers found their way down between her spread legs again, and Sydney, though blushing again, could not find the breath to protest as they began to not only caress her swollen clitoris, but push gently in between the tight lips of her sex. The slick feel of those soft fingers penetrating her body, sliding deeper and deeper, soon had her hips bucking uncontrollably, and Sydney further embarrassed herself with the depths of her response as she cried out in pleasure at a second orgasm, one even more intense than the first!

“What a responsive little sweetling you are, my dear,” Sofie said with a delighted smile.

Then her lips found Sydney's again, and Sydney focused her scattered mind on the feel of the woman's lips, on the dipping, darting, swirling movements of her tongue, and on trying to imitate them as, embarrassed or not, she kissed back.

Two fingers pushed deep inside her as she shuddered and moaned, and then a third, as Sofie slid backward, her mouth coming off her lips and descending to

her breasts. Sydney stared, wide-eyed, as Sofie began to suck and lick her tingling right nipple.

“Oh! Oh! Oh God!” she gasped!

Sofie's tongue swept and circled, her mouth massaged, her warm breath sucked rhythmically, and her white teeth nibbled and nipped teasingly, even as her fingers gently massaged the swollen flesh. Sydney had never felt such pleasure coming from her breast before!

Three fingers plunged deep into her quivering, overheated pussy as Sofie sucked and chewed and caressed her breasts, and another powerful orgasm tore through Sydney's body as she writhed and twisted and strained at the bonds! She felt light-headed, as she gulped in air, panting and shuddering and gurgling in response to the woman's skilled touch!

But more was to come as Sofie slid lower, and Sydney's eyes grew wide as the woman stared into her pussy, then pressed her lips against it. The touch of the woman's tongue against her clitoris was incredible! The feel of her soft lips as they closed around it was like nothing Sydney had ever felt in her life!

For long, long minutes, an unmeasurable time for her, the woman drove her to the edge of sanity! Sydney thrashed and twisted, her hips bucking and her head rolling and hammering back against the seat back! She cried out in helpless, shocked pleasure as Sofie plunged her fingers into her with hard, stabbing strokes as she sucked and licked wildly on her clitoris.

Orgasm after orgasm tore through her, as she lost control of her muscles, of her body, even of her mind. She drifted on a moment of eternity, incredible pleasure enveloping her to the point where no other thought, nor concern crossed her mind than that this continue forever!

She almost lost consciousness. In fact, in a sense, she did. She lay dazed, unthinking, chest heaving, unaware for a time that she was even alone as she basked in the languorous aftermath of the multiple orgasms Sofie had given her. Her stomach muscles ached from the powerful spasms, and she groaned weakly, staring sightlessly up at the treetops.

Only slowly did her thinking return, and she blinked her long lashes, pulling hesitantly against the straps binding her to discover her wrists and ankles felt sore

because of her violent thrashing.

Then Sofie returned, smiling softly.

“How is our little nymphomaniac doing now?” she asked in amusement.

Sydney was alert enough now to blush, then blushed again as she saw what was in Sofie's hand.

“Wh-what is that?!” she gasped.

“You've never seen one?” Sofie asked with a laugh.

Sydney had seen one, but never quite like that. It was a dildo, she knew. She'd never had one, of course. But it looked exactly like an erect male penis! A large one! A very large one!

“Oh no!” she said, shaking her head, pulling her wrists against the strap again.

“Don't be silly, my dear. Your body, like mine, was designed to delight in penetration. There is only so much fingers can do.”

“But... but I'm exhausted, Sofie! Untie me so – oh! Oh!” she gasped.

The woman had rubbed the plastic and silicon sex toy against her breasts, but now pushed it against the swollen, aching entrance to her body.

“Sofie!” she squeaked, wide eyed.

Sofie leaned in, kissing her, as Sydney felt the unexpectedly delicious sensation of penetration. She felt the lips of her sex forced inward, then aside, then wider and wider, until they ached in an intensely pleasurable way! Then the thick, slick silicon shaft pushed slowly but firmly down into her belly, and she lost her ability to speak coherently.

She stared, wide eyed, at the sight of the thick cock in Sofie's hands as it pushed slowly in through the taut, straining lips of her sex, gasping, gulping in air, amazed and more than a little anxious at the sight, for it seemed so... so big! And yet she could feel it sliding deeper and deeper into her belly. And while she ached, the sensations were so delicious, so overpowering, that she could only

feel the churning, volcanic heat of arousal and hunger as she watched!

“Oh! Oh please!” she gasped, the aching increasing as all but the last few inches were fed up into her tight depths.

“You can take it, little girl,” Sofie smirked. “You can take it all!”

“Oh! Oh!” Sydney gasped, feeling the head so very, very deep, feeling it grinding against what surely must be the very back wall of her tunnel!

She gulped in air, shuddering, then gasped as Sofie yanked her head back by the hair and crushed her lips down. Sydney moaned into the blonde's mouth even as she felt the very last inch of the long dildo jammed inside her, felt the flat of Sofie's hand against her groin as she pressed it, as she squeezed her there, and then as her thumb began to flick across Sydney's clitoris.

Several orgasms later, she lay panting, chest heaving, groaning. The feeling of delicious fullness remained.

“Have you never had one inside you?” Sofie asked, half laying atop her, kissing her lightly.

“N-No.”

“Hmm, not even in your mouth?”

Sydney blushed helplessly and shook her head.

“A virgin? Really!?”

“I... I'm not... very good around men,” Sydney confessed.

“Then we shall have to teach you, Nils and I.”

Sydney felt a sudden rush of panic as she wondered what she meant by that, but then another panic swept over her as Sofie stood up, straddling the chair and moved forward so that her sex was right over Sydney's face. With the quick tug of her thin string waistband, the thong came away, revealing a smoothly shaven sex which seemed oddly beautiful to Sydney.

She had certainly never considered her own pussy to be attractive. But Sofie's was so smooth and soft and neat, a tight, clean little cleft between her legs that now drew closer and closer as Sofie moved forward and down.

“But I don't know how to!” Sydney cried helplessly.

Nor, in fact, did she want to, but she couldn't say that!

“I think I've demonstrated how it's done,” Sofie said, reaching down and gripping Sydney's hair.

“Now you can please your mistress as thanks for the lesson.”

And then the woman's pussy was rubbing softly against her mouth! Sydney's face burned, but she didn't see how she could possibly refuse to even try! And in fact, she felt a deep curiosity and excitement at the prospect as she tentatively pushed her tongue out.

She tasted the strawberry oil, and drew back suddenly.

“But there's suntan oil on you!” she protested anxiously.

Sofie giggled. “Sweetling, what do you think I've been licking the last hour? It's edible. Don't worry. Nothing dangerous or even fattening.”

And with that, her pussy settled against Sydney's mouth, and the younger woman pushed her tongue out again and slid it across the small button of her clitoris. It was her first time, but as Sofie had said, she had certainly demonstrated a lot that afternoon. Sydney sought to do as Sofie had, licking, sucking, wanting very much to give the Swedish woman pleasure.

It took her some time to get it right. But Sofie was a good teacher, if a stern one. She had her fingers buried in Sydney's hair, and would tug sharply to emphasize her words as she told her when to lick harder, to suck softer, to move her lips more, to pull her teeth back.

And she was gratified as Sofie's voice began to give rise to the pleasure and emotion within her, as she began to grind her hips against Sydney's mouth and chin and even her nose, as her breathing became ragged and she tightened her grip in Sydney's hair.

When she climaxed, Sydney felt a wild surge of elation and victory! She was so happy to be able to return to Sofie some of the pleasure the blonde had already given her!

And continued to, for after slumping against her, the blonde slid down her body, massaging her breasts, sucking and licking and chewing at her nipples, then knelt between her splayed legs once more to lick and suck at her clitoris.

Sydney's hips ground frantically up, gasping as the heat swept over her, but then Sofie backed off, giggling, smirking a bit. She slid up her body, straddling her hips, leaning in against her so their breasts pillowed together, kissing her, and pulling at her hair to force her head back.

“Are you my little sex toy, kitten?” she purred.

“Oh! Ow! Sofie!” Sydney gasped as her scalp ached.

“Say it, kitten,” Sofie purred, raining soft kisses on her cheeks and throat.

“I-I'm your ... your sex toy!” Sydney gasped.

“Mmmm,” Sofie said, chewing along the nape of her neck. “And I can play with my toy as much as I want.”

She eased back, fingers seizing Sydney's nipples, stroking and pinching them, tugging them out until Sydney gasped at the stinging heat. But the younger woman was so wrapped in arousal and hunger that nothing could distract from it. She had never felt such a deep and thrilling sense of eroticism and excitement, nor ever imagined she could!

“Say you're my sex slave,” Sofie taunted, tugging on her nipples.

“Oh! Oh!” Sydney gasped, back arching. “I'm your sex slave!”

Sofie chuckled lightly. “Then it's your job to please your mistress or be... punished,” she said, leaning in to suck fiercely on one of Sydney's throbbing nipples. As she did, her fingers stroked across Sydney's clitoris, and the girl shuddered and moaned in helpless, overheated pleasure.

And that was when Nils arrived.

Sydney didn't notice at first. Her head was back, her back arched, as she gulped in air and shuddered at the swirling churning fires sweeping over her body.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh! Oh please! Oh Sofie!” she moaned.

“Would you like some help, my dear?” Nils said as he removed his shirt.

Sydney turned in shock, eyes and jaw both going wide as heat flooded her face. Sofie sat back with a smile and a wry chuckle. “She's a very responsive little creature,” she said with a smile.

“Hello, Sydney,” Nils said with a smile, undoing his trousers. “You are even more incredible than I had imagined.”

Sydney could not bring herself to speak! If she had she would have screamed in horror, utterly mortified! She was so... so obscenely displayed! And she could do nothing to cover herself! She could not close her legs nor cover her taut breasts nor even hide the thick base of the dildo protruding from her sex! It was horrific!

She was also shocked at the sight of Nils disrobing! His intent was clear enough, and she had no idea what to do about it! She couldn't stop him! She could scream and protest and demand she be released only... only... she didn't know that she wanted to!

Nils revealed upper body was powerfully built, nothing like those 'boys' she had dated, and as he skimmed off his trousers his lower body was more than interesting, as well. Then he pulled off his boxer shorts, and any urge to speak was swept away at the shock of the sight of him. Naked! He was more than naked! His cock was thick and hard and long and sticking upward in salute!

Like his wife, he had shaved down there, so there was no hiding that thick spear of flesh, and somehow, denuded of hair, it seemed much less, well, dirty, less threatening, more like the toy that Sofie had already thrust inside her. But toy was an inadequate description for what was thrusting out from Nils' body! It was... beautiful, in a dark, erotic way that she had never known.

His body was beautiful! He was beautiful! And the utter lack of shock in him, nor embarrassment in either of them, was a strange comfort that seemed to dampen the humiliation in Sydney as well.

“She's a virgin, if you can believe it,” Sofie said.

“Ah, Americans,” Nils sighed. “What a waste, my sweet girl, that you have not made better use of this fabulous body of yours. But we will have to make up for lost time, yes?”

He stood before her now, smiling, his cock sticking out hard and hungry, and Sydney pulled helplessly against the straps holding her wrists down as he moved closer. All that succeeded in doing, of course, was arching her back further, and he licked his lips appreciatively at the sight.

Then Sofie slid her hand in between Sydney's legs, cupping her there, letting the palm of her hand slowly force the dildo back fully inside her. Sydney cried out, her head jerking back to Sofie, then down between her legs, then cried out again as Nils leaned over her, fingers stroking her bangs.

“You know what you want, Sydney,” he said.

His cock was almost touching her! Sydney stared up at him, then at it, then away, or tried to, but Sofie turned her head around and Nils pushed forward. Sydney almost screamed as his thick cock pushed into her open mouth. Her eyes bulged, and she tried again to turn her head away, but Sofie leaned in against her body, gripping her hair, kissing her throat.

“Suck, my sweet. My little sex toy. Suck. We will teach you so much about yourself.”

Sydney felt panic taking hold, and strained against the straps, but they had no give in them!

Yet the feel of Nils' cock sliding over her tongue was not... unpleasant. The sight of it, of him, was astonishing, and her mind churned at what was happening, unable to comprehend it! And now she had his ... his thing in her mouth! And yet, the feel of it, the taste of it, the sight of it, were calling to some part of her which Sofie's stroking fingers and tongue had already awakened.

She moaned helplessly around it as he pumped slowly in and out of her open mouth. Then she gave herself a kind of fatalistic mental shake. This was already happening, and she couldn't do anything about it and... and hadn't she always kind of wanted to learn about sex, from a handsome man, and hadn't she

daydreamed dark fantasies where such a man brought her to the heights of passion?

Though never like this!

But now Sofie was sliding down low to lick at her clitoris again, and Nils threw his right leg across the chair to straddle it, his fingers sliding through her hair as he leaned into her. His hips began to slowly pump in and out so that his thick cock slid along her tongue, and Sydney finally began to suck, though in a self-conscious, uncertain and amateurish fashion she was she.

“Lick him, slave girl,” Sofie called from between her legs.

Sydney's face burned and her eyes flicked up to Nils' who smiled. “Yes, slave girl. Lick me. Slide your tongue back and forth along the underside, especially towards the head.”

He leaned further into her, and his cock pushed deeper, almost into the very back of her throat. Sydney gurgled and licked harder, almost trying to fend him off with her tongue. He smiled, and she was struck again by how handsome he was. She dropped her eyes to his chest, and his well-defined muscles, and felt a longing to run her fingers across his skin.

She felt a new resolve, determined to show him she was no unsophisticated little girl, and focused on sucking, on licking. But as with licking Sofie, she was inexperienced, and as with Sofie, he decided to teach her – in much the same way, in fact. He tightened his grip on her hair, and began to teach her when to suck harder, when to suck softer, when to lick, and where, and how hard, and each instruction, when she got it right, brought a soft whisper of pleasure.

But when she got it wrong, his fingers tugged on thin tendrils of hair so that she winced and gasped, and refocused in breathless determination.

The humiliation she'd felt was seeping away, for wasn't he naked too? And Sofie as well!? And they were so... so casual about it! Their lack of reaction provoked the same in her, despite the way her mind was squirming so desperately around what was going on.

And what Sofie was doing was not making it any easier to focus! The woman was now slowly pumping the dildo in and out of her, twisting it from side to

side, jamming it deep as she licked at Sydney's clitoris! The unreality of what was taking place continued to shock Sydney, and yet her body was already crackling again with the sexual tension and electricity now becoming a familiar thing.

Her body trembled as she moaned around Nils' cock, staring at him, her eyes flicking up and down, from his face, to his chest, to his groin to the thick round tube of flesh sliding back and forth between her lips. It was all so hedonistic, so lewd and perverse! She could hardly believe she was involved in something like this!

And then he slid out of her, even as Sofie slid back and he dropped between her legs. She felt his tongue against her, staring, gasping, Somehow, the sight of him instead of Sofie doing it made the eroticism that much more powerful, that much more intense!

And then he eased the dildo out and slide upward. There was a profound difference than when Sofie had done the same, however. He too licked and sucked on her breasts, and caressed and kneaded them with his fingers. But when he settled atop her she felt the thick bulge of his warm, slick cock against her groin.

And then he reached down, and she felt the rounded head pushing against her! She had only a moment to think of protest, and then it was too late as it slid into her body!

“Oh! OH!” she gasped, eyes wide as he leaned in against her, as his lips came down on hers.

His hips sank slowly down and his cock sank into her, filling her as completely as the dildo had. But the feeling, the sensation was different. But more than that, the knowledge that it was a real one inside her, that she was no longer a virgin, released a shocking wave of lewd, dark excitement, of eroticism and wonder.

And as his lips came down on hers and he began to grind against her, Sydney's hips began to roll and buck up at him. The heat within her caught fire within her mind and her body soon followed. It took only two strokes to bring her to orgasm, and she cried out again and again as he thrust into her, as he drove his thick spear of flesh into her with hard, deep strokes and her body tore itself apart with convulsions!

It was sooooo good! It was incredible! It was amazing! The sensory storm enveloped her, and Sydney drifted in its midst, filled with wonder and delight, hoping it would continue forever!

And in the midst of that incredible pleasure, the only continuous feeling was the hard, steady thrusting of Nil's cock inside her.

In that moment, Sydney felt feverish, felt as if a part of her soul had been captured. And perhaps it had, in a sense. As her ankles tugged and her wrists pulled and her body writhed under the lashes of heat and pleasure, and that big cock drove into her again and again, her mind drank it all in, and an addiction began which was not to ever end.

Sydney threw off her former hesitant self, her sense of modesty and propriety, and embraced the wild dark thrill of what was happening, the intensity of the pleasure filling her like a narcotic. Nothing had ever felt so good! And she wanted more!

Nils, of course, was more than willing to supply more. So was Sofie.

* *

She had not intended to spend the night.

But the evening had been the most intense of her life, and she'd been exhausted. Even after they untied her and she came back inside, the two had continued to tease and torment her with her own sexual responsiveness. Sofie had taken a shower with her to wash off the suntan oil. It had not surprised her to find that included the blonde woman backing her into the corner, their bodies sliding together, their lips on each other, and their hands skimming over each others' bodies.

Then Sofie had slid her legs between Sydney's forcing Sydney's left leg up and apart, and had managed to grind their pussies together in such a way that Sydney came again, twice, before relenting.

After that Sofie had dried her, then led her upstairs to their bedroom and strapped her to the four corners of the bed.

“But why do I have to be tied up?” Sydney asked tentatively.

“Because you're our little sex slave, my kitten,” Sofie offered with a teasing smile.

If that was the game they wanted to play, Sydney had very little objection. And besides, it was better for them to show her, for she was still quite aware of her shortcomings.

What had followed was what seemed hours of pleasure and pain. The pain, however, was of a dark, exciting, sexual variety which did little more than further rouse her already overheated body. Feathers to make her writhe and twist, hot wax to make her gasp and moan, ice cubes to make her thrash and squeal, nipple clips to make her cry out, and their skilled tongues, lips and fingers to make her cry out even more.

* *

Saturday

* *

She was stiff and sore in the morning, and groaned as she rolled over onto her back, blinking her eyes in confusion and uncertainty as she began to awaken. Her wrists felt trapped beneath her, and she could not seem to pull them free. It was then she remembered, and gulped as she realized she was still nude, in Sofie's bed.

And neither Sofie nor Nils were there.

She sat up and looked around anxiously, groaning a little. So many parts of her felt sore! She pulled at her wrists, then tried to twist to look back and down. They seemed to be encased in thick leather studded bracelets.

She groaned weakly, and stood up. She looked at herself in the dresser mirror and felt daunted. She was entirely nude, her hair a tangled mess, and her arms behind her back, the leather bracelets clear and darkly erotic. Even more noticeable was the matching collar around her throat. She stared at herself in something like awe. She looked so... sexual! God!

She'd slept in. It was Saturday, and she had some things to do. But the sight of her began to make them fade from her mind, began to make her body rouse once

again. Her mind was confused by it all, anxious and uncertain, but remembered the wild thrills and pleasure too well to not desire more.

She made her way out of the bedroom, and blushed as she came into view of the two of them sitting at the kitchen table.

“Ah, our little sex slave,” Sofie said with a welcoming smile.

Sydney blushed more deeply, and the two chuckled.

“Come in, little sex slave. Your masters require you to have breakfast,” Nils said grandly.

“Uhm, my hands,” she said, coming forward, and twisting her arms out to the side to indicate they were still bound behind her.

“The better for us to see your lovely body, my dear,” Nils said, getting to his feet.

He tilted her chin up and kissed her lightly on the lips, then turned her around and did something which allowed her hands to come apart, though the bands were still around her wrists.

“I should get my clothes,” she said, starting back for the bedroom.

Nils took her wrist and pulled her back, smiling. “No. We want you naked.”

Sydney blushed. “But that's not...”

“You are still self-conscious about your beautiful body?” Sofie asked.

“No. I mean, well.. you don't ... eat breakfast naked!” she protested. “You're not naked!”

“We have eaten breakfast naked many times, my dear,” Sofie said with a smile.

“You are the student. We the teachers,” Nils said, coming her bangs out of her eyes. “I think that you would do better with more... exposure, to get used to your own body.”

“I'm used to my own body!” she protested.

“Hmm, not so much, I think,” Sofie said.

“Place your hands behind your neck,” Nils said.

“But... why...”

“Because you are the sex slave, and sex slaves obey or else they get a spanking,” Sofie said.

Blushing, Sydney obeyed.

“Arch your back. Show us your beautiful breasts,” Sofie said.

Sydney blushed even more, but obeyed, feeling a growing tightness in her chest, a thrumming between her legs.

It was... different being naked around them when they were fully clothed! It felt much more wicked and daring and naughty and... dark!

“Legs apart. Display yourself, Slave girl,” Sofie ordered.

Gulping, Sydney shifted her bare feet further apart on the tiled floor.

It felt utterly shameless standing like this before them, and she flinched as their hands lighted on her body. Sofie slid her hands gently up and down her back while Nils caressed her breasts, and slid one hand down between her legs, finger lightly caressing her clitoris.

“I-I... we... this...”

She didn't know what to say, and they shushed her in any event. Sydney felt the wild heat rising around her once more, the sense of hunger and a feverish excitement that took hold of her mind!

Sofie kissed her deeply, and Sydney moaned as she kissed her back. Nils had moved away, left the room, but by the time Sofie had finished he was back, and he held.. the dildo.

Sydney blushed to see it.

Sofie led her over to the kitchen table.

“On your knees, sex slave,” Nils said.

“You guys!” she gulped.

But Sofie was already easing her down, and Nils squatted before her, placing the base of the dildo on the floor. Sydney felt her heart racing as she sat back on her heels, feeling the dildo slowly pushing into the mouth of her sex.

“Now sink down on it,” Sofie said.

“But I – .”

“All the way down, sex slave,” Nils said.

Moaning, she slowly shifted her knees apart, then her ankles, letting her groin ease down onto the thick dildo. She gasped and gulped as her weight forced it up into her body, but felt a hot rush of thrills at the penetration, at the thickness and the sense of fullness inside her.

Then Nils pulled her wrists back behind her again, and when he let go they were locked together.

“Nils,” she moaned.

The two sat down and resumed breakfast as she stared at them, gulping, stomach swirling, a flush having crept from her face down her chest.

“Would you like something to eat, little sex slave?” Sofie asked.

“Y-Yes, please!” she gulped.

“You should say, yes mistress,” Nils said.

That sounded bizarre, but perverted ... and darkly thrilling! It didn't sound threatening or menacing or even serious however. It sounded like the exciting sexual game they had started last evening.

“Yes, please, Mistress,” she said, blushing because it sounded silly.

Sofie cut a piece of ham and let her lick it off the fork. Then Nils leaned in with another, only his was in his fingers. It was the strangest meal of her life! She turned excited eyes back and forth between the two, and leaned in to lick food out of the palms of their hands, or delicately take it from between their fingers.

And all the while the dildo seemed to throb inside her. Or perhaps her body was throbbing around it.

Nils let her sip from his glass of milk, but that made Sofie laugh lightly.

“No, no, my dear. A bowl for our kitten,” she said.

She got up, crossed to the cupboard and pulled out a bowl, then opened the refrigerator and poured into it. She turned back and set the bowl down next to the wall.

“Come here, slave girl,” she ordered.

Sydney started to rise but Nils' hand on her shoulder pushed her back.

“No, slave girl. Crawl there.”

“But I – .”

“Obey your master, slave girl,” he chided her.

That was silly, but exciting, and Sydney grunted as she rolled down and forward on her side, then, feeling a huge wave of energy around her, began to crawl across on her belly. She gasped and moaned, wriggling across the floor, her breasts aching when her weight was on them, until she reached where the milk was.

“Good slave,” Sofie said. “Now draw your knees in and raise your bottom high towards Nils.”

Blushing, panting, Sydney slowly obeyed, feeling an incredible surge of dark excitement knowing he was staring at her in such a lewd position, with the dildo protruding from her pussy!

“Spread your legs wider, slave,” Sofie said, slapping her bottom.

“Ow!”

Sydney pulled her knees wider still, blushing.

“Knees forward more, bottom as high as possible. That's my little slave girl,” Sofie said as she positioned her.

“Now you may drink.”

It wasn't easy. She had to use pull her head up and back in order to put her mouth

into the bowl. But once that was done she was able to drink thirstily. Though she gulped and flinched as she felt Sofie's fingers circling the lips of her sex where they clung to the base of the dildo, then rubbing against her swollen clitoris.

Then Nils was behind her, and she felt something pushing against her back passage. Her eyes widened, and she tried to pull up and close her legs. But Sofie gripped her hair, pushing her mouth back into the milk.

“Keep drinking, slave,” she ordered.

A hand slapped across her bottom with a stinging slap.

“Legs wide, slave,” Nils ordered.

She gasped and then moaned as she felt something narrow and slippery pushing into her. It got wider, and then wider still, and then still wider as she moaned and quivered. Then suddenly it narrowed abruptly, and she panted with relief as Sofie released her hair.

“Get used to things sliding up into your lovely bottom, slave girl,” Sofie said.

The thought was outrageous! But much of what she'd done since arriving had been outrageous, and the sexual heat still wrapped her mind in a tight embrace.

Sofie drew her to her feet and led her into the bathroom, then brushed her teeth for her and gave her mouthwash. Sydney felt a sudden powerful urge to urinate, and had to tell the blonde woman. Sofie simply sat her on the toilet, refusing to leave.

“But you... aren't you going to leave?!” she gulped.

“No. If you want to go, do it.”

Sydney was shocked she was even able to, but the urge was too powerful to repress, and so, blushing deeply, she urinated while Sofie looked on. The woman wasn't finished with her by any means. She had her bend over a stool and spread her legs, then pulled the thing she'd pushed into her bottom free. In its place, however, she thrust something else, something a little thinner, which went in easily.

But then a flood of warm water gushed down into her.

“Oh! Oh what are you doooooing!?” she cried.

Sofie held her in place, slapping her bottom.

“Keep still, slave. I am cleaning you, inside and out, to prepare you for your master's use.”

Sofie was giving her an enema! That was even more embarrassing! At least, at first. But as Sofie took complete charge of her body, including washing her hair and soaping up her body, rinsing her off, and blow drying her hair, a strange sense of being pampered began to come over her. And really, after a woman has given you an enema, what could embarrass you any further?

It was a strange, even silly game, but it was wildly thrilling, and Sydney was not used to arguing with people anyway.

Sofie attached a leash to the ring set into the front of the collar, and led her from the room. Heart thumping, pussy throbbing around the dildo, Sydney followed, full of self-conscious excitement, eagerness, anticipation and anxiety.

She blushed as she was led into the living room and up to Nils, who sat in a large, comfortable leather chair.

“Your slave girl is here, Nils,” Sofie said.

“Ah, what a lovely little slave girl,” he replied in something like amusement.

She blushed further.

“On your knees before your master, slave,” Sofie growled.

Gulping, Sydney knelt, and Nils spread his legs, then pulled down his zipper. He drew his cock out. It wasn't fully hard yet, but Sydney was transfixed by the sight of it.

“Please your master, sex slave,” Sofie growled.

Moaning softly, Sydney eased forward, then bend over, her nipples burning

when they pressed against the edge of the chair. She opened her mouth but then gasped in pain as Sofie took her hair and jerked her head back.

'No, slave. You're not having a second breakfast. You're here for his pleasure, and we're in no hurry. Start by gently mouthing him, using only your lips to massage him, lick gently, up and down its length.

Sofie knelt beside her, her right hand between Sydney's legs, lightly caressing her as she instructed her. Nils pulled her hair into a bunch and used it to guide her forward. It didn't bother her that they guided her. She knew how little experience she had, and was grateful, in fact. Of course, she could have done without the sharp slaps to her bottom Sofie delivered to emphasize her points!

She wasn't about to protest, though. Her body was overheated, and her mind even more. And soon her mouth was full of Nils' hard cock as she slid her lips slowly up and down its long length. Her hips were grinding and rolling against Sofie's skilled fingers, and she moaned dazedly as the sexual pressure made her head pound.

“Enough,” Sofie said.

She slapped Sydney's bottom, then gripped her hair and yanked her up and back.

Sydney gasped weakly and cried out as the woman bent her head back, forcing her back to arch sharply.

“Now you will turn and position yourself to be mounted, slave,” she growled.

She pulled on her hair, forcing Sydney around quickly, then pulled down, putting her into the same position she'd been in the kitchen.

Another sharp slap to the bottom, and another.

“Bottom high! Knees forward and wide. Position yourself for your master, sex slave!”

It was all so nasty and kinky and thrilling!

“Now mount her, Nils. Mount her and ride her like a bitch in heat!” Sofie growled. “Pound her!”

Sydney whimpered and shuddered as she felt the dildo sliding out of her. She cried out as Nils sheathed himself, and then her mind seemed to disintegrate as he began to do just what Sofie had urged him to. He began to ride her, to pound her! His big cock rammed into her with almost painful force, shocking her at first, then inflaming her mind!

Her whole world began to narrow to the pounding of his flesh inside her and against her. Her body shook at the impact of his hips against her buttocks, an impact which sent her grinding forward, breasts rubbing against the rub below, only to be yanked back by large, strong hands on her hips!

The orgasm consumed her!

Her body, jerking back and forth as he rode her, flared wildly with the incredible release of sensations that tore through her mind and body! Her muscles spasmed and contracted and she gurgled and cried out in mindless animal pleasure as his hips continued to pound against her and his thick hard spear continued to thrust deep into her flaring belly!

The orgasm seemed to never end! And then, when it faded slowly away, left her dazed, limp, boneless, and still grunting to the harsh thrusting of his cock.

Sofie slid into place before her, sitting down, spreading her legs, and then gripped her hair, pulling her mouth against her sex.

“Lick me, slave,” she ordered.

Sydney moaned blearily, then gasped at the insistent tugging and pulling at her hair, guided, despite her dazed state, into licking at the woman's pussy as Nils slowed his powerful thrusting to something less violent.

* *

The game continued. Her wrists were unclipped long enough for her to wash up the kitchen counters, and then Sofie put her to work washing the floor – on her hands and knees! But first, she attached small clips to her nipples, and to her clitoris! – which bit into her terribly! She twisted and writhed at first, but then they eased quickly to a dull throbbing.

Sofie hung small weights from them, put her on all fours, and ordered her to

wash the floor with a sponge and bucket on all fours. And not to dare touch the clips!

Sydney felt some resentment and indignation at first, but as she set to work that faded away. She felt her mind slipping excitedly into the role of a 'sex slave' amid the deep fullness within her of the dildo, and the steady tugging of the weights on her nipples and clitoris as she moved.

It was by far the most exciting and erotic floor scrubbing she had ever engaged in!

The most difficult part about it was to keep from sliding her fingers in to rub and stroke her nipples and clitoris! The sensations were driving her crazy!

After it was finished, though, to Sofie's satisfaction, the blonde woman snapped the leash to her collar and led her... this time crawling on all fours! – back into the living room. This time she was guided up onto the heavy wooden coffee table and ordered to lay on her back with her feet apart on the corners, and knees spread wide.

Sofie then removed the clips from her nipples, which hurt, at first, and her clitoris. She ached and moaned, but the relief soon flooded her, and Sofie took her hands and put them on the dildo, drawing it out a little.

“Now I want you to slide that in and out, and rub your little clitoris, slave girl,” Sofie ordered.

Moaning, panting, Sydney did so, not even quite realizing, not at first, that she was masturbating as they sat back and watched. When she did realize a shock-wave rolled through her, but the realization brought only more intense arousal, and she jammed the dildo into her pussy hard and fast as she rubbed her fingers frantically across her throbbing, swollen clitoris!

It was back outside after that. Sofie and Nils sunbathed and swam. Sydney knelt, knees wide, waiting at attention for their needs. Acting like a slave excited her, for the whole concept was now imbued with a sense of dark, thrilling erotic passion!

“Fetch me more ice wine, slave,” Sofie drawled lazily.

“Yes, mistress!” she gulped.

She scooped the empty glass off the table, rose and hurried inside, then opened the refrigerator and filled it before returning.

“Stop!”

She halted.

“You present it to your mistress on your knees, slave girl.”

Gulping, Sydney knelt and thrust it out. Sofie rolled her eyes.

“No, slave girl. “You bow your head, and raise the wine like an offering to your mistress.”

Sydney nodded and repositioned herself, bending, bowing her head, raising her hands up and forward until she felt the glass taken from her.

“Good girl,” Sofie said.

Sydney blushed happily.

“Now I want you to position yourself on all fours, facing the pool. In front of us, slave girl.”

Sydney bit her lip a bit hesitantly, but crawled forward, feeling her chest tightening as she contemplated them staring at her from behind.

“Face on the ground, bottom high. Legs wide. You know the position, slave girl.”

Feeling a growing thrumming in her lower belly, Sydney took up the position, her mind squirming with delight, heat and embarrassment at prostrating herself in so obscene a position, the dildos still stuffed up inside her, with an inch or two pushing out into view.

“Now put your arms under your belly, slave,” Nils said.

Sydney raised herself, grunting a little as she awkwardly repositioned herself, her arms laying along the ground beneath her. Her chest was pressed to the

ground, her breasts throbbing at the pressure, but her belly was raised and so her lower arms and hands were quite free.

“Grip the dildo with your left hand, slave,” Sofie said.

A rush of heat spread through her as Sydney slipped her fingers around the base of the dildo inside her, and she felt her pussy starting to throb more powerfully.

“Now use your right fingers to rub your clitoris as you pump the dildo in and out,” Sofie continued.

Sydney flushed hotly, and a wave of rejection swept through her mind, for this again was masturbating in front of them! But the wave of heat overwhelmed it, and though a part of her fought against the notion her fingers immediately began to move. She pulled the dildo out, fighting the tight grip of her sex, then slid it back in as she rubbed at her clitoris.

The sensations almost immediately spurred her passion and heat to higher levels, and her breaths became ragged as she thrust the dildo in and out. It wasn't the act, itself, however, which so inflamed her mind, but doing it in front of them! She was acting so filthy! So dirty! It was outrageous! She could hardly believe she was doing this!

But the heat and passion were like a fever again, despite having masturbated to orgasm only an hour or so earlier! Her body and mind seemed eager for endless sexual pleasure as she thrust the dildo harder, gasping and moaning in excitement.

“That's it, slave,” Nils said.

“Little sex slave,” Sofie purred. “Masturbate for us.”

The word made her flinch, but she didn't pause, moaning helplessly as she drove the dildo home and her fingers stroked frantically across her clitoris. The orgasm was not long in coming, and she cried out in helpless bliss, her hips bucking and rolling back against her fingers and the dildo as the shattering waves of pleasure rolled over her again and again!

* *

Sydney did not understand the concept of the lap dance, at first. Never having been to a strip club, nor witnessed, even in video (she did not watch such videos) any part of its culture. But Sofie insisted, and her own excitement denied her any chance of refusal. Sydney straddled the chair where Nils sat, rolling her hips, grinding herself against him to the music, dancing in place, as it were.

Her insides ached, for Sofie had insisted she work the dildos inside her all the way in, and that had taken some effort! Both were now jammed deep in her belly, and she felt a continuous double ache and cramping from inside herself. Somehow, though, the aching didn't seem to matter, not with the delicious hunger gripping her.

It felt shockingly wicked to do such a thing, but that only excited her more! And she became breathless as Nils ran his hands up and down her body as she 'danced' atop him, and when he began to suck and lick at her nipples it became quite difficult to remember the music. Slaps to the bottom by Sofie brought her attention around, however.

She got up, turning and sat down again, straddling Nils once more, grinding herself against him, feeling his hardness through his swim trunks underneath her as she 'danced' to the music. Then Sofie had her rise and simply dance. That was somehow even worse, for Sydney found herself becoming extremely self-conscious as the two watched her. It was also quite difficult to concentrate given the two dildos jammed inside her, and as she moved, they kept seeking to ease down out of her body, requiring her to grip her lower muscles tightly!

Sofie rose, then, dancing a slow, seductive way, dancing in place as Sydney sought to mirror her. It was a very sexual dance, with much slow rolling of hips and arching of backs, her fingers tracing up and down her nude body as the music played.

More songs played, and Sofie produced a thin switch which she employed on Sydney's bottom to emphasize points whenever she fell out of proper rhythm or movement with the music. The blows stung, of course, but Sydney was far too excited to protest. Her nipples were throbbing and almost ached from how long they had been erect!

“Let your fingers glide up your body, pausing over your breasts. Circle them, rub your nipples, then slide up higher, along your neck and through your hair, up

high, and push your chest out. That's it," Sofie said as she watched.

But the switch rose, prodding and then lightly tapping Sydney's aching nipples.

"Arch more. That's it, little slut."

The word was a shock! No one had ever used it on Sydney before, even jokingly! Her chaste nature and distaste for bad language was deterrent enough for those who knew her. Yet Sofie wasn't really using it as an insult, she realized. It was said in a teasing way, but a way which somehow made Sydney relish the thought. Her, a slut!? What a deliciously nasty idea!

Silly, of course. But that just made it more delicious!

The music changed, and she continued to dance in place, self-consciousness mixing with a heady sense of erotic delight as the two observed her and made comments and corrections in her movements.

"The dildos keep slipping down," Sofie observed.

"Well, she is moving around a lot," Nils said with a smile.

"Still, a problem easily enough solved," Sofie said.

She strode into the house.

"Keep dancing, slave girl," Nils said with a smile. "I love to watch your dance."

Sydney gulped, and continued to dance, and then Sofie returned, and she faltered as she sat the large dildos in her hands. She gasped, eyes widening.

"Bend over the chair, slave," Sofie ordered brusquely.

"I-- ."

Sofie took her arm and abruptly turned her, then shifted her grip to the back of her neck, bending her over the back of the chair.

Crack!

"Ow!"

“Legs spread.”

Sydney gulped and spread her legs apart as she felt the woman's fingers at her pussy. Heat swirled and churned as she drew the dildo back out of her. But then she felt the pressure against her opening of a thicker dildo. She groaned as the mouth of her sex strained wider and wider.

“I-It's too big!” she gasped.

Crack!

“You love big cocks inside, little slave,” Sofie said.

Then Nils was in front of her, gripping her hair, and his own hard erection was at her lips. She opened them and moaned around it as he pushed himself into her. Meanwhile, behind her, Sofie continued to push against her, the dildo twisting from side to side, before slowly forcing its way into her body.

She gasped and moaned, but Nils' hand on her hair kept her bent over, his cock filling her mouth as his wife worked the dildo slowly up inside the trembling, moaning younger woman.

“It's not quite as long, but thicker,” Sofie said from behind her.

It was much thicker! It ached! And then came the second one, as Sofie drew the other dildo out of her bottom, and worked the new one into her. Her wriggling and twisting brought several sharp slaps to her bottom, and her wrists were locked together behind her so she could not interfere.

At last, though, both were buried, barely visible, their pale white bases almost flush with her body.

She continued dancing, then, while watching with fascination as Sofie gave her husband a lap dance, straddling him, facing Sydney, both of them watching her dance as the blonde woman slowly rode up and down on her husband's cock.

They left her on the deck as they went back inside. She was on her knees, legs well apart, tied down, her back to a support post for the deck, wrists locked together and bound to the post above her head. Her body pulsed with arousal, and yet there was nothing she could do to relieve it! Dark fantasies and images

spun before her eyes as she knelt there, moaning softly, sometimes grinding her buttocks back against the post.

It was almost an hour later when they returned for her, and yet she was still aroused! They were both fully dressed, in jeans and blouses, and Nils watched as Sofie squatted before the bound girl, using a small vibrator against her clitoris, giggling as Sydney's hips began to buck and jerk and she began to twist and writhe in passion.

But before she could have climaxed Sofie stopped and untied her. She attached a leash to her collar and ordered her to crawl inside on all fours. The dark thrill of it forestalled any idea of protest, and Sydney crawled back into the house.

She crawled up the stairs, her knees aching somewhat, without protest, glad of the thick rug in the upstairs hall. Nils opened a door, but it wasn't to another bedroom. Instead, it led upstairs into the attic. Gulping, Sydney continued to crawl, feeling the wave of heat hit her as they rose into a somewhat bare looking attic.

Nils helped her stand, and held onto her, for her legs ached and she was unsteady. Sofie maneuvered her back against a tall wooden post, much like the one on the deck, only much larger. In fact, it was almost as wide as her body, and dark with age. Her wrists were raised up and locked to rings on either side of the post, then her ankles drawn down and back as well, also locked in place.

Beads of sweat were already beginning to appear on Sydney's skin as she watched Nils work on a strange looking machine. It sat on a heavy table in front of her, with a long arm pointed upward. But then Nils gripped the arm and it swung down to point directly at Sydney's groin. She gulped, staring, as he twisted a lever, and the thing extended further, pressing up until it touched her directly at the top of her sex.

He eased it back slightly, then nodded and turned on the machine. Nothing much happened, though the machine made a humming noise.

Meanwhile Sofie gripped Sydney's hair and forced her head back a little more.

'Mouth open, sex slave,' she ordered.

Sydney obeyed, and stared at the black ball in the blonde's hand. It had a thin

leather strap attached, and she had no idea of its purpose until Sofie pushed it against her mouth. She moaned, mouth opening wider due to the pressure against her. Even so, the thing seemed a little too big. But it was malleable, and Sofie was able to prod and squeeze and crush it as she pushed it past Sydney's straining jaw.

It expanded once in her mouth, of course, filling it, and then the blonde drew the thin straps around her cheeks, using her index finger to ease Sydney's hair out of the way before buckling the straps behind her head.

"Now sex slave, comes your torture," she purred.

"All sex slaves need to be tortured," Nils said with a nod.

And with those cryptic, and somewhat scary words, they went back downstairs, leaving Sydney bound tightly in the hot attic. She stared around her, at the old furniture, the boxes, and other things in shadowy corners. There was some light from a narrow window at the far end, but she was, for the most part, in a dimly lit, shadowed attic, and sweating more and more with each passing minute!

And even so, it felt charged with a dark erotic passion!

She groaned, cocking her head up and back, staring above her, then slumped in place, feeling a masochistic thrill at her position, the helpless bound sex slave! And then her body, as it moved pushed her hips slightly forward, and she felt the vibration of the rounded metal post Nils had positioned before her. She gasped, jerking her eyes down on it.

Her hips jerked back, but only momentarily. They quickly pushed out, and she shuddered and moaned as the powerful vibrations began to make her insides churn and roil! She arched and ground her hips forward, crying out softly, gasping, moaning, eyes fluttering as the sexual pressure built up inside her.

Then exploded.

The orgasm had her shrieking, but the ball thing in her mouth kept the sound low as she twisted and bucked in wild, frantic pleasure. The climax shook her violently and left her gasping, panting, and all-but hanging by her wrists from the post.

And it was only the first.

Positioned carefully, her buttocks pressed firmly into the post, she could not even feel the vibrations. But let her hips push out only a small bit, a quarter inch, and it was a very different story. Nor could she keep herself from doing just that. She was soon drenched with sweat, gasping, drooling through the gag, exhausted, yet even so, she could not keep her hips from pushing out against it.

She fought now, after she knew not how many orgasms, for her insides ached terribly with the muscular spasms, but that only lasted so long, and then the first touch of it against her clitoris would make her body stiffen, throw back her head, and soon she would be rolling her hips in frantic need, sobbing in a fever haze as she sought another release!

She had no idea how long she was 'tortured'. Nils and Sofie came for her, and Nils had to carry her down the stairs and into the bathroom. There, Sofie washed her gently, dried her, then led her, crawling exhaustedly, into another bedroom. There was little furniture in this thickly carpeted floor. But there was a large cage, like an animal cage, only with a thick, furry rug inside.

She was directed to crawl into the cage, and the door was locked behind her. Then she slept.

It was evening when she wakened. She was hungry, but even more than that, she was thirsty. She sat up in her low cage, trying the door, and finding it locked. She called out tentatively, but she was a meek girl and did not raise her voice very high.

It was not long, at any rate, before Sofie arrived to let her out. But first she made her promise.

“Are you going to be an obedient little slave girl?”

“Yes,” Sydney gulped uncertainly.

“Yes, mistress.”

“Yes, mistress,” she said.

She crawled down the stairs on her leash, then got to drink from a water bowl on

the kitchen floor which said “Slave” on it in large letters. Of course, she did so with her bottom raised high, her knees spread wide, and using only her mouth.

Then she knelt by the kitchen table as Nils and Sofie ate, gratefully taking bits of food from their hands as she had done with breakfast.

After dinner they went into the living room to watch TV. Sofie and Nils sat on the sofa while Sydney 'sat' on a large, old fashioned chair next to it. The wide chair was padded with a flower print, but the arms were wooden, and the back high and straight.

In fact, she lay upon the chair, only her head and shoulders propped against the back. Her ankles were drawn up and out to the edges of the chair's back, and bound in place, and her arms bound straight out to either side, to the arms. Sydney would have thought her sexual hungers exhausted by the events of the day, but Sofie and Nils proved otherwise.

At first, she simply slumped there, bound, watching TV as they were. But soon Sofie began to toy with her, using a feather, at first, then her fingers and tongue to rouse her. She did not bring her release, however. Each time it seemed Sydney might be nearing release she was left alone for a time to cool down.

It was a trying experience, almost the opposite of what she had endured that afternoon. Then, repeated orgasms had shattered her mind. Now there was nearly constant arousal, but no release. She panted and moaned, and then, at their instigation, began to beg for release. The begging became more desperate, and her face burned at the words they demanded of her.

“Please fuck me, master!” she had to beg Nils, dozens of times.

“Please make my whore body come, mistress!” she had to beg Sofie even more often.

They seemed to delight in having her say horrible things! And however much they galled her, embarrassed her, and even shocked her, Sydney found saying those awful things was only increasing the dark sexual fever gripping her.

“I'm a filthy whore and I love cock!” she had to chant. “I'm a dirty lesbian and I love to lick pussy!” she moaned. “I want to be gang-banged! Please find ten men to gang-bang me, master!”

Her face was hot with embarrassment, her mind swirling, but her pussy throbbing.

“Please fuck me like the slut I am, master! Please ride me like a bitch whore! Please let me lick your pussy, Mistress! Please let me suck your cock, Master!”

On and on she begged as they taunted and teased her, as they caressed and stroked her, as they licked and fingered her. And all Sydney could do was writhe and twist and say the awful words they demanded of her in hopes she would eventually be given her orgasm!

And eventually, she was.

Eventually.

They released her from her chair, but bound her wrists behind her. Sofie stood across the room, and Sydney crawled across to her, writhing on her belly, until, panting, she lay before the woman.

While Sydney was naked, Sofie and Nils were fully clothed, and Sofie had even donned a pair of leather high heels. She extended her foot now, prodding at Sydney's cheek with the toe of her right foot.

“My shoe seems to be slightly dirty, slave,” she said in an arrogant voice. “Clean it. With your tongue!”

Dazed, panting, Sydney stared at the leather shoe uncertainly.

“Now, slave!”

She eased in, moaning, then licked at it.

“That's right, slave. Lick it! All over!”

Shuddering, Sydney wriggled a bit forward, licking at Sofie's shoe, licking along the toe, then along the sides, and when the woman raised her foot, she even licked at the underside, desperate to please, desperate for release.

“Go and see my husband and he will fuck your tight little pussy,” Sofie said at last.

That required crawling across the floor to the opposite wall where Nils stood. It also required licking at his leather shoe, as well, and begging him to fuck her, to use her like the whore she was. But finally, on her face, her bottom raised, she felt his thickness pushing into her, felt his fist gripping her hair, and felt him start to move.

It was... sheer heaven! The wild, churning sexual vortex exploded and she cried out in pleasure again and again as Nils rammed himself into her, his thick cock spearing her with deep, powerful strokes, rocking her body with the force of his impact against her upraised bottom.

As thanks, she licked Sofie to three orgasms, and then was led down into the basement and left there for the night.

* *

Sunday

* *

Sydney raised her eyes with a groan at the sound of feet on the basement steps. She was... kneeling on a thick, folded over rug. She was chained to the stone wall, her arms above her head, her back against the cold stone. She shouldn't have been able to sleep, but her exhaustion had been such that she had eventually dropped her chin to her chest and dropped off.

She raised her head, blinking at the lights which had come on overhead, as Sofie walked up to her. The blonde was wearing a summer dress, but raised the skirt to show no underwear below. She slid her fingers into Sydney's hair, pulling, forcing her head back, as she moved forward.

“Lick your mistress, slave,” she ordered.

Sydney did, of course, hardly giving a thought to even questioning her.

Afterward, she was freed to crawl, leashed, up the stairs, and then knelt for breakfast. After washing up, she was taken to the bathroom to be washed, let to go to the toilet, given an enema, and then led crawling back to Nils.

She sucked him as he sat on a living room chair, then took her place on her the

floor, head low, bottom raised, legs wide, as Nils sodomized her. It was her first, and she greeted it with anxiety and fear, but after some aching and a lot of mental squirming, she discovered, to her delight, that she very much enjoyed the feel of his thick cock plunging in and out of her back there.

She did the laundry and vacuuming, then, which would normally have bored her. When done nude, with weights dangling from her clitoris and nipples, however, and thick dildos inside her belly, she discovered a whole new attitude.

While she worked, Sofie sat out back and relaxed, and eventually, despite the swirling air of sexuality and eroticism gripping her, she felt a tinge of resentment, so when bringing the woman an ice wine, she had the temerity to express it by asking her why she had to do all the work.

“Because you're a slave,” Sofie said sternly, “And an impudent one for even daring to ask!”

That caused Sydney to go across her lap for a spanking. The spanking hurt! Her bottom stung and overheated! Yet Sofie alternated the sharp slaps to her pink bottom with skillful fingering of her pussy to the point the excitement of the spanking outweighed the pain! Certainly the orgasm which concluded the spanking did!

Sofie blindfolded her, then, locked her wrists together behind her, and put her on her knees before her lounge chair, guided her mouth in against her pussy by pulling on her hair, and then gave her further instructions in how to please a woman.

After giving Sofie several climaxes, she was placed on her knees, back against the deck's supporting post again, arms bound above her, still blindfolded.

She did not question what to do when she felt a man's cock sliding across her cheek. She opened her mouth, and moaned around it as it slid inside. Fingers began to caress her as she sucked, to pluck at her nipples and stroke against her clitoris. She did not question whose they were any more than whose cock was in her mouth.

By the time she was eased away from the post, her wrists pulled down behind her and locked in place once more, she was pulsing with hunger and need once again. She felt herself guided to her feet, forward, then, feeling the chair against

her lower legs, spread them and straddled the chair. She moaned as she sank down onto Nils' cock, or at least, so she assumed.

It was while she was riding him, gasping helplessly, moaning as he sucked and chewed at her nipples, that her hair was pulled forward, and another cock pushed into her open mouth. She was stunned, but too enthralled, too feverish with the hunger to care. She sucked dazedly, moaning, whimpering as strong hands gripped her bottom, lifting her up and down until she started moving once again.

Then the dildo in her bottom eased out and another hard cock thrust into her. Again she felt stunned, and a part of her mind balked so that she twisted and tried to pull free, but soon the heat overcame her resistance, and when she had the second one fully inside her, a sense of total sexual abandon gripped her, a wild carnal lust uncaring of conventions or limits.

No one spoke. She could hear their breaths, their grunts and moans, but, overcome by sensation, she could only writhe and move and shudder around the three hard cocks inside her as the intensity rose to the point of orgasm – and past.

For what felt like hours firm hands moved her, positioned her, shifted her, as she was penetrated again and again, in all three openings. She didn't know if it was the same men again and again or if there were many more! The thought of that, when her mind was functioning, was mortifying and frightening, yet her mind rarely functioned to that level.

Hunger, passion and heat overcame all such cares and concerns as her body became their plaything, whoever they were. She was lifted onto tables, bent over chairs, carried, held, dangled, and always those hands all over her, those cocks penetrating her, and the remorseless hunger and arousal burning away at her mind.

* *

She wakened with the dawn streaming through the window, groaning, dazed, aching all over. She discovered she was laying atop the small, round kitchen table. Or at least, most of her was. Her head and shoulders dangled over one side, her legs the other. Her arms and legs dangled down as well, her ankles and wrists pulled in towards the center and bound together.

The world was upside down.

It took her some time to understand that, then her mind went quiet for a time, save for the strangeness of the images and feelings she had felt over the weekend swirling within it. Who was she? What was she? What had happened and what did it all mean for her? Her mind floated amid those thoughts until a tongue on her clitoris wakened it and set her muscles spasming again.

Then she was released, finally, crawling to the bathroom, moaning, and kneeling on all fours as Sofie cleaned her, washed her hair, brushed her teeth.

It felt.. unnatural wearing clothing. She felt a part of her recoiling from it, even though it was Monday and she had work.

“I don't want to go to work!” she whined.

Crack!

Sofie's hand struck her bottom.

“I don't want to go to work, Mistress!”

“I have to go to work.”

“I'm too tired, too sore!”

“I could leave you here for the day, I suppose.”

Sydney nodded eagerly.

“But slaves, particularly sex slaves, must always have supervision.”

She got to remove the constricting clothing, and was placed in her cage and left there for a time. But Sofie had left her a dildo, and she that occupied her time quite nicely, though it did lead to considerable shame and embarrassment when she discovered the man watching her.

“Slave girl,” he said.

Shocked into immobility, Sydney stared at him in horror.

But the weekend had changed who she was, and how she thought of herself. When he opened the door and beckoned her out, she crawled out, blushing

furiously, but already aroused. She positioned her body as he required, and when his cock thrust into her she bucked back with the thrill of the penetration.

She took a week off, as it turned out, begging a twisted ankle which would not allow her to stand. Each day a different man or woman came to supervise her chores, and to make use of her body. Each of them taught her how to please them, and how much pleasure her own body could give her. Then Nils and Sofie would continue her education each evening.

After another weekend, she the terrible, yearning need was finally out of her system, but in its place came an almost casual assumption about her body and sex. She was able to return to work, but returned to Sofie and Nils that evening, stripping immediately and reverting to the status of sex slave. The two odd lives did not interact, and none of the students who watched her before the class could have a hint of what she did when away from their classroom.

It was, by most measures, a shocking turn to her life, but it certainly served to broaden her horizons, and introduce her to many new people. The delight in her wanton lifestyle gave her a sense of confidence and satisfaction like none she had ever experienced, pushing aside her old lack of confidence. She was no more assertive than before, but she knew exactly who she was now, and was content.

She was a sex slave. After a lifetime of education, it had only taken a weekend to realize it. While her interest in history continued, her body was now her playground, and all were welcome to join her and make use of it.

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

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