

The Wild Side

By JJ Argus



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

I worked at Madison's. It's an upscale club in the basement of an old building in Manhattan. It was an okay job, but Madison's catered to a trendy bunch, people with money who were professionals on the island. It quickly became clear to me that they were a pretty arrogant bunch, and the women were worse than the men.

The women looked down on anyone who didn't have a degree from a good university, and a high paying, fashionable job. That especially meant girls like me working as a waitress. The men looked at us like we were fresh meat who ought to be overjoyed that such a successful man would notice us.

What they didn't seem to get was that as nice and fashionable as their clothes were, and as good as their haircuts were, eighteen and twenty year old girls think thirty year old men are old leches for hitting on them. Thirty is way too old for me to want to date, for example, no matter how cute he might still be.

And I admit, thirty is certainly not over the hill. But the mentality is way different, and I quite frankly prefer guys my own age, even if they don't have a nice job or a lot of money.

But you know, sometimes, if a guy is really cute, and I'm in the right mood, and the timing is right, well, I can be persuaded to have a good time. I try not to make a habit of it, but I'm not exactly a virgin, and I like sex.

I first really noticed Ethan Moore when I brought the drinks over to his table. He was there with an icy cold looking blonde with very red lipstick. He took a rum and coke while she had a martini.

The uniform for the girls at Madison is a short, tight white skirt, white stockings, and white vest without a shirt. Under the vest we wear white strapless bras. Push-up bras are encouraged, but the vest does that job pretty well on its own, squeezing your boobs together.

It's not really blatant. I mean, the vest covers you, pretty much, even without a bra underneath. But it's quite suggestive, it does have cleavage, after all, and people can easily catch glimpses of your bra. That's what the management likes, I guess.

Why white? The most popular color for the customers is black, and the club is

dark, so we're supposed to stand out. Yes, it's kind of a sexy outfit, but that just means better tips, so I'm okay with it. Besides, the atmosphere at Madison's is pretty loose. Lots of the customers wear less.

Ethan Moore was a very handsome man, wearing a tailored suit that I was betting cost thousands. He had a swimmer's body which suggested long work in a gym, which to me, in turn, suggested he cared too much about his looks, but that's just me.

He had medium length brown hair, with bangs hanging boyishly over his forehead. His lips were full, his cheeks were high, and he had a firm, though not square jaw. He was a very good looking man, no question. And he knew it.

He was smug and arrogant, and when he paid for the drinks it was with a fifty dollar bill. He folded it, then casually caressed my thigh with the end of it as he thanked me for the drinks.

The skirt, like I said, is short. The stockings are self-supporting, but they don't go all the way up to my crotch, you know. So from his seated position I guess he could see the top of my stockings, or very near. That's no big deal, though since there's still five or six inches of leg between them and my panties.

“There's more where this comes from, baby,” he said with a grin, as he slid the bill up just under my skirt, and into the top of my stocking.

I felt a surge of irritation, but smiled (we were told to always smile), plucked the bill out and left them to it. But I was impressed by the fifty. His bill was for twenty eight dollars, so a twenty two buck tip was no small thing.

Yeah, I can smile at jerks for twenty two bucks!

The blonde with him was about his age. She was pale and slender, with small, pale breasts, half of which were showing in her cleavage. She had very long legs, and a very short skirt, and the two of them spent a lot of time on the dance floor.

When he ordered more drinks I brought them with a smile, and this time he folded the fifty and tucked it into my cleavage.

“You're a pretty girl,” he said. “What's your name?”

My name was on my name tag but I smiled. Sydney, sir,” he said.

“That's a cute name,” he said. “I'm Ethan and this is Kristie.”

I looked at Kristie, but that disdainful, haughty look I saw so often on the women here wasn't there. Instead she was looking at me with what looked like, well, hunger.

“Hi, Sydney,” she said in a throaty voice.

“Hi,” I said brightly, just a bit off balance.

It's not that I've never been hit on by women before, but usually they look and act more like, well, women who hit on women. Kristie had long, lush hair and a very girlish attitude. And I, to be honest, don't look very lesbian. I mean, I have long hair too, except it's natural, unlike Kristie's, and more of a reddish brown.

Kristie had a heart shaped face, and pale blue eyes, and her hair was parted in the middle to flow down on the sides so perfectly I wondered if I could get the name of her hair spray from her.

Mine was loose, because, to be honest, that got you better tips than tying it back. It was longer than hers, and, I was betting thicker and softer since I didn't use much in the way of chemicals on it.

“You look really hot in that outfit,” Ethan said.

“All the girls wear it,” I said with a bit of a self-conscious shrug.

“Yeah, but you really fill it out well,” he said.

“You do,” Kristie said.

“Uh, thanks,” I replied a bit uneasily.

“Do they let you dance?” Ethan asked.

“Oh no!” I said. “No way they'd let us dance!”

“That's a pity. I bet you're a good dancer,” Kristie said. “You move like a dancer.”

I smiled awkwardly. Were these two hitting on me? Both of them? Okay, I'd heard of stuff like that. I mean, I had the internet. I went to clubs. I hadn't personally thought of having a menage a trois with anyone before, and didn't know any of my friends who had admitted to it, but I'd at least heard about it.

The thing that shocked me was that the idea didn't revolt me. In fact, as soon as it occurred to me I had this little sense of tightness in my chest and a kind of excited curiosity. Like, what would that be like!? That would be kinky and... and well, something new, for sure.

I have had sex with girls before, well, three times. I did it twice with my girlfriend Amanda, before she moved away, and once with a girl I'd known in high school. It had been kind of giggly fun, and not unpleasant.

The thought of doing it with another girl didn't freak me out, in other words. The thought of doing it with one and a guy at the same time suddenly struck me as very, very wild.

"I do like to dance," I said, even as my mind spun its wheels a bit at the whole concept.

"We're going to the Mercury Lounge later. Why don't you come with us?"

"I have to work until One," I said.

"That's too bad. I love dancing with girls," Kristie said with a kind of bright eyed smile.

"She's never really danced with a girl before," Ethan said with a leer.

Kristie blushed, and I thought I got his meaning, that Kristie hadn't actually had sex with girls before. Was that what we were talking about when he said dancing? I wasn't sure! But I had this sudden thought of me and her, and it being her first time with a girl, and maybe Ethan watching!

That was so scalding I caught my breath! This had all come out of nowhere, and my mind was suddenly spinning through thoughts I'd never really had before!

I glanced at him again. He looked hot enough, and successful enough, and neither of them looked crazy.

“I like dancing with boys myself, but sometimes I've been known to dance with a girl,” I said. “It can be... fun.”

“Maybe we'll stay here till One,” Ethan said with a grin.

I smiled and went back to work, but the thought preyed on my mind for the rest of the night, as I alternately completely rejected the idea as slutty and stupid and potentially disastrous, or felt my nipples getting hard at just the thought of it.

When I went back to Kristie and Ethan the next time he had a hundred dollar bill, but Kristie took it from him and stood up, grinning. She had it doubled up lengthwise, and slid it sideways, under my top, across the bare center part of my right breast, and then in under the top.

“You're such a good waitress, you deserve a big tip,” she said in that furry voice of hers.

I gulped, and felt the bill slide into my bra cup and catch briefly on my nipple – which was hard, before sliding in.

“I've got an even bigger tip for you, Ethan said with a leer.

I smiled uneasily. Ethan was a big dick, in my opinion, but the thought of deflowering Kristie, who was probably ten years older than me, was intriguing and exciting.

“My husband likes to brag, but he has a lot to brag about,” Kristie said with a smirk.

Her fingers were still clutching the bill, and the backs of those fingers were rubbing lightly up and down against the exposed front of my breast. I felt my heart beating louder, then she smirked and pressed the backs of her fingers in harder.

“Those are real, aren't they,” she said with a smile.

“Yes,” I said.

“I thought they were.”

Whoa!

I was anxious about the idea. I mean, I hadn't even agreed to anything and they were acting like I had! Still, it would be a a heck of an experience! And if I needed to take a cab home, well, I sure had enough money for it now.

I called my roommate Jennifer and told her I probably wouldn't be home tonight. I left a message, that is. It was Friday night, so she was out on a date. Then when I went back to their table the next time I pushed his hand back when he went to tip me.

“Wouldn't you like to pay by credit card?” I asked.

“I don't need credit, baby,” Ethan said.

I stared at him, then at Kristie, and I think she got it right away.

“Give her your credit card, Ethan,” she said.

“Why?”

“Because she wants your credit card,” she said.

Ethan was just confused, but he'd also had more to drink than her. Kristie stood up and took out her own wallet from a little purse, then grinned at me and slid it into my cleavage. “Give yourself a big tip, Sydney,” she said.

I smiled uncertainly, suddenly getting this idea like they might think they were buying me or something. Hey, I might not be a virgin but I'm not a freaking hooker! I gave myself a twenty-five percent tip, which was reasonable, and less than they'd given me so far.

Then I used my phone to text their names and credit card number to myself.

Okay, that was a little paranoid, but a girl can't be too careful with strangers these days. And once its on the system, there's no way to get it off. If I was to disappear the cops would check to see who I'd called or texted, and would be able to read the text.

I didn't expect any problems like that, but it was always good to have insurance.

I still wasn't sure I was going anywhere with them, but I was thinking I probably would, just to see what it was like. The idea had been pulsing in my lower belly since it had occurred to me, and it hadn't gotten any less exciting.

Then I thought of her name on the card. It was Mrs. Kristie Moore. They were actually married! I don't know why that thought made it seem even wilder than it was, but it did. I would be having sex with a married woman – and man! I would be like, doing adultery! That was so freaking wicked!

Mind you, having sex with a guy who was married is not cool. I'm not thinking that, but if their wife was okay with it, well...

The closer it got to quitting time the more anxious and uncertain I got. It was one thing to toy with the idea of doing something this nasty and wicked in the future, and another to think about doing it NOW! I was feeling a growing knot of tension in my belly, and wasn't entirely certain right up to the actual moment when I walked out to them, blushing, and said I was going to get changed and would be leaving out the employee entrance.

Even then, well, I could have snuck out another way. And I seriously considered it! I'm nineteen years old and had no business screwing with some thirty year old couple! OhmyGod! What if they had kids!?! This was sooooo wild!

I changed into what I'd worn to work, which was a shortish blue denim dress, which was what I wear on the subway. It wasn't particularly sexy or anything, just comfortable and cool. I hadn't dressed to look hot. No girl wants to look hot in the subway! Mind you, I didn't want to look ugly either...

I stepped out of the door with my heart pounding, and looked around anxiously. I didn't see them, and felt a sudden sense of both disappointment and relief, like maybe they had reconsidered, or maybe it was all bullshit. Then a car flashed its lights briefly.

“Hey, Sydney,” Kristie waved.

Heart thumping, I walked out into the parking lot and she smiled excitedly. She was standing next to a very dark blue BMW sedan, and Ethan was already in the driver's seat.

“Get in,” she said.

I slipped into the back seat, and Ethan turned around in his seat, grinning. I remembered I'd brought them five drinks over the course of the evening, but his last was an hour and a half ago. I wondered if that made him legally impaired. He didn't look bad.

“Are you okay to drive?” I asked doubtfully.

“Don't worry, baby. I'm a wizard behind the wheel,” he said as his wife slipped in beside me.

“Like I said, he brags but he doesn't brag dishonestly,” she said.

The car pulled around and then drove out onto the street, headed north.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Our place on 95th street near the park,” Ethan called over his shoulder.

I was reasonably impressed. That was pricey territory for an apartment.

“That's a pretty dress,” Kristie said, looking at me.

“Uhm, thanks,” I said, starting to blush despite myself.

The denim dress had four buttons down the front, and belt loops on the sides through which a narrow brown rope belt was led and tied loosely in the front. It hung several inches above the knees, but it was higher now that I was sitting.

“It goes nice with your hair,” she said.

She slid her fingers lightly through my long hair, then her hand abruptly dropped to my thigh! I gulped and jerked a bit as her small, delicate hand caressed my leg.

“You have very soft skin,” she said in a sigh.

“You sure you've never danced with a girl before?” I gulped.

She giggled. “No, but it's been a fantasy of mine for years.”

“Really?”

“She's from a Catholic family,” Ethan said. “You know, repressed.”

“If I was repressed I wouldn't be with you,” she retorted.

“I'm doing my best to ruin her,” Ethan said.

Her hand was stroking up and down along the inside of my thigh, and she kept easing the hand up higher, up under my skirt, forcing the skirt up with her wrist as those pale blue eyes stared at me.

“How old are you?” she asked.

“Nineteen,” I gulped.

“See, she's legal,” Ethan said, as if that settled some sort of argument.

“You look so young,” Kristie sighed, her left hand sliding through my hair again.

Then her hand slid behind my head and she pulled my head over as she leaned into me. I gasped, startled, then her lips were against mine.

She might not have had a lot of experience with girls, but she sure knew how to kiss. I braced myself against her, at first, because it was a hard kiss, a passionate kiss, but then I felt myself melting into it as heat spread up my body.

I was kissing this guy's wife while he was watching! That was so kinky!

I knew how guys reacted to girls kissing, of course. God knows me and my girlfriends had taunted them often enough over the years. Guys were so easy to turn on! But kissing Kristie was not the same thing. It was a lot more... serious! It was a lot more real!

The hand under my skirt slid higher, and then the backs of her fingers reached my panties, and she began to stroke them gently up and down against me through the thin cotton! At the same time her lips were moving hungrily on mine, her tongue dipping into my mouth to tease my own.

My heart was beating more and more rapidly, and a wild sense of excitement, almost exuberance was gripping me as I kissed her back and slid my right hand up through her hair.

It was wonderfully soft! I really did have to find out what sort of hair stuff she was using. Her hair was like silk! It was thinner than mine but wonderful to touch.

But the backs of her fingers were still caressing me through my panties, and that was starting to make my lower belly thrum with energy! And then she let her fingers turn around, and kind of gripped the sides of my thong in front. She squeezed the sides in together, and then pulled up – hard!

I gasped, jerking against her as she wedged the fabric up between the lips of my sex. It ached sharply, but also, of course, exposed me to Ethan's eyes.

“Such a bad girl,” she said with a purr, her fingers caressing my flesh, sliding up and down the warm, swelling lips of my sex.

Then, demonstrating her confidence in his driving, she did a complete turn, climbing fully onto the seat and straddling my body facing me where I was buckled in. My skirt had been pushed up over my hips now, as she grasped my hair firmly, even roughly, and jerked my head back to meet her lips again.

I moaned into her mouth, getting more and more aroused as she ground herself against me and kissed me hard and deeply. Her hands slid down out of my hair and I felt her untying the thin rope belt around my waist, and I wondered, my mind already pulsing with energy and excitement, if she intended to strip me right there in the car!

Instead, though, she pulled the rope belt open as she leaned back. She grinned at me, gripped my arms and put them down at my sides. Then she took the rope belt and brought it forward again, and tied it much more tightly around my middle, pinning my arms at my sides!

I gasped, my mouth opening wide, starting to feel a sense of alarm, but then she grasped my hair again, even more roughly, jerked my head back, and kissed me hard! She spent long minutes doing nothing else but kissing me! And like I said, she was an amazingly good kisser!

It was... weird, being kissed like that, so passionately, while her husband watched, and with my arms pinned at my sides. I felt helpless, but in a deliciously sexual and erotic sort of way I didn't quite understand!

And then she slid backward off my legs, and down onto the floor of the car. There was ample room in the back seat, and she grinned up at me, then gripped my legs, forcing them well apart, then jerking me forward a bit so I slumped more on my seat. My arms jerked spasmodically, and I was reminded that they were tied tightly against me!

She grinned and pushed my skirt up higher, then moved in, her tongue sliding up and down along the side of my pussy! I moaned low in my throat as her tongue caressed my visible flesh. She gripped the thong again, tugging it up more sharply. Of course, that meant it covered the top of my sex, my clitoris, but that didn't seem to bother her, as she worked on the sides, kissing and licking along my labia.

It – ached, the way she was wedging and pulling on my thong, but with her tongue there it also felt hot and incredibly sexy and exciting. When she relented, though, and tugged the thong down, pulling it out from under my buttocks, I felt a wild sense of relief and pleasure.

She leaned in, her soft hair brushing against my thighs, and began to lick directly on my clitoris! The sensation was incredible! I gasped helplessly, my hips jerking against her as her tongue lapped hungrily against my swollen little button!

I had felt sore and overheated by the way she'd pulled on the thong, and now that seemed to have sensitized my pussy, for her tongue was sending wild rushing waves of pleasure through my body!

But even as excited as I was, I could tell she was inexperienced. She was just licking at my clitoris with all the enthusiasm of a happy puppy dog. Even so, it was more than enough in the state I was in, to have my body shuddering with heat and rising sexual pressure.

Then she abandoned my clitoris, climbing up my body, undoing the buttons down the front of the dress to expose my lacy white bra. She pulled the front open wide, reached in and unfastened the bra. It was strapless, like I said, so she had no difficulty just pulling it out completely.

She eased her body to the side and pulled my dress wide to expose my breasts.

“What do you think, baby?” she asked excitedly.

I flushed hotly, squirming with heat and excitement and embarrassment as Ethan stared at me in the rear view mirror.

“She has gorgeous tits,” he said.

His wife slid her body off to the side more, then her right hand eased down between my legs while she bent and began to suck at my right breast.

Between the seat belt and the rope belt there wasn't a lot I could do, but that felt okay in a weird way. I mean, they were adults and I wasn't. Well, I was, but it felt more like I was still a girl, you know, and they were a man and a woman way older than me. And besides, what she was doing was fine with me!

Her left hand slid up into my hair and jerked my head back sharply so that I let out a cry, but it arched my back, and I guessed that was what she wanted as she began to lick at my breasts, rubbing her face against them, sucking and then lightly chewing on my sparkling hard nipples.

We were driving up 3rd Avenue, and there were cars and lights around us, but the back windows were tinted and it was dark outside, and the heat was turning into a fever so that I didn't really care! In fact, the thought someone else might see – besides Ethan – only made me hotter!

Kristie was being – rough, which felt strange, made me anxious, but was also exhilarating. I'd had rougher sex before with guys, but never with girls, and never when I was sort of tied up! But she would lick on my nipples again and again, so that they throbbed, then bite them, or bite my soft, swollen breasts, and she would bite harder and harder until I began to react or my gasp became a cry of pain.

But then she would go back to licking and kissing and rubbing her cheeks against me, or straighten up and kiss my lips hard again while her fingers pulled tightly on my hair.

“I love your tits,” she moaned, her mouth fastened on the middle of my right breast, her teeth digging in as she sucked and her tongue whipped back and forth.

I could only gasp and moan in reply!

And then we pulled over to the side on a dark, quiet street.

“We're here,” Ethan said, scrambling out of the front seat.

Kristie eased back from me with a grin, then waggled her tongue at me as her husband opened the rear door. She undid my seat belt for me, then slid out, and the both of them helped me out of the car and held me as I swayed a little awkwardly.

The front of my dress was open almost to the waist and I had no underwear on! But it was a dark residential street of mostly low townhouses, cars parked along the sidewalks, and it was well after One in the morning.

They led me up a stair and to a tall, wide door where Ethan fumbled with some keys before unlocking it. We went inside, and I discovered not a series of apartments like I had expected, but a living room off to the left, a big one with high ceilings. To the right was a dining room with a polished table which could seat eight or nine people.

I looked around and realized as I saw the stairs leading up, that they actually owned the townhouse, and it wasn't subdivided into apartments at all. That was freaking expensive in Manhattan! I mean, this place was worth millions!

But they weren't showing it off. They hurried me up the broad stairs to the second floor, very eager, and not interested in answering questions. I was breathless, incredibly charged up, and half naked, and had other priorities on my mind than how much the place cost anyway.

Then up further, to the third floor and into a big bedroom with a large four-poster bed against the wall. These people had money. Even in my heat that impressed me.

Kristie fumbled with the rope belt and untied it, setting my arms free, then reached back behind her and undid her dress. She peeled it up and off, and I realized she had no underwear underneath. I blushed as Ethan looked on, and Kristie peeled my own dress up over my head and off.

Then we were kissing passionately, our arms around each other! Her hands slid down onto my ass, and mine caressed her bare back as Ethan moved away. Her small breasts were firm against my own larger, fuller ones, and my nipples were

still tingling with excitement as they pressed into her soft flesh.

Ethan threw some pillows on the floor.

“Kristie,” he said.

Kristie abandoned me and jumped into bed with a giggle, then lay on her back and spread her legs wide as she raised her arms up towards the top corner posts. I blinked, my jaw dropping as I saw Ethan bringing leather straps down from the corners. He strapped her wrists in place first, then her ankles, and Kristie made sure she was stretched tightly before he was done.

Ethan grinned at me and then walked over to pick up a chair. He pulled it over, sat down and nodded at me.

“Drive the slut crazy,” he said.

OhmyGod!

But the perversity and kinkiness of it was making my insides burn! So I climbed onto the bed, looking at the tightly tied blonde below me, and very much aware of Ethan looking on! I bent then and began to slowly lick at her legs, caressing her soft flesh, teasing her as I made my way slowly up her body towards her pussy.

I let my fingers trace the line of her sex, then let my tongue follow. Now I don't want to go pretending I was this incredibly talented lesbian or anything, but I did have more experience, at least with girls, than she did. I let my tongue delicately circle her clitoris before abandoning it and working my way up her body.

I circled her belly button, I let my hair and cheeks caress her skin as I slid higher and higher, until I could massage her tiny pink nipples with my lips and suck rhythmically on them.

I thought at first that maybe she was putting on a show for Ethan. I mean, she reacted so strongly to everything I did that I wondered if she wasn't faking it. Well, most of it. The way her face and upper chest were flushed her excitement wasn't in any doubt.

But I let my body sprawl casually over her tautly bound flesh, licking and

kissing up around the nape of her neck, up along her earlobe, which I nibbled at, my breasts rubbing back and forth against hers as she moaned and whimpered and gasped heatedly below me.

I was trying to do this like I was some sort of expert, but it was really hard because I was so hot and charged up I didn't have the patience I should have had!

My right hand slid down her body and my fingers began to rub her clitoris as I chewed on the nape of her neck, and she cried out, her hips bucking up against me as she came! I rubbed faster as she moaned and her head thrashed and she arched her back, and she cried out in helpless pleasure as her flush deepened.

And that was only the start.

It turned me on, though, that she was so turned on. Well, of course, I was already turned on, but it turned me on even more! Sliding my breasts up and down her body turned me on even more. Ethan watching turned me on! I was totally charged with sexual heat, and my nipples were so hard they practically crackled like live electrical wires!

I dropped down her body and licked at her thighs again, then my fingers moved up and down her pussy and pushed into her.

She was sopping wet!

I let my finger slid deep into her pussy, then eased it back and pushed it in with a second finger, angling them upwards. At the same time I began to kiss her clitoris, letting my lips slide around it and sucking gently.

She moaned, her head rolling from side to side as her ragged breaths got louder, and then I started to lick and she started to writhe and twist beneath me, crying out in pleasure.

And then I felt a hand on my ass! Ethan had stood up and come over beside the bed. I shuddered with heat as his hand slid down between my legs, and then he was thrusting his fingers into me the same way I was doing to his wife! OhmyGod! I was so hot I almost came right away!

Crack!

I gasped as he slapped my bottom sharply.

“Spread those legs wide,” he growled.

Panting, moaning, I obeyed, and his fingers twisted and turned as they pumped inside me, as I licked at Kristie and she arched and cried out and came for a second time!

Crack! He slapped my butt again!

“Lick that slutty blonde pussy,” he growled.

Crack!

“Shove your tongue into her!”

I gasped as he thrust into me, three fingers together! I shuddered with heat, and he gripped my hair roughly, then jerked my face down and rubbed it against Kristie's overheated pussy.

“Stick that tongue into her,” he ordered.

I obeyed, thrusting my tongue out, driving it into her pussy as his own fingers pumped harshly in my own hot, thrumming, burning sex!

He got into bed behind me and pulled his fingers out of me, but then gripped my wrists and pulled them both up and back behind me. I gasped as he crossed my wrists, and I felt something wrapped around them, drawing in tightly and locking them together. A sense of fear, or at least, anxiety swept through me, but it was just part of this wild kinky scene!

And after all, his wife was tied up too...

Crack!

“Raise that ass high, you nasty little girl,” he growled. “And spread those legs wide apart for me!”

His fingers pushed into me once more, and I moaned, my breasts pillowed out below me as his fingers pumped in and out, twisting and turning.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Lick that clit, slut!”

The word was jarring, but he'd called his own wife a slut so I took it in that context, and licked at Kristie's clitoris as ordered, moaning as his own fingers twisted and turned inside me. His fingers came out, then and I felt something else rubbing up and down against my sex. It was softer, and yet more than hard enough.

And it was thick! I moaned as it pushed against me, as it pushed hard against the tight lips of my sex, slowly forcing them in and back, then stretching them apart.

Crack!

“Nasty slut,” he growled.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Make the filthy blonde slut come again,” he ordered.

I groaned as his cock pushed into me, slid into me, slowly, stretching me wonderfully wide! I licked at her clitoris as she writhed and moaned and panted for breath, but my focus was on his big cock sliding down deep into my belly!

Then with a cry, my body arched up and back as he yanked on my hair, my back arching as he slid his other hand around my side and roughly cupped my breast. His lips bit into the nape of my neck, hard like his wife did, and I trembled in his arms.

“Move forward, slut!”

He forced me to crawl forward on my knees, straddling his wife until I could sink my pussy down onto her mouth. Then he shoved forward and down on my hair, forcing my head down against the top of the mattress as I felt Kristie starting to lick at my clitoris.

With his cock inside me!

He began to pump in and out now as his wife licked me, and it was my turn to go out of my mind with the wild thrill of it!

OhmyGod! If you've never had someone licking your clit while someone fucks you – ohmyGod!

I cried out in helpless pleasure as the heat soared, as my body flared with an incredible rush of power and energy! It was shocking, the orgasm clawing at my mind more powerfully than I could ever remember one. I jammed my face into the mattress and screamed as the raw energy boiled over inside me!

Ethan thrust into me hard as his wife licked hard, and I came – hard!

Dazed, limp, I was dragged backward by the hair, gasping in pain, then bent forward again, my chin dropping onto her pussy as he jerked my hips up.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom again.

“Start licking, slut!”

I groaned, slack jawed, but another slap, and a jerk on my hair got me back to licking at the blonde woman's clitoris as she lay spread out before me.

“Show my slut wife how to drive a woman crazy,” he ordered.

Shit! They were both driving me crazy already!

He was all-but buried in me, and now began to pump slowly in and out. His left hand was in my hair and his right filled with my breast as his fingers kneaded and squeezed me repeatedly.

This was all so wild and incredible! It was such a rush! My mind felt battered and dazed! But Ethan told me what to do, and reinforced it with sharp slaps to the bottom or jerks on my hair, so I did it! I felt rushed and overwhelmed, and my body crackled with excitement, too much to do my own thinking!

I had never been involved in anything this wild, this high energy, this thrilling! And while I had just come powerfully my body was already thrumming with

sexual energy again!

I felt Ethan pulling out of me, then his fingers thrusting in again, three of them, roughly pumping in and out.

Crack!

He slapped my bottom again and I gasped in pain.

:Nasty little slut,” he said, another finger stroking my clitoris.

Crack! “Spread those legs wide, slut.”

Crack! Keep that beautiful ass high!”

I gasped as he slid his cock down beneath my sex, then let the shaft slide back and forth across me, across my clitoris, really, which felt swollen and hot. His fingers were still pumping inside me and my breathing was becoming more ragged than Kristie's!

He moved up and gripped my hair, and I cried out as he half dragged me forward, forcing me to crawl up along his wife, once more, then settle myself onto her mouth. She licked and sucked eagerly as he let go of my hair and disappeared for a few moments.

Then I felt his fingers at my pussy again, and for a moment thought he was entering me. But no, he was kneeling on the side of the bed, in entirely the wrong position. Still, something thick was sliding up inside me, and it wasn't his fingers!

Meanwhile Kristie was licking wildly at my clitoris, and I groaned in rising heat, twisting my head around to see behind me to find Ethan had some kind of dildo in his hand! God! What perverts!

But it felt so good pushing up inside me while his wife licked me! It pushed deep, though, achingly deep, and I gasped in pain, wrists pulling against whatever he'd used to tie them behind me.

He started pushing his finger against my ass, then, and his fingers were slippery and pushed into me back there. I shuddered and twisted around again, almost

ready to protest, but he slapped my bottom sharply and then grabbed the back of my neck to shove my face into the sheets as he thrust his fingers deep.

“Filthy little slut,” he said. “You're going to get what you deserve tonight.”

God, this was all so nasty!

His fingers pulled out but something else pushed against me, and I was lost to Kristie's licking, and could only shudder and moan as he pushed it deeper.

Then he moved around and climbed onto the bed. He pulled me back along her body, then knelt over his wife's head, spreading his knees wider and wider to lower himself as he gripped my hair to bend me forward. I saw him lower himself so that his balls were against her mouth, and she sucked them in! Then he pulled my mouth down onto his cock, and I gurgled wildly as it slid along my tongue.

He was big. He hadn't lied about that. He'd felt great inside me and he looked great sliding into my mouth. I felt another sense of wild excitement as I saw Kristie's lips swallow his balls, as my lips slid further down.

Crack! He slapped my bottom as he pulled me inward, and then his cock pushed right through into my mouth and down my throat!

It wasn't the first time I had deep throated a guy, but it was the easiest! That was a bit of a wonder given how big he was, but I always found it way easier when I was really excited, and I was wildly excited! My lips slid down to the point they were touching Kristie's!

“Oh yeah! Suck me, you bitches!” he groaned. “Suck my balls and cock, you sluts!”

This was going to be a sexual encounter I'd remember my entire life, I knew!

My breasts were rubbing against Kristie's as he leaned in and groped one, pulling me in and out by the hair so he didn't pull his balls away from the sucking mouth of his wife. He pulled me back, finally, as the world spun around me, and I was able to gasp in great, shuddering breaths of air as he pulled away from Kristie's mouth.

His cock was bulging red and looked ready to explode, but apparently he didn't want to come yet, because he moved away and put me back between Kristie's legs to continue performing on her. She came, writhing and twisting and crying out, her back arching as she pulled against the restraints, and I came not long after, with Ethan thrusting the dildo in and out of me and rubbing my clitoris!

And that wasn't the end. It was just the beginning! Ethan untied his wife, then put me in her place, tied spreadeagled to the four corner posts, flushed, panting and moaning wearily after a second massive orgasm.

“Now we get to torture you, slut,” Ethan growled.

I gulped, feeling a little anxious as I lay there all helpless. Kristie giggled, though, which calmed a little. Then she crawled up and straddled my upper chest, and her pussy lowered against my mouth.

“Lick me, slut,” she ordered.

I did just that as I felt Ethan's hands on my breasts, squeezing and kneading them. Then his mouth on my nipples. I sucked on Kristie's clitoris as I felt Ethan gathering my breasts in from the sides and squeezing them around his cock. He started sliding in and out, then, slowly, mauling my breasts, and rolling the nipples.

He tired of that soon, though. I was big enough to do that, but it was hard when I was on my back with my arms stretched up and out. He got off the bed, then returned and I smelled something burning. And then he began to drop hot candle wax onto my nipples!

I squealed and twisted and thrashed, but Kristie just continued to grind her pussy against my face, and I wasn't even able to speak!

God!

The hot wax dripped intermittently down around my breasts and nipples as Kristie ground herself against my mouth, and then he peeled off the wax, and I felt ice against me instead! Once again I squealed and thrashed as the ice cubes circled and rolled around and over my nipples and up and down my breasts!

He slid the cube along my ribs, and then down along my belly before letting it

slide up and down against my pussy itself, rubbing it against my clitoris, then along the taut lips of my sex which were stretched wide around the dildo he'd driven into me.

Kristie backed off, then, and he handed her something, and she began to put what she'd learned of licking pussy to work with the help of a vibrator! She alternated between licking and sucking my clitoris and grinding the vibrator against me, using the dildo at the same time, pushing it in and out in long, long strokes!

I came, and then came again, thrashing and crying out, arching and straining against the straps as she set my blood boiling and my heart racing! Then Kristie straddled my face again and Ethan climbed atop me, pulling free the dildo and sliding himself into my pussy instead.

He appeared just to her left, his arm around her as he thrust into me, and I moaned into her pussy as the two of them looked down at my flushed face and ground their bodies against me!

*

It was really an eye-opener. These people really had the money for toys, and they'd used it. Both Kristie and I were wearing studded black leather collars around our throats. We had smaller versions wrapped around our wrists and ankles. And that was all we wore as we knelt in front of Ethan.

I was reassured that she had the same bondage stuff on, but anxious to see the long, thin – stick – in Ethan's hand. It made a very high pitched sound as he whirled it back and forth through the air.

“Now you two sluts are going to learn a little obedience,” he said. “I'm going to give an order and you're going to obey it. Instantly.”

Geeze, this guy was weird! But Kristie looked confident so I wasn't too worried.

“Present,” he ordered in a stern voice.

Kristie immediately slid her hands up behind her neck and stuck her chest out, while spreading her legs apart. I did the same as she, but a little slower.

Whirr – crack!

“Oh!”

“Faster, slut!”

That thing stung!

We stood that way as he walked slowly around us.

“Ankles,” he said.

Kristie bent over, so I did the same. She gripped her ankles, so I did the same.

God, this was weird! Bending over and grabbing my ankles, with my legs apart while a guy stood behind me!? Wow! I felt a flush of heat once again, despite the orgasms I'd already had, and marveled at it.

“Kneel and present,” he said.

Kristie dropped to her knees at once, and I was a half step behind. She put her

hands behind her neck and arched her back again, so I did the same.

Ethan moved to stand in front of us, and I gulped as he brought that thin stick thing down against my breasts, rubbing it softly up and down against my nipples. I saw now that it had a sort of flat leather or rubber tip, kind of rectangular, and he let that rub against my still very hard nipples.

“Do you love to suck cock?” he demanded, slapping it lightly.

“Yes,” I gulped.

“Say it, slut!”

“I love to suck cock!” I gulped.

“Louder.”

“I love to suck cock!” I cried.

God, this was wild!

“Do you love to be fucked?”

“Yes,” I gulped.

“Say it.”

“I love being fucked!”

“Say I'm a filthy whore and I love cock.”

“I'm a filthy whore and I love cock!” I exclaimed.

“Say I'm a sex slave!”

“I'm a sex slave!”

“Say I love being a sex slave.”

“I love being a sex slave!” I breathed.

He moved to stand in front of his wife.

“I know this slut loves sucking cock,” he said.

He was getting hard, and he reached behind her, gripped her hair, and drew her mouth up against him. She held her position while sucking and licking as his balls, and then he got hard, and slid himself into her mouth.

He shifted forward, his legs apart, and pushed himself down her throat as she knelt in place, her head back. I watched excitedly as he fucked her throat and face, just pounded in and out faster and faster while she gurgled wetly! I could see him pushing down her throat, could see her throat bulging as he pumped in and out.

Then he drew back, his cock slick and wet, and shifted back to me as Kristie panted.

“Mouth open, slut.”

I opened my mouth nervously, and he slid into it, then gripped my hair and pushed deep into my throat.

I gagged a little, and instinctively jerked my hands up and forward to press against his thighs.

“No. You don't get to do that,” he growled.

And then Kristie was behind me, her breasts pushed against my back as she gripped my wrists and pulled them up and back behind my neck again. She was surprisingly strong, or maybe I just had no leverage, but as Ethan thrust himself into my throat again she held me in position, back arched, hands locked behind my neck.

And he fucked my throat just like he had hers! I kept jerking and twisting as he did it, fighting the ache and gagging instinct until he pulled out. I gasped and sucked in deep, shuddering breaths of air as Kristie dropped my arms.

“Bad girl,” Ethan said.

I was still just panting for breath as they did something above me. Ethan had a

much thicker, longer stick, and the two raised my hands and clipped the restraints to rings set on either end. Then they lifted the stick up. I cocked my head back, chest still heaving, and saw a chain dangling from the ceiling!

They attached a ring in the top center of the stick to it and then I gasped as I felt the pressure pulling my arms up, then pulling my body up. Ethan pulled on the chain until I was standing upright, my arms up above me and pulled out to either side.

Then Kristie pulled back on my hips and I felt the dildo pushing up into my pussy again! I groaned helplessly, my legs forced apart as she pumped it in and out, thrusting it deeper and deeper, until I ached as it jammed against the back wall of my sex.

Meanwhile, Ethan had another long length of wood in his hands, like a pole. He clipped one to a ring set into one of the posts at the foot of the bed, then held the pole horizontally across my hips, pushing it back, forcing me to inch back on my toes until I had to rise onto the balls of my feet and close my legs tightly.

The other end of the pole was hooked into the side of a dresser. God, these people had all sorts of weird things! But the end result was that I was on the balls of my feet, bent over with my arms tautly held up and out to either side.

My thighs squeezed in tightly around the base of the dildo still protruding from my thrumming pussy, and then Kristie gathered my hair in and back, as if to put it into a pony tail.

A moment later I gasped as a sort of thick, spongy ball pushed against my open mouth! I tried to twist my head away but Kristie held my hair tightly as she and Ethan worked the ball thing into my mouth. It filled my mouth to overflowing, so much so I couldn't actually close my lips. Then they pulled a thin cord across my cheeks to fasten behind my head.

God, it was one of those ball-gag things! I moaned into it, feeling more helpless now, and thus more anxious.

Kristie was fingering my breasts, and now began to pinch and pluck at my nipples as I moaned and yelped into the gag. When Ethan came back he had these two clips in his hands, like little gold alligator clips! Each of them was attached to a small weighted ball by a short chain, and I stared as Kristie

stretched my nipples and he clamped the two jaws against them.

I squealed hard when he let them go! My nipples hurt! Oh, boy, did they sting! I jerked and tried to twist but quickly discovered that my movement made my nipples ache more by making the little balls jerk and swing against them!

I couldn't even complain or demand they take them off! Though I tried! But both had already turned away and were getting more toys from the drawer of a dresser! I moaned helplessly, staring down in some disbelief at the balls dangling and swinging from my burning hot nipples.

The intense sharpness of the pain was starting to dull, starting to turn into a dull ache which, though it hurt was much more tolerable. And then Kristie, giggling again, came up in front of me holding a device of some kind. It was like a plastic handle with a long pencil attached. There was a marble on the end of the pencil, and she thrust it down between my legs.

The marble vibrated, and she began to rub it back and forth against my clitoris.

I moaned, and she dropped to her knees. She played the vibrator back and forth across my clitoris for long seconds, then dropped it and gripped my thighs, forcing my legs apart a little, enough to push her face up and lick and suck at my clitoris.

I felt my insides starting to thrum and burn as she drew back, then brought up the vibrator again. I trembled, my nipples throbbing as I felt Ethan's hands on my buttocks, squeezing them. The thing he'd pushed into my ass pulled back out, and something else slid into me. I thought it was him at first, but it turned out to be another freaking dildo!

It pushed way deeper than the first one, and I moaned and felt waves of heat rushing up my body from the vibrator as he pumped both dildos slowly in and out of me!

He shoved both achingly deep and then moved back, and the next thing I felt behind me was a sharp, stinging blow that made me cry out in startled pain. I twisted my head around to see him holding a belt or long strap in his hand. He grinned and then swung it again and I cried out again as it cracked across my buttocks!

Kristie gripped my hair and jerked my head up and forward as she ground the vibrator thing back and forth against my clitoris.

“You have to be punished for being such a bad girl,” she said, as if it was obvious.

Crack!

This was insane!

Crack!

I jerked at the sharp blow!

Crack!

I twisted against her a little, but she only giggled as my bottom began to throb with heat.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strap cracked down against my bottom again and again, and the pain grew, my skin heating more and more. My own movements, though, were also sending the little weighted balls swinging and jerking against my nipples, adding sharp little stings to the flood of sensations pouring through me!

“Would you like to be our sex slave, Sydney?” Kristie purred. “We could use a sex slave like you. You're so pretty and have such a nice body!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You'll get lots of cock, and get to eat lots of pussy.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

My bottom was on fire! It was practically radiating heat!

“Such a dirty little girl,” Kristie purred, removing the vibrator so her fingers could caress me instead.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Definitely sex slave material,” she said.

Crack! Crack!

She jerked my head up again and I gasped as I felt Ethan pumping the dildo in my ass again. He pulled it back, and then pushed into me, and this time I knew it was him.

“Fuck her ass, Ethan!” Kristie said excitedly. “Fuck her whore ass!”

I felt a wild roiling sense of anxiety and fear, but also a strange dark sense of heat which quickly grew into something almost ... suffocating in its intensity! I felt Ethan against me, his cock pushing deep, achingly, wonderfully deep into my ass, until his bare hips were pressing firmly into my overheated buttocks.

My scalp ached as Kristie jerked on my hair.

“My husband's cock is way up in your ass, Sydney,” she said excitedly. “Don't you love it!?”

She turned on the vibrator again and pressed it firmly against my clitoris, and I jerked helplessly, gasping for breath as Ethan began to pull back and thrust in. His movements quickened, and the weighted balls began to dance and swing and tug rhythmically against my nipples.

I began to feel as if I was in a dark, erotic dream, helpless to wake, even if I wanted to. And the more Ethan pumped inside me, the more my nipples burned, the more Kristie ground the vibrator against my clitoris, the less I wanted to wake!

“Fuck her harder, Ethan!” Kristie exclaimed. “Fuck that nasty whore ass!”

Ethan picked up the pace, his hips slapping sharply against my buttocks as the nose of his cock punched achingly deep inside me. The big dildo filling my pussy seemed to throb inside me, or maybe it was my body throbbing around it. But when Kristie jammed the buzzing ball thing down against my clitoris it drove it back against the hardness inside me as if to redouble the power!

I began to feel... drunk... intoxicated, as if the world were swirling around me. My skin felt hot and raw and alive, and then an orgasm broke open inside me

like an erupting volcano. God, it was incredible! I was lost in the churning white-water flood of heat and sensation, of pleasure and passion!

Every hard thrust of his stiff, slick cock up into my ass, every hard smack of his hips against my buttocks, jarred my mind and body, and sent the weights dangling from my throbbing nipples spinning and bouncing.

I lost control of myself, trembling and shaking, eyes glassy and sightless as my head jerked against the tight grip on my hair Kristie had.

“You're our sex slave!” she crowed amid my orgasm.

That I heard! It was so kinky and nasty and wild!

Kristie pulled the vibrator back, and instead her hand slid in between my legs, fingers pressing up against the base of the dildo while her thumb ground rapidly up and down against my clitoris. I cried out weakly, voice muffled by the gag.

She released my hair and my head hung forward dazedly as Ethan gave a final flurry of hard thrusts, then ground himself against my backside, cursing softly. He pulled out, and the two moved away, leaving me like that for a long minute as my mind struggled to recover from the delicious afterglow of the incredible orgasm.

And then suddenly, Kristie was in front of me again, with, of all things, cotton balls. She rubbed them all around my nipples, and they were cold and.. wet and smelled medicinal. I raised my eyes in confusion just as she gripped the weighted balls and pulled sharply.

I cried out at the pain as the alligator clips stretched out my nipples sharply, then Ethan moved in beside her, and suddenly thrust downward. I felt a sudden sharp pain in my right nipple, then, a moment later, in my left! I had barely any time to react, and no real way to do it!

Ethan moved back, and I stared down, my mouth gaping around the gag, and saw there were holes in my nipples! I was so astonished by that I didn't even react as Ethan moved back into place in front of me. I saw he wore rubber gloves, like surgical gloves, and had a gold ring in hand, which he fitted into the hole in my right nipple.

I raised my head towards Kristie, and then thought to pull away, but... how?

My nipples throbbed in pain, but not nearly as much as they had when he'd pierced them, and now he was putting a ring in the second nipple. I gaped at them, still shocked by the very idea. Kristie pulled the alligator clips off my nipples, and pain returned sharp and aching. But that began to fade quickly.

I groaned as I felt Ethan's fingers at my ass again, and then the dildo pushing up inside me once more. I gasped as he shoved it deep, then reached up above me to undo my wrists. He pulled them down but held them firmly, drawing them back behind me and locking the restraints together.

Kristie, meanwhile, was over at another dresser. It was a tall dresser of some glossy dark wood. It had one drawer at the bottom, and then a pair of doors which swung open to reveal more drawers inside, or what looked like more drawers.

She squatted low, touched something, and the interior slid up like a garage door to reveal a large opening! Light came on, and I stared as Ethan led me over towards the dresser, then pushed me down onto my knees as Kristie went inside. He pushed me forward, and Kristie reached for me and dragged me into the dresser!

Which turned out to be hollow. We were in what was probably once a large, walk-in closet. It was a blank walled room about nine feet deep and seven feet wide, the walls painted yellow, the floor carpeted in off-white. There was a mattress on one side, and a rack of whips and straps on another!

There were a number of rings and pulleys bolted to the ceiling, and as I stared around me, astonished, Kristie and Ethan pulled on some chains and then pushed me down onto my back. They fitted chains to the restraints around my ankles, and then pulled on them.

My ankles were lifted up, and then my legs, then my lower body, and while I was trying to babble an objection, they kept pulling until I was hanging completely upside down, my legs spread apart and my hair dangling on the floor!

Kristie bent over and kissed my cheek, then they left, turning out the light and closing the dresser up, and leaving me hanging upside down in the darkness!

At first, my head pounded, with the blood rushing to it, but that seemed to even out over a few more minutes. Still, I was upside down in the darkness, my wrists shackled behind my back and no idea how long I was going to be kept like that.

At first I was angry, then worried. During that part of the night when my mind was still working it was impossible to not worry that this crazy couple was going to actually make me a real life sex slave and keep me a prisoner!

I was somewhat reassured by the fact I'd told my roommate, and that I'd texted their credit card number and name. And also by the memory of Kristie having no problem at all giving me her credit card even though she knew why I wanted it.

Unless it was fake, a little voice said.

But they had driven their own car, and parked it out front, not taking any effort to hide it, that I'd seen!

Still, I imagined life as a sex slave, living in this windowless box, subjected to their sexual abuse and punishments. It was a strange, somewhat scary, somewhat anxious thought, even though I didn't think that was their plan. But even through the danger and anxiety I also felt a hot little ripple of sexual excitement at the thought.

Not that I wanted to be anyone's sex slave, but at the thought, you know, the raw sexuality and dark sexual passion of such a fantasy.

And after all, wasn't this the sort of thing that happened to sex slaves? I was in a secret room hanging upside down by my wrists!

And then I started hearing sounds. They were low at first, but then the sound rose. It actually remained low, but in that small, quiet room, it was easy to make out. First, was the gasps and moans and cries of female pleasure. And after some seconds I realized with a shock they were mine!

“Oh! Oh! God! Oh! Yes! Ohhhhh! Unnghh!”

It was the sound of my pleasure, of my orgasm! I stared wildly into the darkness as it went on and on, and then were joined by my voice speaking in a more controlled way.

“I'm a sex slave. I'm a filthy whore and I love to suck cock! I love being fucked. I love being a sex slave!”

They had recorded my voice! It went on and on, my own voice repeating the words with my own gasps, moans, whimpers and cries of pleasure and passion in the background!

For hours, and hours. They kept me hanging there all night. Well, more like the remains of the night. We'd gotten in closer to two, and had fucked for a couple of hours. I was aching and weary but even so how do you sleep hanging upside down!? Even if there wasn't any tension or anxiety gripping me, which there definitely was.

Then it all kind of faded into a dull, numbed dazedness as the hours passed. I don't know if I slept, but I think my mind certainly turned itself down to low as I hung there. My nipples still ached, and I still had the full sensation from the dildos in my belly.

Ethan woke me as he bent and entered through the fake chest, and I stared at him dizzily as he squatted in front of me and ran his hands over my breasts.

“Welcome to your weekend of slavery, slave girl,” he said.

I stared at him, or tried to. I mean, my head was down low and he was up high. Weekend? Weekend was a shock, but both good and bad. The bad was he wasn't letting me go right now. The good was he planned to let me go. That was very good, in fact.

He moved behind me and I felt his hands at the back of my neck. The cord holding the ball-gag in place was loosened, then his hand came around front and worked the gag slowly out of my mouth. At the same time I felt him gathering in my hair, and pulling up and back.

I gasped as my view of the world changed from an upside view of the doorway, to the floor below me, and then up and back to Ethan's knees and thighs behind me and then – his cock.

He was naked, and hard, and the pull on my scalp had my mouth wide, so he just thrust into it. He was, fortunately, soaking wet. Which was a good thing since my throat and mouth were very dry. He didn't shove himself all the way down

my throat, but filled my mouth, which sucked almost instinctively on him.

“You are a natural born cock sucker, baby,” he said.

He pulled his stiff cock back, and there was a cup there. He thrust his cock into the cup to soak it, then thrust it into my open mouth again. I have to say that the moisture on it was a relief, and I sucked instinctively again, though my scalp was starting to ache fiercely.

He pumped slowly in and out of my mouth, then withdrew, wetted his cock again, and slid into my mouth a third time. This time as he pumped, he drove himself deep into my throat and held himself there, grinding my face into him.

“Fucking gorgeous!” he groaned.

My head was spinning and my chest burning from lack of air. My head pounded, and I started to become dizzy, twisting in my bonds as he held himself deep inside me. He pulled back, however, slid free, and I gulped in air in long, ragged gasps as he wetted his cock once again.

He thrust back into my mouth and then started fucking my throat. He fucked my throat with long, fast strokes as I gurgled and gagged weakly, pulling out every thirty seconds or so to let me breath. By the time he finished, I wasn't even gagging any more, though I was very dazed and light-headed.

He released my wrists and they fell to the floor above me, or below me, depending on your perspective. But he pulled them down and apart to lock the restraints to chains fitted to rings in the floor. I was still hanging upside down, but now more tautly held in place, spreadeagled.

What was worse, before I could catch my breath and get my head straight to say anything, he had stuffed the ball gag back into my mouth.

Kristie came in then, also naked. It was a crowded little room with the three of us, but Ethan didn't stay long. Kristie started licking my clitoris and caressing my buttocks. She gripped the dildos, both of them, and twisted them from side to side as she pumped them in and out, her tongue licking and her lips sucking on my clitoris.

None of which was unpleasant, or anything. In fact, it might even have felt kind

of good, except I was still dazed and anxious about what the hell was going on! I was all tightly stretched out in four directions now, and still upset down!

She dropped low suddenly, her face next to mine.

“We know your next shift isn't until Monday night, Sydney,” she said with a smile. “Before then you're going to live the fantasy of being our sex slave!”

That wasn't my fantasy, I wanted to say. Hey! But of course, she rose again and moved behind me, and anyway, I was gagged.

But it did ease my fears a lot, and made me more indignant than worried.

At least until she moved around in front of me and I saw her holding a whip!

Well, it was a short whip. It wasn't like, one of those long thick whips that you see in the movies which they use on slaves. It was like, a short handled thing with a bunch of thin black laces dangling from it.

“Time to punish the naughty slave girl,” she said.

And she swung the thing at me!

The separate laces kind of spread out as it struck me. None of them had any real weight. Even all together they didn't have much weight. They struck with a kind of inconsequential little crackle of impacts. It wasn't pleasant but I wouldn't exactly say it stung or anything. It was like the whip was a toy, which, I suppose, it kind of was.

But she swung it again, a little harder, and against my breasts! That shocked me! I mean, it still didn't really hurt, but the idea of swinging a whip at my breasts was – breathtaking! I moaned and tried to shift instinctively, and discovered I couldn't move at all.

The whip thing swung down against my belly and chest and breasts, and then came down between my legs to snap at the underside of my buttocks! She moved around me and whipped my back from top to bottom, then whipped it between my legs again, bringing it down again and again and again!

And my skin began to turn a soft pink, began to get a little more sensitive, feel

kind of raw, and the blows started to sting as they swept down against my body again and again! When she came around in front of me my breasts started to heat up as she swept the whip down against them again and again, the nipples particularly aching!

God, this was kinky!

The fact it was more or less a fake whip was immensely reassuring. I mean, wouldn't she use a real one that would really hurt if she intended me any harm? So I was partly annoyed and partly frustrated and partly indignant as she 'whipped' me, but weirdly, it was also kind of starting to turn me on!

“Whore,” she said as she whipped me. “Slut! Nasty little sex slave! Filthy little adulterer! Cock loving slave! You know you deserve to be whipped! Such a nasty, naughty girl, you are! You loved being fucked in the ass! Admit it! You're a sluttish little cock lover!

And all the while the whip thing came down against my body again and again and again and again and again! And she didn't spare my pussy either! She whipped the thing down between my legs repeatedly! True, the dildo still sticking out of me a bit mostly protected my clitoris – mostly, but it still made me red and sore and hot!

And sensitive!

When she put the whip down and gripped my buttocks and started sucking on my clitoris my hips began to jerk convulsively. And when she pulled out a vibrator and began to grind it back and forth across my clitoris I came with an intensity that even surpassed the previous night! I came screaming, howling, writhing in place upside down, straining and pulling and thrashing at the restraints holding me in place!

It was like my mind was melting down under the scalding heat! And it left me dazed, almost catatonic! I was aware she was lowering me to the ground, but only grunted and moaned as she did so. She unfastened the chains from my wrists and ankles, but then fastened my wrists together behind my back again.

She pulled something out from the corner. It was maybe two feet long and low to the ground, kind of like a log someone had cut lengthwise, except it was made of plastic. Kristie got me up off the floor by the expedient of pulling my hair and

half dragging me to my knees.

Groggy and dazed, I swayed as she held me by the hair, then slid the thing between my legs with her foot and had me sink down, straddling it. I groaned as I did so, for while the dildo in my ass had kind of become embedded inside me, the one in my pussy was still sticking out of me a little.

Not any more! As I sat down my weight forced the last inch or so of that dildo up achingly deep into my belly! I also felt pressure against the other one, which was just resting against my back opening, and that ached too! But I sank down fully as she let go of my hair, and then she was pulling my ankles in beneath me and then fastening them to the rear of the thing.

I felt my wrists pulled down and back, forcing my shoulders back, and then there was a sudden buzzing between my legs. There was a kind of round, or half round bump thing that I was jammed against, and it was definitely vibrating!

She left and I groaned as I looked around me. At least I was rightside up now! I was dizzy from it, though. I had been hanging upside down for hours, after all!

The vibrations were powerful, and uncomfortable, especially in the aftermath of the orgasm, but I couldn't stop them and I couldn't pull away. I had to endure the powerful sensations against my now very, very sensitive clitoris.

It was like torture, I thought dazedly. Except this didn't hurt, and within a minute the vibrations morphed into something quite a bit different. I was still listening to my own voice, by the way, both moaning in passion and calling myself a sex slave and saying how much I loved sucking cock and being fucked.

The vibrations had a powerful effect on my body which grew more powerful with every passing minute. And my body began to influence my mind, like being drunk, or having a fever would. I began to feel more aroused, more intensely excited, and began to grind myself against the vibrating thing instead of pulling away.

And I came again. It wasn't as intense an orgasm as the earlier one, but it was still very, very good. And after it was done I felt the same sensitivity, and the continuing vibrations felt really uncomfortable. But again, as before, that discomfort began to morph into a wild rush of sensations which set my body to burning once again.

I had never previously had more than one orgasm at a time. In fact, I was lucky to have an orgasm, at least when I was with someone else. But I'd already had two in a short space of time, and now I clawed my way up to a third. It took less time, too. And it took even less time to get to the fourth, and then the fifth.

The fucking vibrator was driving me out of my mind!

I was jammed against it, grinding against it, and it wouldn't stop! My insides began to ache even more than they had from the big dildos rammed inside me. It was like the muscles in my belly were violently clenching and unclenching with every orgasm! Which was okay, except that I kept having intense orgasms, and these muscles weren't used to that much work!

I tried to throw myself to the side, to like, tilt the thing over, but it wouldn't tilt! I was locked against it as one orgasm after another tore apart my nervous system and left me a dazed, breathless, gasping, sobbing mass of tortured flesh and muscles with sweat dripping down my body!

The vibrations stopped only when Ethan came for me.

He had a small basket of strawberries, of all things. He removed the ball gag, then popped one of the strawberries into my mouth.

“Eat, slave girl,” he ordered.

I suddenly realized I was extremely hungry, and chewed the strawberry hungrily. Before I was even quite finished he was pushing another against my mouth, and I greedily sucked that in too. Not only did it help satisfy my thirst, but also my hunger.

I never had an opportunity to speak, even if I'd thought to. I was focused on eating, and he kept pushing the things against my mouth. I kept chewing and sucking and swallowing them.

Furthermore, after a short interval, he turned on the vibrator again!

I moaned when he did, but my mouth was full, and every time I swallowed a strawberry, another was pushed into my mouth. I love strawberries, and I was still hungry, so didn't even attempt to resist. But I felt raw between the legs, and horribly sensitive, and the vibrations began to make my insides quiver and shake

once again.

And then as if to screw my mind up even more, a video started to play on the wall beside me!

It was a video of me licking someone's pussy, obviously Kristie's pussy. It was a focus showing just my face and shoulders and her pussy as I licked and sucked at her clitoris!

And then I noticed movement out of the corner of my other eye, and saw another video on the opposite wall. It was a wider angle video of me kneeling eating Kristie while Ethan fucked me from behind, except you could only see his body up to his belly. Same for Kristie.

And I started to hear the sounds, too, my gasps and moans as he fucked me, for one.

I rolled my eyes up and saw a projector hanging from a rod above. It had been much higher, but now had slid down to show videos on the walls! I remembered these people had a lot of money, then...

He put the gag back in my mouth and left, turning out the lights, and with him gone I saw the projector was showing a third video on the wall I was facing. That was a video of me straddling Kristie's face as Ethan fucked me! And again I was gasping and crying out in pleasure.

The videos kept shifting around. Now the one on my left became me standing up while Ethan fucked my ass and Kristie used a vibrator on my pussy. Now the one on the right shifted to an image of me sucking Ethan's cock as Kristie sucked his balls. Now the one in front shifted to me now!

I gaped at it. It wasn't a mirror, for I was looking at myself from an angle! I turned my head to my right and saw where the camera must be.

The video was me from before Ethan had come in, twisting and writhing and howling into the gag as I came again and again!

Holy fuck!

I was already kind of dazed, and now there were these large videos, fully the

same size as me, on three sides of me showing me naked and having wild sex! Meanwhile, the vibrator between my legs seemed to have been turned up a notch in power.

I was starting to tremble and shake again, and then lost myself to the wild, dark animal heat, coming again, and again and again as the videos of me continued to play, continued to change, and my own cries of pleasure and passion echoed back at me from every direction!

Ethan eventually dragged me off the thing and out of the room.

“My son is off at his football practice, so you can come out now,” he said.

Son? Football?

I was still trembling and twitching as he half dragged me off the thing and out through the dresser into the real world.

I still had those dildos inside me, though!

He managed to pick me up and put me across his shoulder, then carry me down the hall like a sack of potatoes. They had a huge bathroom with a deep, whirlpool bath, and he and Kristie put me into it, sliding in beside me as I groaned weakly.

“And how has your first twelve hours as a sex slave been, dear?” Kristie asked with a smile.

I was exhausted, that was how they'd been! And I was still gagged, though she soon got the gag out of me. It was a minute before I could speak, though.

“I-I never said anything about... being a sex slave,” I finally got out.

“Ah, no, that was our idea,” Ethan said smugly.

“I'm Ethan's sex slave,” Kristie said with a giggle.

“We guessed from your reaction to being tied up you'd get off on it,” Ethan said.

I glowered at him, feeling indignant. “Maybe you should have asked!”

“But sweetie, that would spoil the fantasy,” Kristie said.

“I don't need my fantasies to be scary!”

“But that's what gives it the edge,” she said.

“And those videos!”

“We'll send them home with you when you go,” Ethan said.

“How do I know you won't keep copies!?”

“Well, you don't.”

“So you better be a good girl,” Kristie said with a smirk.

I glared at her, and she slid a soapy hand up and brushed her fingers across my nipples. The sting jerked my eyes down.

“I never said you could pierce my nipples either!” I protested.

“But you'll love it. It will be worth it,” she assured me. “They'll make your nipples more sensitive.”

“Yours aren't pierced!”

“Not any more,” she said regretfully. “I'm too respectable today. But I used to have them pierced.”

“You can always get rid of them if you decide you don't like them,” Ethan said.

“But give it some time and see what you like.”

“You struck us as a girl interested in exploring the wild side a little,” Kristie said.

Well, she wasn't entirely wrong there, but this was wilder than I had imagined!

“Had you planned to do something more exciting this weekend?” she asked.

I had planned to do laundry this weekend and relax. I pursed my lips and didn't say that.

“When you go home you're going to be one hell of an oral sex artist,” he said. “And have experienced a lot of interesting new sexual games.”

“My throat is sore,” I said, glaring.

“Once you get used to it your throat won't keep trying to clamp down on his cock,” Kristie said. “That's why it's sore.”

“Possibilities, slave girl,” Ethan purred. “We're opening up your mind to new possibilities.”

Why didn't I demand they release me, and storm off? Well, because what they said was at least somewhat intriguing, because I was slightly amazed myself that I had handled his rough throat fucking as well as I had, because I was getting used to being naked and shackled around them, and because I was wary of them being pissed off at me, given those videos they had taken!

And so I decided to go along with them and play the sex slave for the weekend. What else did I have to do?

*

Crack!

I gasped as the switch cut across my upraised bottom.

“Tuck your belly in tighter against your thighs, slut!” Ethan growled.

I was on the floor, my breasts pressed firmly against the carpet, my bottom raised high behind me, my arms stretched out before me. Kristie had the strap-on dildo attached to her hips and was sodomizing me! It was nasty, dark, and sizzingly exciting! It was such a demeaning and submissive position!

Crack!

“Keep that ass high, slut!”

I moaned, the blow stinging, but my insides burning.

*

“That's it, little cock sucker. Swallow. Swallow,” Kristie purred.

I was on my knees, my wrists shackled behind me, then pulled up in order to bend me helplessly forward. Kristie held a long black double ended dildo in her hand. It was thick and soft, molded with silicon, and shaped like a cock, complete with veins and ridges. And she had half of it in my throat as she slowly pumped it in and out!

And I was handling it! She was sliding it deep into my chest, then sliding it slowly out, holding my head up and back by the hair, and it was going in and out easily!

“Nasty little suck queen,” she taunted. “Nasty little cock sucker.”

*

“Ride him, you filthy whore,” Kristie growled, swinging the strap down across my sore bottom.

I gasped, riding up and down on Ethan's cock as he sat below me. I had just given him a lap dance, a long lap dance, accompanied by a lot of instructions from him and Kristie. Now I had to take care of the erection I had caused, straddling the chair, riding up and down, rolling my hips and squeezing down on his shaft with my vaginal muscles every time I slid upward.

And Kristie standing behind to make sure I did it right.

“Squeeze that pussy, you slut!” she growled.

Crack! The strap struck my bottom again!

*

“Look at that filthy slut,” Kristie said as if in astonishment.

“She sure is a fuck hungry little whore,” Ethan said in an admiring voice.

“She seems to love big cocks inside her.”

I was laying back on the coffee table naked, legs drawn up and back, spread

wide, as I plunged the big double-headed dildo in and out of my pussy while rubbing my clitoris. They were sitting on the sofa watching me as if it were a TV show.

Except Ethan was holding a video camera on me from right between my legs!

And while that filled me with anxiety, the lewd, filthy act of masturbating in front of them had me burning up with a sexual fever which soon gave way to yet another monster orgasm!

*

By the time I left, along with a thumbnail drive containing what seemed like hours of video of me in every imaginable sexual position, my psyche had been battered and shaken, and my self-image changed. Oh, I was still me, all right. But who and what was me and what did I want out of life?

I wanted the same as I always had, but now... now I was gripped by a sense of sexual hunger, passion and possibilities, by the thought of doing more of the kinky, nasty, thrilling things like I'd done with Ethan and Kristie all weekend.

I started to dress in a more provocative way, feeling a lot more excited by my own sexuality and attractiveness. And I started searching out lovers who wanted to do more than just fuck and have a cigarette. Kristie and Ethan were helpful in that regard.

Most girls have sexual fantasies which intrigue them, but which they'll never have the courage or opportunity to experience. Now I not only had the courage and opportunity, I was confident enough to do it. Some of those now involved bondage and discipline, while others were more mundane, like having sex with two guys at once, then three guys at once!

It had been a shock to the system, that weekend, but my weekend as a sex slave was to have lasting effects.

End

*

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

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