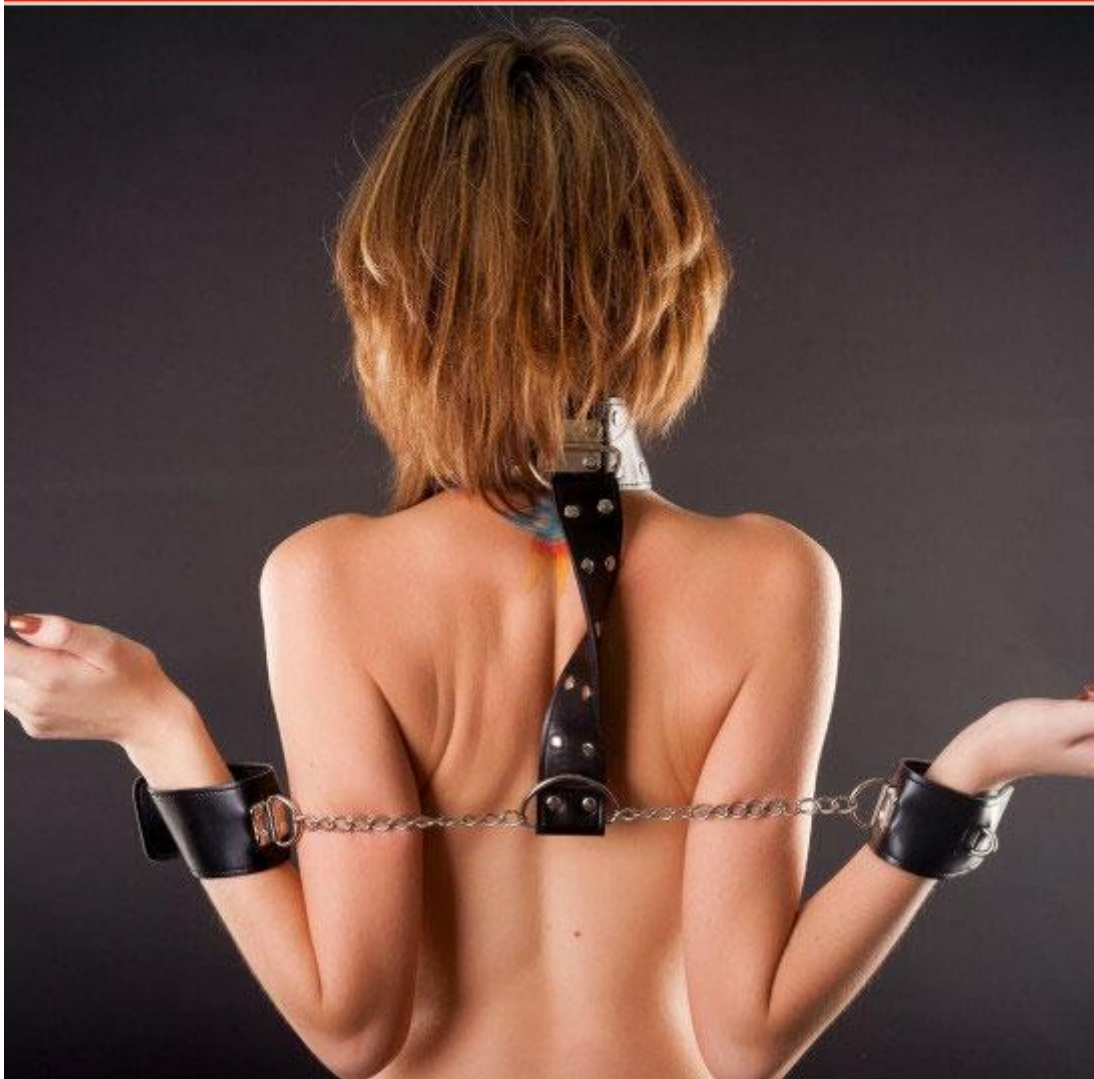


Zoe's New Friends

By JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

You know, you'd get more tips if you dressed sexier.

Startled, Zoe pulled her head through the neck of the black dress and pulled it down around her slender body. Brooke was right in front of her, also dressed to start her day as they were on the same shift at Clancy's. As usual, Brooke's black dress was showing quite a bit of cleavage, and the hem was considerably shorter than the dress Zoe wore.

Zoe's face heated slightly. Oh well, she said, I don't really feel right about showing off my body for money.

Why ever not? The blonde girl asked. I bet I get twice as much in tips as you do. Even though you're a little prettier than me.

She brought her hands up under her very noticeable breasts and gave them a squeeze as she grinned at the other girl.

Of course, I've got bigger boobs. And I'm blonde. Well, dyed blonde.

My tips are okay, Zoe said self-consciously.

Why settle for okay? Look, guys make use of their bodies all the time to make money. It's just that what they get is big muscles. We, on the other hand, get boobs. Plus we just look better. My boyfriend uses his big muscles to get paid a lot of money. Why shouldn't I use my boobs for the same reason?

It's not really the same thing, Zoe said.

Of course, it's the same thing. Just because somewhere in history men decided women shouldn't be able to use their bodies to make money. You don't see them deciding they can't use their muscles to make money. Besides, I'm not suggesting that you wear a low-cut dress if you don't want to. But you could wear a shorter dress.

Zoe hesitated.

I've seen you in your underwear, babe. You have great legs, the blonde girl said.

Oh, well, Zoe said self-consciously.

Use it while you've got it, baby. That's my motto. I'm gonna use this body to have a lot of fun, make money, party, and have lots of wild sex with my boyfriend.

Zoe smiled involuntarily. Most of the guys who come here are kind of old, she said. I don't want people as old as my father leching after me."

Too bad. They're gonna do it anyway. You're really cute. So why not increase your tips at their expense? It's not like our rent doesn't go up all the time.

Yeah, it was hard to find a place.

Zoe had just arrived a couple of weeks ago from a small city up north. And had only started working here a week ago.

You didn't come south to wear sweaters and ankle-length skirts all the time, Brooke said. And you didn't come here without thinking of our nice beaches. I bet you wear a hot bikini when you're on the beach.

That's different, Zoe protested.

It's not different in that guys of all ages are going to see you and lech after you.

So you're saying I should wear a bikini at work? Zoe said mockingly.

I bet you'd get a ton of tips, Brooke laughed. But I don't think the management would like it.

She winked at the other girl and closed her locker, then sashayed out of the locker room in her little black dress.

Zoe looked down at herself and then checked herself in the mirror. She had to admit that Brooke was right. She could wear a shorter dress. And she did have nice legs. It wouldn't be all that horrible to show them off a little more. She had shorter dresses for when she went clubbing, after all.

It just made her a little uneasy to be flaunting her body for money. After all, she'd been taught all her life not to flaunt her body at all for any reason. Which was frustrating at times. She was proud of her body. Though she would never have admitted it to others, and most especially not to her feminist mother and grandmother and aunts and cousins.

And she certainly looked great naked. It made her feel a little guilty to show herself off even to herself in her mirror, to feel proud of her body. But she was dressed kind of conservatively for this bar. Most of the other girls wore more revealing dresses than her. They were all stylish and black, but they tended to be tighter, shorter, and lower cut than hers. She had been feeling a bit self-conscious about that since she started.

Maybe she would wear something else tomorrow night.

*

"It was several nights later that Brooke joined her in the waiting area in front of the kitchen.

Hey, you're off tomorrow, right?

We're on the same shift, Zoe replied.

Want to play flag football?

Zoe looked at her in surprise.

My boyfriend and me usually play on Sunday afternoons since we're both off. Our usual team is short one girl, though. We have to have at least four on our team. It's only flag football, of course. Otherwise, some of these big guys would squash me. And I only like getting squashed by big guys in bed.

She grinned.

Zoe hesitated. Where is it?

It's at Monroe Park. It's by Monroe Beach. We can drive you if you want. I know you live in the Strathmore Apartments across the way. And this area is on our way from our place to the beach.

Well, I don't know, Zoe said. What time?

We usually do it around three. Then we eat at one of the beach places afterward. You can join us and meet the fabulous Tyler.

The boyfriend you keep bragging about? Zoe asked with a smile.

That's the guy.

Zoe hadn't met a lot of people so far so agreed. Brooke was a little more girly than her, and from the brief discussions they had had, she wasn't sure she was all that smart. Or maybe she just wasn't all that knowledgeable about stuff. But she seemed fun. And she sure could use some of that.

Her tips had indeed gone up since she started wearing a shorter dress, and she could definitely use the money, but she still wasn't all that enthusiastic about working here. She just hadn't found anything better, yet. Right now she was spending most of her money on rent and food. And that made it a little hard to go out anywhere fun.

Not to mention, she didn't really want to go out alone. Especially to the beach. That was just an invitation for guys to hit on her. Which wasn't necessarily a terrible thing, but it depended on the guy.

The next afternoon, she was in cutoffs and a tank top waiting inside the lobby when a big, black, SUV pulled up. The front passenger window slid down and Brooke waved at her. Zoe pushed the door open to the heat and trotted forward to the edge of the drive, then pulled the rear door open and climbed up inside.

Nice car, she said admiringly.

Brooke has high standards for what she rides around in, the guy in the driver's seat said as he turned toward her.

And high standards for who I ride on, the blonde said with a laugh. Speaking of which, this is my boyfriend Tyler.

Hi there, Zoe, he said, extending his hand between the seats.

It was an impressively large hand and Zoe took it a little uncertainly. She wasn't a particularly small girl, but her hand practically disappeared into his. It was also a rough hand, the hand of a guy who worked for a living. Brooke had told her that he owned his own landscaping company. Which was pretty good for a guy in his early twenties."

Hello, she said a bit shyly.

Brooke says you're new in town.

Yeah, I haven't even been here a month yet.

Tyler, like Brooke, was blonde. Though, Zoe thought his hair was the original color. He had shoulder-length hair that was somewhere between wavy and curly. He had a handsome, square-jawed face with dark blue eyes. He also had huge shoulders and a very thick chest. Zoe found herself thinking impure thoughts about him and quickly chased them from her mind. He was already spoken for, after all.

You two are a pretty cute couple, she said a bit enviously. Tyler and Brooke, both blonde and blue-eyed.

Just call us the Aryans, Tyler said.

He put the car in drive and pulled away from the curb as Zoe fastened her seatbelt and looked around.

You know, I've known tradesmen before, and their cars and trucks always looked like crap, inside and out.

Yeah, I've seen them myself, Tyler said. And I do use this car for work sometimes, but only the cargo area. And if I eat or drink anything in here I make damn sure I don't spill it, or I clean it up immediately.

That's one of his rules, Brooke said, turning around and winking.

It's a rule some girls seem to have trouble with from time to time, Tyler said.

Well, I am a dirty girl, Brooke said to him with a flirty look.

He turned his head toward her but didn't say anything. Brooke looked away and Zoe got the impression that his look had been one of disapproval. Maybe he was one of those guys who wanted their girlfriends to act very prim and proper in public," she thought.

Tyler quizzed her about where she was from and what she intended to do in the city and she told him about her efforts at finding better work.

Well, without college or university, or much experience, nobody's going to give you a very well-paying job at the start. You'll need to find someplace that you can get in at a low-level job and hopefully be promoted upward.

I don't mind starting at the bottom, Zoe said.

Of course, the alternative is to find a really well-paying job right at the start, Brooke said.

Yeah, but I don't have any qualifications, Zoe said.

Of course you do. You're really hot-looking! Isn't she really hot-looking, Tyler?

Definitely, Tyler said.

He looked at her in the mirror and winked.

I'm not tall enough to be a model, Zoe said.

You can always be a stripper, Brooke replied with a laugh.

No thanks.

She keeps bringing up strippers because she takes pole dancing, Tyler said. So whenever I mention what something costs she always offers to go and work at a strip club if I'm short of cash. One of these days I might call her bluff.

What makes you think I'm bluffing? Brooke said teasingly.

You really do pole dancing? Zoe asked hesitantly.

Lots of girls do, Brooke replied enthusiastically. It's fantastic exercise. It exercises your arms, shoulders, hips, thighs, legs, and everything! And it's fun, unlike most other exercise. She paused a moment. Well, almost all other exercise.

She turned and gave Zoe a leer as she ran her hand down Tyler's muscular bare arm."

They then joined a bunch of other people at the park, and for the next ninety minutes or so they played flag football under the bright sun. Everyone was fairly tanned except Zoe who had only been working on hers occasionally since arriving. She also wasn't really used to the heat yet, having spent most of her time indoors with air conditioning.

She proved to be very good at it, though. Despite the heat, she was faster than the other girls, nimbler, and harder for others to grab

her flag. She was also a much better catch and threw the ball better than the other girls on her team. Brooke really wasn't all that good. She ran like a girl, Zoe thought cynically. And threw like one too.

But she definitely handled the heat better, and Zoe was grateful when the game was over and everyone headed for the beach. She had worn her bikini under her shorts and tank top just in case. And the way she was sweating, she couldn't stop herself from peeling them off quickly and then running into the water.

It was only once the worst of her heat had been cooled that she rose up out of the waist-deep water and saw Tyler folding his clothes and then heading into the water himself. He really did look like a Greek God, she thought admiringly. He had a deliciously muscular chest. Not one of those chests that came from working out in a gym, but from working hard at hard work.

She found herself thinking lecherous thoughts again. He was smarter than Brooke. That was for sure. She wondered what he saw in her aside from the obvious. Brooke certainly wasn't shy about showing off her body. She was wearing a very tiny bikini with a thong bottom. And there was certainly no doubting that she was fit and toned, Zoe thought grudgingly.

Maybe that pole-dancing stuff really did work. It would certainly be less boring than the kind of exercises she did herself.

He waded into the water and then dove underwater. He came up long seconds later as Brooke was following him in. He picked her up easily and then positioned his arms so she could climb higher before flinging her into the deeper water.

Zoe waded closer to them and before long he was throwing Zoe into the water too. In fact, she had better balance than Brooke and was able to climb up onto his shoulders and even stand briefly before diving into the deeper water.

Tyler did not seem to mind being a climbing apparatus for two half-naked girls. And every time her body slid against his, every time her soft breasts pressed into his back or chest or shoulders, a little flutter of interest and even hunger swirled within her.

Brooke did not seem to be the least bit jealous at the attention Tyler was showing to her. Of course, she was also climbing into his arms and up onto his back fairly frequently. Then they played a game where Tyler positioned himself with his arms and hands just so and both girls climbed up his body, front and back at the same time.

Zoe was in the back while Brooke slid her big breasts up his chest and then over his face as she struggled to rise higher. Tyler did not complain, which did not surprise Zoe in the least. With their feet balanced precariously on his arms, and grasping his powerful shoulders, the two managed to rise up above his head.

Brooke squealed and laughed as he licked at her belly button as she put her hands on his head to steady herself. Then, to Zoe's surprise, she slipped a finger into the strap between the cups of Zoe's bra to pull her a little closer, leaned in, and gave her a saucy and teasing kiss on the lips.

Then she did a back flip into the water, leaving Zoe slightly startled. Her on-again, off-again fantasies about her and Tyler now suddenly took on an uncertain tone. It wasn't like she hadn't kissed girls before, and often. But those occasions had pretty much all been done to tease guys.

And it wasn't like Tyler could have seen what she'd done. That presented Zoe with the wondering thought about whether Brooke intended something a little bit more friendly than simple friendship.

They went to dinner at a beachside restaurant and ate on the patio. Brooke continued to be teasing and flirty. That included putting her arms around Zoe and giving her a long, smoldering kiss while Tyler looked on.

This was again not something new to Zoe. But she felt her chest tightening with uncertainty about just what Brooke was after. Was she really just teasing Tyler? And the looks Tyler was giving to her whenever Zoe caught his eyes were very familiar, as well. They were appreciative and hungry eyes.

That was flattering, of course. The guy was incredibly hot and had a really beautiful girlfriend who clearly was not one to refuse his interests. So why would he have an interest in Zoe, too? Of course, these were all just background thoughts as she enjoyed herself. She didn't really think either of them was going to suggest anything sexual.

They gave one of the guys who had played football with them a ride home. He sat in the front, and she and Brooke sat in the back together. Brooke was just as flirty, if not more than before. And it took the appearance of teasing the boys, but Zoe still had those wandering thoughts about the blonde's motivation.

Brooke kissed her a little bit too enthusiastically, and pressed her soft breasts against Zoe's a little too eagerly. Zoe was starting to feel self-conscious, especially around the other guy, Evan, who she had barely even spoken to.

They let Evan out and to her surprise, Brooke stayed in the back with her.

So what are you going to do tonight, Zoe? she asked.

I dunno, Zoe said honestly

Why don't you come back with us and enjoy our Netflix?

Oh, that's okay, Zoe said.

That's actually a good idea, Tyler said. I've got a projection TV in the basement.

He loves showing off his basement, Brooke said. He built it all himself. He's really talented.

I'm multitalented, baby, he replied.

Zoe couldn't afford Netflix yet, and was missing it.

Well, how would I get home?

I'll take you home. Or you can stay over. We have a guest bedroom. It's no big deal.

Zoe wasn't quite certain of that but agreed. The thought that the two of them might be interested in something more than Netflix was very much present in her mind, though she naturally discounted that as a product of her own imagination. She really needed to find a boyfriend herself, she thought.

They didn't live far out, but it was definitely a more suburban community than where Zoe lived. Most of the houses on the street were bungalows built half a century or more ago, and the trees were large and thick along the quiet street.

Tyler and Taylor lived in a small bungalow with a huge weeping willow on the front lawn. The big car backed into the driveway which tilted sharply downward as the garage door opened.

I always feel like James Bond when I come out, Tyler said.

Or maybe Batman, Taylor added.

The place didn't have a garage when I bought it, Tyler said. The previous owner had filled in this drive and put cinderblocks up across the entrance. Apparently, he had trouble with drainage and got fed up. So he just paved it over and parked outside. We dug down to the old

driveway, put in a new retaining wall, pulled out the cinderblocks, and installed a new drainage system.

It's handy when it's raining, Brooke said.

And it's handy keeping people from stealing my car too, Tyler growled.

They got out of the car as the garage door clanked closed and Tyler led them through a narrow door into the basement. The room directly across from them was a kind of workroom, but further along to the right was the room he had mentioned before. Almost the whole far wall was made up of a big white screen. Two large speakers bracketed it.

There was a big, fluffy-looking white sectional sofa in front of the screen, with pillows scattered across it. To one side was a bar, and on the other was a popcorn machine. Movie posters hung on the walls.

Before long the three of them were seated side-by-side with Zoe in the middle. She was more than a little surprised at that. When Brooke had sat down on her right she had expected Tyler to sit next to her. Instead, he was on her left. Neither was uncomfortably close, but Brooke was still acting flirty, and teasing her boyfriend by pretending the make out with Zoe.

Zoe's pulse quickened as her suspicions grew, but she kept telling herself it was just her own dirty imagination. Brooke was acting giddy and excited for some reason and Zoe began to feel a little throng of uncertain excitement herself.

They found a movie on Netflix they all wanted to see, and she looked admiringly at the big screen before her, wishing she had a big projector TV like they did. In fact, this room was pretty much bigger than her entire apartment, and she hadn't even seen the upstairs.

When Tyler seemed to be ignoring her in favor of the movie, Taylor acted a little pouty and then increased her flirting with Zoe. In fact, when she brought him a can of Coke from the bar he didn't even look up at her so she frowned and threw it to him.

Then she put her left knee on the sofa and swung her body atop Zoe to straddle her. Zoe was startled as the blonde girl slid her fingers through Zoe's hair then leaned over her and gave her a long, sensuous kiss.

I like kissing girls sometimes, the blonde said as she eased back. Their mouths feel softer than men.

Then she leaned in again and kissed her once more, this time even more deeply as her fingers slid through Zoe's hair and then down along her neck and shoulders.

Zoe put her hands on the girl's shoulders to ease her back and Brooke sat back grinning at her.

Have you ever given a guy a lap dance? she asked.

Of course, Zoe said.

But have you ever given a girl a lap dance?

What would be the point? It's not like girls have anything down there that you can rub yourself against.

Ah, but the most important erogenous zone is the one between your ears, not between your legs.

She leaned in again, gently rolling her hips and grinding herself down against Zoe. She kissed her on the lips once more, and Zoe had to admit the blonde knew how to kiss. She didn't really go for girls but she was finding it more than a little exciting. Of course, that was to no small degree because Tyler was there beside them watching.

Taylor kissed her way down along the nape of her neck, sliding her hips back so that her breasts pushed in against Zoe's. Then she slid back up again, her hands caressing Zoe's arms and then curving inward to cup and squeeze her breasts.

Zoe felt a rush of something breathless as her breasts throbbed and her nipples tingled. She rolled her eyes to the side to see Tyler watching with interest. He grinned when she caught his eye.

Brooke can be insatiable, he said, but she doesn't really seem to get that not all girls are into other chicks.

And then, as Brooke kissed her way along the right side of Zoe's neck one of Tyler's big hands slid in behind her head and turned her face toward him as he leaned in and kissed her himself.

Zoe felt a sudden jolt of psychic shock and heat as his lips moved gently against hers, then with growing strength and passion. She felt a wild understanding of their intent as her mind spun wildly and uncertainly. She was feeling more than a little turned on herself but wasn't at all sure she was ready for where she thought the two of them were leading.

The idea of sex with Tyler was more than slightly exciting. She just wasn't sure where Taylor fit in all this. Not that she had no awareness of what a threesome was, but did she really know Taylor enough to engage in one with her? Then again, she certainly knew Taylor better than she knew her boyfriend.

Taylor slid downward, easing her body between Zoe's legs until she was kneeling on the floor in front of her, her mouth kissing delicately at Zoe's stomach. She slid her loose tank top upward and her lips followed it, raining little butterfly kisses across Zoe's abdomen and stomach as she pushed the tank top higher.

Zoe's arousal grew faster than she had ever felt before, and when one of Tyler's big hands dropped on her chest and gently began to knead her breast, she felt a wild rush of heat through her body.

Tyler unzipped his pants and undid the clasp then reached in and pulled out his cock. That was without Zoe even able to see given he was still kissing her. But when he pulled back his hand and guided her in and down she felt her eyes widen as she saw the length and thickness of it protruding from his shorts.

Look what I have for you, little girl.

His cock looked incredible under the light from the screen ahead of them. Zoe did not resist as he bent her down and guided her lips onto the head of his cock. She moaned as she slipped her lips around it, the heat churning wildly within her. Taylor turned her

attention to her boyfriend, as well, her lips too fastened around Tyler's cock.

She sucked on the shaft below while Zoe had the head. Then she moved aside, gripped Tyler's shorts, and pulled them right off. She leaned in and began sucking at his balls as Zoe's lips bobbed up and down, sliding lower and lower on the thick shaft as excitement filled her body and mind.

Taylor pulled her lips off his balls long enough to peel her tank top off and then unclip her bra and toss it behind her then she leaned in again, sucking and licking at his balls as her hands caressed his thighs.

Zoe felt Tyler's hand grip the back of her tank top and pull it upward, then work it over her shoulders. She hesitated, her mind in turmoil and filled with indecision, then gave in, sliding her mouth off his cock long enough for him to pull the tank top away. She took it hungrily into her mouth once more as his fingers caressed her back and unclipped her bra.

She was feeling more excited, more aroused than she had in a very long time. She had never done anything this crazy, not to mention slutty, but who was to know? She felt the clasp of her cutoffs undone and the zipper pulled down. She gasped and squealed and wriggled halfheartedly as Taylor tugged them over her hips.

She's shy! Taylor said with a laugh as she tugged them and her thong down her legs.

Zoe blushed but then that big hand came around behind her head again and pulled her mouth down onto Tyler's cock. She gasped in shock as Brooke slipped her fingers into her mouth and then slid them in between her legs, searching for her clitoris.

Her hand darted down and grabbed at the blonde's wrist, but she felt her resistance melting as the feel of her slick fingers against her swollen little button sent a scalding wave of pleasure and heat through her body.

She was finding it difficult to properly please the big man because of the angle of her mouth. He seemed to realize the same thing and reached over and pulled her further over and down onto the floor in front of him. That pushed Brooke aside but the blonde didn't seem to mind.

Now she was in the right position, at least, and Zoe gripped the shaft of his cock as she began to suck and lick on the underside of the head, forcing her lips lower each time.

She felt another jolt as Taylor's fingers spread the lips of her sex and then slipped into her body. First one, then two, and then three she thought, turning and twisting, pumping slowly in and out. Slowly, at first, as her other fingers stroked across her clitoris. The pleasure rippled up through her body and made her moan around the cock filling her mouth, her legs jerking wider.

Tyler gathered up a thick handful of her soft brown hair in his fist and pushed down, urging her to take him deeper.

Zoe felt a sudden sense of anxiety. She had never deep-throated a cock this fat before, or this long, but she supposed the length didn't really matter that much. She normally had to be pretty aroused to do it, but she was a lot more excited than usual. Especially with the way Brooke was fingering her clitoris as she pumped her fingers in and out.

Then with a squeal, the blonde scrambled to her feet and climbed over the sofa, disappearing from view.

That's it, beautiful, suck that cock, Tyler growled in his deep voice. That's a tasty cock, isn't it? You want more of it.

She did! Zoe was bobbing up and down hungrily, her fingers gently caressing his balls as she braced herself psychologically for swallowing the fat, helmet head. She moaned as Tyler's other hand reached down and began to knead her bare breast, his fingers stroking and rolling her nipple.

Then Taylor jumped over the back of the sofa again, dropping to her knees behind her. A moment later she felt something thick and slightly cool pressing against the mouth of her sex. She was wet, and it pushed forward stretching her wider and wider until it slid through the mouth of her sex and then plunged deeper.

She tried to pull her head up and around to see what it was, but Tyler had too firm a grip on her hair.

She yelped then as Brooke slapped her bare bottom sharply.

Spread your legs, baby! I'm going to fuck your brains out! Zoe said enthusiastically.

Zoe felt the blonde gripping one of her thighs and jerking it to the side and moaned as Tyler pushed downward on her head. Then she felt Taylor's arm against her hip, her hand snaking around below, fingers reaching for her clitoris and finding it.

She gasped again, heat rippling through her in waves as whatever the blonde was holding in her other hand pushed deeper and deeper into her body. It was thick and hard like a cock, and when she felt one of Taylor's hands join Tyler to squeeze and knead her breasts, she realized that the girl couldn't even be holding the thing she was working in and out.

With one hand on her breast and the other on her clitoris, there was none left to be working the dildo, or at least she assumed that was what it was, in and out of her body. That confused her but only because her mind was fluttering and sodden with heat.

Tyler pushed down and Zoe almost accidentally took the head of his cock into her throat. From there, there was no backing up, especially with Tyler pushing down firmly. She moaned, half in alarm, half in heat as she felt the thick, warm, slick flesh pushing deeper into her throat. It ached, but not a lot more than usual.

She stared in wondering excitement as the shaft of his cock continued to push forward between her lips. And then there was none of it left! Her lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft and she could feel the thick length of it filling her throat!

That's it, baby, Tyler growled. Swallow that cock.

Then Taylor's hip slapped against her buttocks, then again, and Zoe's mind realized that Taylor had to be fucking her like a guy, had to have the thing strapped to her body. For some reason, that struck her as incredibly hot and she shuddered and moaned, her hips starting to work back against the blonde even as her breasts throbbed in their hands.

The heat was melting away her inhibitions, melting away her mind, leaving little but hunger and need behind.

She felt Brooke's hand gripping her right wrist and pulling it back behind her. A moment later she did the same with her other wrist, crossing them at her back. She thought little of it, her focus on the feel of the big whatever it was Brooke was thrusting into her overheated sex and the big cock filling her mouth and throat. Not to mention that she couldn't breathe. Her chest was getting tighter and her head was starting to ache.

She was grateful when she felt Tyler pulling at her hair. Yes, it made her scalp sting, but it pulled her lips slowly up the long length of his shaft and then off so that she could gulp in deep, ragged breaths of air.

As she did, she felt something being wrapped around her wrists, something soft and silky. It wasn't until it tightened that it really caught her attention. Then she pulled at her wrists and found them trapped.

Tyler pulled her head up further by the hair, holding his cock and rubbing the head back and forth across her lips.

Tell me you love my cock, baby, he growled.

Crack!

She yelped again as Brooke slapped her bottom once more.

Tell Tyler you love his cock, Brooke demanded.

I-I... I do! Zoe gasped.

He rubbed his cock head along her lips as though it was a lipstick.

Just then, Brooke leaned over her and Zoe felt her full breasts pressing against her back as her arms came around her and her hands squeezed her breasts.

Tell Tyler you love his big cock, she growled as she picked softly into the nape of her neck.

I-I... love your big cock, Zoe gasped weakly.

She squeaked and gasped as Taylor caught her stiff nipples between her fingers and twisted them.

You forgot to say sir, you bad girl, Taylor said in a coquettish voice as she nibbled on her ear lobe. Call him sir.

S-Sir! Zoe groaned.

He pushed his cock back into her mouth as Brooke began to thrust, her hips slapping against Zoe's buttocks hard and fast, the big cock thing punching deep inside her. Tyler pushed down on her hair and head as his big cock slid up into the back of her mouth and then down her throat in one long stroke.

Zoe's heart was pounding and her heart was racing. Her mind was inflamed and sensations were overwhelming her nervous system. One of Taylor's hands was between her legs again, fingering her clitoris as Tyler kneaded her breast with his big, rough fingers.

Swallow that cock, you sexy little slut! Taylor exclaimed.

Crack!

Zoe gasped as Taylor slapped her bottom but the pleasure and excitement were growing to levels she could not remember ever experiencing. Her hands jerked feebly behind her back; her wrists bound together somehow. And the shock of that understanding penetrated even the heat gripping her mind.

She tied my hands behind my back!

That realization sent a wild jolt of heat as well as alarm through her mind. Her body was shuddering to the impact of Brooke's hips, and the heat was such that she could not keep her own hips still but rolled them back frantically, gasping at every deep thrust.

Her chest was burning again as he pulled her up by the hair and she coughed and gulped in air as he rubbed the head of his cock over her face.

Do you want Brooke to fuck your pretty brains out? Tyler asked in amusement.

Zoe just grunted repeatedly at the impact of the blonde's hips against her buttocks and the feel of the big dildo thrusting up inside her. Her eyes were starting to become glazed as her mind became too overwhelmed to think properly.

He slapped his cock against her cheeks.

Ask Brooke to fuck your brains out, pretty girl.

Brooke bit into the nape of her neck and Zoe moaned as the girl's teeth then fastened on her earlobe.

Beg me to fuck your brains out, slut, she whispered into her ear. Say it! Beg!

Uh, Uh, Uh, Oh, Ungh Oh. Please! Please! Oh! she gasped as the dildo pumped into her hard and fast.

Crack!

Beg!

Please!

Crack!

Beg me to fuck your brains out, slut!

Please f-fuck my...my brains out! she moaned.

Crack!

Call me mistress, you horny little slut!

Crack!

Beg your mistress to fuck your brains out!

P-Please fu-fuck my brains out, Mistress! she cried dazedly.

Taylor rubbed her clitoris harder, sucking on her earlobe as the fingers of her other hand dug into Zoe's breast. Tyler was using the grip on her hair to work her throat and lips up and down on his thick shaft, and Zoe's mind began to float, lightheaded from lack of oxygen and overwhelmed with heat and pleasure.

Then Tyler pulled up on her hair and pulled his cock out of her mouth and throat. He tilted her head up so that her eyes were caught by his.

Come for me, baby. Let me see you come.

Come like a little whore! Taylor cried, thrusting and fingering her.

Zoe came, a flood of pleasure so intense it overpowered her mind sweeping through her body. Her muscles spasmed violently as she cried out in dazed, animal heat. The big cock was pounding up and down inside her as Taylor half climbed atop her, her breasts

pillowed out and rubbing against her back.

Zoe trembled and shook, the orgasm more intense and long-lasting than any she could remember. She wallowed in it, gleefully throwing herself into a hurricane of sensation and letting it carry her along.

And all through it was the sharp, stinging pull of her own hair against her scalp and Tyler's face, his eyes on hers as she cried out in a long, warbling, dazed wail of pure animal pleasure.

As the orgasm faded she felt utterly drained. She slumped weakly, the afterglow of that incredible storm of pleasure filling her with a languorous glow of satisfaction.

She felt the thing pulled from her body as Tyler released her hair. Taylor pushed into place beside her then, taking his cock into her own mouth and sucking and licking before swallowing it. At first, Zoe simply knelt on the floor, bent over his leg, panting and gulping in air as Brooke worked her lips up and down his big cock.

Then he pushed her back and stood up. He grasped Zoe's hair again, pulling her upright on her knees.

She gasped in pain, her wrists pulling helplessly against whatever tied them behind her.

He filled his other hand with Brooke's thick blonde hair then pulled the two of them in against his cock.

Zoe felt a flickering of interest again as he drove his cock into her mouth and let her suck and lick at it before pulling free and plunging himself into Brooke's mouth. He used his grip on her hair, and Brooke's as well to guide them in and back. Soon while one sucked his cock the other sucked on his balls.

It felt wild and hot and slutty but in a wickedly exciting way. Unlike any other guy she had had sex with, Tyler was in no hurry to come.

He stopped them both, simultaneously pulling up at their hair. Both of them gasped in pain, pushing themselves to their feet side-by-side. He released their hair, bent and slid his arms around them as he pushed his shoulders into their bellies to lift them up across his shoulders as he straightened. Zoe stared at the floor and down the length of his back at what looked like a very nice ass while he settled the two girls on his powerful shoulders and then began to walk.

The blood began to rush to her head as he carried her around the sofa, out through the door and up the stairs. Zoe was on the other side of his back and turned and winked at her.

I can't believe I'm doing this! she thought dazedly.

They made their way through a sleek galley kitchen and then to a hardwood floor in a narrow hallway before he turned and brought them into a large bedroom. The bed in the middle was a big, four-poster and he carried them over to it and then half dropped, half threw them both onto the big mattress.

Brooke immediately gripped Zoe's legs and pushed them wide and then to her shock began to slide her tongue up and down the tight, narrow line of her sex. Tyler put one knee on the edge of the bed, gripped Zoe's hair, lifting and turning her head to the side as he leaned in and pushed his cock back into her mouth.

She moaned and began to lick and suck almost instinctively. He gripped her hair with one big hand and slipped the other around her throat. She felt a jolt of alarm as his fingers tightened, but they didn't really interfere with her breathing. It did, however, fill her mind with the absolute certainty of her helplessness.

Not that she wouldn't have been helpless with a man this big and powerful anyway, of course. But there was something dark and animalistic about the way he had taken full control and possession of her body. She was lying helplessly on her bound wrists as he slowly pumped his cock in and out of her mouth.

Meanwhile, Brooke was licking at her swollen clitoris with considerable excitement and skill. In fact, it was so skillful it actually pulled her attention away from the big cock in her mouth. In her admittedly limited experience, guys were not very good at oral sex. They loved to get it, but they didn't really want to give it. As a result, they were generally not very good and performed it as if it was a task they had to check off before getting to what they really wanted to do.

Brooke, on the other hand, demonstrated both skill and eagerness as she spread Zoe's legs almost painfully wide. Licking and sucking at her throbbing little button, her fingers pumping and twisting inside her angled upward as if to press against the back of that same little button.

And above all was that continuing sense of helplessness. It was alarming but strangely dark and wickedly exciting.

He pulled his cock free of her lips.

Tell me you're my bitch, baby, he growled.

Zoe gulped in air and moaned.

You want a spanking? Tell me you're my bitch.

I-I'm your bitch! she gasped.

His hand jerked on her hair so that she gasped in pain as his other hand squeezed down a little more around her throat.

Sir, he growled. Tell me you're my bitch.

I'm your bitch, Sir! she gasped, feeling a flutter of anxiety.

He pushed Taylor away and climbed fully into bed between Zoe's legs. Then he gripped her legs and lifted them up, pushing them back further and further, spreading them apart. Taylor leaned in beside him, her hand gripping his cock, pumping slowly up and down along the shaft.

Beg me to fuck your brains out, baby.

Please... Please f-fuck me, she moaned.

Brooke reached her hand over and pinched her nipple sharply, making her cry out in pain.

You forgot to call him sir, she said sternly.

Sir! Zoe cried. Please fuck my brains out, Sir!

Taylor guided the head of his cock to her hungry sex and he pushed slowly forward.

Zoe stared down the length of her body. She had never taken a cock that big. His cock looked absolutely beautiful, so thick and hard, the veins bulging as it stretched her wide. He leaned forward, his hands forcing her ankles down further and further until the backs of her feet were pressed into the pillows on either side of her head.

He filled the world above her, so large, powerful, and male. Then his weight forced his big cock down deeper and deeper and she whimpered and moaned and then cried out as it impaled her. He forced every inch inside her trembling body until the head felt as if it was jammed almost painfully against the back wall of her sex.

He ground his hips against her, twisting the big cock around in her belly then drew back a little and thrust down, then again, then again. Faster and faster he thrust, his big body hammering down against her upraised buttocks, throwing her deep into the mattress with every savage stroke.

And then Taylor repositioned herself. She brought one hand down to finger and rubbed Zoe's clitoris while the other slid up around her neck, fingers tightening so that Zoe's breaths became ragged gasped, and moans.

Do you like that big cock pounding you, slut? she taunted. You do, don't you, bitch! You're Tyler's bitch now! He owns your sexy body!

Her fingers were rubbing hard and fast against the gasping moaning, whimpering brunette's swollen button as Tyler's heavy hips pounded against her and his big cock drove deep with every stroke.

Another orgasm tore through her body and she screamed helplessly, the scream a low, gurgling sound until Taylor loosened the fingers around her neck. Then she was crying out in animal pleasure, in ecstasy, wallowing in the incredible flood of pleasure filling her mind and body.

It was another massive orgasm, convulsions racking her body as her mind shattered under the intensity of the sensory storm assailing her. And again, Zoe gripped it tight, loving it, glorying in it, wanting it to never stop.

And somewhere in the midst of it, Tyler came himself, cursing and gasping as he hammered himself against her faster and harder until she felt as if her brain was both melting and being shaken apart at the same time.

Tyler let her legs down and she heard Brooke giggling as she and Tyler got off the bed. She was too wrapped up in the afterglow of a second monster orgasm to pay much attention to what they were doing at first. Then Tyler gripped her arm and dragged her off the bed and onto her knees on the floor in front of him. It was then that she realized Brooke was kneeling beside her and her wrists were also tied behind her back.

What a pair of sexy little slave girls I have, Tyler said as he gripped their hair and roughly jerked their heads back.

Ahhh! That hurts, Zoe complained.

If you complain anymore you'll be lucky if you aren't strung up by your wrists and whipped, slave girl, he replied. Slave masters don't want any backtalk from their slave girls.

Brooke giggled again and he jerked back on her hair a second time.

You find something funny, slave girl?

No, Master! she exclaimed.

Well, what are you lazy slut waiting for? Get to work on sucking my cock hard again so I can fuck your little brains out.

He pulled their heads in by the hair, grinding his semi-flaccid cock against their faces. Taylor immediately began to lick at his cock and after a moment's hesitation, Zoe did the same. As they had before, they shifted back and forth between licking at his cock and sucking his balls. He kept up a stern narrative as they did so, looking down at them and demanding they perform better or face the whip.

Zoe had never taken part in any sort of sex game like this before, but even so, it was clear to her that that was what it was. Clearly, also, he and Brooke had done this quite often. She was a little confused, at first, but quickly began to enjoy herself. It was a wicked and edgy sort of game, and her bound wrists reinforced the idea that she was some kind of slave girl.

A sex slave!

That's it you horny little sluts. Get me hard again, you know you want my big cock inside you, he growled down at them.

He pulled back on their hair again and both of them gasped in pain.

Tell me you're my little bitch, he demanded, looking at Brooke.

I'm your little bitch, Master! she gasped.

He turned his eyes on Zoe. Tell me you're my little slut.

Zoe felt a strange swirling in her mind, a wild mixture of emotions fluttering through it. She wasn't used to some guy calling her a slut, much less his slut. On the other hand in the context of their edgy little sex game, she supposed it made sense.

I-I'm your slut, M-Master! she gulped, her face flushing.

He pulled their faces in against him again and they resumed sucking and licking at his cock and balls.

There's nothing a man likes more than having a pair of gorgeous little sex slaves kneeling in front of him, he said.

He abruptly released their hair and it tumbled down around their faces as he dropped to his knees. His big hands gripped both girls around the neck instead and he squeezed lightly as he glared down at them. Are you going to be obedient little sex slaves? he demanded.

Yes, Master! Brooke gasped.

Yes, Master! Zoe echoed her.

He leaned in and kissed both of them, pulling their mouths in against his own in a strange, three-way kiss, their lips and tongues moving together. Then he released their necks and gripped their hair again, turning them to face each other. Brooke leaned in without hesitation and kissed Zoe passionately on the mouth. Zoe quickly returned it, feeling a strange rush at doing so while their hands were bound and Tyler was glowering down at them.

He pulled her hair back and she gasped as her head was forced so far back she was staring at the ceiling. She heard a similar gasp from Brooke but it was clear in a moment that he hadn't pulled her head back but forward since she felt the girl's lips at her breast. Brooke sucked and licked at first one nipple then the other before he switched them around.

Now Zoe felt herself pushed inward as he pulled back on the blonde girl's hair so that her back arched sharply. She licked and sucked her big brown nipples as he looked down at her, again feeling a dark rush of sexual energy at how kinky and hot this was.

He released them both and gave them a kind of push and both girls fell onto their sides on the floor.

Face down, ass up! he barked.

Brooke quickly rolled onto her stomach and raised her hips high. Zoe hesitated and then copied her only to get a slap on the bottom.

Spread those legs, slave!

She gasped and shifted her knees apart and he moved in behind her, gripping her by the ribs and pulling back towards him, bending her body more sharply as if trying to get her stomach pressed against her thighs. He also shifted her knees further apart before being satisfied and sitting back on his heels.

Remember slave girl, this is your proper position when I order you to put yourself face down and ass up. It makes it clear to any man around that you're available for use and that you want a big cock stuffed into you.

This is so incredibly outrageous! Zoe thought with something like awe.

As slave girls, as sex slaves, your bodies belong to me and I can use them as I choose or loan them out to my friends. You have no say in the matter. I own you.

His hands were caressing and kneading their buttocks as he spoke, his finger sliding down to rub skillfully at their clitorises.

Nasty, horny little sex slaves. Always wanting big cocks inside you.

His fingers pushed into their soft, moist bodies, twisting and rubbing and pumping slowly as they held their positions before him.

Tell me you're my sex slaves, he ordered.

I'm your sex slave, Master! they both gasped.

Tell me you love my cock, you sexy little bitches.

I love your cock, Master! they both gasped.

Hot little whores, he said, slapping their bottoms.

Brooke moaned and her body began to rock to and fro. Zoe could hear the sound of his hips slapping against her buttocks even as his fingers squirmed and twisted in the mouth of her own sex.

He leaned forward, reaching for the blonde girl's hair and buried his fingers in it, then pulled up and back as he continued to thrust into her quivering body. It lifted her chin off the floor and made her gasp at every thrust as her body rocked to the blows of his hips against her buttocks.

Then it stopped and he released her hair, shifting sideways. A moment later Zoe felt his cock pushing into her and moaned as he started to thrust in hard and deep. As he had with Brooke he gripped her hair and pulled it up and back as he thrust hard and fast.

Gorgeous little sex slaves, he said. Both with tight little pussies.

Zoe gasped continuously, her scalp stinging and tingling as he used his grip on her hair to hold her head up and pounded his hips against her buttocks. She had barely even imagined such sexual games happening in real life and it amazed her to feel herself a part of one.

He pulled out of her and then pushed her over onto her side. He rolled her onto her back and spread her legs wide, pushing her knees up and back.

Keep your legs where I put them, slave bitch, he growled.

He pulled Brooke over, still on her knees, and pushed her face in between Zoe's legs. The blonde girl began to lick immediately. Then he entered the blonde from behind once more, and Brooke's body began to shudder as he thrust into her.

You better be paying attention, slut. You're gonna be eating pussy soon enough, he promised her.

That made Zoe start in surprise. But after a moment she realized it would only be fair. After all, if Brooke was performing oral sex on her, she had to return the favor. She was of two minds about it, though. She'd never done it before and wasn't all that enthusiastic about doing it now.

But her body was humming with sexual excitement, throbbing with pressure that was building up rapidly as this wicked sexual game thrilled some part of her she had been barely aware of. She did pay close attention to what Brooke was doing down there even as she watched in fascination as Tyler used her body roughly from behind.

Lick that pussy, you filthy slave bitch, he demanded, slapping the blonde girl's bottom sharply.

The degrading words he used continued to startle Zoe. But it was clear it was just a game, and they were playing roles. Brooke certainly didn't seem to mind what he called her or said to her. The blonde girl continued to lick eagerly at Zoe's clitoris.

That's it, you slave dyke. You love licking pussy, don't you, slut?

He slapped her bottom again and Brooke gasped in pain. Yes, Master! she cried.

He slapped her bottom a second time. Tell me you love licking pussy, you slut."

I love licking pussy, Master! she exclaimed.

What a slut! he cried as if surprised. It's no wonder you're a sex slave.

Brooke's tongue was very effective. Despite having had two enormous climaxes already, Zoe was soon rolling her hips upward and moaning in pleasure as heat spread through her body and mind.

But then Tyler abruptly changed the scene and threw Brooke down on her back, rolling Zoe over and placing her in position between her thighs. Zoe gulped anxiously and then set to work, knowing she couldn't really avoid it. She began to lick tentatively at the blonde girl's pussy as she felt Tyler pushing himself into her from behind.

She cried out as he gripped her hair roughly.

You better show more enthusiasm for that pussy, slave bitch. Otherwise, I'll hang you from your ankles and whip you!

Zoe knew the threats were idle and silly but they still sent a strange little ripple of anxiety through her. She licked harder and faster, focusing on the top of the girl's hairless sex as her body rocked to the hard use of the man behind her.

Then he leaned far over her, his head beside hers as he continued to hold tight to her hair.

That's it, slut. Lick that pussy. You know you love it.

He twisted his fingers in her hair.

Tell me you love licking pussy.

I-I love licking pussy, Master! she gasped.

You love my cock inside you, slave?

Yes, Master! she groaned.

He jerked on her hair again.

Tell me love my cock inside you, bitch.

I love your cock inside me, Master! she cried.

Tell me you're a sex slave.

I-I'm a sex slave, Master!

He pushed her face back against Brooke's pussy and she resumed licking hard and fast as one of his hands pushed in beneath her, his fingers finding her clitoris and rubbing steadily as his cock slid in and out of her.

Sex slave! he whispered into her ear, chewing lightly on her earlobe.

Zoe moaned and trembled as his cock drove into her and his fingers rubbed at her. She could hardly believe she had had two explosive orgasms already and was now heading for a third! It had been rare indeed that she had experienced even one climax with guys before.

Another shattering orgasm tore through her and she cried out in pleasure, her mind basking in the rapture as raw animal passion and heat baked her mind. Her body bucked back frantically against him as the pleasure howled through her with a storm of sensation.

Ungh! Ungh! Uhhh! Ahhhh! Ohhhh! she cried as he rode her through it.

She sagged weakly and he pushed her aside, dropping atop the blonde and thrusting his cock home to pound her savagely as Brooke cried out in hunger and need.

He pulled out after she had come, and stood up, walking out of the room and leaving the two panting, groaning girls lying down naked on the floor. He soon returned, however, and Zoe watched as he wrapped what she first thought was a small belt around the blonde girl's throat. Only when his hands came free did she realize it was a collar, like a dog collar. A moment later he untied her wrists and ordered her the blonde to get on all fours.

She obeyed and he turned to Zoe, wrapping a similar collar around her neck and then untying her wrists. The two knelt on all fours as he clipped a pair of leashes to the collars around their necks and then tugged on them.

Let's go, slave bitches, he growled down at them.

Slightly dazed, Zoe imitated Brooke as the blonde girl began to crawl. With the two of them crawling side-by-side and him walking behind holding the leashes Zoe felt another sense of dark, thrilling awe. This was such a kinky, wicked sex game! It was also terribly degrading, but for some reason that didn't bother her at all.

They crawled out of the room, across the hall, and into another room where he led them over to what looked like a large dog cage. He opened the door, then removed the leash from Brooke's collar and slapped her bottom. The blonde girl crawled into the cage and lay down as he closed and locked the door behind her.

Be a good little bitch, he said to her.

Then he picked something up off a nearby table and dropped it through the top of the bars to drop down inside. It was a large dildo, Zoe realized as he jerked on her leash and pulled her around.

Crawl, bitch.

She crawled out of the room and then back across the hall into the bedroom. He had her climb into the bed and lay down on her back then he lifted straps from each of the four corners that she had not known were there and wrapped them around her wrists and ankles, pulling them tight until she was spreadeagled helplessly before him.

He grinned down at her and then showed her a round red ball. He pushed it against her mouth and she hesitantly opened it. The ball slid into her mouth, and he drew a pair of straps across her cheeks and behind her head to hold it in place. She moaned excitedly, realizing now what it was, recognizing it from a few pictures she'd seen here and there, mostly on the Internet. It was a gag. A ball gag! A moment later she watched him take a black, silky looking scarf and fold it in half, then in half again before he pressed it down over her eyes and wrapped it around her head.

She could neither see nor speak, and a moment later she felt his fingers at her ears of all places. She realized he was putting small earphones into her ears. The earphones didn't play music, however. Instead, she heard the sound of a woman gasping and moaning and crying out in pleasure and passion. Then she could hear her voice almost whispering underneath the moans and cries and whimpers.

I'm a sex slave! she moaned excitedly. I love being a slave girl! I love my master! I must always obey! My body belongs to my master! I love his cock inside me!

Her attention to the words faded as she felt his hand sliding over her body, skillfully caressing and kneading her breasts, stroking along the soft skin of her abdomen then spreading the lips of her sex. She felt his tongue against her there and soon discovered he was every bit as good as Brooke at performing oral sex.

He didn't see how she could get aroused again after three massive climaxes, but being tied so tightly in place, being so helpless, gagged, and blindfolded was a strange and wicked turn-on for her. His tongue was large and long as it dipped within her and twisted

around inside her moist little tunnel.

It pulled free and then something else, something considerably harder slid into her. For a moment, she thought it was his cock, but then realized he wasn't warm enough. It felt almost like one, though as it slid deeper and deeper. Then she felt something pressing against her clitoris, something that buzzed and vibrated against her.

He was using a vibrator on her!

She had never before dated a guy who had sex toys to use on girls! Of course, she quickly realized she wasn't dating him at all. This was a strange, edgy little threesome. Only now the third of that threesome was locked in a cage like an animal!

The vibrator was having an immediate effect on her. He alternated between holding it steady and rubbing it from side to side as he pumped the dildo in and out of her body. Between the kinky bondage and the dark, edgy game and what he was doing to her physically she was soon writhing in pleasure and passion once again, moaning around the ball gag, pulling and twisting against the straps holding her in place.

And then he stopped. The vibrator pulled back but the dildo stayed jammed deep inside her. She felt his hands at her hair, pushing in behind her head. They undid the strap of the ball gag and pulled it out of her mouth.

Tell me you're my sex slave, he ordered.

I'm your sex slave, Master! she groaned.

She felt his fingers plucking at her nipples, rolling and then lightly pinching them.

Are you going to be an obedient little sex slave?

Yes, Master! she moaned.

He pinched her nipple and she squealed.

Say it, slave.

I promise to be an obedient little sex slave, Master! she cried.

You want a cock inside you, bitch?

Yes, Master! she moaned.

This time he slapped her face lightly.

Say it, slave bitch.

I-I want a cock inside me, Master! she cried.

You want me to fuck your whore brains out?

Yes, Master! Please fuck my whore brains out, Master!

Nasty little girl, he growled. I want you to beg me to fuck you..

A moment later, Zoe squealed as she felt something sharp pricking her belly. It slid along her abdomen in a slow, lazy circle, the prickles and the stings making her squeal and writhe helplessly.

What is that!? she cried.

It's a pinwheel, slave. Actually, it's a double pinwheel. It's meant for torturing and tormenting nasty little slut's like you.

It slid up her ribs and she squealed and twisted again. Not that the little prickly stings were so terrible exactly, but there were quite a lot of them as the line of prickles rolled up her body.

Oh, stop! she gasped.

I don't think so, slave. Not until you beg me to fuck your whore brains out.

Ah! Please fuck my whore brains out, Master! she cried.

You're not begging hard enough, slave.

The double line of prickles rolled across her breast and she gasped and shuddered, arching her back as they slid directly across the center of her breast and rolled past her nipple, the little wheels sliding past on either side without quite touching her there.

Nasty little slave girl, he growled. Slave girls were made to be tortured.

Please fuck my whore brains out, Master! she cried.

Beg harder, slut.

The wheels rolled across the center of her chest and up the other breast, and this time one of the wheels rolled directly across her throbbing, tingling nipple. She squealed again, then again as it rolled back across: back and forth, back and forth, her nipples tingling and burning.

Please fuck my whore brains out, Master! she cried repeatedly.

The double pinwheel rolled down her body and this time directly along the line of her sex. Something strange and dark and glittering caught at her mind as she strained against the straps. She felt herself sinking deeper into the role of sex slave, helpless, his possession to do with as he chose.

There was something weirdly thrilling about the idea. Then she cried out as the little pinwheels bracketed her swollen clitoris. rolling slowly back and forth on either side.

Tell me you love cock.

I love cock, Master!

The little pinwheel rolled slowly up and down, back and forth, barely missing her overheated little button.

Again, slut.

I love cock, Master!

Beg me to use your slut body.

This was so outrageous! She again felt a sense of unreality and disbelief that something this edgy and hot was happening to her. She was just a boring girl, after all!

Please use my...my slut body, Master! she cried.

Just saying degrading and filthy things like that sent strange emotions through her mind.

The pinwheel shifted course slightly and she squealed as one of the pinwheels rolled directly across her sensitive little button. Her hips jerked and bucked and he laughed down at her as he rolled it back across the second time.

Beg me to use your slut body.

Please use my slut body, Master! Please use my slut body, Master! she cried.

He laughed again but the pinwheel moved off of her. His fingers rubbed her clitoris hard and fast and then the vibrator returned, taking their place.

Dirty girl, he purred. Nasty girl. Slutty girl. Sex slave!

He pushed the ball gag back into her mouth and strapped it in place then unstrapped her ankles and lifted them up and back above her head, strapping them somehow against the corner posts. She felt his finger, then, slippery with some kind of cream, pushing against her wrinkled little back opening. She moaned in denial but a jolt of dark sexual energy tore through her.

Everything was confused in her mind. She had rarely consented to anal sex because she had thought it dirty and degrading. But dirty and degrading was just what she wanted now. It was what caught at her mind and filled her with awe and heat.

His finger pushed into her, twisting and turning as the vibrator rubbed across her clitoris. A second finger was added and then they pulled back and his big cock pushed against her there. He pulled the blindfold off and she stared up at him moaning helplessly.

Sex slave, he growled down at her.

He slapped her face lightly, then again in the other direction.

Your body belongs to me now, slave girl.

His cock sank deeper and she shuddered as she felt it pushing up through the soft, tight folds of her body.

Sexy little slave bitch, he said.

He pinched a nipple and then slapped her breast.

Slave animal.

Zoe gasped and moaned as he began to pump his cock up and down inside her. It pushed deeper and deeper with each stroke, then one hand slid up around her throat and squeezed. She gurgled helplessly her eyes widening as he leered down at her. Her chest began to burn and her head began to throb before he released his hold on her neck.

I own your body, slave girl. I can do anything I want to it.

He removed the ball gag and she gaped up at him, gasping and moaning as his big cock drove deeper and deeper. He pushed so deep she felt cramps in her abdomen as his thick cock slid in and out of her trembling body.

I took your mouth. Took your throat. I took your tight little pussy. And now I'm taking your ass. I can do anything to you, sex slave. I own you.

His cock jammed a little bit higher and she cried out at the ache deep inside. But the cry was also one of excitement and pleasure as he ground his hips against her buttocks.

I love being buried to the balls in a slave girl's tight little ass, he said.

He slapped her cheek again then slapped one breast as he pumped harder. His hand slid around her neck once more, making her breathe louder and more ragged. She stared up at him as her body burned with the scalding heat, her muscles twitching, her body pulling and straining against the straps.

Then yet another massive orgasm tore through her and she screamed almost silently as his fingers tightened around her throat. Her mouth opened wide as she gasped and croaked instead of screaming, his hips pounded against her buttocks as the orgasm tore at her mind.

His fingers loosened and she cried out in passion and pleasure, sucked in a deep, shuddering breath, and cried it out again and again, her head thrashing from side to side as the orgasm shattered her mind. And all the while that big cock was impaling her again and again as he rubbed the vibrator across her clitoris.

He removed the straps from her wrists and ankles then reattached the straps to her wrists as he bound them together above her head. Zoe didn't care. She felt shellshocked by it all and lay there moaning weakly, her muscles still twitching as the echo of that monster orgasm continued to stun her senses.

He laughed lightly and left the room then returned with Brooke crawling before him. He let her up into the bed and she draped her body across Zoe's, her lips light and gentle against her lips and neck, her hands caressing her body.

You're my slave bitch, and I am naming Brooke as your mistress. You are to obey her every order, he said.

Zoe didn't speak, but lay there dazedly, groaning as Brooke's hands moved over her body. He pulled a pair of sweatpants on and left the room leaving the two girls alone.

Brooke laughed at her and said something which she didn't hear. The girl laughed again and then pulled the two ear pods out of her ears. Only when she could no longer hear the moaning and gasping cries of pleasure, nor the degrading words did she realize that it had been mostly Brooke's voice.

Slave girl, Brooke said teasingly.

She rained kisses up and down Zoe's face and down along the nape of her neck and slowly moved downward, her fingers and mouth massaging, sucking, kissing, licking, and stroking her breasts and nipples until they both throbbed.

You're such a bad girl, she cooed as she took one of the brunette's nipples between her teeth and bit lightly.

Zoe gasped in pain. Ahh, that hurts!

It's supposed to hurt, silly girl.

She sucked and licked lightly at Zoe's nipple. Then you feel twice as good afterward.

She licked and kissed her way back down Zoe's body until she was between her thighs again, her lips and tongue stroking and sucking rhythmically as Zoe stared up at the ceiling, moaning low in her throat.

Brooke's fingers slipped into her, pumping and twisting as she began to stroke her thumb across the helpless girl's clitoris.

How many times do you think I can make you come, little slave girl?

Zoe didn't try to answer. She was amazed she had already had three enormous orgasms. Tonight was a night like nothing else in her sexual experience. And she was quickly becoming addicted to the dark passion, hunger, and pleasure.

She gasped and lifted her head up, staring down between her legs as something much thicker pushed into her. Brooke was holding another large, realistic-looking dildo, pushing it deeper and pumping in and out.

I know you love big cocks, slave bitch, Brooke said in a teasing voice.

She stroked her thumb across Zoe's clitoris as she pumped the dildo.

Tell me you love big cocks inside you, slut."

Zoe only groaned weakly and let her head drop back down.

Are you disobeying your mistress, slut? Brooke demanded imperiously.

She stretched up and out to one side, toward the bedside table. She plucked an ice cube from the glass there, then began to roll it slowly back and forth across Zoe's breasts and nipples.

Ahhgh! Brooke! Stop!

You don't give orders, sex slave, Brooke sneered. You may only beg like a proper little slave.

It's cold! Zoe cried.

Would you like me to stop? Brooke asked teasingly as she slid the ice cube down along the side of the brunette's ribs.

Zoe cried out again, twisting and straining against the straps.

Yes!

Beg.

Please! Zoe cried

Who are you talking to? Are you talking to your mistress? Brooke asked in amusement.

Please, Mistress! Zoe cried.

Brooke hummed to herself as she slid the ice cube across the girl's abdomen then downward and across the top of her sex.

Are you going to be an obedient little sex slave? Brooke asked.

Yes!

You forgot to say yes mistress again, slutty girl.

"She pulled the dildo out, spread the lips of Zoe's sex, and then brought the cube down directly against her clitoris.

Stop! Please! Mistress! Please stop, Mistress! Zoe cried.

Brooke giggled slightly as she raised the ice cube up.

Are you going to be an obedient little sex slave?

Yes, Mistress!

Say it, slut.

I-I'll be an obedient little sex slave, Mistress! Zoe moaned.

She felt a dark rush at saying the words, even at the same time as her face flushed self-consciously.

Call me Mistress Brooke, slave bitch.

Brooke pushed the dildo back into her and Zoe gasped aloud. Mistress Brooke, she moaned.

Brooke bent and began licking at her chilled clitoris again, rapidly warming it up. She pushed the dildo deeper and deeper as she slid upward and began to suck and lick at Zoe's breasts and nipples. Then she shifted her body slightly to one side so that she was half off Zoe and her right thigh pressed in between the girl's spread legs. She used the pressure to press down on the back of the dildo as she kissed her way up along the nape of her neck.

You're such a slutty girl, Brooke cooed into her ear."

She reached down and the supposed dildo began to vibrate. It also had a curved base so that when the blonde pushed down with her thigh more the base was pressed against her clitoris.

Zoe gasped and moaned, beginning to strain against the restraints again as Brooke's mouth found hers.

Sexy little slut, the blonde whispered.

Zoe gasped as Brooke pulled down and back on her hair, forcing her head back.

Tell me you're my little slut, Brooke demanded.

Oh! I-I'm your little slut, Mistress Brooke! Zoe gasped.

Brooke was rubbing and grinding her thigh down against the base of the vibrator, which in turn ground it against Zoe's clitoris. Her other hand was caressing the girl's breast as her lips and mouth feasted on Zoe's neck.

She brought her hand up then, letting her fingers close against the brunette's throat and squeezed slowly.

Apologize for being such a slut, she demanded sternly.

Zoe, of course, didn't think of herself as a slut, but she knew what Brooke wanted. Besides, what she had done today, or at least let them do sort of qualified as very slutty at the least.

I'm sorry for being a slut, Mistress Brooke, she groaned.

Again, saying the nasty, degrading words sent a dark rush through her mind.

Beg me to be my slave bitch, Brooke growled.

Please may I be your s-slave bitch, Mistress Brooke!

Zoe moaned as she felt the blonde's fingers closing tighter.

Who owns your body, slut? Do I own your body? she growled.

Zoe's voice was hoarse as she struggled to breathe. You do, Mistress! she croaked.

Tell me that you're my little fuck toy, Brooke ordered.

I-I'm your little... little fuck toy, Mistress Brooke, Zoe gasped weakly.

Brooke eased her fingers apart and pulled Zoe's head back up and forward, crushing her lips with her own.

My sexy little fuck toy slave girl, she said in a teasing voice.

You are a pervert, Zoe moaned as she gulped in air.

Brooke giggled in amusement. You bet I am. Fun, isn't it!?

She rolled off the brunette and unstrapped her ankles.

Roll over, slut!

Zoe groaned and obeyed.

Face down, ass high, slut!

Again, Zoe obeyed, raising her hips up. She felt Brooke's hands gripping them and pulling them higher, then the other girl's body pushing forward against her buttocks.

Crack! Brooke slapped her bottom sharply.

You're such a bad girl, she said sternly.

She pushed the vibrating dildo deeper into Zoe's pussy, jamming it in to the base once more.

Then she rolled away from her again, slipping one of the straps that had been around her right ankle around her right thigh just above the knee and pulling it out to the side before locking it down somewhere at the bottom of the bed. She did the same on the other side so that Zoe was effectively immobilized in that incredibly vulnerable and obscenely displayed position.

A moment later she pulled back on Zoe's hair and the girl's head came up and back as she cried out at the pain, then shoved the ball gag back into her mouth.

Remember, slutty girl, since I own your body I can do anything I want to it. I can also loan it out to anyone I want to. I have already sent naked pictures of you to a bunch of guys who are on the way over to fuck your brains out.

She slipped the blindfold back over the brunette's eyes and then caressed her buttocks as she ground the vibrating cock against her clitoris once more.

A moment later the ear pods went back into Zoe's ears and she moaned as she heard Brooke's voice gasping and moaning in pleasure and passion. The soft, almost whispered words were the same as the ones she had herself just spoken.

After a minute, Brooke leaned forward to put her mouth right next to Zoe's ear.

The first of the guys is here to fuck your brains out, slave bitch, she said in a sneering voice.

Zoe felt her weight leave the bed. For almost a minute she simply knelt there, moaning, panting heatedly around the ball in her mouth, her body thrumming with sexual pressure and need.

She felt weight getting onto the bed again and then a sharp slap on her buttocks. The vibrator pulled free and then something else pushed into her deep and hard and fast.

She didn't for a moment think that Brooke had invited a bunch of guys to come in and use her. Well, perhaps for a moment. Just a moment. And even then she was fairly sure that the blonde would do no such thing. But fairly sure wasn't entirely sure. So she felt a tension creeping into her mind as the weight shifted behind her and what felt almost like a cock thrust deep into her body.

It wasn't another man, though. And it wasn't even Tyler. She quickly realized that the cock pushing into her was not a real one. Brooke had pulled on her strap-on dildo again. She felt relief at that, but then simply melted into the heat as the blonde girl began to use her body roughly.

The cock, real or not, punched deep into her body again and again as Brooke's hips slapped against her buttocks. In Zoe's mind, though, she imagined it was a stranger, a lust crazed man who had been outrageously invited in to ravish her senselessly! She felt hands slapping her

bottom and fingers jerking on her hair. It was a wild, rough ride, and it was filling her with a dark passion and heat that soon exploded into still another orgasm.

She cried out helplessly, heedlessly with the ball in her mouth, her body crackling with sexual electricity as her muscles spasmed wildly.

She realized that this was what she loved; this rough, hard sex. She'd never experienced it before and discovered she was becoming addicted to it. She was wallowing in the pleasure and the passion and hunger that was incited by her feeling of being completely lost, completely helpless, completely at someone else's mercy.

Intertwined with that was the dark fantasy that it was someone else, that it was another guy, a complete stranger. The sense of how outrageous that would be filled her with a dark passion. She saw herself as a real sex slave, a prisoner, helpless, her body available for the use of anyone who wanted her!

It should have been a nightmare, but with the intensity of the passion and pleasure she had so far experienced during this kinky little bondage game of theirs, she could only feel a sense of wicked excitement at the thought. She almost wished Brooke had brought strangers in to make use of her. Though she could never tell the girl that. She felt the ball gag pulled from her mouth. Then she was slapped on the bottom even as her hair was yanked roughly.

Tell me you love cock, slut, Brooke demanded, leaning forward to pull one of the ear pods from her ears.

I love cock, Mistress Brooke! Zoe gasped dazedly.

Brooke continued to use her roughly, plunging the thick cock deep into her sopping depths.

Dirty girl! Slutty girl!

Crack!

Beg me to use your whore body!

Please use my whore body, Mistress Brooke! Zoe cried.

Crack!

Nasty girl! Apologize for being a filthy whore!

Crack!

Ahhh! I'm sorry for being a filthy whore, Mistress Brooke!

She felt Brooke's weight shifting, felt it moving forward along the side of the bed. Then the blindfold came off as Brooke sat down on Zoe's outstretched arms.

She gripped the brunette's hair roughly and jerked her mouth forward against her pussy.

Service your mistress, slut, while my friend Barry fucks you in the ass, she sneered.

Zoe gasped and moaned but obeyed, licking excitedly at the other girl's sex as she felt a new weight on the bed. The warm, hard, slickness of a real cock pushed slowly down into her ass while the dildo continued to fill her pussy and vibrate against her.

Lick harder, slut! I own your body, remember! You belong to me, slave bitch!

Zoe licked feverishly as the cock pushed down deeper and deeper. She let her mind dance with the thought that it was a stranger though she was quite sure it must be Tyler again. She moaned at the deep ache inside her, but every inch of progress it made excited her further.

Brooke held the lips of her sex apart as she jammed Zoe's face in against her pussy.

You're my sex toy now, slut!

Zoe licked hard and fast, her body starting to shudder now as Tyler's hips slapped against her buttocks.

She imagined herself in a cage like the one she'd seen Brooke in, imagined all kinds of strangers coming to make use of her helpless body, and as Tyler reached down and jammed the vibrator in harder she came yet again, crying out dazedly even as Brooke jammed her face against her pussy once more.

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Zoe got her wish. She spent the night in the cage, laying atop a small mattress, and a furry covering. Tyler found leather restraints for her wrists and locked them together in front of her, then left her alone in the cage with the dildo as he and Brooke went to bed.

Zoe marveled at where she found herself, at the breathless heat and passion she had felt that day. She was entranced by the dark fantasies that spilled through her mind and amazed that she could still be aroused after having sex virtually all evening. She had never felt anything like this before and yet, like an orgasm, she wanted it to continue.

Sex slave! What a wild idea! What a dark, wicked thrill ride!

This evening and the previous boring month were like night and day. She felt alive tonight. And wondered what tomorrow would bring her in the way of pleasure and passion, as she continued this edgy outrageous sex game.

Of course, a lot of that had to be just because of how skillful the two of them were. Not to mention how hot and sexy Tyler was. The thought of him treating her as a sex slave was wickedly exciting. But that she had responded so excitedly to Brooke doing the same was embarrassing. She didn't quite understand that part and dismissed it as merely a product of the heat Tyler had raised in her and how skillful Brooke was at pleasing a woman's body.

As dark fantasies filled her mind she let her hands caress her body, then lay back and pulled her knees up and back as she gripped the dildo and slid it slowly into her body. She felt very much like a creature of sex as she worked the dildo in and out and let herself fantasize about the most outrageous things, about her as a slave girl naked before the world, her body used by anyone and everyone.

Not that that would ever happen, of course. She was a good girl, after all, not a slut.

Her certainty of that wavered somewhat, though. The intensity of the pleasure and passion she felt tonight still resonated in her body and mind and she wondered what the next day would bring from her 'master' and 'mistress'. Something wild, she was sure.

End

Read Part Two of Zoe's Friends – Zoe's [Dominant Friends](#).

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis

and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older

women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.