

# MIND GAMES

by John Argus

Copyright Argus

downloaded from [www.bdsmbooks.com](http://www.bdsmbooks.com)

ONE

"Well, I don't see an alternative. We need the money," Shara said.

"Besides, I've gotten bored with this."

She turned and cast a scornful glance at the young woman sitting back on her heels, kneeling open legged by the doorway.

She was a lovely young woman, with long, flowing blonde hair, high, firm breasts, and generously rounded hips. She wore nothing but the metal restraints and collar of her servitude, though mere physical restraints were no longer necessary.

She had been one of them, one of the five lesbian roommates living in the old house. But their sexual games had grown more kinky, delving into bondage and discipline which had grown more vicious and cruel as the others has learned to exploit the weakness within her.

No one had intended it, at first, but as the nature of their sexual games had changed, Jill, sitting on the left, legs crossed, and Shara, stern faced and scowling on the right, had deliberately led the girl deeper and deeper into emotional and physical dependence, partly for sexual pleasure, partly at the pleasure of power it gave them, and partly as a psychological experiment.

Now the young woman who had had a name once but no longer did, who had attended university in hopes of becoming a doctor, but now cooked, cleaned and serviced the others sexually, knelt obediently, eyes downcast, naked body criss crossed with the marks of her most recent whipping.

Her nose and nipples were pierced, and a chain ran from the former through the latter, lifting both nipples just slightly, raising her firm breasts just so.

Her wrists were manacled behind her back, and she knelt, impaled, on a thick bar of metal fixed to the floor beneath. Her shaven pubic lips strained wide around it, gripping the bar with exquisite strength. Yet even so the bar was moist with her body's inner juices and it was apparent to the eye that she was breathless and tense with sexual arousal.

"But to a man?"

Laurie slumped back in her chair, gazing resentfully towards the subject of their discussion. She had long reddish hair, loose ringlets spilling over her

narrow shoulders, and a beautiful oval face which, unfortunately, was often marred by a sulking or pouty expression.

"They have the money," Shara said curtly.

"Is it really to be our place as gay women to sell one of our own to a filthy man?" Laurie demanded.

"Forget politics," Jill snapped. "Think money. The roof needs to be fixed and the taxes paid. We'll earn enough to do that and still set aside a considerable sum to help pay for things like the gas and electricity and water.

Besides, its not like she's human."

"You are too attached to our pet," Shara accused.

"I'm not," Laurie replied indignantly. "But on the other hand who is going to cook and clean for us?"

"We'll find another slut," Shara said dismissively. "This country is filled with submissive little white girls who need to be told what to do with their lives."

"But will they be as biddable as her?" Jill asked.

"Find one of the proper mindset," Beverly asked, looking up for the first time. "Then we can train her."

"You and your psychological games," Laurie said with a sigh.

"Soon to be Doctor to you," Beverly said with a smirk.

"We can do it right this time," Shara said. "Find the perfect little slut, and then break her... utterly. We want one who won't even think of disobeying, who won't even dream of denying us whatever we want, and who'll beg to be used any way we want by us or anyone else we want."

"Suppressed sexuality," Beverly said aloud. "There are a number of psychological tests designed to discover hidden desires and psychological traits. We can employ a few. It should be quite interesting."

The door rang, and Shara looked at the others, who, one by one, nodded.

She got up and strode past the kneeling woman and opened the front door.

The others heard it close behind her and a man entered, clad in black trousers, shirt and jacket.

"You have the money?" Shara demanded.

He nodded, handing her a thick envelope.

Jill rose as Shara took the envelope aside to count.

"Why don't you pull into the garage? It will be easier to load her then."

The man nodded, glanced with an evil and sadistic smile at the somewhat pale faced woman kneeling nakedly beside the door, and turned away.

Jill squatted beside the girl, gripped her hair, and forced her head up and back until she gasped in pain.

"You will be obedient, won't you, slut?"

"Yes, mistress!" the woman gasped, whimpering slightly. "Please don't sell me, Mistress! Please!"

Holding the girl's head back by the hair Jill slapped at her left breast. The sound of her hand striking the soft flesh echoed around the room as the girl cried out in pain. The blow sent the breast jerking downwards, stretching out the nipple and pulling on her nose.

"You are meat," Jill said cruelly. "Fuck meat. You belong to him now. He is your master and you will service him and his cock and his friends' cocks. Do you understand, slut?"

"Y-Yes, mistress," she moaned, eyes beginning to tear up.

"No doubt he will beat you thoroughly. He looked the type. No doubt you'll be in agony for days while he works out his male frustrations on you. And no doubt you deserve it for being the filthy little brainless whore you are."

She shifted her grip to the back of the girl's collar and pulled up. The girl gasped and moaned as she was forced to rise, as her taut pubic lips slid quickly up the thick bar of metal, up, and up, and up still, so that a watcher unacquainted with the length of the metal bar might be shocked as more and more of it slid from within her body, might have been astonished that such a length of thick metal could be accommodated within a woman's belly without causing permanent damage.

She came free at last with a soft, wet, sucking sound, and her pussy gaped as she was lifted to her feet. She swayed weakly, held by the collar as a drop of liquid oozed slowly from within her open sex and began to trickle down her thigh.

"I shall miss her tongue," Beverly said.

"I won't miss anything about her," Shara said, looking up from the money.

"She's weak, a throwback to those filthy little sluts who ran around meekly serving men. She's an embarrassment to feminism, to gay pride, to females in general, even to the human race. I only wish we'd given her a worse beating last night"

"Laurie, go open the garage."

Laurie rose and moved up the hall, then opened the door to the garage and pressed the button which would send the door slowly sliding upwards.

Already the headlights from their visitor's car lit up the room, and as the garage door rose higher the car, a dark black sedan, eased into the garage and stopped beside Jill's own Chrysler. The door closed behind it, and Laurie flipped on the lights before withdrawing.

The man entered the front room, eyes fixed on the girl, who dropped her own eyes, face flushed, whimpering still.

"Keep her tightly chained. We don't want her running away," Jill warned.

The man smiled lewdly at her in a way which made the hairs rise at the back of her neck "Don't fear that," he said in a soft, liquid voice. " She won't be able to walk after the first night."

"Oh?" she said coolly.

"The foot, you see, " he said, leaning in conspiratorially, "is quite sensitive to pain. Blows against the sole of the foot cause tremendous agony, and the resulting bruising and welts make it impossible to walk for some days afterwards. Strike the toes just right and your prisoner will howl so loudly your ears will pop."

He chuckled throatily, and Jill drew back in distaste.

The girl who was nameless was staring at him, appalled. She turned and looked wildly at the other four, who looked away. Only Shara met her eyes, and it was to smile cruelly.

"Please," she whimpered, looking around desperately.

"Take her," Jill said.

The man took a leash from the pocket of his jacket. It consisted of a narrow chain and, at its end, an alligator clip. He moved with a fluid quickness, his hand thrusting in between the naked girl's thighs. She squealed, leaping back, but hitting the wall, and his teeth showed white as his fingers forced back the hood over her clitoris, quickly pushed in the alligator clip, and let it snap closed.

All four of the other women winced at the sight, and only the fact that his hand went immediately to the naked girl's mouth to cover it kept her scream of agony from deafening them all. Her eyes bulged, and her body writhed and twisted, her bottom slapping and jerking against the wall as her head thrashed from side to side.

Her new master leaned in against her, leering, beaming at her pain and convulsions, waiting for her body to adapt somewhat to the sudden, shocking intensity of the pain. It was a very strong clip, a strength which would cause intense pain if placed fully about the tip of a finger. The pain it caused when crushing the girl's clitoris between its jagged jaws did not bear thinking about.

A half minute passed, and then a minute, and still the girl's head, tears spilling down her cheeks, continued jerking desperately from side to side, her body writhing and twisting in the throes of agony. The four other women looked on, half in guilt, half fascinated. The man looked on in excitement. The girl continued to writhe, and all could hear her desperate wails of agony even with his hand covering her mouth.

She sank to her knees, rocking from side to side, legs well spread, then fell forward as he allowed her face to lower itself to the floor.

"Have you a gag?" he asked.

Laurie, face flushed with excitement, was jerked into motion, and quickly fetched a penis gag from the corner, tossing it to him. He smiled, then in a quick

motion, pulled his hand away, jerking up violently on the girl's hair to force her

head up and back. Her mouth opened wide, and a shriek erupted, but was quickly quenched as the penis was thrust into her mouth, filling it, pressing her

tongue down. The man strapped the gag around her head, then moved back.

The nameless girl knelt, her face against the floor, legs spread, body wracked by great sobs and cries of pain.

"I'm surprised you haven't pierced her clitoris," the man said. "I'll have that attended to forthwith."

Again the women winced, though Shara looked at the girl thoughtfully, and nodded.

"Up slut," the man barked at last. "Enough of your whining."

The girl continued to sob, and he smiled, then yanked on the leash.

Her body jerked violently, her muffled cry filling the room. Another jerk of the chain and she was scrambling frantically upwards, still sobbing piteously.

The watching women saw the tight grip of the alligator clip as it pulled against

her exposed clitoris, watching as the man pulled upwards on the leash, forcing

the girl to her toes, where, trembling, sobbing and moaning, she stood as he held

the leash in place.

"You're going to be a good, obedient little slave," he told her. "Or I'll give you this pain tenfold, every single day and every single night."

He let the leash down then and, sobbing, the girl was able to lower herself from her toes.

"Good day... ladies," he said with smirking irony.

He walked towards the garage then, pulling on the chain. The girl howled, then hurried after, her eyes desperate as she stared mutely at the others. Her legs jerked and stumbled as they carried her across the room, her feet dancing

as if on hot coals as the tight biting clip tugged against her aching clitoris. She gave a last despairing look before she was pulled around the corner, then she was gone.

They heard the sharp crack of flesh striking flesh, then again. A moment later the trunk of a car slammed closed and the outside garage began to rise noisily on its chain. Shara went to the garage and watched the black car disappear, then closed the outer door.

She returned to the others, grinning.

"I don't know about you, but that made me quite horny," she said, looking at Laurie.

"The odd thing is," Jill said, shaking her head. "I'm getting horny just thinking about the things he's going to do to poor Leslie."

"She has no name any more," Shara said in disapproval.

"Yes, I know. "

"I can't believe we actually sold someone," Laurie said in awe. "We sold a human being, like, like slavers."

"She enslaved herself," Shara said brusquely. "We just agreed to own her. It was what she wanted."

Jill shook her head. "Did you see her eyes there at the last? I don't think she really understood until just then that it wasn't all one more game."

"We needed the money," Shara said flatly.

"I know. We all agreed. It's just... exciting."

"An actual sex slave, sold against her will," Jill said, swallowing.

"Black women were sold as slaves and no one much thought that was exciting," Shara sniffed. "And don't think they weren't used just like that slut will be used."

"I know but... it just seems more well..."

"Want to be the next pain slave?" Beverley asked with a sneer.

"Fuck you, okay?"

She looked out the window into the dark night.

"I wonder what he'll do to her?"

"Fuck her hard in every orifice," Shara said dismissively. "As she deserves."

Jill shrugged and let the curtain fall back. "Let's go upstairs, girls, and afterwards, we'll think about who our new little slave girl will be, and how we

can bring out the best in her."

Allison's search for her own apartment had not gone well at all. The

vacancy rate was low, and prices consequently high. Her job as a clerk in a book

shop, her first real job, did not allow for such high rents and food at the same time. She found herself wondering somewhat despairingly how cheaply one could eat if one stuck to vegetables, seaweed, nuts, and the like.

Even at that most of the apartments and even rooms available would take a large proportion of her meagre cheque, while at the same time exposing her to

seedy neighbours, cracked and peeling paint, insects and rats.

It was beginning to seem to her that she was destined to remain with her parents, overbearing and preposterously strict as they were, for some years to

come. And then she came across the ad in the X-Press.

The X-Press was one of those free handouts which carried mainly advertising for local clubs and bar acts, something to leaf through on the long

bus ride back to her home in the suburbs. She was not looking for housing, and

had no idea such ads were to be found in a small weekly like the X-Press.

Then

again the X-Press, like many alternative papers, catered to a different clientele

than the major media.

The ad was for a shared house, with pool, in the Summerside area just south of town. She had looked at rooms, and found them, for the most part, small, squalid, and overpriced. Most were either in seedy rooming houses, or in

the tiny back bedrooms of suspicious looking elderly women, or worse, leering

elderly men.

This one, however, promised itself to be in a roomy old house with four bedrooms, shared with four other women, young women, the ad said. The requirement for the prospective new tenant was that she be young, female, nonsmoking,

quiet, and gay friendly.

All of these were quite easy requirements for Allison to meet. She was, after all, three weeks shy of her eighteenth birthday (by which time she desperately hoped to be on her own), definitely female, with her sweet round face, short but slender and athletic body, long chestnut brown hair, and somewhat pronounced breasts she often tried to minimize.

She had never smoked, tended to be the quiet, bookish type, and was not altogether comfortable with her own body image, particularly her breasts.

She

was shy, and often walked slumped over, as if to disguise her height, her head

bent, eyes looking away and rarely meeting the eyes of others.

She wore frameless glasses, and usually kept her hair pinned back behind her in a long braided tail. Boys embarrassed her with their attention, and the attention of men made her slightly light headed. She adored books, and every

square inch of her room at home was packed with them. She had an active fantasy life in which she played the part of sword wielding knight as often as beautiful princess, cave exploring adventurer as often as wife with a picket fence, and star ship captain rather more often than the traditional female roles

such as nurse or teacher.

She was quite earnest, however, in her good will towards others, and could not abide discrimination of any sort, be it against ethnic or visible minorities, or, of course, gays.

Thus she was certainly, she thought, gay friendly. It might, of course, be slightly awkward living amongst gay women, but she berated herself for such

thinking. After all, didn't gay women usually have to live and work amongst mostly heterosexual women? Surely her role would be no more difficult than theirs.

Yet she was a trifle nervous as she thought about this, and not at all certain she would not do something foolish which would insult her prospective

roommates. Still, the home was near the route of her bus ride home, and perhaps it was karma or kismet, or just common good luck she'd noticed the ad

as she was riding towards it.

Allison considered such things important factors in life, and woe betide those who ignored them. She braced herself, took a deep breath, then rang the

bell as they passed Summerside, getting off and looking uncertainly about before heading up the street.

She was not dressed as she usually was for such interviews, but then, this was with other "girls", and so surely a businesslike dress was not a particular requirement.

She found the street with relative ease, and was somewhat surprised to find the house looked exactly as the ad stated. It was on a quiet street, backing onto a park, was painted a gentle pastel white, with a neatly manicured green lawn and tall, well pruned hedges. She could see, just down past the garage, the gate of a tall wooden fence which protected the back yard - and, she thought, the pool. Oh to live in such luxury! She had, after all, grown up in small apartments, never having had a back yard.

Nervously, she stepped up to the door, looking down to examine herself briefly, wishing she wore other than her loose khakis and sweatshirt before ringing the bell.

A quite startlingly tall woman answered the door. For Allison, who was barely over five feet in height, it was a trifle discomfoting. The woman, a few

years older than she, had a long, narrow face with deep set brown eyes, a narrow nose, and strong jaw, strawberry blonde hair cut in a short, boyish style, unusually wide shoulders, and bare arms which were noticeably muscular.

Yet she smiled in a quite friendly way as she looked down at Allison, who unaccountably blurted out her tale whilst apologising for not having called for an appointment.

"I'm Jill," she said with a smile. "Come inside."

Allison stepped inside to feel cool air on her slightly sweaty flesh, and, upon noting the long, wide stairway, and looking into the enormous living room

with its fireplace, felt a longing to reside there which was almost physical.

Jill's hand on her back eased her forward, and, lost in the beauty of the house, she hardly remembered her earlier nervousness at a house which might

be made up of gay women. Upon moving into the living room she was exposed to

the large glass doors leading into the back yard, and to the glistening blue waters of the swimming pool, besides which lay another woman.

"It's... beautiful!" she gasped.

"Yes, we like it," Jill said, easing her towards a comfortably plump leather chair. "Would you like something to drink? It's quite hot outside."

"Well ah, yes if you wouldn't mind? Just water. If it wouldn't be a

trouble? I mean, I'm not at..."

Jill walked through the dining room with its lovely oak table, chairs, and matching cabinets and disappeared. Allison's voice tailed off, and she looked about her with a sigh of envy and longing.

There fireplace fronted the room. To its left and right were tall book cases crowded with books, interspersed with a few knick-knacks. The sofa, love seat,

and chair were of thickly padded black leather which gleamed. The rug was a

blue white swirl, Persian, she thought. The tables were polished mahogany.

'Here you are, Allison,' Jill said, returning and directing her to the big chair.

"Thanks so much," Allison blurted, half falling into the chair and blushing as she nearly spilt her water.

"So you're looking for a room?" Jill said.

"Oh yes. I've been looking everywhere!" Allison exclaimed. "There's so little out there. I'm amazed you even have to advertise. This place is so lovely!"

Jill smiled again, tolerantly. "Where are you living now?"

"Home," Allison sighed, gulping from her glass. "But I'm working now and I simply have to get out, get on with my life. You know?"

Jill nodded.

"You can afford the rent?"

"Yes. I'm surprised it's so low!"

"Well, we want to get just the right person. So many people these days are inconsiderate of others, and we have a great little group here. We're looking for

someone who knows how to cooperate with others, who isn't arrogant or selfish,

who'll do the chores allotted to her without complaint or shirking, who won't throw loud parties and constantly invite strangers over, particularly male strangers."

"Oh I won't!" Allison assured her. "I mean, well, ahm, I'm not the ah, the social type."

"You don't get along with people?" Jill asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh I do, I do!" Allison exclaimed. "I'm just, well, I guess I'm ahm, a little bit shy and tend to, well, keep to myself mostly. Though I don't have to!"

she promised hopefully.

"No boyfriends?"

"Oh goodness no!"

"Are you offended by homosexuality?"

"Certainly not!" she said defiantly. "I'm very much opposed to any kind of discrimination. I even went to the gay pride day parade last year."

"Well that's good to hear. Would you like to see the room?"

"Oh yes!"

She stood up, almost spilling her glass again, and Jill's hand guided her towards the doorway out into the hall, and thence to the wide, carpeted stairs leading up to the second floor. There she found a long, polished wood floor running the length of the old house, with doors on either side. They passed the

main bathroom and she paused to gape. It had a large sunken tub surrounded by plants.

"This way," Jill said, taking her arm and leading her further up the hall.

At the end was a small door which led into a quite ordinary looking little room. It had, however, a bay window, with a padded seat before it, and the window looked out onto the back yard, and the park behind it. The floor was polished wood, and glistened in the afternoon light coming through the window.

To the left was a surprisingly large closet with shelves on either side of the open door.

"It's beautiful," she sighed.

"Do you really like it?"

"Oh yes!"

"Well, come downstairs, then. I'll show you the rest of the house, then we can talk with the other girls. You have to be approved by them, after all. It's not my decision alone."

Jill took her down the back stairs into the large country kitchen, showing her the big freezer and refrigerator, the large old fashioned breakfast table, and

the many appliances, then it was downstairs into the basement, much of which

was tiled and finished with plywood sheets. The floor was carpeted, and there

was a large screen television at one end, with a pair of sofas before it. In the centre was a pool table.

"Our rec room," Jill said unnecessarily.

They went back upstairs and through the kitchen to the back door which

gave onto the yard. A woman there looked up, then sat up, and Allison swallowed in nervous surprise to see she was nude. A moment later she scolded

herself, knowing much of her reaction was the combination of the woman's nudity and her supposed homosexuality. It was, after all, quite normal to sunbath nude in a protected back yard surrounded by a tall fence and hedges. Not that she would do so, of course. When she'd been younger she had daringly exposed her breasts out in the woods near home, where no one was around and could see. It had excited her immensely, at least partly because doing so was "wicked" and "naughty". Doing so around others was quite beyond her. Her chest had sprouted rapidly over the past two years, just as she

had begun to resign herself to being flat chested, and now often embarrassed her.

The woman was as tall as Jill, but Black. She stood, and Allison knew a long moment of awe at her powerful, almost feral body. The woman moved, catlike

across the yard to them, her skin gleaming moistly. She had small breasts, but they were extremely firm. Her body was well rounded, and extremely athletic. She had very, very short hair, cropped close to her skull, and, now that

Allison noted it, no pubic hair.

The latter realization startled her, at first, distracting her from her embarrassment at the others exposure.

"This is Allison, a prospective tenant," Jill said.

The woman's dark eyes turned on Allison, who blushed helplessly.

"How do you do?" she asked breathlessly.

"This is Shara."

The woman reached out and took Allison's hand, squeezing it painfully as her eyes seemed to bore into her skull.

Allison winced ever so slightly, but made no protest. In fact, the pain seemed to steady her slightly rubbery legs.

"She used to be called Katherine, but she's gotten into her ethnicity of late and now calls herself Shara," Jill said with a teasing smile.

"Shara is my true name," the Black woman said in a surprisingly deep voice.

"Let's come inside."

TWO

"Beverly is a graduate student in psychology," Jill said of a slender woman with what she thought of as a butch haircut. "You have to watch her

because she likes to play her psychological games from time to time."

Beverly smiled disarmingly.

"Laurie is an operating room nurse. While Shara is in her third year studying African Art and History. I'm a teacher., or at least, I hope to be I just

graduated last year and I'm working as a research assistant until I can find full

time work teaching.

What struck Allison most about them, aside from Shara's nudity, were their eyes. Laurie had enormous doe like eyes, soft and friendly Shara's were hard, demanding, almost to the point of being unfriendly. Beverly stared intently, as if studying her, as if she were an exhibit or a thing. Jill's eyes flitted

about to all the others, as if measuring and assessing their reaction to her.

They asked her questions about her politics, religion, and family, about her likes and dislikes, her hopes and desires, her fantasies and plans for the future. It was a remarkably long and complete questioning, and rather personal, as well. Afterwards she was required to take a written psychological

test given by Beverly to ascertain if her personality type would blend in well with theirs.

Allison complied readily, desperate to live in the beautiful house. She was a little embarrassed at some of the questions, especially the ones on sex. She was

conscious of her youth and lack of experience, and felt quite intimidated among

the older women, all of whom were in their early twenties. She lied about her

age, claiming to have turned eighteen weeks earlier, and made up a few mild sexual experiments so as to not appear prudish. She even made up a kiss with a

girlfriend once, to assure them she was not homophobic.

When they were done, Beverly took her test away to mark it, and Jill put her arm around her shoulder and led her towards the back yard.

"Let's go outside and relax," she said. "We can get to know each other.

I'm sure Beverly will decide you're right for us."

They led her poolside, whereupon Shara abruptly climbed onto the diving board, raised her arms high, and took a graceful dive into the pool. Jill laughed,

then peeled her tank top up and off, skinned down her shorts, removed a thong,

and jumped in beside her.

Somewhat uncomfortable, Allison smiled reflexively as the two splashed water at each other, then up at she and Laurie.

"God it's hot," Laurie said, looking up at the scorching sun for a moment.

"Come on, Allison, Let's take a dip."

With that she unbuttoned her own blouse and shrugged it off.

Allison's heart began to pound now, and she looked around nervously.

The fence was high, of course, but still, she had never exposed herself around

others, even girls. She had never shared a room at home, had no sister, never participated in sport at school.

And then there was the fact that, though no one had said it, she was sure that Beverly, at least, was gay. Perhaps Jill, as well, and maybe even Shara.

Would they look upon her with lust if she exposed her body?

The idea was frightening, embarrassing, and yet, helplessly arousing.

Exposing her naked body would have made her face scarlet even without such a

thought. Adding it into the mixture almost froze her with embarrassment.

Yet she desperately wanted the room, and knew intellectually that her embarrassment was absurd. She didn't want the women to think she was afraid

of them just because they were gay. That would be hurtful to them and they would surely not want her around.

And so, delaying as long as she could, taking as long as she could to do it, she undid her tennis shoes, then slipped off her glasses and placed them inside

one shoe. Slowly, reluctantly, she peeled her sweatshirt up and off. Blushing deeply, she undid her khakis and lowered the zipper, then slowly pushed them

down her legs and stepped out of them.

It was reassuring the three seemed to be paying her no attention. Laurie had jumped into the water naked, with a large ball, and the three were tossing it

back and forth.

Face flushed, Allison undid her bra, turning her back to them to do so, and removed it, then, mentally cringing, squatted to ease her panties down her

legs and off. She turned and flung herself into the water with a gasp, hoping no one was looking.

They immediately included her in their game, much to her discomfort. For she was forced to catch the ball flung to her, necessitating she raise her arms high and jump up several times.

Surprisingly, however, she very quickly began to get used to this semi public nudity. The others were nude, as well, and no one was at all interested in her naked body.

She could not be relaxed about it, however. Being naked out of doors was a quite shocking thrill to her system, and she felt desperately excited even as she

jumped and swam back and forth, tossing the ball and laughing with the others.

She was aware, every passing second, of how her breasts and buttocks and thighs and groin felt as the cold water slid past and over them, and of the eyes of

the others whenever they turned her way.

Her small pink nipples were painfully erect, and, combined with the sexual excitement gripping her from her exposure, seemed to crackle and throb

hungrily. She felt almost giddy with her own naughty, wicked behaviour, and at

the same time, quite mature, sophisticated and grown up.

The game changed, as Laurie produced a pair of nets, and now it was two on two water polo - of a relaxed sort. Almost immediately Allison noted the difference as she took the ball from Jill and tried to move towards the net to throw it, for Shara dove towards her, and though she dodged, the woman gripped her legs under water and heaved upwards.

She squealed, dropping the ball as the powerful woman's body lifted her upwards, their wet skin sliding firmly together as Shara laughed and gripped her beneath the buttocks. She felt a shock of recognition at the touch of the other woman's flesh against her naked breasts and erect nipples, and then gasped as she was flung backwards into the water.

She was somewhat unsettled and embarrassed at the close physical contact, yet found herself breathless and excited, lunging at the ball and batting

it, then, despite herself, trying to tackle Laurie in an awkward way which involved only grasping her arm. Laurie laughed and let her body push against

her, forcing her out of the way, and as she did so her wet, naked torso pushed in

hard against Allison. Their breasts were crushed together momentarily, and then Allison fell back into the water as the other girl pushed past.

Her heart was pounding and her pulsing racing as the four of them jumped about in the pool. Again and again she came into contact with other girls; Jill's buttocks pressing into her groin as the woman backed up, Shara grabbing her from behind, long, powerful arm going about her middle and pulling her back so that the Black woman's breasts were crushed against her back, Laurie wrestling with her for possession of the ball, their bodies wriggling

wetly together.

Through it all she became aware of a startling fact: all of them had shaved their pussies completely. She couldn't imagine why, unless that was some aspect

of lesbianism, and found herself imagining lewd lesbian orgies at the house, perhaps even involving herself!

She squealed as Shara abruptly hefted her up into the air, holding her across her shoulders, then threw her into the water. She gulped in air just before she hit, but the world was a wash of bubbles and twisting, tumbling sensations before she could level off and push herself back upright.

Shara gave her a dark eyed smirk, and she swallowed a little nervously.

Then the ball was tossed her way again, and again Shara was on her.

Allison tried to hurry away but the big woman's hand grabbed her behind the neck. Then another, to her shock, thrust in under her buttocks to palm her pussy. She was abruptly lifted bodily out of the water, the Black woman's hand

squeezing her sex as her arms flailed uselessly. Then she was flung into the water once again.

She coughed water and blinked it out of her eyes as she surfaced, but Shara was there again, this time yanking her up across her shoulder and then slapping her wet bottom so that she squealed in pain.

Shara laughed and slapped her bottom again, then flung her up over her head and let her fall into the water again.

The others were laughing, and Shara was moving away when she surfaced, but her bottom stung, and Allison felt an uneasiness about the Black

woman which she tried to hide with a false smile.

"All right everyone," she heard.

She looked up to see Beverly walking towards them. Shara slipped out of

the pool and picked up a towel, and Laurie moved in beside Jill, putting her arm over her shoulder and laughing there against the side of the pool. Beverly squatted at the edge of the pool and showed Allison her test, which was marked with obscure scribbles.

"I've looked at your personality quotient," she said, "At the factors and combinations of traits, latent and probably subconscious behavioural factors, and..."

"Oh get to the point," Jill groaned, slipping out of the water and drying herself off with a towel.

Beverly looked at her huffily, then sighed. "She might make a worthwhile roommate." She looked pointedly at Allison.

"You do want to be our roommate?"

"Oh yes!" Allison gasped.

"How badly?" Jill asked, her lips curving up into a mischievous grin.

"Very much!" Allison exclaimed.

"So we get to vote on you now." The look she gave Allison made the younger girl's stomach quiver. "Remember the vote must be unanimous." That caused Allison some worry.

"Want me to vote for you?" she teased.

Allison nodded.

"Come here."

Allison climbed out of the water, feeling a renewed sense of uneasiness at her nudity now as she moved over beside the woman.

"Kneel there," Jill ordered, pointing her finger at the ground before her.

Allison dropped to her knees.

"Now, raise your hands like this."

Feeling silly, Allison did as Jill demonstrated, lifting her arms up before her chest, but letting her hands fall limp from her wrists.

"Now beg for my vote," Jill said.

Allison giggled a little nervously. She noted the others were looking on with amusement and drew in a deep breath. "Please vote for me, Jill," she said,

blushing.

"Please vote for me Mistress Jill," Jill corrected.

"Please vote for me, Mistress Jill," Allison said.

Jill smiled and patted her on the head.

"All right. I vote yes."

"My turn to vote," Laurie said, climbing out of the pool.

Allison looked her way, then flushed a little more as Laurie, giggling,

pointed to the ground at her feet. She got up and hurried over, then knelt again

and held her hands as they had been before. "Please vote for me, Mistress Laurie," she said.

Laurie appeared to consider, then grinned. "I vote yes."

Feeling somewhat embarrassed, but happy at the results so far, Allison looked at Beverley.

"Don't stand," Beverley called as she was about to rise. "Crawl here. We need to have at least some kind of little initiation, after all."

An initiation? Well, that made a sort of sense, Allison thought anxiously. She crawled across the ground, feeling strange flutters in her belly as the four women looked on, then halted and rose to her knees before Beverley.

"Please vote for me, Mistress Beverley," she said.

"Of course I will, dear," Beverley said, patting her head.

Feeling her stomach tightening, Allison looked over to where Shara sat propped on the diving board. She stared forward but the woman held her hand

up imperiously.

"Crawl," she ordered.

Flushing a little more, Allison began to crawl.

"Stop."

She halted and Shara gave her a mocking look.

"On your belly," she ordered.

There was a ripple of giggles from the other woman, and Allison looked around helplessly, but they gave her encouraging smiles, and so, despite her doubts and a feeling that Shara was being quite mean to her, she slid onto her

belly and began to wriggle forward across the ground.

It felt quite degrading, and almost, she halted and stood up, thinking to tell them off, but they all seemed so nice - except for Shara, and the house was so

lovely, and Shara was, after all, Black (she would have hated to offend her lest

she think it racism), that she simply continued to crawl awkwardly along on her

belly, panting with effort and feeling very odd indeed as she moved along.

Then she was at the woman's foot, and started to rise, only to feel one of those large Black feet come down firmly on her back, pinning her to the ground.

"Speak from there," Shara ordered.

"I-I... ahm, pl-please vote for me, M-Mistress," Allison gasped.

It had felt silly before, but now, for the first time, she was feeling the sexual tinge to the little demonstration. Allison, being an innocent girl, had only a slight, vague idea of the kinds of things which involved games of dominance and submission, but she suddenly felt as if Shara was somehow playing with her sexually.

But she could have been mistaken. Perhaps it was just her uneasiness around homosexuals? Perhaps she had some kind of latent, bigoted fear of Black women?

She gasped as the large foot slid higher along her back and then pressed against the back of her neck, pushing her head down uncomfortably firmly against the ground. For a long moment Shara held it there, then released her. "I vote yes," she said.

Laurie squealed and rushed over to help Allison to her feet, then hugged the relieved, and somewhat uncertain young woman. Allison beamed around but

nonetheless blushed more deeply at the soft flesh pressing firmly against her own, feeling Laurie's soft, wet breasts pushing in firmly against hers.

Laurie laughed and gave her a push so she fell back, then all four women grabbed her by the arms and legs and began to swing her back and forth. They

ignored her protests as they swung higher and higher, then let go, flinging her

high out across the deep end of the pool. She landed with a splash, curved down

and then up and emerged with a gasp to find that all the others had disappeared, gone inside, and left her out alone and naked.

She drew in several deep breaths, looking around her at the high hedge and fence for reassurance, then swam slowly across to the edge of the pool and

pulled herself out.

Naked. Alone outside and naked. She felt a strange sense of charged sexuality. Still, her uncertainties rose and she moved to her clothes, then halted

in dismay to see they were all soaking wet. Somehow water must have splashed

onto them from the pool. She hugged herself as she looked around, but there

were no towels either. The other girls had already brought theirs inside. She gathered up her clothes and wrung out the worst of the water, then, holding them in her arms, headed for the house

"What do you think?" Jill asked, watching from the kitchen.

"Meek and mild tempered," Beverley replied. "Sexually repressed, young, inexperienced We'll have her eating out of our hands in not time."

"Literally," Shara said with a smirk.

"You should have seen her eyes bug out when you got your hand up against her pussy," Laurie said with a giggle.

"Nice, soft pussy it was, too," Shara said. "Have to shave that hair, off, of course."

"Why? We're not going to be eating her. She's going to be eating us."

Allison eased open the patio door and stepped into the house. Still dripping wet, she felt the cold of the air conditioning on her skin, and hugged

herself more tightly.

Then Beverley appeared, holding a clipboard and pulling out a chair at the table.

"Come over here, honey, while we do the paperwork," she said, motioning her to the table.

"I'll put these in the dryer," Laurie said, showing up and scooping up her wet clothes.

Allison sat awkwardly on a chair beside Beverly, who was pointing out the clauses in the rental agreement. Jill and Beverly were, it seemed actually paying

off the mortgage on the house, and were getting part of the money by renting out the other rooms.

"Do you have a towel?" she asked.

"We're about to do the laundry this afternoon," Beverley said, making a face. "I don't know..." She turned and raised her voice. "Laurie, get a towel for

Allison!" she called.

Allison felt even more awkward about her nudity now, for the other woman was fully clothed, and Beverly was the one woman, perhaps due to her

hair, that she was virtually certain was homosexual. She felt very much exposed,

and both embarrassed, and, oddly, somewhat excited about it.

"Now before you sign that I need to point out some of our house rules to you," Beverly said sternly. "They may seem unreasonable to you, but if you

want to stay here you have to obey them. Got it?"

Allison nodded readily.

"Answer verbally please."

"I understand," Allison said, a little surprised.

Beverly smiled a little, then, to Allison's surprised, reached out and stroked the wet, tangled hair back from her forehead, and squeezed her shoulder gently.

"I once thought I'd be a lawyer," she said. "Legal requirements can run into all sorts of trouble if you accept a head bob or something like that."

"That's okay," Allison said, blushing a little.

Beverly's eyes moved down briefly onto her breasts, and Allison felt a sudden tightness in her chest.

"You're very cute," Beverly said. "You have great breasts."

Allison blinked and reddened. "Ahm, uh, thanks, I guess," she gulped.

"You know I'm gay."

Allison nodded jerkily.

"Don't worry. Gay women don't go around attacking every girl they run into, even if she is gorgeous and naked."

Allison laughed self consciously at the joke, but felt the tightness in her chest grow into a breathlessness.

"I'm not gorgeous," she said, dropping her eyes.

"You're awfully close then, and you have a really nice body."

Allison felt her blood pressure soar. Was Beverly coming onto her? What was she going to do if she was? What if she rejected her? Would Beverly be insulted? Would the rest of them be insulted? Would they all think she was homophobic? Would it poison their relationship from the start? And yet, how

could she not? She wasn't gay! She'd had precious little sexual experience with

boys, let alone girls.

But then Beverly drew her hand back and turned to the rental agreement.

"Now this," she said, "is important. With five women living in one house there are bound to be disagreements. What we've chosen as a resolution to the

problems these involve is a strict set of rules, and group enforcement. That means if you violate a rule the rest of us will decide on your punishment, and

there is no appeal from that decision. Understand?"

"Er, punishment? What kind of punishment?"

"Whatever we decide. It might be a week of making dinner, or cleaning

someone's boots or scrubbing the toilet, or whatever."

Allison nodded agreeably, for this was no different, really, than at home.

"Your chores will be a little more onerous at first, because you're low girl. You're new girl."

Allison nodded again. That seemed fair.

"Sign your life away then," Beverly said, handing her a pen.

Allison took the pen and looked at the long page of closely typed words, chewing her lip uncertainly, then shrugged and signed it.

Beverly took it back, promised to get her copies. Jill showed up, also fully clothed, and leaned over the chair watching. Shara wandered in, and then Laurie arrived, but without a towel.

Allison folded her arms shyly across her chest. She could feel how stiff her nipples were against the soft skin of her arms.

"Okay, the contract is signed. She belongs to us," Beverly said.

The others cheered or laughed, and then Jill hugged her, which set Allison's heart beating. A moment later Shara hugged her, then Laurie, then Beverly.

"Welcome to our little home," Jill said, smiling.

Allison smiled shyly, eyes flitting about desperately, looking for something with which to cover herself.

"You should do something about all that hair," Laurie said.

"What hair?" Allison asked in surprise.

"Down there, of course." Laurie pointed at her groin, and Allison's face went red.

"Really, don't you find it gets in the way?"

Allison shook her head mutely.

"I mean, when someone's licking you, or touching you, it's much nicer without hair."

"I agree," Jill said. "If you want I can shave you. It's easier when someone else does it."

"No, no," Allison said in a strangled voice. "I mean, ah, I'm uhm, okay."

"You're embarrassing her," Beverly said.

"Are we?" Laurie asked. "We get on close terms here, Allison, so we don't really get embarrassed about such things."

"Or anything," Jill said.

"You'll hear a lot of women talk," Beverly warned. "Get used to it."

But I'm still a girl, Allison thought anxiously, suddenly feeling very young and gawky, and doubly aware of her nudity as the four clothed women looked

at her.

"But she's straight."

"We're all bisexual once our inhibitions are broken down."

"She seemed pretty hot there," Jill said.

"But she's a girl," Laurie protested.

"Yes, and the younger they are the easier their minds are to play with."

Beverley smiled.

"You really think you can turn that little girl into a raving sexual playtoy?"

Beverley nodded. "The trick is to take it in stages, so that what was once considered outrageous is now only considered a little daring. If you try to put

chains on that child now and fuck her she'll get hysterical. First we seduce her

to lesbianism, then we break down her inhibitions about nudity and being seen

naked by others. We get her used to light bondage and light punishment and obedience. And then, when the idea of pain is wrapped up with the idea of pleasure, we have someone ready to be enslaved."

"You've planned it all out, have you?" Jill grinned.

"Yes, as a matter of fact. Laurie will be the first." She grinned at Laurie's startlement. "You're the least threatening. You'll seduce her and begin to break

down her inhibitions. Then Jill will join you. Shara and I will be later. We're too

threatening to start."

"When do we take the whips to her?" Shara asked with a smirk.

"Slowly, Shara. Have patience. Any ignorant pig of a man can grab a woman off the street, strip her, tie her up, and rape her. And any crude pig can

beat a woman, or a man into obedience. That's not what we want. We want to -

."

"Brainwash her," Shara said. "I'm not an idiot."

"Brainwashing is a crude expression."

"But descriptive," Jill said.

"We will break down her inhibitions, and when they're gone," she said, grinning, "We'll break down her mind, her sense of self, her pride, her independence, her confidence. We'll turn her into a mindless fuck toy who not

only obeys but wants to obey, whose only pleasure comes from making us

happy."

"And," Shara prodded.

Beverly shrugged. "That much I can virtually guarantee. But creating a pain toy is more difficult. I think we can make her into one. She's repressed, which is classic, and so painful punishment will relieve her guilt. We'll do our

best. But we must have patience. We don't want her to suspect for an instant what we have in store for her."

A week after her eighteenth birthday she moved into her new room, and suddenly felt much older and more mature - and determined to act it. However,

she had only just moved in and begun to settled in when the first challenge to

that maturity occurred. She was walking past the main bathroom, the door slightly ajar, when she heard voices from within.

As she passed she caught the image in the mirror of the sunken bathroom, and two naked women laying their, arms entwined. She halted as if frozen, eyes

widening at the sight of Shara and Beverly in the tub, side by side. Beverly's breasts were taut, her back arched, as Shara ran her hands over chest, plucking

and twisting her nipples.

She felt a sudden rush of embarrassment mixed with a little excitement, and hurried on, trotting down the stairs. People should close doors, she thought

in disapproval.

"Hey," Jill said.

"Hi."

Jill came wandering out of the kitchen, holding a small bowl of ice cream and pulling the spoon from her mouth. She wore a small, tight pink camisole and a pink thong, and Allison swallowed at the sight of her. Her legs were long

and lovely, and as she walked past Allison's eyes were drawn to her backside,

which was beautifully framed by the thin pink upside down triangle.

Jill's head whipped about suddenly and she winked. "Like what you see?"

Allison felt struck. "I wasn't... I mean, I-I didn't -"

Jill giggled, not stopping as she walked into the living room and sat on the sofa. Allison cursed herself, and then, to prove her maturity, followed her.

"Well, you do have a nice ass," she said boldly, surprising herself.

Jill grinned and nodded. "I know," she said carelessly.

A groan echoed down the stairs and she raised her head towards the stairs even as Allison blushed, then grinned.

"Shara can do amazing things to your pussy," she said.

Allison blinked in surprise. "Uh. Oh?"

Jill grinned and nodded, scooping another spoonful of ice cream into her mouth before continuing. "She's got very rough fingers," she said. "I mean the

skin, and she does this thing where she slips two of them up inside you and kind

of curls them in... "

She demonstrated with her hand to the wide-eyed Allison.

"And then she brings her big thumb down against your clitty, see, and kind of grinds it against them in a way that makes your eyeballs roll inside out."

She bent to her ice cream and scooped another spoon into her mouth, leaving Allison dry-mouthed and red-faced.

"You should give it a try," she said. "You know, all you het girls are experimenting these days. Shara would be a good one to teach you what it's all

about. She'll really show you what your body is capable of."

"No thank you," Allison said faintly, blushing.

Jill giggled and shrugged. "Your loss."

Allison turned and headed back for the stairs, only to be halted by a long, guttural groan of pleasure coming from Beverly. She walked past the stairs to

the back doors, then stepped out into the dark yard, closing her eyes and taking

a deep breath.

The thought of letting the stern Black woman do things to her was frightening, and yet lewdly arousing. Now that she was on her own she thought,

it was time for her to start having some kind of sexual experiences, to explore

what it was like. She'd just have to find the right person. Right man, she thought, correcting herself.

Do it with a girl? What did girls do together anyway? The idea was silly.

And yet the idea was also exciting.

She slid the door closed, then, hearing the television, walked to the head of the basement stairs and then went downstairs. The basement was dark, with

only the light from the big screen TV showing her way around chairs and the pool table to the sofa where Laurie was stretched out - thankfully fully clothed.

"Hey," Laurie said.

"Hey," she replied, sitting down. "What's on?"

"Nothing. Just surfing."

"A hundred channels and nothing on," Allison remarked.

"All settled in?"

She nodded.

Laurie was watching the fashion channel, and looked admiringly at one of the scantily clad models.

"I'd love to wear that," she sighed.

"What? A see through top?"

"I'd do it, but it would bring the wrong response. Instead of people thinking, hey, she's hot, they'd be thinking I was a cheap whore. People are so

immature in North America. It's different in Europe."

"You've been to Europe?"

"Who hasn't?"

"Well, not me," Allison sighed.

Laurie shrugged. "You're young. You haven't done anything yet."

"I'm not that young," Allison protested half heartedly.

Laurie smiled and changed the channel. A porn channel came on, and Allison blushed a little at the sight of a large, powerful man thrusting his erection into a moaning, gasping girl.

"These things are so fake," Laurie said. "Why is it that with the importance we

place on our sexuality Hollywood can't produce a few decent sexual fantasy movies? It's all this cheap, cut rate video shit with people who can't act, have plastic tits, and moan like they're giving birth?"

"It's pretty bad," Allison said.

"They guy's got a big cock, though. I'll give you that."

Allison looked at her, surprised, and Laurie smiled.

"I like deep penetration," she said. "I know it's a psychological thing, but the thought of having something big and thick shoved up inside me, well, that's

kind of hot. It's kind of a raw, animal thing, you know, the desire to be mounted

like a bitch in heat by some big bull."

"Yeah," Allison said, watching the scene and feeling a low throbbing in

her groin.

It wasn't that the scene was turning her on so much as watching it with Laurie was. In the last few weeks she had been thinking more and more about

sex with women. It was quite the in thing these days, and the prospect of living

with lesbians had certainly brought the thought to life.

And Laurie was not nearly as intimidating as the others. Allison found her red hair and ringlets to be adorably cute.

"You ever get a really big one inside you?" Laurie asked with a little grin.

"Uhm, well, I don't know. What's big?" Allison asked, blushing a bit.

Laurie pointed at the screen and Allison shook her head.

"That's one of the things lesbians have over straights, of course. They're great big strap on dildos that never get soft."

Allison felt a tightness in her chest and a warmth creeping up her face.

"But aren't they well... I mean, they don't feel the same do they?"

"Some of them are very well made, soft but hard, you know. I think Beverley has quite a collection upstairs. If you like I can ask her if you can borrow one."

"No thanks!" Allison said hurriedly.

Laurie laughed in delight, then sat up a little more and leaned closer.

"So, have you ever?" she asked in a conspiratorial whisper.

"What?" Allison asked.

"You know, done it with another woman?"

"Well, no."

"But you've been thinking about it."

"No. I mean, there's nothing wrong with it but I'm not a lesbian."

"Me neither."

"You're not?"

Laurie shook her head. "I like a big cock now and then, but I like pleasure in all its forms, so I'm bisexual. Sex with another woman is entirely different. They're bodies are so much softer, and they know your body so much

better. They have more patience and last longer."

"I guess."

"Look, we all masturbate. And the feel of someone else's hands on our bodies is just so much more arousing. Only our own inhibitions get in the way."

She turned back to the screen and nodded at it. "Look at that slut.

Imagine being like her, in the middle of a crowded room getting royally fucked

like that, knowing its being recorded and that tens of thousands of people will

be watching you with the camera zoomed in against your ass or pussy."

She shook her head and laughed. "There's a girl who never got spanked properly when she was a little girl for lifting her skirt in front of strangers."

Allison laughed, as well, and then stopped an instant later when Laurie leaned in and kissed her lightly on the cheek. A little spark of electricity seemed

to pass through her as the redhead drew back and grinned wickedly. She gave

her a reproving look, but a moment later Laurie leaned in and kissed her again.

"Laurie," she protested.

Laurie laughed, obviously enjoying her discomfort, and then leaned in once more, kissing her all over her head and face as Allison laughingly tried to

push her away.

But the laughs were forced, and her breathing was growing more difficult as the teasing redhead wrestled wound up pushing her over and landing atop her, then gripping her wrists and forcing them back above her head.

Allison put up little fight, however, and lay beneath the older woman, still pretending they were joking even as Laurie's kisses grew softer and more gentle, and moved beneath her earlobe and along the nape of her neck.

"Laurie," she gulped, panting for breath.

"Afraid of what you might learn, little girl?" Laurie taunted in a soft voice.

Her hand eased in beneath Allison's top, and the teenager froze, her mind halfway between outraged embarrassment and raw excitement. Laurie kissed her lightly on the lips, and suddenly Allison lost even the pretence that the other

woman was joking, and now had a new fear, the fear of offending her by turning her down, by ordering her away.

And then the redhead's hand was expertly undoing her bra and then calmly kneading her bare breast.

"L-Laurie," she gulped, twisting ineffectually from side to side.

"Shhh," Laurie whispered.

Her fingers caught Allison's erect nipple, gently rolling it between them, and Allison gasped at the sensations flowing through her swelling breasts.

Before she knew what was happening Laurie had her t-shirt up over her breasts and was gently tonguing her nipple. When she drew it into her mouth and began to suck Allison grew light headed from the roar of sexual pleasure rippling through her body.

She felt the woman's hand squirm down into her loose sweat pants, then ease into her panties. She knew a moment of shock which caused her to buck against her, but Laurie's hand tightened around her wrists, and then the other was fingering her sex in a way which had her groaning in helpless pleasure.

"Stop fighting it," Laurie whispered. "Stop being a little girl afraid of what mommy might say. Enjoy the pleasure your body can feel."

Her lips pressed down against Allison's mouth, and her tongue eased out and snaked into Allison's mouth, twirling lightly. Her fingers were now rolling

the hapless young girl's clitoris in the same way they had her nipple, and Allison

was overcome by a wave of sexual heat which had her eyes rolling back in her

head.

Laurie drew back abruptly, sitting up, and Allison gazed up dazedly as her hands were released. Laurie tugged her sweat pants and panties down over

her hips, then down her long legs, standing as she lifted them up, pulling Allison's feet into the air.

Allison gasped, turning to stare at the stairwell, and making a grab at her pants as they were pulled off her feet.

"Wait!" she gasped. "Not here!"

She tried to cover her naked sex with her hands, but Laurie laughed, pulling her bunched up t-shirt up over her head and shoulders. Allison grabbed

at it but Laurie yanked, pulling her half off the sofa before she was able to rip it free.

"Laurie! Someone might come!"

"Yes, you."

Laurie wrestled her bra off her, then to Allison's surprise, twisted her around and pushed her face down onto the sofa, gripping one of her wrists and

pulling it back behind her.

"Wh-what are you doing?!" Allison gasped as she felt something being wrapped around her wrist.

"Whatever I want, little girl," Laurie said in a hoarse voice. She pulled Allison's other hand back, and Allison's eyes widened as she realized they were being bound together behind her. She felt a sudden fear grip her, then felt it melt under a torrent of heady sexual steam. She was rolled back, and stared up at the redhead, who seemed tower over her, grinning smugly even as she peeled over her own top, then pushed off her pants and panties and stepped forward naked. "I'm going to show you a few things, Allison," she promised. She dove forward onto the surprised girl, who gasped and squirmed as Laurie laughingly rained kisses all over her face, neck and shoulders. Then she became more serious, and her hands began to knead and massage Allison's breasts. "You have lovely breasts," she said admiringly. She lowered her head to them, and her tongue and lips joined her hands and fingers in making Allison's breasts quiver, throb, ache, burn and crackle with pleasure and desire. She moaned helplessly, gasped and jerked and whispered shocked, delighted exclamations as Laurie showed her how her breasts should be treated. All she had ever felt before were the eager gropings of young men, seldom feeling pleasure from it. Now her breasts felt swollen to the point of explosion, the nipples hot little coals which were nearly painful with the intensity of their sensitivity. Each time Laurie's tongue circled one of her nipples she shuddered, and each time her lips closed around one and she began to suck stars seemed to spin before her eyes. She began to grind her pelvis up against Laurie's body, overcome by a lust she had never felt before as the naked redhead lay upon her and tortured the nerve endings in her breasts. Then she felt Laurie's fingers circling and caressing the flesh surrounding her clitoris, and her breathing began desperate little gasps and pants as the pressure within her mounted to unbearable levels. Almost, she didn't understand. Almost, she did not think. But then she realized that with a hand on each of her breasts Laurie could not be fingering

her sex, and she shook her head to clear it, and to toss aside some of her matted hair, and as Laurie rolled to one side she saw Jill sitting there, smirking, an arm stretched out towards her groin.

A shock of embarrassment and shame swept through her at being discovered in so intimate an embrace. The same eased somewhat, for both Laurie and Jill were quite casual about it all. Yet she still squirmed mentally, wishing the other woman gone. Having sex with one girl was shocking and wicked, but she had felt somewhat comfortable with Laurie, and did not with the intimidating Jill.

But she could not bring herself to express that desire. As uncomfortable as the other woman's presence made her Allison was caught in the absurd position of not wanting to hurt Jill's feelings, not wanting to express her rejection with the woman right there, already taking part in their sexual game.

Jill's fingers began to roll and stroke against her clitoris, which was intensely sensitive, and her discomfort grew worse. It was such an intimate carress, after all, the caress of lovers, and yet she barely knew the woman. She had not even kissed her! She resented the touch, yet could not express that resentment.

Laurie's tongue was sliding along her lips, then darting into her mouth to stroke against her own. The other girl's breasts were against her, and Allison's stiffness slowly eased. Jill's fingers were stroking expertly across her sex, and it was becoming impossible, despite her resentment, to deny the pleasure being roused in her body. She felt used, however, and awkward even as the pleasure soared higher and higher.

Only as the pleasure swept out to engulf her mind and built towards orgasm did she relax completely and accept Jill's presence.

She climaxed powerfully, her back arching, the tendons in her neck standing out as her head rolled back tautly and then jerked from side to side. Her pelvis bucked up against Jill's fingers and she gurgled in helpless, mindless

ecstasy as the powerful climax ripped through her mind and body.

She slowly came down to Earth, her body going limp, and Laurie slid to

one side, half laying upon her, hands stroking her hair and breasts as she kissed her gently.

THREE

Allison's eyes opened and Laurie smiled apologetically. "We're almost incestuously close," she apologised.

"And you are so adorable I couldn't keep away," Jill said.

She eased onto the floor on her knees, then pulled Allison's leg wide, bending to kiss and lick her way up and down her thigh.

Allison squirmed, pulling at whatever was binding her wrists behind her, but there was nothing she could do, and she was beginning to resign herself to

having sex with Jill. The heat the woman was raising in her body helped, sweeping away her inhibitions and modesty and pushing back her indignation at the intrusion.

Especially as Laurie began to gently kiss her, and to grind her own soft breasts down against Allison's in a way which delighted the throbbing orbs atop

her chest. Allison had never felt another woman's flesh against her like that, and

the sensation was exquisite.

She was nervous, however, and anxious, and this served to ease the sexual hunger within her as the two women gently caressed and stroked her body, getting her used to the two of them.

Jill's lips moved slowly up along her thigh as Allison and Laurie exchanged long, gentle kisses, and soon, despite her qualms, Allison's body had

lost most of its stiffness and was once again beginning to throb with sexual desire.

Jill's fingers were working lightly and deftly in her groin as her tongue moved closer and closer. Laurie's lips were soft, loving, and comforting against

her own as her small hands caressed her hair and gently twisted and pinched her nipples.

Allison's arousal grew once again, becoming more and more powerful as the two women worked on her body. She had never been involved in anything

remotely resembling this degree of sexual intensity, and found herself intoxicated by the strength of the passion coursing through her veins.

Then Jill's mouth found her sex, and Allison's body began to melt. No boy had ever done anything to her with his mouth, not there, and despite her embarrassment at having a woman doing it her body exulted in the sensations,

muscles spasming, nerve endings spitting. Another climax wracked her from head to toe, then another, as Jill's fingers pushed deep inside her and her tongue

and lips began to tease her clitoris.

She was soon covered in perspiration, moaning insensibly. She barely realized it when the two exchanged places, and blinked up dazedly to see Jill's

face above hers as Laurie began to tongue her pussy.

"Do you feel her tongue?" Jill whispered.

She curled Allison's hair around her little finger, then pulled back slowly but forcefully, forcing her head up and back.

"Pay attention to it, little slut. We want you to learn how to do that to us."

Allison gasped in sudden pain, barely controlling a demand that she be released. Her wrists pulled again and then... then she felt a crackle of sexual electricity pass through her, along with sudden anxiety. She was helpless, really,

both physically and emotionally. She did not want to offend Jill, or to hurt her

feelings, or to do anything which might be seen as rejecting her. What if they

thought it was because she was gay? Laurie, after all, was merely bisexual.

And perhaps that was why she resented Jill. Perhaps she was being homophobic. The thought was distressing, and she pushed it away as she determined once more to accept Jill's participation. She winced a little, but knew she must please them as they were pleasuring her, and did her best to follow the movements of the redhead's mouth and fingers on her sex as Jill began to devour her breasts.

She relaxed, and soon her body was writhing. A climax bloomed within her, and then suddenly she was being penetrated, pierced, by something thick

and hard. Her pussy was throbbing and burning and spasming as the climax spiralled upwards, and the sudden hard penetration sent her mind into a screaming fever of sexual bliss as she felt her pussy muscles clamping down again and again on whatever was being driven into her writhing, bucking body.

The climax reached its peak, and then, to her dazed shock, climbed to

another, and then another. She forgot to breath, could not think, could only twist and buck and writhe in the grip of a feverish sexual ecstasy which had her

mind spinning and bobbing under the flood of sensory overload.

The orgasm seemed to last forever, and when it eased she went limp, panting and gulping in air, slack jawed with physical and mental exhaustion as

the two women gently caressed and stroked her body.

"Pretty little slut," Jill whispered, kissing her.

"Nasty little slut," Laurie cooed, "Coming like that."

"Because you shoved something big up her pussy hole," Jill said, teasing the moaning girl.

"Big? This isn't big," Laurie said, drawing the thick dildo back a few inches, then thrusting it home.

"Ohh!" Allison gasped, back arching.

"Dirty little cock lover likes to have her pussy filled," Jill whispered, tonguing Allison's ear.

Allison felt overwhelmed by the two of them, as if she had no say and no control over the events transpiring. And yet, that did not seem odd to her.

They

were both older, more sophisticated women. What could she contribute by her

quick assent to their own instructions?

The two women eased back, grinning.

"Time for you to work for us, little slut," Jill whispered.

She rolled the gasping girl over, and pulled her off the couch, forcing her onto her knees before it. She stood then, as Laurie knelt beside Allison, hugging

her and biting gently down on her shoulder and the nape of her neck.

Allison looked up as Jill began to strip, face flushed, gulping for breath, feeling anxious, nervous, yet elated in an odd, wicked way. She watched as the

woman stripped naked, staring at her revealed body as Jill moved closer.

Laurie eased back, a hand slipping down Allison's bottom and

underneath to finger the dildo protruding from her sex. Jill caught at Allison's

long hair and forced her up on her knees, pulling her face in towards her groin

as she spread her straight legs apart.

"Now please me, little slut," she said in an imperious voice. "Show me

what you've learned.

Allison groaned as Laurie began to pump the dildo in and out of her pussy, and despite a sense of squeamishness at the close proximity of another

woman's sex, she had no choice but to push out her tongue and lick hesitantly

up the woman's cleft.

"We showed you better, slut," Jill said, twisting her fingers in Allison's hair so that she cried out.

"Lick me, slut," Jill commanded.

Allison felt a dark thrill tear through her as she looked up at the haughty face of the woman. Her wrists pulled feebly against whatever bound them behind her, and she grunted as the woman's hands jammed her face in against

her moist sex.

Then she began to lick, her tongue moving between the woman's pussy lips and sliding back and forth, pushing out to taste the other woman's juices.

Laurie continued pumping the dildo up and down, her other hand sliding down Allison's belly and abdomen, fingers gently caressing her now throbbing,

swollen clitoris as she whispered encouragement.

"Deeper. Push your tongue deeper, bitch," Jill groaned, twisting her fingers through Allison's hair.

"Lick her, Laurie whispered. "Jill is a meanie. She'll spank your bottom so hard if you don't please her."

"Ah!" Allison cried as Laurie thrust the dildo up especially hard.

"Slut," Laurie whispered, chewing on her earlobe.

Allison felt thoroughly at their mercy as she tried frantically to please Jill.

She lapped energetically, but without subtlety at the woman's sex, gasping and

moaning as Jill tugged and twisted her hair painfully.

Her tongue and jaw were getting tired and Jill showed no sign of pleasure.

Meanwhile her own body was throbbing with heat and excitement as Laurie continued pumping the dildo with one hand and fingering her clitoris with the

other.

"I think you need to teach this whore how to please women," Jill said.

She tightened her grip in Allison's hair and slowly pulled up. Allison gasped in pain as she was forced to her feet, then to her toes as the older woman

held her hand overhead.

Laurie rose so that she and Jill faced the bound girl, and then Jill, using her hair as a leash, forced her backwards towards a low table. Laurie pulled the

thick dildo slowly down out of her pussy and out, then set it on the table, where

there was a small mounting bracket. She merely twisted the base of the dildo and it stayed in place, mounted, pointing upwards

"Sit," Jill ordered.

Allison was forced down, her legs spreading around the table, straddling it. She cried out as she felt her bottom make contact with the upright dildo, and

Laurie eased her slightly over until the lips of her sex were able to press down

upon it.

The two older women drew back then, watching, and Allison's face and mind burned as she squatted in front of them with her pussy lips spread wide around the tip of the dildo.

She did not want to do this! She felt a panicky return of her inhibitions as her face coloured, felt stricken as the two of them watched her straddling the thing. What she was doing was - was degrading!

She looked down to see the long, glistening shaft standing upright near the edge, penetrating her.

"Sit down, little slut," Laurie said, eyes teasing her.

Jill pushed down on her head, and Allison groaned helplessly as she felt the dildo push deeper. Her legs were aching and she sank lower, face red as the

two women stared at her, watching her slowly impale herself on the dildo.

The sensation of being penetrated was so undeniably wonderful going up into her body, such a rush passed over her that the embarrassment eased. She sank down deeper, still self conscious under their gaze, but groaning as the dildo

drove up higher into her belly. So high it ached as she squatted, her bottom barely touching the surface of the table, her legs wide, her body trembling.

"It's too... too long," she panted.

"No such thing, slut," Jill said.

She pushed down on her shoulder and Allison cried out as her insides twisted with cramps. She felt the dildo shift inside her and drive even higher, and her buttocks flattened on the table as she grunted at the pain and pleasure

twisting inside her. She had never felt so full, so achingly, wonderfully full. Her head fell as the enormity of her wicked, perverted actions came over her, and she marvelled that she had consented to such depravity. Or had she? But then Laurie knelt beside her and her fingers began to stroke against Allison's clitoris. Allison moaned and her bottom squirmed atop the table as Jill

looked on.

"Ride it, cock girl," Jill sneered. "Show us how you het girls fuck. Show us how you slide your creamy pussies up and down those big pricks." She pulled on Allison's hair, forcing her to rise several inches, then let go so that she sank back with a groan.

"Ride it," she ordered, pulling her hair again.

Allison's leg muscles forced her up, then she sank down again. She rose and fell, rose and fell, as Laurie eased back to watch. She blushed furiously to

be the centre of such attention as she behaved so lewdly, do crudely, yet the heat

inside her was consuming her inhibitions, and a part of her felt a dark, heady pleasure at so exhibiting herself before them.

She gasped softly as she forced herself up and down, riding the dildo, grunting as her legs began to grow more and more weary, as her pussy burned

hotter and more intensely, as she felt their eyes bore into her with a terrible intensity.

She felt as if she were out of control, as if she had no choice but to obey them. Yet that did not disturb her so much as excite her. She felt a kind of freedom in that, in obeying the orders of the elder girls, as if it removed her from the requirements of being a chaste, moral, virtuous girl.

"She's not going fast enough," Jill said. "A cunt like her needs to be really fucked."

She pulled on Allison's hair, ignoring her cry of pain as she forced her up off the dildo. "On your knees, bitch," she commanded.

Allison half fell to her knees, then grunted as she was pushed forward, falling on her shoulders. Jill moved to a corner, and as Laurie knelt beside her

and began to finger her pussy, Allison watched the other woman take a strange

collection of straps from a drawer and step into them.

She felt another gush of unbearable sexual tension as she recalled what

Laurie had said about strap-on dildos, and watched breathlessly as the woman

took from the drawer an even longer, thicker dildo than she had just been using,

fixing it to the front of her groin.

She squeezed it as she approached Allison, and then moved behind her, slapping her bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs and raise your ass," she ordered coldly.

Allison stared, her mind swept by turmoil again. Resentment flared, and indignation. Shame rose, and fear alongside it. And yet still there was her inability to offend the woman, and also a dark hunger which made her somehow

exult in her own crude abuse.

Laurie moved back as Jill's hands moved roughly up and down Allison's body.

"You're going to be my bitch," Jill said in a sneering voice.

Again she slapped at Allison's bottom, and again the girl cried out. Yet she made no protest as Jill roughly squeezed her breasts, then fit the round, thick nose of the dildo against her pussy and lunged forward.

Allison felt the taut lips of her pussy stretch and strain, then give way, pushed in and back by the hard, thick cock Jill was wearing. She groaned aloud,

groaned in pleasure and groaned in pain as the dildo was driven into her slowly,

Jill's hips lurching forward, then pulling back, only to lurch forward once again.

"Slut," Jill growled, slapping and squeezing her bottom.

New resentment flared with the stinging pain, and her wrists yanked against their bonds angrily as she opened her mouth, finally, to protest, to demand Jill stop, to demand she not strike her, and not call her such vile names.

Laurie moved around her, and suddenly Allison heard a strange echo to her gasps and groans, and a similar echo to Jill's words. The sound caught at her mind and distracted her as Jill forced the dildo deeper and deeper, and she

raised her eyes to see the big TV screen now showed herself and Jill.

She stared in astonishment to see herself kneeling, bottom raised, the thick dildo sticking into her so lewdly. It was as if she were watching one of those porno movies Laurie had spoken of.

Her eyes jerked aside to see Laurie holding a small video camera, then

were jerked back helplessly to the sight of herself, wrists bound by narrow rope,

breasts pillowed beneath her chest against the floor as Jill's hips moved back and forth.

"Wha-what are you... d-doing?" she gasped.

"Filming you for posterity," Jill said with a sneer.

Panic fluttered at Allison's mind. She thought of others seeing her as she was, of family, friends seeing her, and she struggled to pull free. Yet Jill gripped

her behind the head and forced her head back down as she continued to thrust

into her.

"Wa-wait! Stop it!" she gasped.

"Don't worry, little het girl," Jill said. "No one will ever see this. There's no tape in the machine. "

The statement eased her fears somewhat, but Allison wanted to get up and check the machines herself. Every time her head rose, however, Jill forced it back, and then slapped her bottom again.

Her cheek was jammed against the rug, and she stared at her image on the television, cringing even as she felt a roaring in her head. She looked so slutty! And yet she looked so hot and sexual and... and helpless. Jill was so utterly in control of her that she felt as if she were her prisoner.

She could only stare in shocked fascination, even as wicked excitement rose to claw at her mind and body. She could not tear her eyes from the scene of

her own naked body bent over, bottom raised, being so lewdly used by Jill. She

could actually see Jill's hips pumping, was able to watch herself being ridden,

being fucked, she told herself. It was an intensely erotic sight, and it enthralled

her even as Jill began to work up to speed, began to punch the thick dildo into

the very depths of her belly.

The dildo ached inside her each time the woman thrust it deep, but the pleasure was too intense, and she was in the grip of a helpless sexual storm that

would not brook interference. Soon she was climaxing again, crying out weakly

as her body jerked and twisted to the power flowing through her.

The orgasm consumed her, and she sagged weakly, only to moan in pain as Jill slapped her bottom, forcing her to push it back up and out.

For long minutes she knelt in languorous ease, grunting as the woman used her, gasping and moaning, yet too weary to care about anything in the world.

A pull on her hair woke her, and she cried out as her upper body was lifted off the floor, her back aching as she desperately worked tired muscles to

take the weight off her aching scalp.

Jill twisted her body as Laurie sat back on the sofa, slumped low, and spread her legs. Jill directed her to crawl in before her and to begin licking her

pussy, then entered her again and began to pump as hard as before.

"Lick her, you slut," Jill ordered, slapping her bottom so that Allison yelped. "Use that tongue of yours, bitch."

Laurie moaned, caressing her head, running her fingers through her hair as Allison lapped at her pussy. She eased her own pussy lips open with her fingers, and whispered instructions down to Allison, guiding her lips and tongue.

"We'll have this slut trained in no time," Jill said.

Allison woke slowly, her body aching. Light streamed through her bedroom window and she turned to stare at the clock on her bedside table. It was day, and the night, the long night, was over.

Her mind gave a lurch as the memories flooded her, and she blushed at some of the wicked things she had done under the influence of her body's own

desire.

She lifted her hands and inspected the dark lines on her wrists where the rope had cut into her flesh.

She had been bound all evening as the two of them had worked on her.

And then, blushing even now, she remembered how Laurie had led her upstairs,

still naked, still bound, out past where Shara smirked to see her, and up the stairs to her bedroom.

The sex had continued, just the two of them. It had been softer and gentler, their bodies writhing and grinding together in the darkness, and...

She reached down with a gasp and shudder to feel her sex, now shaven bare. She remembered Laurie doing it, then remembered her reward as the woman had brought her own sex in against Allison's and ground herself softly

and gently until both had climaxed repeatedly.

Through it all her hands had been bound. She had been the helpless sexual plaything of the other women, and cringed at how she had allowed herself to be degraded.

Yet even so she felt a sense of awe and wonder. What she had done the other night had no resemblance to the fumbled sexual experiences of her girlhood, and she felt much more mature and sophisticated for having undergone such an experience.

What would her parents think? She giggled guiltily at the thought, then sat up. She was still naked, and as she brought a hand up against her breasts she

felt how tender and sore her nipples were.

Her hands eased down between her legs, to her still aching pussy, and she remembered the thickness of the dildo Jill had used on her. Her pussy felt strange; so smooth and soft and as she stood she stared, blushing again at the sight of it, at how bare her sex was and how lewdly exposed.

She looked anxiously at the door. The thought of coming eye to eye with the others again filled her with embarrassment. There would be knowing smirks, and jokes at her expense. She closed her eyes, wondering how much the

other two knew. Probably everything, she thought weakly.

What a slut she had been!

Guilt began to overcome her, and she dressed quickly, in loose pants and heavy sweatshirt, as if hiding her body would offer up some protection from the

imagination of the other women.

She delayed as long as she could, then eased the door open a crack, peering out into the empty hall. It appeared quiet and she pulled the door open,

glancing both ways before silently making her way out of her room.

She darted to the bathroom and stared at herself in the mirror, feeling as if she had aged years. She abruptly realized she needed a shower, but the thought of standing naked under the water brought back her sense and feeling

of helplessness and wickedness. Whoever was home would know she was up,

would know she was here naked.

She would put off the shower.

She turned on the faucet and brushed her teeth vigorously, then used

mouthwash. She washed her hands as well, then cracked the door and peeked into the hall. It still appeared quiet, and she went outside, wishing it weren't a weekend.

She paused at the bottom of the stairs, listening, but she could hear nothing. Taking a deep breath, she padded down the last two steps and crossed

the narrow hall into the kitchen, noting, as she did, Beverley sitting at the dining

room table working on some papers.

Her ears turned red as she turned on the coffee maker, and she propped her bottom against the counter, waiting for it to heat, rather than going out into

the front room.

As soon as it was ready she scurried back upstairs, feeling relieved that no one had talked to her, that she had avoided the embarrassment.

She moved to the window and looked out onto the front street, noting how sunny it was. Would that mean the others were in the back yard?

She eased back into the hall, then moved slowly down its length. She had to go into Laurie's room to get to a back window, and did so warily. At the window she eased the curtains open and peered down into the back yard, feeling

a sudden tension at the sight of two women splashing in the pool.

She quickly realized one was Laurie, and the other Shara. The two were doing nothing untoward, but they were naked. And as she watched them throw

a ball back and forth she felt a strange little sense of desire, wanting to be out

with them, wanting them to see her naked, perhaps to touch her.

But she could not bring herself to go out, or to face them. Instead she returned to her room and closed the door. She read for a time, and adjusted some of her recently unpacked items, sorting through her CDs and clothes.

"What do you think?" Laurie asked.

"A good start." Beverly smiled.

"Now she's up there wracked with guilt, I suppose."

"Then she needs to be punished."

Shara grinned evilly.

"Not too obviously. It's still far too early. We have to build up her guilt.

Just as you and Jill did the other night," she said to Laurie.

Laurie nodded.

"Keep calling her names any time you're sexually involved with her. Use words like slut, whore, slave, and such. It excites her, but it also gets her used to the idea of being one. After all, if people call you slut often enough you'll begin to accept that you are one. And if while they're calling you whore and slut you're squirming with pleasure, you'll begin to think that being a whore and a slut is immensely exciting."

Shara snickered and Beverley frowned at her. "It's the way the mind works, Shara."

"It's too bad your ancestors didn't train their slaves like this. I suppose they'd have been too happy and excited in their slavery to ever protest."

"They would have been, yes, but psychology was not very well advanced back then."

"So what do we do now?" Laurie asked. "Leave her in her room to think about things?"

"She's been up there long enough. I think we should introduce her to more bondage and a little punishment for her sinful ways. Remember, the idea is to build up things without her realizing what's happening, without her having a chance to really resist."

"Does that mean we have to stop when she says to?"

"Not quite, no. We just keep the action limited enough that she's reluctant about doing something, but not reluctant enough to really get panicky or angry

over. Then we do it whether she wants it or not. She's a polite little suburban girl. She's not going to get mad and curse at us and demand we stop doing something unless she finds it really and truly outrageous. So we work her into

things slowly. This is a seduction, not a rape."

"It is a rape," Shara said, disagreeing. "It just takes longer."

"It's the rape of a mind rather than a body," Laurie said.

Allison had been up for well over an hour when the door opened. She looked up from where she sat just before the closet and felt a sudden rush of alarm and embarrassment as Laurie strode in, naked, body damp, hair wet, and

collapsed onto her bed with a groan.

"Hey," she said, grinning.

"Uhm, hi," Allison said, her voice changing pitch.

"It's gorgeous outside. And the water feels great. You should come join us."

"Uh, maybe later," Allison said, turning her eyes away.

"Okay."

She started to rise, and Shara appeared at the door, also naked and wet.

"You're awake at last? You should come outside. The weather's beautiful."

"Maybe later," Allison murmured, blushing.

"I think she's embarrassed about last night," Laurie said with a grin.

"About getting fucked? Shit, we all get fucked. That's what life is about."

Allison turned her face away as it reddened, and only turned it back as Shara strode towards her, reached down, and grasped at her arms.

"Hey, wait! Don't!" she cried.

But the powerful Black woman yanked her up and over her shoulders, then slapped her bottom as she strode out of the door. Laurie laughed and jumped up to follow as Shara carried her easily down the stairs, ignoring her protests, out past where Beverley sat, and out into the back yard.

"Let me down, Shara!" she demanded anxiously.

"Sure thing," Shara said.

She carried her to the edge of the pool and heaved her in.

Allison screamed, then held her breath as she landed in the cold water and sank beneath. She writhed under water, then arched back up, breaking the

surface with a gasp to see the two naked women standing on the deck laughing at her.

"Bitch," she complained indignantly.

"Stop being a baby," Shara demanded, grinning. She kicked one of the balls at Allison, who raised her hands to ward off the impact.

The ball bounced off, and Shara dove in, followed by Laurie. Allison eased back warily as Laurie grabbed the ball and tossed it to Shara, who tossed

it back to Allison.

"I have things to do," she said defensively.

"You liar," Laurie said, tossing the ball back.

Each time she tried to climb out one of the others playfully yanked her back, and soon her embarrassment had faded. As she began to toss the ball back

she gave in to their mocking jokes and stripped off her clothes. It made no sense to keep them on.

Yet naked, the sense of sexual helplessness returned, and with it a charged up sexual tension. Her nipples were erect from more than the chilly water as the

others tossed the ball to and fro, and she waited anxiously for one of them to touch her in an obviously sexual way.

Neither did, however, and when they climbed out of the pool she found herself oddly disappointed. Both of them dried their hair casually and then, rubbing their towels casually over their bodies, strolled back towards the house.

Allison looked at her soggy clothes and made a face, then padded after them. Not having had the foresight to bring a towel - not having known she

would need one, she could only ring out her hair as she followed. When she got

to the door, however, she found it locked.

She stared at it in surprise, then frowned and slapped at the door.

"Hey! Open up," she called.

Beverley came to the door, rolled her eyes, smiled, then turned away, leaving her there.

"Hey, come on. This isn't funny," she called, suddenly nervous at being alone and naked outside.

She turned and looked around her, but could see nothing to wear but her soaking clothes. Then the door opened behind her and someone snapped a wet

towel at her bare bottom. She shrieked and leapt forward, rubbing her bottom,

turning and glaring at the empty doorway.

She marched inside and looked around.

"Okay, which one of you bitches did that?" she demanded.

"Mind your language, little girl," Beverley said, "or I'll put you across my knee."

"But someone... hit me," she complained.

"Oh yeah? Where?"

"Well... on my... ass," she said lamely, rubbing her bare bottom.

Beverley smirked. "Want me to kiss it and make it better?"

Allison blushed. "No," she said.

"You sure?"

Beverley moved forward, forcing her to backpedal until she came up against the wall.

"Turn around and bend over," Beverley taunted.

"No thanks," Allison said nervously, back straight.

Laurie and Shara appeared then, fully clothed, and framed Beverley, grinning at Allison up against the wall.

"Something wrong?" Laurie asked sweetly.

"No."

"She has a sore bottom," Beverley said. "I offered to kiss it and make it better but she said no."

"Maybe she'd like something else kissed instead," Shara said with a leer.

"I-I wouldn't," Allison said nervously, her stomach fluttering now.

"Did I tell you how easy it was to make Allison come?" Laurie asked.

Allison blushed furiously, and tried to push past them but Beverley blocked her and Laurie and Shara each took one of her arms, holding it against

the wall beside her.

"Let me go!" Allison demanded breathlessly.

"Her face gets all scrunched up when she comes," Laurie said, smiling.

"I'd like to see that," Beverley said.

"Guys," Allison said anxiously.

"We're not guys!" Beverley exclaimed.

"She wishes we were guys so we could stick our big, dripping cocks into her," Shara sneered.

"Let's see how fast we can make her come," Laurie said.

Beverley smiled and slid her hands up the front of Allison's body, cupping and squeezing her breasts.

Allison squirmed both mentally and physically.

"Let me go!" she demanded. "Stop it!"

"She says no, no, no, but she means, yes, yes, yes," Laurie said.

Beverley dropped to her knees, her hands sliding between Allison's legs and forcing them apart. Then she pushed her face up between her legs and began to lick at her shaved pussy.

"No! Don't!"

Laurie and Shara easily held her arms pinned against the wall as Beverley began to lap her way up and down her sensitive mons. Allison twisted and wriggled, but could not escape as the woman's expert tongue slowly worked its

way deeper between her quivering pussy lips and up towards her clitty.

"Stop it," she moaned.

But inside her she could feel the heat rising, could feel the sensual energy building up and spreading through her body and mind.

Her pussy began to thrum and throb with energy and pleasure as Beverley's lips

and tongue made her clitoris buzz and groan with pleasure. Soon, despite her embarrassment, she was rolling her hips gently, gasping and moaning as Beverley built her towards climax.

Her feet shifted and pawed at the floor as she shifted her weight from one to the other and back again. Her bottom ground against the wall, her head rolling as she continued to pull against Laurie and Shara. She was trying to resist the delicious sensory messages rising from between her legs, embarrassed

at being watched by the other two women, at being so rudely and obviously used

like a cheap sex toy, and yet she could not, and her body began to grow even more heated as she realized the degree of her helplessness.

"Don't let her come," Shara said, smirking.

Beverley stopped her whipping tongue and looked up.

"Make her beg for it," Shara said.

"I won't!" Allison exclaimed, panting for breath.

Beverley rose and now there were three smirking faces looking into hers.

She tried to twist her head aside, but then Shara's hand was thrust between her

legs.

"Oh!"

Shara chuckled, her fingers gently manipulating the girl's throbbing sex.

Allison tried again to twist away, her legs jerking and her hips rolling, but

Shara easily held her fingers in place, slowly working first one, then two up into

her pussy and using her thumb to roll and stroke against her clitoris.

"Stop it," Allison begged.

"Don't you want to come?" Laurie teased.

"No!" she lied.

"If we stop she'll just run upstairs and jerk off," Beverley said.

Allison's face burned and she twisted and wriggled to no avail.

"I want to see her beg to come," Shara said.

"Never!"

FOUR

Laurie chuckled and Beverley smirked. Shara thrust three fingers up

inside her, and Allison groaned with both pain and pleasure as they pumped in and out.

"I have an idea," Beverley said.

She moved towards the corner of the room and dragged over a chair, then stood on it and lifted down a heavy potted plant which hung from a chain bolted to the ceiling.

"Bring her over here," she said.

Shara and Laurie, each still holding one of Allison's wrists, led her beneath the hook, and then lifted her arms up above her head. Beverley produced a pair of handcuffs and locked them around the surprised girl's wrists, then pulled up so that Allison was on her toes and slipped them over the hook.

Then the three stepped back and looked on as Allison, blushing furiously, pulled at the chain and stared up above her.

She dropped her head, staring at them, swallowing repeatedly, feeling such a gush of sexual heat she thought surely she would climax right there in front of them.

"L-Let me go," she said, her voice faint and breathless.

"I don't think so," Laurie said.

"We'll hold you as our sex slave," Shara said, moving behind her and squeezing her bottom.

Allison twisted around, and Beverley and Laurie reached in to fondle her, laughing at her reaction, as she twisted first one way, then another.

"You guys," she began.

"We're not guys," Beverley said again. "I feel insulted the way you keep calling us guys."

"Punish her then," Shara said.

"I should, shouldn't I?"

"I have just the thing."

She moved to a small table and pulled open the drawer, then took out a small gold chain, returning to dangle it in front of Allison.

"What's that?" she asked nervously.

Beverley smiled and showed her the ends, which had small round openings and tiny screws. She bent and slipped one of the openings around Allison's rigidly erect pink nipples, then began to twist the screw. The opening

closed, and Allison yelled, twisting away, kicking out as the screw bit into her nipple.

"Hey, we can't have that," Shara said.

She moved to the closet, took out a three foot long bar, and returned.

There were a pair of leather straps attached to the ends, and as the confused young girl looked on, she strapped them to Allison's right ankle, then her left. In

doing so she forced them apart, and the girl gasped as she had to rise to the balls

of her feet to keep the pressure off her wrists.

"You gu... you girls," she said in confusion.

"Now where were we?" Beverley said, picking up the chain now dangling from one of Allison's nipples and twisting the screw.

"Ow! Ow! Hey, that hurts!" Allison cried.

"But it hurts so good," Shara whispered into her ear.

Beverley attached the other end to her other nipple, again making her yelp and twist in pain as the screw squeezed and pinched her nipple tightly.

The chain hung between her nipples then, a constant throbbing ache and pressure that began to rapidly drive her mad. She was already panting and moaning, her chest tight, her body almost trembling from the sexual pressure building up inside her.

"She needs more," Laurie said, standing by and stroking her chin with her hand.

Allison licked her lips nervously, her wet skin feeling the chill of the air conditioning. Water continued to drip off her hair, and dribble slowly down her

body as the others looked at her, smirking. Despite a continued embarrassment

she felt a hot, liquid heat in her lower belly, and was breathless with excitement.

Laurie returned, clutching a large silvery object, then brandished it before Allison's startled eyes. It was a stainless steel dildo, shaped exactly like a

human penis, complete with bulbous head.

"Don't!" she gulped anxiously, blushing furiously.

Laurie stuck her tongue out at her as the others laughed, then lowered it to her moist sex and rubbed it teasingly up and down against the puffy lips of

her opening.

'Laurie! I mean it!' she pleaded.

Laurie ignored her and pushed up and in, slowly forcing the taut lips of her sex back and apart, letting the smooth, warm metal push into her body. Allison's excitement grew more pronounced. She could feel the heaviness of her breasts and the tingling heat of her nipples. She felt the tension against her sensitive opening as it was stretched wider by the thick, hard intruder. Her

legs trembled lightly as she sought to close them, but the bar kept them wide as

Laurie pumped the head of the metal dildo up and down, forcing it deeper with every other stroke.

Allison's mind squirmed and her face was flushed with embarrassment as the three of them looked on, smirking at her, watching her reactions as the dildo

was driven deeper into her belly. Half of it was already inside, and she was finding it difficult to keep her breathing in check, and harder still to keep herself from moving, from pushing back against the pumping dildo.

Three quarters of it were up within her body, and she groaned soundlessly at the fullness inside her, at the delicious sense of strain inside her

sheath. Her body's juices had already turned the steel slick and slippery, and it

drove smoothly back and forth through her taut lips.

She inhaled sharply as the head pressed against her cervix, then clenched her teeth. Laurie twisted it from side to side, pushing forward, then back, and eased the head up past her cervix.

Allison could not repress the groan of pleasure and pain at this, and the watching women smiled as the final inch was driven within her. Laurie took a

thin chain and circled her waist, clipping it in place. A part of the chain dangled

down the front of her abdomen, and she clipped this to a small ring set in the base of the dildo to hold it in place.

"We'll leave her for a bit," Beverley said.

She gripped Allison's hair and eased her head back, then nibbled at her earlobe. "All you have to do is admit you're a wanton slut, and that you desperately want us to make you come," she whispered.

She released her and the three grinned again before moving over to the sofa and chairs and sitting down.

"L-Let me go," Allison panted. "This this isn't funny."

"We never said it was funny," Beverley replied.

"Only a little amusing," Laurie added.

"My feet are tired!"

"We don't care."

"If you don't let me go I'll scream."

"If you scream we'll spank you like a naughty little girl."

Allison stared at them, then up at her wrists, which seemed to be an enormous distance over her head. She looked down the length of her body to the

bar holding her ankles tightly in place, and grunted with effort as she tried to twist free, to ease the strain on her feet. Whenever she tried to lower herself the

pull of the handcuffs against her wrists became too sharp and painful.

She was unnerved, for they would not let her go. She was a prisoner, bound and unable to free herself! Yet at the same time she felt wildly aroused

by this strange, kinky, unexpected game, and felt both victimized and sluttish.

She watched the other three, who seemed to ignore her but for the occasional glance, and her mind twisted and spun through a variety of thoughts and emotions as her belly throbbed with heat and excitement.

The front door opened and Jill came in, dropping her purse on the table as she said hello. She blinked in evident surprise at the sight of Allison, then smiled broadly and sauntered over.

"What have we here?"

"Jill! Please let me go," Allison moaned, gripped by new embarrassment at yet another witness to her lewd plight.

"I don't know. Maybe you're being punished. Besides, you look so cute and sexy like that."

She slipped a finger beneath the chain pinching Allison's nipples and lifted it up and out, stretching out the small pink buttons until Allison gasped and cried out in pain, her back arching. She let the chain go then let her hand slowly caress the underside of Allison's breasts before easing down between her

legs to push the dildo back up the inch or so it had slipped. She fingered Allison's clitoris as she kissed lightly along the nape of her neck, and let her other hand knead the helpless girl's buttocks.

"Hey," Laurie called. "No playing with our toys."

"She's my toy too," Jill replied indignantly.

"I-I'm not anyone's t-toy - " Allison exclaimed breathlessly.

"Shh, you," Jill said, slapping her bottom sharply. "Don't talk back to your elders."

"Ow! That stung!"

"Oooo," Jill said. "Poor little baby. "Let me kiss it and make it better."

She moved behind her and began kissing and licking her way down along her spine. She sank to her knees, her hands squeezing the girl's buttocks up and

aside as her tongue slid down the cleft between then gently circled her anus.

"D-Don't!" Allison gasped in shock.

But Jill's tongue continued to circle her little wrinkled opening, and a hand slipped up between her legs to pump the steel dildo up and down that final

inch the chain permitted.

Allison's eyes bulged out at the feel of the woman's tongue against her anus. She hadn't imagined anyone would ever lick another person there! Yet the

sensations rippling up her spine and through her groin as the woman's tongue

caressed her were shockingly wicked and exciting, especially when combined

with the throbbing of her groin and the soft rasping caress of the metal dildo sliding back and forth between her achingly stretched pussy lips.

She felt the climax spiralling upwards, rising and growing in strength and power. She began to gasp and moan, the air puffing out of her gaping lips as she

helplessly thrust her backside against Jill's tongue.

Then Jill stopped, rose, slapped her bottom sharply and walked over to join the others.

'Jill!" Allison protested.

The woman stopped and turned. "What?"

"I "

Allison drew in a deep, shuddering breath, but could not bring herself to say more, could not bring herself to speak the thoughts burning in her mind, to

beg her to return and continue tonguing her in that disgusting yet delicious way.

Jill sat down wit the others and they all looked at her.

'So, what do you think we should do with the little slut?" she asked.

"Whip her," Beverley said.

"Leash her and make her crawl," Shara suggested.

"Fuck her brains out," Laurie said with a smile.

"Lesbian rape-a-thon," Jill said in an amused voice.

"Yeah, tie her down and make her come and come."

"Or maybe just tease her until she explodes."

Shara stood up, and Allison's heart skipped a beat as the tall, Black woman padded across to her. The woman glared at her from a foot away, then

moved around behind her.

Allison licked her lips nervously, turning her head first one way, then the other, trying to follow her with her eyes. She let out a soft gasp as the woman's

hands reached up and squeezed her bottom, then another as they slid up her sides and around her to lightly stroke her belly. She was tense and anxious, too

intimidated by the woman to say anything as the hands moved lightly up her stomach to stroke the underside of her breasts.

Shara's hands curled in and cupped both breasts, squeezing gently but deeply, lifting her breasts up and pressing them together as she chewed lightly

at the nape of Allison's neck, then down along her shoulder. Her fingers kneaded Allison's breasts as she pressed her own body against her from behind,

letting her own large breasts pillow out.

She stepped back, and Allison, gulping in air, jerked her head around again as the woman moved in front of her once more. She smirked down at her,

then slipped a finger beneath the chain clipped to her nipples, lifting it up, then

lightly tugging it so it pulled at her nipples.

"Slut," she said softly. "Nasty, wicked, dirty girl."

She tugged harder on the chain, pulling upwards, then out, forcing Allison to her toes, where she quivered and trembled and gasped in pain. Then she reached down for the thin chain which ran to the dildo inside her and pulled it

upwards. The chain dug in against the top of her sex and sawed lightly across

her clitoris as it pulled the dildo higher, and she groaned as Shara tugged that repeatedly as well.

"I think she needs to be punished," Shara said. "Severely punished."

She let go of both chains, then let her hand ease down between the quivering girl's legs. Her fingers stroked expertly along the top of her slit and

Allison gasped and jerked in reaction.

Her arousal had already caused her clitoris to swell and push out from beneath its hood, and while the chain had ached as it had sawed across it the woman's large, rough fingers made her shudder with pleasure.

She moved away, joining the others on the couch, where they spoke softly so that Allison could not hear over her pounding heart and racing pulse. Her weakened ankles had lowered her a little more now so that the handcuffs were

bruising her wrists with the harsh pull against them.

She hardly noticed, intent on the waves of sensual heat rolling through and over her body, and the heady excitement of being the bound pleasure toy of

the four other women.

The woman stood, then, and Allison gasped, staring at them with wide eyes. The four looked back, then separated. Shara disappeared. Laurie moved

forward then sat cross-legged on a low stool facing her. Beverley and Jill moved

closer to her and then knelt, Beverley in front and Jill behind.

"Don't," she said in a shaky, whispering voice.

Beverly's fingers caressed her thighs while Jill caressed her buttocks.

They leaned forward and began tonguing her. As before, the sensation of Jill's

tongue circling her anus made her want to jump in the air and scream. Only now it was accompanied by Beverley's tongue squirming over her clitoris.

Almost as one they began to centre their fingers in against her openings, and as Beverley's finger slowly pushed up into her sex Jill's own finger began to

squirm through the tightly clenched opening to her anus.

She gasped as the finger slid through, then twisted gently around inside her. In front, Beverley pushed a second finger up into her pussy, pumping them

in and out as she tongued her clitoris.

"Stop it! Stop it! Oh!" she gasped, body writhing from the sensations the two were rousing in her.

Surprising her, they did. Beverley eased back while Jill rose.

"Torture here," Laurie said tauntingly.

Jill's finger pushed deeper, up to the knuckle, and pumped slowly in and out, then a second finger pushed in alongside it, as she gasped and squirmed in

embarrassment and pleasure. Shara appeared then, having come back downstairs. She was still fully dressed, but had pulled a strap-on dildo up her legs. It was thick and long and black, and thrust out menacingly from the crotch

of her cutoffs. "For you," she said with a cruel leer.

"But she's already all full up," Beverley said, toying with the chain clipped to the steel dildo.

Shara strode forward, hand gripping the shaft of the phoney cock as if it were a weapon.

"You like my cock, little slut?" she asked.

Allison blushed and looked away.

"I put it on just for you, knowing you like cocks."

"Wherever will you put it?" Jill asked, pumping and twisting her fingers in Allison's rectum.

Shara smiled again and moved behind her. Jill pulled her fingers out and stepped away, and Allison gasped as she realized the woman intended to shove

the long, thick thing up into her small rear hole.

"No! You can't! It's too big!" she gasped.

She did not consider that it was a measure of how far her mind had been moved over the past days that the thought of being sodomized by a dildo did not

have her in hysterics, that her main fear was its size. Yet she was afraid of Shara, and afraid of offending her. She could not bring herself to say that she did not want the menacing looking Black woman using her sex toy on her at all,

much less on her rectum.

"You'll stretch, slut," Shara said, slapping her bottom so that it stung.

"But But "

She felt the head of the thing pushing against her back there. Jill's tongue and fingers had relaxed her muscles, and yet she groaned as the soft plastic head slowly pushed up into her, eyes wide as she began to gulp in air in harsh,

quick panting breaths.

"Oh! Oh!" she moaned as she felt it slowly forcing its way up.

"I think she likes it," Jill said.

"Has anyone ever fucked you in the ass before? Beverley asked.

"No!"

"Then you'll love it even more."

Shara pumped harshly, using greater and deeper strokes to work the thick cylinder up higher.

Allison's belly began to cramp and ache and her mind squirmed with embarrassment as the women all watched her take the thing deep in her rectum.

The pain began to grow greater as it pushed higher, and she whined and moaned in protest. Then Beverley began to finger her clitoris once again, distracting her from the cramps as Shara began to pump more steadily, with longer strokes.

"Getting her ass fucked now," Jill said.

"She has such a pretty ass, too," Beverley said.

"Y-You guys!" she gasped.

"She's calling us guys again," Jill said.

"I have a big cock," Shara said. "but I ain't no guy."

She lunged forward and up with her last word and Allison cried out as she drove the last inch of dildo up high into her belly. She felt a cramp claw at her

insides as Shara's groin jammed in against her buttocks, flattening them as the

rough denim ground in a circular motion against her.

Beverley was still stroking her fingers against her clitoris and now Jill reached forward and began tugging on the chain clipped to her nipples.

Shara's

arms encircled her and her own hands came up beneath Allison's breasts, cupping and squeezing them as she eased her hips back, then thrust forward again.

At first it hurt. It ached deep inside her, but slowly, her rectum seemed to ease its tight grip and resistance, and Allison was amazed at how smoothly the

thick dildo moved up and down within her, and how odd and disturbingly pleasurable the sensation was as it caressed the inside of her body, stroking steadily up and down through her tight opening.

A part of her felt cornered, trapped, and anxious as the four women teased, taunted and fondled her, but another part of her seemed to glory in it, seemed to exult in being forced to do wicked things she would never have dared

to on her own. She felt the heat and sensations grow to a terrible intensity inside

her, and her head rolled bonelessly as she moaned and gasped and grunted through the dazed cloud of pleasure surrounding her.

Another part of her realized that while the three of them were fondling and using her Laurie had picked up the video camera and was slowly circling,

moving forward, then back. She blushed fiercely to think of the video which would result, but knew it would be hopeless to protest.

Beverley unhooked the chain and then began to pump the stainless steel cock up hard and deep and fast. At the same time she began to rub harder against her clitty. Jill tugged harder at the chain, making her nipples sting and

throb, and Shara mashed her breasts as she thrust the thick black cock up into

her rectum with powerful strokes.

She came, an explosion of light and sensations making her cry out, her muscles spasming, her nervous system erupting, her limbs jerking and straining

as she flung herself against the bonds holding her in place. The climax caught at

her body and mind with a fierce grip which would not let go, and each pounding

beat of her heart sent another wave of ecstasy flooding through her tumbling mind.

Finally it eased, and she collapsed, or tried to. The pain in her wrists yanked her back from the brink and she moaned weakly, her legs shaking as she twisted and trembled in the aftermath.

She was barely aware of Jill undoing the cuffs, of she and Beverley lowering her arms, and then strapping thicker, padded leather restraints around her wrists. She knew it was happening but her mind ignored it, dismissing it as unimportant as it sought after the last dying traces of the ecstasy

which had swept over her.

Her arms were raised high once more, though she was now able to settled onto her heels. Her arms were now apart, attached to opposite ends of a bar which mirrored the one between her ankles, held aloft by the same hook.

Shara unfastened the thick black dildo from the straps around her, and produced another small chain which clipped to its base, then ran up the cleft between her buttocks to fasten onto the back of the one around her waist.

Then the four of them moved back into the living room, dropping onto the sofa to discuss her reactions. Allison watched them with a dazed, breathless

sense of anticipation, excitement and anxiety, with more than a little embarrassment mixed in. She realized the black dildo was still stuffed deep in

her anus, could feel the fullness inside her belly where the two dildos were lodged, could feel her internal muscles squeezing and clenching around them.

Her wrists felt much more comfortable now in their padded restraints, and her shoulders ached less with her arms pulled open as they were instead of

bound together. The sense of relief from her ankles and feet was even greater,

and the absence of pain and discomfort made her sigh with relief and the pleasure pain's absence brings.

Of course, her nipples still stung, but that was a small thing in comparison.

She watched the four, trying to overhear them as they spoke. The sound of the TV made that impossible, however, and she was left to watch them, and

blush a little each time one or another turned her eyes towards her.

Time passed, and while her body continued to thrum with sexual anticipation, she became impatient for them to do whatever they intended.

"Come on, will you?" she called. "Untie me."

Shara rose and approached her, then opened the table nearby and took out a black leather object. Allison could not make out what it was until she brought it up against her mouth. At that instant she tugged her hair back sharply so that Allison cried out in pain, and while her mouth was open she stuffed the object between her lips and teeth.

It was a thick, spongy ball of some kind, filling the front of her mouth and forcing her to hold her jaws open. It had a strap which went behind her head and buckled there, so that she could not expel it. It was, she realized, after a few

seconds shock, a gag of sorts, and after fastening it behind her head Shara went

back to the others and sat down.

Now she could no longer even protest, no longer even beg them to set her free. She tried to call out more as an experiment than anything else, and the muffled groan which emerged oddly arousing. It held the sound of helplessness.

She stared silently at them, heart pounding, wondering what perverted thing they were going to do to her next. When Jill got up she watched her

anxiously as she approached. Jill smiled at her as she grew nearer, but passed

her by, then smacked her on the bottom as she moved past. Allison yelped in pain, jerking her head to follow the woman until she disappeared into the kitchen. She heard the water running, then the sound of the refrigerator opening and closing.

Her neck was aching, but she kept twisting to see behind her, and as Jill approached she saw the smirk on her face and flinched as she slapped her bottom again, hard enough that the crack of noise echoed loudly in the front room. Her own cry of pain went largely unheard save by herself, as the gag effectively muffled it.

They were watching a TV show, and largely ignoring her. Allison felt increasingly odd, for they seemed so normal, and chatted so casually, that watching them, with her naked and chained, pierced front and back, was like someone looking in on another world.

And yet every time one or another went past for any reason they always gave her a squeeze or a slap, or a kiss, or pumped one of the dildos quickly up and down.

The program ended and another began, and then another, and the women chatted, gossiped and from time to time exchanged idle and usually obscene comments about Allison just loud enough for her to hear. Finally, after much talk of there being nothing on television, they gathered around her again, considering.

"I still think we should whip her," Shara said as she began to remove her clothes.

"Maybe later," Beverley said, also stripping.

Laurie moved around her with the video camera, and Allison tried to avert her face.

Shara was pressing her now naked flesh against her from behind, and Allison's heat bloomed at the feel of the woman's soft breasts against her skin.

She felt the dildo twist within her, then pull back, and jerked her head back to

see the woman re-attaching it to a harness around her hips. In front of her, Beverley was attaching a similar harness, with another large dildo. Jill eased the

metal dildo down out of her pussy and Beverley moved in to thrust hers up and into her.

She groaned at the thickness of it as Beverley forced it in to the hilt. Shara pressed her hips forward at the same time, and the two of them ground their hips in countermotion, twisting the big, plastic cocks around in her belly. Beverley eased back then, drawing the thick cock almost all the way back down

her pussy tube. Then she thrust forward. At the same time, Shara pulled back,

and the two began to work in rhythm, one thrusting forward at the same time as

the other pulled back.

Shara's hands slipped up beneath her breasts to squeeze them even as Beverley's breasts pushed against them from the front. Beverley's hands moved

down to cup and squeeze her buttocks as she thrust forward. The two worked in

unison so that it felt to the breathless girl as if they controlled one long dildo rather than two. Then, her body pulling in and out by the dual thrusting was suddenly shocked as both threw their hips forward together, forced the dildos

up as deep into her body as they could, and ground their hips in opposite directions.

Beverley began to kiss her, and gnaw at the left side of her throat and her earlobe. Shara began to chew on the right side and earlobe. Laurie circled them

with the camera as Jill looked on.

The stimulation was too much for Allison, and as anxious as the camera made her she could no longer withstand it. She began to come, shuddering with

greater and greater violence as the sensations grew in strength. The two women

picked up their thrusts, and once more began to thrust into her in unison, stroking hard, fast and deep, biting harder into her soft flesh, squeezing and kneading her with more strength.

"Come, bitch!" Shara hissed, biting on her ear.

"Come, slut!" Beverley growled, chewing on the nape of her neck.

"Filthy little whore!"

"Dirty little cunt!"

"Fuck hungry little cock lover!"

"Cheap cock loving bitch!"

They whispered tauntingly to her as they thrust in harder and harder,

and Allison's body flared white hot, pulsing with hot jets of steamy sensory overload. Her head fell back as she bucked frantically against them, her body shuddering and trembling as a maelstrom tore through her. She grunted helplessly, loud gasping cries of pleasure. And then, as some part of her realized the gag helped conceal her voice, and that she was free to release her innermost cries of pleasure, she cried out, then again, then screamed, writhing and twisting as her body was hammered from both sides, and the dildos pounded up and down inside her aching, burning belly. And then, as the orgasm seemed to reach its absolute peak, Jill reached around Beverly and unclipped the chain from her nipples. There was a sudden terrible flare of heat and pain as her the sensations flooded through her, and then a tingling, buzzing which grew into a wondrous sense of freedom, of relief and release. The climax burned hotter, rose higher, and she intensity of it stunned and dazed her. They whispered into her ear as they thrust their dildos in, and she groaned and panted as her mind was tossed like a cork on a stormy sea.

"Sweet bitch."

"Hot slut!"

"Sex toy."

"Girl toy."

"Fuck toy."

"Fuck meat."

"Our little slave girl."

They pulled back as her orgasm faded, and she felt empty inside. Then Jill dropped to her knees and pushed her face in between her legs. She opened her mouth wide and closed it over Allison's mound, then thrust her tongue deep into her pussy, pumping it in and out and scooping out the rich nectar of her excitement. Allison all but hung by her wrists, eyes glazed, head hanging low from exhaustion as Jill began to caress her insides with her tongue. Her fingers squeezed forced the taut lips of her pussy wide, then wider

still, till she groaned into her gag. Her tongue lapped up and down over the glistening pink flesh, staying well away from her clitoris at first, but circling closer and closer with each passing moment.

Despite the power of her recent climax, despite the stunning intensity of it, Allison felt herself roused once again, felt her weary body begin to throb to the

woman's expert tongue, and as it drew closer and closer to her clitoris she began

to push her hips out, moaning in pleasure as the others watched, shamed yet aroused now by the audience to her lewd and sluttish responses.

Suddenly she cried out at a stinging pain to her bottom. She turned her head to see Shara standing behind, her hand open.

"Slut," she whispered.

Again she slapped her bottom, hard, then a third time, a sneer on her face. Each slap stung and made Allison cry out into her gag. But as Jill pushed

her tongue in closer and began to close her lips around her clitoris, as she began

to suck rhythmically, Allison forgot about indignation and pain, giving herself

fully to the pleasure coursing through her.

Again Shara slapped her bottom, then Beverley did the same, but on the other buttock. Allison's legs wobbled but the sensations coming from her pussy

were too powerful for minor distractions, and seemed to absorb the growing heat from her stinging bottom into a swirling storm of white hot pleasure.

She had only a moment to ask herself what was happening, to ask herself what they were doing to her, and then she climaxed again, her body shaking violently against the bonds holding it in place, her back arching and hips bucking and mind spinning through a universe of sparkling lights and screaming pleasure.

FIVE

"Do you have any books on flowers?"

Allison turned and looked at the woman, then forced a smile. "Yes, Ma'am, in aisle four, over there." She pointed.

The woman left and Allison shook her head. The events of the other night, not to mention that morning, made it seem like she was in another universe here

in the little book store, dressed in a conservative skirt and blouse and answering

dull questions from mere ordinary people.

After tormenting her for hours the four women had finally let her go to sleep, but had kept the wrist restraints on and chained them to the headboard above her bed. She had slept that way, naked, sleeping uneasily, despite her exhaustion, due to the continuing thrill of sexual heat the restraints had produced.

In the morning she had been unable to turn off her alarm, and unable to get out of bed until Laurie came in. But the redhead had ignored her requests to

be released, instead prying her legs apart and sliding between. She had then rained kisses over her face as she had spread her own legs wide and ground her

body against Allison's until the both of them had climaxed.

Jill had entered after that, then Beverley, and then Shara, but all three had merely straddled her head, sinking their shaven pussies down and ordering

her to lick them to climax. She had had no choice but to obey, and they had finally released her.

Breakfast had been an experience in embarrassment, as all four had teased her remorselessly, and taken every opportunity to fondle and grope her

body. That had all made her late for work, however, and her boss was not the

tolerant type.

What would he think, she wondered, if she told him the real reason she had been late was because she had been tied up in her bed and forced to sexually please four nasty old dykes? Being the conservative old jerk he was he'd probably fire her, and then go home and masturbate.

She spent much of the morning in a bit of a haze, her mind playing back the shocking images from her memories of the evening before. Every ten minutes or so she would recall, and feel a sense of startled wonder that it had been she who had been involved in such wicked, lewd activities. She had never

really thought about sex with women before, and was amazed at how quickly

she had taken to it.

Yet she was not gay. She was quite certain of this. The women were beautiful, and their bodies were beautiful, and there was no denying the sensations they could rouse within her with their wicked games and knowing touches. But she considered what she was doing as little more than dabbling,

fun and games, and nothing which would have any permanence. She would eventually find a nice, handsome man and get married, just like she had always planned.

Still, it was a far cry from the drabness of her life before she had met the girls. Before, when she had lived at home, going home had largely meant a relief

from standing on her feet, dinner, perhaps a bath, and then television.

Occasionally there would be a date, but not many of those. She had never been

good at interpreting signals and her shyness with boys, and now man, often made her tongue tied in their presence.

But there was no anxiety around the girls, or at least, it wasn't the same kind of anxiety. She felt welcome there, felt almost like a part of the family, but

without the judgmental disapproval her parents often showed.

With the other women, not girls, she chided herself, she felt more grown up, more mature. The strange, thrilling games they had initiated her into made

her feel sophisticated, like a girl woman on the edge, instead of the dull, drab schoolgirl she had been until then. And she very much preferred her new self image, whether it was real or not.

The truth was she knew she wasn't nearly as sophisticated as the others, nor, of course, as old, and so she felt very much their inferior. In a way, that made things easier, because she was used to being corrected by her seniors, and

since all four girls women, qualified, she didn't mind taking instructions or even orders from them, especially involving sex.

"Allison, shelve these, would you, and stop woolgathering," Mr. Smythe ordered with a scowl.

"Yes, Mr. Smith," she said, picking up an armload of paperbacks and moving towards the fiction section.

Prick, she thought.

She felt an odd anticipation as the day wore on and its end neared. What would the women do tonight? Anything? Something new? Surely that had been

special, not the kind of thing they did very often. Or were lesbians different in

that way? Did they engage in such practices all the time? Was that considered

normal?

As she rode bus home she looked around her at the dull eyed people returning, in all likelihood, to their dinners and televisions, and wondered what

odd lives some of them might be leading under their placid, ordinary faces.

Were some of them returning home to something odd, like her?

She got off several blocks from the house then walked up the block, wishing it were warmer so they could swim. As she did she felt a little thrum of

excitement, imagining them all there naked, skin gleaming from suntan oil.

I'm turning into a perve, she thought, only mildly disturbed by the idea.

Her heart was beating faster as she unlocked the front door. She wasn't at all sure what she expected to happen, although in truth she thought she was being silly. But she would not have been surprised to have been attacked the moment she stepped inside.

Instead, there was no one there. She took off her shoes, hung up her jacket, and wandered through the front room and into the kitchen. She found a

TV dinner in the oven, which meant someone, at least, must be home. She shrugged, telling herself she had been silly, then went upstairs to change.

She came down a short time later and began to make her own dinner. Jill was home, but treated her sedately, without any hint of sexual interest.

Shortly

afterwards Laurie returned, bitching about a co worker, a woman at the next desk who was unbearably rude and ignorant. They went into the living room to

eat, and Shara and Beverley returned home separately while they were watching the news. It was all quite homey and not at all scandalous, and Allison

found herself disappointed, wishing something would happen.

And while she was in the shower, something did.

She was feeling gently aroused under the warm water, and with the memories of her recent, exciting introduction to the "wild side" still very large

in her mind. The water felt good as it pattered against her breasts and shoulders, and she heard only the click of the door closing to announce that anything had happened. As soon as she heard it finished rinsing off and, heart

beating quickly, slid the curtain aside to confront whoever had arrived.

The room was empty, and she felt a moment's letdown, thinking she had

misheard, but then her eyes moved to the towel rack and found it empty. They

moved to the hook on the door where her robe had hung and that too was empty.

She reached up to twist the water out of her hair, shook herself a little, then stepped out of the tub. Her heart was beating even faster now, and she felt

a delicious sense of anticipation as she looked around the room for something to

cover herself with. There was nothing, and there was no choice but for her to go

out wet and naked.

Like yesterday.

She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and blanched. Then she tugged on the roll of toilet paper, trying to blot up some of the water. With that

done she turned on the dryer and blew dry her hair, smirking a little as she imagined them waiting impatiently for her to emerge soaking and bedraggled.

In truth, she was more than a little impatient herself, imagining the exciting, wicked things they would want to subject her to.

When she looked more presentable, sexier, she thought, she opened the door, just a crack, and peered out. The hallway seemed empty, all the doors shut, including hers. They were probably waiting in her room, she thought.

Well, she would not act like the shy girl, would not shriek and try to cover herself when they jumped out at her. She would act sophisticated.

She strode to her door, looking around a little nervously, and then found it locked. She was surprised, then turned quickly, as if she expected to be attacked, backing against the door. The hall remained empty, and she eased over to Jill's door. That too was locked, as was Shara's and Beverley's and Laurie's. There was nowhere to go and nothing to wear upstairs, so she was forced to go downstairs naked.

She was not surprised to find them all lounging around downstairs calmly and casually, and once more found herself in the position of being naked while

all the rest were fully dressed. She immediately felt a pulse of excitement between her legs, and yet had to fight to keep her arms at her sides as she cautiously stepped off the stairs and towards them.

"Okay, you guys, where's my clothes?" she demanded.

Beverley looked up at her and frowned. "Did she call us guys again?"

Allison put her hand on her hip and tried to assume a non-challant pose. She had called them guys deliberately, and now she gave as insolent a look as she could manage.

"Well, you're all queers. That's sort of like being guys, isn't it?"

Now all of them were frowning at her.

"Now which of you stole my clothes and locked my door just so she could ogle

my

beautiful heterosexual body?"

"Someone's looking for trouble," Jill said.

"Some little brat who's going to get a spanking if she doesn't show more respect to her betters," Beverley added.

"I still say we should hang her from her wrists and whip her," Shara said.

"Just ignore her," Laurie said.

They all proceeded to do that, not even looking at her. Allison stood for a moment, then moved forward into the room. She stood in front of the TV, hands

on hips, feeling incredibly sexual and sexy as they all glowered at her.

"Out of the way, breeder bitch," Shara ordered.

"Where's my clothes?" she demanded.

"A girl as slutty as you shouldn't be wearing clothes anyway," Jill said.

"Yeah, keep em barefoot and pregnant I say."

"Or at least naked so we can see their tits." Beverley grinned.

"Move your skinny ass out of the way."

"Make me."

Jill rolled her eyes and stood up. Allison looked back rebelliously, then folded her arms beneath her breasts.

Jill took her arm suddenly and yanked her away from the TV, sending her flying onto the couch where Beverley and Laurie sat. Beverley grabbed her

and she and Laurie pulled her up across her knees, then pulled her arms back behind her.

"Let me go, you dykes!"

Beverley held her wrists together while placed a pair of handcuffs around them and snapped them tight, then someone, Allison didn't see who, pulled back

on her hair and Beverley jammed the ball gag into her mouth.

"I think this little brat needs a spanking," she said.

"Definitely," Jill agreed.

Allison quivered as Beverley ran her hands slowly across her upraised bottom. She felt the woman's fingers carefully kneading and squeezing the soft flesh, coasting lazily across the rounded contours, then slipping in between and down over her naked sex. She squirmed, kicking her legs feebly as the excitement mounted within her.

Crack!

She jerked as the woman's hand came down across her flesh with a loud report.

"What a soft little ass she has," Beverley said.

Crack! Her hand came down again, then squeezed.

Crack!

Allison jerked at the stinging blows, her body wriggling on the woman's lap. She twisted her head, seeing the others staring at her, smirking, and felt a

wave of embarrassment quickly suffused by a tremendous excitement. The blows hurt, stung, but the stinging did nothing to suppress her heat, but instead

seemed to add to it.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Beverley let her hand fall more regularly, and the pain grew in strength.

Now Allison's squirming was less excited than pained, and she moaned and cried out behind her gag, the sound muffled and barely heard. Her bottom was

becoming hotter and hotter, and she was beginning to reconsider her belief that

this was exciting.

Beverley halted, and her hand slid down between Allison's legs, stroking along her pussy. Two fingers sawed between her lips, then over her clitoris.

"Nasty little slut," the woman said.

"Spank her," Laurie urged.

Allison saw she had her video camera out again.

"Beat her little ass," Jill sneered.

"Nasty little bitch," Shara grumbled, "Whip that ass."

Allison moaned as she felt Beverley's fingers at her rectum, felt them stroking and caressing her there, then pushing slowly inside.

"Is that right?" she asked. "Are you a nasty little slut?"

Allison moaned a reply.

"I bet you wish we were guys so we could all stick our nasty old cocks into

you," Beverley said. "I bet you'd love to have one in here, wouldn't you?  
You'd

love to get sodomized by a big old dripping cock."

Her finger pushed deeper, and began to twist around inside Allison's  
anus.

"You can tell she's a real cock lover," Jill said.

"Whip her ass for her," Laurie called.

A second finger pushed into her, and she gasped as Beverley's other hand  
cracked down on her bottom.

Jill pulled her head up by the hair, and as she moaned in pain she saw the  
woman waving something in front of her face. It was long and thick - and  
green.

She gasped and twisted in Jill's grasp as the woman brought it closer, and  
then

she realized it was a large cucumber.

Allison's eyes bulged, and she let out a squeal of protest which the gag  
reduced to little more than a muffled grunt.

The other women chuckled and Jill slapped her bottom harder.

"Brat. I think you need to eat your veggies."

The other women chuckled and laughed, and Allison squirmed harder.

She did not want the thing put into her body. It was - too filthy, she thought,  
too

degrading and disgusting. Bad enough they'd used those plastic toys on her,  
but

this - this was a vegetable! For some reason she could not quite understand  
that

made it worse.

And yet she was helpless to twist herself free, or even protest. She felt her  
legs pried open by Jill and Shara, and a moment later she felt the fingers  
withdrawn as Beverley took hold of the big vegetable and began to push it  
into

her. She groaned from the strain against her anal opening, for Beverley was  
not

gentle, and she bit down on the gag as she jammed the dildo deeper and  
deeper.

Jill was kneeling beside her now, and Allison felt something else pushing  
against her pussy. There was a click, then a buzzing sound, and she gasped  
at

the touch of a vibrator. It sawed lightly up and down her pussy slit, circling  
and

then grinding against her clitoris before withdrawing to push up into her sex. "Dirty slut needs her holes filled," Jill said.

Beverley shoved the cucumber down deeper, slapping the base with the palm of her hand, then began to spank her again. At the same time, Jill began

pumping the vibrator in and out of her, taking it out occasionally to grind it along her slit and over her clitoris.

Allison found herself grinding her pussy back against it, the sensations whenever it was rolled over her clitoris overwhelming and almost painful in their intensity.

It was shoved deep into her pussy again, and then a hand slapped at the bit of dildo protruding from her anus, forcing another inch in so the other end

caused cramps deep in her belly. She moaned in pain and embarrassment, and

yet, even so, the pleasure and sexual heat rose. The cucumber caused cramps deep inside, but the cramping was oddly exciting in a strange dark way, as was

the ache in her throbbing pussy from the hard pumping of the vibrator.

Allison was becoming too aroused for any other sensations to make their way through the swirling storm of pleasure gripping her nervous system, and her eyes began to roll as she shuddered and moaned and bucked in response.

Jill moved away, leaving her trembling across Beverley's lap. Beverley caressed her body, her left hand sliding beneath to squeeze her breast, then caressing her back before easing under her hip again, sliding along her belly and then halting, her hand in a fist, just beneath her sex. Allison moaned, and

began to grind herself down against her knuckles as Beverley resumed her spanking, gasping and sobbing into the gag as the pleasure mounted.

Each new blow, each sting of sensation, merely sparked her excitement higher, and she felt as though she was light headed, floating on a sea of pleasure

as she felt her climax arrive. She ground herself down harder, gasping and moaning. She raised her head, arching her back, trying to jam her pussy in harder against Beverley's knuckles, spreading her legs as she panted for breath

and then crying out in wonder as the orgasm built up inside her.

Beverley gave her another spank, then began to twist and pump the cucumber again. The pressure deep inside her was unbearable, yet exquisite,

and Allison groaned as the cucumber pushed even deeper through her spasming

sex. She felt terribly full back there. Her entire belly aching with the feel of the

vibrator and cucumber up inside them.

It made her orgasm intense, and drew it out into a long, delicious, intoxicating ride, and her body writhed and twisted and bucked in violent response as the ecstasy ripped back and forth inside her.

When her orgasm finally faded Beverly rolled her off so she tumbled to the floor, gasping and panting.

'Now behave," she heard Beverley say.

Allison rolled over and tried to sit up. She gasped as the end of the cucumber pushed against the hard floor and was jammed painfully up into her

belly. She eased onto her side, then rose awkwardly to her knees, looking down

shakily to see the thick round black end of the cucumber protruding several inches below her. The vibrator was almost fully buried in her pussy, only an inch sticking out.

She raised her eyes and looked around at the others as they resumed their normal seats. Her bottom felt sore and hot and her belly was still cramped with

the vibrator and cucumber. She felt the vibrator begin to ease down, however,

and with a little effort was able to squeeze down on her pubic muscles and expel

it.

That eased the pressure in her lower belly a little, but the cucumber was harder to deal with, as deeply buried and thick as it was. It had embarrassed her to have it thrust in. Now it would embarrass her to expel it here in front of

the watching women.

She was still breathing heavily, and her body was still flushed with excitement. Yet she found the cucumber protruding from her anus to be undignified, even for their silly games, and wanted it gone. If only she could talk to them, to let them know she did not think this was an appropriate part of

their games!

Shara changed the station on the TV, and they began to discuss what to

watch next as Laurie looked at the guide. No one made any move to free her or  
remove her gag, much less the cucumber. She pulled her arms out to one side, to  
remind them, but no one showed any interest, and when she tried to get their  
attention by yelling through the gag Beverley reached over and gave her  
right

breast a slap, ordering her to behave.

She sat back on her heels, wincing slightly as the base of the cucumber  
made light contact with the floor. Her bottom was still sore, her chest still  
tight.

Her wrists pulled a little at the handcuffs and she chewed on the ball in her  
mouth. The TV show came on, and they all watched it.

She kept turning her head, looking at the others, squirming with both  
discomfort and excitement, but uncertain about what to do. She didn't want  
another spanking, but she wanted them to do... something with her,  
something

nice, something sexy, something hot.

"Stop squirming," Beverley ordered.

Allison stared up at her wordlessly.

"Sit up straight. And spread your knees wider, slut. And keep your back  
straight. That's it. Now sit there and be quiet."

Allison obeyed, feeling quite sexy, and very uneasily sluttish as she knelt  
with her legs wide, her shaven sex painfully visible to all of them.

And yet they continued to watch television, and she grew increasingly  
impatient for attention. She called to them through the gag, but they only  
frowned.

Jill rose and went to the kitchen to refresh her drink. When she returned  
she sat it down, then abruptly squatted beside Allison. Her hand slipped  
down

beneath the cucumber and thrust it up sharply.

Allison squealed in pain, rising up off her heels, but the others only  
laughed as Jill twisted the big cucumber inside her, pumped it several times,  
gave it another hard thrust which hurt terribly, then moved back to her seat.

Allison moaned into the gag, feeling quite anxious now as her belly  
throbbled with pain. She sank slowly down onto her heels, moving very  
gingerly

as her gut cramped. The cucumber was even higher now and the pain with it.

"We should give the little slut something to do," Jill said. "Get her out  
from underfoot."

"Yes, good idea," Laurie said. "But she can't do anything like that."

"I'll take care of her," Shara said.

She stood up and moved over to where Allison knelt, then gripped her hair and forced her roughly to her feet, then marched her across the room and

into the hall. Allison felt the weight of the cucumber inside her, and her inner

thighs brushed against the end protruding as she was forced forward.

Shara opened the hall closet, there, and pulled out a box in the bottom, flipping open the lid.

There were metal shackles in the box, and Allison watched with considerable interest as they were snapped around her ankles. Her handcuffs were removed, and immediately replaced with similar shackles, though her hands were now in front of her. Then a metal collar was placed around her neck, and a slim chain belt around her waist. A foot long chain connected her

ankles, and another her wrists. The chain connecting her wrists went through a

ring at the centre of her belt.

"Now you will wash the floor, by hand," Shara ordered, filling a bucket with hot water and soap. "Then you will wash the front hall the same way.

When that is done you can wax both of them. I will inspect the work after you're

done, and if I am dissatisfied you will be punished, and can then clean them again - with your tongue. Do you understand, slut?"

Allison stared at her and Shara slapped her cheek lightly.

"Nod, slut."

Allison nodded.

"Then get to work. We will be checking on you and you had better not be slacking off."

She pushed Allison down onto her knees, then strode out and went back into the living room.

Allison stared at the floor, then the pail and sponge. Cleaning the floor was certainly not an exciting job, and yet, doing it naked and chained was so kinky, and so... so strange, that she felt her lower belly shimmy at the thought.

She pulled up but quickly found that she could not raise her hands high enough

to remove her gag. She dropped them, but could not get them down far enough

to remove the cucumber.

She sighed and picked up the sponge and dipped it into the hot water, then leaned forward, awkwardly, because of the way her wrist shackles were connected to her belly, and began to clean the floor.

She started out sitting on her heels, then leaning forward, but her back got tired. She was forced to fall forward onto her bound hands, and her chains

clanked on the floor as she moved, her bottom high and chest so low her breasts

brushed the floor.

She felt a sense of resentment towards the others, resentment and exasperation. She would have to make some things clear to them - somehow. This business of gagging her so she couldn't object, so she couldn't let them know when they had gone too far, would have to stop. No doubt they would apologise when they found out how much it hurt to have that damned cucumber

rammed so far up into her backside, but still, she felt ill used.

"So what do you think?"

"It's going very well," Beverly said. "Keep using the word `Slave'. Use it often. Sex slave, fuck slave, slave whore, slave bitch. She'll think it's a game, be

excited by it, but the more we use it the more she'll get used to it."

"It sure worked with slut," Laurie said, grinning. "She's quite the nympho now."

"That was there to begin with. We just broke down her inhibitions. Now we're breaking down her independence. She's getting used to obedience and to

pleasing us sexually when we demand it. She's getting used to us doing what we

want to her whether she protests or not. She's getting used to the idea she is ours to do with as we please."

"Poor little fool," Laurie said.

"This is just the beginning. Remember, slaves expect to be punished."

"Is that all you've done?"

Allison turned to see Shara returned, and her heart beat faster as she saw the long, thin switch in her hand.

"You can work faster than that, slave," Shara said.

She snapped the switch down across Allison's upraised bottom, and the girl jerked as the stinging pain rippled through her.

"Work harder, slave," Shara ordered.

Allison yelped into her gag, and glared fiercely at the woman, yet despite her anger her pussy throbbed, and when the woman moved back she turned and began to scrub harder and faster at the floor, gasping and moaning into the gag as Shara brought the switch down a second time, then a third.

"That's it, slave. Work," she said, smirking.

She let the tip of the switch slide between Allison's thighs and saw lightly along her furless slit, then tapped at it threateningly.

"Work like a slave," Shara ordered.

She raised her foot, and then placed it against the cucumber. Allison cried out in pain as she shoved hard, and somehow the cucumber was forced even deeper into her body. The pain threw her forward onto her arms on the floor, and she moaned, her hands jerking helplessly as they tried to reach behind her.

Shara had left, and she rolled onto her side, gasping, wincing, eyes fluttering. The pain was awful. She felt utterly impaled by the thing. That stupid bitch, she thought fiercely. They were all hurting her and didn't even realize it. She wasn't into this thing like they were. The instant they

took her gag off she was going to give them a piece of her mind!

In the meantime, however, she slowly got back onto her knees and continued working, scrubbing at the floor. A short time later Laurie came in, giggled, patted her head, and pointed out a spot she missed. Laurie then bent over and unstrapped the gag, easing it gently out of her mouth.

"Ow!" she gasped, working her jaw slowly.

"A little stiff?" We can't have that. You'll have to exercise it," Laurie said.

She straightened, pulling on Allison's hair, forcing her up and back on her heels as she pushed forward. She lifted her skirt and pushed her bare sex into Allison's face, and twisted her hair.

"Come on, slave girl. Lick," she said. "Lick your mistress. Give her pleasure."

"Wait!" Allison gasped. "I want you.. Ow... Laurie! Ow! Untie me! Oww! Stop it!"

Laurie was slapping at the sides of her breasts and the slaps were stinging the younger girl too much to concentrate.

"Lick!"

Laurie pulled her in by the hair and ground her sex against Allison's face.

Wincing and gasping at the repeated tugs on her scalp Allison began to lick in

self defence, lapping up and down the woman's bare sex as she moaned and

ground her hips forward.

"Oh yes. Dirty little slave girl," Laurie moaned, swaying on her feet.

"Lick that pussy, sex slave."

She continued tugging and twisting at Allison's hair to increase the energy of her licking, and soon Laurie was bucking and moaning as she came. Yet Allison had little respite, for barely had her fingers loosened in her hair when

she had the gag in hand and was shoving it back into her mouth.

Then she pushed her so she fell back onto her back, knelt, and began to lap at Allison's pussy. And despite all her resentments and the pain within her

Allison felt her sex begin to almost instantly respond. Her muscles squeezed and

twisted around the big cucumber and she moaned in pleasure and pain as she rolled her hips wantonly.

"Dirty slave whore," Laurie taunted, licking and caressing her swollen clitoris.

The climax spiralled upwards, and Laurie began to abruptly spank her open hand against the bottom of the cucumber. Soft, but sharp little cramps and

aches tore through the centre of her belly, fiery little explosive sensory eruptions

which swirled around her heaving orgasm and threw it higher.

Pain and pleasure both grew, as Laurie slapped harder at the cucumber, the cramps grew more powerful and the pleasure more intense, the sensory overload dazing and confusing her as her body writhed and twisted and jerked

on the floor.

"Stop it! Stop it!" she cried dazedly, the gag muffling her voice. Her legs jerked and flopped, her head thrashing from side to side as the intensity of her

orgasm and the gut wrenching cramps brought tears to her eyes.

Then she collapsed, gasping, hardly able to force enough breath through her nose to keep pace with her pounding heart and overworked lungs.

"Back to work, slave girl," she heard, along with a giggle.

She was rolled onto her belly, then fingers in her hair brought her up to her knees before Laurie departed.

She knelt there shaking and trembling, gulping in air through her nose.

Then, slowly, confusedly, she picked up the sponge and began to scrub once again.

She had just finished scrubbing, and was beginning to sag when Beverley came in. The woman put her foot against Allison's hip and roughly shoved her

so she fell on her side, rolling onto her back. Without a word, Beverley knelt,

and Allison saw she had another strap on dildo attached to her.

She yanked Allison's slim legs up, forced them ruthlessly back, then thrust the dildo into her moist pussy. She grinned, gripped Allison's ankles, then

shoved them violently up and back as she fell forward over her. Allison gasped

and moaned aloud as her ankles were forced down next to her ears by the force

of the woman's weight.

The dildo sank all the way into her, and she trembled in dazed excitement, her belly aching at this new, deep penetration.

"Fucking whore," Beverley growled, starting to thrust.

She worked her hips up and down slowly, at first, but used deep, powerful strokes that had her body's full weight coming down on Allison's upturned bottom. Very quickly she sped up, and was soon hammering herself down so that Allison gasped and moaned loudly, grunting with each hard impact of the

woman's hips and belly.

The cucumber was being jarred and shaken in her gut, and every now and then Beverley would reach down, grip the base and twist it, causing her to

twist and shake.

"You like being used as a fuck toy?" Beverley growled. "Take this cock, you slut. You like that? Is it deep enough for you, bitch?"

Her body hammered down, and Allison felt her own bruised and crushed body ache and shudder under the impact. Her pussy steamed and burned around the pistoning dildo, and she could feel her blood race as the excitement

flared hotter. Her wrists were bound against her belly, jerking uselessly against

the shackles, and her eyes stared helplessly up into the other woman's clenched

teeth as Beverley fucked her hard and fast.

The entire evening went in that manner, with Allison shackled and chained and naked, doing a variety of chores, and being used sexually, often

roughly so, by her roommates. The cucumber stayed inside her, and somehow

her body adjusted to its enormous thickness.

And then, while she was across Shara's lap, the Black woman cruelly rammed it deeper, so deep that the pain almost caused her to black out, so deep

that the base almost disappeared inside her.

"Ooo, it's all inside," Beverley observed.

Shara looked up from the writhing girl on her lap.

"This fucking whore has fourteen inches of cucumber up her ass," she said proudly.

Jill was passing by, carrying an empty bowl of ice cream, on her way to the kitchen. "Bet that hurts," she said idly in passing.

"Bet it doesn't," Beverley said, as if she could not see the grimaces and tears on Allison's face.

She threw her aside, then knelt before her and began to lick at her sex. It took some time and effort and all her expertise, but soon the pleasure was enough to cut through the pain wracking the younger woman's body, and Allison began to writhe and grind her hips upwards in frantic sexual need. Laughing, Beverley drew back and watched the last of the orgasm parade through her, smirking at the girl's writhing, twisting movements until they slowed and her eyes slowly began to open. Time, she thought. She ruffled the

girl's hair, then unlocked her shackles, not removing them, but undoing the chains so that her arms and legs were free.

"That was fun," she said, turning away.

Allison slowly twisted away, got shakily and unsteadily to her feet and, clutching her belly, staggered and stumbled out of the room, then up the stairs.

Free at last, she thought.

She made it to the bathroom, then leaned against the counter and fumbled with the gag. After a minute of confusion she was able to undo it and pull it free,

then threw it angrily into the corner. Gasping loudly, she reached down to her

anal opening, feeling the rounded tip of the cucumber.

She groaned, then bent forward, spreading her legs. Her hands went to her belly and pushed as she tried to use her anal muscles to expel the big green

vegetable. At first there was no movement. But the thing was heavy, and its own weight helped her as she slowly, gasping and grunting with effort, was able to make the first couple of inches push out. She reached back then, gasping in relief as the pain eased, and slowly, gently drew it out of her body. The more of it which she saw emerging in the mirror the more amazed she was. She had seen how large it was, of course, but now, to see inch after inch emerging from her anal opening, she simply marvelled that it had all managed to get inside her body.

The last of it was out, and she groaned in relief and dropped it into the sink. Her rubbery legs dropped her to her knees, and she leaned forward, moaning, rubbing her belly as she recovered from her effort. She was going to talk to them, she thought dazedly. She would set some rules. They would not do these things when she said no, and she would not have a gag any more.

Her body felt a tremendous sense of spreading relief. The pain was now gone, and her entire lower belly seemed to throb with pleasure. She rose to her feet and turned, gazing at her weary, drawn image in the mirror, then shook her head tiredly.

She emerged from the bathroom and then was almost instantly grabbed by Laurie and Beverley. Despite her protests she was pulled along to Laurie's room and her wrists and ankles shackled to the four corners. But there was no pain as the two women made long, slow love to her body, their tongues everywhere, their soft fingers stroking and caressing as they forced her into orgasm after orgasm.

SIX

"It's t-too thick!" Allison gasped.

This brought a sharp smack on the bottom from Beverley and a "Quiet, slave," from Jill.

She was naked, bent over the kitchen table. She had gotten up late for work, and had hurriedly dressed and headed for the door, only to be intercepted by Beverley, who had forced her to change. Instead of the

businesslike dress she had planned to wear she now had on a thin white silk shirt and a little tartan mini which Laurie owned.

Her underwear, both bra and panties, had been removed, and Beverley, having already forced a thick dildo up her pussy, was now jamming another up

her rectum. Both were stainless steel, but thicker and longer than the ones which had previously been forced into her body.

"That's as far as it will go, I think," Beverley said.

"Chain them in place."

Beverley slid the chain around her upper hips, cinched it tight, then pulled the front section down between her legs, running it through the rings set

into the base of each dildo before pulling it up hard and tight to fasten just above the small of her back. There she used a tiny lock to clip it in place, and

Jill let go of Allison's arms and pulled her upright.

Allison reached down and lifted the skirt, gasping at the sight of the dildos. At least two full inches protruded from her pussy and anus, and her openings were taut around the hard steel.

"I won't even be able to sit down!" she protested.

"You said you were on your feet all day at the store."

"Yes but... but there's the bus!"

"Which you can hardly ever find a seat for. Anyway, if you kind of slouch low, you can manage to sit."

"But the skirt... someone might see!"

"Then they'll see, and be very excited."

"Jill, please! I-I can't!"

"We're not unlocking it, slave girl," Jill said with a smug grin. "I have to be off to work"

"Jill!"

Beverley smirked. "Better get going, slave. Your boss is going to be made enough as it is."

She left, too, and Allison cursed herself for being so weak, for not absolutely demanding the thing be taken off. She had meant to put her foot down as soon as possible, to tell the others how far they could and could not go,

but had not yet had the chance, and they had playfully ignored her protests.

Well, she would not obey them. She went to the mirror and tried to remove the chains.

The horizontal chain appeared to be fastened together at the small of her

back, where the vertical one was also locked in place. There was a strange kind of clip shaped like an eight there, and she twisted her head painfully trying to see it in the mirror as she worked at it with her fingers. Allison's fingers twisted at it with growing frustration and anger, trying to figure out how to open it and pull the dildos out.

She failed. The clip was quite tight, and needed strong fingers to work free. It also, apparently, needed a good, clear view of it - better than she could get trying to turn her head all the way around in the mirror - and the right angle in order to slip it free.

Allison turned around before the mirror and posed from all sides, trying to see if any part of the dildos could be seen with her skirt down. They did not

appear to be visible, so she finally hurried out the door, and, walking with an odd, wide legged gait, made her way up to the bus stop.

She felt, naturally, very exposed. The dildos, thick and hard, twisted and jerked inside the sheaths of her belly as she hurried along, and the chain dug into the soft flesh of her pussy. There was a man at the bus stop and he looked

her up and down as she approached. This increased her nervousness, and her face reddened a little.

This is insane! I should have stayed home!

And yet there was a certain excitement, as well, an excitement not lost on her body with the hard steel cylinders penetrating it so deeply.

The bus arrived, and she was faced with a new shock as she recalled she would have to walk up the steep stairs in front of the man. Yet she had no alternative, and he stepped back, very obviously allowing her to go first. The driver was looking down at her, and the man was not moving.

She had to hurry forward and climb the steps, and he came in right behind her. She could only hope and pray he was not at such an angle as to see something he should not.

The bus was gratifyingly crowded. It would have been difficult to explain why she remained standing were it nearly empty.

She relaxed a little, though she remained nervous, wondering how much

the man had seen. When she turned her head casually, just to check and see if

he was staring, she was startled to discover he was right behind her.

Well, of course he was. He had come in with her, after all.

She licked her lips and turned away, looking out the window.

A moment later she felt a little jar against the base of the rear dildo, and her eyes widened. She jerked her head around and saw a frown of confusion on

the man's face, and looked down to see his hand coming away from her skirt. He must have just slipped his fingers beneath the hem in the rear, the pervert,

perhaps intending to raise it a little. But his fingers had felt the dildo protruding there instead.

Blushing, she tried to move forward a little, but he followed. She dared not say anything. She imagined her humiliation if she screamed, and the man

was held for the police. What would the police do if they saw?

She put her hand down, trying to ward him off, but had to hold onto the strap overhead, which did not make for a firm balance as the bus swayed and turned. She had to spread her legs a little, and hold the back of another seat with her other hand.

She felt the tap at the dildo again, and her mind screamed, her body stiff, her mind on edge. She let go of the seat back, reaching back to slap at his hand,

but she could feel his fingers now around the shaft, feel as they pulled on it, then thrust it forward.

She slapped at his hand and it moved away.

Her face was flushed. She felt mortified. He would have no doubt what was down there, though he must be shaking his head with wonderment about why.

Her eyes widened again, for he had changed hands, and now his right hand slid in beneath the front of her skirt, and before she could react, had nudged the second steel dildo. She heard a grunt from behind her, no doubt of

surprise, then tried to switch hands without falling down in order to slap that hand away.

But before she could his fingers slid upwards along the smooth metal to

where it disappeared within her body. She felt them against her taut pubic lips,

brushing across her swollen clitoris.

"Wow," she heard whispered.

She pushed his hand away

The other hand slid up beneath her skirt in back, giving her bottom a confident squeeze. No doubt he was sure, now, that she was a slut, and that she

would never dare to turn him in.

Allison looked around nervously, afraid someone would see if she kept moving her hands around, and perhaps alert the driver. Fortunately, she seemed wedged in, with no eyes able to view her below the waist.

She felt cool as his fingers lifted her skirt in back, and her face turned even more red as she felt it lifted high, knowing he was looking down at her bare

bottom.

She felt his fingers at the small of her back, then the vertical chain slipped loose and swung down. Before she had a chance to realize it his fingers gripped

the base of the rear dildo and pulled it gently downwards.

She gasped, her fingers tightening against the strap, and against the rear of the seat on her other side.

How had he...

He thrust the dildo back up and she gasped again, forced onto her toes by the deep penetration.

She heard a low chuckle as he let go, and gripped the one in her pussy, pumping that slowly in and out. He pushed that in hard enough to force her onto her toes again, then once again pulled at the one in her rectum, removing it completely.

Allison was terrified he would hold the dildo up triumphantly, waving it at the other passengers, but instead she felt her skirt held up, and something warmer, softer, but just as firm, pressing in against her gaping anal opening.

He was going to sodomise her right there on the bus!

She stared out the window in disbelief, yet as she felt his hard erection pushing up into her body she knew there was nothing she could do about it, and

could only moan softly as he pushed in and forward in short little jabbing motions that soon had his prick deep in her rectum.

"Slut," he whispered into her ear.

She felt his hand on the dildo in her pussy now, as he began to pump it up and down. At the same time he was working his cock back and forth in her rectum, driving it higher and deeper.

Allison's body felt electrified as she stood quivering on her toes, eyes racing back and forth across the crowd of people around her, terrified someone

would see, someone would shout, and the police would be called.

His cock was very deep now, and her belly cramped as it ground against something sensitive up deep within her. He was pumping the other dildo easily,

his thumb riding up across her clitoris with each stroke.

"Slut," he whispered again.

Allison burned with shame, and yet in the midst of it she had a sudden frantic thought. Was it possible he had been tipped off, sent to meet her by one

of the others? Or was he acting like this because he had seen something when

entering behind her?

"Slut," he whispered again.

He was fucking steadily now, and she had to brace her feet on the floor to keep her hips from jerking to and fro in response to his thrusts. Her mind was

spinning with alarm, tension, fear, embarrassment, and anxiety, and she had only a little room to marvel at being sodomised right there on the bus, to marvel

at being sodomised at all, with a real cock.

She could feel his harsh breath in her ear as he fucked her, and could feel the spongy tip of his prick up high in her guts, striking some part of her forcefully with each deep penetration. Then she heard him gasp, and his cock

gave a final deep thrust as he ground his hips against her naked bottom.

He held himself there for a long moment, and she could sense his cock softening. He drew back, and a moment later she felt the steel dildo pushed back

up inside her. He lifted the chain again, pulled it up hard and tight, and clipped

it in place, then eased back as the bus hit the first major station and began to empty out.

She shuffled further back, but ignored the seats, letting others take them.

As the bus started forward again, she began to wonder if that had been a

mistake. For now there were only a half dozen people standing, and she felt the

eyes of nearby passengers on her. She wondered, with alarm, if any of the closer

ones could see under her skirt to the gleaming metal cylinders.

Then she noticed a man, boy, really, her own age, staring at her. He was a few seats forward, and couldn't possibly be looking under her skirt, but then she realized he was looking at her chest, at the very noticeable indentations of

her fat, hard nipples against the thin white blouse. She blushed slightly and looked away, yet her blood sped up at yet another example of how men lusted

after her.

"You're late again!?"

"Sorry, Mr. Smyth," she mumbled.

"That isn't good enough!" he snapped.

He lectured her for several minutes about her responsibilities, then left her in peace. Allison glared at him resentfully, then started to work. There was

less danger, now, of someone seeing her dildos, but they were a constant sensation as she moved around, especially as she squatted to replace books on

the lower shelves.

She kept easing her hands down between her legs, tracing the line of her pubic lips or rectal opening where her flesh gripped the smooth, round cylinders, or tugging at the chain, particularly at the top of her sex, where it ground remorselessly against her clitoris.

Twice, she went into the back, squatted as if examining a low shelf, and then masturbated to quick, powerful orgasms.

Just as she was wondering what to eat for lunch, and wishing there was some way she could sit to ease her tired legs, the shop door opened and Shara

entered.

She felt an immediate surge of both fear and excitement as the tall Black woman sauntered through the shop towards her.

"I came to check on you," she said, "To make sure you hadn't removed what had been put in place."

Allison looked around nervously. "I haven't," she whispered.

"Show me."

She blinked her eyes. "What?"

"Show me. Lift your skirt."

"But... someone might..."

"Now!"

Allison eased back behind one of the chest high shelves. Mr. Smyth was looking up suspiciously, but then dropped his eyes as a customer walked up to

pay for something. She looked up the aisle in both directions, then reached down and lifted the hem, pulling it up high, then jerking it down.

"Again. Hold it until I tell you to lower it."

"Shara!"

"Now!"

She obeyed, her body tense with anxiety, as the woman looked down at her naked crotch and lower belly, then reached down and began to finger her clitoris.

"Have you had an interesting day, little slut?" she asked.

"Yes!" Allison gasped.

"It's going to get still more interesting. Come to lunch with me. We'll go to the gallery. They have a lovely exhibit of African art."

Allison was hardly in a position to refuse, and so accompanied the Black woman up the street some distance to the gallery. She was forced to walk quickly in order to keep pace with Shara, and this resulted in quite an unsettling experience as the two dildos continued to protrude from her body and continued to move inside her in response to her body's movements.

"Shara?" she asked.

"Mistress Shara to you, slave."

Allison's belly quivered.

"Mistress Shara? Were you responsible for that man on the bus?"

Shara turned and glared down at her. "Are you accusing me of something, slave?"

"No!" Allison gulped.

"Good. Don't. Or you'll be punished. If some man realized you were a fuck hungry little nympho slut and got his jollies that's only natural. Anyone with the slightest discernment can see what a whore you are with very little effort."

Allison looked down, gulping unhappily.

The gallery, when they reached it, was not at all what she had expected.

Not that she had much, or really any experience with galleries beyond a visit to

the large government galleries, of course.

This was a small, dark, privately owned gallery which catered to a

particular clientele. It was housed in a small former warehouse off a back street

and appeared to have almost an exclusively Black customer base. This made her

only a little nervous, yet she felt quite guilty over that nervousness. She told herself that Blacks were often in the minority, that often there was only the one

of them surrounded by Whites. And so she ought to be glad for the chance to experience first hand the kind of minority status they were used to.

And it appeared she would, for many of the people there scowled disapprovingly at her presence. She felt somewhat like an intruder and moved

closer to Shara.

The first part of the gallery was dedicated to the experience of slavery.

One picture and sculpture after another gave testimony to the cruelty of the slavers who had used Shara and her people. There were many paintings and drawings of noble, naked Black men and women being beaten and whipped and

forced to act as beasts to their White masters.

Needless to say, Allison was quite gripped with guilt, and felt even more conspicuous as Shara led her through the small, twists and turns of the gallery.

She guided her off to one side, then through a small doorway, and now the art

took on a different tone. Now the nudity was more erotic, the suffering tinged

with sensuous pleasure. Beautiful Black women chained across rocks and tables,

their backs arched as the whip slashed across their bellies and breasts.

Powerful, muscular Black men stood upright, chained in place as the whip cut

across their backs and buttocks.

Yet the expressions on their faces was closer to ecstasy than agony, and there was an indefinable air of sexual masochism to the works.

And then they moved on through another doorway, and now the art was of an entirely opposite tone. Now it was White men and women who were enchained and enslaved, being sensuously tormented by vengeful Blacks.

There were a dozen Blacks in the room, and Allison felt quite, quite exposed, even nervous, though her nervousness shamed her, since it surely arouse out of racism.

She stared at the picture of a naked white woman spreadeagled across a narrow table, her head and shoulders dangling off one side, her thighs the other.

Her ankles and wrists were bound down below the table. The table was surrounded by large, muscular Black men, all of them naked, all holding their

cocks in their hands and spraying the writhing woman with their semen.

"You like this one?"

She looked up, face flushed, at a Black man nearby.

"You're the artist?" Shara asked coolly.

"Yes."

"Nice piece."

"Thank you. It's an testament to the strange lusts White women feel towards Black men."

"Yes, of course. I see that," Shara said.

"It's also a statement on the racism of White society, which sees Black men as menacing and threatening, yet sexually wild, like beasts, like animals.

That bestial nature they imagine is inherent in Black men is the real source of

the attraction White women feel for the Black man."

"Yes, they imagine it's almost like bestiality," Shara said.

The man nodded. "And yet it's save bestiality. For they know the Black man is human, even while they allow their racist fantasies to picture him as a savage, or even a wild man."

Shara flushed again, for she knew exactly what they were speaking about, and felt those same sensations within herself. She felt quite terrible that she was

capable of such racism and bigotry, and so hung her head, embarrassed. Yet despite her acknowledgement of the source of such arousal she knew that she

was aroused, and that only made her feel worse.

"Come. Let me show you something," the man said.

He led them through a closed door, closing it behind them. They were in a small, dark room. In its centre stood a pedestal, and on the pedestal was a tall

scarred wooden post. A pair of heavy steel manacles hung from a chain attached to the post by a steel ring.

"The whipping post," he said. "So many Blacks tasted pain on this."

"You mean it's real?" Shara asked.

"Oh yes. It's two hundred years old. It will be the centrepiece of my show next week when it opens."

He smiled darkly at Shara. "What do you think you would feel if you were chained to this post and about to be whipped, young lady?"

"I don't know," she said guilty. "I suppose I would feel quite frightened."

"Only frightened?" he asked with a curled lip of a smile.

He took her arm suddenly and pulled her onto the low pedestal, then pushed her against the whipping post. Allison could see the ancient cuts and marks on its surface and wondered how many Black men, and perhaps women

as well, had been cruelly punished against it.

Her arms were lifted above her head by both Shara and the nameless Black man and she felt her heart skip a beat, then her pulse begin to race as she

looked up and saw the heavy steel fastened around her wrists. She was forced

onto her toes, and the steel closed in tightly around her slender wrists, then small screws tightened the shackles further.

The two Blacks stepped back and she gasped, her chest pressed firmly against the wood. She realized her nipples were erect, and felt another flood of

shame at her bigotry even as she nervously turned to look behind her.

"How do you feel, young lady?" the man asked.

"Nervous," she gulped.

"Perhaps she'd like to more fully experience what so many Black women felt," Shara suggested.

The man smiled again and stepped forward. Allison flinched nervously, yet her belly was fluttering with anxious excitement, and she could feel her pubic muscles twisting and pulling at the dildo inside her.

The man gripped the back of her silk blouse and she cried out as he ripped it open all the way down to the waist.

"Shara!"

"You're a slave, girl," Shara said in a biting tone. "Do you think for aid against your punishment? Do you think anyone's going to come to your rescue?"

Do you think anyone rescued Black women when they were being punished?"

"Show her how black women were whipped, Anthony," Shara said.

He ripped her top further, his powerful grip shredding the thin silk as though it were tissue, leaving her naked to the waist. She blushed furiously,

pressing her naked breasts against the post, breathless with shock, fear and yet

a terrible dark excitement.

Then his hands went to her skirt.

"No!" she gasped.

He ignored her, and the skirt came down around her ankles, then was yanked off. She was naked now before the man, a complete stranger, a stranger

who could clearly see the dildos embedded in her body.

She pressed her hot face against the post, deeply and terribly shamed. Yet even that shame could not diminish the heat between her legs or the dark ugly

excitement slithering forward from the back of her mind.

"She should be whipped as a slave," Shara said.

"Her skin is too soft. She couldn't take it," the man said. "She is too soft, too weak."

"Then give her a taste of what her ancestors did to ours. Just a small taste."

Anthony reached to his belt and unbuckled it, then drew it slowly forth out of its loops. The belt was soft leather, a good two inches wide. He smiled at

her as she stared, wide eyed, over her shoulder.

"Very soft," he said. "It will sting, no more. Do you think you're brave enough to feel the sting, White girl, the merest hint of what Black men and women felt at the cut of the bull whip and the crop?"

Her head throbbed, her belly throbbed. Every pulse of her heart had the blood racing through Allison's body, and she could not bring herself to speak as

the man let the belt swing back and forth before him.

"You are to be silent," Shara ordered. "We don't want you disturbing the people out front. Try and show at least a small bit of bravery, you racist white slut."

The word hurt. Not the slut part, but the other. And Allison braced herself, determined to accept this small token of what her ancestors had done to

theirs, and to learn by it.

And yet, despite this brave intellectual acceptance she was gripped by a terrible fear of the pain.

And then Anthony swung the belt and it landed against her buttocks with

a meaty crack of noise. It did sting, and quite badly. Quite terribly, in fact.

The

pain drove her hips forward and her lower body ground against the post. Her head fell back and she groaned softly, barely repressing a loud cry of pain.

Again the belt swung forward, again lashing her bottom. She was better braced this time, yet still felt the whiplash of pain through her system.

Another

blow, this time against her upper back, shocked her, and drove a cry of pain from her lips. Then another cut into her lower back, and she moaned, tears filling her eyes.

The pain was mounting, for each blow left a throbbing line of fire along her flesh, which continued to sting at a lower level. Another blow, and another

,and another. Each threw her against the post, and her wrists ached as they pulled against the shackles. Yet despite the pain she felt a growing sense of bizarre erotic exultation. She was being punished as her racist ancestors had punished the Blacks, and that was only right.

And yet she was being punished naked, by a tall, handsome Black man, and the sexual element of that assault could not be ignored with the twin dildos

protruding from her pussy and rectum.

Another blow landed, and she squirmed and twisted and moaned, gulping in air now as the atmosphere in the small, dark room became closed and hot.

Another blow and she sobbed, the pain tearing at her. Her entire back glowed with heat, and her bottom was not far behind. Another blow, and another, harder still, and she sobbed in pain, half hanging from the shackles.

"Dirty little slave," Shara said behind her.

Dazed, Allison felt a hand grip her arm and turn her around. She groaned weakly as she stared at the Black man facing her now, her buttocks pushed back against the post.

"Stand still," Shara ordered.

The man swung the belt again and Allison cried out softly as it cracked across her lower belly. Her breathing grew rougher and more ragged as she stared at his stony face and watched the belt swing forward again. It cut across

her belly somewhat higher, and she felt a terrible excitement and fear as she began to suspect how high it would go.

The next blow was slightly higher, and the next, and the next, and she could see the wide line of reddened flesh left behind by each blow as he moved

his aim higher. The pain was quite stinging, and her eyes were filled with tears,  
yet she could not suppress that dark, ugly pleasure and satisfaction, an almost  
masochistic glee in her own punishment which was causing her pussy to spasm  
around the dildo.

The next blow cracked across her breasts and she jerked back violently, her head lashing from side to side. Another blow followed, quickly now, and another, and another, and she sobbed and cried out as her breasts stung and reddened. She tried to twist aside, to take the blows on her back, but Shara held

her firmly as the blows landed.

Her legs weakened, and several blows threw her off her feet to dangle briefly from the shackles.

Then he dropped the belt and moved forward, and she was hemmed in between the two tall Blacks.

"Do you begin to sense the pain and humiliating they felt at the hands of your ancestors?" Anthony growled. "This is only a tiny stinging. Imagine the bull whip cutting into your flesh, girl."

He cupped one breast, squeezing it with a large hand. On her other side Shara cupped another, and their fingers kneaded the soft, throbbing, red flesh.

"Use her," Shara said. "Use the racist white slut. You can see she wants it."

"Yes," the man said.

His hand dropped to her sex and he effortlessly unlinked the chain from the dildo, then began to slowly pump it in and out. He pumped harder and faster so that the end of the dildo rammed against her cervix, and Allison began

to gasp and moan in pain, twisting in her shackles.

"Give her your black cock," Shara said coldly.

She pulled the dildo out and Anthony undid his trousers, letting them drop to his ankles. He gripped her buttocks, letting his hands slide down to her

thighs, then abruptly lifted them up and shoved them back.

Allison gasped in pain as she was left, in effect, hanging by her wrists. But Anthony held her legs back to either side of her body, then let his hands slide up

their length until he was holding her ankles. He jammed them in next to her

head on either side, forcing her sex up and out helplessly.

Shara gripped his thick Black cock and positioned it at the ready opening to her sex, and he lunged forward. Hard.

Allison cried out, or began to, but as she opened her mouth Shara thrust the dildo into it, almost choking her as she pushed it deep into her oral cavity,

almost into her throat.

He held her ankles in a vice like grip as he began to work his hips in and out, and Allison felt a sense of dazed wonder at being so lewdly and crudely used by a strange man. Her wrists ached as she hung from the shackles, and her

entire body seemed to glow with stinging pain. Yet the centre of her heat lay between her legs as Anthony began to pump into her with hard, deep, wonderful, terrible strokes that jerked her body violently against the whipping

post.

"Use the White bitch as if she were your slave," Shara growled. "Rape her like a slave girl!"

"Slave bitch," Anthony said, his teeth gleaming.

His hips pumped violently and his thick cock, gleaming with her moisture, pounded back and forth through the taut, aching lips of her sex as Shara looked

on.

"Fuck her," Shara said in a soft throaty growl. "Fuck the white whore. Dirty white racist slut. Filthy little White cock slave. Rape her, Anthony. Rape

her with that big Black cock of yours."

She leaned in close to Allison's ear, her tongue pushing out and sliding along the edges.

"Do you like that, slave bitch?" she whispered. "Do you like that nigger cock inside you? I bet you love it. You White whores always get off by getting

taken by a big nigger buck, don't you? Don't you, slut? Feel how big he is inside

you? He's like a wild animal, isn't he? And you love it!"

And she did, and she hated it that she loved it. She was assaulted by miserable guilt and shame at the same time as wildfire sexual heat was ripping

through her body. Allison felt low and dirty and vile, and yet her body flared

with a wonderful dark heat as Anthony used his cock like a spear, ramming it down into her helpless body, punching her deep inside. She found herself revelling in her low helpless punishment, in the degradation they were heaping upon her.

She felt outraged at Shara's words, and yet cut by guilt for the truth in them. The dark face above her stared down at her as his hips worked like a triphammer, and her insides twisted and churned and throbbed with pleasure as he used her, raped her.

She tried to hide her pleasure but could not, and knew further shame and misery as she climaxed wildly there before them, sobbing in pain even as her body thrashed and convulsed with pleasure.

"We had a plan and you're screwing it up!"

Shara smiled and made a face.

"She is to be led slowly into - ."

"Too slowly," Shara said dismissively. "Your gentle middle class ways are taking too long. She was ready for more pain and use. She loved it."

"You risked ruining everything! Beverley said hotly.

"You're not the only one who studies psychology, Beverley," Shara said.

"I know just how susceptible to a liberal guilt trip that kind of White girl is."

"Yes but - ."

"So I added that into the mix. So what? Maybe I can persuade her she needs to show penance by enduring time as a slave herself."

"She isn't to even know what's happening," Beverley said. "She's to be seduced into slavery without being aware of what's going on."

"How have I changed that?"

"By confusing her sexual slavery with this stupid White guilt trip thing.

She is to be convinced that she should be a slave because she's a low, miserable

sluttish thing, not because she's White."

"What difference does it make why she thinks herself a slave?"

"It makes a difference if you want her to be a pain slut. To accomplish that we need to carefully teach her body that pain is pleasure, that any time she

receives punishment she's going to feel tremendous pleasure, too."

"She got both today."

"Luckily. But if she hadn't it would have ruined her."

"But it didn't. It sped things up."

"Just because she let your friend use a strap on her doesn't mean she's

going to get off on further pain."

"So teach her to, Beverley. You're the mind twister."

Beverley snorted then sighed and ran her fingers through her short hair.

"We'll move on to the next phase. She's to be punished often, for the slightest

misdeed or misstatement. Even if it's only a slap or a pinch for not speaking respectfully. She's to become used to physical punishment."

"Works for me."

SEVEN

"You know the rule. You don't leave unwashed dishes in the kitchen."

"I'm sorry," Allison said.

"Mistress."

Allison dropped her eyes. "I'm sorry, Mistress."

"Sorry is for little girls. Rules violations bring punishment."

Allison blushed. "Well, what kind of punishment?"

"We'll decide that this evening when the others are home."

"It was only a few dishes. Geeze."

She gasped as Beverley's hand slapped across her bottom.

"A rule is a rule."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Come here."

Beverley took her arm and swung her around towards the kitchen table, then pressed her belly against one of the chairs which was pushed in. She bent

her forward, at the same time tugging on her trousers.

Allison gasped, but made no protest as her bottom was bared.

She felt a wave of embarrassment mixed with anxiety, and then gasped as Beverley's hand slipped between her thighs and cupped her sex.

"Bad little girl," Beverly said. "Naughty little girl."

Her hand slapped against Allison's bottom and the stinging pain made her flinch.

"Are you sorry for being a naughty slave?"

"Yes, mistress," Allison panted.

Another slap, and another, and the embarrassment and pain rose together. Yet alongside it rose that dark, hungry arousal which made her pussy

lips feel warm and swollen.

Another slap, and another, and then Beverley drew back.

"Do up your pants and then do the dishes."

Allison straightened a little breathlessly, then, surprised there was to be

nothing further, she bent, red faced, and pulled up her trousers.

"Did you leave your towel on the floor of the bathroom, slut?"

Allison looked up, and felt her belly begin to tighten.

"Yes... Mistress," she gulped.

Jill strode forward and gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back and forcing her up from the chair. "Have we not made the rules clear to you, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress!" she gasped in pain.

"As punishment you will no longer be permitted to use towels."

"I... won't?"

"From now on you let the air dry your dirty little body."

One of Jill's hands was thrust down the front of her trousers and Allison cried out, her hips jerking as strong fingers began to stroke against her bare sex.

"Do you understand me, fuck toy?" Jill demanded.

"Yes, Mistress!" Allison groaned.

Jill forced her head back further and Allison stumbled, grasping the chair behind her for support. "Dirty little girl," Jill growled, her fingers expertly manipulating the young girl's sex. "I understand one of Shara's male friends raped you today. And you loved it."

"No!" Allison gasped, face reddening.

"Admit it, slut. You loved it when that big Black cock pushed into your pussy."

"Don't say that. That's terrible!" Allison moaned.

"But you did, didn't you? You loved that big Black boy pounding away against you."

"No," Allison moaned, her bottom rolling and squirming against the chair as her pussy flared with sexual electricity.

Two fingers curled in and thrust up into her, then a third, and she groaned as Jill tugged back harder on her hair. Pain and pleasure twisted and flared within her and she whimpered in confusion.

Allison stared at the two women before her with rapidly rising excitement.

She had not made her bed that morning, and so was not permitted to use it this

night. To ensure she did not she would spend the night in Jill's room, not on her

bed, of course, but at the foot of it. She stood, legs well apart, wrists and ankles

chained to the tall footposts of Jill's bed, watching as Jill and Laurie made slow,

sensuous love.

She was naked, of course, and gagged.

The two had been making love for well over an hour, and all that time she had watched, intensely aroused, feeling a growing sense of desperation when neither so much as acknowledged her existence.

She moaned softly and let her head hang back.

She had been angry when she had been forbidden her bed. Enough was enough, after all. She had come within a hair of being fired that day after Shara

had made her over an hour late from returning from lunch. She had had to promise she would be in an hour early tomorrow. She could not afford to stand

up all night and be exhausted. She had refused, and they had ignored her. They had brought her in physically and chained her, and when she had complained they had gagged her, and she had been unable to make further complaints. She had tried to communicate to them that she was not kidding, that she was absolutely serious, that she did not wish to play the game that night, yet she had been unsuccessful.

For the first half hour she had been quite angry, glaring up at the wrist restraints, down at her bound ankles, trying to twist and squirm and pull her way free until she was left drained by the effort. Then she had stood sullenly as

Jill had come in, trying to communicate the level of her unhappiness and anger with her eyes.

But then Laurie had come in, and the two had ignored her as they had undressed one another and begun to make love. Despite her anger and resentment Allison had found herself becoming aroused. At first that sense of

arousal had made her even more angry, but then her anger had melted as she had watched the lewd, erotic performance, and she had wanted nothing so much

as to join in.

The door opened and Beverley slipped in and up behind her.

Allison gasped at the touch of her hand, her wide eyes swinging around to meet the other woman's smile.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she whispered.

Allison nodded, her head swinging around to watch the two naked women slowly grinding their bodies together. She gasped in excitement as she felt

Beverley's hand kneading her buttocks, and then a dagger of shame and anxiety

as one of the woman's fingers probed at her anus, then slowly squirmed up inside.

It was not right. It was dirty and Beverley should not be touching her there.

Yet soon two fingers were calmly pumping in and out of her rectum. And then two more fingers were stroking softly up and down along her shaved sex as

Beverley chewed lightly on the nape of her neck. Soon Allison's hips were bucking with growing violence as the heat mounted within her belly.

"Dirty slut. Nasty little slave. Filthy, perverted little nympho," Beverley whispered into her ear.

She chewed on her earlobe as she whispered, chewed on the nape of her neck, and stroked her fingers faster and faster until Allison thought she would

scream with the sexual tension and pressure inside her.

"The slut is supposed to be punished, not rewarded," Jill said.

Beverley drew back and Allison was left gasping and panting, staring wild eyed over her shoulder as Beverley had folded her arms and shrugged.

Jill crawled forward and then knelt upright. Her hand slipped between Allison's thighs and she palmed her sex.

"If you want to feel pleasure you must also feel pain," she said. "Do you have the courage for that, little girl?" she asked tauntingly.

Allison looked back rebelliously, and her head jerked up and down.

Jill smirked. "Ha. Think so, little slut? I don't."

She turned and beckoned Laurie forward. "She thinks she's strong," she said.

She climbed out of bed as Laurie crawled forward and began to lick and kiss at Allison's thighs and abdomen. A moment later she was behind her, reaching around her to cup one of Allison's breasts. Her fingers squeezed in at

the flesh of her areola, forcing the erect nipple to stand out. Then a metal clip

was snapped tight around it.

Allison cried out, though the gag muffled it, and arched her back sharply as the stinging pain bit into her nipple. She twisted her head from side to side,

eyes wide, trying to let them know the pain was too much for her.

Yet the room was dark, lit only by the soft glow of a small lamp by the

bed. She was in shadow, and Jill reached around her other side, ignoring her writhing and bucking, to snap a second clip against her other nipple.

The pain redoubled, and she shook violently, pulling desperately against the leather restraints holding her arms and legs in place.

"Spoiled brat," she heard Jill say behind her. "No way she can take even a bit of pain."

Only Laurie was in front of her, and the redhead was not looking up at her desperate eyes. Instead she was looking down as her fingers probed at Allison's sex.

The sharpness of the pain eased, and with it her sense of desperate need. Allison relaxed her movements as Laurie's tongue began to slide between the

lips of her sex and probe upwards.

She moaned as she blinked tears from her eyes, looking down at the clips attached to her nipples. They were tight little steel alligator clips. Attached to

each was an odd little metal weight two inches long and about as thick as her little finger. The weight consisted of a rounded frame within which sat a small

weighted cylinder.

She gasped as two fingers were thrust up into her rectum again, jerking her head from side to side, trying to glare at the two women. Yet neither saw.

And now her attention was drawn to Laurie, who was spreading the lips of her

sex and working her tongue up higher.

She felt the pressure building once more, and a sense of sexual martyrdom flooded her as she gave herself in to the pleasure.

"Pain, little slut," Jill whispered. "You must suffer for your sluttish ways. You must be punished for your lack of discipline."

She slapped at her buttocks and Allison flinched, but the sting was slight and the growing sense of pleasure absorbed it easily.

"Whore," Beverley whispered in one ear..

"Slut," Jill whispered in the other.

"We should strap her like that nigger did," Beverley said.

Even in the midst of her pleasure Allison's mind recoiled from the word with indignation.

"But we don't have big black cocks to shove up her pussy."

They ought not talk like that, she thought dazedly. It was wrong. It was terrible.

And then the fingers pulled out, and she cried out in shocked surprise at the stinging pain as the switch cut across her buttocks.

She cried out, her head whipping around, wide eyes staring at Jill as the smug blonde drew back an arm holding a long, thin, flexible wooden switch. She

stared, trying to shake her head, but the switch flew forward again, cutting through the air and snapping at her bottom.

Her belly was driven forward against Laurie, and worse, her breasts jerked forward as well.

The odd little metal frame had two pieces. The first pieces, both made of very lightweight metal. The first piece was the hollow shaft which held the weighted cylinder. The second was a small swinging arm which was thrown forward when Allison's body was thrown forward. The arm was attached by a

lever to the underside of the shaft, and as it swung forward it forced the bottom

of the shaft upwards, so that the cylinder rose to the top of the little tube.

Then, of course, as her body jerked back, and the levered arm fell back, the bottom dropped, and with it the weighted cylinder. The effect was a sharp,

brief, but stinging tug on her nipples each time the cylinder fell and hit the bottom of the shaft.

At first the sting was almost unnoticeable in comparison to the bite of the switch across her bottom. But the blows continued, coming more quickly now.

The pain grew, and with her gag in place she could not demand they stop. Her

flesh, while unmarked, was still sore and sensitive from the strapping Anthony

had given her, and she wished no more of it.

Yet she could do nothing to stop them. The frustration of that almost distracted her from her arousal. But Laurie's tongue slithering up and down around her clitoris drew her mind back between her legs. Her mind spun and twisted, caught between the pleasure and excitement and lust, and the pain and

frustration and anger. Soon her anger and frustration began to melt away.

Acceptance took their place. She could not influence what was happening, could

not communicate with the women behind her. They would do with her what they chose.

And as Laurie's tongue curled and twisted up around her clitoris the pleasure soared once more, flooding her with the lewd, sensuous heat she had

felt earlier. The switch cut across her back and buttocks again and again, and she began to feel that terrible sense of martyrdom again, that sense of erotic heat at the wicked and outrageous nature of what was being done her.

They were so cruel. She was so helpless. And beautiful. They lusted after her, just like all the men did, for she was a creature of sex. They all wanted her.

They were jealous of her. They were punishing her because of that.

Her nipples ached and stung as the little pistons rose and fell in time to her body's violent jerks. Tears filled her eyes, yet pleasure filled her body, and

lust filled her soul.

The blows were harder, the pain greater, and again she jerked her head around, trying to tell them, trying to convince them to stop, that it was hurting

her too much. Yet they did not notice, and the switch hissed as it cut through the

air and cracked across her aching flesh.

The heat of climax flooded her body and mind. She arched her back violently, her head thrashing from side to side. As she did so Jill reversed the switch, and thrust the rounded handle up her rectum, up hard and deep so that

another pain ripped through her body. But the pain was a dull ache, unable to

distract from the feverish sexual electricity rippling up and down her spine.

"He fired me!"

"Good for him. I wouldn't have hired a whore like you to begin with," Jill said.

Allison shook her head in irritation. She was tired. Her body ached. They had not let her down after her climax. She had been standing on her feet all night, shackled in place while Jill and Laurie slept. They had also fixed stereo

headphones to her ears, strapped them in place, and played an endless tape of

nasty words and demands as she had stood wearily in the dark.

"Obey," ordered a throaty voice.

"Obey your mistress," added another.

"Slave," Chided a third.

"Whore," sneered a fourth.

"You are a slave," the voices whispered. "You must obey. Your body is ours. You are only happy in giving pleasure. You are made to be enslaved.

You

are made to be used. You are a wicked girl and must be punished."

"Slave!"

"Obey!"

"Slave!"

Exhausted, she had almost dozed off several times, only to be yanked rudely awake as her legs had given way and her the leather restraints had dug

into her wrists. And the voices droned on.

She had, of course, not noticed the time, and by the time Laurie had released her she was already late for what would have been her normal work time, quite late indeed considering she had promised to be in early.

"Don't you understand?" she exclaimed, realizing there was a whiny tone to her voice. "I can't pay the rent without a job!"

"You'll pay the rent," Jill said. "We'll find something for you to do."

"Like what?" she asked. "Lick your pussy?"

"There's an idea. You're getting quite good at that."

At the same time Beverley slapped her bottom sharply. "Don't be impudent," she ordered.

"We'll excuse your rent this month. We'll take it out in trade," Jill said.

"What's that mean?"

"You'll do extra chores."

"What kind of chores?"

There were quite a lot of extra chores, as it turned out. And she was to wear whatever uniform they chose for her while doing them - which was normally her skin.

Allison found herself doing all of their laundry, including bedding, as well as the ironing. She became the housekeeper, cleaning their rooms, washing the

floors, doing the vacuuming, and the cooking.

The slightest flaw drew a sharp crack across her bottom, a pinch to her breast, or a tug on her hair. They were quite insistent about her attitude, as well. As long as she was their employee she must not act as though she were their equal. She must be exceedingly polite and respectful at all times and be aware of her low status as servant.

Each day there seemed more chores to do. Jill was the first to require her

to be her alarm clock. She was to wake her gently and silently in the mornings

by easing back the covers and licking her all over her body, then bring her off

by tonguing her sex.

Of course, the others soon made the same demands.

Very quickly her position changed in her own mind, from an almost equal if younger and less sophisticated roommate to that of servant, of menial, wary of

angering her demanding employers, wary of the sharp slaps and pains they caused her.

And yet there was a kind of strange, masochistic pleasure in what she was doing, for she was still young and the sexual thrill of being used and sexually

punished continued to bathe her mind in fire. She was naked almost all the time,

and must, at an instant's notice, be ready to please one of her mistresses sexually.

"Slave. Come here."

Allison hurried over to Beverley and dropped to her knees before her - a recent, degrading, and yet oddly thrilling innovation Shara had introduced.

"Yes, Mistress," she asked, certain she had done something wrong.

She always did something wrong. It was frustrating.

Perhaps if they let her sleep. But she got so little sleep. The previous night she had been hung all night from her ankles. In the darkness, her wrists bound

behind her, the blood having rushed to her head, which ached, all she could do

was moan softly and listen to those voices which droned endlessly in her ears.

"Slave!"

"Obey, slave!"

"You are born to serve."

"Fuck toy."

"Sex slave!"

"Pleasure toy!"

She was not eating well, either. They gave her candy and chocolate to ease her hunger, but she was getting little that gave her protein, and it was becoming

harder to think straight.

"You call this clean?"

Beverley pointed at her black high heeled boot, which Allison had shined that day. It gleamed, and so Allison knew that there was another point to the woman's anger.

"I'm sorry, Mistress," she said.

It was almost automatic to say it now, and certainly she did not think of disagreeing with her, though she did.

"It's filthy!" Beverley shouted. "Clean it again!"

"Yes, mistress!"

"Stop! Where do you think you're going?"

"To get some..."

"No, you need nothing else to clean this. Do it yourself. Now. Use your tongue, slut."

Allison looked down at the gleaming boot and felt a sense of outrage grip her. And yet with it came a flare of heat between her legs. She hesitated, however, to do what the woman ordered.

"Now, slut, or I'll get the crop."

Allison jerked in fear and bent forward. She had been introduced to the riding crop the other day. It was much more painful than the switch, and her bottom was criss crossed with welts as a reminder.

She brought her lips to the gleaming leather and then thrust her tongue out, licking slowly across the surface.

Another shudder wracked her naked body as she felt the degradation and then the sexual thrill of her actions. She licked more firmly, her bottom raised

unconsciously as her tongue moved slowly across the surface of the black boot.

"That's it, fuck toy, clean it off," Beverley sneered. "Filthy little slut."

"She's not very good at anything, is she?" Shara said. "Dumb little white whore. I don't know why we let her stay here."

"I don't know why we ever thought she could stay here in the first place," Beverly said.

Allison cringed under their words, fearing they might decide to send her away, and wondering where she would find a place if they did. Without a job

she would have to return home to her parents in disgrace, accepting all their rules and regulations.

It never occurred to her that she had more regulations and stricter rules now than she ever had before, or that the punishments were far more severe.

"She's like a dumb bitch dog," Shara said.

"She is, isn't she? She's like the family pet. We should make her into one."

"Yeah. Good idea. She should stop thinking she's a human being."

Allison continued to lick at Beverley's boot, her tongue sliding down along the sides and around the heel. Her face was red and she felt ashamed, yet something dark glowed in her soul, and she barely flinched as they continued to

rain abuse on her. They weren't really serious, after all (though she always had

doubts about that), and it was just a wicked sexual game to which she was readily consenting. At least, most of the time.

Shara went away, then came back with a handful of straps in her hand.

She and Beverley knelt, one to either side of her, and Allison looked back and

forth nervously. Both women gripped one of her ankles and forced it up and back hard against the outside of each thigh, then wrapped a strap around each

to hold the ankle in place. A moment later her wrists were pulled up and pressed back against her upper arms just below her shoulders, and these too were strapped in place.

Shara laughed, and produced a small round object which resembled a golf ball. Attached to it was a foot long tail, like a fluffed out racoon's tail or - a dog's tail.

She gasped as she felt the round object pressed against her anus and felt the wrinkled smoothed out as the pressure mounted. Then the ball popped through and her little opening closed behind her. That left the fluffy dog's tail

projecting out and falling down between her thighs.

"Nice little doggy," Shara said, petting her head as though she were a dog.

"Pretty little bitch dog," Beverley said, petting her as well.

They set a bowl of water on the floor and ordered her to drink. Blushing, Allison complied. She felt silly, but it was just a game, after all.

Then two sharp clips were fastened to her nipples, and she yelped and twisted.

"Ow! Don't! Please!" she begged.

Shara gripped her hair to hold her in place until the pain eased, then they released her, laughing. She looked down to see the two weights were small silver

bells, and they tinkled as she moved.

"Crawl, bitch," Shara ordered, slapping her bottom.

She crawled forward, awkward on knees and elbows, and Beverley chortled in amusement, causing her to feel even more embarrassed and degraded.

They were so cruel, she thought, to treat her so. Yet the thought, as it did more and more often of late, caused a little flare of heat between her legs.

She

crawled up the hall as they ordered, the little bells tinkling as she moved.

They

led her out to the back door, and then out into the back yard, where a long chain was fastened to her collar. The chain was locked to the porch, and stopped

her just shy of the pool.

As she crawled about on the grass Shara walked out of the back door carrying a large wire cage, setting it down next to the porch. It was about three

feet high, and perhaps slightly longer. It had a padded blue bottom, and a large

square door, which she was ordered to crawl through. When she did the door was closed behind her and locked.

"You stay there for a little while, doggy slut," Beverley said, smiling. "Get some fresh air."

Allison looked at them both, then at her little cage and shuddered. A silly game, but quite strange and wicked and perverse, she thought. The pad was comfortable, however, and she awkwardly settled down, grunting as she lay on

her side. It was a hot day out but she was in the shade.

It felt very odd being in a cage, however, being treated like an animal. The distance between she and the others seemed to grow greater each day, but surely this was taking it a bit much, even for a game.

An hour passed, and she felt somewhat bored, and a little miffed. Her arms and legs were stiff with their awkward bondage and no one came in answer to her calls. Then the door opened and Shara appeared. That caused her

an instant dagger of anxiety, for the Black woman continued to seem menacing,

especially after what had happened at the African gallery.

She held a bowl of water in one hand, but the other was behind her back.

"How are we doing little bitch dog?" she cooed.

She dropped down low before the cage and placed the bowl on the grass,

then opened the door. A moment later, laughing, she thrust her other hand through the door, holding a thick, fat dildo. She thrust it against the surprised girl's sex, and Allison gasped in surprise, then pain as it was jammed in hard and forced into her pussy.

"Ow! Ow! Don't! Shara! Please!" she gasped as the Black woman roughly forced the dildo deeper and deeper into her now aching pussy.

"Just a little more, bitch. Just a little more," Shara said with a sneer.

Her pussy ached and she twisted and writhed, moaning and gasping, her legs jerking open as she tried to ease the pain.

"Ungh! Oh! Owww! Please!" she whined.

Then the dildo was fully inside her, and the pressure eased. Shara twisted the base, and Allison realized it was a vibrator rather than a simple dildo.

"Something for you to play with, slut dog," Shara said, withdrawing her hand.

She pointed her finger at Allison through the cage. "Don't let it come out. If it does you'll be punished, slut."

She then placed the bowl inside the cage, then closed and locked the door before going back inside.

Allison lay on her back now, legs spread wide, panting for breath. Her pussy burned with pain. Her chest rose and fell rapidly, and she moaned softly

to herself. It was long minutes before the pain eased to the point she could relax.

The vibrator continued to buzz softly, and after some time the vibrations began

to sooth her ache further, began to feel pleasant and even mildly exciting.

But the buzzing was deep inside her, not against her clitoris, and while the sense of fullness and the purring vibration was arousing, it was not nearly enough to cause her to approach climax, at least, not on its own.

But the entire bizarre, wicked sexual game she was playing had her at a heightened state of sexual heat to begin with, and so the buzzing slowly began to

raise the level of that heat to the point she was bathed in a delicious sense of sensual need and pleasure. She continued to lay on her back, drawing her knees

closed repeatedly as a way of causing more stimulation to herself down there.

As her pussy began to warm further and moisten the contracting of her pubic muscles began to push the vibrator slowly up and out. Recalling Shara's

warning she tried to draw it back in, but without hands that was difficult. She

was forced to roll onto her side, and then onto her knees. She then backed up towards the rear of the cage, letting the wires push against the base of the vibrator and push it back inside her.

She raised her head and shoulders as high as she could, spread her knees as wide as they would go in the narrow cage, and then awkwardly lowered her

sex towards the bottom of the cage, grunting with effort as the base made contact and was pushed even deeper into her pussy.

She gasped and then lay down, turned over and enjoyed the soft, buzzing sensation once more.

Hot, she rolled over again, licking and slurping water from the bowl before relaxing on her back once again, sighing and marvelling at how shocking

and scandalous the game was becoming.

It was some time later when Beverley emerged and knelt before her cage.

"Nice doggy," she cooed. "Such a pretty little bitch in heat."

She slid the door open and reached in, petting and stroking Allison's cheek and head, then gently kneading her breast before sliding her hand down

between her legs.

"Getting off, little doggy?" she cooed.

She fingered Allison's clitoris, at the same time pushing the vibrator deeper into her sex.

Allison groaned, her head rolling from side to side, her back arching as the pleasure coarsed through her.

"Yes, yes!" she whispered, moaning.

"Nasty little bitch dog," Beverley cooed. "Filthy little sexual animal, aren't you?"

She stroked her fingers more quickly against Allison's clit, and the young girl cried out softly, shuddering violently as the climax burst over her.

Allison felt another deep sense of degradation, yet while embarrassing, there was also a strange kind of dark pleasure accompanying it, the masochistic

sense of martyrdom she had been feeling more and more of lately. And as the

climax soared higher she threw herself into her role of sexual plaything, exulting

in the terrible heat and pleasure that rippled through her body and mind.

Then Beverley was gone and she was left panting and groaning by herself cone again, laying languidly on the bottom of the cage and relaxing. More time passed. Her arms and legs ached more, now, from being held stiffly immobile for so long. She called out for someone to release her, but again no one heard, and she was forced to quiet herself lest the neighbours hear and investigate.

She finished the water, and soon began to feel the need for a bathroom, yet still no one came. Finally the door opened and Laurie appeared, trotting down the stairs and stopping before her cage.

"Hello, pet," she said cheerfully.

"Laurie, let me out," Allison begged.

"Come on, it's only been a short time. Aren't you having fun?"

"My arms and legs are stiff and sore, and I have to go to the bathroom."

"Don't be a spoilsport," Laurie said. "And after all, as you're not paying rent you do have to do what we say."

Allison felt this most unfair, especially coming from Laurie, but her protest died when the girl eased back and motioned her to crawl out of the cage.

She gratefully rolled onto her belly, forced herself up, then crawled slowly through the door to kneel before the redhead.

"Need to go pee?"

Blushing, Allison nodded.

"Over here, then."

Laurie snapped a short length of chain to her collar, a leash, Allison realized, and tugged her towards the corner of the house. Surprised and confused, she followed, her bells tinkling as she crawled through the neatly cropped grass. They reached the corner, where and then turned it to the side, where the grass was uncut, tall and strewn with weeds.

"This is a good place," Laurie said happily.

Allison did not understand, and looked up at her in confusion.

"Go to the bathroom, silly," Laurie said.

Allison gaped. "I can't possibly!"

"Sure you can. Just like a dog would."

"I'm not a dog!"

Laurie frowned and slapped her bottom hard enough to sting.

"Don't argue. Dogs don't argue with their mistresses. Now do your business or go back in the cage."

"I won't," Allison said stubbornly.

"Then come back to the cage."

She tugged on the leash and pulled Allison backwards.

"No! Laurie, I want to go inside! I need to go to the bathroom."

"I gave you a chance and you said no."

Allison tried to resist but had little leverage, and the leash pulled remorselessly against her neck until they were in front of the cage again.

"Inside."

"No!" she said.

"Now don't be a bad girl, Princess," Laurie said. "Else I will have to punish you."

"I don't want to go in the cage any more, Laurie. My arms and legs are sore and I need to go to the bathroom."

Laurie knelt and pulled on the collar. Allison drew back, then gasped as the girl's fingers slipped beneath her and caught at one of the weighted bells. She pulled the bell forward, and Allison yelped in pain as her nipple was stretched and caught by the clip.

"Ow! Don't!"

"Inside," Laurie ordered, pulling her towards the cage door.

"Ow! Laurie! Stop it!"

"Inside, little bitch dog."

She pulled Allison's head into the cage, then pushed on her shoulders, and finally reached between her legs and thrust her hand hard against the vibrator.

The nose of the buzzing toy rammed up deeper into her body, striking her cervix, and as Laurie continued to push it inwards Allison yelped and scabbled

forward to ease the pain.

Laurie filled her bowl and closed the door behind her.

"Bitch!" Allison yelled.

Laurie shook her head and went inside, leaving the uncomfortable girl where she was.

Laurie tried to ignore her growing discomfort but the sun had now moved across the sky and her cage was no longer in the shade. She grew hot and sweaty, and was forced to gulp down more water from the bowl, emptying it again. She squirmed in discomfort, her abdomen feeling bloated and sore, and

felt quite sorry for herself, even with her heightened sense of masochism.

The door opened again and this time Shara came out. She glared at Allison in a no nonsense fashion, bent over, and opened the door, then filled the

bowl and put it back inside.

"Shara," Allison moaned.

"What?" the girl demanded sharply.

"I need to go to the bathroom."

Shara snapped her fingers and motioned for her to crawl out.

Allison did so gratefully, but then the Black girl took her collar and led her towards the corner of the building.

"I need to go inside," Allison whined.

Shara slapped her bottom hard, and pulled her further towards the corner of the house. "Move, slut dog," she ordered.

"I can't," Allison whined.

"Then you go back into the cage."

"Please!"

"Go now or hold it until the next time one of us has time to come and see to you. But I warn you that'll be only to let you over here too."

"But I - ."

"Either do it now or hold it!" Shara growled angrily.

Allison moaned and bit her lip. She ached so badly inside, and was barely holding it in as it was. The thought of doing so for more hours had her miserable. She stared at the small patch of weeds and dirt and then back up at

Shara.

"Will you at least turn your head?" she begged.

Shara sniffed and turned around, and Allison crawled in slightly deeper, spreading her knees wide apart and lowering her pussy. She released her muscles and groaned at the sudden pain, then the gush of liquid poured down

and she began to feel a desperate sense of relief.

She turned her head around and then turned red as she realized Shara was watching her and smirking in contempt.

"You said you wouldn't watch," she wailed.

"I said no such thing, slut dog."

But it was too late to stop, and so the girl was forced to continue urinating in misery and shame as the Black girl looked on. When she was finished

Shara ordered her out, then paused, picked up some weeds and rubbed them against her pussy before pulling her along and ordering her back into the cage.

Allison was too ashamed to speak or even meet the woman's eyes as she

meekly crawled through the door and settled down. She felt a great relief when

the woman went back inside.

Her belly felt a great relief, as well, a tremendous relief, in fact, so much of a relief that she felt exquisitely pleasant down there. And now the buzzing from the vibrator began to accentuate that sense of pleasure so that she was once again grinding and rolling her hips and panting in sexual heat.

The shadows had begun to lengthen and the batteries had worn down before Jill emerged from the house. She motioned her out of the cage and up into the house. Allison gratefully crawled up and then through the doors into the cool air of the kitchen.

"Dinner's ready," Jill said.

In truth, Allison's stomach was rumbling and had been for some time. She gazed at the bowl Jill had indicated, stew, it looked like, set on a paper off to one

side, next to a bowl of water. She trembled a little at this continued indication of

her new status of pethood, but crawled forward and sniffed at the food. It was

warm and smelled reasonably good. She looked up and around but Jill had already gone past her and into the front room.

Allison decided she did not like this new part of the game, but telling them could wait until dinner was done. She bent her head and pushed her tongue out,

lapping at the stew, slurping it up into her mouth and swallowing.

After she finished she crawled down the hallway to the front room. She felt strangely light headed, for some reason, and had difficulty focussing her thoughts. She found the others all in the front room, laying or sitting along the

chairs and sofas.

"Here's our little bitch slut," Jill said, greeting her.

"Hello, fuck dog. Had a pleasant day?" Shara asked.

"Fuck dogs always have pleasant days," Beverley said.

She leaned over and caught Allison by the hip as she would have crawled past, then eased her fingers into her sex and drew out the vibrator. She inspected it, then searched around the drawer of the table next to her for fresh

batteries. When she found them she inserted them in the device and turned it on

again, then slid it down between Allison's thighs and began to rub the buzzing

toy back and forth across her clitoris.

Allison groaned, arching her back, raising her bottom like a cat as the intensity of the vibrations against her clitoris grew too great.

"Dirty little fuck dog," Laurie cooed.

"Filthy little bitch dog," Beverley added.

"Wicked, dirty slut dog," Jill said.

Beverley rolled the vibrator back and forth along her sex as Allison groaned and moaned and rolled her hips lewdly. Then Shara dropped to her knees behind her, wearing her large strap-on dildo, and thrust it home in her sex.

"This is what you were made for, slut slave," she said as she bucked her hips in powerful strokes.

Allison was in heaven, bucking back to meet the often painfully powerful thrusts of the thick dildo, whimpering and mewling from the feverish sexual passion gripping her. Her climax came quickly and almost took her breath away as it set her muscles spasming and straining.

Her front end was pulled up into the laps of each of the four women then, one by one, and she was forced to lick and suck and tongue them until they climaxed as well. They often fondled her breasts and sex while she was licking,

and the vibrator was once again embedded inside her, so Allison continued on a

high sexual state throughout, her mind barely thinking of anything else.

Afterwards she lay down on the floor, grateful to be permitted to be in their presence rather than locked away on her own, happy to have the television

and their conversation to keep her entertained.

Later on she felt the familiar urge in her belly and began to feel uneasy, but only mildly so. She got up and crawled to Laurie, who she continued to feel

more comfortable with.

"I need to go to the bathroom," she whispered.

Of course the others heard it.

"I don't think dogs should talk," Shara said.

"I agree," said Beverley. "From now on you will bark. Do you understand, go? If you do anything other than bark or whine you'll be severely punished."

Laurie then led her out back and out to the weeds where she relieved herself once more. It was embarrassing, but not very much so now, and she happily followed the woman back inside afterwards to settle at her feet on the floor.

## EIGHT

Her brain remained fuzzy and confused over the following days. And she remained on her knees the entire time. She was not permitted to talk, and her few relapses had been greeted with such anger and such hard spankings that after the first day she got used to barking and whining for attention.

After the second day they unstrapped her arms, which ached tremendously at first. After stroking and massaging them, however, she was able to use them once more. She spent the rest of that day cleaning the floors with a bucket and sponge, then vacuuming, drawing the vacuum along after her on her knees.

The cage had been brought inside, and she slept inside each night. The door was left open, however, with an alarm clock nearby so she could waken and then carry out her duties of waking each of the mistresses. At the appropriate times she would crawl upstairs and into their rooms, then into their beds, licking them awake.

Countless times during those days she was drawn up across the lap of one or another of her mistresses, and then fingered to intense pleasure. At the same time she was pinched and slapped and had her nipples twisted painfully. She never protested, but merely whined a little. The pains were worth bearing to get to the pleasure in any case. In fact, it got to the point where she would twist her nipples and pinch herself at night in her cage while masturbating.

Towards the end of the week she was led into the basement. Her arms were folded back over the top of a thick pole, then pulled down and forward to be bound together at her hips. The pole was then lifted into the air and she was it, gasping in pain as it pulled up into her armpits. Her hair was pulled back harshly so that her head was looking up at the ceiling, and then bound back, the tail tied to twine, which in turn was bound to a thick hook pushed up into her

rectum.

Her legs, still bound, were spread painfully wide, and then Allison whined loudly as sharp, stinging pain bit into both nipples. A little later an even more

terrible, intense pain clawed at her sex. So intense was it that her mind flared with such agony she was unable to breath or speak, only to gurgle in shock.

Fortunately, the pain was over almost before it began, and she had time only to

react to the aftermath, screaming sharply but for a bare instant.

Her nipples and sex throbbed afterwards, but she forgot about it as the women took turns petting her and saying sweet things to her.

A few days later her legs were unbound. As with her arms the pain was intense, and she sobbed as the women gently massaged stiff, long unused muscles. They bathed her in a soothing bubble bath, and slowly helped her stand. She was quite shaky, uncertain and unbalanced at first. The world looked

quite strange from so high up, after all.

Laurie then dressed her, which was even stranger. She had her don soft lacy white nylon stockings and a suspender belt to hold them up, then lacy white

bra and panties, a short tartan skirt, a thin white blouse, flat black shoes, and a

blue blazer. She combed her hair and patted her head, and told her to go down

stairs and wait for her.

Allison felt rather dazed but happy, and of course obeyed. She had no sooner gotten into the front room however, when men jumped up from hiding

places, yelling and hooting. The sight of all those men leaping out from behind

chairs shocked and terrified her, and she cringed back in alarm, almost speaking, almost yelling to Laurie. Yet she was afraid to speak in anything but a

bark even then.

The men, perhaps a dozen of them, tore at her hair and clothes, literally ripping them off her body, shredding the pretty blouse and underthings, growling and cursing and laughing at her as their rough hands pawed and groped and pinched at her naked flesh. She was mobbed by them, and soon a stiff male organ was thrusting up into her pussy while another was being jammed into her mouth.

Hands were all over her, everywhere, pinching, groping, slapping and fondling, and male voices laughed and taunted and cursed her as their powerful

hands held her legs and arms apart.

The man before her forced his cock right into her throat, which shocked and terrified her as she gagged and tried frantically to breathe. Yet they held her

easily in check, laughing at her distress as the cock pushed deeper and deeper

down her throat.

Behind her, another man was pounding his cock into her with furious strokes, causing her entire body to shake violently to and fro. Hands were groping and pinching at her breasts as they hung below, and all she could see around her was hairy male flesh.

She almost fainted several times for want of air, but always the man pulled out just in time. But after him came another, and then still another.

They

twisted and repositioned her so that she was straddling a man, slapping and cuffing her until she rode up and down on his erection. Another man thrust himself up into her rectum while her hair was yanked up and back and a third

cock was rammed down her throat.

Hands everywhere, groping and pinching and pawing and squeezing and pulling and twisting and slapping and rubbing.

The cocks pounded into her, back and forth, one, two, three of them, thrusting up into her body with violent, savage movements that had her rocking

and jerking from side to side. One cock followed another as the men continued

to crowd around her. The slaps were rougher now, setting her ears ringing.

The

pulls on her hair were crueller, so that she cried out and tears filled her eyes.

It was impossible to keep any sense of time. It went on and on and on until she found herself staring dazedly at the world, upside down, her head and shoulders hanging over the end of a serving cart. A man stood before her, thrusting his cock into her mouth and down her throat, and she stared blearily

at the sight of his glistening, spit wet shaft as it pushed forward and pulled back

again and again and again.

Another cock was in her sex, her aching sex, thrusting into her with much more violence, enough to set the cart rocking. Her wrists were down and in and shackled to her ankles, which were likewise pulled down and in, for her thighs hung over the end and sides of the cart. It seemed to her that her position was familiar in some way, but she could not place why.

Many of the men pulled their erections out before they came, spurting their silvery seed across her thighs and belly and breasts and into her face and hair.

"She certainly is well fucked," said Beverley.

Allison looked up from the floor and nodded.

The four of them, five counting her, were watching a video tape. On it, she saw herself bent back across the serving cart. The cart was long enough to support her from just below her shoulders to her buttocks, but the rest of her hung over opposite ends. Her body was coated with semen, her hair a bedraggled mess. The lips of her sex were swollen and pink, and her nipples were enormous.

She swallowed nervously, blinking her eyes. She did not know where the video had come from. She did not remember anyone having been there with one. Then again she had been so overwhelmed she most likely would not have noticed.

"Men are so cruel," Laurie said, petting Allison's head, stroking her fingers through her hair.

It did not really occur to Allison to wonder where the men had come from, much less to hold any of her mistresses responsible for their presence. It

was simply a harsh, vivid memory of being gang banged by men.

Jill slid one of her long feet out and pushed it between Allison's thighs, letting the pointed toe of her shoe push up into Allison's sex. Allison moaned and ground herself back against it, trying to impale herself.

"Naughty little slut dog," Jill said.

A switch swung down and snapped at Allison's bottom and she gasped and jerked faster, sex heat flashing through her mind.

"That's it, dirty bitch, come for us," Jill ordered.

Allison ground herself back harder and harder. The heel pushed in between her soft pussy lips, then more of the shoe followed. The harder she

thrust back the deeper the shoe pushed until, ignore the intensity of the pain, or perhaps embracing it, she shuddered and took the foot up into her sex as far as the heel.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she panted as she bucked up and down against Jill's foot.

The switch snapped down across her back and buttocks, and sparkling little blasts of pleasure/pain lit up her nervous system.

She came, mewling her pleasure as the four looked on.

She was alone in the house when the men came for her. She looked up from the television where a soap played, anxious at the strange sound from the

empty house. She was kneeling, impaled on the thick steel bar set into the floor,

occasionally rubbing her clit and riding up and down, absorbed in the story on

the television.

And then the man appeared. She gasped in shock. He was wearing a black mask, black leather vest, and black leather pants. Another man, and then another, all dressed in black leather appeared around the corner, grinning cruelly. Allison whimpered in fear and terror, unable to move.

She was yanked off the cylinder and stretched back across the coffee table, chained in place. Then one of the men produced a buzzing device into which he placed a small needle. He leered at her, then placed the device down

against her lower abdomen. Pain flooded her body, yet the pain was not unbearable, and she whimpered and moaned and looked desperately about at them.

Her head was pulled back and a cock thrust into her mouth.

"Suck it, whore," one of them snapped.

The pain continued as the device moved slowly across her lower belly.

One cock after another pushed into her mouth and down her throat, pumping slowly as she tried to suck in obedience to their orders.

She was turned around, bent over, and the painful little device began to burn and stab at her bottom as more cocks were thrust into her mouth.

They gathered her hair up, then, in a long tail at the top of her head, bound her arms behind her, and hung her from a hook in the ceiling - by the hair.

It felt as though a thousand needles were being stabbed into her scalp

repeatedly, and Allison screamed and sobbed in agony. Every slight twitch and shudder caused the pain to grow, and so she tried desperately to remain as still as possible even while sobs wracked her body and tears poured down her cheeks.

The men laughed at her, then began to swing their belts at her body, the heavy leather cracking against her breasts and bottom and belly, causing her to

swing wildly around on the end of her hair. She shrieked and howled and screamed until her throat was ragged and raw, but they only laughed.

At the end, they gathered her ankles up and thrust their cocks into her again, hammering their hips into her aching loins until they had spilled their seed within her body. Then they let her legs drop heavily, laughed at her fresh

screams, and left.

"Poor little baby," Laurie cooed, stroking her trembling body.

"Nasty old men," Beverley said, patting her gently.

The two had cut her down when they came home, kissing and stroking her gently, reassuring her there were no bad men around and that all the doors were locked. They bathed her and rubbed a soothing balm into the welts on her

body. Yet they could do nothing about the tattoos the men had dug into her flesh.

The worst was a glowing blue right across her forehead. It said "Fuck toy", in letters an inch high. Yet it was only the worst because it was so visible.

The one on her lower abdomen was cruder. The letters in yellow and black, three inches high. They said. "Put Cock Here", with a thick arrow which stopped right at the top of her slit. There was an almost identical one on her buttocks, with smaller words and different colours, the tip of the arrow at her wrinkled little anus.

Men were cruel and mean, she thought.

She tended to stay close to her mistresses after that, and felt quite fearful whenever one was not in the room with her. She hated it when they left her alone to go to work and school, and hid as best she could, fearful the men would

return.

Sure enough they returned a few weeks later, laughing and sneering at

her. This time they cut her hair off completely, they slapped at her face so that

she tasted blood, raped her repeatedly, then hung her by her ankles and whipped her sex until she passed out.

Beverley put a new lock on the doors after that to keep them out, but Allison still whimpered fearfully whenever one of the women wasn't near her.

When only one was there and left the room for any reason she would crawl after

them, rubbing her body against their legs and licking at their feet. Her hair had

been cut so raggedly by the men that Beverley shaved it completely so that, she

promised, it would grow back thicker and softer.

There was little for Princess to do in her cage except read.

The cage was under a table in the basement. A large table cloth was draped over the table, falling almost to the floor on three sides. Princess felt safe

that way when none of the mistresses were home. The cage door was not locked,

but it was closed. Again, because she felt safer. There had been no attacks from

men for quite some time, but she was still fearful they would get at her somehow

and hurt her again. Thus she felt safest in the basement, hidden away.

Because it was dark under the table cloth her mistresses had given her a small light, clipped to the inside bar of her cage, so she could read. Her mistresses had also, of course, provided her with her reading material.

All of the stories were erotic in nature. All featured beautiful young girls who were subjected to fearsome punishment because of their great beauty and

attractiveness.

In some of the books the beatings were exciting and seductively arousing.

Beautiful mistresses taught their young girls the wonder and freedom of giving

their bodies over to their wiser, more capable mistresses. The young girls, in return, had smashing orgasms and lived the most exciting and of lives without

fear or worry or concern.

In others the beautiful girls were victimized by cruel, lust crazed masters

who beat them mercilessly and subjected them to terrible sexual punishments

while raping them again and again. Despite herself, Princess found these stories

to be wickedly arousing.

That wasn't to say she wanted it to happen to her - again - but the girls were so cruelly treated that she could not help but find the stories exciting.

She had a wide array of toys in her little cage beneath the table, long, thick dildos and vibrators, wands and ticklers and oils.

She took one of the thicker dildos, one covered in hard studs, and spread her legs as she read one of the books. Her pussy was warm and moist as she worked the dildo slowly down into her body, reading about a girl who was being

whipped cruelly by pirates after being terribly raped.

She moaned softly, pumping the dildo in and out, breathing more heavily as her eyes skimmed down the pages and she imagined herself captured by the

pirates and whipped in her turn.

She groaned, coming, writhing and bucking and jamming the dildo in harder and faster as ecstasy rolled up and down her body. Her feet clawed at the bars, lifting her bottom into the air and her head rolled wildly from side to side.

Then she collapsed, panting softly, relaxing her grip on the dildo as she let her legs slowly close.

A sound overhead caused her to pick up her ears. She quickly reached up and turned off the light, listening.

The door opened, and she waited anxiously, then there was a whistle.

"Here Princess," a voice called.

She quickly undid the latch and slid her door open, then crawled out, her bells jingling, and crawled up the stairs.

There were small silver bells dangling from the rings set into her nipples and clitoris, and another at her collar. They tinkled merrily as she crawled up the stairs on all fours - long practice lending her grace, and reached the top where Jill stood.

"Had a nice day, pet?" Jill asked, stroking her head.

Princess bent and licked at her shoes and rubbed herself against her ankles, whining happily.

"Come, girl," Jill ordered.

She followed Jill up the stairs to the woman's room, hopping onto the bed

and laying down, staring happily as the blonde stripped off her clothes then stood at the side of the bed. Princess immediately rose to all fours and crawled

up, licking at Jill's belly, then lowering her mouth to her sex, lapping happily and lovingly as Jill spread her legs.

"That's it, my little fuck dog," she sighed. "Good little dog. Lick me, baby. Make your mistress happy."

Afterwards, she followed Jill downstairs, then began to do her chores. The chores were interrupted repeatedly by the arrival of her other mistresses, each

of which she greeted happily, then followed upstairs to pleasure.

Tonight, she knew, was a special punishment night. They happened only once a month, and she was both anxious and excited for several days prior to each. She knew that the punishments would greatly please her mistresses, give

her a great deal of pleasure, and also hurt intensely.

After dinner they made their way downstairs, and Princess sat on her heels looking up breathlessly, heart pounding, wondering what would be done

to her first.

Shara snapped her fingers and held out her hands, and Princess raised her hands. Shara took them and locked hooks to each of her wrist restraints, then moved to the wall and turned the crank. Princess felt a delicious sense of

tightness as the chains pulled against her wrists, as her body stretched out, then

she was lifted up into the air.

Her legs straightened as she hung, then further as she was lifted higher and higher into the air. She was raised until her toes barely touched the ground,

then her ankles were spread wide and locked in place. Shara turned the crank further, and Princess groaned as her body grew even more taut, her arms and legs straining, her back cracking and creaking as her body was stretched out.

Laurie pushed a long, thick studded dildo into her mouth and Princess slurped excitedly on it, licking and lapping until it was pulled back. She looked

down, already panting, to see Laurie pressing it against her shaven sex, then thrusting it up into her pussy.

Several more women arrived at that point, and Princess felt even more

excitement, knowing they too would be excited by the sight of her punishment,

and would make her mistresses happy and proud.

Beverley pushed a similar dildo up into her rear, and she groaned in pleasure and pain, for the woman was not gentle.

Jill swung the cat and the flogs cracked down across her back, a dozen sharp leather strips pattering across the surface of her skin, the pain cutting at

her in a rapid series of stinging firecracker explosions.

Princess squeezed her pussy down around the dildo, writhing excitedly, gulping in air as she stared around her at the watchers.

There were a dozen women there now, all of them sitting on stools and chairs surrounding her, chatting and watching happily.

The flog lashed her buttocks, and she squealed, her anal muscles squeezing down around the dildo there. Another blow sent a scattering of stings

across her back, then another then another. She gasped and moaned and rolled

her hips as the pain and her excitement both mounted.

Beverley took the flog from her, and Princess shuddered and moaned as the stings cracked across her chest and breasts. One thin strip bit at her nipple

so that the ring bounced wildly.

Beverley handed the flog to one of the strange women, and Princess swallowed nervously, then cried out as the woman enthusiastically lashed her

belly with three hard, fast blows. Another woman struck her breasts three times, slowly and carefully. Another aimed at her sex, her legs spread wide unable to protect herself.

One after another each woman took the flog and delivered three strong blows to her body. Princess came several times, her body twisting and arching

and rolling under the stinging blows, under the staring eyes.

Shara picked up the big whip now, the one that scared her. Yet the big whip also produced the most pleasure, the most excitement. She trembled in anticipation as the woman let the long sinewy length spread out on the floor behind her.

Abruptly, her arm rose, the whip curling in and back, then her arm swung forward and the long whip flew out and cracked across the centre of

Princess's back with tremendous force. She screamed as she was flung forward

against her bonds. The pain was intense, more than she could bear. Happily the

intensity only lasted instants, then the pain faded to mere agony.

She moaned and tears filled her eyes. She gulped in air, moaned as she stared at he eagerly watching women, then screamed again as the whip once more lashed across the centre of her back. Again and again the whip cracked across her back, flinging her forward, causing her back to arch violently and her head to be flung back. Tears were streaming down her face now, and beads

of pain sweat were erupting all across her body.

The whip slashed forward, and now, she knew, the real pain was coming.

The whip struck her near the right side, so that the end curled around her waist

and snapped at her belly like a terrible bee sting. Her sobs grew worse, yet her

excitement rose as well. The woman were all so excited by her! And she felt so

terribly victimized, so lewdly and cruellky used.

The whip struck her back higher, the end curling around her ribs and slicing into the underside of her right breast. She shrieked, her breast bouncing,

her body thrashing violently as it reacted to the sudden jolt of agony.

The whip slashed across her again, this time much further to the right, barely touching her back, hissing along her flesh as it curled in and up to fully

strike her breast, the tip snapping into the centre of the soft, fleshy mass like a

snakebite.

She screamed and sobbed, writhing in pain, and yet the pleasure was already beginning to overpower it. She felt the heat filling her, the heat of lust

and excitement and sensual exultation. Beat me, she thought dazedly. Whip me.

The whip snapped across her buttocks, flinging her forward, and she gurgled dazedly. The whip curled around her left ribs and snapped up at her left breast. The whip cut around her waist and snapped at her belly button.

The

whip sliced in and up and around and the tip caught her nipple squarely.

She shrieked, as the sharpness of that pain broke through her feverish pleasure momentarily, and the woman applauded enthusiastically. She was drenched in perspiration now, her body glistening in the low light. She moaned and whimpered and then writhed as the whip curled around

her hip once more - and down. The flat tip snapped at her shaved sex, and her

buttocks were flung backwards as she screamed in pain.

The women watching oohed and ahhed excitedly, and Princess trembled as she clung to her sanity. The pressure of her sexual high was becoming overwhelming and she needed just one more blow.

The next blow was identical, slicing around her hip and downwards across her abdomen to slice into the soft flesh of her pubic mound. She screamed in a wild, maddened release of pleasure and pain, her body flung back, then forward, then thrashing maniacally against her chains.

Another blow followed, and another, both aimed at her breasts. Then the other women took turns, lashing her back and buttocks and breasts and pussy.

Every other blow now brought her to a shuddering climax, a climax which took the breath from her and left her a trembling mass of tortured muscle and wounded flesh. Each new flashfire of agony tore through her body

like a bolt of sexual lightning and ripped into her unstable nervous system.

Pleasure and pain became one and the same and she danced and writhed in glorious ecstasy as the whip cut across her skin again and again and again.

She was lowered, finally, gasping and moaning, drenched in sweat, ugly red welts criss-crossing her from thigh to neck. Her arms were bound back painfully tight behind her, pulled in at the elbows so that her shoulders were forced back. Her ankles were bound as well, and she was forced to crawl on her

belly to the feet of each woman, licking and begging them to let her pleasure them.

Of course, each agreed, and drew her up into their groins to lap and lick weakly at their excited pussies, fondling and squeezing her aching, wounded breasts and pinching her swollen nipples as she did.

Only after they all left was she led crawling into the bathroom to be gently bathed and have salve applied to her welts and bruises, then led back to her cage to sleep exhaustedly through the night.

She ached all over the next morning. Her welts felt like burns. But all the

mistresses petted her and told her what a good girl she was, and each fingered

her to orgasms several times, and, as special reward, even licked her to orgasms

That evening she had the special pleasure of having all of her mistresses in bed with her, each licking gently and lovingly over her body, chewing and suckling on her nipples and throat, and licking lovingly across her clitoris to set

her hoarse voice to loud cries of ecstasy.

"I'm getting tired of this whore," Shara said.

"Me too." Beverly nodded. "Time for a new challenge."

"But she's so well trained now," said Laurie.

"Yes I know. But think of the excitement of slowly seducing a new bitch."

"What will we do with Princess?"

Shara smiled. "Sell her, of course. I know just the man for her."

Jill pursed her lips. "She's afraid of men."

They all smiled. "She'll have to get over it, then."

"Can we get a little Chinese girl next time?" Shara asked. "I think they're really hot with those eyes, and that raven hair."

"Hmm, yes. And they're so shy and obedient," Jill added.

"Poor Princess," Laurie said. "Oh well, so what's on TV tonight?"

They argued over whether to watch a movie or a documentary, while downstairs in the basement Princess, who had once been a girl named Allison,

lay on her back in her cage and stroked her aching pussy with one soft finger,

gasping in a mixture of pain and pleasure as she drove herself closer and closer

to climax.