



CHLOE

RESTRAINED

HOPE RED



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Chloe Restrained

By

Hope Red

Book Six of the Rear Awakenings Series

And contains characters from the books:

The New Mistress

Awakened Bottoms

This book is a result of the story and character relationships from all the above
books

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Maggie's Visit

A few evenings later, Chloe decided it might be nice to invite Maggie around to teach her more about the Kolos and about the strange prophesies that she seemed somehow to be entwined in. She thought it might be a good chance to bond with the girls in the house over some story telling and had prepared cocoa and other snacks and treats to make the session feel cosier. She had told her fellow housemates that it was strictly pyjamas, night gowns and sleepwear and that they weren't to get done up. This evening they were all just to relax and enjoy, at least that was her intention.

Maggie arrived looking a little out of place in the house. Only Chloe knew that she was far older than she looked but some of the way she dressed gave it away with her grandmotherly clothes and gold half-rim spectacles even though there wasn't a genuine grey hair on her head and she had told Chloe that was down to the Kolos beliefs.

They sat in a circle in the living room, some of the girls on the floor but Chloe, Becky and Hannah as usual given the place on the sofa next to Maggie. Beth had placed herself leaning up Chloe's leg on the floor and turned her head to see Maggie speak. Chloe had stroked her hands through the girl's silky brown hair and was now caressing her neck gently as Maggie spoke. Hannah sat the other side of Chloe next to Maggie, at Maggie's request. The older woman had clearly taken a liking to the curvy little brunette.

"Here is a story of how it all began. In Greece almost five thousand years ago there lived an old woman. This old woman had once been a beautiful girl, much desired by most of the men in the village, but had never married and never chosen to settle down with any of them. Age had eventually taken its toll on her and she became wizened up and haggard. Hardly anyone in the village had remembered that she had once been a beauty and those that did would tell tales

of how she was a witch and the reason that she was so bent over and wrinkled was because she hadn't found a man to give her strength and support. However she managed quite well by herself most of the time and her niece and her daughters helped her the other times.

The old woman would often walk in the woods and gather twigs and sticks for her stove fire. One day she was hobbling through the woods when she heard a call. It sounded like a girl's voice and it seemed to be calling for help. The old woman walked in the direction of the calling and came to a small break in the woods. Lying on the floor on the dry, fallen leaves was a girl the likes of which the old woman had never seen before. She seemed to shine with youth and vibrancy quite literally. She could make out through the trees that the girl was lying sideways on the ground as if she had fallen and was trying to ward off something with her hands. The old woman dropped her twigs and moved as quickly as her twisted bones and worn muscles could carry her into the opening.

When she made it through, she tried to make as much noise as possible to distract whatever it was from the youthful body on the ground. Better that a worn old hag like me gets whatever was going to happen than this beautiful young woman with so much to live for, she thought to herself.

It soon became apparent that the thing the girl had been warding off was a snake. It hissed and swayed fiercely, not wanting to leave its victim without seeing her perish. The old woman took a stick from the floor and pelted it at the snake but that only seemed to anger it. Without fear, she stood between it and the girl, shouting at it and telling it to, for want of a better phrase – fuck off – (Beth and Becky sniggered). Anyway the snake decided to strike once again and the woman was too weak to get out of the way but had decided that she would wear the snake out rather than let it bite the girl. She took a bite to the ankle and another to her arm but the snake soon realised it wasn't going to get past her. It was running out of venom and would soon be in trouble itself and it hadn't realised itself why it had been pulled out of its slumber by this strange young human only to be made to strike out at her and this wrinkly one that had come to

her rescue. The snake slithered away grumpily and disappeared back into the woods.

The old woman slumped to the ground and turned to the girl.

‘Are you okay?’ she asked the girl, looking at her beautiful shapely thighs under the tiny strophion dress that she wore, torn and dirty in places. The girl’s eyes seemed to glimmer with life and sadness in a way that made the old woman weep.

‘I am not’, she said in a way that sounded far older than her appearance.

‘I have been poisoned by the serpent and only someone drinking out the poison can save me but it is in a place that only a lover would dare to place their lips and even then most would refuse. Alas, I have no lover and the poison will snub my life out soon but I thank you. You have shown me that there is kindness in this world. It is one thing I shall take with me back to the Gods when I die.’

The old woman’s sight was blurry now. The poison was taking effect and she wasn’t long for this world and yet her only thought was on how to keep this beautiful creature alive.

‘Where is the bite?’ the old woman asked.

‘It is upon my anus’, the girl replied, turning her hips to show a sight so flawless and perfect in itself that the old woman gasped.

‘I know it is wrong of me to show you. Do not fear for me. I know I am finished’, the girl said in an archaic manner.

The old woman crouched down then onto her side on the floor behind the girl. Her vision getting blurrier all the time, she found the girl’s anus more by touch and placed her wrinkled lips against the flawless hole. The poison was searing through her now and it felt like her blood was actually boiling but the woman opened her mouth and sucked. She sucked and sucked with her lips as hard as she could, pulling out what tasted like the poison into her mouth. She sucked and swallowed it down, with every breath becoming more and more difficult as the poison took hold and... just as she couldn’t taste the poison anymore, she blacked out and her senses closed off from the world.”

“Ohmygod, this is so exciting”, Beth interrupted. “Wait, wait. I just need to go pee. Too much cocoa”, she said with her usual big grin.

They waited, all of them excited as to what happened to the girl and the old woman.

Beth returned a couple of minutes later. She turned position and rested her face on Chloe’s pyjama-clad thighs as she listened for Maggie to continue.

“Go on”, she said, getting a wry look from Maggie.

“Anyway. The old woman felt nothingness for a time and then the most delicious taste she had ever tasted on her mouth and lips. Remember girls all the things we

liken ass to nowadays hadn't been invented then so the woman had no way to describe it. It was just heavenly somehow. Speaking of which, somehow she had managed to survive the bites but there was no girl to be seen anywhere. Maybe she had taken the old woman for dead and had survived after all and gone back to wherever she had come from.

The old woman sat up and then sprang to her feet, pleased that she had saved the life of the beautiful girl. Then she realised something wasn't quite right. She had just sprang to her feet as though her legs weren't arthritic and worn out. She looked down. There beneath her was a stunning pair of legs. They were toned and shaped like a marble statue and as smooth and vibrant as polished wood. She held her hands out and looked at them. They were soft and small with no wrinkles or calluses.

By the Gods, am I dead? Is this the afterlife? She asked herself, touching her face only to feel smooth, toned muscle and skin, her lips full and lush. She looked down at her old rags but only found the same kind of strophion dress that the girl had been wearing – it's like a super-mini dress, girls – but this one was new and the white almost blinded her in the sunlight. She touched a hand down her body to her breasts and gasped out loud. They were pert and perky and she could feel stiff nipples poking back at her. She touched and stroked them for a while before feeling a little embarrassed and then thought for a moment as her hands slid down her hips.

She felt the round curves of her butt, spring-like and pert, lifted high and proud. She laughed loudly to herself and realised she just had to get back to the village to use her niece's bronze mirror and see what had happened.

She grabbed her twigs and the rag she used to gather them in and ran, she actually ran for the first time in such a long time, back to the village.

Of course, all the villagers were stunned. Old men and boys leered and stared at her lustfully as she walked slower, more warily, her twigs under her arm as she made her way to her house, trying not to sway her hips too much in the process.

When she walked inside she found her niece and her two daughters tidying up.

Stunned by the apparent intrusion, they stopped what they were doing and stared at the young figure in the doorway.

‘Who are you? Why have you got my aunt’s twig gatherer? Is she okay?’ the niece asked worried.

The old woman didn’t know whether her face looked like it did in her youth or if it had changed somehow but her niece had never known her young and beautiful so she wasn’t going to recognise her on appearance.

‘It is I, my girl. Your aunt... Chloe.’”

Hannah looked across at Chloe who kept a straight face even though she was bursting with excitement to find out more and discover who the cult thought she was the living embodiment of. The other girls turned too, some of them thinking it was just co-incidence so the smiles were a bit more ‘isn’t that odd’ than ‘is that you?’

“It took a while to convince the niece and her daughters that she was who she said she was but she was quizzed and tested for hours before they finally gave in

and realised there couldn't be any other explanation than the story she had told them. She just knew too much about herself, even where she hid her precious keepsakes and what each of them were and meant to her.

'But you look like you're only just of age. Who was this girl in the woods?' her niece asked.

'I'm not certain' Chloe replied, 'but I believe it was Demeter.'

'Touched by a goddess. What specifically gave you such youth?' her niece asked.

'A thing I did to her', Chloe replied.

'Would you show me what it was? Whatever you performed on her, I feel the same would work with you. You are now a part of that goddess, Chloe, and I want to feel my youth again too. My bones are starting to wear a little too'.

Chloe looked into her niece's eyes. She had been through a lot in her thirty or so years. She had lost a husband and her only son to the war, as had most of the women of the village, and she had been a good mother to her girls and a dutiful niece - and things were different back in ancient Greece. You have to understand the rules were different about such things.

The next morning her niece awoke to find that she too had been transformed. She stared at herself in the bronze mirror at her blonde hair and petite, boyish

breasts as she walked around naked, dancing and singing as Chloe and her daughters lay sleeping still.

When they all got up they danced and played all day, using energy that seemed to be endless and bountiful, the noise of laughter filling the house into the streets outside.

It only took a few days but the villagers, through fear and some through jealousy, stormed into Chloe's home and set it alight. Chloe, her niece and her two daughters ran as they taunted them and threw stones and vegetables threatening them with punishments too sordid and cruel to describe. They ran through the woods for hours, tears in their eyes but the energy within them meant they didn't need to rest or stop.

Eventually, they fell upon an ancient temple covered in moss and ivy. It had rooms and a corridor of columns that meant it was once an important place.

That was when the girl from the woods spoke in Chloe's head.

‘This was once my temple, my daughter. Now I give it to you. Use it to build a following and spread your wisdom and love to all the women of the Earth that will listen and know the power you possess. Just know that as you share your power it will not be unlimited and eventually will turn you mortal again. You are a gift to this world and should not be taken for granted. You will only exist when the need arises.’

The four of them worked hard to clear the temple and bring it back to its original glory, sustaining themselves on what the forest provided and the powerful

energy that Chloe's body exuded. It took a year but eventually it was restored as the temple of Chloe.

No sooner had they set it up than women without hope from the wars and poverty of the world around them started to wander into the woods looking for the magical powers that the goddess they had heard about was said to possess.

Her first followers, her niece and her daughters, became her most loyal worshippers, her niece becoming the First Priestess followed by her daughters, amongst the new group that they called the Kolostheans and they lived in peace and happiness, creating new and sensuous rituals that brought pleasure to their goddess as she granted them her powers over the years.

In time followers came from further and further away and the Kolostheans spread out to other parts of the world but they always kept their goddess and the rituals they performed a secret as men and some women would have become jealous and try to destroy them.

They kept in tight circles for centuries, hidden from view apart from symbols they wore on their skin or around their necks to show others like them that they could re-enact the rituals and pleasures of the first followers.

Chloe lived a long life but it did end and with it the power that she had brought to so many women. Her followers possessed a weaker form of it and it could be passed on but over the centuries it faded and became little more than the pick-me-up and facelift it is today. Of course, the followers enjoyed the rituals as much for the pleasure as for the powers and it became a secret society of pleasure and taboo practised by pockets of girls and women around the world.

That was until somewhere around Europe a couple of thousand years ago a Roman Priestess of the Kolostheans conducted experiments on slaves that were part of the bloodline to find a way to strengthen the power again and bring it back to the days when Chloe existed. Her selfish goal was to live forever, feeding like a vampire off of the anuses of captured girls. She found that by making the girls distressed through torture she could strengthen the power of the pheromones produced and many have tried to emulate her since.

Anyway, after some more rather gruesome experimentation she came up with a method that she applied to her sect's followers and the girls amongst them that were under thirty which she had discovered was the age limit that the powers that could be harvested. She oversaw a change in the once beautiful cult into something that spread like a virus into the hidden groups of followers around the world.

Kolos bloodlines were changed after three thousand years of purity to enhance the tendencies for cruelty and sadism in the older women and the submissive tendencies in the ones still young enough to possess the pheromones that were so highly prized. For a time the cult was strong enough to resist the full takeover, with pockets still managing to survive with the old ways but the lust for cruelty seemed to spread until the cult had taken it as its main characteristics and the sect that she had formed came to dominate.

Recently the High Priestess has taken that to a whole new level but her real goal isn't everlasting life as much as her Roman predecessor would have wanted. Jenny Harper wants everlasting wealth and power and she and her band of heretics are just looking to milk the cult for all its worth. This is why the prophecies have stated that the embodiment of Chloe shall return to save the cult and return it to its days of glory and happiness. Jenny however, has interpreted the days of glory to mean that if she controls you she can make the cult more powerful and rich than it has ever been. So, here we are with Chloe returned to us as has been foretold, her asshole alone is all the proof we Kolos need, and she will change the cult and lead us out of the darkness once again. The fate of

thousands of us rests in her butt.”

“Shit, that’s a big ask. No pressure, then”, Beth said, looking up into Chloe’s eyes.

Chloe laughed and held the girl under her chin.

“I know, right. I can do it though, I’m a goddess, remember?” she said laughing at the absurdity of what she was saying.

Maggie however didn’t think it was absurd.

“So how did girls join Chloe and become her follower?” Beth asked.

“They would follow one of the rituals that involved worshipping Chloe’s ass while giving herself submissively to the deity. This usually meant being taken anally until they orgasmed, usually with their tongue inside Chloe’s anus. In ancient times it might have been fingers or a piece of marble attached to leather straps, nowadays we have strapons and online sex shops.”

“I want to join, Chloe. I want to become one of your followers and worship you. It sounds a lot more fun than being a student”, Beth said eagerly.

Before Chloe could make an excuse, Adele seconded Beth’s desire.

“I want to become your follower, Chloe. I want to pledge my loyalty to you.”

“Me too”, Emilia piped in.

“And us”, Abigail and Georgina said together.

“Shit, girls. I only have one butt. This will take forever”, Chloe exclaimed, her eyebrows rising.

“We’d better get started then”, Maggie said, matter-of-factly.

“Do you have any strapons in the house? I assume the answer is yes”, she asked.

“Yes, three upstairs. I’ll go fetch them”, Hannah said.

Maggie watched the girl get up, enjoying the view as she tugged her pyjama bottoms out of her crack and walked up to her shared room.

“Lend me her sometime would you dear?” she asked Chloe with a wink, getting a smile and a nervous nod in return.

“Why don’t the new initiates get in a line on the floor on their hands and knees?” Maggie said to the girls that had asked to become members of Chloe’s secret group. The five girls eagerly did as they were told, giggling excitedly as they thought about how special and different it would be to belong to something that they couldn’t tell anyone else about and for some of them it was another opportunity to taste Chloe’s delicious ass.

Hannah returned to see the five butts sticking up behind them as she carried the three dildos in her hands.

“I hope you haven’t started without me”, she said playfully.

“We couldn’t start without you, dear”, Maggie said, “Besides, these naughty girls need warming up a bit first.”

She spanked a hand firmly over Adele’s butt cheek, making her groan.

“May I?” Maggie asked Chloe as though she was asking permission to open a box of chocolates.

Chloe nodded, standing in her pyjamas as Maggie slid the red material off of Adele’s butt cheeks, revealing her round, milky cheeks gripping a strip of stripy underwear between them. Maggie gently gripped the elasticated waistband and pulled it out, the butt it was in reluctant to release the material as it twanged out from Adele’s crack. The girl lifted her knees up to let Maggie take the thong, roll it up and place it under her nose to take a deep breath.

“Oh my, you smell amazing. I know you’ll taste even better”, Maggie said with a sigh.

Adele’s lips curled upwards at the corners and her light brown eyes sparkled at the compliment.

Maggie gently parted the curvy cheeks and moved her spectacled face in close to the twenty year old’s spread crack.

“Have you ever been fucked in your asshole before?”

“No”, Adele said, blushing a little but not showing her shyness in her voice.

“I didn’t think you had. That little pucker looks as tight as a guide’s knot. And yes, that is a double entendre dear. Wow, if I knew we were taking virgin butts tonight, Chloe, I would have brought more things. What a joy! Hold on I have something very special in my bag that should work a treat.”

Maggie got up, far more spring-like than her age should have allowed and walked over to a large canvas floral patterned bag. She took out a small jar and hurried over back to Adele.

“This my dear is something very special. It’s the original formula for a lube that Chloe and her followers themselves used in awakening rituals. I found out about it in my research and have been using it ever since.”

She took a smear of the golden creamy lube from the jar and rubbed it around Adele's sphincter. It seemed to immediately have an effect on the girl and she sighed and seemed to visibly relax more.

"All natural ingredients. It has a warming, loosening effect and protects against any chafing. It tastes great too", Maggie said, holding another smearing up to Adele's mouth.

"Mmm, that's so nice", Adele murmured, sucking on Maggie's finger.

"I want to taste it", Beth said eagerly, losing focus and coming out of the line of girls as she walked like a puppy on her hands and knees up to Maggie, holding her mouth open in her cute diamond shaped face.

Maggie laughed and gave her a taste.

"Fuck, that's good isn't it?" Beth said, laughing and looking up to Chloe for approval.

Chloe couldn't help but adore the cute, sexy girl that was like a mischievous puppy, her big blue eyes innocent and bright.

Chloe smiled, "I haven't tried it before, Beth."

"Well you should. I'll put some up my butt and you can eat it from there", Beth

said very directly.

“Maybe, sweetie”, Chloe said, being reminded of Louise by her other level of openness.

Maggie couldn't resist putting a dollop on the girl's slim, pointy nose.

“Get back into line dear, and wait your turn”, Maggie chided with a smile.

“Now you, dear”, Maggie said to the tall, slim, Polish blonde girl, Emilia.

Emilia wiggled her silk pyjama clad bottoms up to Maggie who whipped them down to the girl's knees by their elastic. Her butt was as silky smooth as her pyjamas and her floss-like white thong was too thin to hide a delicious-looking skin-coloured pucker.

“Oh my goddess. A woman doesn't 'eat' for months and now she's given a feast that would be fit for a high priestess!”

Maggie pulled the elastic string aside and rubbed a hand up and down Emilia's smooth, waxed holes making the girl moan gently.

“Another anal virgin?” Maggie asked hopefully.

“Not exactly. I sometimes put my fingers inside when I’m alone and imagine someone else is doing it to me”, Emilia said a little shyly.

“You mean like this?” Maggie asked, taking a lump of lube and plunging it into the tight-looking pucker along with half of her index finger. She rubbed her thumb over Emilia’s slim, straight slit, feeling the wetness of the hidden lips within.

“Oh yeah”, Emilia gasped as she felt her anal muscle clasping Maggie’s digit and the finger pressing into the soft insides of her anus.

Emilia glanced around looking for some of the same kind of attention and received it as Maggie pressed a finger from her other hand into her tight, virgin sphincter.

“Oooh”, she moaned loudly as the finger slid deeply inside.

Chloe remembered the feeling when she had first discovered what it was like to have something sliding up into her anus. It always felt huge in comparison to what it really was and her hole felt so stretched she used to wonder how she could take any more. Oh, how I soon learned the hard way what my true limits actually were, Chloe thought wryly to herself.

Adele groaned as Maggie pushed a second finger up to accompany the first then slid the two fingers in and out of the girl’s anus, relaxing and stretching the pink sphincter.

Chloe knelt down in front of Adele and looked into her eyes that had become distant and glazed. She knew that look well. This girl, like any that felt the pleasure of anal, was becoming so focused on her asshole and the feelings it pushed through her body, disproportionate and overpowering, that her mind was unable to think or function properly.

Chloe kissed her sweet upturned lips and stared into her eyes seeing the lust build. She groped at the girl's ample breast, loose in the buttoned top and rubbed them as she smiled and watched Adele's face and the emotions swirling over it as she was fucked up the ass for the first time.

Emilia looked across and wanted more.

"Fuck me with more fingers, lady. I can take three", Emilia said hoarsely, her head swaying with her blonde hair tied into an untidy bun.

Maggie laughed. "Okay, here you go, my dear girl", she said, pushing in another finger from her right hand and rubbed the girl's increasingly wet pussy faster with her thumb as a reward for the girl's enthusiasm.

Emilia looked for approval from Chloe who was still on her hands and knees in front of Adele.

Chloe noticed and moved herself over to Emilia who immediately smiled and reached out to kiss Chloe's lips. The blonde girl tasted as sweet as she smelled, her lips soft but firm to the touch as Chloe opened her mouth and pushed her tongue into the girl's mouth.

Emilia grabbed Chloe's hand and pushed it down her vest top to touch her small, pert breasts and then reached out and unbuttoned Chloe's blue top to reveal the eighteen-year-old's creamy skinned front, her nipples already standing out on her gravity defying breasts.

Emilia kissed down Chloe's neck, slowly working her way over the flawless body until she reached her hard, pink nipples where she spent time with each one licking and sucking on them as Maggie pumped her butt, plunging another finger into the skin-coloured pucker to make three.

Adele looked across at Emilia and a sense of competition for Chloe's approval seemed to be growing inside the girls.

She moved a hand behind her and found Maggie's hand pumping in and out of her round butt. Feeling the hand that was penetrating her almost made her loose control as she groaned deeply but she managed to grasp another of Maggie's fingers and signal that she wanted a third digit up her ass.

"Are you sure?" Maggie asked, hesitating.

"Yes. Do it", Adele growled as she moved her hand under her and rubbed at her clit.

Maggie knelt behind the two sexy but very differently built girls and pumped three fingers into each delicious, tight butthole. She wished she had another hand free as she watched Chloe stand and roll her pyjama bottoms down to reveal the

most perfect butt that Maggie had ever seen. It wasn't the first time she'd seen it but it took her breath away once again as the teen pulled her bottoms from her ankles and walked over to the woman.

She turned and parted her globe-like cheeks to reveal the base of the gold butt plug that Jenny had given her, shining out with its Kolos symbol in crystal on the bottom of the round metal.

Chloe teased the big plug in and out of her, not quite releasing it from her puckerless rim's grip as she gave Maggie a show. The plug dug in and out of her anus, gathering flavour on its shiny surface until, finally, the girl pulled it out with a clicking pop and the hole gaped momentarily, the dark hole looking like a gasp before it closed to its usual untouched appearance.

Chloe turned and held out the plug to Maggie's mouth. The woman took it eagerly and sucked on it hungrily, smiling and laughing, as she tasted the divine hole.

"Oh Chloe. You are my saviour. Please let me take the pledge too."

"Okay but aren't you meant to be filled in you ass and pleased?" Chloe asked.

"Let me put that butt plug up my old butt and feel the warmth from your body on it and know that what has been inside you is now in me. That will be more than enough, my dear."

Maggie nodded to Becky who dutifully took the butt plug. She was about to take some lube when Maggie shook her head and signalled for the petite blonde to shove Chloe's golden plug up her anus.

"My saliva and Chloe's ass juices are all I need, dear", she said, breathing in as Becky found the woman's rim under the layers of material.

"There", she said eventually. "Now, if I may."

Chloe turned and pushed her butt out to Maggie, parting her own cheeks as Maggie was still pumping Adele and Emilia.

She felt the woman's soft lips and tongue touch her skin and kiss at her orifice.

The action became progressively stronger and more like she was sucking and eating out something just like the old woman in the story. Her breath became louder and harder until she seemed to be panting and wheezing uncontrollably, clearly having an orgasm, induced by tasting and breathing in Chloe's ass.

"Ooh... I worship you Chloe and offer my allegiance and love to you. My body and heart are yours.... Always", she added as she pulled her mouth away reluctantly, regaining her breath.

Within moments she seemed to be revitalised, her hands pumping into Emilia and Adele and she even managed to get a fourth finger into both girls, making them moan out in stretched, achy pleasure.

“Let’s make your number grow, my Chloe. Go to the front of the girls and let them taste you in turn”, Maggie said, then leaned over to Adele to congratulate her for taking her first anal stretching.

Becky crouched down beside Adele as Chloe backed her butt onto the girl’s sweat-beaded face. Adele immediately lapped out at Chloe’s anus, remembering the delicious taste she had encountered a week ago. Maggie had taken to gaping Adele’s hole by removing the fingers and then plunging them back in deeply, making the girl groan animalistically into Chloe’s butt cheeks. Her own hand was busy rubbing her clit frantically as she started to convulse and shake.

Becky whispered into her ear.

“I worship you Chloe... aaah... and offer my allegiance and love to you. My body... ooh... and heart are yours”, Adele moaned out, her voice filled with passion.

Then Becky whispered into her ear.

“Cum. Cum you sexy creature. Show Chloe and the rest of us that you’re her hot, lusty follower. Feel Maggie fingering your tight little asshole. You’re taking four fingers like an asshole. Cum, you dirty little slut”, Becky repeated the words, hissing into Adele’s ears until the girl shuddered out a huge wail and orgasmed, her body convulsing as she drooled over the floor then collapsed in a heap, Maggie’s fingers slipping out with a squelch.

Becky and Chloe laughed then turned their gaze wickedly onto Emilia.

The two petite girls closed in on the tall, slim blonde as Maggie continued to finger her pretty little ass. Her other hand, after having smelled and licked her fingers was used to rub between Emilia's girlish slit and swirl over her clit.

Becky whispered something into Emilia's ear, making the girl's breath quicken and her moans louder.

Chloe backed up, this time standing. She felt a sense of power as she turned and parted her cheeks, just seeing her own butt over her shoulder and the model-like Emilia staring up at her, aroused and trusting. As Emilia's eyes fell over Chloe's saliva-covered orifice she seemed to become transfixed and mesmerised. Chloe backed up and watched as Becky whispered instructions to the girl. She felt the first kiss on her sensitive rim. It was sensual yet gentle and felt amazing. It felt as if Emilia was following the same method as when she would kiss a mouth as her lips moved and swirled over her skin.

"Oh fuck", Chloe sighed as she felt the tongue swishing over her sensitive anus. Her pheromones released their sweet scent into the air that Emilia breathed as she became further intoxicated by the deliciousness.

"Oh fuck", she said, copying Chloe as their bodies joined ass-to-mouth and became one sensitive flow of pleasure.

Chloe could feel the connection. It was as though she was as much a part of the girl with her face pressed into her butt as she was the girl receiving the ass worship.

Becky whispered the words just as Emilia started to pant.

“I... I worship you Chloe and offer my... allegiance and love to you. My body and heart are yours”, Emilia panted out, the last sentence coming out like a rush of air as she came.

Chloe bent down. She wanted to feel this great kisser on her lips as Emilia smiled and breathed deeply out of her nose, relaxed and content.

“You taste like heaven, Chloe. It’s amazing”, Emilia said, her eyes full of adoration.

“And you kiss like heaven, Emilia. I know where to come if ever I want lips that can perform magic”, Chloe said, then enjoyed a long, passionate kiss with the tall blonde.

Beth was getting impatient and excited as she spoke.

“Come on. Me next but you’d better fuck me hard with one of those strapon cocks if you expect me to cum like those two did”, she blurted out.

Becky laughed and stood behind her, strapping on one of the dildos.

As soon as Beth saw this she stripped off completely naked and got back to the position on her hands and knees, her round, lightly tanned cheeks sticking up proudly and unashamedly as she awaited anal penetration.

Maggie smiled as she gently rubbed some of the lube on her hands between Beth's cheeks, gently pressing her finger into the rimless hole making sweet little clicks as she moved it around.

"This one has a hole without a pucker like yours, my Chloe, but her sphincter is more pronounced around the entrance like a little rubber ring. So sweet", Maggie said, stroking the rim in soft, lube-covered circles.

She turned and rubbed her hands that were still slick and creamy from being inside Adele and Emilia onto the realistic flesh of the dildo.

Chloe crouched down in front of Beth and looked into her wide blue eyes. She had found that she couldn't help but get sucked in by the girl's open adoration of her. She was funny and mischievous but in a way that Beth herself wasn't aware of it, which only served to make it even cuter. She was quite obviously a confident and sexual young woman and, if Chloe hadn't fallen so in love with Becky, she might have seriously considered asking Beth to be her girl. Not that she really needed to, it seemed that Beth already felt she belonged to Chloe.

"Tell me it'll turn you on to see me get fucked in my asshole, Chloe. That's why I want to do it... because you want it. That and it feels fucking hot", Beth giggled.

Chloe dropped to her knees and kissed the girl passionately.

“It will turn me on more than you could know. Feel, just seeing you on your hands and knees with that cut butt sticking up is making my pussy wet in anticipation”, she said sliding one of Beth’s hands between her legs.

Becky wasn’t the jealous type but she took some pleasure in plunging the dildo in to the hole of the girl that seemed so enamoured with her lover. The round sphincter opened up and the rubbery ring stretched out delightfully just as all that type of anus seemed to do, Becky having experienced so many assholes that she could tell how each one would react.

“Uuff, that’s it”, Beth grunted as she took the silicone shaft inside of her rectum, staring up at Chloe who couldn’t help feeling the lust as she sucked in saliva and looked back. Beth lifted her hands off of the ground and clasped Chloe’s hands as Becky started to slide in and out in a smooth, deep motion, the petite blonde having mounted the perky butt from slightly above it.

“Oh, it feels so good having something up my ass. I used to put hairbrushes, toothbrushes, fingers, whatever I could find up there. I was made for you, Chloe. I’m butt girl, just like your other lovers.”

“It’s ‘buttslut’, Beth, but yes you are”, Chloe laughed and kissed her sweetly.

“Buttslut Beth. I like that”, Beth said through breaths.

“Anyway, tell me more about how you used to assturbate”, Chloe said, curious and aroused.

“I... aaah... would go to my room and cover a hairbrush in body butter... ooh... then I would pull my pants down and lay on my bed”, Beth said, her eyes sliding shut as she remembered.

“Go on.”

“I would be on my stomach and I... uuu... would push the handle on up my butthole.... Then... aaaah...aaa... I would pump it in and out while I touched myself.”

“What did you think about?”

“I... thought about all kinds of nasty shit. Teachers... older girls and women in my life... I’m lesbian but sometimes I even thought about men taking me. All of them were taking me roughly. Fucking my sweet, innocent asshole”, Beth moaned and panted before continuing.

“I’d imagine them making me do things for them and all the time being made to thank them for being fucked in my teen ass. It was so hot. I used to cum so much I had to change the bed sheets”, Beth said, one of her fingers reaching up to stroke Chloe’s lips.

“Do it now”, Chloe said, turning to press her butt into Beth’s face.

“Ooh... thank you for fucking my asshole... thank you... thank mmmff”, Beth’s

face plunged between Chloe's cheeks and slurped and tongued at the divine butt.

"Thank you for making me lick your ass, Chloe", Beth said, coming up for air a few minutes later.

The noises of squelching silicone and a slurping tongue rang out in the large common room. Maggie had moved over to where Adele was knelt, touching and stroking between her legs and stroking her newly awakened anus. She lifted the top off of the girl and then stroked her hands up and down the girl's arched back and butt as she too watched Beth taking the eight inches that Becky was feeding in and out of her cute butt.

It was Hannah that crouched down beside Beth's ear as the diamond-shaped face pressed into Chloe's round globes. She lifted off when she felt Hannah's breath on her ear, fanatically thanking Chloe for letting her 'lick her asshole out'.

Hannah whispered the words and Beth spoke them with passion.

"I worship you Chloe and offer my allegiance and love to you. My body and heart are yours to use however you want. I belong to you completely", Beth said ignoring the feeling of her ass being pounded as she added the sweet words.

"I'm gonna lick you out and cum to show you what I think of your taste", Beth snarled and plunged back between the cheeks as she lifted both hands off the floor and rubbed them both between her legs, feeling the dildo that was spearing her with her fingers.

She made a noise that sounded like the groaning brays of a mule as she built up to an Earth-shattering orgasm, the sound building up to a roar as everything from her neck to her toes vibrated with the ripples of her ecstasy.

Hannah and Becky exchanged a glance as they moved away from the girl. They would need to up their game to keep up with this one.

Abigail and Georgina had been patiently waiting on their hands and knees all this time, occasionally rubbing themselves through their pyjamas as they glanced sideways at the exciting action going on around them.

Hannah moved in and pulled Georgina's red fluffy bottoms down to reveal blue boy pants. Her round butt looked inviting and felt hot to the touch. Hannah had dreamt of pushing a dildo up this bubblebutt but knew that Georgina and Abigail were both anal virgins. At least that's what they told her. She found it hard to imagine that someone hadn't been tempted to push something up between those luscious cheeks. Saying that she'd never even touched her own asshole in that way until Chloe had awakened her and she had quite the sexy bum or at least that's what her mistress had told her, just not in those words.

She pulled down the pants and put her angular pixie face down between the crack and sniffed.

"Mmm, you smell so good. I bet you taste even better", was the line she and the other girls in the cult used to put girls at ease before plundering them with their mouths.

Georgina's butt tasted sweet, almost spicy, a bit like cinnamon. It was good and

she soon had the brainy girl purring as she lapped and tongued the pink hole, preparing it for inevitable penetration as part of the ceremony.

Abigail had started to squirm and touch herself and Hannah gave her a helping hand by reaching across and pulling her bottoms and her plain pink panties to reveal yet another delicious bubblebutt, milky and round.

Hannah licked and sucked her finger then placed a glob of spit onto it and rubbed it in a circle around Abigail's pale pink rim.

She turned back to Georgina and sucked and kissed at her butthole for another few minutes before swapping across to Abigail, a web of saliva hanging from her lips.

"Oh wow. That's good. You taste like you were meant to be eaten out together", Hannah said, as she tasted sweet vanilla from Abigail's skin and hole.

Maggie dutifully moved in behind Georgina and spread her cheeks with her hands while rubbing the tips of her lube-covered index fingers from both hands around over the deep pink rim.

Georgina's head swayed, her long dark curls covering her head as she hid in her own world of pleasure and lust, preparing herself for the ass fucking to come.

Abigail's ginger curls bounced as the pale bubblebutt moaned at the ass licking, enjoying the warm, wet tongue of the cute pixie brunette as she rubbed her own

breasts and neck, her round glasses steaming up at her hot breath.

Becky placed a harness around Hannah's crotch as she tongued Abigail, preparing her for her role.

"Are you two ready to be fucked up your tight little virgin butts by my girls?" Chloe asked sweetly, a hand under both the girls' chins.

A look of heavy lust in their half-closed eyes signalled their readiness as they nodded dreamily at the deity-like girl they would pledge themselves to.

Chloe nodded to Becky and Hannah to begin. Hannah rubbed a lump of lube onto her dildo and smeared the tip over Abigail's pale pucker, watching as the muscle yielded slightly to every press and push of the silicone cock head.

Georgina moaned loudly when Becky popped the head of her dildo past the tight sphincter and stretched the rim out to take the rest of her long shaft.

Abigail and Georgina gripped the floor with their hands as their first anal penetration took hold of them.

Their minds would be so focused on the thick shaft sliding deeper and deeper into their rectums, their tunnels re-arranging and stretching to accept the gift that Becky and Hannah gave them, Chloe imagined as she watched the looks of pain and pleasure on the faces of the two bubblebutt girls. Georgina winced as Becky plunged deeper and Abigail gave out little sudden pants as Hannah bounced in

and out, making her stretched rim slide up and down the shaft of silicone as it struggled to accept and surrender to the five-inch girth.

The two buttsluts grinned as they gradually increased the speed and intensity of their assfucking. It didn't take long for the noise of the two girls moaning rhythmically to fill the room as their butt cheeks slapped noisily against the hips of the two petite girls fucking their tight assholes.

The heady scent of their arousal drifted up from their pummelled butts as Becky and Hannah leaned forward and grabbed clumps of curly hair, pulling both girls' heads back for Chloe to see their intense growls of lust.

Both girls were academic, bright and well behaved and had earned the right to go to university for their brains and ability. Now they were eagerly being anally reamed by two sexually uninhibited girls while they were prepared to lick the pheromone rich sweat out of an eighteen-year-old's anus. Right now they couldn't think of anything apart from the dirty, sexy aching tingle that ran up their rectums and into their very souls. They were just bodies and even less than that, they were just assholes. They'd have given up a lifetime of dignity and study just to experience the carnal, primal lust they were now feeling.

As Chloe backed on to Georgina's face, the curvy black girl didn't need reminding of the phrase she was meant to say.

"I worship you Chloe and offer my allegiance and love to you. My body and heart are yours. My god... I mean goddess this is so amazing.", Georgina said, overwhelmed by the feelings being stirred up inside her. She planted her face firmly back into Chloe's crack and rubbed herself to orgasm as Becky hammered into her.

Abigail on the other hand struggled to speak when Chloe touched her buttock up to the girl's mouth. She shook and came with panting gasps and then said the words dreamily afterwards as she gently kissed and licked at the, now very wet, hole.

"I worship you Chloe and offer my allegiance and...mmm... love to you. My body and heart are yours... and my tongue", she added with a little giggle.

After the girls had calmed down, they all moved into small groups hugging and stroking one another as Chloe sat and talked to Maggie.

"So I'm the re-incarnation of the original Chloe?" she asked after they had spoken for a while.

"Yes, my Chloe. It is as real as those sexy girls down there still intoxicated with arousal from your pheromones. It is your destiny to save the cult and the thousands of girls enslaved by false beliefs. That's why Jenny will do anything to keep you down. She's always known about you and when you would come. She isn't stupid. She studied the texts as well. In fact it was her that suggested to your mom that you be named Chloe."

Chloe's eyebrows raised.

"Then you all knew about me? What about Mom?"

“She doesn’t know but that doesn’t mean that Jenny is above using her to get to you. Not if the texts are true.”

Chloe thought and then hugged Maggie, kissing her on the cheek.

“What was that for, my Chloe?”

“For being here for me, Maggie. I’d be lost without you right now.”

“You take care of yourself, my Chloe. It will not be easy and your limits will be tested but you will prevail in the end.”

Maggie stood up and grabbed her bag.

“Here, take this lube. It has healing properties too. The girls might feel a little sore after their awakening. Well, maybe not that one”, she said pointing at Beth with a grin, who was sat on her bum on the floor, laughing and joking with Adele and Emilia.

“I’ll be off and leave you girls to continue the celebration. Five new followers in one night deserves a lot more fun, if you know what I mean?” Maggie winked.

“Six”, Chloe said, pointing at Maggie.

“Oh my dear Chloe. I’ve always been your follower and I always will. I just wanted the pleasure of saying it to you. I’ll be taking that butt plug by the way. It’s a tracking device. Jenny gives them out to keep track of girls she doesn’t trust. I’m surprised you weren’t suspicious. Anyway, she’ll get a nasty shock when she barges in on one of my book club meetings one evening”, Maggie smiled and kissed Chloe on the lips then sighed and left the room and the scent of young female bodies, hot and aroused and ready for whatever else the night may bring.

Tangled in Ivy

Hannah had never really had any friends apart from Chloe and, more recently, her fellow buttsluts so it was a pleasant surprise when Tash had invited her to a party at the old gym hall on campus. A fancy dress party no less and the theme was ‘innocence and guilt’. It somehow felt like it might be comfortable and yet appropriate to wear what she usually wore to church on Sunday with her family. Those were the times she felt the most innocent and free from all the distracting thoughts and feelings of the modern world. It wasn’t easy finding anything even closely resembling those clothes in her pile of slutwear but she managed to order something very similar to what she used to wear and had it delivered to the house the next day.

She stood in the mirror admiring the look. It made her think about how innocent and naïve she used to be.

To Hannah, innocence looked like a long grey vest dress, a white blouse underneath it with the buttons done right up to the top, thick black tights and sensible flat heels. She pinned her hair back with a clip and wore her reading glasses for added geekiness. She wore her clear gloss and applied some makeup to her face. It was a party after all and she wanted to look nice for Tash.

Chloe was out on another work date with that woman Melissa and Becky had gone out somewhere a while ago, muttering something about having bumped into a girl she’d come across at a gym not so long ago.

She told herself that she had the right to go out and have a fun time just like Chloe and Becky probably were right now and she even considered that she might like to see if Tash wanted to be more than just friends, after all Chloe and

Becky had each other even if they were unselfish with their bodies.

She headed out and shut the front door behind her. The late summer air was fresh and clean and it felt good to breathe it in as she headed over to the other side of the campus.

She found the address that Tash had given her and pressed the buzzer and waited. It took a couple of minutes for the door to open. Hannah assumed they must have been setting up the party as she was just on time and she knew how some people weren't quite as organised as her.

She saw Tash's face, and not a lot else under the costume she was wearing, beaming out a smile, her blue eyes twinkling. The slim teen had dressed up as a nun with the full black robe and white headpiece, complete with crucifix and a set of beads.

"Wow... you look...", Hannah said, a little stunned.

Tash laughed. "Yeah, I know, right. It wasn't my idea. That was Ivy. Come on. Follow me. She really wants to meet you."

Hannah followed Tash feeling like she was at her old junior school again with the nuns in charge. It was a little strange that she couldn't hear music as she got nearer a door at the end of a long corridor.

"Are any of the other guests here yet?" Hannah asked.

“No, just you”, Tash said a little too quickly.

“Here we are”, she said, opening the door and ushering Hannah through with her hand on the small of the girl’s back. She whispered into the petite brunette’s ear as it passed and Hannah looked around into the darkened room inside.

“Sorry, Hannah. I had to do it. Don’t make her mad and do what she says or she’ll get really cruel.”

Hannah looked confused as she glanced at Tash but she noticed something in the girl’s eyes that looked all too familiar when she looked into a mirror at Jenny’s.

She felt someone grab her left arm just as Tash grabbed her right wrist and pulled her hands behind her as she was knocked to her knees.

The lights in the room were switched on. She was in a big rectangular space with a polished and waxed wooden floor and various old bits of gymnastic equipment. A wooden stage area had some of the tools of the trade for the Kolos but the girl that walked in front of her looked as young as Tash and the other one that gripped her arm.

“Who are you?” Hannah demanded, less politely than she usually would have but it was quite obvious that she had been deceived and the glint in the hazel eyes of the auburn headed girl in front of her and the condescending smirk on her face told Hannah that she was the one to blame.

“How dare you talk to your superior that way, asshole?” Ivy sneered and moved the sleeve of her nun costume to reveal the mistress tattoo on her wrist surrounded by a vine of ivy leaves. They were similar to the vines that went all the way around Tash’s wrist like a rope that she had noticed as they had sat next to each other.

Hannah looked at Tash and the other girl. Neither of them showed any desire to interact with Hannah’s appeal apart from a very slight nod from Tash’s head.

“But... you’re too young to be a mistress”, Hannah said, still trying to comprehend what had just happened let alone a girl that was her own age claiming to be a mistress of the cult.

“I know.... Hot isn’t it? It does get the hackles up with some of those Kolos bitches but Jenny and Eva saw potential in me. Now apologise for your tone and kiss my boot.”

Tash and the other girl pressed down on Hannah’s shoulders until her face was pushed down onto Ivy’s outstretched boot.

Hannah felt somehow weakened by the whole situation and having Ivy dressed as a nun didn’t help to allow the eighteen-year-old assert her newfound independence from being a submissive to the cult.

A nod from Ivy made the two girls twist Hannah’s wrists back and add to the pressure to obey.

“Uuh... Sorry... Mistress”, Hannah said, pecking the boot with her lips.

Her reading glasses fell off of her face only to be crushed mercilessly under foot by the young mistress who laughed coldly.

Ivy crouched down and clutched a clump of brown short hair, pulling Hannah’s head back so that her long neck strained.

“That’s ‘Mistress Ivy’, slut. Open your mouth”, Ivy spat down Hannah’s throat. “Now say ‘Sorry Mistress Ivy’.”

Hannah coughed then apologised as she had been commanded. She couldn’t really fight it if she had wanted to. Hannah was naturally submissive, always wanting to please everyone around her especially those in authority like teachers and... the nuns. She had struggled with some of the cruel acts performed on her but being a buttslut came naturally and seeing the mistress tattoo made it a little easier to be told what to do, even if the costumes seemed to crash two worlds together that she really didn’t feel should mix. It didn’t help her to assert herself that the three girls were six inches taller than her and had the faces and physiques of models. The kinds that would have snorted and look down their noses at her at school while she tried to make them like her by telling them how pretty they looked. She could already smell their strong scents of perfume around her as she was restrained on the polished floor.

Her petite, curvy body was arched so that her wide, round butt stuck out behind her, squashing her hips and curving her back, making her look like a wrapped bundle of sexual curves with a parted, glossy mouth at the front and promise of more of the same underneath her dress.

“You are a sinner, asshole, and we are going to teach you what happens to sinners like you aren’t we sluts?”

“Yes, Princess Ivy”

“Yes, Princess Ivy”

Both of the girls uttered the weird words enthusiastically and quickly as though hesitation would result in consequences. Hannah had rarely seen such fear and obedience in an asshole.

Ivy moved her face in close so that her lips nearly touched Hannah’s.

“You dirty ass dyke. I bet you’re sniffing the air to get a smell of my butt aren’t you? I bet your nasty asshole is winking stickily open, hungry for one of your betters to fill it for you. You’d happily eat out Tash’s anus while I fucked you in your sweaty ass, wouldn’t you?”

Hannah’s breathing had quickened and the alluring scent of Ivy’s lips had pulled her deeper into heady arousal.

“Yes, Mistress Ivy”, she conceded in a whisper.

“What would your parents think if they could see all the things you did? The wicked and immoral things that you and your best friend Chloe get up to just for your own carnal pleasure. What would they think if they could see how you groups of lesbians and dykes use and humiliate your body in ways in which it was never meant to be treated? They’d send you to a convent, that’s what they’d do, you dirty slut. They’d let them help you to - what do they call it? – Atone for your depraved ways.

Well, it just so happens that your mistress, Jenny, thinks you need reminding of the shame that would await you if you ever went back and they found out. She also thinks you need to be reminded of who you are and I’ve been told to return you to her where she won’t be letting you out of her sight for a long time to come.”

Hannah’s head dropped as all of Ivy’s words sank in. A part of her wished she had never gone to PP Toys looking for a job just because Chloe seemed to be so well off after working there for a couple of weeks.

For a moment, she wasn’t sure which of the two versions of herself she actually was. The liberated follower of Chloe or the downtrodden, obedient slave to authority figures as they fought for control of her body inside her head.

“Place her on the pommel horse like we agreed. Kris, get the cuffs and restrain this short bitch. Tash, fetch me my cane.”

The two girls acknowledged the orders and obeyed, ensuring that Hannah was never out of one or the other’s grip as she was lifted and wedged by her hips between the two grip handles on the piece of gymnastic equipment. She had wondered whether she should be making an attempt to escape but when she heard footsteps on the polished floor and the clunk of a lock, she thought she

might as well give in and surrender to what was happening.

The brunette called Kris was a pretty girl with brown almond-shaped eyes. She seemed to avoid eye contact with Hannah as she got close to the girl's upside down head and attached metal cuffs to one wrist and ankle and then the other.

Hannah had been bent over tightly on the wooden horse. Her hands gripped her boots as she felt the giddy feeling of blood rushing to her head. Her skirt was shimmied up so that only her thick black woollen tights covered the curves of her round, feminine butt.

"A dirty slut like you needs reminding of what you are and your true role as your mistress's slave", Ivy stroked the tip of her cane up Hannah's tights-clad butt crack.

"Tell me you need reminding who you are, bitch!" Ivy snarled.

Hannah remembered the advice Tash had told her just as she walked into the room and decided that, given her position, she should probably not make Ivy mad.

"Tell me who I am please, Mistress", Hannah said.

"That's Mistress Ivy!" the sadistic girl said whacking the cane hard over Hannah's cheeks.

“Ooow, Mistress Ivy!” Hannah wailed.

“Jenny tells me that you’re named ‘dirty whore’ on your collar. Well, I would agree. You swallowed my spit like a dirty whore. Tell me what you are!” Ivy thwacked the cane down making a noise as it hit its target that echoed around the room.

“Oooooowowow, I’m... a dirty whore”, Hannah said reluctantly.

Hannah’s neck arched up to see Tash’s blue eyes looking down at her as Ivy struck again.

“It’s ‘I’m a dirty whore, Mistress Ivy’”, Ivy corrected.

“I’m a dirty whore, Mistress Ivy”, Hannah said through tears.

Ivy was clearly enjoying herself as she chuckled then spoke again.

“You’re a fucking dyke that loves to stick her tongue in girl holes.”

Two more blows rained down on her ass.

“Aaah... I’m a fucking dyke, Mistress Ivy. Ooow... I love to stick my tongue in

girl holes, Mistress Ivy.”

“You wanted to stick your skank tongue in Tash’s smelly buttohole, didn’t you?”

More thrashes shook her cheeks.

“Yes, Yes Mistress Ivy. I wanted to lick out Tash’s buttohole. Oowow!”

“And you wanted my asshole Tash, my property, to put her face between your fat cheeks and breathe in your dirty, sweaty, slut holes!”

Three more thrashes, made Hannah unable to respond through wails and tears.

“Get over here, asshole”, Ivy commanded Tash. She shuffled round obediently, not looking at her mistress and trying not to react when the cruel girl grabbed her and pushed her to her knees behind Hannah.

“Shove your nose on those holes and tell me how it smells, my slut.”

Tash shoved her face between the tights-covered bum and snorted loudly on her knees. She breathed in deeply several times before her mistress pulled her head back.

“Well?”

“It’s kind of sweet, Princess Ivy...”, Tash started to say.

“But disgusting, right?”

“Yeah, it smells gross. Like a stinking fart”, Tash said, telling Ivy what she wanted to hear. She wasn’t Kolos. None of them were, including Hannah, but Tash knew a sweet smelling hole when she sniffed it and this girl’s reminded her of s’mores. It was far nicer than Ivy’s butt smelled.

“You mean like the ones I feed you with?” Ivy said, amused.

“Worse, Princess Ivy”, Tash lied for her mistress’s approval.

“Then maybe you should punish her for making you smell such grossness. What was she even thinking?”

“Yes, Princess Ivy. Thank you”, Tash said, reluctantly taking the cane in her hand.

“Ten thrashes. Harder than I’ve done so far”, Ivy commanded as she crouched down to stroke a hand through Hannah’s short hair that hung from her head, tears having wet it at the front. She clutched a clump and spoke as the cane thwacked down on her already sore butt cheeks.

“Count them”, Ivy snarled.

“One... aaah... Two... oww!”

“You are an asshole, a plaything of the cult. Submit to us and worship every mistress as your goddess and we might be more merciful with you when you are back with the High Priestess where you belong.”

“Three... uuuh... Yes Mistress Ivy. I submit! Please stop the caning. I’ll do anything... aaaah... four!”

Ivy held her hand up to Tash who stopped immediately and knelt down in slave pose with the cane in her palms.

“Kris, get this worthless slut off the horse and onto her knees where she belongs”, Ivy said.

Kris uncuffed Hannah’s legs, and then dragged her off the horse and onto the floor in front of Ivy who stood in between two parallel bars. Hannah’s cuffed wrists were secured to each of the bars. Her dress was still up around her waist; too stiff a material to just float back down.

“So, you were hoping to get some ass at this party? Well, how about some nun ass?”

Ivy turned and pushed her butt out, then grabbed Hannah's hair and ground her habit-clad ass onto Hannah's mouth and nose.

"Breathe me in, sinner. Breathe in the only aroma that an asshole like you should be inhaling", Ivy said, her butt swirling about on Hannah's face.

After amusing herself for a few minutes, Ivy pulled Hannah's face back her by her hair and looked at her over her shoulder.

"You want to taste my ass, don't you asshole? You want to know the flavour of my amazing rectum, don't you?"

Hannah panted, aroused and overpowered.

"Y... Yes Mistress Ivy", she said breathily.

"Well, you can't yet. Not while you haven't been washed of your sins but my worthless slut can provide you with an inferior taste of what is to come. Get over here", Ivy signalled to Kris.

Kris walked around to where Ivy had been and, as though she had been told the plan in advance, rolled up her habit to reveal her naked lower half and glowing honey skin. Hannah took in the coltish beauty of the girl's long legs and pert, round cheeks but was distracted by the veiny purple dildo sticking out of the girl's ass, pointing at Hannah's face.

Ivy pulled the dildo out unceremoniously, revealing it was double ended, thick in girth and six inches of length on each end. Kris breathed out sharply but tried not to make more than a squeal as her insides re-arranged themselves, her hands grabbing for the bars and her legs buckling slightly. A beautiful light pink pucker was slightly gaped by the absence of the dildo and Hannah noticed a slight slippery shine to the bald, smooth pussy beneath it.

The dildo was spun around to the other end and the six inches that had been poking out was pressed back up inside Kris's hole hard, making the girl groan deeply.

"Uuhhh... Thank you Princess Ivy", Kris said quickly but hoarsely.

Ivy sneered back, looking at Kris with a mixture of contempt and lust and it was in that moment that Hannah understood that the relationship between Ivy and the other two girls was more about control and power than mutual lust as with most other mistresses and buttsluts.

She glanced over at Kris's legs and noticed that they weren't as flawless as she had previously thought. Scratches and little bruises marked the girl's butt and thighs as she bent in to meet Hannah's face with the end that had just been released from inside her rectum.

"Mistress Ivy is letting you feed. Suck on that nasty, stinky butt-flavoured cock like the immoral whore you are", Ivy snarled lustily.

Hannah placed her lips over the dildo, still warm from being burrowed into the lanky teen, and rolled her lips along the shaft. Her eyes closed as she tasted Kris on the silicone and she gave a little moan as she realised how much she loved it.

“Fuck it with your mouth, slut. I bet a good pious girl like you has sucked lots of ass-flavoured cocks in her life.”

Hannah had never seen a real cock before, let alone sucked one off, and the assumption hurt but turned her on even more as she imagined herself in the sordid position of having to clean a row of cocks that had been up Chloe’s delicious asshole. Maybe then she could have been made to go straight but only to taste her beloved’s buttohole on them.

She sucked and sucked, saliva building up on the silicone as Ivy walked off. Hannah continued to give the veiny dildo a blowjob as she felt the first splash of cold water on her back.

“Keep sucking, Whore”, Ivy snarled behind her. More water was poured over her back and over her tights-covered butt sticking out behind her. She felt cold trickles run over her rim and pussy lips, soaking through the woollen material. The bucket was splashed down on the floor next to Tash who was commanded to start stripping Hannah from behind. Her shoes were removed and then the dress was taken off. Hannah hadn’t realised the buttons on the shoulders weren’t decorative and the dress was unbuttoned from her body but had to be wiggled off as it had become heavy and sodden.

Hannah felt the hesitation as Tash gripped the top of her tights and tugged them over her butt cheeks and down over her legs. Tash would be close enough to smell her arousal as the girl rolled the black woollen material off of each petite foot.

“Wash her dirty body. Wash the sin of thinking she is the equal to a mistress off of her. Wash the taint of that Chloe’s lips and tongue off of her butt.”

“Yes, Princess Ivy”, Tash said and set about with a sponge and the cold water on Hannah’s cheeks making the petite brunette squeal as the coldness touched her creamy, round cheeks.

“I didn’t say you could stop. Apologise and thank my asshole for cleaning off your sins”, Ivy growled.

“Sorry, Mistress Ivy. Thank you for cleaning me, asshole Tash.”

“Now suck hard. Gag that cock down your slutty throat.”

Hannah gagged and saliva spilled out of her throat and onto Kris’s pussy. Ivy clicked in her heels back to Tash who was busily rubbing Hannah’s cheeks with the sponge.

“Pathetic. You think those fat, round cheeks need as much attention as those sweaty, hot holes in between them, bitch?”

Ivy grabbed Tash by the back of her neck and pressed her face into Hannah’s crack.

“Smell that? That’s the aroma of a buttslut that thinks she can do what she likes. We can’t have that, can we fuckhole?”

Tash gasped when she was allowed out of the airless smothering.

“No, Princess Ivy”, she panted out quickly.

“Correct, you dumb bitch. Now, let’s see how much cleaning out this whore needs”, Ivy reached across to the stage and brought back a thick, soft red seven inch dildo with protruding veins and lines along it.

“Let’s see how dirty this bitch is. Fuck her hard or I’ll show you what hard means.”

Tash bowed her head submissively. Ivy stepped over to Kris and wiped her hand over the girl’s pussy, making her moan at the touch.

“Should we give this asshole some lubrication for the fat cock that’s about to invade the hole her mistress owns?” she purred into Kris’s ear as she stroked her fingers. Kris knew that this wasn’t meant to be answered as Ivy thought for a moment.

“Yes, but it needs to come from her own body. Open your mouth, slut”, she told Hannah, then shoved her fingers deep down the pixie-like girl’s mouth, making her gag and her neck tighten in her buttoned up white blouse.

“There, whore-spit for an asshole she no longer owns herself”, Ivy said, with a hand covered in bubbly saliva.

She walked around to Tash who knelt with the red dildo pressed against Hannah’s pink rim. Ivy smeared the saliva over the surface and nodded for Tash to plunge it inside.

“Oh fuck”, is what Hannah would have said clearly if the words had come out past the silicone filling her mouth. It felt out of character but Hannah started to wonder which character she was, the good girl or the masochistic whore.

Ivy heard her and lifted the bucket of water over her head as Tash thrust the dildo into the petite girl’s rectum.

“Tut tut. Such bad language for a slave. Here, let me wash that slut mouth out”, she said, grabbing Hannah’s hair and pouring the water down onto the girl’s face and gaping mouth.

Hannah spluttered and gasped as she was momentarily drowned under the downpour. She blinked as her makeup streaked down her face.

“Pump her asshole deep and fast”, Ivy ordered Tash and the tall blue-eyed girl obeyed, thrusting in as far as she could and fucking it as quickly as possible into the girl that had done nothing to deserve this treatment from her.

Tash hadn’t expected her first months as an adult would turn out to be in the

clutches of the girl she had known through school, turned into her sex slave.

The girls had always felt themselves equally superior to others at school. They were tall, slim and pretty, with good skin and just the right mix of cunning and intelligence to be clever but not swotty. The girl who had betrayed her friendship to her and Kris had sold them out and had reduced them both to mindless slaves. Ivy had used her natural sadistic psychopathic mind to bend and mould them into her fuckable submissives. Tash had never known she had lesbian tendencies growing up. She had even cruelly bullied other girls for showing any affection to other girls or for looking a certain way. Now here she was, the obedient fucktoy of the eighteen-year-old girl that had taken all her holes for the first time and made them her own. Here she was, staring at the butt of a girl that was a better person than she was, clearly comfortable being attracted to girls and not ashamed of being kind and intelligent and here she was helping the bitch Ivy to break her spirit. She shook her conscience out of her head and focused on making deep thrusts with the soft dildo.

She could smell the scent of the girl, it was better when she didn't think of her as Hannah, and she couldn't help but feel aroused. She never thought the smell of someone's butt, let alone another girl's, would make her so wet but ever since her encounter with Eva and Becky in the sauna she'd realised that she was a buttslut and she hadn't realised just how many other girls, Kolos or not, shared a taste for the hole she had always been told was gross... ironically mostly by Ivy.

"I see you, you fucking anal slut. You're dreaming of tasting this girl's shithole aren't you?"

"Yes, Princess Ivy."

She had barely finished her sentence when Ivy had pulled her hand that was

pumping the dildo back, making a noise like a sticky cork being pulled from a hole, and shoved it into her mouth, choking it deep into her throat.

“How does it taste? Does it need washing out?”

“Uugh... it tastes nasty... Princess Ivy”, Tash lied, choking but enjoying the flavour as she followed the script she knew her mistress had expected of her.

Ivy smiled cruelly and took the dildo out and held it under Hannah’s nose.

“Smell the hole that Jenny owns. Taste the flavour of it off of this fake cock”, Ivy said.

Hannah liked her own flavour. It made her wet whenever she tasted it off of the end of Jenny’s strapon or fingers and she sucked deeply over the dildo just as she had the one poking out of Kris.

“Who tastes better, slut? My asshole Kris or the nasty hole in your body?”

Hannah didn’t answer but Ivy made her alternate between the two veiny dildos, sucking and providing the two lumps of silicone with a servicing that most pornstars would have been proud of.

“Swap around. It’s time you shared your toy, Kris.”

Kris move around behind Hannah and lined up so that she was arched out right behind the smaller girl's butt, her own cheeks lined up with Hannah's lighter, rounder ones so that the sloppy end of the double headed dildo stroked at Hannah's perineum.

"Put it in her", Ivy ordered.

Kris felt around behind her for the dildo that stuck out like a lewd tail. When she had it firmly in her grasp, she backed onto Hannah, looking over her shoulder to press the saliva-covered head against the smaller girl's sphincter that had already been loosened by Tash's efforts.

The dildo inserted into Hannah's butt like Lego snapping into place. She moaned softly as she felt the pleasurable feeling of being filled again and the warmth of Kris's butt cheeks against her own.

In front of her, another activity was beginning and Hannah couldn't help but be impressed at the way Ivy's asswhores seemed to jump from one sexual act to another with just a word or a nod. They must have gone through some very intense training to be so obedient and compliant, Hannah thought as she watched Tash lift her habit up and kneel with her calves flat on the polished floor and her thighs parted. Her ass was as hot as Hannah had suspected, pert, highly toned and cute in relation to her tall frame. It was slightly boyish like Heather's but stuck out as much as Louise's, Hannah thought, using her fellow asswhores for comparison.

Tash put lube on her fingers and rubbed it over her rim then pushed two of them into her perfectly round, puckered sphincter and stretched it out so that the digits

slid inside.

Ivy pushed the sucker on the end of the red, veiny dildo hard onto the waxed floor just behind Tash's butt. The tall model-like asswhore shuffled back on her knees and held the saliva-covered dildo by its base. She looked up at Ivy.

“Do it. Sit on that cock and insert it up your stinky hole”, Ivy said, her mouth curled into a lust-filled snarl.

The teen in the nun costume in front of Hannah sat down on the red shaft making it ride all the way up her asshole in one smooth motion.

Fuck, Hannah thought. This girl is impressive.

“I'm a stupid anal slut... one”, Tash said breathily as she bounced up off of the dildo so that it came completely out of her anus.

“Get down and push that dirty dildo down your throat then lift up and tell me you're a worthless asswhore.”

Hannah gagged as saliva spilled out her mouth.

“I'm a worthless asswhore.”

“That’s one, asshole. Now count every time you deep throat it after Tash sits on it.”

Tash sat back again, taking the dildo inside her rectum.

“I’m a stupid anal slut... two”, she moaned as she lifted off again.

Hannah looked at Ivy who nodded at the dildo.

She swallowed as much of it as she could and then gasped out, “I’m a worthless asshole... two.”

“Kris, bounce your fucking butt against the fat little slut and fuck her smelly asshole.”

Kris obeyed and moaned as her cheeks bounced onto Hannah’s and the double-ended dildo slid into each of the two clenching tunnels inside each of their bodies. Hannah panted as she tried to compose herself enough to suck her tongue and lips down the delicious tasting shaft.

“I’m a worthless asshole... three”, she moaned as she watched Tash sit back down on the red shaft to cover it in her sweet flavour while the cute honey-skinned Kris bounced her toned butt against her own, sending waves of pleasure as the dildo inside them both slid back and forth.

The routine continued on and on as if the three of them were three parts in a perverted clockwork toy. As they got into a rhythm they sped up, as did the moans and pants coming from their mouths. Hannah's pussy dripped and she wished her hands weren't cuffed to the bars above her so that she could rub herself or grab Tash's ass. The hole in front of her that alternated in swallowing the dildo with her mouth gaped and rasped sloppily now, the build-up of saliva and the repeated penetrations making Tash's anus relaxed and wet.

Hannah felt close to an orgasm but Ivy sensed it and ordered them to stop. She wasn't going to let Hannah cum yet.

"Uuuh, I'm a stupid anal slut... ninety seven."

"I'm a... I'm a worthless asshole ninety seven."

"That's enough. I think I'm ready to get off on you", Ivy announced as though everything they had been doing was for her own arousal. It was clear she wasn't into girls, or probably boys for that matter. Mistress or Princess Ivy to her own assholes was only 'into' herself and sadistically humiliating others to make her feel superior turned her on like nothing else could. It therefore made total sense to Hannah when she was made to lie on her back on a balance beam and have her hands bound around it with red bondage rope.

Ivy ordered her two assholes to take off their costumes, revealing their coltish bodies and the tight collars around their neck with the name IVY embossed on them. They stood silent and statuesque, Kris still with the two-ended dildo up her asshole.

Ivy only had to look at the ground and the both knelt down into slave pose.

“Take the dildo out... careful not to wipe off any of the juices”, Ivy said, her eyes flashing sadistically.

“I want you to swallow down the flavour into your nasty whore mouths and tell me what it tastes like. Kris, you get your own stink in your mouth.”

The two girls obeyed, rolling their lips down the shaft of each cock shaped end until their mouths almost met as they chocked and gagged, their eyes looking wildly at each other until they slowly slid their mouths back. They sucked and licked the surface of the purple toy until Ivy told them to stop and for Tash to hold it.

“Well, what do you taste of?” she asked Kris.

“Gross. I taste disgusting and stinky like a dirty toilet, Princess Ivy”, Kris lied. Hannah could see this was a phrase the girl had been taught to say from the nervous flicker in her eyes as she spoke and she knew she was lying because she had tasted it and it was like buttery candy on her tongue.

Satisfied, Ivy nodded to Tash.

“And what about you?”

“Nothing like the flavour of Princess Ivy’s anus. It tasted nasty and sour.”

Hannah knew Tash was definitely lying. Her own flavour was definitely not sour and it was only ever nasty in a good way.

Ivy laughed coldly.

“Tash, re-insert the dildo up Kris’s nasty butt. I want her to continue to fuck this whore while I show her what a princess’s holes taste like.”

Tash obeyed and then Kris moved along the beam on her stomach to dock one end with Hannah’s butt, lifting it up from the beam slightly to match her in an opposite facing position. She gripped the beam with her hands so that she could bounce her butt back into Hannah and fuck her. Hannah’s knees and legs came up naturally to meet the shaft and she was reminded once again that she was becoming a dirty slut.

Tash was told to kneel by Hannah’s side and plunge the red dildo into her wet, dripping pussy. Hannah’s mouth gasped open as her two holes were filled and fucked with silicone by the two tall, slim asswhores.

The white blouse she wore was still firmly in place when Ivy mounted her face as if she was sitting on her own perverted throne. She could smell the arousal and heat from the young mistress’s holes as she lifted her habit up around her head and off, making her completely naked apart from the laced ankle boots with their platform heels.

Her auburn hair fell over her face as she ground and swirled her hot, aroused holes onto Hannah's makeup-stained, pixie face.

She didn't moan as Hannah would have expected, instead letting out a couple of little grunts as though she was releasing something built up inside her for some time. The smell of her ass was rich and strong and her pussy had the creamy taste of sweet and sour that showed she had been more turned on than she had shown as she had humiliated the three asswhores.

Hannah gasped for air. The pumping of the two dildos into each of her fuck holes was pushing her close to the orgasm she had been cruelly denied earlier.

Ivy smothered and slid her round, pert butt over Hannah's entire face, making her skin hot and scented with the eighteen-year-old mistress's sticky juices.

"You nasty lesbian slut. You love having my ass on your worthless face don't you? Worship me as I sit on you, you stupid whore. Get your tongue out and lick my sticky holes clean!"

Hannah obeyed the mistress and licked and lapped for all she was worth as both her holes were being rhythmically fucked with the cock-shaped shafts. The clicking wet plopping noises inaudible to the creamy-skinned petite teen as her feminine wide hips arched up to let both dildos repeatedly bury into her body.

It wasn't long before her body shuddered and convulsed in short violent quakes and she groaned out an orgasm in the dark, hot wetness of Ivy's ass.

“I didn’t say you could cum, bitch”, Ivy snarled, grinding hard so that Hannah felt as though she could feel the girl’s bones under her thin flesh. She ripped open the blouse in front of her and pinched and pulled savagely at Hannah’s pink nipples, taking out her irrational anger on the girl.

“Don’t stop fucking her until I cum in her mouth”, Ivy said to Kris and Tash, loud enough for Hannah to make out, as she pressed her anus over Hannah’s nose and pressed until it was partly inside her rim.

The rasping noise from Ivy’s anus made the situation slightly less appealing as Hannah squirmed and squealed, trying to move out of the way of the evil smell.

Ivy laughed and grasped Hannah’s short brown hair, pressing the bound girl into her anus and wet pussy. Hannah was told to stick out her tongue, which was then used to fuck into Ivy’s slim slit.

Ivy insisted on pressing her ass against Hannah’s nose and releasing noxious gases into the teen’s lungs several more times, each time laughing cruelly as she made noises that made Tash and Kris baulk as it brought up some uncomfortable recent memories. Eventually she climaxed with a little panting noise that sounded like a goose call with short little suppressed honks. Her pussy didn’t seem to get any wetter but she seemed more relaxed after the release and sat back on Hannah with a contented sigh.

“Stop fucking the stinky asshole and kneel before your mistress”, Ivy said dreamily to her two slaves. They placed the juice-covered dildos on the floor in front of them and looked down at the floor, averting their gaze as they knelt.

Ivy, naked apart from her boots, untied Hannah from the beam.

“You might look innocent but you’re the dirtiest whore I’ve come across so far. You let anything inside you and I think we need to clean your ass out thoroughly before we give you back to Jenny because I know she is going to want to get some revenge on your short-ass body for leaving. Get on your hands and knees in front of my asswhores.”

Ivy tore the last of the blouse off of Hannah as she stuttered and said, “Yes, M... Mistress Ivy.”

She felt she had to obey this girl and her body had betrayed her already showing that she was nothing but the dirty whore she had always tried not to be through her life.

Ivy fetched a bucket of water that had been hot but was now just room temperature and two douches with long nozzles.

“Fill her nasty shithole full of water”, Ivy ordered, crouching down in front of Hannah lewdly with her legs parted. Ivy was hot but in a different way to the cute, petite asswhores that the inner circle of mistresses seemed to prefer. She was tall and, in those heels, she managed to get over six feet in height. Hannah felt dwarfed and intimidated by her and it wasn’t just her height that was scary. Her skin was smooth and her limbs slim and long with a thin waist and small pert breasts. She looked like a gangly supermodel to the petite brunette. Her face was pretty but was emotionless and cold in a way that Hannah only saw in the cruellest of mistresses. It occasionally snarled with contempt at her or Tash and especially at Kris for some reason.

Ivy clutched Hannah's chin and made her look at her while her butt was getting filled with water.

"You are an asshole of the Cult. Did you really think Jenny would let you go?"

Hannah thought for a while then spoke through her scrunched lips.

"No, Mistress Ivy", her eyes filled with regret for so many things.

"No, you're too profitable. When you came here to university, you were meant to continue to earn for your mistress and allow her to contact you whenever she wanted... but you didn't did you? You thought you and that bitch Chloe could go your own way and set up your own cult. But you know who you belong to don't you, asshole?"

"To my mistress", Hannah said through her squeezed mouth.

"To all mistresses, asshole. Now I want you to pledge loyalty to me as well... Maybe in return I will let you make out with my assholes. Lick my boots."

Hannah lowered her strained, tired neck and kissed and licked this young mistress's boots.

Ivy whispered the pledge into her ear and she repeated it as she kissed at Ivy's laced boots.

“I pledge my body to you, Mistress Ivy. To do with as you will and to serve you as long as I remain an asshole... which will be until my thirtieth birthday and no sooner.”

“Good now tell me what you are.”

“I... I’m a worthless asshole... a dirty whore... a slave of the cult that is only her asshole and nothing more”, Hannah said, remembering what Jenny had always made her repeat.

“Good slut”, Ivy said. “Now show me that you can be a tool for my amusement. Fart that water out into my asshole’s faces. I want them to smell like your dirty little body for the rest of today. Open your mouths assholes, and swallow it down.”

Hannah was made to stand. She knew this was a test of obedience. It was meant to be humiliating for all the girls involved but it was also meant to see if Hannah would blindly follow what the mistress had instructed. She had no choice, given the circumstances, and she was still shaken up from how Ivy had so easily captured her and broken down her defences.

“Now squirt half of it out of your shithole onto Tash’s dumb face... Do it!” she snarled when Hannah hesitated.

Hannah pushed and relaxed her pucker open so that the water could spurt out of her like a leak from a hosepipe onto Tash’s pretty face and into her open mouth.

Hannah blushed at the rasping noises but continued, looking over her shoulder to see Tash not moving as she gasped and blinked while the butt water ran over her face and down her neck to her slim, toned body.

Kris look was filled with supressed hate when Hannah glanced across at her. Then she noticed a glimmer of pity for Tash and then for herself for the humiliation to come.

Hannah was ashamed that she had been turned into Ivy's tool for the further degradation of these two teens who should have been walking down a catwalk making heads turn, not being fed the water from an impromptu enema direct from the source. She considered emptying herself out and not having enough for Kris but she knew she would just get filled up again and Kris would get even more.

"Now that one", Ivy said pointing at Kris. "She's such a dirty skank, you'll be making her more clean. Won't she, bitch?"

"Yes, Princess Ivy", Kris replied as emotionlessly as possible, her hate only just noticeable.

"Do it", Ivy said, and then laughed as Hannah spread her own cheeks and nothing but rasping air came out.

"Oh, that means it's been for a longer journey into this whore's bowels", Ivy chortled, looking amused, "I am sure it will make for a refreshing drink."

When the water finally splattered out, it hit Kris in the face so quickly she had to close her eyes and, as Hannah repositioned, she managed to squirt a good amount into the teen's gaping mouth. On one level it was humiliating and cruel for all involved but somewhere deep down the bullied geek from high school was somehow satisfied by taking revenge on the type of girl that would have looked down on Hannah and her kind.

Take it, bitch, swallow my ass wash, she thought, then immediately chastised herself for being so mean.

Kris gulped and spluttered as she took her humiliation like a good asshole. She wondered if she would have ever even looked twice at a geek like this one in passing and now here she was made to drink and get squirted in her pretty face by this girl's big butt and she was doing it all because her bitch of an ex-friend Ivy had manipulated her so well with promises and threats and had taken her on such an intense sensory journey of pleasure and pain that she couldn't even think straight.

Even as a slave to this girl's every whim, Kris felt more alive and excited since becoming an asshole than she had ever before... and the pay was good too.

"You aren't as useless as I thought you would be, my buttslut", Ivy said, touching Hannah under her chin. "On all fours", she commanded and Hannah fell onto her hands and knees.

"You two stinky bitches go and fetch the cage that Jenny wants this dirty creature delivered in. Then we'll load her in the back of the car and be on our way... after you've both cleaned up and dressed me, that is. What are you two looking at? Get moving!"

Becky and the Dragon

Becky was in some kind of back room when she opened her eyes, blinking in the stark light that beamed on her from above in fluorescent tubes, the noise of them humming tauntingly as she took in the nature of her predicament.

She was in some kind of lab or office at the university. It was definitely still on campus. She could tell from the décor.

She tried to move her arms but couldn't. They were held out at either side, about ten inches from her face on two black-painted metal stands held in place with two semi-circular bars that were locked in place. She was naked apart from her asshole collar and positioned on her stomach on some kind of cold, metal bench that curved like an S shape pushing her butt out behind her and making her back arch and her head upright in front of her. Her legs were clamped by what felt like similarly designed semi-circles of steel so that they folded under the bench from her lower thighs. Her feet dangled down and were almost able to touch the plastic splash sheet that had been put on the floor.

She wondered how she had gotten there. She remembered how she had bumped into the masseuse from the gym and had been invited for a meal to talk about life with the Cult. Becky had gone with the intention of convincing her to join Chloe and had taken along things to show her, what was her name? Adriana... She had taken her collar, some photos and videos on her phone and was going to give the girl a lecture that would have convinced her not to join Jenny and Eva.

She remembered sitting down and talking about how she had been treated as an asshole and how free she was now and empowered. She had watched as Adriana nodded and agreed and showed all the right emotions at the right time.

Then she took a bite out of the burger she had ordered. No, wait, Adriana had gone to fetch the order and brought it to their table. It was self-service. Anyway she had taken one bite and then... here she was.

She wondered who it might have been that would have the cunning and gall to capture her like this. The list wasn't a long one and someone on it that was the obvious choice made her feel sick to the pit of her stomach. If she was right, she knew she would be in for a sadistic experience that would rival anything she had been through... mostly at the hands of that very person.

It took her a couple of hours to arrive. That was her style, to keep the girl that was at her cold-blooded mercy squirming and uncomfortable, anticipating all the cruel, imaginative torture to come. As Becky watched Kate walk around the front of her, her worst fears were realised and any hope left in her drained away.

“Ha. Look at you all clamped and ready for fun. It's like you never left, huh, asshole?”

Kate stroked her hands over Becky's face.

“You've changed a bit since I last got this close”, she squeezed Becky's mouth in her grip as she spoke, her other hand stroking her fingers through the loose blonde locks.

“Older. On your way to being a woman. There's more weariness in your eyes and the lines of experience are starting to show. My, my, you have been making some winces of pain with those eyes, I see. If only they had all been at my hands.

I see you've grown your hair out. I never let you grow it longer than neck length. I'll leave it that way for a little longer."

Becky couldn't speak yet. Her memories made her freeze as she replayed all the reasons she hated this woman so much in her head.

"Stupid little bitch. Did you really think you could escape me? You're my asshole. You were always destined to be and will be until I find you not worth the effort and discard you like the worthless whore you are."

"You're not my mistress. A true Kolos girl chooses who she wants to give herself to and you just took me like a convenient piece of ass right under your nose."

"You were asking to be awakened. You would shake your butt around tempting me until I did what needed to be done. You shouldn't fill your head with the shit that Maggie talks about. There is still time to beg for forgiveness and give me a few more years of entertainment. Besides, who gave you that collar that you still wear around your slim neck?"

"You did", Becky said angrily.

"I wish you were this feisty back when you were being tamed. All you used to do was whimper and cry like a little bitch. Oh this is going to be delicious and sinful", she said stroking a finger down Becky's arched spine.

She walked around the back of Becky.

“I had this room made specially. Occasionally I bring non-Kolos girls back here and see how far they can go. I tell them it’s an experiment in inhibition and self-esteem and that if they do well, I would give them a good grade. Most of them bolt before the real fun begins. They aren’t built like us Kolos. Their minds are wired differently. Such a shame for them, huh, my asshole?”

She roughly pulled Becky’s cheeks apart and sniffed at the holes they had hidden, deeply into her nose.

“It was always so satisfying parting that bubblebutt of yours at the end of a long day. The aroma always made me horny as I thought about what I would do to your deserving hole each time. Remember how I used to fuck your tight asshole all night until it was sore then I would put that spiky plug up your butt and send you off for the day with your slightly too short skirt? Oh, you were so sweaty and hot when you came home. The first thing you did when I unlocked the specially made harness that stopped you tampering with the plug was to race to the toilet.” She laughed “I used to save the plug then make you suck it while we watched videos of assholes being used.” Kate sounded like she was reminiscing on some ‘good times’.

“I think some of my favourite times were back near the beginning of your awakening when I made that special hook in the bowl to chain your collar over it straight after you’d been there. You used to moan about how sore and uncomfortable it was when I pumped a dildo up your ass. For some reason you never enjoyed sucking that dildo after it had been inside your nasty rectum but you still had to do as you were told like a good little asshole.”

Two fingers were squeezed past Becky's sphincter and pumped in and out hard. They were then taken out and a moment of silence occurred as Kate savoured the smell and taste of her fingers as it brought back memories. Becky could hear the sticky clicks of the woman rubbing her own pussy behind her, getting off on seeing Becky back in her clutches.

"Mmm. Not ready yet. The flavour isn't distressed enough. It will be soon enough."

She pushed the two fingers back in with an additional two, the saliva from having sucked on them lubricating them just enough.

Becky gasped out a breath quietly, not wanting to give Kate the satisfaction at having got to her while she still had control of her body.

"I'd heard you'd gotten quite loose after all these years. Not the tight-assed little slut that used to clench painfully around a dildo anymore. Eva has turned you into a nasty whore hasn't she?"

Kate pushed her thumb into the stretched rim, chuckling derisively as it went in. Becky had taken more and worse but somehow this set of fingers seemed to affect her on a deeper level and she struggled to catch her breath as she felt the woman slide deeper, trying to get her wrist up inside the petite blonde's anus.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't like it. You're as nasty as I am deep down, Becky. You loved the twisted, immoral relationship we used to have. Take my fist into your shithole and let your mistress fill you up again, just like old times."

“You’re not...aaah... my mistress... anymore. I am... free of you... and all mistresses now... besides you put me through hell... and you were nothing... ahh... less than a demon in my eyes.”

“You don’t look so free right now, bitch, but you do sound like you believe it in your head. I am going to so enjoy breaking you again”, Kate said stroking Becky’s butt with her free hand.

She pushed and pressed hard with her hand, watching as the girl’s sphincter stretched around her wrist to swallow it inside her.

“You fucking whore. Look at you taking my whole fist up your nasty asshole. I’m almost proud of Eva for having stretched you out so well. She must have had so much fun gaping you just like she and Jenny did at our little parties together.”

Becky didn’t speak, instead trying to control her breathing.

Kate laughed and pumped her hand into the stretched tunnel insensitive to the breath-taking depths she was pushing into.

In reality Kate was aware of every sensation and feeling that her little captive was feeling. She always had done and that was why she found cruelly tormenting the young asshole in front of her so deliciously addictive. She had made Becky her asshole purely because it was too tempting, feeling that exciting immorality intoxicate her body and mind. She’d never orgasmed so well as back when she had just finished a session with Becky. The more she had done

to that petite body, the harder she came especially when smothering her teary, snotty face. Becky had been the best thing in her life and she was going to enjoy having her back again.

“You should thank me, bitch. I made you the woman you are today... besides you were lucky to have me as a mistress. How many Kolos girls got the amount of sadism you did? Once you’d gotten used to it, you drooled from your dirty little pussy every time I took out a rope or some cuffs. You’re as perverted as I am and you know it. In fact I’m going to show you what you are right here in this room.”

The fist rasped out of the elastic-like sphincter, air filling the gaping tunnel in place of Kate’s balled hand. It was pulled out of Becky’s asshole so completely and decisively that the girl let out a moaning wail as the stretched sphincter clenched around the departing fingers.

Kate chuckled at the sight of the winking hole after it had been vacated so swiftly. Kate could almost feel the pain of the muscles struggling to keep up with the movement as she slid the fist out.

“I bet that smarted a bit, didn’t it? Don’t worry, honey. I have something just as big to fill you up again soon enough. Mmm”, she smelled the fist, rubbing the fingers under her nose.

“I think I am going to enjoy this”, she said then pulled a TV trolley around in front of Becky’s face. The stand had a set of large monitors on it. Six in total, placed so that the girl could see them all clearly. The stand had two cameras on it. One about half way down pointing up at Becky’s face and another that was placed on top of the screens.

Kate plugged a cable into the wall and three of the screens flashed on. Becky looked at them. The two panels on the left showed a side view of her body in one, naked and restrained, her flesh shining under the fluorescent lights and in the other a view of her face close up on the screen above, far larger than her actual features. A screen on the right showed a view along her back showing the curve on her butt like a heart symbol and an empty space above it, inevitably where her tormentor would stand later.

Kate moved close to Becky's face, so close that the girl could feel her hot breath on her left cheek. She thought Kate might try to kiss her and, as an asshole, she wouldn't have fought it. There were some 'traditions' that were too ingrained in Becky's mind no matter how much she despised the person performing them. Kate didn't kiss her but she did touch her nose to the girl's skin as she spoke.

"I have a lecture to give now, asshole and I think I will have to get a bite to eat. That aroma of yours always makes me hungry. I'll be back in a couple of hours. I want you to enjoy the view while I'm away. Oh, here's some water for you while I'm gone", she brought an upturned water cooler container of water on a stand.

A long tube attached to it was put in front of Becky's mouth. She nodded for Becky to put it in her mouth and the girl complied, sullenly puckering her lips around it. She hadn't seen the black tape in Kate's other hand and she had already pressed a strip of it over Becky's lips and the tube before she could squirm or protest.

"You know how important it is to stay hydrated, asshole. I wouldn't want you to be uncomfortable while I was away. Oh, and don't worry if you get a bit too full. That's what the plastic spill mat is for", Kate said, wrapping more tape around the tube and Becky's mouth.

“It’s so pleasing to have you back where you should be. Desperate times call for desperate measures and Jenny didn’t have much choice but to agree to all my demands. I told her that you were a good asshole deep down and it wouldn’t take too much punishment to teach you the error of your ways and get you back under control and through you we can get to that bitch Chloe.”

Kate turned the stop tap at the base of the bottle that was closing the tube and let the water flow down and into Becky’s mouth.

Becky moaned and her chest heaved as she gulped down the relentless flow of water. Kate only chuckled as she walked away, her heels clipping on the floor as she moved to the door and walked out, locking it behind her.

Becky gulped down as much as she could. She had been thirsty but it soon became too much for her as her body quickly felt full. An idea came to mind and she pressed her tongue hard over the end of the tube, stemming the flow.

Fuck, I have to stay here with my tongue straining over this tube unless I want to feel my stomach bloat up like a balloon. At least I won’t go thirsty while I’m here, she thought to herself, trying to look at the only positive of the situation.

She thought about the countless times that her former mistress used to chain or tie her to her bed in awkward and uncomfortable positions and leave her for hours before returning to have her way with her. The memories of Kate mounting her, her stocky, shapely frame pressing down behind onto Becky’s petite body as she had her asshole invaded or the times when Kate would make her roll her knees up to her sides as she was fucked anally while looking into the cruel face of her tormentor. Kate used to consider those times to be the gentle

‘romantic’ times as though their twisted relationship could ever have a romantic element to it.

Becky had never doubted her decision and even now, restrained and held in the device, her pussy wet with anticipation, she was pleased that she had run from Kate. Now, being captured by the woman she found the most evil she had ever known, she couldn’t help but feel turned on by the masochism of the situation. The screens only served to arouse her further, seeing the poor petite, pretty blonde exposed and lewdly positioned and unable to escape.

She tried to turn her mind away from the thrilling predicament. She thought of Chloe and how she would surely save her soon. She would have the girls out searching the campus. They would find her and release her... wouldn’t they?

She forgot her tongue and the water spurted into her mouth. She gulped and gulped before she managed to regain a seal over the end of the tube.

She spent the next hour or so, she couldn’t tell exactly how long, trying not to think about her former mistress or the amount of water she had drunk.

Shit, she eventually thought to herself, I need to go. That bitch wants me to humiliate myself even more. Well, if that’s what she wants, as she’s always said who am I to stop her, Becky thought, relaxing her body and squeezing.

She found herself transfixed by the screens and her own plight. There was something tantalizing about seeing a girl in her early twenties, small and cute, lewdly restrained and awaiting some intense punishment, powerless and helpless. For a while, Becky felt that she could see Kate’s point and actually

started to want to see the body, the bubblebutt slut in front of her on the screens get what she deserved before shaking herself back to her senses, pushing down her sadomasochistic inherited Kolos lust and picturing Chloe.

There was a battle between angels and demons going on in her head as Kate returned, unlocking the door and walking through with her excited anticipation showing as she stroked a hand over Becky's smooth, naked back.

Her blue eyes shone cruelly as she crouched down with her face almost touching Becky's.

"You're about to start to pay for leaving me and Eva, you fucking disobedient shithole."

Kate's breath stank of garlic and wine and it didn't help when she purposely burped into the young blonde's face. Kate revelled in making Becky feel disgust at her. She was a mistress with no peer and could make any asshole feel degraded and sorry for themselves like no other. She had learned that it was a natural talent a long time ago and that it made for better pheromones for her Kolos needs and the girls always came so much harder if they felt the woman tormenting them was monstrous and nasty.

"I'm going to remind you what you are. An asshole, a dirty little anal fuckhole and nothing else", Kate said, pulling the tape off of Becky's mouth sharply making the girl gasp. The tube of water was switched closed at the stop tap and pulled out of her mouth.

Kate walked around the back of the restraint. Becky could see her every move in

the cameras. The woman had a smile on her face as she scraped her nails over the girl's body but it wasn't a kind or loving gesture. It seemed filled with cruelty and perverse obsession.

"I see my fucktoy couldn't control herself. I guess some things don't change", she observed as she slowly undressed out of her blouse and skirt.

Becky watched as the woman's large, heavy breasts tumbled out of her bra and rested on her ribs. Her strong shoulders and thick arms framed the big orbs well. She watched as Kate rubbed and kneaded them, massaging her nipples to big stiff nubs.

Her former mistress always enjoyed putting Becky's aroma onto each breast and she leant forward, pushing her stiff nubs into the pink sphincter and rubbing each breast hard over the girl's alluringly scented crack. It would help to arouse her as she tormented Becky, the aroma rising off of her chest as it heated up. Her former asshole's smell always managed to make her wet. She groped her own breasts tightly, their weight heavy against her hand as she pulled a trolley close to her containing the tools and means to torture her prisoner with. On top, there was a leather basque with thick straps and buckles up the front. She squeezed her frame into it, taking her time and adjusting the bosom to accentuate her curves.

It was only fitting that a mistress be better dressed than the whore she was fucking. It was a rule that Kate had always repeated to Becky in the past as she used to strip her or dress her in slave costumes.

She now wore a leather basque, thick net black stockings that stopped at her thick thighs and black stiletto heels that looked like hooves, pointy and insufficient, under the stocky frame. Her blonde curls were tied up into a bun and her face had been made up for her day at work. She sneered as she tied a

harness on to her crotch. It held something so heavy, she struggled to buckle it on her.

Becky found her voice for the first time in a while as she stared wide-eyed at the screen in front of her.

“You are not going to fuck me with that... that thing!” she called out in fear and astonishment.

Kate laughed as she lifted its heft up, flopping it up and onto Becky’s lower back with a loud slap.

“I call it the dragon and I had it made especially for the day we would meet again. It should satisfy a well-gaped slut like you quite well. I am sure I can bring a tear to your eye with this.”

The dildo was huge. It was round fourteen inches long, a deep red colour with layers all the way along it, like ridged scales that resembled the stuff of nightmares. The penis-shaped tip was as big and thick as Kate’s fist and had a clear plastic screen over the top like a kind of cockpit or window.

“You see this part on the end? I call it the dragon’s eye. Watch.”

Another screen switched on showing a close up Becky’s back in ultra high definition. The end of the monstrous dildo had a camera in it and to top it off a circle of led lights around the lens highlighted its path.

Becky gasped as another screen flashed up showing the huge shaft from the base of the harness. From that angle it looked like it could have been a redwood tree rising out from the ground and up into the sky. If Kate ever managed to squeeze that thing into her body, Becky would be getting a close-up view of her own sphincter being gaped and violated.

Something very familiar happened to Becky's body as a wave of excitement and anticipation at having her helpless, exposed asshole about to be reamed and rammed deliciously cruelly. She couldn't help it as years of conditioning kicked in and took over. Her chest heaved as she breathed heavily and her pussy felt like it was dripping wet. She'd never felt so intensely aroused in her life before actually having something sadistic done to her. The threatening size of the 'dragon' flopped halfway up her back was powerful enough to make her lust for her own perilous predicament send butterflies of excitement through her body, and the screens in front of her were like nothing she'd ever experienced before. Of course, she'd been fucked in front of mirrors before and made to lick and kiss her own reflection while being fucked and eaten from behind but this was a whole other level. She could see every angle of the blonde petite girl in front of her ready to be drastically reamed in her sexy ass. Despite her newfound self-esteem she couldn't help but want to see that deserving little slut get fucked hard and deep until she cried out.

A bottle of lube was emptied over the dragon. It dripped and ran all over Becky's arched back and pushed out butt, down the cheeks and crack and dripped onto the wet floor beneath the restraint bench.

Kate heaved it back a bit and rubbed it up and down between Becky's full, round cheeks.

Fucking hell, Becky thought. It's massive. It's as thick as an arm, a really big

arm like Kate's, and those ridges are bumping over my pussy lips and hole like barbs on a spear. I honestly don't think I can take it and I've taken everything the mistresses have ever thrown at me. I've even taken two dildos in my ass at the same time on more occasions than I'd like to remember but this is still far more than that.

After boring of rubbing the lube into Becky's crack, Kate lined up the dragon's eye and pressed it against the entrance to the girl's inner sanctum and pushed. Becky groaned and her breathing became rapid and frantic like she was in labour. Kate smirked at the irony of the situation as she pressed mercilessly on.

"It's only fair that you get stretched out like this. I'd say it was payback", she snarled as she watched the muscle stretch and open around the clear tip.

Becky couldn't speak as she watched her own anus betray her and surrender to the dark red beast. She saw how the ring muscle caved then rolled back over the camera to reveal the soft, wet-looking chamber inside.

Her mouth strained open to its limit but no noise could escape as all the breath in her body seemed to freeze and her entire body concentrated on absorbing the bulk of the dragon re-arranging the width of her anus to absurd levels.

Kate watched the girl's reaction in the monitor and laughed coldly, pressing forward as veins and sweat appeared on the blonde girl's forehead. Her entire body was focused on one place, the one place that mattered right then as mistress and asshole fought to make the dragon fit inside Becky's body, each for very different reasons.

The first ridge made Becky's sphincter ripple and spring over it, the penis head having made its fist-like size into the small body. Becky let out an animalistic groan that filled the entire room and she finally gasped out for air in sharp, pained breaths.

Kate laughed as she pushed mercilessly deeper, watching the reactions of Becky's face with sadistic fascination.

"You see how your entire body, everything you focus on, starts and ends with your nasty fuckhole. The idea that you have a heart that needs to be filled is so wrong. You're Kolos and the only feeling of fullness a girl like you needs to feel complete and whole is the one in your dirty, hungry asshole."

She pushed past another ridge and burrowed deeper into the girl's body like an ill-fitting sheath. Becky whimpered as she felt her rectum filling and readjusting to allow the evil dildo to squeeze inside her body.

Kate pressed on, watching it slide deeper still and marvelling at how her former asshole had become such a stretchy little slut. She must have had a lot of nasty experiences; I can't wait to have her recount them all to me and relive the humiliation and torment, Kate thought to herself. I must be ten inches deep inside her little body and she seems to be able to take more.

Sweat started to speckle her face and back as it blended with the oil lube that had been poured over her.

Becky felt completely impaled, as though a silicone spear was being pushed into her body as she stared at the screens, her eyes bulging as she tried to absorb the

aching pain along her entire fuck tunnel.

“You are a dirty girl aren’t you? Look at your hungry shithole eating up the dragon like it was a hot dog sausage. Tell me your asshole is hungry”, Kate snarled, slapping her hands hard over the milky-toned cheeks.

“Uuurgh... my ass... hole is... uuh... hungry”, Becky said in a croaky whisper.

The dragon started to saw in and out of her in steady, long thrusts as Kate grasped her butt cheeks and parted them lewdly, her hands gripping them like two powerful claws.

“You fucking whore. You’re enjoying this aren’t you?” Kate sneered as she saw Becky snivelling in short, sharp breaths with tears running down her cheeks. As the dragon buried into new depths, half way up the girl’s torso, Becky showed signs that she was anything but ‘enjoying’ having the giant cock invading her insides.

“Thank me, slut. Tell me you want more”, Kate growled.

“Uuuh... Thank... you... I... want more”, Becky whispered.

Kate pummelled harder, making Becky cry out as she felt her bowels being jabbed.

“Louder, whore!”

“I want it! I want more. I want more!” Becky cried out in a panic, her voice broken by every jolt into her body.

The feeling of fullness was intense. Her entire tunnel was on fire with aching pain and sensations of delicious tingling. Her mind was at war with itself and part of her wanted to submit and enjoy the feeling of being fucked with the huge strapon dildo.

“You’re a dumb Kolos asshole. You are nothing but a nasty fucktoy. What’s the name that I gave you when I made you who you are?”

“Fucktoy”, Becky hissed out between thrusts.

“Tell me your name’s fucktoy.”

“Aaahh... My name... is fucktoy.”

Kate pummelled harder.

“Fucktoy! Fucktoy!” Becky cried out, tears streaming.

Kate seemed satisfied and leant over, rubbing a hand up the girl's arched back until she reached up and grasped a handful of blonde locks.

Her face pressed against Becky's and she sniffed hard, looking at the screens and grinning as she stayed inside the girl.

"I've missed the smell of your tears and sweat", she said, with a deep sigh, staying pressed onto Becky for an uncomfortable length of time. Her eyes shut as she breathed in the smell, enjoying the warmth of the petite body beneath her.

When they opened, they seemed to be filled with mischief.

"Look at that inner sphincter. This is what you are. As I thrust in and out of your rectum, we both get to see the most important part of you perform its duty. Look at the way it surrenders to the dragon. Look at the tunnel opening up like it was always meant to be fucked. Look at your asshole give itself willingly to my cock", she sneered into Becky's ear.

You are nothing like Chloe. She isn't Kolos. She doesn't understand the way you need to be dominated, taken and used. I can provide you what you need. I can satisfy you like no other woman can. Besides, look at her. She's weak and pathetic. Look how she can't take being taught a lesson."

The last screen came on and Becky's heart almost jumped through her chest.

It looked like Chloe but her hair had been clipped short. Her clothes were ripped

and torn and her skin was covered in love bites and was purple and red in places. Her face was wet and her eyes closed tightly as she was clinging onto a thick wooden post that her hands were cuffed to on either side. A woman was fucking her ass with a strapon dildo through the rips in her clothes while several other women jeered and spat at her. One moved forward and bit down hard on Chloe's right nipple making her wince and roll her weary head.

"You see. She's nothing. Not worthy of the title asshole as you are, my dear. Join with us and we can end this pointless disobedience. I'll even let you punish the other misguided sluts with me."

Becky stared at the screen and her heart melted. How she had thought she could get off on this situation when Chloe was being so brutally tormented.

"I'll never join you and you'll never be my mistress again. My heart belongs to Chloe and there is nothing you can do about it. Do your worst. I can take whatever you throw at me."

Kate thrust in deeper making Becky grunt and snarl.

"So be it, bitch", Kate growled as she tugged Becky's hair aggressively back.

The woman fumbled about with her free hand on the trolley nearby and Becky couldn't make out what she was trying to get with her head pulled back.

When she heard the snipping noise she realised it was a pair of scissors. Kate

snipped through her hair, cutting at it until it came off in her hand.

“Now you remind me more of the asshole I used to own”, she looked at the clump of hair, sniffing it, then placed it on the trolley.

“Now you look even more like a boy again. No tits, skinny waist. If it wasn’t for your fat ass and pussy, I would think you were one. Goddess knows you take it up the ass like one.”

Becky’s hair had been cut right back to the base of the clump so that it just finished over her ears when it fell back from the scissors. She looked at herself in the screen. The remaining length was soaked in sweat and her face flushed and emotionless as she took a renewed pounding with the huge dragon dick. Her expression was fierce as she glanced across at the screen of Kate grinning back.

“You aren’t my fucktoy then. I think I will give you a new name for a long new relationship. I think you should be called fuckboy instead.”

Becky could see her anus, round and stretched around the girth of the dragon, looking deliciously reamed out. It was hard to keep from the masochism of the moment and Becky felt like she was almost ready to orgasm despite herself, her eyes fixed on Chloe and the women that tormented her. She didn’t see Kate reach over and take a pen from the trolley but she could feel words being etched onto her back with a thick tip.

“Henna pen, my sweet. Will last about a month. It should remind anyone that fucks you what you are.”

When Kate's arm moved out the way, she could just about make out the words.

'I am a worthless fuckboy' with an arrow pointed down to her ass crack with the words 'Please gape me'.

"Say it, slut. Tell me what it says."

"Uhh... I'm a... worthless fuckboy... aaah... please gape me."

"Not quite yet, my asshole", Kate said, leaving the dragon in her but taking off the harness. She pulled a heavy looking device to where she had stood and locked the wheels in position.

The dragon was pressed and locked onto a metal rod attached to a rectangular metal box. A button was pressed on the side and Kate picked up a remote control and pressed it. The dragon came back to life and the device thrust it in and out of Becky's rectum in a smooth, machine-like motion.

"Aaah... aaah", Becky moaned, feeling more comfortable, in her head at least, that it wasn't Kate pumping her up the butt.

"You like that, don't you fuckboy?" Kate said, slowly walking around Becky's small, glistening body until she got to the front, blocking the views on the screen and momentarily giving Becky's heart a reprieve from watching Chloe being punished.

Kate held Becky's head up by her chin, smiling as she saw the mess.

Becky looked up with her tired blue eyes, broken and submissive. She couldn't resist the woman any longer; she'd never been able to. Becky nodded sullenly, her mouth parted and moaning in time with the dragon's thrusts. She could hear her asshole squelching and slipping over the mighty cock as the machine made hisses of pressurised air every time it penetrated deep into her body.

"Good. Now, worship me like the ass-eating whore you are."

Kate turned to reveal her big, cushion-like cheeks. Becky had spent a lot of time wedged between them, lapping out the dark, richly flavoured hole. The cheeks were so big that Becky always used to feel smothered and trapped, her small face buried deep in the flabby flesh not knowing when she would be allowed to stop licking. Her tongue would usually go numb and ache before it was over and sometimes it felt like she had been sat on or wedged in for hours on end and she used to blink and rub her eyes to adjust her eyes to the light when she was finally released from the merciless, dark enclosure that smelled of sex and tyranny.

The feelings of subjugation returned as the scent of her tormentor filled her nose once again, filling her body and mind with magical potency.

"That's it. That's it. Submit to me. Worship me as you were always meant to", Kate mewed encouragingly.

Becky found her mouth opening between the hot, sweaty cheeks as she breathed

in the heady scent. This was the first asshole that she had tasted even before her own and it felt like she was reaching into a familiar place where life was less complicated and she didn't have to think, just obey and endure. Maybe it was where she belonged, she thought, as the dragon actually started to feel more comfortable reaming its way deep inside her.

“That’s it. Lick my glorious asshole out. Put your unworthy tongue deep inside me.”

Becky closed her eyes and allowed herself to be completely taken over and dominated. She wondered if there was any point fighting anymore. She would be an asshole for many more years and these women were far too powerful for her to resist. She knew from experience that mistresses always got their way in the end. Maybe it had been too far fetched to believe she could break the cycle of twisted Koloslatreian tradition. Her tongue lapped out and felt the warm, moist groove of Kate’s anal rim. The flavour was dark and powerful like cocoa cookies freshly baked, bitter with only a hint of sweetness. She flicked and pressed her tongue into the hole of the woman that had made her into the masochistic slut she was today. For a moment, and only a moment, she sighed as she felt this was somehow the only place she deserved to be.

“Suck my flavour down your nasty little throat. Eat me with that dirty mouth of yours.”

Becky’s voice was drowned out by the large cheeks her face was buried in. She sucked and kissed at the rim, pushing her tongue deep and scooping out the flavour to suck into her mouth. An asshole, even this asshole, was still the best thing she could taste in the world and she slurped and munched at it hungrily like the Kolos girl she was. She could hear Kate rubbing her own pussy as she ate, the noise wet and sloppy as she snarled to herself, watching the screens in front of her.

“That’s it, Chloe. You take those two cocks up your overrated asshole at the same time. Aw, is it stretching your sphincter too far? You deserve it!” Kate called out to the scene that couldn’t actually hear her.

Becky came to her senses. Were they double penetrating her love, her idol? She stopped licking and moaned out in her muffled prison.

“What’s that, bitch? Fuck you harder with the dragon? Why, of course.”

Kate pressed the remote and laughed loudly as she felt the effects of the dragon speeding up to pump the girl harder and faster.

Becky’s warm, sweaty face grimaced as her insides were pounded hard. She felt her stomach jolt and shake and it made her feel queasy as she breathed the intoxicating airless aroma she was trapped in.

“The dragon is going to fuck you until you cum, whore”, Kate said, pressing the control again.

Becky could only moan every time the giant beast penetrated her so cruelly deep. She instinctively pulled at her restraints, trying to free her hands.

“Shhh. Let it happen, little one. Eat my asshole when you cum. I want you to know who gave you this and every orgasm you’ll experience from now on.”

The cruelty, the predicament, the dark taste of Kate's asshole and every time she had been smothered by it before, her restraints, the dragon, the pounding, even as sick as it felt - Chloe being so brutally tortured, her petite body taken, her hair all cut and boyish, her humiliation; Becky's brain flashed through images and thoughts that made it feel like an explosion that started in her head and crotch.

It was one of the strongest orgasms she had ever felt. She shook physically as Kate set the dragon to remain deep inside her. Convulsions shook and shuddered through her body like an earthquake and she roared out a guttural cry into the ass of the woman that was now in the throws of her own orgasm.

"Fuck yes. Fucking cum you nasty slut. Cum while you eat my asshole. Tell me what you are!"

"Fuuuuuuck! Gggrrrr! An asshole!" Becky roared out as she came, twitching and jerking as her butt shook, still skewered deeply by the dragon.

Kate moaned as she frenziedly rubbed out an orgasm that made her squirt out an explosive gush of watery juices over her own legs and the plastic covered floor.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck", Becky panted into Kate's crack. She breathed in the heady scent as the aftershocks rippled through her making her orgasm several times more.

Kate held still, savouring the moment of having Becky exactly where she belonged again, her own body feeling the gratification for her sadistic work with

the girl.

Her asshole felt like it had become wet and sweaty at the release and she indulged her wickedness by rubbing it over Becky's small, pretty face, pressing the girl's nose hard into the hole and fucking it playfully.

"Uuuhh... Uuuh", Becky gasped as she tried to get her breath back, the smothering not helping after such a large climax.

Eventually Kate released Becky's face and walked around the back to the fucking machine and the dragon, still deeply skewered between the girl's cheeks.

She pressed a button, pulling back the machine. The dragon was released from the tunnel it had become so intimate with. Slurping and clicking came from Becky's anus as the huge dildo stretched and rippled the sphincter tightly against its massive girth as it left, leaving behind a reamed-out gaping cave of a hole.

Becky stared at it in the monitor, the Chloe one had been turned off, and she now got the best view of her own gaping anus that she had ever seen.

She had been fucked in her asshole countless times over the years but she had never seen her hole gaped out like this, live and in ultra high definition. She was conscious of who it was that was staring at it behind her as she saw the pink rim wide like an open mouth. It was scarily wide and she couldn't remember a time that she had seen a more stretched sphincter. It didn't wink and just held its new position as if it was in shock after being so cruelly reamed. She felt her face flush pink as the embarrassment at being able to see right up her well-fucked tunnel, right to the back of her rectum, became a hypnotic reality to her.

It was like seeing who she really was to all these women for the first time. Exhausted, weak and sexually fulfilled, she managed to chuckle shyly to herself as she stared at it. So this is what all the fuss is about, she thought. This is what all these women tell me I am. It's the part of me that has defined my life more than anything else. Maybe this is who I am. It is vulnerable and beautiful and so compliant and happy to accommodate. Fuck, is my personality from my ass? She shook her head as the view disappeared down Kate's throat, the Kolos mistress purring as she sucked Becky's flavour off of the dragon.

Becky remembered these times well. Kate turned and put fingers into Becky, shovelling them in and then into her waiting mouth, the previous reaming so thorough that Becky could hardly feel them, even when Kate pushed three digits as deep as she could. The Kolos mistress was feeding on her asshole now. She harvested the pheromones and flavour as though Becky was a little cow being held in place and being milked for all the perceived benefits.

Kate greedily bypassed her own fingers and shoved her tongue into the gaping hole, scooping deeply and then lapping up into her mouth. Becky was more than used to having had Kate lick out her gaping hole but it somehow felt less weird than it had when she had been the woman's convenient little fuck slave.

For a moment she felt that she was the anal goddess and that Kate was her worshipper. It was as if she was under the control of her asshole and always had been and that everything the woman had done to her was to try and re-assert her dominance over the thing she actually felt subservient to.

The gluttonous, dirty, perverted, worshipful act went on for a long time, Kate hungrily pushing her tongue in deep until the gape winked down to a closed but stretched pucker. She moved to the dragon groaning and grunting as she licked every trace of Becky off of it at her leisure, leaving the girl restrained behind her.

When she had finally finished, she wiped herself down with a towel, paying particular attention to flossing between her legs before draping it over Becky's neck.

She took off the basque and put her work clothes back on as she stared at Becky, a lot more appreciatively than she used to.

"You've become quite accomplished, fuckboy, and you seem to be able to endure a lot more. I can't wait to find out where your limits lie."

She roughly stroked Becky's matted, sweaty hair as she moved her face close enough for Becky to smell her own aroma on the woman. She looked as though she might kiss her but Becky knew that Kate would only stick her tongue down her throat or sloppily smother her with her mouth if she knew that it would make the girl less comfortable. Instead she sniffed, her nose almost touching the skin on her captive's face.

"You are going to wait here until I finish work, then I am going to take you home in a little cage and punish you properly for leaving me."

Kate smiled. She looked triumphant but her eyes looked a little uncertain that she had subdued her escaped submissive. She ran a hand over the sweat that ran down Becky's tearstained face.

"I'll be a couple more hours before I get to play with you more. Do you want your water tube while I'm gone?"

Becky shook her head, looking up at the woman's eyes despite her training.

“Just you wait ‘til I get you home”, Kate snarled. “Open your whore mouth”, she ordered.

Becky knew she was in no position to refuse and obeyed only to have it spat in right at the back of her throat making her cough and choke.

Kate laughed as she slapped the face of the girl she felt entitled to torment. She walked out laughing, partly in sadistic glee and in part to bluff Becky into thinking she was in control and enjoying it.

The door slammed and Becky breathed a sigh of relief. Exhausted and spent, she thought of her love Chloe and closed her eyes, letting her head drop forward as she drifted into a fevered doze.

Bee's Sting

Chloe knocked on Melissa's front door. The message had given the time and the location and she had left the house, letting Beth and Adele know that she was going to see Melissa for a two-hour session and to let Becky and Hannah know when they saw them. She had put on her favourite clothes as requested and had spent a lot of time on her hair and make up. She had even put on the push up bra and thong that Melissa had asked her to wear. It felt strange having underwear on. It wasn't something an asshole dressed in often but, for this occasion, Chloe had put on her pink lace thong and matching bra. They had been the sexiest thing in her chest of drawers until Eva and Jenny turned her into a slut... correction – released her inner slut. Her favourite tight red plaid leggings that showed off every curve and her grey high-necked and long sleeved cotton crop top were stretched over her sexy body. It was tight and showed off her toned abs and accentuated the shape of her breasts. They would have looked better without the bra, she mused as she pushed them together and pouted her lips.

Melissa came to the door wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her head.

“Hello, Chloe. You look gorgeous”, she said with a wide smile as she leaned in and kissed the girl on the cheek gently so as not to disturb the beautiful glossy pink lips.

“I'm not quite ready yet. I want to wear something special as well for tonight but I'm running a little late. I hope you don't mind?”

“Not at all, Melissa. I want you to feel comfortable when we're together”, the teen said kindly.

“That’s sweet of you, Chloe. You know how shy I was last time. This is all just so new to me”, she looked down as if a little guilty about something.

Chloe stepped inside the house and gave her a reassuring kiss on the lips, making the woman’s brown eyes sparkle.

“Come on through to my bedroom”, Melissa said, taking Chloe by the hand and walking the teen on the wooden floor, her four-inch oxford heels clunking as they moved.

The bedroom was beautiful with white lilies in a vase in one corner and rich creamy floral patterns on the walls and bedclothes. The bed was a king size four-poster with a real wooden frame and Chloe felt there couldn’t be a more perfect setting to ease Melissa into her journey of self-discovery.

“You have a lovely home and this room is so pretty”, Chloe said.

“Please, try the bed”, Melissa said, prompting Chloe to bounce her butt on it then lie back, her long light brown hair flowing over one of the pillows.

“It’s really comfy”, Chloe smiled up at the woman.

“I’m glad you like it. Chloe, I thought I might try a few things that you mentioned on the phone so I’m going to give you the money for the... um... lesson now. I think it would make me feel better.”

“Okay, sure”, Chloe said as Melissa took the three hundred dollars out of her robe pocket and placed it in Chloe’s hand who put it in the little bag she had her phone and purse in.

“I thought I could be a bit adventurous and explore a few fetishes. Do you think I could be a bit... well... forceful? It’s always been a fantasy of mine while I was stuck in the closet and unable to express myself. I thought I might handcuff you and blindfold you first then see what happens?”

“Melissa, of course. You shouldn’t feel ashamed to have thoughts like that as long as it’s done in the right way with the right person. It just so happens that I’m that person. Trust me, there is nothing you could do that would be too much. I’ve been through things that you wouldn’t dream of and besides I love it when things get nasty. Don’t worry; I have a safeword if I want out. It’s Cocoa but I am fairly sure I won’t have to use it with you”, Chloe said with a confident chuckle.

She had submitted to the worst of the mistresses of Kolos. A shy woman who was too nervous to lick someone’s buttocks in case they felt uncomfortable is not going to put her through anything worth getting excited about.

“Would you put on these handcuffs while I finish up... and the blindfold too? I got them delivered just today along with some other bits. I’ve never had anything so naughty in the house. It’s so exciting.”

Chloe took the cuffs and put them on herself behind her back, making sure they were tight and secure. Melissa gently tied a black length of black velvet around Chloe’s eyes and head and then placed her back onto the pillow.

“I shouldn’t be too long but I will be thinking of you here every moment”, she said as she left to prepare.

Chloe sighed on the bed. This is the life, she thought to herself. Helping women to find their sexuality while making a full cut out of every session, in charge of my own body and loved and adored by my followers. She snuggled on the pillow, enjoying the feel of her hands tightly cuffed behind her back. She drifted off into a beautiful daydream of being surrounded by Becky, Hannah, and her followers, being kissed and caressed all over her naked body in a white room filled with marble. Girls in ancient Greek dresses with flowers in their hair danced and sang and held fruit in large trays for others to enjoy.

As she daydreamed on the bed she felt her neck being kissed and gently nibbled, her asshole collar no longer part of her attire. She smiled as she felt the weight of Melissa’s body and her warm breath on her skin. The woman breathed in the scent of her skin on her young body with a deep purr.

She moved her lips over Chloe’s jaw, kissing it until she got to the full lips that were already parted and waiting for her.

The kiss was passionate and hard and caught Chloe by surprise.

“Mmm, you want to play rough do you, lover?” Chloe asked with a smile.

A response didn’t come but Melissa’s thigh pressed down hard between Chloe’s legs, grinding against her crotch.

She couldn't see a thing in the blindfold but felt the mouth breathing warmly above her come down to her lips. She went to kiss back but felt teeth clamp around her lower lip, tugging at it and then releasing it without a kiss.

Wow, Melissa was getting into the role surprisingly well. It must be all the pent up frustration and passion of finally coming out after all these years, she thought to herself.

The woman traced her tongue back down to Chloe's neck and relaxed her body more fully onto the teen beneath her.

In the background Chloe was sure she could hear the clacking of something on wood getting nearer.

Melissa sucked at Chloe's neck tightly before clamping her teeth over the same spot and biting hard.

Chloe gasped and wanted to instinctively push the woman back but the cuffs behind her back meant that she could only shake her shoulders in vain as the woman pressed down on her.

This wasn't right. Something was very wrong with the way Melissa was acting and she had made it a rule that her body wasn't to be marked in anyway that might devalue it for her clients.

“Melissa, I think you need to steady on a bit. Melissa?”

“Aw, I’m sorry Chloe. I thought it was alright unless you used your safeword”, Melissa’s voice was different, condescending and disdainful.

Before she could answer, noises and thuds seemed to fill the room and Chloe couldn’t figure out what was going on until she felt other hands on her body. It was difficult to count them all as they groped and mauled at her body.

Melissa lifted off of her as other hands gripped her thighs and ankles tightly.

“I told you all I would get her. This is it, ladies. The day we’ve dreamt of for weeks.”

Her mind told her to fight and struggle and she did but there was a feeling in the pit of her stomach that made her want to see this, whatever it was, through to its scary end.

Hands tore and ripped at her top, exposing her lace bra through a tear across her chest. Her breasts were groped in the padded cups roughly as though they were trophies that every hand needed to feel. They were squeezed, pulled and pinched and her nipples were pressed between nails several times.

Her brow creased in pain and her mouth opened into wails and gasps every time another assault came, unable to prepare as she was blinded to their lecherous hands.

“Maybe you only enjoy pain when there’s a fat dildo forcing its way into your shithole... asshole”, Melissa said when the hands had flipped her onto her stomach and were stroking nails over her round, plaid clad butt.

“You’re Kolos?” Chloe gasped through the pillow.

“No Chloe, but you’ll wish we were by the time we’re done with you.”

Hands dragged her by her legs off of the bed and onto the floor. She was pulled along roughly. Her butt banged along the wooden floor and her arms and shoulders bumped against walls as she was manhandled by a group of hands, the blindfold still not allowing her to see what was happening.

She was clunked down a set of stairs awkwardly as pairs of hands clutched her under the arms and thighs and she heard a heavy sounding door creak open then slam shut and get bolted behind her.

Chloe was pulled to her feet and shoved against a wooden post of some sort that winded her as she connected with it.

The handcuffs were removed and her wrists tightly held by at least two people each as they were re-cuffed into two separate and far sturdier cuffs that had been attached to either side of the midriff-high post.

Her blindfold was removed to reveal a room filled with strapon harnesses,

whips, canes and ropes hanging from the walls along with symbols and posters depicting all kinds of cult and movie iconography. She saw vampire and evil wizard symbols from movies along with props and photos. In one part of the room, the Kolos symbol was painted onto a wooden plaque with stills of Chloe being tied and assfucked in various poses along with images of all her asshole friends, Hannah and Chloe, Heather and Louise, even Annalise and some she had never met. There was a widescreen TV on the wall and a video camera on a tripod to her right.

She looked worried and scared at Melissa, hoping to glean for some understanding as to what was going on. The woman she thought she had begun to help out of her shell clearly appeared to not need it anymore. Her brown hair was hair sprayed into a tussled, windblown look that made her look half-crazed as it framed her round face with blood red lipstick and black eyeliner. She grinned, her heavy jowls and lines creasing, as Chloe looked at her tight black leather pants and tight opaque blouse revealing a black bra and a medallion with a five-pointed star on it.

“I bet you’re thinking what a stupid, fucking little idiot I am. Well, you’d be right. Did you really believe I was so innocent and inexperienced? I mean look at me.”

Chloe did and only saw ugliness inside and outside this time, the woman’s flesh rippling and squeezed into her dark, uncomfortable clothing.

There were at least seven more women in the room, all of them dressed in similar tight black clothing. They weren’t Kolos that was obvious. Too plain and shapeless mostly, and they had very little that Chloe found attractive in a woman.

“We are... how can I put it, fans of the Kolos, amongst other things. We follow

and buy everything that they publish and take great pleasure in seeing asswhores get what they deserve. It's the kind of sadism we stream to our subscribers when we aren't making our own movies. We've been getting off on the sadism part of your cult for years now but despite several requests we're always denied access to a girl for our own use. Jenny Harper always thought we would damage her assets a little more than she wanted and then there's all those bothersome rules you all have", she mocked a yawn and placed her hand over her mouth.

"That was until Jenny called us and said that it was open season on your ass. Fuck, we couldn't believe our luck. The sexiest and most important asshole ever and we could do whatever we wanted to her with the High Priestess's blessing. Only rule is that whoever captured you return you to her in one piece... Well, when we've finished you'll be in one piece but it'll be a battered and broken one."

She wore a metal finger claw that looked like a stylised dragon or demon design. Whatever it was it looked scary, especially when Melissa ran the edge of the claw along her skin as she grasped at the girl's neck.

"Don't you have anything to say for yourself, Chloe Green? No pleas or begs for mercy?"

"Why give you the satisfaction. I didn't give it to Jenny at the ritual and I won't give it to you now. Do your worst, I can take it", Chloe said defiantly, swallowing down her fear.

"I don't think you can take it, sweet little Chloe, but I do think you enjoy it. I've seen you in action, especially in the ritual and that's what we thought we might do with you now, first amongst assholes, in our own way."

She moved around behind Chloe as she spoke, the metal claw scraping over her legging-clad butt cheeks as Melissa groped her hard. The claw stopped between her cheeks at a point that she could feel was very close to where her asshole was underneath the layers of elastine and lace.

She scowled as she felt the claw prick through her favourite leggings and make a hole that exposed her soft, creamy skin to cold metal. The claw moved deeper, finding the puckerless rim and pressing its sharp tip covered with the lace thong into the hole.

Chloe gasped but was relieved when Melissa released a little, instead ripping a tear in the leggings that revealed a six-inch gap of butt crack and thong to the gathered women. Some of them closed in, looking hungrily at the thing that Chloe was famed for a little more laid bare.

“Who wants to taste buttslut teen?” Melissa asked.

To Chloe’s surprise she moved around the front and ripped and tore Chloe’s crop top at the high neck so that it drooped uselessly down her front, just held up by the arms. Now her neck, and shoulders were as exposed as her stomach and lower back and the rip in the front that had been done earlier.

They moved in like a pack of wolves, their mouths and teeth ready to suck and pull at the flawless skin of the teen that was pinned up on posters in their dungeon. She winced and moaned as women she never would have found attractive bit and sucked on her neck and shoulders like vampires.

Melissa clearly enjoyed seeing the frenzied skin feast as she pushed a hand down the front of her pants, the fly undone, and watched on with a cruel smirk on her lips.

Two women pulled at her bra until it snapped at the front and then groped at her pert breasts as they clamped their teeth down hard on her stiff, pink nipples. She screamed out as they dug their canines in, moving their jaws to twist and tweak the sensitive flesh in their grip, momentarily distracting her from the feeling of her neck and shoulders being bruised and bitten.

Melissa eventually shooed the women off one by one, her legs moving one in front of the other as she accentuated her tightly clad, thick thighs.

“It wouldn’t feel right having an asshole that didn’t wear an asshole collar. We enjoy seeing you in your special costume. It’s something we take very seriously. I’ve made you a version of your own collar. I hope you’ll like it. It’s a gift from one of your number one fans”, she said, taking a collar from a shelf over near the pictures of Chloe.

When she returned holding out the collar, Chloe immediately noticed some stark differences and her breathing quickened again as the collar was drawn tightly around her neck making her chest heave and her windpipe feel as though something was squeezing it.

“I’ve made a few enhancements. I think Jenny will appreciate them”, she said as Chloe felt the ‘enhancements’ pressing against her sore skin.

A series of thick, dull spikes pressed into her neck at various points and a metal

ball was pressing against her throat at the front of the collar where the Kolos symbol was. It was a good replica on the outside but the inside was a whole new world of discomfort for Chloe to experience as the metal inserts pressed and squeezed against her neck.

“There. Now we can get off on having a real-life asswhore in our dungeon for the first time”, Melissa sneered as she tugged cruelly on one of Chloe’s nipples. Tears had stained the girl’s face after the biting and her makeup had run down her cheeks in black streaks.

“Your Kolos ritual begins with a traditional whipping but I think a disobedient little bitch like you deserves a good caning. What do you think?”

Chloe remained silent, sniffing as she glanced sullenly at Melissa sideways so as to not aggravate the woman further.

She took a cane off the wall and bent it in her hands as she walked around the back of Chloe again. Two other women also took canes off the wall while the rest grabbed things that looked like black and red firelighters.

There was silence in the room as all the women watched their captive wonder when the first lash was going to arrive on her round cheeks. When it did, it came with a force she hadn’t been expecting and she yelped out in pain as the wooden cane whacked into her butt. The women only seemed to react to her pain and smiled cruelly when she scowled and winced as her skin burned. The second thwack came down loud and hard on her butt, a little higher than the first and downwards so that it stung her butt, the pain searing up her spine. The third was low and upward, bouncing and springing her cheeks from the top of her thighs. She felt that one electrify the nerves in her pussy and anus, making her feel a little giddy.

The caning continued, echoing through the room like gunshots only to be drowned out by her cries of anguish. This wasn't like the Kolos. A mistress was more interested in humiliating and dominating an asshole, these women just wanted to see Chloe suffer for their own sick amusement. She thought the mistresses were evil but she could see these women needed to see the height of anguish to feed their own zombie-like deadness inside.

The ones in front closed in on her with those firelighter things as tears rolled down her face. One of them touched it to her breast and pressed a button on the device. It sent a spark and a small shock through her skin and into her nerves. Chloe yelped in surprise at the sensation that felt like an insect bite just as another thwack shook her butt.

“Fuck! Shit!” she cried out, trying to use the words to release some of the agony.

Thrash after thrash rained down on her butt, her cries only heard by the women in the room.

Melissa and her cronies must have caned her butt thirty times before the inevitable strapping on of the harnesses. The dildos were as long as the biggest Chloe had taken inside her but they were thinner, designed to prod her bowels deeply and effortlessly.

Melissa spat on her hand and rubbed it over the long skin-coloured shaft.

“I’ve heard you have some special powers in that ass of yours... able to take a

fake cock up it without the need for a lot of lube. Well, let's see how deeply that applies."

Melissa moved behind Chloe's sore butt and pulled the lace thong to one side through the tear hole. She felt with her fingers for the rim. It was slippery with sweat and heat as she pressed the tip over the muscle and pushed. It slid in easily and was thrust onward as the rubber cock moved along her rectum at speed until it buried itself into her bowels. Chloe opened her mouth, unable to gasp out a groan as she held her breath involuntarily, her eyes wide until Melissa started to jab in and out in small movements still keeping the dildo deep inside the eighteen year old.

The other women went to work jabbing and sparking the zappers all over her body. Her asshole tightened up as her nipples, butt cheeks, tummy and breasts were all targeted. Even her exposed back and shoulders got a taste of the stinging bite of the sparks.

It felt like she was being assfucked for the first time as her muscles tightened involuntarily at the shocks, her asshole and sphincter uncontrollable for the first time she could remember. The whole thing made her cry and shake, especially when the women stung her inner thighs.

"Hearing you cry is making me cum, Chloe. Just like having a cock violate your hole makes you cum. I guess we're both getting what we want right now", Melissa hissed into Chloe's ear as she squeezed the dildo through the clenching, twitching tunnel.

Chloe's entire body was taut and stiff, veins showing on her arms as she clenched her hands, pulling instinctively on the cuffs. Her teen body had never experienced such intense suffering before. Her senses were overwhelmed and

she felt hysterical, as she remained open-mouthed, looking wild eyed at the ghoulish women that relentlessly and mercilessly shocked her with the electric zappers while her insides were speared with Melissa's dildo.

Every time her face twisted or she cried out in pain there seemed to be a sparkle of life in the dead eyes peering in at her. She could sense the build up of excitement like sharks smelling blood in the ocean, as these women seemed to become more animated and aroused at every scream or wrench of her arms on her restraints.

When Melissa eventually pulled out, Chloe found herself moaning like an anal virgin, her muscles clenching uncontrollably around the shaft as it slipped wickedly fast out of her rectum. There was to be no worshipping of her flavour in this ritual. Instead Melissa only tutted in disgust, Chloe hoped it was mock disgust, and pulled at the back of her pink lace thong using it to wipe down the shaft before rubbing it over the back of her skin-tight leggings that covered her sore butt. The thong was left back in place between her cheeks as another woman took her place behind Chloe with an identical dildo strapped to her fully clothed crotch.

The woman grabbed the thong and tugged on it making the sharp burn of a wedgie ride up Chloe's pussy and butt crack. She wailed out but couldn't see who her tormentor was, just that she was another of the hungry sharks that wanted to see pain and smell fear on her teen body.

Her lace thong was the first piece of adult underwear she had ever bought for herself and it was distressing when she heard it tear, the woman stretching it to the right of Chloe's butt as she parted the teen's cheeks lewdly to gain access to the flawless sphincter. There was no mercy or thought for Chloe's insides as the dildo was shoved deeply inside her, only to be taken out and re-inserted in a kind of grim act of obsessive fascination. Chloe moaned at every skewering, especially when Melissa gripped her throat tightly and spoke to her.

“Dirty piece of shit. You aren’t meant to be enjoying this but I can see it in your eyes and in that wet patch on your crotch. Well, let’s try to change that. We’ve put our mark on your body, now it’s time to make you look like the snivelling slave you are... to us, to Jenny, to your own dirty asshole, to anyone that chooses to abuse you.”

Chloe watched as Melissa was passed an electric clipper. She knew immediately what was about to happen. Her light brown, long and silky hair was one of her favourite features. She had grown it long for the last four years but wasn’t about to let these bitches watch her beg. Fuck it, she thought. It might be good to have a change.

She stared defiantly, her eyes filled with hatred as Melissa clicked the switch. Still holding Chloe around the neck to keep her head still and ignoring the fact that she was still being repeatedly opened up by the dildo behind her, pounded hard right up to the harness. As grunts came from the woman busily violating the teen from behind,

hair tumbled down her shoulders and she struggled to keep it together as she sniffed and her lips trembled. Melissa looked indifferent and emotionless as she clipped Chloe’s hair right down to an inch. The woman behind her buried the strapon in her rectum hard and deep, making a slapping noise as the harness hit against Chloe’s butt.

When Melissa had finally finished depriving Chloe of her hair, she ran her hands over the remaining sweaty mess, smiling at her handiwork. The woman behind Chloe pulled out and wiped the dildo on the torn plaid material covering some of Chloe’s butt. The thong hung to one side, its material and stitching torn and stretched.

“I think you’re enjoying it up your famous asshole, Chloe. We can’t have that”, Melissa said, gesturing to two women wearing smooth but ridiculously long dildos. They each moved in place behind Chloe. One of them pushed her dildo into the tired sphincter, teasing it in as the length was handled deeper inside. Before Chloe had adjusted to being full again she felt the other dildo trying to invade her, pressing on her stretched rim to relinquish space it didn’t really have and strain the sphincter to the limits of its own elasticity.

“Oh fuck. I can’t take it. It’s too much. Please, Melissa!” Chloe moaned plaintively, already knowing she wouldn’t be shown mercy.

“We don’t really care if you can take it or not, Chloe, it’s still going in”, Melissa grinned as she snarled right against Chloe’s face. She signalled to the women behind her then crouched down and bit at the teen’s nipples.

Chloe wailed and pulled at the cuffs, her legs having to be held in place as she tried to shake and squirm her body. The two dildos stretched her anus out double the width of a normal reaming. The pain and pleasure balance was very firmly on the pain side as Chloe screwed up her face while Melissa and the other women closed in to bite and pinch at her skin.

Her asshole struggled to keep up with the minimal amount of lube that these women used and it seemed to try to compensate, using its own sweat and pheromones to allow the sliding of each dildo on the other. The spit the women had put on the dildos only served to allow them to slip past each other as one moved out close to the sphincter before thrusting back in. It was when they pushed out and in at the same time that Chloe’s breath came out in a primal grunt.

“You’re stronger than I thought you would be, Chloe. Most girls would have been broken by now or would have passed out from the pain. I have to say, it’s a shame I have to give you up to Jenny so soon. I would have enjoyed finding what makes you scream the loudest”, she said through gritted teeth, her hand clenching her captive’s jaw painfully.

Spit bounced from Chloe’s lips as she grunted when the two dildos were thrust hard into her body and her eyes winced shut only to open as soon as she could bare it to keep a fearful eye on what Melissa might do to her next. She watched the woman grab a zapper and nod to two other women. They pressed their zappers into the sides of her butt cheeks and pressed just as Melissa made the insect bite sparks crackle and buzz, pressing her zapper hard against Chloe’s crotch behind the post.

Her sphincter contracted tightly and her tunnel convulsed and squeezed as her glutes tightened hard. Her pussy lips felt bitten and stung and she tried to escape but some of the other women roughly held her in place.

“Cum, you fucking whore! We’ll stop zapping you when you orgasm. Prove to us that it’s the pain that makes you climax. Show me that you were always meant to be a pain Slut and surrender to your body.”

Chloe was busily squealing, her eyes clamped tightly shut as her asshole squeezed tighter than it ever had before. She thought she might actually break the dildos buried side-by-side inside her as her entire tunnel ached at its own vice-like grip. The two women couldn’t move their strap-ons and amused themselves by gripping the girl’s nipples and pulling them from behind.

Tears streamed down Chloe’s scrunched up cheeks and dripped down to her exposed breasts.

“Uuuh... Please... I can’t take.... Oh... Oooh... Aarrggh”, Chloe was about to call out her safeword in an attempt to make these women cease their evil torture but something about actually needing to give in, about finding the sadistic torment too much for her teen body, actually tipped her over into an uncontrollable and powerful orgasm. Her legs buckled as she screamed out her pain-induced climax, pulling the two women down until the ones holding her legs grabbed her sweat-dampened armpits and held her over the post.

“Oh...Oh...Oh...”, she panted out as the orgasm continued on and on, the zappers and clutching hands withdrawn but the two dildos still re-arranging her rectum.

When she managed to steady herself and regain her senses again she spoke.

“Enough. I... give in. Take me to Jenny. Cocoa”, she whispered.

Melissa nodded for the women to pull out of the eighteen-year-old. They wiped the dildos that had been so deep inside her against her torn clothes, squeezing down the shafts with handfuls of stretched material.

“You stink like the piece of shit you are”, Melissa sneered as she uncuffed Chloe, smelling her.

“It’s a shame. We had so much more planned for you but then I guess so will Jenny. I must remember to ask her to record your punishment. Well, sweetheart, I guess this is goodbye for now. Your very special carriage awaits to deliver you

to your owner.”

Melissa kissed Chloe in the same gentle, longing way she had when they had made love. Chloe’s face contorted in confusion and a feeling of betrayal as she let the woman have her final taste of her lips, too weak to argue anyway.

Two women lifted her off the post in her torn and sweaty clothes and placed her onto a very modified wheelchair.

In the Darkest Hour

Beth and Adele hammered on Olivia's box room door.

"Open up, bitch. Let us in", Beth roared.

Olivia hadn't expected the girls to become so suspicious this quickly but Beth was loyal beyond belief and had spent the time counting down the minutes to when Chloe would be back.

"Something's wrong. We need to know where Chloe went", Adele demanded.

They definitely weren't going away. Maybe she could tell them something and it would shut their dumb mouths up for a while longer. She hid the wad of notes under her mattress and unlocked the door.

"What?" she asked aggressively.

She hadn't expected Beth to shove her back and for Adele to wind her but that's what they did and then piled onto her, restraining her on her own bed.

"Where the fuck is Chloe? We looked up your Aunt online and she's a fucking weirdo. She's into nasty shit and she's nothing like the person Chloe described to us. Tell us where she is or we'll beat the shit out of your sorry ass!", Beth

snarled.

They knew she'd lied to them. There was no point telling them it would be okay. She knew her Aunt. Olivia had been a part of the plan to get Chloe. She had been made to help after Melissa had found out who it was that was staying in her frat house. Olivia had happily played along, not that she really had a choice with Melissa. Getting rid of Chloe meant she could have her frat house back, take charge again and keep all the money she'd earned for setting the trap. At least that was what she thought as Emilia, Abigail and Georgina entered the room.

"What's wrong? We heard shouting", Abigail asked Beth.

"This bitch has set Chloe up and we think she's in trouble", Beth said, twisting up one of Olivia's arms.

The three girls exchanged worried glances, their clever brains working hurriedly.

"Search the room", Emilia said and started to turn over Olivia's stuff.

"I can explain", Olivia said, trying to buy time as Abigail and Georgina rooted through the pockets of her clothes.

"Her phone!" Georgina said, as she looked around Olivia's bed.

She found it under her pillow. It was locked but it was one of the phones that opened with a thumbprint and it didn't take too much twisting and pulling for the girls to get what they needed.

"Check for 'Melissa'", Beth said.

"Nothing", Georgina replied.

"Try 'Aunt Melissa'", Abigail said.

Georgina shook her head.

Beth and Adele knew Olivia better than the others and had learned a lot about power relationships from the stories Hannah and Becky had told them.

"Try 'Mistress'", Beth said.

Georgina nodded as Beth and Adele tutted and looked at Olivia.

"It says to send her to her house for the trap. The address is in the contacts. Come on. We need to go quickly. Chloe's in trouble", Georgina said.

"We'll deal with you later", Beth said as she let go of Olivia.

They took Olivia's phone and ran, locking the room behind them.

"You're too late. She's going back where she belongs", Olivia called out after them, the door already closed.

The five girls ran as fast as they could, panting as they pummelled the pavement with their shoes. They moved across campus at a fast pace, heads turning and staring as they saw the sense of urgency in the girls' faces.

They kept going, heading to the place on the navigation app on Olivia's phone that Georgina held out in front of her.

Almost out of breath, they eventually came across a strange-looking scene.

Three mature women all dressed in dark, unattractively tight, biker style gear were pushing someone with grey curly hair in a wheelchair.

They stopped outside a small convenience store and one of them went inside. The girls felt something wasn't quite as it seemed and that somehow Chloe was nearby. They couldn't explain it but turned and looked at each other, sharing the feeling that ran through them. It was a strange tingling as though they were connected to her somehow after their awakening ritual and the feeling was getting stronger the closer they got to the body in the chair.

When they got close enough they realised that the person in the chair was

wearing a short grey, curly wig. Her body was completely covered with a long floral poncho. The wigged head lolled about and her mouth was open but they recognised the heart-shaped face and blue-green eyes that looked around dully as if disoriented. They couldn't believe their luck and a sense of relief was shortly followed by a rush of adrenaline.

"That's her", Beth hissed to the others as they walked past.

The two women that had stayed with Chloe saw the girls out of the corner of their eyes and made a show of speaking to her in the chair.

"That's it, Grandma. Doreen is getting your cigarettes for you. Here, let me get that drool for you", one of them said as the other one nodded.

"They look tough but we need to distract them while we get Chloe away from them. I think they're lesbians or at least I think they'll be distracted by a pretty girl. Emilia you're up. Ask for directions and try to act like you are foreign and flirt with them", Beth whispered to the others.

"I am foreign", Emilia hissed back.

"More foreign. Exaggerate", Adele whispered.

Emilia tuned on her heels and walked back to the two women. She put a finger in her mouth and cocked her head to one side, looking dumb and confused.

“Hmm ladies. I don’t know you could help but I am lost”, she said making her accent thick and her English broken.

The two women looked as if they were unsure but a sway from Emilia’s hips and a flutter of her lids caught their attention.

“I am... how you say... party girl. I look for party on... um... Francis Street. Number five. You know?”

The women were drawn in by the accent and the model-like physique of the slim, tall blonde girl. They glanced at each other, an idea forming in their cruel heads.

“Yeah, we know where it is. What kind of party you going to?” One of them asked, moving over to Emilia.

“Kind where I can have fun if you know what I mean”, Emilia said, swaying her hips, as if dancing.

The other soon joined the first one to be sucked in next to Emilia. ‘Grandma’ wasn’t going anywhere for now... or so they thought.

“How about we show you where there’s an even better party?” one of them asked, sniggering to the other one.

“You have party?”

“Yeah, we have party. We need to drop Grandma off at the old peoples home but if you show us your phone we’ll show you on the map where to come. We’ll show you a time that you’ll never forget”, they said, looking up and down Emilia creepily as she passed them her phone.

“Oh my. You’re strong. Look at muscles”, she said as the woman reached across, punching in the address.

“Can I touch?” Emilia asked, her eyes filled with pretend excitement.

The two women flexed and spoke to Emilia for another minute until the third walked out of the store, holding a pack of cigarettes and a bottle of cheap vodka in her hands.

“Where the fuck is the girl?” she roared as she looked at the other two. They turned, stunned to see the wheelchair had gone and was nowhere in sight. As they turned back they felt two solid blows from Emilia’s knees into their flabby midriffs, making them fall to their knees with a painful thud. She turned and ran as fast as she could as the third woman looked confused as to what to do. By the time she had decided to leave her fellow cronies, drop her shopping, and give chase to the one person that might have a clue as to what the fuck had just happened, Emilia was out of reach and pelting down the road like a gazelle.

They met back up in the park on the campus, all out of breath and laughing.

“Did you lose them?” Beth asked.

“Krakow Junior running champion for two years and a brown belt in Karate”, Emilia exclaimed, jumping up and down on the spot in answer to the question.

They all turned and looked down at the girl in the chair.

“We got you back, Chloe. You can get up now”, Beth said, kneeling down in front of the chair.

Chloe looked dully in her direction.

“Can’t” was all she managed.

Beth lifted the Poncho to reveal the sight underneath. Chloe’s torn clothes barely clung to her marked body; her arms and thighs strapped were to the chair with leather belts.

Beth quickly covered her over again.

“We’ll get you home, Chloe”, said, her face uncharacteristically sullen.

Chloe turned to Emilia and gasped through a dry mouth.

“Becky? Hannah?”

“We don’t know where they are, Chloe. They left the house around the same time as you but they haven’t come back.”

Chloe’s bag was hung over the back of the chair. She nodded to it.

“Check my phone”, she said hoarsely.

Abigail took it out and looked at it.

“Two messages but they both just say about the same thing. They each said they were meeting someone they had met recently and that they would be back later”, Abigail said, a worried look on her pale face.

It took Chloe two weeks to recover. She spent most of her time in bed. She’d think of Hannah and Becky and how she had almost been duped and sent back to Jenny like she was her missing pet. She thought about what she’d like to do to Melissa, Jenny, Eva and whoever had been involved in Hannah and Becky’s trap. Sometimes she would cry and other times she would pace around the room, throwing things until something inevitably broke.

The five girls, her followers, had all been great. Beth and Adele bathed and treated her skin and had hugged her until she had fallen asleep that first night and then they had looked after her and made sure she hadn’t been alone most of

the time.

Beth had even moved into Chloe's room and slept in her bed. She had been a comfort and had proved herself to be a loyal and loving person. Chloe was thankful she had her and the other girls or she might have struggled with Hannah and Becky no longer with her. It was only through the efforts of Beth and the others that she ate and washed and looked after her sore body until she was physically back to normal.

Olivia had disappeared before they had even returned the night the girls had interrogated her. She had apparently climbed out the window of her room never to be seen again. At least that's what the girls told her.

Chloe had cut contact from the outside world as soon as she had the strength, knowing that watching for Becky or Hannah to contact her was driving her mad and calling them became pointless as their phones were both off. The taunting messages from Jenny had tipped her over the edge and she had broken her sim card with a pair of scissors one night.

She hadn't been to a lecture or set foot outside the house for that matter and she thought of it as she lay in bed, Beth stroking her now very short light brown hair.

"It's growing back nicely but I still say I like it short and now you can wear loads of cool wigs", Beth said genuinely excited.

When Chloe looked across at her, she nodded, her eyes wide.

“Let’s go online and have a look”, she said enthusiastically.

Chloe turned and smiled, kissing the sweet, funny girl on the lips. She hadn’t managed to be very physical over the last couple of weeks but she was starting to feel as though Beth might deserve a good, hard session. Maybe it would take her mind off things for a while, she thought. Her hand slipped down to Beth’s soft, waxed crotch and she kissed and breathed against the girl’s slim neck, enjoying the sweet scent of her skin.

Just then there was a knock at the door.

“Come in”, Chloe said, her hand paused but still on the silky slit.

“Um... Chloe. There’s two women downstairs. One of them says she’s your mom”, Abigail said nervously.

Chloe lifted herself up out of bed, stunned and surprised.

“Tell them... tell her I will be down in a few minutes but I only want to see my mom. The other woman has to wait in her car”, she said, as her mind flashed through the obvious and not so obvious reasons as to why Jenny had brought her mom to see her.

“Chloe!” Emily exclaimed, giving her daughter a big hug in the common room of the frat house.

“I’ve been so worried. Why did you turn your phone off?” she half-loved and

half-berated the girl as she spoke, the joy at seeing Chloe evaporating any frustration at having lost contact for almost two weeks.

“I’m fine, Mom”, Chloe said calmly and distantly, sitting on the sofa opposite the chair Emily sat in.

“Why did Jenny bring you here?” she asked, a hint of spite in her voice.

“Why ever not? I was so worried about you and so was she. You know I don’t drive and she offered to bring me to see you. She has a contact at university. She says you’ve not been to any lectures... and what have you done to yourself? What is with your hair? And you look thin.”

“I’m fine, Mom. I’ve just been through a rough time recently. I’m okay now.”

“Well I’ve decided you’ll be better off at home or at least Jenny’s home. I moved in with her a few weeks ago. I was so lonely after you left and her husband has just gone off on another one-year contract abroad so she told me to save on the rent and move in. The strangest thing is that Hannah... oh you probably know this already”, Emily said, blurting everything out nervously.

Chloe was still reeling from the fact that her mom had moved in with Jenny when the name Hannah sent a chill down her spine.

“Hannah? What’s happened to Hannah?” Chloe asked frantically.

“I thought she’d have told you, sweetie. She left university two weeks ago and said she’d quit. She asked Jenny if she could work for her as her maid and has been at Jenny’s house ever since. It’s really weird, Chloe. Whenever I speak to her about it or ask her what her family thinks she just changes the subject. But that’s not the weirdest part. She wears this really skimpy, revealing uniform and a collar like the one you wore but it’s seriously inappropriate and her behaviour is just well... wrong. You have to come and see her, Chloe. I’m worried about her and you. Jenny told me to tell you that you should come back with us and that you shouldn’t give me any more to worry about. Come back with us, Chloe. Jenny has arranged it with the university that they don’t penalise you for some time off and you can always start again next year if things aren’t right for you now. Jenny blames that girl you worked with... Becky. She’s told me it was her that influenced you and Hannah. She says that she’s been having regular words with her to teach her not to mess with your head.”

Chloe got all the hidden messages and realised she had no choice. She would have to go with Jenny and her mom. It was the only way she could save Hannah and Becky. This time she would have to be smart. Jenny had her cornered and was playing every card she had to get Chloe to submit to her, that much was clear. Only thing is, Chloe thought to herself, she’s played almost everything she has. Now it’s my turn.

“Okay, Mom. I’ll go and pack my things. I just need to have a word with my housemates and then I’ll meet you outside”, Chloe said as she ushered Emily to the door.

When she had left, Chloe gathered the girls around and looked at them all.

“This is it. The moment we thought would happen. Remember the plan we discussed. I’ll see you all again soon. I love you all”, she said, kissing and hugging her five loyal followers.

She gathered her things and put them in Jenny's car. As she sat in the back while the sports car thundered along, she thought of how she wasn't quite sure who was fooling who as she glanced into the rear mirror and caught sight of the fox-like brown eyes of her nemesis.

"Don't worry, Chloe. We're going to take really good care of you", Jenny said sweetly but with an intensity that made Chloe realise that the battle of wills was about to really start.