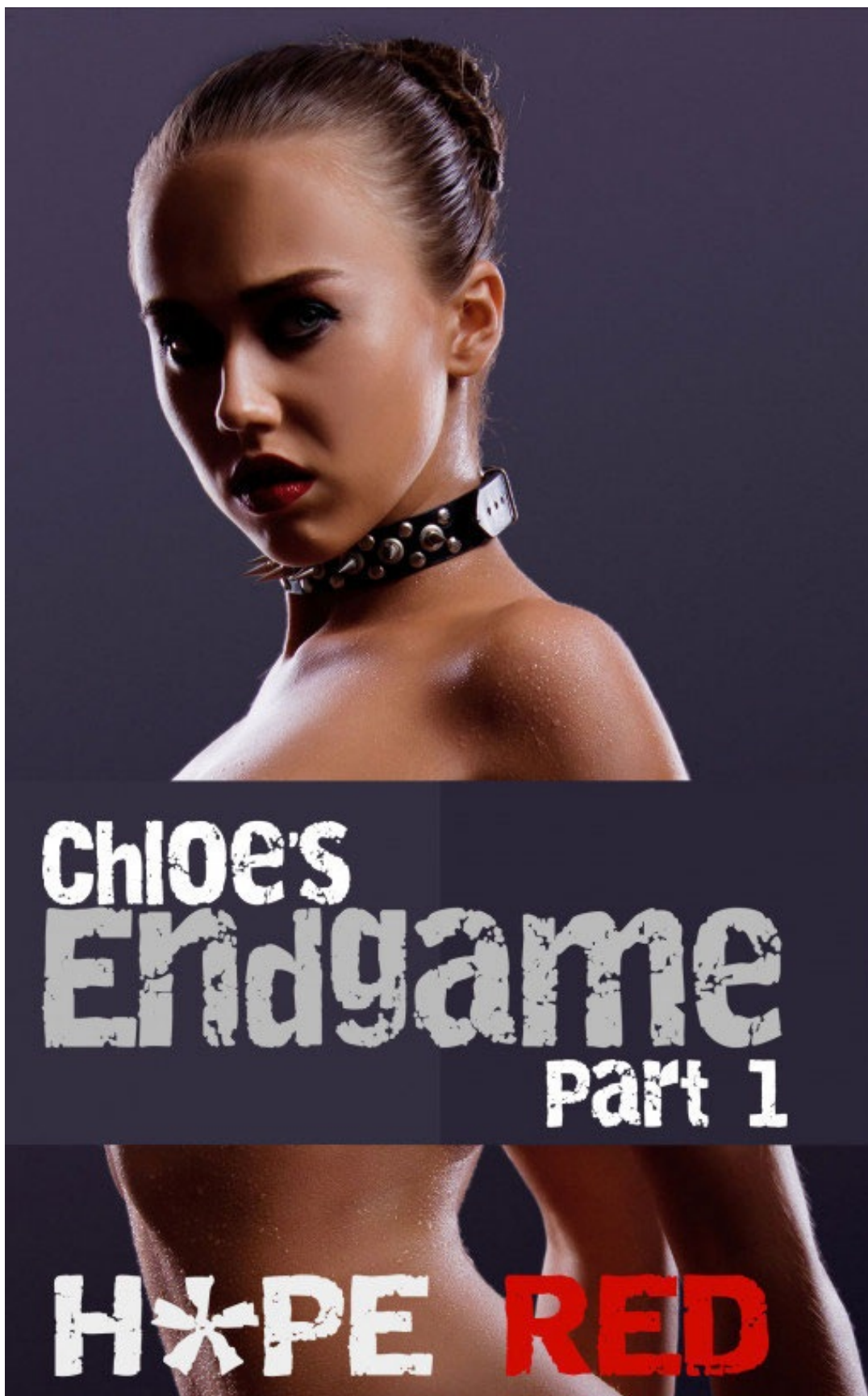


Chloe's  
**Endgame**  
Part 1

**H\*PE RED**



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## **Chloe's Endgame:**

# **Part 1**

**By**

**Hope Red**

From the Series:

## **Rear Awakenings**

Chloe's Summer Job

Getting Deeper

Serving The High Priestess

Chloe's Camping Trip

Chloe Unleashed

Chloe Restrained

House Bound

Depths Of Depravity

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It was ingenious really, even Becky had to admit it herself as she was swung around once again for what was probably the seventh... or was it eighth go? She couldn't remember, too delirious with exhaustion to keep count.

The wheels of her skates rolled around the smooth garage floor as if it was on a perfectly designed roller skate rink, her small, shapely legs bound tightly together just above and below her knees as the swing ball style design of her bound hands up in the air were used to pivot and anchor her to the centre of the six women encircling her.

They sounded like hyenas as they whooped and laughed, snarled and drooled while the cute five foot two girl was passed from one to the next, around and around until all their middle-aged faces became a blurry mass of monstrous lust.

She was skewered onto the twelve inches of silicone each of them wore and pounded with bone-shaking force as they gripped her finger-marked hips and used the skates to roll her back and forth onto the various, veiny, ribbed and beaded shafts.

Her asshole didn't need to be lubricated, nor did the dildos that had been inside her for the combined couple of hours, flopping and wobbling lewdly from the women's crotches as they jeered and told her what she was.

Becky knew what she was. She knew what her first and current mistress had made her into and she knew her value to the women that surrounded her.



In the normal world this scene would have been the stuff of nightmares, too perverse and cruel to even imagine happening but these women were not ordinary women and she wasn't an ordinary girl.

Sure, they were lawyers and accountants, professors, wives and mothers out in the normal world but in reality they were one and the same when it came to girls like Becky, the matching tattoos on their right wrists showing that they were all part of the cult of Kolos and that Becky's ass belonged to them.

She wore the collar of her status around her neck, thick and worn leather with the name she was given years ago with one recent alteration that took her from being 'FUCKTOY' in metal letters into 'FUCKBOY' by her mistress, her hair cut short into a pageboy style, just last week shaved right down at the back and sides, and her new elaborately lettered tramp stamp that instructed those behind her. Being called a boy was in part due to the fact that she loved another girl like her, actually one of the things considered taboo by the cult. Fucking girls was fine, loving them for who they were - wrong. That and her almost completely flat, boyish chest was the reason for the mocking name.

"She looks so innocent and doll-like but she's fucking insatiable. We've been fucking her all this time and she's still trying to please us. Oh Kate, she's worth every dollar", the woman that was a complete stranger to Becky but was that very instant feeding her veiny eight inch circumference up the petite blonde's reamed out anus.

She sighed, her head lolling as she blinked tears and sweat out of her pretty light blue eyes, then grunted as the twelve inch length was thrust deep up her rectum.

"...Uhh..."

Kate stepped across, avoiding the puddle on the floor.

“She’s an asshole, Emma. Fuckboy doesn’t do this for you. She’s a greedy little bitch that would swallow a fat dildo up her dirty asshole all day long if I let her, wouldn’t you Fuckboy?”

Kate grasped Becky’s face in her hand and squeezed the girl’s cheeks so that her catlike lips were squashed and contorted.

“Yes... Mistress.... I’m Fuckboy... and my asshole is so greedy...”, Becky panted out between rolling pumps deep inside her body.

To a mistress and an asshole, spitting down the girl’s throat and having her swallow it meant several things. It confirmed their relationship and that the girl was still willing and complicit in her own abuse and could be used to show approval or even be a reward.

Kate liked to hock up sticky phlegm before she spat it deep into her asshole’s soft, pink little mouth, snarling as she usually did while Becky gulped it down her dry throat.

“Thank you... Mistress”, she said in her husky voice.

The other women just had to show their approval too.

“Such an obedient slut”, one of them said as they all closed in, rubbing their palms over their strapped-on monsters as they fired phlegm and saliva into her opened mouth.

“Thank you... Thank you...”, Becky mumbled as it fell into her mouth and over her flat, high cheek-boned face.

Becky is an asshole. What was happening to her right now was completely normal for girls like her.

It was her destiny, the way of the Kolos, and she was part of a cult whose beauty and purity had been twisted and corrupted over thousands of years into a tradition of sadism and masochistic slavery... especially now with the current High Priestess.

But some were breaking with tradition. Becky had been one such girl. She had been a rebel, a troublemaker that had believed there was another life for her and her lover, that the perverted ways that the cult now worshipped the anal goddess and used assholes to feed them the enhanced anal pheromones were wrong. She had dared to love a girl that was so important to the cult that their relationship was doomed from the start and she now felt the weight of the whole cult pressing down on her to crush her spirit.

Becky deserved this. She was this. Thinking she was anything more had just been stupid and her mistress had spent every day for the last six months teaching Becky that she'd been mistaken to believe that she could go against the blood that flowed through her veins.

She'd always proved herself to be a thorn in the side of the Kolos. She was the first asshole in current times to swap mistress's all of her own accord after things had gotten too rough and yet here she was, back with the woman she'd fled, the one who had awakened her and turned her into the most used anal slave in the world.

"Look at the nasty whore taking that ribbed cock up her shithole. She's fucking loving it."

"She's so fucking nasty. I heard she's been fucked by a thousand mistresses."

"I heard she stuck her filthy tongue up all their assholes and thanked them for the privilege."

"It's more like two thousand but Fuckboy is so popular it's impossible to keep count", Kate sneered.

"I heard she tried to set up her own cult with the Chosen One and that they were lovers."

The woman who said that got a glare that Kate usually only reserved for Becky. The other women stopped their giggling and taunts and stared at her nervously. Even Emma, the woman who's turn it was to fuck Becky, paused her deep, thudding thrusts.

“Fuckboy is sorry for her mistakes, aren’t you?” Kate asked tensely. It would have been embarrassing for most mistresses to have an asswhore with Becky’s history but Kate had enjoyed making sure that she was truly sorry.

“Yes... Mistress... I’m sorry.”

“And she knows how stupid she was to think that she anything more than a worthless fuckhole.”

“I’m... such a worthless... fuckhole”, Becky panted.

“And she hates Chloe now.”

“I... I hate that fucking bitch... she tried to make me in to something I’m not... and now I need to be punished more than ever... Its all my fault for being so dumb.”

Kate’s face softened back to her usual scowl.

She loomed over her asswhore. Her stocky, square frame was intimidating compared to all the other women in the garage. Compared to Becky, she looked huge as she leaned in on her petite body. Emma backed off, slurping the full length of her thick dildo out of the exhausted blonde’s bubblebutt.

Expertly she snipped the leg bindings open, making Becky's legs slip and slide on her skates, making her globe-like pale cheeks firm up and clench as she tried to hold herself up. When Kate cut through the wrist bindings and the line of rope holding her arms up, Becky crumpled exhausted to the floor, her hands and knees splashing in the puddle of her own making as she panted and tried desperately to grab a few seconds of rest before the inevitable. She was too experienced to think that this was over.

"Ladies... She's all yours. I'm going out for a few hours. If you finish up before I get back, just chain her up to those shackles on the wall. She can hang out and wait for me to get back", Kate said with a rare smirk, pointing at the metal restraints that would leave Becky stood and spread eagle against the rough brick wall.

"Oh, and leave the skates on. She needs to learn to steady herself on them while her legs are parted wide."

"You have to be the cruellest mistress in the whole cult, Kate... but I can see why", Emma said, looking down at the small short-haired asshole already swallowing the majority of a particularly veiny dildo down her collared neck as another woman squatted and smeared her crotch over Becky's lower back, pulling her up under her arms and grasping her shoulders so that her body was bent and arched up to gag on the other mistress's dildo that had half an hour ago been giving her a deep rectum-pummelling fuck.

Kate sneered as she turned on her feet, pulling the three thousand dollars out of her harness strap to flick through the notes. Being a mistress wasn't all just fun and games. Becky's bubblebutt was one of the hottest properties in the cult and having her in her possession again was making her a very wealthy woman. If Becky hadn't run off with Chloe she might never have gotten her back. In a perverted way she owed Chloe a thank you for bringing her Fuckboy back to her but she wasn't about to let her out of her grasp again.

“Make sure to lock the manacles. I expect to find her well used when I get back. Don’t disappoint me”, she called out before slamming the garage door behind her.

The women blinked at each other, wiping sweat from their brows and wondering if they were up to the challenge of giving Becky the kind of sadistic treatment she was used to. It didn’t help their nerves that they were being filmed, a live feed travelling around the globe to all pay per view customers that were regular ‘fans’ of Fuckboy’s daily torments.

Jenny's fist squelched deep up Chloe's asshole and into her bowels. Her mistress was elbow deep inside her.

"Yeah, look at your dumb lover boy take it in all her filthy fuck holes at once. She hates you, Asswhore. She fucking hates you. Hahaha. You are both so better off being the whores you are. I mean look at that tiny body getting violated and gang banged. She's fucking built for it."

Chloe tugged on the chains of her wrist cuffs on the PVC covered mattress, her legs splayed out and restrained so that all four corners of the specially-made bondage bed pulled at her limbs. Her head was pushed up and forward, clamped into a device that meant she had a front row seat to the video of Becky's live feed up on the Kolos secret website for all the thousands of subscribers around the world to see.

She snarled as Jenny tried to hurt her with her words. She was comfortable with Jenny's physical torments, her masochistic lust was pretty much always getting satisfied and her insatiable asshole almost always had something pushed up it. It was the psychological assaults that made Chloe hate the woman that had drawn her and everyone she loved and cared about into this depraved and incredible secret world.

"Bring me a drink. Fisting this cavernous shithole is thirsty work", Jenny said, clicking the fingers of her free hand.

Hannah clopped up and held out a tray with a flute of freshly poured prosecco.



Jenny didn't look at the petite brunette despite her outlandish garb that had recently become her 'uniform'. The heels were actually metal hoofs formed onto the base of PVC black ankle boots that had a locking buckle around the top. The girl's toned legs had to work hard to hold her up on her toes all the time and her calf and thigh muscles now showed their race horse-like bulges as she walked, the almost vertical angle of her feet pushing her exposed butt cheeks far out behind her lewdly as the even obscener sight of the long black leather horse tail flicked out behind her as she lurched about the place.

Her overly made up face with her garish purple lips and thick eyeliner showed no sign of the fact that she had a ten-inch aubergine-shaped black rectum-filling plug on the other side of the swishing tail. The shiny rubber front of her specially made uniform creaked as she leaned in to meet her first mistress's hand with the glass. Tight straps encased the rubber bralet and maid style front, tying round her waist and upper thighs to leave her muscular, lean back as naked as her butt and thighs.

Her slave collar bore her asshole name in metal over the thick red leather.

Jenny didn't even glance at Hannah as she sipped her drink. This deliciously cute piece of ass in her obscenely fetishistic costume had become just a part of the woman's background now. As pretty as Hannah was, Jenny was only really obsessed by one girl and she was elbow deep inside her right now.

She did allow the girl a moment's attention though. She deserved it for all her obedience.

"How's your new butt plug, Dirty Whore?" Jenny sniffed, still not looking at the brunette as she spoke, putting the glass down beside her.

“It fills me up so much Mistress, but I deserve it. Thank you, Mistress.” Hannah batted her false eyelashes for the woman that owned her and Chloe.

Jenny’s power, her dominance and control over her and her once-best friend had turned the intelligent honour roll student into a doting, docile submissive, desperate to please and serve. She wasn’t even Kolos, just an obedient girl with Italian parentage that had an unhealthy respect for authority and a deep load of Catholic guilt for having found herself lusting after Chloe.

Jenny laughed but ignored Hannah’s sex-dulled almond brown eyes. She just signalled for her to turn around then rasped her arm out of Chloe and mauled her hands over the petite brunette’s heart-shaped butt.

“It suits you, Dirty Whore. Good thing, because you’ll be wearing it a lot. You know it doubles up as a whip so it’s like two gifts for you... and Asswhore.”

Jenny pulled on the leather tails. The slurp was loud and lewd, as the ten bulbous inches was pulled out of her like a nightmarish root vegetable.

“Uuuh... I’m a Dirty Whore”, Hannah groaned, surprisingly calmly despite the extreme anal uprooting, saying the phrase she said whenever something was pushed up or pulled out of her asshole.

Jenny licked and sucked the surface of the mass of shiny black silicone. Hannah stood still as her anus gaped, staying wide open and relaxed, nowadays more used to being stretched out wide than not.

“Mmm, it tastes like this has been up there a while. How long have you been walking around with this thing inside you, Dirty Whore?”

Hannah glanced at the digital clock on the back wall of Jenny’s torture dungeon.

“Five hours and thirty two minutes, Mistress.”

“A good vintage”, Jenny said, chuckling at her own joke as she licked up every tasty pheromone.

She turned and took a sip out of the flute, washing the sweet taste of teen ass down her throat before leaning over to place her lips over the dark emptiness in the centre of Hannah’s gaping light pink rim.

Hannah felt prosecco dribble down her tunnel, soothing and tickling as it puddled and accumulated in her rectum.

“Thank you, Mistress”, she purred, enjoying the sensation along the tired, sore walls of her tunnel.

Jenny pushed her snake-like tongue deep inside then swirled it around the teen’s candy-coloured rim, chuckling again when she gave Hannah’s new tattoo a wet coating of saliva.

‘Fuck Hole’ in small letters arched around the top of Hannah’s pucker. It had turned the once-innocent looking orifice into something befitting her slave name. Jenny felt a tingle between her legs as she rubbed her wet pussy with her fisting hand, relishing how much she controlled these gorgeous teens.

“Mmm, your fuck hole tastes how you look, whore... nasty and dirty”, Jenny purred through slurps of her tongue.

“Thank you, Mistress. My dirty asshole belongs to you and Mistress Emily.”

Hannah had become the perfect asshole, a submissive and blindly obedient, masochistic creature, intelligent enough to predict what was expected of her and with absolutely no remaining self-respect.... all apart from one important aspect.

Jenny removed her tongue, her usual scowl turning up at the corners of her mouth as she narrowed her fox-like eyes and rubbed the hand that had been up Chloe over Hannah’s ‘Fuck hole’.

As her sphincter clicked and squelched around Jenny’s balled fist, her first mistress and the woman titled the High Priestess noticed the eighteen-year-old’s hips pull away by an inch and the little gasp of pain as she winced and gritted her teeth. Hannah’s pain threshold was that of a normal girl.

Chloe, spread eagle on the bondage mattress, was Kolos and more than that she was the prophesised embodiment of the anal goddess with powers and abilities in her puckerless hole between those perfect cheeks. There was no comparison at

all. But Hannah was Chloe's lifelong best friend so perverting and abusing the once-pixie-like girl's tight body like a true-blooded asshole amused Jenny.

It was a bonus to see Chloe despair at Hannah's torment as if it were her own, watching helplessly as Jenny turned her geeky best friend into 'Dirty Whore.'

Hannah moaned as little sharp breaths left her painted lips. She braced herself and pushed her butt out, not that she could do much else in trying to stay balanced on her hoof heels, but the aching, stretching feeling panged through her entire body. It still surprised her how that one hole had such a powerful effect on her, sending pleasure or pain to every nerve and muscle. Right now, she was struggling not to cry but she told herself in her head that it was her own fault for not training hard enough and that she deserved the pain she was feeling as Jenny tried to squeeze her knuckles inside her anus.

"I can't believe you're still too tight for my fist... pathetic bitch", Jenny spat as she grunted and tensed her muscular arms.

"Uuh... This worthless asshole... gnn... is sorry, Mistress."

"Well it's going in, slut. Repeat what you are", Jenny snarled.

"I'm a dirty whore... Ahh... I'm a dirty whore..."

"Pull your fat little cheeks back, whore!"

“Uuh... I’m a dirty whore... I’m... Aaah! A dirty whore!”

Hannah cried out what she was in a loud release, her makeup running down her face as Jenny punched through and entered her with her entire balled hand as the light pink pucker closed back around her wrist.

Chloe felt disappointed that her asshole was now empty as she watched the live feed. At least she could enjoy the ‘damsel in extreme distress’ masochistic arousal as her lover was destroyed yet again in front of her eyes.

The tears dripping down her face weren’t for herself or the hour-long fisting she’d just endured.

The five women pulled Becky about like a rag doll. It reminded Chloe of one of those animal shows on TV where the keepers threw a deer carcass into a crowd of hungry wolves. Becky’s small body was contorted and bent inhumanely into a position that meant that three of the twelve-inch dildos could be thrust and rammed into her mouth, pussy and ass all at the same time.

Her light, mole-speckled skin glistened with sweat, juices and dirt from the garage floor, giving her body an almost shiny pig-like quality as it was squished and stretched. Her pale blue eyes went from tightly squeezed shut to wide and bulging depending on which dildo was forced into her the hardest.

What hurt the most was that Becky could make it stop immediately if she

wanted. Every asshole was fully willing in everything that they did with their 'clients' and all these women would stop immediately if things got too much just from a word or a flick of a wrist but Becky obviously felt that this frenzied gangbang was what she wanted or maybe deserved for having deserted her former Mistress Eva as she had Kate before that.

"She's so cute and yet so nasty", one of the two other women not fucking Becky said as she tugged cruelly on one of the girl's small, stiff nipple.

"It's all down to Kate. They say she's the cruellest mistress in the whole cult. I mean just look at her", the other said kneeling the other side, pulling her short hair back roughly as she nodded at the back tattoo.

The noises of three dildos slapping into the well-used holes almost drowned the conversation out but Chloe could still make out every obscenely calm word as if the two women were having a water cooler gossip.

"I mean who does that to her girl? And her slave name... it's so demeaning", the hair-puller said.

"But she does look like a tom boy with that hair and these flat little titties", She said pinching each nipple sharply with her nails.

Becky's eyes watered as the bulk of a twelve-inch veiny dildo was thrust down her neck, making a bulge as it fucked deep into her oesophagus.

“We’re about to touch tips, Emma”, the Asian Mistress giggled as she pushed the ribbed twelve incher down to the last rim inside Becky’s over-experienced asshole.

The mistress thrusting into Becky’s pussy with her beaded monster was struggling to squeeze it up next to her already silicone-filled ass tunnel but she wasn’t about to deprive the twenty-two year old from a combined 36 inches inside her.

“Should we loosen her collar? She sounds like she’s being throttled with Emma’s dildo pushing her throat out.”

“No, she’ll taste better if she’s more distressed”, the ass-fucker said as she licked her lips at the thought of quenching her genetic addiction for girl’s anal pheromones.

“In that case...” Hair-puller said, spitting onto Becky’s face.

“Fucking worthless whore”, she snarled as the other women joined in, spitting and snarling taunts at the inundated small blonde.

“Look at you, you greedy, disgusting pig!”

“Dirty little shithole!”



“Whore!”

“Pathetic slut!”

Their hands left marks as they gripped and held her limbs hard in their grasp while they thrust their huge cocks into the small girl’s body without a second thought for her.

They pummelled her, building speed and force as they got into a rhythm of powerful thrusts with their hips.

The noise of pelvic bones thudding onto Becky’s body echoed around Kate’s garage. The five women cackled and laughed, hands slapping and mauling the petite blonde as they did what they had come to do.

Becky gurgled and made little uncontrollable squeaks in time with the massive plunging shafts, her flat features a blessing as Emma growled and stabbed her sweaty waist as close as she could to the girl’s face. Tears traced over her lips that had pushed out like a ducks as she choked on fake cock and her own saliva.

Chloe could see Becky heading towards an orgasm. She knew her lover’s expressions well and as her pale blue eyes rolled up into her head she knew that soon Becky would be experiencing the type of orgasm that only girls like them were lucky enough to feel.

Becky juddered uncontrollably, her body shaking as she let out a muffled squeal,

her eyes screwing tight as the wave of ecstasy that could only be brought on by this kind of intense fucking shook through her in powerful tremors.

For a moment Chloe envied her. Her asshole instincts were as powerful as her lover's and she would have loved to be in the little blonde's place right then, riding the waves of unbelievable pleasure after being gang-banged. Then she berated herself. Willing as they were, they were still both slaves and there would be other ways to get what they needed. If her plan worked, these women soon wouldn't be able to demean Becky any more.

"Ha ha ha, look at the filthy bitch! She's cum all over my crotch. What a fucking pain Slut!" the one fucking Becky's pussy sneered as Emma slid her silicone cock out of the girl's cat-like lips with drool tumbling out.

Becky coughed, her eyes still tight shut and her body still shuddering and jolting as the waves of ecstasy wracked through it.

"Th-thank you, Mistresses", she mumbled in the husky voice that Chloe had fallen in love with the moment she'd heard it. These women didn't deserve their time with Becky just as Kate didn't deserve her for an asshole. She felt the same way about herself and Hannah and the bitch behind her right now that had turned them into her sex toys.

Jenny walked Hannah around in front of the screen. The aching feeling in the brunette's asshole was starting to dull as she pushed her out in front of her like an obscene glove puppet, her fist still inside.

“Tell her what I’m doing to you and why”, Jenny hissed in Hannah’s ear as she manoeuvred her around in her ridiculous heels in front of Chloe’s raised up face.

“My mistress has her fist inside my fuck hole because I’m a dirty whore and I deserve it”, Hannah said with a forced smile.

“That’s nice, Han”, Chloe said softly, refusing to call her best friend what her mistress expected everyone to.

“How does it feel?” Chloe asked sympathetically.

Hannah’s brow furrowed for a moment, revealing her discomfort then looked over her slim shoulder at Jenny’s hard fox-like eyes.

“It... feels dirty... and great”, she drawled in the dull tone she now used instead of the bouncy, excitable way she used to speak.

“Kiss Asswhore, Dirty Whore.”

Their lips met, caressing and smearing over one another. Chloe could hear the noises of the bitch behind her frigging her fist in and out.

Hannah’s lips curled into a scowl, pressed onto Chloe’s as she panted and screwed her eyes up.

“Oh Han”, Chloe sighed, feeling her heart pang as her best friend struggled.

Jenny only chuckled behind her, slapping her butt with her free hand as she pummelled the dolled-up teen.

Hannah composed herself as best she could.

“My name is Dirty Whore”, Hannah whispered back, as if the slave name added strength to her body, then smiled and pushed her tongue into Chloe’s mouth.

Chloe took it and felt it swirl and fence over her own, catching the now all-too-familiar flavour of Emily’s ass in her mouth.

The squelching of Hannah being fisted echoed around the concrete walls of the converted cellar, coupled with regular moans like a squeaky toy and the wet clicks of the two teen’s French kissing. Along with the rattle of chains and clang of bondage equipment, this was the standard blend of sounds in Chloe’s life now for the past nine months.

“You nasty little skanks, making out like you used to back in Chloe’s room”, Jenny sneered.

They’d never done that... well maybe once but that was just to practice kissing for what they had thought would be for boys... not middle-aged sadistic women.

“Room for one more?” Jenny asked girlishly, making Chloe shudder.

Hannah grunted as Jenny’s hand rasped out of her ass and Jenny’s thin lips joined theirs in a three way kiss, her long tongue flicking over their mouths like a snake tasting its prey.

Her hand came up between the girls, rubbing on their soft, youthful lips until they got the message and licked and slurped at Jenny’s fingers and knuckles as she joined the two girls, feasting on Hannah’s flavour.

Jenny cackled as the two teens ran their tongues over her hand, noting the enthusiasm and lust that Chloe had for her friend’s sweet taste.

“You like that, don’t you Asswhore? The taste of little Hannah Dolce’s rectum makes you all wet, you dirty bitch”, Jenny snarled, licking her own hand and the girls’ mouths in turn.

“Yes, Mistress. I love the taste of ass”, Chloe breathed, feeling the rewarding tingle for her capitulation. That, and Hannah’s delicious sweet flavour made licking Jenny’s hand an easy task.

“Oh you do, do you? In that case why don’t you show me what an Asswhore you are and worship my divine hole until you make me cum?”

“This asshole would be honoured to taste your divine ass.” Chloe muttered her lines. If there were a thousand butts in that cellar and Chloe had a choice, Jenny’s would be the last one she’d choose but it didn’t really work like that.

“Don’t think you’re going to be getting all the fun, Asswhore. I think its time Dirty Whore got stuck in and try to fill your shithole.”

Hannah was dragged around by her wrist behind Chloe, almost tumbling as she staggered to the foot of the bondage bed. Of course, Jenny kicked the chair aside. Hannah would have to stand as she performed the sordid task her mistress had for her.

She batted her stupidly long lashes at Chloe’s globe-like cheeks and the perfect hole that lay between them. This was what had gotten her sucked into this world, why she was now a slave and standing in the obscene costume and hoofs. Chloe had been more than her best friend, she’d been her secret crush and she’d lusted after that particular hole, not knowing then that it had the power to enchant and create lust in people... and she had been around Chloe and shared a bed and seen her naked more than anyone back when they were just normal girls. It made her whole body tingle just looking at it. She breathed deeply, trying to catch its intoxicating perfume.

Her hand was pulled down and pressed against Chloe’s innocent-looking orifice. She still marvelled at how stretchy it was as her fingers slipped inside without having to force it, a smooth movement that felt seductive and silky as her best friend’s tunnel wrapped comfortably around her knuckles.

“I want you to make your elbow disappear inside this slut’s ass, Dirty Whore”, Jenny said nonchalantly.

Hannah knew that everything the High Priestess of the cult said to a girl was an order not a suggestion.

“Yes, Mistress”, Hannah said, and then pushed.

Chloe groaned deeply. It always felt so good to be full. A warm feeling flooded her body and mind, making her moan as her anus gripped and flexed around Hannah’s arm.

“Now I want you take your tail plug... here... and thrash it over Asswhore’s back every time she pauses to take a breath.”

“Yes, Mistress”, Hannah said obediently but a little more apprehensively than usual. Hurting Chloe wasn’t something she enjoyed doing but her mistress would punish them both far worse if she didn’t whip her co-asswhore’s back with as much strength as she had left in her.

“Good”, Jenny drawled as she clicked in her heels back over to the front of the bed.

Chloe had gotten just enough time to watch Becky getting shackled to the wall. She had heard Kate’s order but she hadn’t expected that they would restrain her facing the rough bricks and that there was still more fucking to come for her lover as each woman grunted and pounded into Becky’s bubblebutt with their massive silicone cocks. Her thighs and calves were obviously strained and tensed as she scrabbled to stop from doing the splits in the skates, the ankle

shackles pulling them apart and the wheels beneath her making it impossible to keep still.

The last thing she saw before Jenny's muscular pear-shaped glutes blocked her view again, was the second in line grabbing Becky by her hair for grip and slamming the full twelve inches in almost immediately after the first woman had slurped her arm-thick shaft out and straight away unbuckled her harness so that she could suck and slurp the rejuvenating hormones off of the dildo.

"Forget that little bitch's ass. She's getting what she deserves. Taste the hole that owns you, slave."

Jenny parted her large, firm cheeks to reveal the dark pink pucker that Chloe was as familiar with as her own.

"Make me cum", Jenny commanded.

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress", Chloe said, then lapped her tongue out over Jenny's bitter-flavoured anus. Her own mistress had the least sweet taste of anyone she'd eaten out, and Chloe had eaten plenty of ass.

"It's so delicious, Mistress. I'm a lucky little piece of shit."

Chloe slurped and sucked her lips over the pucker, sucking up her own saliva along with Jenny's sweat and flavour.



“It tastes so heavenly, Mistress. Mmmmm. So yummy... It’s making my nasty whore hole smell wonderful...”

She paused.

The whip tail made a cracking noise as it lashed down on Chloe’s naked back.

“Aaah... your anus is so perfect, Mistress. It’s the hottest hole in the entire cult.”

Everyone knew that Chloe’s asshole was the most desired in the cult, maybe the whole world, but it made Jenny wet to hear the lies. Jenny lived off lies and denial and Chloe often had to say things she didn’t believe. It was a matter of survival.

Chloe pushed her tongue up in deep then scooped it out, purring as she pretended it was far more delicious than it really was. Jenny laughed then let her strong cheeks spring back onto the girl’s face, smothering around her as she tongue-fucked her anus, giving her two free hands to stroke her breasts and pussy as she watched the screen.

“Oh, that’s just mean, leaving someone like that... but not Fuckboy of course. She loves it when we’re all mean to her. She tells us so.”

Chloe struggled to focus. She coughed on some of her own drool. She was

unsure whether she wanted to see the screen or was better off where she was, not that it was a choice for her to make.

“So delicious... Aaah!”

Another thrashing blow rained down on her creamy skin.

“What we did to her just a few days ago shocked me. You’d have been amazed at what we put into Fuckboy with that speculum funnel. She was so full it almost came out her mouth”, Jenny chuckled.

Fucking evil bitch, Chloe thought. I hate you. I hate you.

“Mmm, I love how you taste on my nasty tongue, Mistress”, she actually said.

“You could hear her stomach actually filling which gave me the idea to see how much we could stuff the little bitch up so we put her gape gag in and did the same to the other end. We had to put so much tape around the plugs to keep it all in.”

Chloe blinked tears away as she French kissed Jenny’s asshole, purring in fake appreciation as she tasted the woman she associated with all the things wrong in her life.

Hannah was elbow deep in her ass. Nine months ago she would have passed out at the extreme insertion, now it felt average... normal even, not that her sensitive tunnel didn't feel every slide and even the wriggle of Hannah's fingers in her bowels.

"Then we made her walk to each one of us and let her dumb face get sat on for another hour. Her pussy was so wet the whole time...haha... she loved every minute. Kate has turned her into a real painslut."

Chloe pulled at her restraints, balling her fists. She felt the thrashing of the whip but she was too angry to feel the painful stinging.

This is what she wants. She wants you mad and sad and if anyone knows how to get what she wants, it's Jenny Harper. Don't play into her hands, Chloe. You've been doing that for nine months.

"You have a magnificent ass, Mistress. I wish I could live between these powerful cheeks and breathe only you", Chloe said, muffled by the glutes surrounding her jaw.

"This worthless asshole doesn't deserve your taste on my filthy little tongue", she went on, deep probing with thrusts of her tongue.

Jenny's clit rubbing sped up.

"Get round here now, Dirty Whore!" Jenny commanded with urgency. She was

close. Chloe could tell just from the familiar quivering in her pear-shaped ass.

Hannah slid her fist out. It took a while; being so deep up Chloe, and Hannah seemed to do everything with an almost robotic steadiness. Her fingers slurped out with a slight rasp then she pushed her butt out and clumped over to Jenny.

Jenny immediately grabbed the girl's arm hungrily, slurping her tongue down to her elbow then back up and sucked on each finger.

She purred as she felt her addiction sated, sending waves of pleasure and energy through her entire body.

"Ooh. I thank you, Anal Goddess, as your chosen representative. Your gift to me in this vessel gives me the strength to lead your followers. Hail to me."

"Hail the High Priestess", Hannah said robotically.

"Hail the High Priestess", Chloe muttered sullenly in Jenny's ass, then continued to lick her mistress as she shuddered out her first orgasm of the day, her slippery juices coating Chloe's chin and dripping down her neck to her permanently worn and electronically locked slave collar.

Jenny usually ground her holes into Chloe's face with cruel force when she came and now was no different.

“Ooooh. Swallow my cum... Chosen One”, Jenny went from moan to snarl as she rubbed her sticky pussy around the girl’s pretty features then squirted into Chloe’s waiting mouth.

“Pathetic bitch”, Jenny said, grabbing Chloe’s light brown hair in her hand, “you’ll always be my slave. Look at you drinking my juices down like the dumb teen slut you are.”

More put-downs than usual today... ‘Mistress’ must be feeling a little more insecure this morning, Chloe thought.

“I live to serve you, divine High Priestess”, Chloe said, turning her face so it wasn’t muffled anymore. The only-slightly fresher air of the cellar was welcome.

<Rat tat tat>

All three of them held their breath, Chloe having just filled her lungs.

There was a knock on the cellar door, up in the kitchen, a place that was a world away from the torture dungeon under Jenny’s big house.

“Hi! You girls down there?”

“Shit. Emily! Quick, fetch me my gown”, Jenny hissed at Hannah.

They were all panicked for different reasons. The new mistress wasn't like her evil best friend and wasn't used to or approving of the type of sadism to be found down in the cellar.

“Just a minute, Honey!” Jenny called out to her friend, “What does she want? It's your fault, Dirty Whore. She'll be craving your dumb ass. As if she doesn't get enough of it every night.”

As Jenny moved to wrap herself in the black silk gown, Chloe caught a view on the screen that made her heart hurt.

Becky was alone now in the dark garage, the lights off and the camera in night mode as she tried to desperately keep herself from slipping on the skates. Her arms were stretched wide so that her body did an elongated X shape, her front pressed onto the cold brick wall.

Chloe knew well from experience the thing that mistresses did with their strapons sometimes, the specially made Kolos harnesses were made to invert so that they could holster and keep the dildo it was attached to deep inside the body it was tightly buckled around, reversing the strapon into a monstrous plug for the wearer. The open crotches provided an opportunity for another harness to be strapped in the other direction, meaning that Becky had a full twelve inches plugged into both her pussy and her asshole.

Chloe watched as Becky's head lolled and tilted back just as the screen was shut down by the remote now in Jenny's hand.

Chloe snapped an angry look up at the women, forgetting her submissive pretence for a moment.

Jenny just shrugged.

“Emily wouldn’t approve”, she said matter-of-factly.

“I’m coming”, Jenny said, walking up the concrete stairs to unlock the door with her key.

Emily looked out of place, walking down into Jenny’s personal torture chamber in her jeans and flowery top, her light brown hair tied up in a bun as her green eyes darted left and right as wide as saucers.

“Fucking hell, Jenny!” Emily gasped as she surveyed the array of equipment and devices all made to torment and torture.

“I think of it as fucking heaven, Emily”, Jenny said with a nervous grin.

“There you are”, Emily said, catching both of the girls in the same look. “I’ve been looking for you everywhere. Now I find you having fun with Jenny down here in this... this... sex dungeon.”

“Sorry, Mistress”, Hannah said, looking upset that she’d made Emily worry.

“Yeah, sorry but not much I could do”, Chloe said, holding her cuffed wrists up.

“You girls and your bondage games”, Emily chided but was smiling as she soaked in the view.

Emily walked up to the foot of the bed and put her arms around Hannah’s waist, then slid them down over to rest on the girl’s cheeks.

“Sorry, Mistress”, Hannah said again, looking sullen, as if it was actually her fault and not Jenny at having dragged them both down here.

“Oh Han. Stop apologising and kiss me. I missed you”, Emily said, pressing her lips onto the teen’s. Her fingers felt their way to Hannah’s crack, parting them then pressing against her rim.

“Your hole feels pretty opened up, Honey”, the woman twice her age said to the pretty brunette, then glanced down at Chloe’s spread crack.

“Chloe’s too. Have you two been fucking each other again? Wow, you’re both insatiable.”

“Just a bit of fingering, Mistress”, Hannah said, thinking fast. Jenny grinned and nodded behind Emily.



The green-eyed woman took Hannah's hand in hers then raised it to her mouth, sucking on her fingers as she looked into the teen's face.

"Mmm, delicious", she groaned, as much a slave to her needs as any other Kolos woman.

"I've just been keeping an eye on them, Emily. Making sure they don't get too rough down here", Jenny said.

"I'm sure you have", Emily responded sarcastically. She knew her best friend was a sadistic woman even though most of what Jenny got up to was still hidden from her.

But Emily's mind was on something else as she eyed the line of strapon dildos in their harnesses along a part of the wall.

"It would be a shame to let all the effort in restraining Chloe to this bed go to waste now. Be a sweetie, Han and fetch two strapons from that wall while I climb out of these clothes."

Jenny's grin spread wide on her face as she let her shoulders relax and the gown she had hurriedly put on fall to the floor.

Chloe must have slept for a few hours, her body exhausted from what felt like two very different sessions down in Jenny's dungeon. It was only when Kasey, Jenny's daughter walked into the room they shared that she stirred and lifted her neck and shoulders to look behind her.

"Ooh, naked again", Kasey moaned then threw her bag on the floor and pulled off her tie. She climbed up onto the bed in her plaid skirt and blouse, her bow-like lips curling up as she kissed up Chloe's thighs and over her cheeks.

"Wow, you smell like your ass got turned inside out, Chloe", Kasey said, pressing her nose into Chloe's crack and inhaling.

"Yeah, fists and dildos. All in a days work for Jenny Harper's number one fuck toy", Chloe replied, as the eighteen-year-old snorted lewdly. Like mother, like daughter. They even looked alike in many ways but Kasey didn't have the same selfish core and was in many ways a really sweet girl. She adored Chloe and had become as enchanted by her divine butt as anyone could be in the months they'd shared her room.

"My Goddess", Kasey purred as she lapped and kissed Chloe's puckerless rim, soothing it as she enjoyed the intoxicating taste that always reminded her of her favourite candy. She'd been drooling all day, thinking about doing just this and it made her let out a little sigh as she kicked off her slip-on shoes and got up on her knees at the foot of the single bed.

She lifted her skirt and pulled aside her thong to rub her fingers over her already

wet holes as she satisfied her hunger for ass.

“I have another session after dinner but I’m so tired, Kasey”, Chloe sighed. She’d planned this and, despite loving Kasey, she was going to have to manipulate the girl’s innate Kolos lust in order to put things into action.

“Who with?” Kasey asked, knowing the mistresses mostly from when Chloe told her about her many sessions.

“Ivy... and she’ll have her two asswhores with her to assist.”

“Ivy”, Kasey said with awe. The girl was only a year older than her and Chloe but she’d somehow convinced Jenny that she was cruel and sadistic enough to break all Kolos tradition and let someone under the ascension age become a mistress.

“You’re so lucky, Chloe. She sounds really evil from what you tell me.”

“She is, and completely selfish. It’s all about her. Plus she’s a psycho. She has her two asswhores in her complete control. They all used to be best friends before she turned on them and made them her slaves.”

“Fuck. She sounds so hot.”

“Ice cold, more like it. If only I wasn’t so tired... but hold on, I have an idea that I think you’re going to like. See that gimp mask over there by my plugs? How about you have your first ever session with a mistress?”

Kasey’s eyes lit up.

“Oh fuck yes, Chloe. But what about my mom?”

“She’s had to go out... something about a problem with her accounts. She’ll be gone for hours”, Chloe replied innocently. She’d set it up so that Jenny would get called away, knowing that she’d never accept Kasey, who she’d carefully sheltered away from the cult, being taken by a mistress. A woman in her position couldn’t afford to have her daughter become part of the public property that asswhores were. Any mistress could request any girl, as Chloe knew well and, like any group that was run on greedy, political creatures such as the mistresses, enemies and people looking for anything to exploit that might gain them power lurked in every corner.

Chloe’s attention flicked back onto Kasey who hugged her around her waist from behind and pecked her lips quickly over Chloe’s butt.

“Oh thank you, thank you, thank you!” She said excitedly. This was something she’d dreamed about almost as much as the ass she now held tightly to her face and it was finally about to happen.

\*\* An hour later \*\*

Hannah clumped up the stairs in her obscene uniform, showing Ivy to Chloe and Kasey's room.

Kasey lay ready for the young mistress on Chloe's bed. The gimp masked covered her head and hid her face completely. Chloe had pushed her auburn hair up into the black PVC headpiece before zipping it up to hide any of clues she could that the girl waiting for Ivy wasn't really her.

Luckily Chloe had kept her old slave collar from before she'd escaped with Becky and Hannah, her new one impossible to get off without alerting Jenny and shocking her into a mess on the floor.

Kasey wore it well as she tried to arch her pear shaped butt up and make it look as round and inviting as Chloe's naturally did.

"Asswhore is ready for you, Mistress", Hannah said, her head bowed. Ivy was a mistress who she had a healthy fear of. It had been this auburn haired girl that had recaptured her back on campus and it had been as cruel an ordeal as it had been a shock at being tricked by her and her asswhores.

"That's the ass that everyone's going on about?" Ivy sniffed, her lips curling into a disdainful scowl.

"Mine is hotter than that."

"Yes, Mistress. It is Mistress, but Chloe's has special powers, which is why she

is so highly prized. My mistress honours you by giving you time with her, Mistress.”

“It’s Princess, whore!” Ivy said pushing Hannah so that she toppled in her hooves and had to use the wall to steady herself.

“Uuuh... Sorry, Princess. Of course, Princess.”

Ivy sneered, enjoying hearing the self-proclaimed title spoken by the panicked girl.

Chloe was trying to keep still in Kasey’s bed but she struggled to stifle a snigger of her own as she played with Ivy’s statement in her head... ‘Princess Whore’.

Ivy noticed her, making her hold her breath.

“Who’s that?” She asked, pointing at the body under the sheets in the other bed.

“That’s Kasey, Princess. She’s the High Priestess’s daughter.”

Even Ivy knew not to mess with Jenny.

“Can she see in that thing?” Ivy asked, her attention back on actual Kasey in the

gimp mask. She'd seen Chloe a few times at parties but being so self-consumed she hadn't paid the girl a lot of attention.

"Yes, Princess. There are net patches in the mask that mean she can see out while you don't have to see her anguish", Hannah said meekly, not wanting to be pushed again.

"Fine, get her out of bed. Eva gave me this key. I'm assuming there's somewhere I can go to make her suffer?"

"There's a cellar beneath the house that Jenny said you could use as long as you film it for her pleasure later."

"Whatever", Ivy said sneering and rolling her hazel eyes.

There were few girls on the planet with as much contempt for everything as Ivy. She pretty much despised everyone that wasn't her. She was the ultimate bitch-teen, entitled, tall and model-like, self-centred and full of poison.

In the world outside of the cult, Ivy might have been sent off to an asylum, her psychopathic cruelty worse than most comic-book villains. But even her own parents were too scared of her and didn't dare suggest that she might be unstable. And the families of her two asswhores, Natasha and Kris, were eating out of her hand, having been blackmailed, bribed and made to collaborate in the two girls' constant torments.

She was someone that you just didn't cross but to turn her into a part of the plan and to use her worst qualities against Jenny was a stroke of genius. Chloe wasn't just a pretty face and ass despite what the High Priestess thought.

Hannah helped Kasey up to her bare feet. She hoped that Ivy wouldn't notice that she was a couple of inches taller than Chloe, but the teen mistress was too busy pulling a face like she'd smelled something foul in the bedroom, staring up over all the girls in the room.

Kasey walked carefully in the mask. The netting disorientated her and played with her depth perception. She let Hannah take her arm until she got close to the slim, auburn haired mistress.

Hannah hadn't expected it when Kasey knelt down on the floor; bowing her head forward low to lick Ivy's black ankle boot and it almost dragged her down with her.

"My body and my soul are yours, Princess", Kasey said softly through the open zip.

Hannah and Chloe were both surprised by the submissive gesture but it got Ivy's attention and made her gaze over the girl's prostrated naked body with the nearest thing the young mistress got to interest.

"Good. Take us to the cellar, bitch", Ivy said to Hannah, letting the tail-plugged girl lurch and stomp off in front of her.



As Hannah staggered down the stairs and back to the entrance hallway she took in the view of two kneeling asswhores, waiting just inside the front door for their mistress to command them. Two coltish beauties, as tall as Ivy, and with the same lithe physiques that made them look like a different breed to girls like her and Chloe.

She had thought her own 'uniform' was cruel until she set her eyes on Natasha and Kris. Ivy had obviously been spending some of her newfound whoring-out wealth on her asswhores' discomfort.

The two of them looked almost identical, their hair up in tight, high ponytails, pale pink lip gloss on their lips, their expressions strained, looking as if they were trying their best to hide the fact they were in pain.

Two raincoats were on the floor behind them, their public coverings for the unbelievable view underneath.

Their slave collars were as long as their sleek necks, pushing under their jaws and holding their heads up - black leather with several buckles up the back and a metal Ivy leaf displaying on the front of both.

Rings of metal gripped their pert breasts hard with claw-shaped prongs coming off the rings like teeth, gripping and squeezing into the tightened flesh. Their wrists bore winding ivy leaf permanent tattoos looking like psychological cuffs, and their parted thighs, with their platform stiletto knee boots on their legs, revealed inverted harnesses that looked like medieval chastity belts and seriously uncomfortable to wear.

Hannah couldn't get over the piercings. Natasha had a beautiful face. She'd fallen for it on campus back when they tricked her into Ivy's trap. Kris too had the kind of face that fit a sexy photo model but now they were both dotted with metal studs and rings. There were rings through one side of their noses and their lower lips, studs on their eyebrows, chins and one in the shape of a tear on one of their cheeks just below their eyes.

Hannah was pretty sure they'd have more body mods that she couldn't see. Ivy was like an out-of-control brat with no respect for her toys. These poor girls, they may have been as bitchy and entitled as Ivy at one time but they'd paid for their past many times over.

Ivy got to the bottom of the stairs and just huffed in a bored tone, resulting in the two girls immediately but awkwardly getting to their feet. She only had to hold out two leash chains in her hand and the girls hurriedly hooked them around the loops on the tall collar on the other girl.

Ivy tugged hard, yanking their necks and making them stagger as she followed behind Kasey's naked body with Hannah gripping her arm to help her navigate through the corridor, past the dining area and over to the door that Jenny's daughter had never been allowed to see the other side of.

She was so excited. She hoped Ivy lived up to the stories Chloe told her. She certainly appeared to have everyone quaking in their whore-boots.

Hannah pointed at the door and waited. Jenny hadn't entrusted her asshole with the key but she had allowed Eva, her right-hand and hench-mistress, to pass the only other copy to her sadistic protégé for the day.

The honour was lost on the teen mistress as she shrugged and took the chain from around her neck with the key on the end and turned it in the keyhole.

Kasey almost wanted to jump up and down on the spot. Everything on the other side of that door was like Narnia or Wonderland to the excited teen, something that up until now she'd only been allowed to imagine when Chloe described it to her. She was so wet already. Just standing there naked as Ivy turned the key made her pussy almost drip in anticipation.

Ivy and her asswhores loomed over her. Kasey wasn't a short girl and stood a few inches over Chloe and Hannah, but the fact that she was bare footed and the others were in towering heels gave her a point of view that her idol Chloe must see every time she was taken down the cellar to be tormented.

Ivy, Kris and Natasha were all at least five foot eight or more; with their heels they stood over six feet tall.

"I'm gonna make you suffer, piece of shit. You better tell me your safe-word now because I'm gonna make you scream it out", Ivy sneered, grabbing Kasey's masked face in a claw-like grip.

"Cocoa, Princess", Kasey said softly, knowing Chloe's safe-word from all the times they got rough with each other in their room.

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“Say it like you really mean it, you piece of shit!”

“Uuuuh!... Princess Ivy has the tastiest farts in the world... Aaah!”

The whip cracked in the air as it lashed over her back for what felt like the hundredth time. Upside down, with a bar spreading her legs out, Kasey shook as the electro probes clipped to her nipples and pussy lips sent jolts of electric through her naked body, covered in her own loss of control and the upside down dripping juices of sheer arousal at such exquisite torture.

Kasey had never been happier as Ivy grabbed the back of her head and plunged her into the slim, nasty tasting butt that she clearly had an inflated self opinion of. This was her heaven and she'd been denied it for too long. She thought of all the things her mom had done to girls down in this cellar with all these terrible instruments just as Ivy was doing to her now. She imagined getting her face smothered and eating out the asshole that, as a Kolos girl, she had been unnaturally denied. It would probably be as bittersweet as the auburn haired teen in front of her masked face now, pushing out another rasp of gas for her to gulp down between licks. She was exactly where her Kolos-blooded body was meant to be.

Hannah hadn't been dismissed but she hadn't been given anything to do either. She'd turned on the lights, set up the electro-probe control box, turned on the camera to record and now she just stood there watching Ivy's furious torments as she unleashed her seemingly insatiable sadism on yet another undeserving girl.

It wasn't to Hannah's tastes. Ivy was too cruel and the scales of pain and pleasure were very much tipped towards pain and humiliation whenever she dominated. Even in her penance-driven mind, the teen mistress's torture methods seemed excessive and it made her flinch and look down at the floor. She'd seen and experienced more than enough torments to not need to see yet another one in Jenny's dungeon.

Hannah bit her lip. She remembered how Ivy had dragged her round the old sport hall on campus, destroying her resistance and turning her back into the obedient girl she really was. Her face was lowered but she glanced up at Natasha remembering how she'd dared to believe she'd found her first campus love.

The tall girl looked as blankly as she could as she thrashed the leather in her hand, the lewd and cruel costume digging and probing into her body as she served her mistress by whipping Kasey as hard as she could.

There were three of asswhores in the cellar, four if you included Kasey to only one mistress and Ivy wasn't any more physically intimidating than any one of them and yet still each one of them would drop to their knees and worship her body in a split second, all because of the cruel dominance and the threat of pain she exerted over them. Life was far less complicated as a slave, Hannah thought, consoling herself... at least you didn't need to think for yourself.

Obey. That was the one mindless thing you had to do and the rest of your brain cells could pop and wither for all the mistress controlling you gave a shit. For a girl that had spent a lifetime studying and working hard to get into university, being a mindless fuck toy had some appeal at least.

Natasha and Kris seemed to be already there mind-wise as they whipped Kasey in slow rhythmic turns not giving the upside-down girl's back a moment where it

didn't sting and burn. The red lashes would last and Hannah thought for a moment that she would have to remind Chloe to help Kasey cover up the marks and bruises from the session from Jenny.

Chloe. If she had a choice, Hannah wanted to serve Chloe and not the mistresses. She loved her and for a long time had secretly dreamed of being her girlfriend but she'd been naïve. Chloe saw her as her best friend; reliable, geeky Han, the girl that she'd grown up with. They were too close to be partners, even though it had been Chloe that had been her first, taking her virginity in so many ways, bringing her into this world they both now lived in, and they had made love many times since but she knew that Chloe's true soul mate was Becky. Besides she had Emily now, who was as good a substitute as anyone for Chloe, and Hannah found that she was falling in love with her almost as much.

It took all of her resolve and strength to move. She stepped as quietly as possible, her body always looking lewd and monster-like in the ridiculous heels, her tail swishing as she tried not to make a noise up the stairs.

When she got to the top and closed the door behind her, she leaned against it and breathed a deep sigh of relief. A sense of freedom and space that she hadn't felt in months filled her and it felt so good. She'd forgotten how not being oppressed had felt. Jenny was out, so was Emily, just her and Chloe in the main house. She smiled, her first real one in a long time.

She considered locking the door behind her. Ivy hadn't bothered to collect the key out of the hole, not feeling the sense of self-preservation that potential prey felt. It would have been nice to secure the place and just relax but she knew that Kasey would keep Ivy occupied for long enough and she didn't want to raise suspicion.

She clumped quickly across the kitchen, through the snug and the dining room, through the hallway and up the stairs of Jenny's large house and almost burst through Chloe's bedroom door.

"It's worked. Kasey's getting dominated by Ivy", Hannah said, surprising herself as to how excited she sounded.

Chloe was lying in Kasey's bed, the sheets up under her armpits.

"That's great, Han. I'm sure she's loving it. See? It's an all-round win. Now come over here and lie down. It's not often we get so much time to rest."

Hannah clumped over and laid her rubber-clad body next to Chloe, feeling the softness of the arm that held her and the tingle of the small hand that stroked her naked back.

They kissed, their lips gently sucking and swirling as their tongues slowly pressed flatly onto one another, enjoying the warm wetness of the shared moment of tenderness.

Hannah reluctantly pulled back an inch, their breath warm and blended as she spoke.

"Do you think it'll work? I mean do you think Jenny will care that Kasey is now an asswhore?"

Chloe stroked her other hand over Hannah's hips.

"It'll work, Han. Don't worry. It's Kolos law that an awakened asshole is public property and the video stream is going to advertise the fact that Kasey is now on the market. I've told her to take her mask off just before the end and say who she is. It'll go viral. Everyone will want a piece of the High Priestess's daughter and Jenny won't be able to stop it unless she breaks the rules that everyone lives by, the same ones that keep her in power. That's when she'll get careless and try to stop Kasey's account with A.W. Accounting. She'll have to meet with Stephanie and that's when we'll get a confession out of her about all her underhand dealings."

"You're going to get Jenny on a financial issue after all she's done?" Hannah sounded disappointed but she knew as well as Chloe that all assholes were as complicit as the mistresses that dominated them.

"Not just that. She's been breaking so many Kolos rules to make herself rich that she hasn't realised they were there for a reason. She's been hiring girls outside the cult and that means she'd broken some pretty serious laws. Like I said we just need a confession and if we corner her we should be able to squeeze one out of her."

Hannah thought for a moment, enjoying Chloe's soft stroking hands as she stretched her aching legs.

"What about the other mistresses? What about Kate?"



“Once Jenny and Eva are exposed, the other inner circle mistresses will be implicated along with them... especially Kate and besides she has other things to answer for.”

Chloe’s voice was barely a whisper but there was a steely determination in the way she spoke.

On an impulse Hannah kissed her passionately again, possibly for Becky.

“Mmm, this is nice, Han. I feel like you’re you again if you know what I mean.”

Hannah put her arms around Chloe and placed her head on her best friend’s shoulder.

“I’m still me, Chlo, just a very different me to the girl who used to do sleepovers with you. I just needed some hope. Things have gotten really dark and twisted lately.”

“Why don’t you take that fucking aubergine-sized plug out your ass and rest your hole a bit, Han. Fucking Jenny. She’s so fucking evil”, Chloe hissed.

“I don’t think I can myself, Chlo. It’s too big”, her almond shaped brown eyes looked coyly at her gorgeous best friend. It really was impossible for her to tug it out herself.

“Lay on your tummy, Han. Let’s get this tail out of you.”

Hannah lay her front down on the bed. Her costume squeaked as she spread out, placing her head sideways on the pillow, her hoofed legs parted with the leather tails brushing down over her naked crotch.

Chloe, naked apart from her permanently locked collar, got up behind Hannah. Her best friend’s ass was round like her own, even more so now that Jenny had trained and toned the girl up in stress positions and made her walk in those cruel boots, but her skin tone was lighter and her hips wider, giving her butt an oval appearance.

It was like a familiar and comforting pillow as she brought her head down to rest on Hannah’s right cheek, her other hand gripping the place where the leather strips of the tail joined the silicone mass. It was huge for a plug, huge even as a dildo and really did resemble an aubergine in girth and length. She felt sorry for her friend. She wasn’t built for anal the same way Chloe, Kasey and the Kolos girls were. Every minute must be a painful struggle as she tried to keep the aches of being so obscenely stretched from overwhelming her. Despite herself and her love for her friend, there was something about that that turned Chloe on.

She tugged. It was like pulling a carrot out of the ground and it was hard work to get it to budge more than an inch.

“Uuh”, Hannah grunted. She was used to hiding her reactions but it was obvious that this plug was a struggle.

There might have been some lube kicking about somewhere in the room but it

wasn't needed, not when Chloe spat and pushed her tongue out to circle Hannah's light pink rim.

Hannah made a noise again but this time it was a sigh of relief. Chloe's tongue coated her anus and the exposed surface of the silicone in slippery saliva. One hand tugged on the tail as her other hand slid up and pressed on the small of her friend's muscular back.

Hannah's left hand slipped down her front to rub her clit. She struggled with all the sadism Jenny inflicted on her but she was still a girl and Chloe's tongue felt heavenly circling her stretched rim as the fat dildo was slowly pulled out of her tired asshole.

She let out a little squeal as it finally slurped out of her body, leaving a perfect and wide cavernous gape in its wake.

Chloe was tempted to suck on the end of the dildo but what it had done to her friend and who had put it there made her fling it the side of her on Kasey's sheets.

"Oh Han", Chloe sighed, staring at the gorgeous gape. She brought her nose down to breathe in her friend's asshole, rolling her eyes and groaning at the delicious scent.

"We should have done this before we were awakened, Han. We were so stupid having all those silly hang ups before", Chloe said, massaging Hannah's butt cheeks open and closed.

She brought her full lips down over her best friend's relaxed orifice and plunged her tongue inside.

"Oh Chloe", Hannah moaned, biting her lip, "I love you".

Her right hand reached round behind her and found Chloe's head, stroking the hair and brow of the girl she adored as she ate her asshole out.

Chloe's tongue worked in and out of Hannah's anus, pushing wet and deep inside her.

She paused mid-slurp to reply.

"I love you too, Han."

Chloe had brought many girls to orgasm just by eating their assholes out, including Hannah. Her friend swirled her clit, juices making it glisten and squelch, her fingers moving in between the two metal ring piercings either side.

Both girls felt the strength of Jenny Harper's oppression almost constantly. In this rare moment of peace most people would have thought to just sleep but Chloe and Hannah were kept in a state of perpetual arousal as asswhores, which helped at times, and it was all they could do to not pounce on each other whenever they were close. Their lives had been one continuous sex session for

months and pretty much every day they'd been ordered to push tongues, fingers or dildos into each other. This was normal and natural now, affectionate, comforting, how true friends behaved in this world. Besides, this was how the followers of Chloe showed their loyalty and love for one another and Hannah and the other inner circle assholes had all pledged themselves to her, the one they called their Goddess.

Chloe sighed sadly as her blue-green eyes took in the tattoo arching over Hannah's asshole. It was hot, especially when she thought of the innocent and naïve girl that Hannah had once been, but it was still a step too far. That was her problem with Jenny. She had to go past the limits and abuse her position. She put it out of her mind and sucked up her saliva in the still open hole, purring gently before sliding up her friend's bare body to rest her impossibly perky breasts on Hannah's toned back.

She kissed the angular, pointy jaw that always reminded her of a pixie then slipped down as Hannah squeaked and creaked her costumed body sideways so that they faced one another.

It was Han and it wasn't. This girl was changed forever. Her body had experienced things that had changed her features and what she'd been through had made her face look older and hardened, her mouth more used to scowling than the beaming smile she used to usually have.

"When we get rid of Jenny, we can do this whenever we want", Chloe said, replacing Hannah's swirling hand with her own.

"You're the anal goddess, Chloe and I really belong to you not Jenny or any other mistress... except..."

Chloe brushed her other hand around behind Hannah.

“Except... Emily”, Chloe replied. That was a complicated situation thanks to Jenny.

“You love her, don’t you?”

“You have Becky, Chlo. She’s... well, if I can’t be with you how I want to... and she loves me.”

“It’s still pretty fucked up, Han”, Chloe chuckled.

“All of this, every day of the last nine months, has been pretty fucked up, Chlo. At least some good things can come from it. I mean look at us now.”

“Fine... but having her around could make times like this a little more... complicated.”

“You’ve coped up until now, Chlo. Aren’t the Kolos meant to be okay with stuff like that? I mean the other girls seem to be.”

“That’s different. It’s not exactly like they had choices in who they got... We’ll

manage. Now, shut up and kiss me, Hannah Dolce.”

The two petite girls kissed with the passion of lovers despite their hearts belonging to others. Hannah swirled her fingers over Chloe’s pussy lips and their tongues fenced. Without thinking, both girls pushed their other hands down between the other’s cheeks and slid two fingers inside their relaxed sphincters. It wasn’t lewd or perverse, it was what they did to be close, to feel pleasure and how the embodiment of the goddess and her disciples showed their love.

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“Scream my fucking name!” Ivy roared into Kasey’s masked ear as she pumped a particularly cruel spiked dildo into Kasey’s inexperienced rectum.

“Uuuh... fuuck... me... Princess...Aaaah... Ivy!” Kasey groaned out, panting as she pulled on the cuffs restraining her wrists and ankles to the corners of the PVC mattress of the bondage bed.

This was... amazing. Better than she’d ever imagined. Her pussy was dripping with arousal as Ivy did her worst to the girl she thought was Chloe.

Her mom’s torture chamber was paradise. All the evil looking implements, tools and devices would give her imagination hours of visual images of Jenny tormenting Chloe and Hannah. Even the PVC she was stretched out on still felt damp from the morning’s session. She was thankful for the small opening in the mask so that she could smell the sweet perfume of Chloe’s body on the mattress as she was fucked with the largest and nastiest object to ever go up her pear-shaped ass.

Ivy pushed it in deep then jabbed, short sharp stabs with her hips. Kasey had only really known Chloe as a lover and even when they played rough, as all Kolos girls naturally like to do, her idol only really wanted to give her the divine pleasure of anal. This girl wanted to make her cry out, beg for mercy and punish her just for daring to exist. Ivy was evil... and Kasey loved her for being so.

“Fucking ugly whore... You think you’re better than me?... I’m a fucking princess... little fat-ass bitch...” Ivy snarled between jabs.

Kasey sounded like a squeaky toy each time the dull rubber spikes scraped down her tunnel.

“Yes... Uuuh... Princess... I’m not worthy of you... fucking my fat ass”, Kasey said. She just had to reply; it all made her so wet she thought she was coming there and then but she hadn’t been told to speak.

“Who said you could fucking speak, bitch? Did I tell you to reply? Did I?” Ivy growled pumping harder and faster.

Kasey stayed silent but groaned as Ivy’s hips slapped loudly onto her butt.

“Answer me, whore!”

“N... no, Princess. Nobody said I could fucking speak!”



“Just what I’d expect from the girl everyone thinks is some big deal. Well, I don’t think there’s anything special about you. In fact your ass is fucking boring. You hear that, World? Chloe the fucking prophesised bitch has a boring ass. My ass is hotter than hers. In fact it’s the hottest in the cult.”

Ivy slapped Kasey’s face. It was an indication that she was allowed to speak.

“You have the hottest ass, Princess....aaah... It tastes so much better than mine.”

“You’re meant to be the number one asswhore? You’re barely trained. Watch this.”

Ivy clicked her fingers then pointed at the floor in front of the bed where the main front camera was recording.

Kris and Natasha almost fell over themselves to get down, their knees banging down quickly and awkwardly on the hard floor. They faced their mistress with their heads down and their hands behind their back. They were almost military in their speed and precision.

“Face each other”, Ivy sneered, still pumping into Kasey.

Kris and Natasha turned on their knees to face one another, their hands and heads as still as before.

“Kris. Slap Tash”, Ivy said, purposely nonchalantly.

The slap was fierce. It rang out loudly and knocked the girl’s head so that her torso leaned over to one side. The whole side of her face looked stung and red immediately.

“Thank you, Princess”, Tash mumbled, quickly getting back into her slave pose.

“Tash. Slap Kris”, Ivy whispered, close to Kasey’s ear.

A sharp blow rocked Kris off balance. The right side of her mouth looking like it bore the brunt of the open palm.

“Thank you, Princess”, Kris said out the left side.

Kris. Choke Tash”, Ivy said, swishing her finger as if she really was a princess giving a command.

It wasn’t easy finding any neck in the tall collars the girls had to wear but Kris managed to find a spot just under Tash’s jaw and soon enough the coltish girl was turning red and her mouth open and gasping. And yet all the while Tash held her hands behind her back, her obscenely dressed body was stiff and straight. Both girls could have stopped the show of control at any time but that was the point. Ivy controlled them; she didn’t just dominate the two model-like girls’

bodies, she owned their minds.

“Spit on Tash’s face”, she commanded Kris who immediately spat every couple of seconds onto her fellow asshole’s reddened face.

Tash’s eyes rolled up so that only her whites showed.

Kris didn’t release her grip until Ivy eventually said, “stop”.

Kasey groaned out in wonder, smiling through the zip in her mask. Ivy was the girl of her dreams. She wished her ass could cum because right there and then she wanted to show this psychopathic teen dominatrix exactly how she felt. Her hole felt reamed and raw from the cruel dildo, the tunnel starting to numb and provide only pleasure and the arousal at being so thoroughly fucked.

“Fetch that dildo gag off the wall, Tash and put it on Kris’s ugly face”, Ivy commanded.

“Right away, Princess”, Tash said hoarsely, getting up awkwardly to almost run to the wall and dash back, an almost impossible task in her towering stilettos and a strapped crotch full of dildos.

She got back to her knees and placed the buttplug-sized bit into Kris’s opened mouth then buckled the strap securely around her pretty face.

“Fuck Tash’s throat. Get it all in there”, Ivy sneered.

Kris obeyed, jutting her head out as Tash opened her lips into a circle. The two asswhores leaned into one another, Tash lifting her head up so that it would be easier for Kris to push the shaft deep down her throat.

“I want to see you dumb sluts kiss. Make your lips meet.”

Tash suppressed a jerk and a gag, her blue eyes watering as Kris pushed on down her throat and neck.

Kasey could hear Ivy sniggering as she watched the two girls that had been her friends perform the incredulous act for her amusement.

Tash retched; drool pouring out her mouth as Kris inched forward, pushing the black eight-inch shaft deeper. Tash started to convulse, her face showing the strain as tears rolled down her cheeks.

“Aww, come on, Tash. Stop being such a fucking disappointment. You were a cheerleader. I bet you’ve swallowed dozens of jock cocks just as big as this.”

Tash’s struggle was clear but Kris pushed on, her big brown eyes showing just a hint of uncertainty.

Finally their lips met, Tash gagging and choking. Her eyelids flickering and her eyes showing only whites.

“Keep kissing while I make some more room in this dumb little slut’s asshole”, Ivy said, slamming in and out the full length of the spiked dildo.

Kasey clenched her fists, her mouth wide open as Ivy fucked her hard and deep. It was almost literally like an itch she’d had for a long time was finally being scratched.

“Thank... Me... Whore!”

Kasey was happy to comply.

“Thank you... Uuh... Princess Ivy... This asshole... is unworthy of you... punish me... aaahh... treat me like your slave...” Kasey would give anything to be in Tash and Kris’s position: constant torment, abuse and humiliation from this evil young monster. She wanted it so bad.

Ivy pulled on her neck as she pounded her, grasping her fingers and hooking her head up higher. Drool seeped out of Kasey’s mouth and her eyes rolled up.

“Aaaaaaah!... Thank... You.... Princess!!!!... Rrrraaar!!!”

Kasey exploded her orgasm into the dungeon, roaring and shouting. Her whole body trembled and shook as the ecstasy wracked through it. The hit of hormones was an amazing reward for the extreme anal sex. She'd never felt so good. It was as if her mind had melted like chocolate and turned into a gooey pleasure-filled mess. Her whole body tingled and tickled from inside and, for a moment, all she could see was a soft white light in front of her eyes. Her convulsing continued as she felt the cruel shaft slip out of her completely reamed out ass. She hadn't realised all her senses had temporarily overloaded as Ivy spoke to her. She only heard the last few words.

“... Pathetic little bitch.”

I love you too, Kasey thought as she slumped back onto the headrest device. Her anus felt more open than it had ever been as Ivy got off of her and walked around the front to where Kris and Tash knelt.

The young mistress chuckled as she batted the spiked dildo like a club on the sides of the girls' faces, their lips still meeting behind the dildo gag. A line of drool dripped from Tash's mouth down to the floor. They didn't react, even when Ivy scraped the shaft lengthways over their noses but she soon got bored.

“Take the dildo out of that stinking whore-hole and push it into that one's fuck-hole”, Ivy said, pointing over to Kasey's ass.

Kris pulled the dildo out swiftly making a small explosion of drool and air burst out of Tash's mouth.

Ivy's brown-eyed slave dashed around behind Kasey, arching her butt up behind

her as she completely refilled Kasey's asshole with the dripping silicone.

"Uuh", Kasey groaned. She was grateful to have something back inside her even if it meant that a girl she'd never met before today had her nose pressing just above her smutty rim.

Ivy ordered Tash to remove her strapon harness for her. Kasey could see how she was treated like a princess, never having to lift a finger to dress or undress herself. Up until now Chloe had been Kasey's only hero. Now she had another.

"Remove your plugs, fuck face", Ivy commanded Tash. Her coltish blue-eyed asshole obeyed but didn't look as relieved as she should have been to get the two six inch dildo plugs out of both her tired holes.

Kasey could see they'd been in there a long time as Tash placed the inverted harness down beside her on the floor. She knelt back and revealed her pussy lip piercings, just like Hannah's, and the ivy leaf emblem tattooed over her bald crotch. Most girls would have felt sorry for Tash just then but Kasey wanted so desperately to be like her and have to wear dildo plugs up her pussy and ass all day, have piercings that could be pulled and tugged and have permanent mark of her total submission to another.

"Use the dildo that's been up fat-ass's shithole", Ivy said, pointing at a place just in front of Kasey.

Tash crawled along on her hands and knees, taking the ten inches of spiked thick silicone and placed it between her calves behind her.

With a hand to position and direct the dildo into her anus, Tash sat back down on her heels, her expression dull and distant but Kasey could see the preoccupation inside those strained eyes.

Only a breath escaped as she sat her cheeks right onto her boots and swallowed the cruel shaft up into her rectum. After only a couple of seconds to get used to the overwhelming feeling the spikes gave, Tash started to ride and bounce up and down in a rhythm that built in speed until she was clearly fucking the crap out of her own ass.

“Tell this bitch what you are”, Ivy sneered, crouching to get a view of Tash’s sore rim.

“I... am a piece of shit... I am not worthy of breathing my princess’s delicious farts... I’m a deranged fuck that deserves everything I get... I’m an ugly whore with a stinking cunt and shithole... I’m sooo fucking dumb...”

The self-abuse went on for a while. Ivy had obviously supplied her with an ample supply of degrading insults to recite.

Ivy stepped her leg over in between Tash’s knees then rubbed her foot up onto the blue-eyed asshole’s pussy as if that was some kind of reward for saying her lines.

“You see, bitch? This is how a real slave behaves”, Ivy said. She didn’t even look behind her as she undid the gimp mask and tugged it off of Kasey’s head,



letting the girl's sweaty, matted auburn hair tumble out over her face.

Kasey blew with her mouth but she couldn't shift the wet locks that covered most of her vision making it worse to see than in the mask. Tash realised straightaway it wasn't Chloe, hesitating a moment between the humiliating self-taunts and her eyes widening but she didn't do anything to make Ivy aware, probably too fearful of what would happen if she pointed it out. Whatever the reason, Kasey felt in that moment that Tash and her bonded.

Which made what happened next all the more delicious. Ivy ordered Kris to begin pumping the dildo protruding from her face into Kasey's asshole from behind. She picked up Tash's plugs in the harness and handed it to its former wearer.

"This Kolos slut looks hungry. Feed her your ass plug."

As Tash obeyed and performed the humiliating act, she looked into Kasey's fox-like eyes through the clumps of hair, her mouth slightly parting as she marvelled at how enthusiastically the girl sucked and swallowed the dildo plug that had been inside her for almost a day.

Kasey's lips curled up at the ends, her eyes closing in bliss. Tash's breath caught as she pushed it into the girl's mouth. Kasey paid the girl a silent compliment by so obviously enjoying her flavour. Tash hadn't been made to feel desired and it shocked her how much she'd missed that feeling, so much so that she forgot what she was meant to be doing.

"Did I tell you to stop fucking yourself, stupid cunt?" Ivy growled behind her,

breaking her mesmerised gaze at Kasey.

The question had a powerful impact as Kris started to pump faster and harder behind while Tash bounced with ridiculous vigour up and down on the spiky dildo.

Ivy grasped and tugged mercilessly on Tash's high ponytail.

"Tell me how pathetic you are", she purred, her other hand scratching down Tash's sleek, muscular back.

"I'm a pathetic whiny bitch... I have stinky, dirty holes... I'm not good enough to wear human clothes... my tongue is my princess's cleaning rag... my skinny body is sooo fucking ugly..."

Kasey watched as more tears fell from the girl's eyes as she bounced aggressively on the spiked dildo. She knew from just moments ago how raw it could make an asshole feel.

Kris fucked her face into her ass from behind. It felt so good having a pretty, honey-toned colt of a girl push her features deep between her butt cheeks with such energy.

For the first time in the session, Ivy appeared to be pleasuring herself. Her hand reached behind her as she tugged on Tash's hair with the other.

Kasey could just make out two fingers inside her puckered rim. She wasn't assturbating though. Kasey knew that swirl with bent knuckles. Ivy was digging, just as if picking a nose, scraping her nails against her anal tunnel.

They came out and the auburn-haired mistress smiled as she looked down at them, rubbing the tips. She brought them up to her nose and sniffed, her hazel eyes half-closing for just a second then a cruel smile curled her scowling lips.

Tash seemed to be used to having two fingers shoved up her nostrils and she took it well. The lithe girl couldn't have looked much more horse-like in that moment, her tight ponytail pulled back as she bounced in a quick trot, her lean fatless body taut and now her nostrils flaring and snorting around Ivy's fingers.

She was clearly struggling to breathe as she continued her tirade of self-abuse and bounced energetically on the cruel shaft. Kasey had never seen masochism like this. How Tash didn't bolt and call time with her safe word made Kasey's heart race. Fuck, I'm falling in love with all three of these gangly bitches, her mind shouted out as she felt her face flush at catching Tash's eyes through flickering lids.

"A real asshole should always have the smell of the mistress that owns her in every breath. These bitches breathe, eat and taste of me... not that they deserve to", Ivy added as if it were a privilege rather than a punishment.

Ivy's fingers poked and smeared around inside Tash's nostrils. It looked uncomfortable and painful but Tash just snorted and closed her eyes to focus on not passing out.

Kasey couldn't bear it any longer. She wasn't used to being a submissive and she hadn't learned the true cost of speaking out.

“Do me, Princess. Fill my nose with your ass smell”, she snarled a little too enthusiastically.

Ivy was stunned for a moment. It was not an expression that the girl was used to making on her face and, for just a moment, she was a slightly lost and confused teen again not some monstrous dominatrix. Even Kris paused for a second to peer over Kasey's restrained curves at Ivy's face.

Her girls weren't pain sluts and they didn't really get off on the humiliation and sadism inflicted on them and they weren't Kolos. Ivy's eyes looked puzzled. Had she met her match? A girl so into everything that she liked to inflict that she would absorb all of Ivy's psychopathic energy.

Ivy stepped around Tash, releasing her from her nose and hair as if she'd just been forgotten.

She brushed Kasey's hair out of her face then, remembering herself, grasped it in between her fingers and pulled. Kasey was impressed. Ivy was so self-absorbed it was ridiculous. Even with a clear view of Kasey's face, Ivy hadn't figured out that this wasn't Chloe, a girl that she'd seen several times before.

Kasey realised in that moment that she preferred her mistresses dumb and self-centred. Ivy was both in heaps. She could tell that even her two oppressed

asswhores sometimes found Ivy's stupidity too difficult to ignore. The dumbest girl in the room was in charge and Kasey loved it. She could red rag this bitch around her and get her to do exactly what nasty things she wanted her own body to experience.

"You want more of my ass, greedy bitch?" Ivy said, turning her slim waist around to show her pale butt to her captive. Two hands peeled her cheeks back as she backed up onto Kasey's face and rubbed hard against it.

"Yeah, you wish your nasty fuckholes smelled like a princess but they don't because you're just a nasty piece of shit for me to wipe my ass on like cheap discount store toilet paper."

"Oh yes, Princess... Mmm... Wipe your delicious ass on my cheap, nasty face", Kasey snarled through clenched teeth, her nose and lips smearing and pressing into Ivy's crack.

Ivy didn't know how to react for the second time. She was already humiliating this girl as best she could and yet she seemed to want even more.

She turned around. Kris was still fucking Kasey's ass with her gag, the girl's naked body stretched out in a splayed X on the PVC mattress as Ivy slapped the just-smothered face.

"Ugly little pig!"

“Uuh... I’m you’re ugly little pig, Princess”, Kasey groaned. Instinctively she knew how to seduce a mistress or a psychopathic teen bitch given the title and rank by her twisted mom.

Ivy slapped again, harder.

“Stinking dirty cunt!”

“Uurr... I’m your stinking dirty cunt, Princess.”

<Slap> “Disgusting piece of shit!”

<Slap> “Fat-assed idiot!”

Every insult was repeated back to Ivy and affirmed. Kasey would be all of those things for Ivy. All she needed to do was claim her but Ivy thought that Kasey was Chloe and owned by none other than the High Priestess, the woman that had given her the power and wealth she now had.

<Slap> “Pathetic. You’re meant to be the hottest asswhore. Even Tash is hotter than you.” It was meant to be an insult for both girls.

“I’m not Chloe”, Kasey said. Kris and Tash froze.

“No, you’re a piece of shit”, Ivy snarled, pulling Kasey’s hair and making her look up into her glaring hazel eyes.

“Yes, Princess. I am but I’m not Chloe... I’m Kasey.”

“Kasey? Kasey who? That maid bitch with the horse tail said you were Chloe”, Ivy released her grip, confused.

“Kasey Harper. I ordered that maid bitch to obey me. I’m the High Priestess’s daughter after all. I’m the real most powerful asshole in the cult.”

If Kris could have gasped with the other side of the gag filling her mouth she would have, her brown eyes opened wide as she paused to see the most shocking thing to happen to Ivy in months.

Ivy looked worried for the first time in a long time and it wasn’t a pretty expression, her brow wrinkling up and her mouth turning down at the sides in a clown-like frown. Kasey savoured every slow motion second as she felt the fragile bravado crack on Ivy’s face.

It took long enough to be cringe worthy before Ivy reacted, all the while the cameras were recording live streams of this session around the world and up in the cloud. Thousands were on the other side of the lens or would play it later on.

“I... knew that. I could tell you weren’t Chloe. I was just waiting for you to admit it and beg for forgiveness.”

Kris gulped. Ivy would have to own that pathetic lie now. She’d have to look as though she’d purposely fucked and tortured the High Priestess’s daughter for her own sadistic amusement. If Kasey had been any other girl, Ivy would have been able to punish her within an inch of life in front of the cameras. Another girl and Ivy wouldn’t have been crapping herself. This could be it, Kris hoped desperately. Being Ivy’s consensual sex slave had consumed every second of her life for months. Maybe now Ivy would be stripped of her title and Tash and her given to someone a little less psychotic.

But Kasey had other plans, as did Chloe, and both of them would get what they wanted in the next few minutes if she used her inherent cunning.

She pouted her lips and tried to look cute. It was lost on Ivy.

“... Yes, I beg your pardon, my beautiful Princess. Even I, with the blood of Kolos aristocracy, am just a worthless asshole in your presence. But that’s the problem, Princess. I am not an asshole... never awakened, as I should have been. That’s why I lied to you and hid who I was, Princess. I’m privileged enough that I could have had any mistress in the cult be my first and make me an asshole but I chose you and I want you to be my mistress. Just imagine... you’d be even more powerful than Eva with me under your heels and I’d let you do anything you could possibly imagine to me in that brilliant head of yours. Three assholes... You’d be so rich. I’d be so popular. You could hire my ass out every day and women would pay a high price to fuck me.”

Ivy bit her lip and narrowed her eyes. Greed, lust, the buzz of fucking the most important woman in the cult’s daughter, it was too tempting to resist.



“I get why you’d want to be the slave of the hottest mistress in the cult. I mean I’m young, I’m sexy and I’m a princess”, Ivy sniffed, trying to sound nonchalant.

One of those three things was true. She was the youngest mistress in the cult but Kasey wanted her for her cruelty, her ability to control her and the sadism she’d feed her long-starved masochistic tendencies with. Plus there was Tash. Kasey imagined being curled up naked in a cage, holding their bodies close for warmth as they probed and licked their tongues over their well-used holes. Fuck, she wanted it all, the whole asshole life, so badly.

“I pledge myself to you, Princess. My body and mind are yours to do with as you will. I will be your willing asshole until the age of ascension and, by the anal goddess, I grant you complete ownership of my asshole and every other part of me.”

Kasey meant every word. It wasn’t quite the usual asshole pledge but Kasey hadn’t really been taught what she needed to know. But that would end now that she was out and proud. She was an asshole.

Ivy’s smile curled into her usual cruel sneer.

“Well, my asshole. You better breathe the hole that owns you too.”

She rooted around behind her then stuffed her index and middle finger up Kasey’s nostrils. It smelled like she was finally home.

Kasey snorted deeply.

“Uuuh... Thank you, my Princess”, she groaned.

The ‘my’ princess wasn’t lost on the other two girls. Kasey would soon be Ivy’s favourite. Maybe that was a good thing if it meant that she’d distract her from tormenting them all the time.

“Now, show me how useful you can be. Eat my pussy and see if you can bring me off.”

Ivy meant it. She was notoriously asexual and wasn’t into girls or men. She was into herself. If a girl could make her cum then that person would win a place in her life that Kris and Tash had failed to earn.

Kasey wasn’t about to disappoint.

Chloe pushed the sheets back and sat bolt upright in the bed. She heard a car pulling up on the long driveway.

“Shit. She’s back. Han, wake up!” she hissed. They’d both fallen asleep.

Hannah struggled to open her eyes, rubbing her mouth as she tried to figure out what was going on.

“Huuh?” she groaned, confused.

“Jenny’s back. She’ll literally electrocute the crap out of us if she finds us like this. Get up!”

Hannah jumped up and lost her balance, stumbling in her impossible hoofs-boots so that she fell onto the bed.

“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck”, she spat, uncharacteristically.

“Go and warn Kasey. Ivy will play ball now if Kasey’s told her who she is. I’ll tell Jenny that my session finished early. If I’m right, she’ll be too distracted to be suspicious. Get them out the house and tidy Kasey up in your room.”

“I can’t walk right past her. She’ll interrogate me.” Hannah was panicked.

“Go to the bathroom and shut the door. I’ll draw her in here then you sneak downstairs.”

Hannah paused for a second they didn’t have.

“Go!” Chloe hissed desperately.

Hannah clopped in her hooves.

“Fuck! Han!” Chloe threw the massive dildo plug tail that Hannah was meant to be filled up with.

“But I can’t get it in myself”, Hannah moaned as Chloe brushed her out the door and shoved her across the landing.

“Fuck. Just go. You’ll figure it out.”

The bathroom door closed a little too loudly, making Jenny look up from taking off her heels. Her face was like a thunderstorm. She glared at Chloe’s naked body.

“I thought you were in a session”, she growled.

“It ended, Mistress. You know, Mistress Ivy. She loses interest easily.”

“Don’t fucking presume what I know. Get in your room, Asswhore.”

Chloe slid through the gap in her door. She had to look as if she’d been with Ivy.

She slapped herself hard and fast on her face both sides then slapped her butt cheeks sharply before stuffing all her fingers from one hand up her asshole to make it look like it had been well reamed and was still relaxed from the session.

“I’m going to the toilet then I’m going to fuck your sore asshole, whore”, Jenny muttered as she turned towards where Hannah was hiding.

“Wait. No, Mistress. I want you to do something with me that Mistress Kiko made me do a couple of weeks ago at the dinner party.”

Jenny’s face looked savage as she glared at Chloe’s hand on her arm then at her slave’s pretty face but her curiosity was peaked.

Chloe didn’t need to whisper but she did. It made what Kiko did seem all the

more shocking.

“She did what? That’s forbidden... and she did that to you... my asshole? I’ll fucking destroy her for that. I’ll take that fucking crazy slave she loves so much and make her mine.”

Chloe could see that Jenny was already fuming before she’d arrived home. Stephanie had done what Chloe had told her to and had explained how the accounts were about to be investigated and that there was a huge exposed part in the books all thanks to Mistress Helen supposedly using Jenny’s name in all her paperwork. Now her anger was directed at yet another mistress and all the years of scheming and building influence with her inner circle seemed to be crumbling around her.

“But forbidden doesn’t apply to a High Priestess does it? I mean I won’t tell anyone. Besides if Kiko’s done it to me, why shouldn’t you?”

“Because it’s disgusting, you stupid little slut.”

“Yeah, but I deserve it don’t I? I mean it would be so demeaning for me. It was last time and it would relieve you of some built up tension... Mistress”, she added, looking down after speaking as seductively as she could to the woman she despised. She would have to swallow down every last ounce of her hatred to do what would be seriously difficult but it would be worth it, just.

“Fine. Not a word to anyone. You do deserve it. Put Kasey’s bed sheet down on the floor and lie down on it. It looks like it needs a wash anyway.”

Chloe gritted her teeth as she pulled the sheets off the bed. Her face revealed what she really felt about what she had just convinced her mistress to do as she glanced over to Kasey's phone hidden behind the thongs and bras on the girl's dresser, the camera lens just noticeable but only if you knew what you were looking for.

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Hannah couldn't do it. It was just too fat and wide. Every instinct told her it was too much for her anus to stretch round and even with the lube in the bathroom cabinet she couldn't squeeze it past her sphincter.

She held it in her hand as she trotted down the stairs as quietly as she could and headed for the dungeon.

When she got there, Ivy was just finishing up. Kris and Tash were kneeling in waiting as Kasey was sat on the PVC mattress as if she was just having a friendly chat with the teen mistress.

"Of course, my Princess. I'm yours now but I need to gather some things before coming to live with you at Tash's house. Besides, my mom is still the High Priestess. I need to let her know before I go. You're the hottest mistress in the cult but she is still the most powerful."

Hannah noticed something different about the way Ivy treated Kasey and was shocked when the girl-mistress placed her hand under Kasey's chin.

“Just be with me soon, my asshole”, she said with typical moodiness. Then she turned on her heels to face Hannah.

“The High Priestess is back but she is occupied upstairs, Princess. This worthless asshole humbly suggests you leave quietly”, Hannah said, bowing her head.

Ivy paused for a moment to look back at Kasey then turned and waved her hand in an attempt to look unbothered.

“Fine. Show me out, slave.”

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Five minutes later Hannah came back to the top of the dungeon stairs and hissed down.

“She’s gone. Turn off the camera and the lights and come up.”

Kasey bounded up on a euphoric high from her first ever session with a mistress.

“Hey, Han”, she said, kissing the brunette on her lips. That was rare. Hannah had known about Chloe and Kasey but anything they did was hidden in their shared



room and Hannah had never been a part of that.

“Hey... you... Um... did you have a nice time?” she did know Kolos girls though and had a feeling that was the right question.

“It was amazing, Han. I feel... awake for the first time. Wow, is that your butt plug in your hand. It’s massive. Fuck, you’re so lucky.”

“Not so lucky when I can’t get it back inside. The High Priestess will punish me all night if I can’t get it where it where its meant to be.”

“I could help but I’d have to lube your asshole up really well with my mouth first, Han”, Kasey said smiling mischievously and licking her lips with her tongue.

“Fine. You can eat my ass then plug me up. Just come with me quick. We need to get to my room quietly.”

Hannah took Kasey by the wrist, Kasey holding back a step to purr and stare at Hannah’s round, pushed out and high butt cheeks swirling over one another as she walked.

“Mmm, I’m going to love every moment of being an asshole”, she said grinning widely as she was pulled along.

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The atmosphere was intense at the dinner table, only Emily was herself and oblivious to everything that had gone on but she could see that no one was acting like herself.

“Take some more chicken, Chloe. You’ve hardly got anything.”

She held the dish out over her plate.

Chloe had to stifle a retch.

“No... Thanks. I’m not really hungry.”

Jenny glanced up at her before Kasey caught her attention. She usually tried not to focus on her daughter as much as she could but this evening there was something different, something she couldn’t ignore.

“Your choice of clothes make it look like you’ve been taking fashion tips from Dirty Whore... and why do you insist on wearing a choker? You know I don’t like it.”

Kasey shifted in her seat. The tiny hot pants she was wearing had bunched up again. She hadn’t stopped beaming since being led out of the dungeon. Chloe

noticed the black silk choker, the one she sometimes wore to feel more like Chloe and Hannah, now had a leaf pendant looped through it that dangled down her throat.

“If Chloe and Hannah dress like this then so should I”, Kasey said defiantly, her crop top so small that the curves of her breasts showed as she sat upright.

“Asswhore and Dirty Whore are awakened. You’re not”, Jenny replied as if that was the end of the conversation.

Kasey mumbled something inaudible.

“What was that?” Jenny snapped. She was in no mood for stroppy teens.

Hannah’s face flushed. She had been on edge ever since Jenny had gotten back.

“What do you know? You never pay me any attention to me anyway. For all you know I could be an asswhore. Besides, what does it even matter if I am? I’m Kolos. It’s what I’m meant to be.”

“I would know if you were an asswhore. I’m the High Priestess and you are my daughter. As long as I’m in charge, I won’t let a mistress near you like that.”

“Grrr, You never think about my needs. Well, this time its too late because I am

an asshole just like Chloe.”

“Go to your room!” Jenny bellowed.

Kasey grunted then pushed her seat back angrily, getting up and stomping off out of the dining room. Her hot pants swirled up her butt cheeks as she went revealing the base of the butt plug she’d been wearing. It was one of Hannah’s, a red silicone one with a heart shaped base.

Jenny’s head snapped to the petite brunette.

“What the fuck is she talking about and why has she got one of your plugs inside her?” There was threat and menace in Jenny’s voice and it made Chloe and Hannah’s heads drop, even Emily was silent, looking around in confusion with her knife and fork still in her hands.

“I asked you a question, slave. If you don’t answer me right away, you’ll spend the night in the dungeon.”

Her phone rang. She glanced down at it. It was Eva. She huffed as she flicked between Hannah’s face and the screen.

“Yes?” she said, answering the phone and placing it to her ear.

Chloe and Hannah both fidgeted. They knew what was coming. This had already been the most uncomfortable meal they'd ever had together and it was about to get a lot worse.

Emily leaned across to Chloe.

“What’s going on? Why’s everyone acting so weird?”

“I’ll explain later”, Chloe replied, it felt odd not calling her mistress but Jenny was preoccupied and if things were about to change she may as well start now.

Jenny’s plate flew off the table along with some of the crockery. The muscular woman growled and banged her fist on the table after having swiped it, knocking glasses over and spilling water so that it dripped over the edge and on to the floor.

“What the fuck did you two do?” her voice was demonic, like those possessed tones that people put on in a horror movie.

“Honey, what’s wrong?” Emily asked, still so much airier and less tense than anyone else.

“Shut the fuck up! I’ll tell you what’s wrong. These two little bitches have betrayed me!”

Emily looked stunned. She'd never seen Jenny like this.

"Mistress. It was my idea but it wasn't to betray you. I thought if Kasey had a session with someone like Ivy it would put her off..."

"You aren't paid to think. You stupid little cunt -"

"Hey!" Emily cut in to defend Chloe.

"I told you to shut the fuck up. You're just as fucking bad, trying to treat these whores like they're better than they are. You knew what you were doing. You were just desperate to spite me. You've never been loyal to me despite everything I do. Well that changes tonight."

The chair was flung back behind her. She grabbed her phone and punched her finger on the screen.

"Don't move. Any of you", She growled, looking at Emily.

She walked into the snug and spoke in a hushed tone with a hand over her mouth.

Emily and Hannah looked nervous but Chloe was pleased that things were going to plan, her head high as she smiled to reassure Emily and Hannah.

Minutes felt like hours but eventually Jenny stomped back into the dining room.

“Get your coats. We are all going on a little trip”, she said abruptly.

Emily looked up, a little unsure if she was allowed to speak.

“Wh... what about Kasey? Is she coming too?”

“No, she’ll be safe in her room. I’ll lock it just to be sure. I’ll deal with her when I get back. Now she’s an asshole, she will be treated like one.”

Jenny went upstairs then returned with her coat on. Chloe, Hannah and Emily had hesitated and were slowly getting themselves up and walking down to the hallway when Jenny re-joined them.

“Should I change? I’m just wearing my lounge gear”, Emily asked. Chloe had her relaxing clothes on too but she had a feeling she wouldn’t be wearing them for long and Hannah was still in her uniform with tail plug and hooves.

“No, don’t worry, Honey. It doesn’t matter what you’re wearing.” It sounded overly slick and snake-like and it made Chloe shudder but Emily was oblivious and took it at face value as she did most things.

“Oh, great”, she replied, pulling on her coat then helped Hannah to cover her lewd outfit.



Chloe knew the route. They were heading to PP Toys. That was where this whole fucked up journey had begun all those months ago. Back then it had been exciting, discovering what she liked and what she loved. That's where she'd met Becky and it was love at first sight. She had a feeling she'd be seeing her again tonight but she had no idea how this was going to play out.

Jenny seemed calm as she ushered the three of them out in front of her and up the metal stairs outside the warehouse but Chloe could feel the tension. They clunked up the steps towards the red metal door that still made her heart flutter.

Eva met them on the top step. The statuesque brunette with steely blue eyes and the body of fitness instructor had a blank look on her beautiful face, her wide mouth looking like she was thinking 'I told you so'.

Her arms were folded on her chest, her attire fully dominatrix style with a faux leather corset, ankle boots and a strappy harness around her thighs and a rubber thong, but that didn't mean anything in itself as Eva usually dressed like this in the warehouse.

She totally ignored Chloe and Hannah and even Emily, speaking above their heads to Jenny.

"The whores are just finishing off the room. Kate's here."

Eva's purple-painted lips curled up menacingly as the three shorter bodies were herded past the doorway and inside the dark upstairs corridor.

"Wait. Drop your coats on the floor", she commanded, her authority as apparent as Jenny's. Chloe was first in line and couldn't help but obey the woman that had first dominated her.

"Hands behind", Eva instructed, then expertly snapped the metal handcuffs around the girl's wrists.

Her eyes said 'got you' just like a spider would a fly and it made Chloe a little nervous as she was shoved on.

Hannah was cuffed without a word. Her submissive nature made her always ready and willing to be restrained... and groped, as Eva reached around and grasped Hannah's left cheek, her fingertips pulling from the girl's crack.

She snaked her tongue out and licked along the brunette's jaw line. Hannah didn't blink and that was probably what Eva was testing as her eyes bored into the side of the trained asshole's face.

"You too", Eva said in a manner that told Emily it wasn't a choice. The green-eyed woman looked a little hurt but held her hands out behind her to be cuffed exactly as Chloe and Hannah had just been.

Eva's eyes were as cold as ice as she looked at Emily, waiting for the woman

with a similar build to the petite girls in front to take the hint and move on.

“Go to the room”, Jenny instructed from the back.

‘The room’ was a magical place. It could be transformed into just about any fantasy that a mistress had and it was just another area where the cult profited from and enjoyed the asswhores they owned. Chloe had entertained many clients in that room, as had Hannah. In fact Chloe had only been an asswhore for a few days, getting deeper into her new role, when she was brutally gangbanged by four very sadistic mistresses. She’d passed out in the end and Becky had had to come and care for her, carrying her away to wash and soothe her exhausted body.

Eva nudged past them, her heels making her tower almost a full foot over Chloe as she stomped on down the corridor giving Chloe a full view of the first ass she’d eaten out. It still turned her on just remembering those times. Everything was so exciting and new and Eva’s asshole had made her whole body tingle at the forbidden naughtiness of where her tongue was. Now her tongue had been inside dozens of assholes, and so many times that she’d lost count. It had soon stopped being a score she was proud of.

They walked through the doorway and into the room. Chloe glanced at the large cross bolt that would be locked from the outside until a mistress banged on the metal door signalling that the asswhore locked inside had been finished with. Today it wouldn’t be locked from outside.

Her heart jumped then sank as she caught sight of Becky. She’d obviously managed through the time in the garage earlier and yet she looked exhausted, at least what she could see of her anyway. Her flat, small torso was glistened along with her arms and legs. She was knelt and her hands were probably cuffed behind her back just like Chloe’s but her face was hidden behind the bull-like

woman that owned her.

Kate had obviously decided on the position just to hurt Chloe and it had worked. Becky's face was completely smothered by the big blonde's fat ass and was taking the strain of Kate leaning back, making the petite girl's head tilt back and her neck to strain and tense.

Kate was wearing a corset similar to Eva's making her large breasts squish like two balloons pressed in by the tight fit. Her legs were covered in thick net stockings - Kate's idea of what was sexy. It was the size of the cock-shaped dildo in the open-backed harness that dangled lewdly down from her groin over Becky's sweaty chest that made her fear the worst from this impromptu outing. It was confirmed when Eva stabbed out with a stinger wand she'd just picked up from a shelf.

"On your knees", she growled, shocking Hannah and Chloe in quick succession, then with obvious glee grabbed Emily on her shoulder and pressed the wand hard into the small of the woman's back, keeping it there for longer than she needed to.

"You too, bitch", she snarled into Emily's ear. There was something in her voice that told Chloe that she had been waiting to say something like that to Emily for a long time.

"Uuuh!" Emily groaned, her eyes showed her astonishment and hurt as she fell to her knees quickly.

Jenny stepped around the three of them as Kate let Becky gasp in some much

needed air, her small chest heaving and her face flushed as she made sure she didn't look at Chloe and risk angering her mistress off even more.

The bullish blonde stepped forward and stroked the massive twelve-inch shaft in her harness threateningly.

Eva's heels clicked on the hard floor as she stepped over to her asshole, Adriana, taking hold of the thin steel chain attached to the thick ring running through the pale, chubby girl's septum and clipped the other end to a hook on the wall. It was as if she were an animal being leashed up.

Her pale pink collar bore her asshole name as most girls' did, her dark brown hair tied up tight behind her looked matted and as sweaty as her fleshy body.

"Are you tired after all your work, Piggy?" Eva asked, stroking the side of the girl's face.

Adriana's almond-shaped green eyes were filled with contented masochistic dullness at the woman she worshipped and served. Some girls, even non-Kolos ones, were happiest as slaves.

"No, Mistress. Worthless Piggy likes being all sweaty and dirty for you - Oink Oink", Adriana said in her nasal croak.

Eva turned and slipped the rubber thong down to her thighs. From Chloe's angle she could make out the glint of metal on Adriana's pierced tongue as it stretched

out to taste her mistress.

“Ahh... Thank you for my reward, Mistress – Oink Oink”, Adriana said after her face had disappeared between Eva’s toned glutes.

Eva only sniffed loudly, her face stony as she felt Adriana’s tongue slide past her dark pink pucker.

Her blue eyes flickered up for a moment before she snapped away from the blissful feeling, reaching behind her to jab her asshole’s pierced nipples with the stinger wand.

Adriana grunted but her eyes looked thankful for the pain.

“You’re welcome, Piggy”, Eva sneered then left Adriana leashed to the wall to walk over to Jenny. Their kiss showed their life-long bond as they held one another in a brief embrace.

“My High Priestess”, Eva said with genuine love in her voice as Jenny stroked the face she’d seen mature into a strong and loyal mistress.

Kate remembered herself and muttered her respects behind them but it was ignored. It still served to emphasise the point the auburn-haired woman was there to make. Jenny was in charge, not Chloe or anyone else.

With Eva stood by her side and Kate's rectangular form visible behind them, Jenny looked very much the formidable dominant force she believed she was. Physically, she was more than a match for Chloe and Hannah, and Emily was barely any bigger than the girls and had none of the muscle and strength of the woman she believed to be her best friend. With their hands cuffed and on their knees, they were completely and utterly at the mercy of these three demonic women.

"You had to fucking test me, didn't you", Jenny spat. She was addressing Chloe and only Chloe. The other two were invisible to her right then.

"I gave you everything. More money than you could have earned in a lifetime, a place to live, sex on tap, and me – your rightful mistress. It was me that arranged for you to be conceived, making sure your idiot mother fulfilled her one role in the prophecy. You fucking owe me your life!"

Jenny's anger was no longer hidden behind her mask and it didn't help when Chloe didn't prostrate herself on the floor and beg forgiveness there and then.

"You think you can play me? Do you think by making Kasey an asshole you were going to somehow get some twisted revenge for what I'm doing to those you love?"

Eva emphasised Jenny's point by sticking the wand into Hannah's ribs, making her squirm and yelp but she held her kneeling slave pose as best she could.

"I gave them something you never could. They were better off with me than they ever could have been in their pathetic little lives... but you know I only kept

them around to control you. They mean nothing to me. I mean, any true Kolos girl would have given their right hand to be my asswhore. I didn't need to take this fat-assed little Italian bitch in and watch her struggle with every tiny little thing that goes up her. I did it to make you mine. And pretending to like the green-eyed idiot to your right, I mean she might have Kolos blood in her veins but if she ever thought for a second she really was a mistress of the cult then she really is as dumb as I thought she was. Having to put up with her incessant conscience, like some whiny angel on my back all the time. It disgusts me the way she treats asswhores."

Emily looked stunned but Jenny still ignored her.

"I suffered all of this so you could have everyone around you and no reason to be anywhere else and still you betray me the moment you can", Jenny said, raising Chloe's face up with her hand.

Chloe realised that Jenny had no idea of the full plot. Everyone had kept their mouths shut thankfully. The High Priestess might be cunning and devious but she wasn't half as clever as she liked to think she was. Chloe had expected Jenny to lash out as the plan was played out and that there would be a high cost for the eventual liberation she was trying to make happen and here it was, Jenny's move. Her response was far cruder than the careful dance that Chloe had had to do over the last months.

Chloe didn't reply and got a sharp slap across the face for her defiance.

Jenny growled. What the fuck did a woman have to do to get a girl, a Kolos bitch that should love this shit, to just accept that she was owned and surrender herself fully?



All the news that day had already put her in a foul mood and she was more than ready to release some pent up fury.

“Fetch the contract”, she said to Eva then waited until her closest ally stepped back and handed her the document.

“When we made you a pretend mistress you signed this agreement didn’t you, bitch?”

Emily looked up at it. She nodded sullenly.

“Right here it says that at any time the High Priestess suspects betrayal or betrayal of those associated with you then you will be stripped of the rank of mistress and used as an asshole as the cult sees fit.”

Chloe knew that wasn’t how it worked in the cult but she also knew that Emily had never been a real mistress in the first place.

“Well I think I can safely say that you are guilty of betrayal by association. Do you confirm that you agreed to all the things that we can do to you as an asshole or do you forfeit the fine right here?”

“Yes... I mean, I confirm. You can do the things in the document to me”, Emily blubbered.

She didn't have the amount to pay for the release of contract and she had never thought her best friend would use the legal agreement against her. She had agreed to all sorts of terrible and cruel sado-masochism that had made her feel sick when she'd read it, never imagining it would ever become a reality.

"Good because I already had this collar made for you. It would have been a shame to have made it for nothing", she said, taking a green leather collar out of her coat pocket.

"I always planned to keep your asshole name simple so I just had 'Bitch' put on it but I think Pathetic Bitch, Ugly Bitch or maybe Dumb Bitch might be good too. Let's just see what I make you scream out when I ream your ass out."

She placed the collar around Emily's neck and buckled it tightly. Hannah glanced across out of the corner of her eye. She was worried for Emily but also at the fact that her direct mistress would now be Jenny again.

Jenny grinned victoriously. She'd dreamed of this moment since she'd first set eyes on Emily. Back then she would have been asshole age but then Jenny would have been too. But things had changed a lot since then, especially now she was in charge. A nineteen year old with ambition could be a mistress and a soft-hearted thirty six year old could be turned into an asshole.

Besides, Emily had never known she was Kolos until a few months ago and she'd never experienced life as an asshole as all other Kolos women had. She'd missed out on so much pleasure and pain. It was only fair she made up for it now.

Just then someone banged on the metal door to the room then creaked the hinges open and stepped through.

Mistress Stephanie was dressed for business, the red headed thirty four year old stepped her creamy toned thighs over the metal entrance, her wet-look knee length PVC boots creaking as she moved. Her pouting lips were painted in bright red gloss and smirked confidently as she tugged the toffee-skinned beauty, Cindy behind her wearing a white collar and leash.

She treaded round the three kneeling bodies, her bubblebutt, as round and luscious as Becky's, swirling behind her and chewing on a thin line of PVC that matched her boots and skin tight cropped top.

Her hazel eyes looked dumbly down at Chloe, Hannah and Emily.

“So are we fucking these three little bitches tonight?” She half-asked and half-stated. Chloe knew her indifference to Chloe was all an act but Stephanie was as sadistic as any of the other women in the room so she didn't have to try very hard to convince Jenny and the others that she was on board with the usual debauchery.

“Oh they're already fucked and we haven't even started”, Jenny sneered, getting a sycophantic chuckle from Kate behind her.

“Did you collect the other two?”

“Yes, High Priestess. They’re in the cages in the changing room as you commanded.”

“Good. Do their mistresses know it’s permanent?”

“Not from me, High Priestess. I left that pleasure to you.”

Jenny smiled then turned to Cindy. She always enjoyed looking at the demure asshole with her tumbling curls and sparkling blue eyes.

She bowed down, getting to her knees, her vibrant skin criss-crossed with the white straps of a full body bondage harness.

“High Priestess”, Cindy said deferentially. She was smart and knew how to please those around her.

Jenny lifted Cindy’s face and kissed her full lips softly.

“At least there are some good assholes left in the cult. Your mistress has trained you well”, she said, looking at Stephanie.

The people she could trust were shrinking. She needed to keep the competent

ones loyal.

“We have a new asshole to awaken tonight.”

“I see. Nice choice of name. Short and sweet, just like her.”

“Yes, but what’s about to happen to her is not going to be short or sweet”, Jenny snarled. Again, Kate chuckled.

“Shall we get started?”

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Chloe groaned as the whip lashed over her back for possibly the twentieth time. She’d lost count around ten. There was far too much going on in the room pulling her attention, almost as much as the chains that were tugging her limbs out wide into a standing X.

If it hadn’t been for who they were, Chloe might have found watching Becky, Emily and Hannah taking the torture that would have broken most people to be seriously arousing.

Becky could take as much as Chloe and Hannah seemed to get some twisted satisfaction from being abused and punished, as if she felt she deserved it and

even Emily, who had never been on the receiving end of anything more than a comfortable dildo during relatively tame sessions, was deep down physically capable as a Kolos woman to take far more than she herself knew.

Stephanie chose her moment carefully. She reached around behind Chloe and tugged hard on the girl's stiff, pink nipples, her tongue snaking around the skin just under Chloe's ear.

"Forgive me, my Goddess", she whispered, her eyes on Jenny and the other mistresses as she groped and squeezed Chloe's body, sliding down between the girl's legs to rub her dripping pussy.

They both knew that Stephanie had to stay under cover for now. She was too important to reveal that Chloe and her followers had turned her.

"I am yours, Mistress, to do with as you please", Chloe said, her eyes and a slight nod telling Stephanie it was okay.

Jenny's attention was easily switched to Chloe. After all, all of this was for Chloe's benefit and that's why the High Priestess's rebellious asswhore had been chained up in a place where she could see all those she loved being broken as if they were a part of her. Every whip and thrust they received was to subjugate her.

"Now the bitch acts submissive. Torturing those she loves the most must be working. I'll have to do it a lot... lot... more to make sure she's not just fucking acting again."

Jenny thrust the huge veined shaft sharply a couple of times to emphasise her point, at least eight of the arm-thick twelve inches plunged with squelching clicks into Emily's stretched asshole.

Chloe could see the overwhelmed look on the petite woman's face, her brow furrowed and her eye brows knotted tightly as her eyes alternated from wide bulges to fluttering whites. Chloe remembered her first couple of weeks and how she had worried that her ass might have split from the huge objects that women insisted she take up it. It gave her a little hope that if she could manage it then Emily should be able to but it didn't help that Eva was lying underneath Emily pushing a similarly large shaft into her pussy while slapping her thighs and butt cheeks.

Jenny sneered as she pumped the shaft in deep, smiling as she looked down to see Emily's stretched rim taut and glistening as the mix of juices and spit coating the insides of the woman's tunnel spilled and squelched out.

"This has been a long time coming", Jenny snarled, grabbing Emily's shoulder length hair into a tight knot.

Eva chipped in from below, her hips rising and slapping hard against Emily's crotch.

"I can't believe this dumb bitch ever thought you were really her friend. She's so fucking stupid but it makes sense really. Asswhore's a dumb fuck too."

Fucking eat her ass”, Jenny growled, as Kate grasped around the back of Emily’s neck and pressed her face hard into her large square butt.

Emily’s tongue pushed out, wetting Kate’s rim and allowing her nose and mouth to slide and rub over the large blonde’s sphincter.

“That’s it. Get used to that taste, asshole because you’re going to be eating out more assholes than any of the stupid sluts in this room”, Jenny growled, pressing the stinger wand into Emily’s side and holding the button down. Emily squirmed and squealed but Kate’s fat butt muffled the plaintive noises coming from her mouth.

Chloe snarled, unable to hide her emotions as Jenny smiled triumphantly. It was a petty victory but Jenny was the kind of woman that believed if she got the latest strike she was somehow winning. Emily’s small, naked body being overwhelmed and assaulted by the three strongest and most physically menacing mistresses in the cult was a difficult sight to watch. Chloe had from the start wanted to keep Emily away from any of this but Jenny had chipped away until it had come to this. And yet a tiny part of her felt that maybe Emily deserved this. She’d been seduced by Jenny, innocently believing all the auburn-haired bitch’s stories about how they were curing a sex addiction that Hannah and Chloe had. The things she’d done and the boundaries she’d crossed. How she couldn’t have seen what Jenny was really like and what she was trying to turn her into was either sheer stupidity or complicity in the girls’ torments.

The whip blows echoed around the room but they weren’t just coming from her back. Hannah and Becky had been mounted up onto large silicone cones that looked like giant butt plugs. They looked like some perverted toadstool for asshole pixies with the two struggling petite girls staked onto them. Their hands hung from a chain above their heads as they both scrabbled to pull themselves up with it and stop the ever widening cone from stretching their asses out further than they’d ever been opened up before. Their bare feet barely



gripped the sides of the giant shiny silicone toy as their entire bodies worked to save their anuses from a monstrous reaming out. Sweat poured from them both, and Becky, who looked exhausted already, was uncharacteristically wailing and groaning. It only made things worse that Adriana was whipping her with a leather tail whip all over her body.

Her nipples were as stiff as little rocks as Adriana thrashed them, leaving lines of pink marks over the small blonde's flat chest. The catlike smiling lips that Chloe adored were now grimacing and covered in drool as the twenty two year old fought to keep her bubblebutt as high as she could and delay the ever-increasing girth from stretching her elastic anus beyond its capability.

Cindy was inflicting at least the same amount of torment on Hannah. Her best friend's body glistened and tensed, muscles working overtime as her slave-toned limbs strained and struggled.

A primal growl passed her contorted lips as she fought to stay conscious. It hurt even more that she'd liked Cindy. Their time shared on her day at AW Accounting had been one of her favourite sexual encounters. The toffee-skinned older asshole looked oblivious to anything, her blue eyes dull and empty as she thrashed out like a robot with Hannah's own plug tail, the aubergine sized silicone grasped in her hand as she pulled her arm back in long, sweeping movements.

Chloe and Emily's clothes were torn and scattered all over the floor. The three mistresses had been fast in ruining their lounge and home clothes in seconds, ripping them from their bodies as if tearing open candy.

She felt Stephanie push the handle of the whip into her puckerless rim and press until it entered her with only her own sweat and juices to lubricate it. It was

more than enough, her elastic trained hole swallowed the tip and the rest just slipped in, giving her a small feeling of comfort as her sphincter embraced the penetrating object. Chloe felt the endorphins relax her as Stephanie reached around and rubbed her clit, licking her back and shoulder as she frigged the whip handle smoothly in and out.

Chloe stared down at the mass of sweaty skin thrusting and gyrating on the black mat in front of her. Emily's body was almost completely hidden; just a small part of her back and her eyes and forehead could be seen from behind Kate's doggy position. Maybe Emily had the same masochistic tendencies that she had. They were both descended from the Goddess Koloe and her first followers. Maybe she had the same powers to endure extreme acts. The tears rolling down her cheeks said otherwise but Chloe didn't feel pity for her. This was a right of passage for the woman. It would make her realise what Chloe and Hannah really went through every day to appease the insatiable sadist she'd called 'bestie' and 'honey'. Besides, she'd survive it and she'd probably manage to cum in the process.

Jenny pulled Emily's head by her hair out of Kate's crack and up high.

"So, bitch. How do you like being an asshole?"

"Uuuh... I... umm", Emily groaned, her eyes squinting the sweat and tears out of them, her hands still cuffed and useless behind her naked back.

"Well, you'd better start liking it, bitch because this is your life from now on. I reckon that you have to serve the average twelve years that any other asshole does. That'll make you... forty-eight before I even consider letting you ascend. You'll be my slave until then, a part of my growing stock, to serve and earn me what I deserve. Although it might take a bit of convincing to get mistresses to

pay for a bitch like you, they usually prefer their whore's younger and sluttier."

"I don't know", Eva chipped in, still pumping away under Emily, "I'd pay to dominate a woman of mistress age. It's against the rules to do it to a real mistress and a gal always loves what's taboo."

Jenny glanced up at Chloe. Just for a flash she was nervous then she composed herself.

"Maybe. Or I could pair her with Asswhore for clients to enjoy. So many fantasies there to explore."

"You'd like that wouldn't you, bitch? Getting to share lots and lots of clients together."

Jenny speared in deep several times in quick succession to drive home her point.

"Uuuh... Yes... Mistress", Emily groaned, her surrender obvious in her tone.

"Good", Jenny sneered, biting the trapezius muscle on Emily's shoulder like a predator incapacitating its prey.

The green-eyed brunette whelped then sniffled as Jenny's other hand reached around her victim's jaw, pressing two fingers that she'd been rubbing her own

pussy with into the heart-shaped mouth. It wasn't the first time Emily had tasted Jenny's juices but they tasted far less sweet this time.

"You'll be mine. Just like Chloe and Hannah. Your holes will belong to me. Your body and your mind are mine to control. Is that clear?"

"Aaah... Yes... Mistress."

"So... Fucking... Dumb... Grr... You've got to say it to be my asshole", Jenny slammed into Emily on each pause, making the woman's hole rasp and click as the air was blasted in and squeezed out.

"Aaaah! I... I mean my... holes are yours, Jenny.... Uuuh... My body and mind are yours to control... I'm your asshole... I'm your asshole!"

Jenny slapped Emily hard on the side of her face.

"You never get to call me Jenny again you stupid little whore. It's Mistress or High Priestess. You fucking go that?"

"Oow... Yes, Mistress."

"Now pledge yourself to the same asshole that Chloe and Hannah are slaves to", Jenny said, sliding the full length of her dildo out and nodding at Kate to swap

places with her.

Kate was more than happy to get to use the twelve-inch monster dangling from her harness as she lined up the tip in Emily's reamed out opening and shoved it in.

Emily's cry was like a blubbering girl as the thick shaft stretched her sphincter muscle out aching wide. She'd never had anything as large inside her as any of the dildos that were now violating her body and the blend of pleasure and pain was the most intense thing she'd ever experienced. Guilt burned through her mind as she watched Jenny stand, legs out either side of Eva's head, parting her pear-shaped ass so that Emily could complete her awakening and be an asshole... just like Chloe and Hannah. All those dildos, all those times she'd just watched as Jenny pushed things deep inside their young bodies. She'd enjoyed it. It had gotten her off. But they were just girls and they took this and more every single day for months. She'd done things. She'd been the Eva or the Kate in what she'd just seen as a bit of fun... quenching the girls' 'anal addiction'. Well now she realised, it was addictive but the complex emotions racing through her head – Chloe and Hannah hadn't just been enjoying mindless months of anal orgasms, they'd been going through all the flood of feelings her head was trying to cope with. They must have felt heart broken that she'd betrayed them, turned on them just like the predatory woman she'd called friend who was pushing her pungent dark pucker out for her to worship, not stopping to think what her prey behind her felt.

She leaned in. I do deserve this but how the fuck did we all get to this? Nine months ago Emily couldn't have imagined that Chloe, Hannah and her would end up the anal slaves of the woman she went to the gym with and shared bottles of wine with while watching soppy romantic movies.

Jenny had manipulated her. Apparently she'd done it since they were teens. This was all her plan for the past eighteen years... longer – of course. Well, Emily

couldn't fight that. Maybe it had always been her destiny and Chloe's to be this insidious woman's play things, and poor Hannah had just gotten caught up in the process, an added bonus for Jenny.

She pushed her tongue out and plunged it into the pliant pucker, the rich flavour filling her mouth as she pressed her lips around the rim and swirled them, kissing Jenny's asshole as if she were eating a far sweeter and cuter ass than this.

She wasn't a fighter, she told herself. Give in, Emily. She owns you completely and everyone you love. You wouldn't even have a home if Jenny hadn't taken you in when you couldn't pay your rent.

"Mmm... I belong to you, Mistress", she murmured, trying to sound as if Jenny was as delicious as the other holes she'd had access to.

"Tell me that you worship my ass and that it owns you. Your life belongs to my shithole now."

"Mmmm... I worship your asshole... It owns my life and I belong to it."

Jenny's laugh filled the room so loudly that everyone else paused what they were doing.

She would have usually pressed her butt over a worshipping face until she squirted juices all over it but her satisfaction would come a different way tonight.

She stepped over to Chloe and squished her mouth so that her heart-shaped lips formed a sloppy figure of eight.

You see, Asswhore? I own Bitch. I own Dirty Whore. They know it. So why do you insist on being an ungrateful little shit? You were made to worship me. Just fucking accept it”, Jenny’s voice sounded as if she were dominating and in charge but Chloe could hear the pleading there somewhere. She knew the only thing in the world that Jenny really, truly wanted was to have Chloe’s heart. The girl had been her obsession in the making for so long. She’d adored and lusted after her at arms length, watching her become a young woman of adorable beauty with an impossibly round bum; so irresistible it turned every head that laid eyes on it. As long as Jenny Harper knew that Chloe wasn’t completely hers it would eat away at her and drive her mad. It was an empty victory but in the constant battle between them it was a good one that just kept on giving. Apart from when it did just that in reverse and Jenny, driven mad by having but not completely having the thing she wanted to possess the most, meant her frustration and pent up anger was released back on Chloe.

The grip tightened even more as Jenny pressed the probe wand onto Chloe’s right breast, holding it there until Chloe squirmed in her grip. Then her tummy, right on her belly button and finally her pussy lips as Jenny pressed in over the girl’s clit and held the button on the side.

Chloe’s eyes showed her defiance as Jenny ordered Stephanie to release the arm chains. Jenny snatched her light brown hair and tugged her down to her knees, which banged down hard, still pulled far apart by the ankle chains.

Chloe didn’t need to think. She just took it in her mouth like the whore she was and sucked on it. The tip tasted strongly of Emily, sweet and sweaty, like salted caramel, and Chloe enjoyed every inch of it shoved down to her throat.

“You see. You made this happen. It’s your fault, slut. Emily could have gone on being some pathetic pretend mistress but you had to force my hand. Well, get used to cleaning a fuck load of things that I’m gonna shove up her dumb shithole with your betraying whore-mouth.”

Chloe couldn’t speak with her mouth full of silicone cock so she just nodded, her eyes showing that she was getting off on the obvious perversity of tasting Emily’s fucked asshole.

Stephanie held her head. It felt a little awkward and unnecessary but the redhead didn’t want to give Jenny reason to suspect her and dominating the teen she now served would hopefully hide her new loyalty.

Chloe could control her gag reflex pretty well nowadays but the massive circumference immediately made her gulp as her throat struggled to take the tip pressing hard to get down her neck.

Tears flowed down her cheeks, making Jenny laugh and brush them up with her finger to suck into her mouth.

Chloe wanted to tell the woman that it was just a reaction to her throat getting fucked and not from the pain or the situation but she obviously couldn’t.

Jenny stood over her petite teen obsession. She was her slave. Her slim wrists and ankles held out at either side with thick metal chains bolted to the walls. Her tight little body was naked and overpowered, her creamy vibrant skin sullied and



marked. The pretty heart-shaped face with those sparkling blue-green eyes was violated and her lips stretched out ridiculously as she was fed inch after inch of a dildo so thick that Jenny couldn't close her hand completely around its fat girth. Her spiked asshole collar was tight around her neck and impossible to remove, a permanent reminder of her position in life... and still. Still her slave wasn't completely hers. She could feel it. It was like a defiant thorn in her side every time she fucked and tormented the girl. She took dildos, fists, whips and probes and yet it was empty, she was doing it because it was her job not because she wanted to. Jenny needed her to want her, crave her... love her.

Her mind spat the word out. She needed Chloe to love her but she could feel the hate and resentment every time she touched her and spoke to her. She'd done everything to break Chloe and make her realise that she should love her but it hadn't been enough to make the girl surrender her heart. Well, that was about to change. Jenny would become the demon that Chloe thought she was.

The dildo slipped out, Chloe's phlegm and saliva tumbling out after it onto her chin and down to the floor. Her blue-green eyes flickered around the room.

"Don't tell me, you little fuck. Let me guess... Mistress, punish me instead. Make me sit on a cone and let my stinky fuckhole slide and stretch down it until its wide enough to shove my own stupid betraying head down it... Oh Mistress let Fuckboy rest while I take her place."

Jenny did a whiny version of a voice she reserved for when she was doing a very bad impression of Chloe. The slap that came straight after was sharp followed by a particularly phlegmy spit that spread over Chloe's nose and lips.

"But Fuckboy doesn't need saving. She's never needed saving. She knows the rewards for complete surrender. You... er... Piggy, spin Fuckboy around to face

us.”

Adriana looked confused and panicked, as if the pigtail butt plug she wore between her plump cheeks would blast out in nervous fear. She snorted and rubbed her nose then took a guess that whatever the scary High Priestess wanted was going to be sadistic.

She grabbed both hands round one of Becky’s light skinned thighs. The skin was clammy and wet as she gripped and tugged, turning around the cone that was almost as tall as the girl impaled up on it. The chain holding her arms up high acted as a pivot as Becky’s ridiculously stretched sphincter pouted like pussy lips as it was twisted and spun on the spot.

Becky had stopped thinking about what happened to her a while back and now just the sensations and feelings in her body were what she allowed her emptied head to embrace and just then it was powerful. Her whole body convulsed as her entire anus muscle helplessly wrapped around the silicone was rubbed and twisted around, the tingling burn of her tunnel walls sending shockwaves of pleasure and pain through her small body.

Her slave-toned muscular stomach tensed, showing what constant sessions and a strict asshole diet had done to her body. Her slim hips and torso spasmed and rocked, with sweat streaking in long running droplets over her skin. Chloe looked at her as if there was nothing else in the room. If Jenny had ordered her not to look she would have ignored her. Becky seemed to glow and shine but it was all in Chloe’s head, her love for her making her heart race and endorphins flood her mind. Becky’s hair was shaved short at the sides and the words ‘ass’ and ‘whore’ had been styled into each side. Her parting was pushed back and slicked, the nose ring she now wore in place of her stud shining as her head tilted back under the room’s lights.

Her catlike lips were coated in a dark red gloss that hadn't come off and they looked dramatic parted into a wide circle, making her teeth look whiter in her mouth. Her pale blue eyes, one of her many beautiful features were nowhere to be seen above her high cheekbones, just the whites behind flickering lashes.

“You see? Fuckboy's having a wonderful time. Look at her drooling pussy”, Jenny said with a grin.

Becky's pussy lips were puffy and aroused, glistening with wetness, several lines of juices running and webbing down her thighs.

“Let her cum, Piggy. Eat that juicy pussy”, Jenny commanded the pale girl.

It was times like these that made Adriana grateful that Eva had seduced her from her masseuse job at the gym. Eating the pussy of a girl as hot and sexy as Becky had only been a far-fetched dream for Adriana until recently and she hadn't forgotten that Becky had been there too when she was pulled into this hot, perverted and depraved world. In fact it was this same impaled asshole that had literally exploded in her face and changed her life... for the better.

Becky's pussy was slippery and slick. Adriana bent slightly at the waist, pushing her chubby ass out as she placed her mouth made for pleasuring girls around the small blonde's pussy lips and sucked, pushing her tongue up and down Becky's labia in long, sweeping strokes. It tasted so fucking good and she chuckled to herself as she thought about how this was her job now.

Lucky, lucky piggy. She shut off the thoughts that Becky was struggling with so many conflicting sensations and that if the exhausted girl stopped pulling herself

up, the massive cone would slide up into the girl's belly and beyond. Her goal was to make her cum and she was going to achieve it. She performed her special trick and smeared her top lip hard over Becky's clit then opened her mouth out long, mirroring the girl's labia and plunged her tongue deep inside Becky's pussy, probing as deep as her long organ would stretch. Becky's smell was pungent and perfumed and Adriana snorted and breathed it deep into her nose, making her sound like her asshole name for the truffle snuffling her mouth was skilfully performing.

Becky hadn't experienced a good pussy eating in months. In fact Chloe had been the last time. Kate was a firm believer in two things when it came to orgasms. That an asshole should only experience pure anal orgasms and that she hadn't been sadistic enough if the asshole could still orgasm after she'd gotten her hands on her. Becky was often brought close by Kate just to be denied at the last moment. Her tormentor usually ignored the girl's needs despite her regular squirting climaxes that she released regularly into Becky's mouth.

When you're not thinking and just feeling, a skilled mouth on your deprived pussy was able to send bolts of electrifying tingles up your body and turn most of the pain and aches into masochistic pleasure.

It was only a couple of minutes before she was panting through her glossed lips, her moans of ecstasy and agony filling the room, becoming louder and more melodic as she spasmed and convulsed. Adriana's eyes opened wide and for a moment she lost her rhythm as she witnessed something that separated the Kolos from the rest of humanity. Becky actually started to fuck herself on the massive cone, pulling her body weight up an inch with her exhausted arms and then letting it sink inside her... further and wider than it had been doing so far.

Adriana's little gasp could be felt on her pussy and Becky's mind returned to her body momentarily to lower her flat face and curl her catlike lips upwards, flashing a wink of her pale blue irises, like sparkling opals under half-closed

lids. Then her head tilted back and she wailed out heavy, repeated gasps of ecstasy, feeding off the many pairs of eyes watching her, her juices dribbling out fluidly and giving Adriana a taste of the girl's cum.

As she gasped and panted, Becky flashed her eyes across to Chloe.

“Aaah... I... I belong... to...” she panted.

Chloe held her breath.

“... I belong to the cult... I am Fuckboy and I... serve all mistresses.”

Jenny laughed, cheered by the girl's pledge of loyalty.

“You see that, Asswhore? Your lover girl serves all mistresses and Kate is making sure she gets to prove it. She's served about twenty just this week.”

“Twenty four, High Priestess”, Kate corrected as respectfully as she could.

“Twenty, twenty four, a hundred, it doesn't matter. She's going to get passed round the entire cult many times over for the rest of her life. I've decided there'll be no ascension for betrayers and that includes you and Dirty Whore over there. Which reminds me.”

That massive revelation was left hanging in the air as if it was just an offhand comment but Chloe sensed that this decree was purely for Jenny's obsessed benefit. Chloe would be hers all her life.

Jenny walked around behind Chloe, Stephanie moved back to let the High Priestess grasp Chloe's hair and tug it in the direction of Hannah and Cindy. She knelt down behind her and hissed into her ear, her hot breath making Chloe shudder.

"Little Hannah Dolce. Chloe's geeky best friend, a frigid guilt ridden Catholic that can't accept its okay to be lesbian. Too fucking easy to control. I don't blame her for betraying me. She'll do whatever she's told to do and fuck knows why but she looks up to you. You're to blame and I'll punish her every single day for the rest of her life all because of you... Assistant, turn Dirty Whore around so we can see her face as she squeals out."

Cindy gave only the slightest hint at her discomfort at causing Hannah's buttohole a severe reaming to pivot her around. Hannah was clearly struggling more than Becky. Her cheeks streaked with tears and her mouth a contorted scowl, her chin wet and shiny with blubbery drool. She was as exhausted as Becky from a day filled with sex and domination and her arms looked as if the veins in them were about to burst as she struggled to keep her asshole from being impaled any further.

"You see? Your little friend is getting what she doesn't deserve all because of you. Assistant, make her heavier."

Cindy walked over to the corner and picked up the end of a thick, long metal

chain. Just from the way she struggled to drag it along the floor to the cone showed how heavy it was.

As the toffee-skinned girl clamped the end of the chain to Hannah's collar ring it became immediately apparent that her anus was about to get the biggest stretching of her short but intense career so far. She gulped in air as if she was about to dive, her eyes closing as she prepared for the inevitable.

"Let's see if we can't finally loosen up this little uptight bitch. Cover her in the chains."

Cindy walked around Hannah with the chain in her hands. She looked as if she were decorating some perverted Christmas tree with tinsel. Every twelve inches of the chain weighed two and a half pounds and in one full circle she had added over five pounds to Hannah's upper chest, the chain wrapping tightly under the girl's glistening armpits and above her breasts.

Chloe watched on as Hannah gritted her teeth and groaned. Her arms were starting to shake as she tried to stay as high as she could and as Cindy turned a second time, wrapping her breasts tightly in the chain, Chloe could see her waist slip a little. Hannah squealed, her mouth drooping at the edges as she blew her lips in heavy pants.

Chloe snarled as Jenny laughed in her ear, her left hand groping and mauling her breasts and abs as her other hand fed the huge dildo on her harness into the teen's puckerless anus.

"When will you just accept it? I control everyone in this room in a way you

never will. I can make them cum or scream at my will.”

Hannah let out a wail as the chain was bound around her stomach adding ever more weight for her to hold up.

Her hands slipped and her arms relaxed a moment, probably to give them a second to rest. Her next noise sounded like she really was being impaled and it was as close to a scream as anything had that night. She quickly scrabbled to regain her hold of the chain and tug her entire body upwards, the strain visible in every muscle as they shook with effort.

Cindy glanced at Jenny, silently asking for instruction and possibly hoping the High Priestess would tell her to unravel the chain now but she knew better at the flick of the woman’s hand.

“I didn’t tell you to stop. Continue”, Jenny said shortly.

“Yes, High Priestess”, Cindy said, bowing her head. The next circle weighed down Hannah’s hips, the metal tightened just above her bones before another circle around her placed the remaining links of metal over her thighs before threading the other end under the last circle of chain to hold it in place.

It was cold and bit into her in places, her skin pinched between the rings. She could smell the metal as she snorted and panted; just another scent to add to the others that she breathed in so often she had stopped noticing them.



Sweat poured down her from her brow, stinging her eyes that were already filled with tears. Her whole body was shuddering as she fought to stay up and save her asshole from the biggest reaming of its life.

Chloe wanted to shout for Hannah, to give in and call out her safe word but she knew that that would mean that Jenny would have to come up with an alternative torment for Chloe to watch. Besides, Hannah knew her options and everything an asshole did was by choice, even though it didn't seem it a lot of the time.

Jenny was impressed but impatient with Hannah's display of stamina.

"Enough. Press the bitch down, Assistant", Jenny commanded.

Cindy tugged at Hannah's arms, then her waist and finally pressed her weight onto Hannah's thighs and jumped up and down.

She squealed again then released her hands. She couldn't hold a second longer.

Her asshole slid down on the massive giant plug cone. Her lids fluttered as a primal groan escaped her twisted lips. Months of anal training had made Hannah more capable but this was by far the widest her well-used orifice had stretched and it sent a huge wave of dull pain through her entire body.

"Oh God...Uuuh... Oh God... Aaah!" Hannah moaned, her eyes squinting then opening into bloodshot bulges as tears streamed uncontrollably.

“She not calling out to the anal goddess in her time of need is she? She’ll never follow you. You’re just a filthy little slut that doesn’t know her place.”

Chloe ignored the sharp thrusts of the dildo despite the intense fiery tingles of masochism in her belly that the torment of seeing the three people she loved the most getting so cruelly violated in front of her was burning inside her.

The chains restraining Hannah’s arms up above just stopped and pulled tight at the point where her body had sunk down to on the cone. A combination of constant stretching and the weight pressing down had meant that Hannah’s hole was now wider than it had ever been before and that was saying something for one of Jenny Harper’s asswhores.

Her head tilted back so that Chloe couldn’t see her expression but everyone in the room heard her wails getting louder and louder.

“Whip her tits”, Jenny snarled, sucking in her drool. Her sadistic lust was being fed and it was just what she needed after such a shitty day. That, and to finally break Chloe the only way she knew would really hurt her.

Cindy slammed the plug tails into Hannah’s breasts, jangling on the chains and finding skin either side to turn bright pink.

“Harder. Harder!” Jenny growled, emphasising her point by thrusting hard and fast into Chloe’s rectum.

Cindy obeyed. She was a well-trained and mature asshole and she had a reputation for being one of the more compliant and eager to please. She wasn't about to risk that, even for the cute brunette she'd fooled around with in the photocopy room. Her face hid how she felt as she used all her strength to thrash the plug's tails into Hannah's chest.

Hannah's body soon started to shudder as if it was vibrating. Her back was arched and her face looking up at the chains above her, almost completely hidden behind her hanging arms. Wails became screams.

Jenny rubbed Chloe's clit.

"I'm going to make little Hannah Dolce scream like this every day", Jenny hissed into her ear.

Hannah couldn't think about much with her anus consuming her entire body's focus. Asshole's really did become their assholes completely.

A part of her shouted in her head. You're letting this happen. The things you've done. The nasty, depraved things you've done. You let women touch you, fuck you, humiliate you. You want them to treat you like shit. It turns you on, you fucking sinful pervert. You love the pain. You love it when they hurt you. You deserve it for being so filthy.

Just then, all eyes shot back to the petite non-Kolos on the cone. Her scream had become a roar and her body spasmed and writhed as she channelled all her guilt

and masochism into one volcano-level explosive orgasm.

She wasn't really a squirter but she did spurt out just then with her insides pressed and squished on the cone. Her chest heaved and snaked like it was doing some kind of erotic dance, the chains above and around her rattling as the sheer force of the girl's climax tested them to their limits.

Almost as suddenly as Hannah had cum, her head dropped forward, drool escaping her parted lips and her eyes closed. It was like watching a robot shut down as every part of her body relaxed and slumped despite the cone still pressing deeper inside her light pink sphincter as the mass of silicone was sheathed by the girl.

"I've turned your annoying-ass geeky little Italian friend into a mindless pain slut and trained her shithole to swallow as much as a Kolos girl... like your exhausted lover over there... but what should I do with this one here? She's as Kolos as you and I but her asshole is almost virginal in comparison. Breaking her in will be a pleasure and I'm excited to see what I'm working with", Jenny was whispering into Chloe's ear up until then, when she switched her attention to Kate and Eva.

"Spit roast her", she said in a fake nonchalant tone.

The two women grabbed Emily and dragged her up to her feet, slurping the massive flesh-coloured cocks out of her pussy and ass. Emily could barely stand. Her balance was off from all the silicone stuffing and her body tired from the unexpected hour of fucking it had just endured.

That didn't stop Kate or Eva from grappling and tugging Emily's small body about like two pro wrestlers and she was soon off her and in the air between their two grasping arms. Eva was behind her. The dildo that had been in Emily's pussy was wet and slippery, all ready to be pushed into the woman's loosened up anus. Eva held her under her waist as she quickly grabbed a thigh each side and wrapped them around her hips.

"You're going to want to hold on tight, Bitch", Eva instructed and warned as she lined the tip of her dildo against the woman's puffy and sore rim and pushed, smiling as she buried the first six inches straight in.

Kate had grabbed Emily by her collar and hair the other side and had already speared the cock-shaped silicone that had been digging into Emily's rectum only minutes ago, deep down the woman's throat.

Her body was pegged in place by the two massive shafts skewering into her from both sides, her body held up horizontal and off the ground between these two powerful women with only their hands gripping and pulling and her own thighs, keeping her from falling.

She looked like a hog being roasted on a spit and her skin looked as if it were over a burning flame, going bright pink as her neck and head strained and veins popped out. Her arms were useless behind her but Chloe could see her hands clenching tight and hard as her eyes bulged and gurgling noises came from inside the woman's stuffed mouth.

"Hu huh huh, she's as tight as a newly awakened asswhore and short and light enough to be thrown around. As long as she has an asshole, fuck it I say", Kate chuckled as she made Emily's throat gurgle with her thrusts.

“She looks like an asshole from here. I can’t wait to taste that hole after I gape it out nice and wide.”

Eva purposely loosened her grip making Emily squeal as her asshole took more of her own weight, stretching it out width wise on the deeply inserted shaft of silicone.

“Mmm, I can smell it from here”, Eva said, drooling down onto the stretched rim to lube and activate its aroma even more. Emily was a real catch. She was older than she should be to be an asshole but the blue-eyed woman could smell that she was still filled with the anal pheromones that Kolos women were addicted to.

Kate was right. She was just another set of holes to fuck and she would make an adequate addition to the High Priestess’s growing harem of buttsluts.

Emily looked squished and pulled between the two powerful women like a human accordion being obscenely played, the noise of their ‘instrument’ were the moans and squeals coming from inside her chest and muffled throat. Her face was turning as red as her slapped and pounded butt cheeks, juices and fluids dripping from both ends. It was hard for Chloe to see her for who she was. Right then she was just a whore, taking it like a depraved slut and, Chloe told herself, deserving it.

She’d gone from hiding her filthy secret life from Emily nine months ago to seeing the naïve woman become an eager and willing part of her servitude. Just like everything else from Chloe’s former world, she had been sullied, made dirty and suppressed.

In a weird way though it also felt like complete freedom. She had nothing left to lose, whereas Jenny had everything to lose and the evil woman was just beginning to realise how vulnerable she really was.

Chloe's heart had already been broken a dozen times over the past months. It gave her strength and a steely determination. She ate up everything Jenny threw at her, feeding her masochistic needs and making her resentment and determination all the more intense.

The woman that believed she had the right mauled and sucked at her with her lips on her youthful skin, her hands groping and touching her with unabashed entitlement as if she owned every inch of Chloe's body. She could stop it all with a word, but where was the fun in that. It was strange but she got off on her own distress and had taken to competing with her own willpower in not using her safe word unless at risk of injury. She'd only had to use it a couple of times with the women in this room and she was well aware of that fact as she watched two of them destroy Emily and the third one enjoying the light clicks from her flawless rim as she buried twelve inches of thick rubber deep into her bowels.

Jenny's tongue snaked into her ear, probing deeply as she laughed and cackled. It was all part of the torment act. Not getting a reaction, she was encouraged to try harder.

“Bring her over here. I want Asswhore to smell Bitch's breath as she moans.”

The two mistresses pulled Emily across the floor, her mouth and crotch dribbling as she was made to kneel in front of Chloe.

The woman's green eyes were filled with a dozen emotions and feelings as she blinked tears and sweat away.

"I'm so sorry, Chloe", was all she managed to hurriedly say before she was handled and pulled so that her bum was pushed out behind her.

"Time to see how loose the new girl's fuckhole can get. Fill her up with your fists", Jenny commanded. It was part bravado, Emily's anus looked far too tight even now, but the two mistresses would do their best to obey their High Priestess.

Kate and Eva would have to start with fingers and the two women hooked an index finger each and pulled, making Emily's sphincter rasp out air.

Jenny laughed at the noise and licked Chloe's jaw.

"You see? Everyone around you is a filthy anal whore. Listen to her shithole begging to be filled with mistresses' hands. She's nothing but a dirty little bitch. She was more than happy for you to get what you deserved and now she is getting her just deserts."

Emily's eyes went glassy as three fingers from each woman squelched and tugged her anus muscle out wide, the pink soft insides showing as they spat and slid inside her.



“You get it now Bitch, don’t you? What pretty little Chloe feels every time she gets what she deserves. It’s confusing, isn’t it? Your sick mind wants it, gets excited by everything that’s happening while your body fights with every inch of its energy to stop you drowning in the pain, humiliation and ecstasy.”

Emily was struggling to speak and she wasn’t in much mood to talk to Jenny right then but she managed a nod and a open-mouthed ‘Uh huh’.

Slaps rained down on her butt and back and her hair was pulled.

“You say ‘Yes Mistress’ Bitch”.

“Ow... Aah... Yes... Mistress.”

“Better. Now kiss like the slut you are while we fill your smelly hole”, Eva snarled, pushing Emily’s head forward as Jenny did the same with Asswhore.

Lips were pressed and tongues ordered to probe and fence as the two petite frames were violated and mauled.

There was only that moment. Only the familiar feeling of a silicone shaft rearranging her sensitive tunnel and the relentless mauling of her body as the familiar lips and tongue made sure all her inhibitions stayed firmly wrenched wide open, the shared taste of the asshole that owned her and those she loved strong and as present in her mouth as ever.

“Fucking Bitch. She can’t take our thumbs. That’ll have to change”, Eva growled, frigging her hand alongside Kate’s.

“Trust me. It will”, Jenny hissed into Chloe’s ear.

She could feel Jenny’s nipples stiff on her naked back. Whenever this demon got seriously aroused, she tended to do something sadistic.

She grabbed Chloe’s hair and pulled it back.

“Watch this”, she said to everyone in front of her.

She pressed the remote she always carried around and turned the dial.

Chloe’s jaw set into a silent scream. Her entire body tensed and was stiffened by the jolts of electric from the inside of her specially made slut collar.

Jenny cackled out loudly as she kept her finger on the button, her other hand grasping Chloe’s hair as she pumped and thrust inside the girl’s butt.

The feelings were intense and overwhelming. Her entire body ached and every muscle tensed. This had a drastic effect on her usually controllable asshole and

her tunnel contracted and squeezed around the six-inch circumference as if it were trying to break it. She may as well have been an anal virgin taking an arm inside her because that's what it felt like as Jenny continued to fuck her and laugh.

Her eyes twitched and watered. Drool escaped her mouth as Emily watched on with horror.

“Now that's what I call distressed”, Kate said approvingly.

A few pitiful cries escaped Chloe's open scowl as Jenny snarled and pounded fast and hard.

Just as she thought her clenching would break the dildo off at its base inside her, Jenny took her finger off the button. The release was as intense as when it had been on and her whole body relaxing at once meant that her body released everything it had been holding and a guttural, chesty groan escaped along with a line of saliva.

Emily looked as if she was under the same shock treatment as Chloe had just been, her body frozen and tense.

“Aw, you didn't know that Asswhore here has a very special slut collar. Well it allows me to make sure my stupid little slave is obedient when she's playing up. You know how she is... such a naughty girl. I think it was the lack of discipline at home. She would get away with anything... more a friend than anything else. Bad parenting I say. If only she'd had this collar a bit sooner but I'll make up for it now.”

Another press of the button was unexpected and Chloe almost jolted off the ground as another wave of tensing, clenching agony struck through every muscle.

“I think this could make for a good workout. She’s definitely flexing these tight muscles”, Jenny said, rubbing her other hand over Chloe’s abs and licking her outstretched biceps.

Emily didn’t know whether she could speak. The rules had changed so quickly it was difficult to understand. It was clear that Jenny had no limits on the kinds of punishments she would inflict and she was clearly using her own and Chloe’s love to hurt the other. If she said something and Jenny made things worse it would be her own fault. She’d already done enough and couldn’t let that happen. Chloe didn’t deserve her meddling any more but her eyes begged Jenny to stop.

“It’s only on setting five, Bitch”, Jenny replied as if defending her actions. She knew Emily’s expressions as well as the woman did herself.

“If I turn it up to ten, she passes out almost instantly. That’s how I can make sure she doesn’t make any silly attempts to run away from her duties. There’s a tracker in it too so I can find exactly where her limp, twitching body is lying.”

She tugged on Chloe’s rock hard nipples and laughed.

“I’m too clever for this little whore. I’ll always be one step ahead of her”, she said, laughing loudly before releasing the button once again.

Chloe's body slumped again and exploded spurts of cum, saliva and what remained in her bladder, groaning and coughing as her nose and eyes ran.

"Filthy piece of shit! This is who she is. This is what she gets off on", Jenny rubbed roughly between Chloe's legs, making lewd slurping squelches.

She would have liked to turn her orgasm into a chain reaction but she had to get the situation under control.

"Uuuh... Thank you, Mistress. This asshole realises she can't beat you. Please give her one final chance to prove herself."

Jenny snarled as she snatched Chloe's head back sharply.

"Do you think this is your punishment for what you did today? I haven't even started to make you pay yet. Fucking whore!"

Jenny spat on the side of Chloe's face and mouth.

"Thank you, Mistress", Chloe moaned. It made no sense to piss Jenny off any more than she already was. Now was the time to mess with the woman's head and act like the submissive she always wanted, teasing her with what she could have but would never really get.

The other side of her face was humiliatingly slapped repeatedly as Jenny told her what she was.

“Dumb little piece of shit!”

“Uuh... I’m such a dumb little piece of shit, Mistress”, Chloe moaned.

“Yes, you are”, Jenny said pulling Chloe’s head back enough so that she could drool her saliva into the girl’s open mouth.

Chloe gulped it down and thanked her mistress.

Jenny was momentarily appeased and decided it was time to feast.

“Get those two assholes off their stools and let us feast on all these little whores we own.” Jenny was looking at Emily, emphasising the point of the new situation.

Roughly and easily, Kate and Eva plucked the impaled Becky and Hannah off of the giant cones and uncuffed them, throwing them unceremoniously down on the floor either side of Emily.

Becky kept her eyes down. Any contact with Chloe would just undo the release of tension this session had brought Jenny.

“Let us eat these dirty fucked assholes, ladies”, She said, pulling out of Chloe with her dildo that flopped and moved as she walked over behind Becky.

“I fancy a bit of Italian”, Kate said, kneeling behind Hannah and pulling her butt up high by her hips as she pressed her knees and chest to the floor.

“Let’s see if there’s any similarity in Emily’s anus flavour”, Eva said, parting the cheeks of the kneeling newest addition to the asshole stock.

Jenny made a real show of eating Becky’s ass. Pushing her tongue in to her gape deep and hard as she grinned open mouthed and slurped noisily.

She came out for a moment and licked her lips.

“You can have Asswhore, Stephanie. You have earned the reward for your loyalty.”

“You honour me, High Priestess”, the redhead said before moving in behind Chloe and stroking her globe-like cheeks apart.

Kate was busily snorting in the scent of Hannah’s reamed out sphincter and then

almost biting around the gaping rim as she sucked and feasted on the girl's pheromones.

Eva ate with a little more manners than the other two but she was clearly digging her long tongue in deep enough for Emily to feel as if she were still being fucked.

All three of them gorged and inhaled the assholes in front of them. It was lewd and obscene and yet satisfying to see how much the three mistresses were slaves to their own addiction.

Becky was clearly enjoying having her ass worshipped. It was one of the things that had gotten her through being a slave to the cult. Chloe remembered the first time she'd tasted her cute little pucker and breathed in that bewitching sweet scent.

Emily was coping with several feelings, one of them still guilt. As Eva probed and slurped she felt her body melt and relax and she could kind of grasp why these girls were so willing to be asswhores. After an intense and hard pounding, this felt like heaven.

Hannah was managing a little differently. Kate was as rough with her mouth as she was with the silicone attached to her crotch. Hannah couldn't quite manage to get into it and she wasn't being allowed to.

As Stephanie began to taste Chloe's well-fucked hole she moaned deeply, sending a wave of vibrations up inside her. It was odd but she felt a special connection to those that had pledged themselves to her, as if the anal goddess



that she was apparently the second coming of could hear their thoughts.

Stephanie was thinking about how much Chloe's asshole tasted of her favourite childhood cookies. Everyone seemed to attach the flavours that they loved the most to Chloe's ass. Maybe that was part of her power. To Chloe herself, she tasted of those champagne truffles that she'd only get to eat on special occasions. To others, she was what they wanted to savour in their mouths the most.

She almost blushed as she felt Stephanie's desire to climb inside her tunnel and snuggle up and sleep there. It was weird enough having all these powers in her butt and she was just thankful that she couldn't read Jenny when she ate her out.

'I worship you, Chloe. Please forgive me my sins. I am now a loyal follower of the true goddess. Oh Goddess, I could eat you out morning, noon and night. You are unbelievable. How did I never realise what I was missing?' Stephanie wasn't saying any of that out loud but Chloe could hear it as if the woman was speaking to her, clear as day.

A flash of light seemed to sear past her eyes and she closed them instinctively in a flash to hide them from her true enemy. A surge of energy seemed to flow through her body as if her veins were on fire and a glow seemed to radiate from her butt upwards. The pain and aches of the day seemed to just melt away and she felt strong and revitalised. It wasn't the first time this strange, magical thing had happened and right now she was thankful of the weird things she experienced as the embodiment of Koloe. It would come in very useful to stay on top of whatever Jenny had planned for her body over the coming days.

The women ate until their thirst for anal pheromones was sated. They looked like vampires might in movies as they wiped their mouths and stared glassy eyed and satisfied after feeding on their respective victim. Chloe almost pitied the three

women in front of her for their addiction. It owned and consumed them so completely that they couldn't think of anything else. She vowed that she would never become like them and nobody that followed her would be allowed to become so twisted and monstrous in their hunger. If need be, she would feed every one of them. She gulped as she thought of what she'd just thought; hundreds, possibly thousands of followers lining up to worship at her anal altar. One thing at a time, she thought, bringing herself back into the room... Stick to the plan.

"You. Piggy. Fetch the grease", Jenny commanded Adriana, pointing to a large tub in the corner.

Adriana obediently and silently carried the black plastic tub over to Jenny, bowing low as Eva had taught her before shuffling backwards out of the way.

"This, ladies, is something very special. This grease is the thickest and gloopiest that my money can buy. I have had it infused with as much diced and pureed Japanese ginger as was possible to still keep that lovely tunnel-coating texture. Watch this."

She scooped a large lump of it and plunged it into Becky's open hole. It took only a few seconds for the well-trained girl to break her stillness and twitch and squirm her butt, taking all her willpower not to push her fingers in to soothe her burning, itching tunnel. Her face squinted and her eyes blinked as she tried desperately to somehow control the sensations but it was impossible.

"Th... Thank you, Mistress", Becky stuttered.

“There’s plenty more for you Fuckboy, and for all you little asshole bitches and what’s great is that it doesn’t absorb into your bodies. You’ll be squirming for hours, maybe days before it’s all out of you.”

Jenny laughed as she took another generous scoop and fed it into Becky’s anus. The other women laughed too.

“You’re so evil, Jenny”, Eva said, with the familiarity of the woman that had been at the High Priestess’s side since they were assholes together.

Jenny continued to fill Becky until the grease oozed out of her open rim. Every inch of the blonde’s tunnel from her bowels to her sensitive skin around her anus itched and burned, her hips and back wriggling and twitching uncontrollably.

“You’re next, Bitch”, Jenny said, holding a large lump of grease in her fingers.

“Oh don’t look so sorry for yourself. You wanted in. You were quite happy making Dirty Whore your sex slave and playing with mine whenever you wanted. Well now it’s your turn to feel how we really play with our little fuck toys, what these girls really go through every day. Now, open wide... you are really going to feel like one of the girls very soon.”

Emily was loaded full of ginger grease then knelt there shivering as Hannah was stuffed so full it held her gape out wide.

Chloe was last and was treated to a rub of it along her pussy lips before she was

spooned in the remainder of the tub, every last smear pushed in, lining and coating her entire asshole with the cruel concoction.

“Line up. Kneel with hands out in front.”

The mistresses placed metal handcuffs on each of their four sets of wrists. Like everything that bound and restrained them, these were serious cuffs with real chains and solid steel, locking hard and securely until whoever had the keys let them out.

The squirming butts and hips continued as Jenny sneered down at them.

“You bitches will be staying in a place where you’ll learn what it really means to be the High Priestess’s asswhores.”

Chloe had prepared for this possibility but it did make things a bit more complicated. It almost felt as if Jenny was trying to slow Chloe’s plan down on purpose, but even if she did suspect something, it was too late to do much more than hide from the inevitable.

“Stand and follow me to the changing room”, Jenny commanded her uncomfortable captives.

They stepped out of the room’s metal door with Jenny in front and the other mistresses bringing up the rear. They were walked down the corridor, their bare feet cold on the flooring beneath them, their naked bodies looking out of place in

the warehouse setting despite how often it happened there.

As they turned into the changing room, Chloe immediately fixed her eyes on Louise and Heather squirming and moaning in small cages only large enough for them to remain on their knees curled up. The slim wildcat had that look in her almond light brown eyes. She was in sadistic heaven with the cruel mixture up her famously hungry hole. Her slut collar displayed her slave name 'Gape Pig' and if anything it was an understatement as to how much this exotic girl with her tussled back hair and piercings all over loved to be stretched out anally.

Heather sniffled, the blank look in her eyes showing that she wasn't sure why she was there but that was nothing new with the empty-headed five-foot blonde. Her birdlike little body shivered with the concoction up her ass, her fingers gripping the black rubber-coated bars as she gasped for breath.

Chloe knew why they were both there. It wasn't to punish them as much as it was to punish their mistresses for the revelations Chloe had manufactured. A twinge of guilt panged through her seeing them there in cages but her thoughts quickly moved to the five empty cages on the long wooden bench.

"What are you waiting for? Get your little butts in a cage. Now!"

Hannah was the first to crawl into one of them through the open door, rattling it and knocking the water dispenser attached through one side that looked like a huge hamster bottle with a dummy nipple on the end.

Chloe crawled in next, encouraging Emily to follow and get into the third and Kate shoved Becky, drained and sluggish with exhaustion, into the fourth.

“That’s better. Now, is everyone comfortable? Got enough water? Anyone need the toilet before we turn out the lights? And most importantly does anyone want out and to go back to their comfy, soft beds?”

Chloe replied quickly to save the others.

“No, Mistress. My filthy whore ass deserves to be here.”

Hannah piped in straight afterwards, trusting Chloe and then Louise who was enjoying the pain and discomfort. Becky got the hint and passed on the choice Jenny had given her. Emily decided it was best to stay with the rest and besides she had some making up to do with Chloe and Hannah. Heather as usual looked confused but she too shook her head and said, “No Mistress”, along with the rest.

“Good. Then it’s agreed. Stack the cages up in layers of two in the shower area. The drain will wash away anything that spurts out of these bitches onto each other in the night. Put Dirty Whore and Fuckboy at the bottom, then Gape Pig and Slut, and put Bitch and Asswhore on the top.

The cages with the girls and Emily inside were lifted up and placed on top of each other with Becky and Hannah at the bottom in the tiled area where Chloe and the others usually washed off the smut and sweat of a day’s work in the warehouse.

Jenny pressed her face close to Chloe’s cage.

“I am going back home. Kasey and I have some catching up to do thanks to your stupidity. Don’t worry. I’ll make sure she knows who to blame for what she gets. She’ll join you in the morning. What’s left of her, anyway.”

The women grabbed their coats and collected Cindy and Adriana before switching the lights out and leaving the six assholes in almost complete darkness.

Chloe knew the security and live feed cameras would be sending streams of their caged, twitching bodies in full HD night vision around the world so any reassurance had to be very limited and not give away her plan but it wasn’t important anyway as everyone’s needs right then were far more physical.

With the mistresses gone and the red metal door of the warehouse had slammed and the alarm system code punched in before cars rumbled away outside, the squirms and moans of the effects of their burning, itching assholes were no longer suppressed and held in.

“Oh fuck. It burns so fucking much. I’m sorry, Chloe. I never knew Jenny was like this. I just thought it was all a bit of kinky fun. I know I don’t deserve your forgiveness but...”

“It’s fine. You did what you did because you’re Kolos. I understand”, Chloe said shortly, partly out of her agreement that Emily should feel bad and partly out of her own discomfort.

“It itches so bad but my hands can’t reach”, Heather blubbered, jangling her cuffs in front of her.

Louise had a soft spot for the little blonde.

“Push your butt up to the bars. Yes, that’s it. I can get two fingers through the bars. How’s that?”

“Uuuh... so good. Don’t stop, please”, Heather groaned as Louise scooped and rubbed inside her sore anus.

“Becky push yourself up to me”, Hannah said, tapping the side of her cage that was pressed against the bubble butted blonde’s.

Soon they were all soothing each other through the bars with their fingers and tongues, taking turns as they twitched and moved in their prisons. Naked bodies, slut collars and cuffs jangled on the bars as they squirmed about until they were finally too exhausted to keep from falling into a fevered, uncomfortable sleep.

If this was an indication of what was to come. The next days and weeks would either be make or break for all of them and every few minutes of sleep they could get would help give them a little much needed energy for the full unleashing of Jenny’s warped sadistic mind on their bodies.