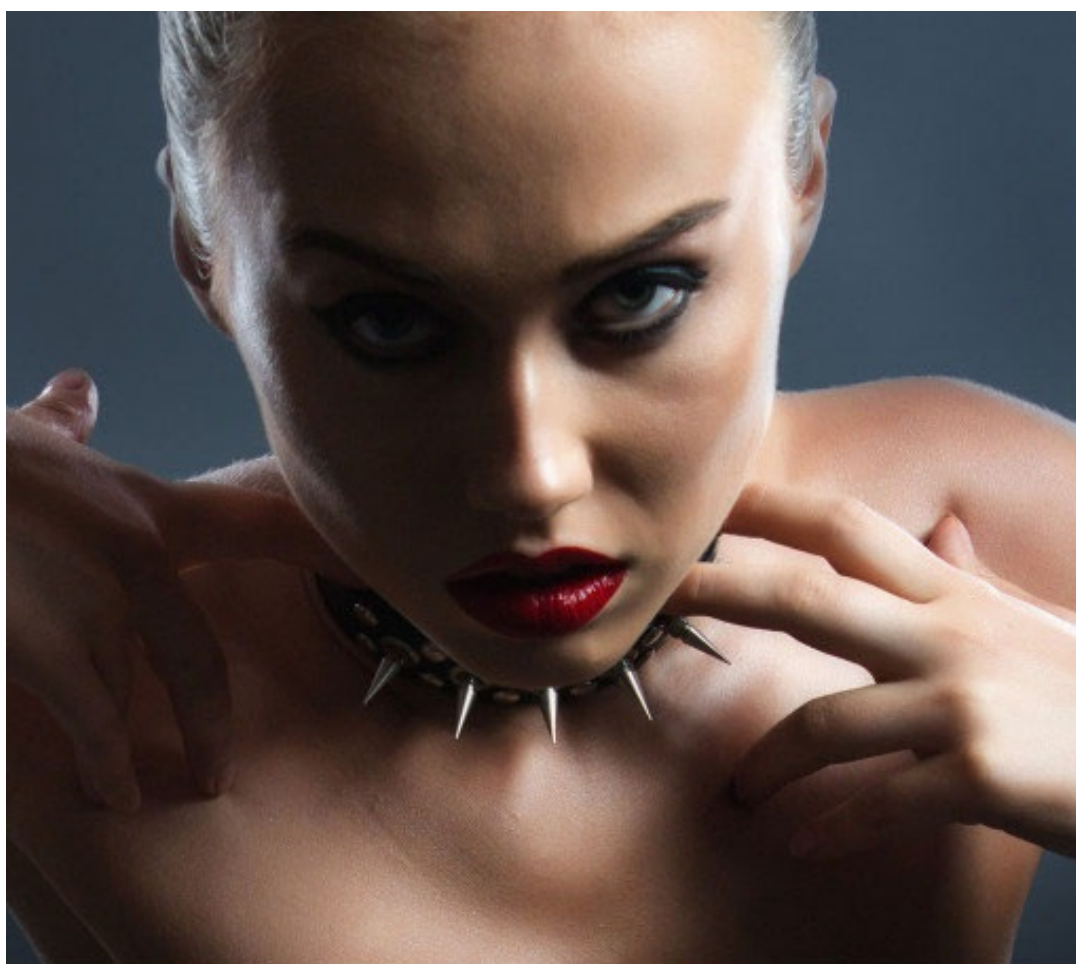


Chloe's
Endgame
Part 2

H*PE RED



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Chloe's Endgame:

Part 2

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

Chloe's Endgame: Part 1

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Chloe brushed her teeth as she stared at herself in the mirror. She didn't look like the girl fresh out of school anymore, bounding into her house after a night out with her best friend. A whole world of possibilities and looking forward to university after the summer had been in front of her back then. Up to that point her life had been relatively normal. Then she had taken the summer job right here at the place she was now little more than a prisoner in.

Nine months of being a very particular type of sex slave had changed her expressions and made her face leaner and more mature. Her sparkling blue-green eyes now looked dull and tired, like a person that had seen a lifetime of something in just a few months.

She looked up behind her as Hannah stroked a brush through her hair. It felt good to be groomed by her best friend but she felt a pang of guilt as she looked at the lines around the girl's brown eyes and the tight red collar around her neck that told everyone what she was. Chloe was the reason for everyone being there now and she had been the one that had pulled Hannah into the depraved world that they and the people closest to her were now in.

She adjusted the towel around her. Her body had gone from being soft and perky to being firm and muscular.

She wondered why she bothered covering up. Everyone in the warehouse changing room had seen her body naked dozens of times, touched it, brought it to orgasm, but it wasn't because of modesty or shyness. Chloe needed moments like this to feel a semblance of normality from all the obscene things that Jenny's mind made into a tormented reality for her every day. She'd go insane if she truly believed that there was no hope of something better at the end of all this.

Her eyes glanced in the mirror at Becky. The girl she loved like no other was showering, her light creamy body seemed to glisten with the water and her face looked angelic as she held it upwards and let the streams wash over her.

Becky had changed the most. They'd made love for the first time, Chloe's first ever time with a girl, in that very shower area. Back then, Becky's catlike lips never stopped smiling under her high cheekbones. Now the blue-eyed girl looked lost. Her once long blonde hair cut into a slicked back short style with the sides shaved high and the title of what she was etched into each side.

Her body had been pierced all over and marked with the most obscene tattoo Chloe had ever seen on the girl's lower back. Her mistress, Kate, had been mercilessly thorough in her punishment and re-training.

Again Chloe blamed herself for Becky's fate. If she hadn't fallen in love with her, if she hadn't pulled her away from her life with her former mistress, Eva, then she wouldn't have gone through all the things she had over the past few months.

Emily walked past her view of Becky, heading to the squat toilet in the corner near the shower. That one was partly on Chloe again but she didn't blame herself. Emily had been stupid and complicit in what her best friend, Jenny, was doing to Hannah and Chloe. Of course she'd been kind and relatively gentle but she was just another Kolos-blooded woman that was a slave to her lust. If anything, Chloe felt pity for her.

Kasey was lying on her stomach naked on the wooden bench; her legs parted as Louise, also naked by choice, soothed the auburn-haired girl's anus with creamy

ointment. Despite the red lines on their backs and butt cheeks and the finger mark bruises on their hips and limbs, both girls seemed to be content and relaxed.

Chloe watched as the wildcat brushed her tussled brown hair to one side and sunk her piercing-dotted face into Kasey's pear-shaped cheeks, purring as she made enthusiastic squelches and slurps with her lips and tongue.

Kasey had been used more than the rest of them over the last few days. Chloe hadn't expected it to go this way. Jenny had obviously decided to show the rest of the cult that she was in control of the unexpected situation and she was intent on owning the fact that Kasey was now an asswhore, turning it to her advantage. It was obvious from the way she'd been used since becoming an asswhore that the girl hadn't been kept away from being awakened out of love. It was purely political and now Jenny was busily trying to repair the damage that Chloe had done by showing how little she cared and pretending she had made the ultimate sacrifice in making Kasey her gift to her beloved followers.

Kasey was coping with every ass-reaming session well, even if it was taking its physical toll on her relatively inexperienced body.

Footsteps clumped up to the changing room entrance. Everyone turned to see Heather getting shoved down onto the tiled floor by Eva, Jenny's right hand henchwoman and owner of the warehouse. The difference between the statuesque, muscular woman and the birdlike five-foot blonde couldn't have been starker as the brunette chuckled through her wide-lipped mouth then turned on her stiletto heeled ankle boots and left the small asswhore with her fellow slaves.

Hannah rushed over to her, dropping the hairbrush and Louise, who had a soft

spot for the little blonde, wiped her mouth and helped the naked girl up onto the bench.

Heather winced as she sat onto the bare wood.

“Oow”, she said dully, wiping her nose and eyes with her wrist.

Her body was covered in smutty marks and stains, her hair matted and looking as if it had been clumped and pulled about like a badly treated doll.

Chloe stepped over and knelt down in front of the girl, adjusting her slave collar with the word SLUT in metal letters across it so that it didn’t strangle as much then held the girl’s hand.

“Was it Jenny again?”

Heather sniffled then spoke, her voice as soft as ever with her occasional stutters.

“S... She said its payback. She said I deserved it f...for having such a dumb mistress.”

Again that pang of guilt struck Chloe in the pit of her stomach.

“That’s three nights in a row”, Emily said, from across the room. “Someone should tell Jenny to go easy on the girl. She’s hardly had a moments rest.”

Chloe didn’t turn as she responded. “Be my guest. You tell her if you want then see what she does to you and Heather after you do.”

“I just thought-”

“You still don’t get it do you... Bitch.” Bitch was Emily’s recently awarded slave name and the word in metal letters on her green slave collar. “We don’t think. We’re asswhores. We just give our butts to evil women like Jenny and Eva so that they can fuck and torture us to satisfy their sick addiction to our distressed anal pheromones. We’re little more than livestock to them.”

“I’m sorry, Chloe”, Emily said softly but Chloe’s attention was on soothing Heather. The little blonde was the least able of all of the Kolos-blooded asswhores. Maybe it was because she was so small and birdlike or possibly it was a mental strength that was deficient. Whatever it was it didn’t help that Heather lacked the ability to comprehend what was happening around her most of the time.

“Let’s get you in the shower, Heather. Hannah and I will wash you then Louise will put some cream in your ass and soothe your muscles.”

“Thank you, Chloe”, Heather said, her blue eyes looking puppy-like up at her.

She was helped back up to stagger over to the shower area. Chloe knew that walk. When you had been in a stress position for hours and your butt felt like it was on fire and bruised from a brutal pounding. She'd done it many times herself.

Kasey gasped as she watched Heather go, looking at Louise as they both caught a glimpse of the girl's gaped rim with smutty phlegm dribbling out of it onto her slim thighs.

Life as an asshole was difficult enough. Life as the High Priestess's fuck toy was gruelling and degrading beyond compare.

Breakfast was served. It was the usual takeaway delivery from the café on the corner of the industrial estate and was placed on the bench table in the magical room that became whatever fantasy needed to be fulfilled. Now it was a dormitory with six beds in it.

There were seven of them and that was another point being made. Jenny was sending a message that one girl would get no rest or comfort. It had been Heather for the last three nights, Kasey for two and then Louise and Becky one each.

The bodies around the bench, all of them petite, the way that Jenny and her henchwomen liked them, squeaked and creaked in their fetish gear. PVC, Latex and stretch fabrics wrapped each one of them like lewdly decorated pieces of candy. Living in the place that supplied the cult and its fans around the world with all the sex accessories a mistress or her asshole could ever dream of meant that a huge supply of fetish costumes and gear were all around them.

Chloe adjusted the tight straps around her chest. The spikes dug into the underside of them and the way it squeezed her breasts together pinched at her skin.

The chain attached to her spiked slave collar tugged at her nipples. Firm and stiff as they normally were, pointing across the bench at Emily and Hannah but there was no embarrassment or inhibitions left to break between any of them so she didn't even think about it as she looked into the paper bags to choose what would pretty much be her only meal that didn't involve some kind of depraved sex act. She was careful not to smear the dark red gloss on her lips when she paused to take a sip of her coffee. All of them wore the war paint of their trade

that they put on every morning, only to have it smeared and made to run with tears and sweat through the day. Each one looking gorgeous and slutty, dressed up like perverted dolls to be used and played with like the fucktoys they were.

Hannah's white latex stockings squeaked as she leaned forward with a bag. Her vinyl see-through top looked as though the metal buttons might burst open and let her breasts breathe a sigh of relief from the sweat-trap as she offered Chloe a doughnut.

"They're cinnamon, Chlo. Your favourite", she said through her blue-coloured lips.

All of them knew how much energy they burned in a day so no food was off limits for a buttslut.

Chloe reached out and took one from the bag, smiling at her best friend.

"Thanks, Han."

Speaking to Hannah so normally like this felt good, even if it was only for a few precious moments.

This particular moment was cut short as Eva marched into the room through the metal panel door.

“Asswhore. You’re up. The client has travelled a long way for a couple of hours with you. Get your ass up and follow me.”

Chloe was an asswhore as they all were but that was also her slave name, given to her because she was meant to be the number one asswhore in the cult - the one that women and girls around the world adored because she was apparently the prophesised second coming of the most perfect ass that had ever existed.

Emily looked up at Eva. She was older than the statuesque woman by a couple of years, not that it seemed that way in the current situation and yet she still believed she should be able to reason with her and the other mistresses.

“But she hasn’t finished her breakfast, Mistress. If you could just give her five more minutes.”

Eva relished the opportunity to humiliate Emily. A woman that should be of mistress age, treated like a dumb little asswhore was exciting and arousing as she’d never seen it happen before. She stepped around behind the green-eyed brunette, pushing her over the bench so that her underbust corset creaked against the edge.

“Are you questioning my order, Bitch?”

Eva looked every part the prison officer. She even wore a leather flat hat and had cuffs hanging from her corset as she took her baton-sized shock probe out of her hip harness and pressed it against the petite woman’s exposed sphincter.

“No. No, Mistress. I’d never question you”, Emily babbled out nervously. She had only been an asshole for a week and it was still strange letting herself get tormented in front of Chloe, Hannah and girls half her age.

“But you just did, Bitch. You enjoy annoying me, don’t you?”

“No- Uuuhh”

The probe slid past her rim and inside her.

“You know what you all signed on for. You all agreed to this life and will be treated exactly as the cult sees fit. Asswhore has duties to perform. It is her role in life to give her asshole to anyone that pays for time with her. Clear?”

Eva pressed the button on the handgrip.

“Aaaahh... Clear! Clear M... mmmistress!”, Emily blubbered as her whole body tensed and shuddered, her breasts wiggling obscenely out in front of her as her pale pink painted lips contorted in pain.

The probe slurped out after another ten seconds or so of searing agony. The other asshores were all still and silent as Emily gasped for breath and rubbed her brow.

Eva's lips curled up as she held the end of the probe to her nose and stepped over to the door.

"Asswhore", she said and Chloe jumped up off the bench and walked along behind her, putting the doughnut down on the table and mouthing 'It's okay', to Hannah. Becky never looked at Chloe when a mistress was present.

"Follow me", Eva said, walking out of the room and closing the metal door behind them both, pushing the metal bolt across so that it squeaked as it locked the High Priestess's assets in their dormitory.

Chloe remembered the first time she had followed Eva to her private room across the corridor from the stairs down to the warehouse. It had been a magical and exciting moment. It had been her first taste of BDSM and her first strapon and she had felt warmth and reverence for this very woman for having given her such amazing feelings. Not any more. Now Eva was just her oppressor and her co-pimp and this was just one of the many sessions that she had performed in service to her mistress.

Eva grabbed Chloe by her jaw and pushed her up against the hard, rough bricks of the wall.

"Don't you get any ideas that you're something better than what you are just because you have the other asshole's licking around your fuckhole like you're special."

Chloe caught enough breath to speak, her eyes as wide and sincere as she could make them.

“I’m just a worthless anal whore to be used by whoever you and my mistress tells me to.”

Eva’s lips curled up again at the corners but her eyes were still fierce as she stroked the shock probe up Chloe’s abs then over her breasts in circles before pushing it in between the girl’s dark red lips. Where it had just been wasn’t lost on either of them, as was the real threat that the probe posed if Eva turned it on and made her jaw and throat lose all control.

Eva just laughed unpleasantly and leaned down to lick the part of Chloe’s neck not covered by her permanently locked spiked collar. Her free hand groped the girl’s breasts, tugging on the chains attached to her nipples so that Chloe winced and groaned, her mouth still full of the probe.

“Such a fucking slut”, Eva hissed as she mauled her fingers between Chloe’s exposed and bare pussy lips, feeling the slippery excitement at her rough treatment.

The probe was pulled away from her mouth and harnessed as Eva snatched her by her arm and turned her around.

“Get in”, she said, pushing Chloe inside, just as she had nine months ago. This time Eva stayed outside and only paused to close the door before the noises of footsteps signalled that she wasn’t there any more.

Chloe turned around.

Nothing surprised her anymore. She'd been through all kinds of kinky sessions, gang banged, stuffed with all manner of objects, made to humiliate herself, tormented and whipped until she'd passed out and this looked no different to any of them, at least until she looked a little closer.

A woman with dark curls of hair stared back at her through brown eyes. Her oval face looked a little awestruck at seeing her and the store-bought dominatrix costume, complete with elbow length gloves.

There was a girl kneeling on the floor. Another asshole Chloe assumed at first but it only took a second to recognise one of her lovers. Beth looked up. Her blue eyes stared back widely over her dimpled cheeks but her mouth stayed flat and closed-lipped as if she was trying to stop from smiling. Her full breasts and hips curved out on her vibrant, youthful body as she knelt naked apart from a purple spiked slut collar around her slim neck and similarly coloured platform six-inch heels.

Chloe wanted to run over and kiss the girl that had nursed her back to health after her run-in with Melissa and her cronies back on campus. Beth had as big a place in Chloe's heart as anyone but she knew that there were cameras fixed into the walls just as there were in every room and corridor of the warehouse apart from Eva's office so she held the urge. Beth's wink confirmed that she was aware of the cameras too.

The woman spoke with a heavy accent but Chloe was distracted, her eyebrows knotted as she stared at Beth, unsure if it was a welcome sight or a worry that the girl that had no part in this world was now seemingly right at the heart of it all.

“I have travelled a long way and paid thousands of dollars to fuck the most desired asshole in the cult. I am going to enjoy my time with you, Chloe.”

The slap around her face felt real but the words lacked the same venom and sadism that a Kolos mistress normally used, at least the ones that she knew. The woman knew to spit into Chloe’s mouth when she opened her full, red lips wide and establish her dominance.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe said, gulping down the foamy saliva without a thought.

Chloe could see the excitement in the woman’s dark eyes. It was obvious that her dreams were coming true this morning but Chloe’s eyes kept darting over to the girl she hadn’t seen in months, looking both out of place and yet so deliciously hot as a pretend asshole that Chloe found her heart beating faster as she longed to kiss her mouth all over that body she’d missed.

Her lips moved over the woman’s as she imagined kissing Beth, hardly noticing the tongue that slipped into her mouth and swirled around inside it.

“Mmm, so delicious”, the woman purred as she kissed Chloe’s cheeks and jaw, her gloved hand slipping down the small of the teen’s back to stroke her globe-like cheeks.

Chloe remained still, her brow furrowing as she tried to figure out how Beth had managed all of this or more importantly - why? This was possibly the most dangerous thing the happy-go-lucky cute airhead had ever done and she probably didn’t realise the risk she was in if she got caught. It was just lucky

none of the mistresses knew who she was.

The woman stepped in her heels across to a bag on the floor and took out an eight inch ribbed blue dildo with a suction base. Beth looked up at it like a puppy seeing her favourite chew toy, her smile goofy as she held her slave pose as she waited for the woman to step over to her.

“Whore? You like your toy don’t you, you dirty slut? You want to fuck it while I fuck the chosen one’s asshole in front of you.”

“I do, Mistress. I’ll ride it hard while you fuck this pretty girl, Mistress.”

Beth was good at playing clueless and innocent. She acted as though she had never seen Chloe before but she didn’t have to pretend when it came to sex.

Her bow-like lips wrapped around the first several ribs of the toy and she sucked on it enthusiastically.

“Good Puta. Suck it. Make it nice and wet so it’ll slip up you easily”, the woman said, stroking Beth’s long light brown hair through her latex-clad fingers.

“Now put your hands out so I can put these cuffs on you”, the woman said in her thick accent. Chloe could tell neither of them were strangers to one another and yet it was clear that their relationship wasn’t anything like this in real life. Even just taking the cuffs from her belt and closing them around Beth’s slim wrists looked awkward and put on.

The next thing however looked as though the woman had done it many times.

“Get up on the bed. Bend over. I’m going to make your ass wet with my mouth.”

Definitely not how a Kolos mistress spoke, Chloe thought. Then she figured it out. This woman was one of Beth’s followers in the Cult of Chloe. The way she reverently parted the cute girl’s springy full cheeks and sighed in pleasure as she licked and slurped over Beth’s rim was something Chloe had seen many times back at the sorority house on campus.

Right then her own mouth watered as she thought of Beth’s sweet puckerless little hole. She hadn’t realised how much she’d missed her until she set eyes on her again. A little ray of sunshine in this dark, sullied world she lived in.

She watched the woman as she ate Beth’s asshole out with the passion and zeal that it deserved, standing there waiting like a good asswhore for the mistress to place her in whatever fantasised position she wished. It was Beth’s turn to get set up first though.

The dildo base was licked then slapped onto the metal headboard of the bed in the room and Beth was ordered to back up onto it, her knees on the PVC Sheets that covered the similarly covered mattress.

Chloe really wanted to push her hand down between her legs as she watched Beth’s face light up as her lips parted and her eyes half-closed. Seeing a non-Kolos girl like that getting that initial satisfaction of being filled up was one of

the hottest things ever.

The mistress stepped back over to the bag as Beth adjusted herself on her cuffed hands and knees so that the toy was deep inside her rectum then held her neck out as if she knew what was about to happen.

The woman placed an odd-looking hood over Beth's neck and face. It looked more like a tube or the arm piece of a huge hiking jacket with a pull toggle and cord on each end. The end around Beth's neck was pulled tightly around the girl's collar while the other end dangled down past her head.

"Hold your hands out", the woman commanded, placing the other set of cuffs from her belt around Chloe's wrists.

She guided Chloe onto the bed far less roughly than she was used to and positioned her so that she was on her hands and knees facing Beth's strangely covered head. She let the woman take the other end of the hood and place it over her head.

Then that was it. She was alone with Beth.

"Hey Sweetie", Beth drawled, beaming her goofy smile.

Chloe was impressed.

“So clever”, she said, then let out a breath as the woman pushed her tongue into her sphincter then groaned when she tasted it. Chloe was used to that reaction as much as she was used to having her puckerless hole sloppily eaten out by a complete stranger. She’d had so many tongues pushed up her deceptively innocent-looking sphincter that she’d stopped counting months ago. She felt the woman’s face pressing between her parted cheeks as she pushed her butt backwards. For a girl like her there was nothing strange about having a woman’s face shoved between her springy, round orbs, slurping and drooling into her crack. The most intimate part of a normal girl’s body was the most public and mauled part of an asshole’s body and Chloe now truly believed that she had no ownership of her own ass.

She pressed her lips over Beth’s and parted them so that she could show her how much she’d missed her. The cute girl’s eyes closed as she swirled her open mouth over Chloe’s and enjoyed the passionate French kiss.

“I missed you”, Chloe said as she held her lips over Beth’s. Their breath was hot and blended into one in the hood so their noses and mouths felt almost as one.

“I missed you too, my goddess”, Beth said with a smile.

“It was dangerous of you coming here, Beth. If Eva finds out who you are she’ll make an example out of you.”

“Don’t worry, Chloe. I’m just a dirty little asshole like you right now... Uuh”, she said, pushing back on the ribbed dildo.

“And a beautiful one you make too”, Chloe said, looking at that pretty face with

just enough light from outside coming in.

Their speech was the gentle mouthing clicks of two people trying to be as quiet as they could and it sounded delicious enough to want to kiss again each time Beth spoke.

“I have something for you. That’s why I’m here. It’s the only way we could smuggle it in without raising suspicion. Abigail and Adele came up with this.”

Beth swirled her mouth then held it out on her tongue. It was a bullet-sized black plastic object with a lid- sealed button on top.

“How the fuck did you hide that? I kissed you and didn’t feel it in there.”

Beth chuckled then dropped it into the middle of the hood.

“Everyone has their talents, Chloe. Mine is my big mouth, I guess. This will set you free from that collar you’re trapped in but it’ll only work once so use it only when you really have to. We’ve managed to duplicate the remote radio signal and the GPS tracker so we’ll know where you are when its time to get you.”

Chloe looked at the device. This was her way out of jenny’s clutches but the ordeal for her and her fellow asswhores was far from over and hiding it while she bided her time would be almost impossible.

“It’s designed to be hidden even when you don’t have any clothes to hide it in if you know what it means.”

“Don’t worry. I have plenty of places with more than enough space... Uhh... Speaking of which.”

The woman pushed four of her gloved fingertips inside Chloe’s sphincter, stretching it out easily and readily for the rest of the glove-covered hand.

“Who’s the mistress, Beth? Don’t tell me you became a real asshole just to get that thing to me.”

“No, sweetie. She’s a follower of the Cult of Chloe. She worships you... I mean the goddess... and me every three or four days. She pays well for the privilege. She’s a professor at Uni. Her name is Carla. I told her my plan and she was on board before I’d even finished explaining it. You know how it is with your ass and everything. She’s been dreaming of meeting you for so long but she’s trying to stay in character. We had to practise this several times before she even sounded mean enough to seem dominating. Amelia played you in the rehearsals.”

“Amelia looks nothing like me”, Chloe chuckled, remembering the tall model-like blonde.

“Yeah, but she’s a good kisser and we had to practice the time in the hood”, Beth said, wiggling her eyebrows mischievously.

“How did you get a session with me? Carla isn’t Kolos... and neither are you for that matter.... Uuuh.”

Chloe sighed as Carla pushed her entire hand past her anus. It was the first thing to go up her asshole that morning and if anything it was just a welcome stretch to prepare her asshole for the day to come.

“Jenny doesn’t care about that any more. We’ve been keeping an eye on her. She’s been letting anyone into the cult for private sessions. They just have to have a hot and trained girl or lots of money. We offered both and she almost snapped our arms off”, Beth said with a giggle.

“Have you been in contact with Kiko? How far is she... Uuuh... on getting the authorities to step in?”

Chloe’s eyes crossed momentarily as she felt Carla’s forearm squeezing into her anus. Her elastic muscle clenched and unclenched around the latex-clad arm as she felt the speared hand pushing out the walls of her rectum, making it ache and tingle up her bowels.

“Close. Maggie and Kiko have been talking and they have been using accounts from Stephanie’s firm as evidence but its hard work convincing the authorities to step in quick enough. It turns out that Ivy is ready to betray Jenny too. She really wants Kasey back and somehow she got hold of a couple of videos that make Jenny look pretty guilty both in and outside the cult.”

Chloe groaned as she felt Carla’s arm turn and twist inside her. She clenched her anus tightly to enjoy the feeling then gasped out wide mouthed as she felt a hard

slap to her butt cheeks.

Beth giggled and couldn't resist another kiss.

As their lips parted, she spoke again, her face flushed.

"Did you watch the video?" Chloe felt nervous as she asked, remembering what she'd done.

"Yeah. But don't worry I could see you weren't into it. I just hope you washed your mouth out well afterwards... uuh", Beth said, rocking back and forth steadily. Chloe wished she could see the girl's full butt taking the dildo inside it or better yet, slide her tongue over the length of the shaft as it went in and out of the cute hole that almost matched hers for its puckerless false purity.

"You said a couple of videos. There's more than one?"

"Yeah, there was one later on that night. It was brutal. Let's just say anyone would see that Jenny wasn't protecting Kasey much that night."

"You have no idea, Beth. Jenny has turned into even more of a monster than she already is. I think that day destroyed the last pieces of sanity she had in her twisted head and now she's trying to prove a point with Kasey. I'm not sure she and the other girls can last much longer."

“Always thinking of others, Chloe. That’s why I love you so much.”

Their lips smeared and pressed wide on one another as Carla experienced just how far Chloe’s anal training had taken her.

Carla pushed in up to her elbow. She couldn’t believe what was happening. She’d been told to act like she didn’t care but seeing the eighteen-year-old girl that she had idolized and been taught would bring a new era of free lesbian anal love to the world was overwhelming. She had her arm up the asshole of a girl that hundreds worshipped as a deity, including her.

She pushed back a tear and the need to blubber her excitement and emotion out as she stared at Chloe’s perfect butt taking her arm as if it were a six-inch dildo.

She wanted to shout out her thanks but instead let the seven rehearsals guide her, just as her fellow professor and guide in this amazing new world of bountiful sexual adventures taught her how to speak like a mistress.

“You fucking dirty slut. Taking my whole arm up your stinky fuckhole. Spit on her face and call her a perra sucia, my little Culo Puta.”

The two girls giggled at the hammed-up acting. Carla was just a little too loud when she spoke but it could be excused that she was shouting and talking slowly to make sure the girls heard her in the hood.

“Culo Puta?” Chloe asked, then gasped as she felt the speared fingers jab her

bowels.

“It’s my asshole name. Do you like it?”

“I love it. Now, call me a perra sucia”, Chloe whispered kissing Beth passionately.

Beth obliged and Chloe wanted to bite the lips that spoke the insult so cutely, so she did.

“Yes I am and you really are my Culo Puta”, Chloe sighed then pushed her tongue into the blue-eyed girl’s sweet mouth.

After enjoying the much-needed time in the hood, Chloe eventually took the bullet-shaped button in her mouth and placed it as best she could under her tongue.

Beth gave the all-clear signal to Carla and the hood was removed.

“Now my little putas. I’m going to make you eat each other’s dirty assholes out while I fuck you.”

Chloe saw the smile in Beth’s eyes as they were both manhandled into a curled sixty-nine position with their elbows and knees locked around one another.

Chloe was on top and couldn't help a little grin as she breathed in deeply and pulled Beth's lower back up so that she was in tasting distance of the girl's holes.

Clever, clever girl, Chloe thought as Carla went to fetch a harness and strap it around her waist, placing the eight inch ribbed blue dildo into it then getting up onto the bed where Chloe's mouth and Beth's asshole were inches from each other.

Chloe tried to hide her joy at her wish coming true. Beth had obviously thought of Chloe as she choreographed this sexual encounter back in the sorority house. She watched open-mouthed as Carla pushed the dildo inside the girl that called herself Priestess of the Cult of Chloe and felt the wet, enthusiastic slurps of her worshipping tongue and lips the other end of their entangled bodies as Beth's cute mouth pressed around her anus.

Chloe watched the dildo slide in and out, easily after having been bounced up there by Beth herself minutes ago, and slid her tongue along the slippery pussy slit as she groaned and rolled her eyes as she felt the girl's tongue press inside her sphincter. Beth really did have a talented mouth and Chloe had missed it so much. She looked forward to her freedom and being able to feel it on her anus every day when she escaped the clutches of the High Priestess.

Two hours after it had been closed on Chloe, the door opened. Carla and Beth wore the raincoats they had arrived in that morning over their costume and naked body respectively, the curly haired woman holding the bag with the hood and the now-well-used blue dildo.

Carla held her gloved fingers up to her nose, sighing as she stepped out into the corridor almost oblivious at first to the fact that Eva had Emily pressed up against the wall and had her harness-clad crotch firmly pushed into the asshole-woman's butt. The cruel mistress turned and the dildo that had been inside the petite woman's asshole slurped out noisily, inch by inch, looking as though it would go on forever until it finally pinged cruelly out at the tip to flick gooey wet droplets over the floor.

"Stay there", Eva snarled as she turned to look at Carla.

Oh shit, Chloe thought, looking at Carla out of the corner of her eye. She's staring at the dildo with those wide eyes like she's never seen anything that big before. Eva will see right through her act.

"I see you scented your glove, Mistress Carla."

"Yes, Mistress Eva. It's a most enjoyable aroma. I think I may never wash it again. I see you use a twelve incher to teach these bitches who's in charge. I will have to get one of those to use on my Culo Puta."

Eva chuckled then slid the silicone shaft around in her gripped hand.

“Get one with some extra girth like this. They learn faster when it spreads them out in all directions.”

Chloe breathed a sigh of relief then held it again as Eva pressed her face close to Beth.

“Mmm... Culo Puta. She’s cute. I’d like to make this pretty face squeal out in pleasure and pain.”

It made Chloe flinch to see a person she despised kissing her unsullied lover, especially when she flicked her tongue around inside Beth’s parted lips.

Her hand slipped under the raincoat covering and around the back of the cute teen and Beth’s blinks confirmed that Eva was fucking her asshole with a finger. For an asshole this was taken for granted, just accepted and allowed to happen.

Beth took it well. She had been prepared for something like this and it wasn’t as if she was the most innocent girl on campus and, in her role as priestess, she was letting women and girls do stuff like this with her almost every day.

Jenny released Beth from their wide, pressing kiss then placed her finger in her mouth.

“Mmm, I’d definitely like to use this one. Call me in a few days. Maybe she can earn you a little back from of the thousands you spent on this slut’s shithole. I hope she was worth it.”

Eva grabbed Chloe by the arm tightly.

Beth knew to bow and thank the woman for mauling her.

“Thank you, Mistress”, she said softly.

“Yes. Thank you, Mistress Eva. We’ll be on our way now. You know how it is. I need to get her home and torture the girl some more.”

Chloe winced. Eva’s brow furrowed a little. Mistresses didn’t speak that way. At least not ones she knew but then Carla wasn’t a Kolos woman. Jenny letting all these outsiders into the cult made it very hard to tell what was normal behaviour for a mistress anymore.

Her suspicion subsided as she glanced over her shoulder at Emily, distracted by the woman’s sullen resignation as she clung to the brick wall with her fingers, her open breasts pressing into the rough surface as her corset squeezed her body into an unnatural hourglass shape that it usually didn’t have.

“Well, enjoy. I would show you out but I’ll have my own asshole show you to the door, Mistress. Remember you’re welcome to use Asswhore again... for a ridiculous price of course.”

“I’ll bear that in mind, Mistress Eva. Thank you.”

Adriana clumped over in her hoof-heels to take Beth and Carla to the red metal front door.

“See these two to the door, Piggy”

Adriana glanced up under her thick eyeliner. She was as naked as anyone in the warehouse with only her ankle boots and pale pink collar with the name ‘Piggy’ across it in metal letters to cover a tiny portion of her fleshy, pale body.

“<Oink> <Oink>, Mistress”, she snorted. Her role was to be a servant and general dogsbody, or pigsbody, as Jenny and Eva managed the herd of asswhores they had holed up in the warehouse.

Her pigtail buttplug stuck out between her oiled-up large butt as she turned and led them away, her green eyes looking down to the ground as her slicked and oily brown hair glistened under the lights in its tight bun knot.

Carla raised her eyebrows, not for the first time and glanced at Beth who nudged the woman back into character with a lightning fast glare.

Eva and Chloe watched the pair turn the corner and as soon as they were out of sight, Eva snarled into her ear.

“You’re going to stay her and watch me teach Bitch a lesson in manners. In fact you can serve a purpose by keeping my dildo clean after it’s been in her disgusting fuckhole. On your knees.”

Chloe was pushed down to her knees, inches from Emily’s trembling body. Jenny sneered as she parted the woman’s cheeks out cruelly wide then speared the twelve inches of silicone deep inside her. Eva had to bow her legs to reach down to the right angle to fuck Emily’s petite body, her hands sliding up to shove her bare skin hard into the brick wall around her waist and neck.

Emily’s face was grated onto the wall sideways, as Eva spat and covered the other half of her face in saliva and phlegm.

Emily groaned and gasped as she tried to cope with the soreness of the rough bricks pressing on her face and breasts. Her nipples burned as they were rubbed over the sandpaper-like surface as Eva snarled and laughed in her ear, pumping and ramming the dildo deep into her bowels so that they stabbed with the sharp pain of something too large and long jabbing into them.

“You dare to question my order one more time you stupid little piece of shit and I’ll stretch your asshole out so wide it’ll never tighten up again. Is that clear, you dumb bitch?”

“Uuuh... Yes... Mistress... It’s clear... Aaah”, Emily wailed out.

Chloe looked up at the mess that was once Emily and sighed. Jenny and her

henchwoman had broken everyone closest to her and turned them into their fucktoys but she couldn't dwell on Emily's distress, she had to hide the bullet button that was in her mouth. If that thick dildo was shoved down her throat, she wouldn't be able to keep it hidden under her tongue unless she wanted to do herself an injury or worse - risk swallowing it.

She had to be sure that Eva didn't notice her movements. Her hand crept up carefully, close to her body as she gently pushed the black bullet out and then rolled her hand down behind her. The obvious place with plenty of space was her anus but she had to keep that free in case that twelve-inch shaft was rammed inside her after it had been in Emily. She needed somewhere where the mistresses unfortunately overlooked all too often. It slipped in between her pussy lips and plunged inside her vagina. It was a risk in itself as her pussy was far less trained at clenching than her anus and if it slid out after some violent thrust she'd lose her escape chance that Beth had made such an effort to get to her.

Eva glanced across and saw her with her hand between her legs.

"Are you getting off on seeing me take this, dirty little bitch's asshole? I bet it makes you wet seeing this asshole getting what it deserves."

"Yes, Mistress", Chloe said, averting her eyes from Eva's piercing blue eyed gaze.

The dildo slurped out for the second time.

"Then you'll enjoy tasting it on my cock, slut", Eva said, slapping Emily and snarling against her face. "Stay there. I'm not finished with you."

Chloe had gotten used to taking the massive girth of the dildos the mistresses used on her and the others into her mouth. Her lips had learned to stretch and become more elastic just like her other end. It was fed into her until it made her throat gurgle. She could taste Emily on it and just how deep it had burrowed inside the woman.

Eva pushed on so that Chloe choked on her collar as her neck was squeezed out from the inside. She coughed and winced, her eyes crossing and filling with tears as she swallowed Eva's shaft down while listening to the cruel laughs above her.

"Little Chloe is such a filthy whore isn't she, Bitch? Where did she learn to be such a nasty fuckpig? Oh yes, it was from me. I was her first, the first one to fuck her puckerless fuckhole. She was so tight... not like now. Now she's a loose-assed gape pig, isn't she, Bitch?"

Emily held her hands against the wall as if she was being arrested and sniffed.

"Yes, Mistress. She's a loose-assed gape pig, Mistress."

"Look at her. And to think this depraved creature believed she had enough brains in her thick skull to go to university. She's just a dumb set of holes, isn't she Bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress. Chloe is just a dumb set of holes."

“Her name is Asswhore!” Eva snarled, spitting at Emily’s sideways-pressed face.

“Uuh... Sorry, Mistress.”

“Sorry Mistress. Sorry Mistress. That’s all you fucking say. You know why? Because you keep fucking pissing me off! Well, maybe you like being punished in your ass. Maybe this is all to get me to tire myself out in your stinky shithole. So let’s see how your dripping pussy takes twelve inches.”

Chloe made a gurgling noise and took a large gasp of air as the massive shaft squelched out of her throat and left her mouth like a nightmarish serpent that had found easier prey.

Except twelve inches in a Kolos-blooded woman’s relatively virginal pussy was far less easy to take than in her inherently elastic asshole.

Her groan as it overwhelmed her petite body even more than it just had done was real but Chloe’s drool and her own slippery juices that dripped out of her lips helped to ease the almost alien feeling of having her pussy walls stretched out wide.

“You like that don’t you... Uh... Does this make us lovers now? Uh... This is what you thought we all were didn’t you, you dumb bitch? Uh... I bet you fucked that little Italian slut like this every night. Uh... Kiss me, lover”

Emily was helpless with her lips parted for gasps of breath as Eva messily

squelched her lips and tongue over them. She had to close her eyes just to cope with not fainting and falling to the floor as the taller, toned woman thrust mercilessly into her pussy.

Chloe watched from the floor as Eva fucked Emily. This life had changed her view of women and what they'd do all for the sensations and orgasms that they were given. To her, the girl she was now, this was normal and Emily was a slut that wanted what she got whether it was consciously or subconsciously. She was just as much a slave to her lust as Chloe and even Eva, and this depraved scene in front of her only made her feel the slightest stomach-churning at how she was being made to witness it.

“Uh... You are such a slut. Look at her, Asswhore. She's taking my fat cock like a filthy back-alley street whore.”

Eva lifted Emily's right leg up, hooking it under her forearm then did the same with the left so that the strong woman soon had Emily's body completely off the floor, her chest and face pressed ever harder into the wall as she was bounced up and down on the large shaft.

“Oh God... Mistress Please... It's so deep”, Emily wailed, her voice broken up by the jolting thrusts.

“So fucking dumb. It's goddess! You're fucking Kolos, Bitch. We aren't like other women and we like it really deep.”

“Uuuh... Yes, Mistress... Aaah... Sorry, Mistress.”

“If you have to apologise to me one more time today, I’ll place you on a cone for the rest of the day and get Piggy to whip you until you pass out.”

Emily had seen the destruction a cone could do. She’d been pretty occupied herself when she’d last seen the massive silicone cones in action a week ago but she had managed to glance up at her lover, Hannah, several times as she screamed and groaned perched up on a thing that looked like a giantess’s buttplug, as tall as the girl that was impaled onto it.

She held herself from saying sorry again. The threat was a great motivator.

“Yes, Mistress”, she gasped between thrusts.

“Ooh your nasty slut hole is dribbling all over my cock, Bitch. I think it will squelch straight up Asswhore’s cavernous butt, don’t you?”

“Uuh... Yes, Mistress. It’ll slide straight on up her”, Emily panted out.

Eva chuckled as she slid out of Emily, juices and webs of sticky arousal dripping and dangling from the surface of the dildo.

Without looking down at her, Eva ordered Chloe up next to Emily. She could feel the sweat on the woman’s shoulder and the hotness of her breath as she gasped and tried to recover from her pussy reaming.

Eva didn't stand on ceremony with Chloe. She just aimed the bulging bell-shaped tip against her rim and pushed, breaking through the now-elastic sphincter as it opened up as it was trained to and swallowed up the latest of scores of cock-shaped moulds that had invaded her once most intimate and private hole.

She hardly gasped anymore when twelve inches filled her. It took more to make her moan and she just croaked out a broken breathed sigh as the girthy shaft slid right on up, filling her in the way that she was accustomed.

Eva sneered into her ear.

"Such a whore. Look at Bitch here. Show her in your eyes how used you are to having big, fat cocks in your asshole. Tell her it's your only purpose in life."

"Uuh... My only purpose in life is to be fucked in my nasty, cavernous fuckhole, Bitch."

Chloe spoke softly and girlishly. It turned the mistresses on when she put on that tone and it also appeased them, making them less likely to whip or slap her for sounding defiant or insolent.

"Show Bitch what you think of her as an asswhore. Tell her how pathetic she is."

Chloe spat hard in Emily's face. Her parted lips and open eyes caught most of it and it was a large amount, having coughed up a lot during the throat fucking.

"You're so pathetic and useless, Bitch. You're a dumb fuck that doesn't even know how to satisfy a mistress."

Emily looked hurt and for a second and Chloe felt a pang of regret in her heart but when her asshole was full and achy and the tingles of the movements inside her tunnel walls rippled through her body there wasn't much that could distract her from the thing she craved the most. Besides, Emily had been fooled into thinking she was helping Jenny cure Hannah and Chloe's anal addiction so why should she let the woman know that she actually did have a heart and feelings left in her fucked and used body. Her eyes rolled up and her mouth curled up at the edges as she showed her discreet bliss at being filled. Why shouldn't she punish her a little more? She'd helped Jenny to control her by her indifference at times and occasionally outright complicity.

Eva pounded hard into Chloe. Her nipples scraped onto the wall and her face was squished against it so that drool slid down the bricks. She loved fucking Chloe. Her body was so cute and her butt really was perfect and may well be divine but it was the way she enjoyed being treated like this, sucking up any pain and roughness like a sponge and turning it into arousal while still showing a hint of spunk and defiance just by the way she held herself, as if she knew how good an asshole she really was. It was the fact that she knew nobody could break her that made her so attractive. It was the bane of Jenny's life at the moment and she knew how much her friend and High Priestess had planned Chloe's existence then tormented herself waiting for the time she could make her into an asshole but that just made Chloe even hotter to her.

She licked her tongue into the girl's ear hole then lapped and slurped the sweat off the side of her face. It was always sweet and tasted as youthful as the teen's flawless skin looked.

Chloe felt close to an orgasm just as Eva decided to slurp out of her. The feeling of twelve inches rubbing past her anus, which now only clenched just enough to grip an object, felt delicious but the emptiness left inside her made her crave to be rammed full again immediately.

“I wonder if your pussy is as tight as Bitch’s. It’s been a while since I’ve fucked you there, Asswhore. Let’s see if we can make you cum like a bland bitch does.”

Fuck. Are you fucking kidding me? Chloe had to act fast. She knew she’d be punished but she pushed her fingers between her pussy lips and purred.

“Mmm, yeah Mistress. Fuck me like a boring norm. Take me in my unused pussy and stretch it out like my asshole.”

Eva was a little surprised at the reaction and yet not surprised that Chloe reacted. She was known for annoying little defiant acts like this and would usually do them in order to make a mistress behave even more sadistically but Jenny’s orders were clear. If Chloe plays up, punish those she cares about.

“Come here, Bitch. You can lick the sweat from my asshole as I pound this sweet teen pussy.”

She grabbed Emily by her hair and tugged her down behind her. One hand gripped her from behind as the other lined up the dildo.

Emily was plunged into Eva's muscular, toned cheeks. They were thick and full but firm thanks to all years of exercise. They squeezed Emily's face like the nutcrackers they were and she had to push her tongue out to reach the sweaty puckered hole hidden within them.

As Eva looked over her shoulder, Chloe pushed the bullet back into her mouth. She had known that hiding it was going to be difficult but this was ridiculous.

She put her hands on the wall just in time to feel the twelve inches that had been in almost every hole that she and Emily had squeeze into her less-trained pussy. Of course she'd been fucked in it over the last nine months more than most girls would have done but it was still a lot tighter and, if she was honest, less preferred by her to be fucked than in her world-famous asshole.

It made her feel giddy at first, then the walls of her pussy adjusting and stretching out and she felt her own arousal and juices help the thick circumference to push up inside her.

"Listen to my fat cock squelching up inside you", Jenny sneered, licking Chloe's shoulder for the taste of sweat. She was almost oblivious to Emily's efforts behind her, despite the green-eyed woman's face being almost completely smothered between her cheeks and her tongue lapping and slurping away almost continuously. Eva was enjoying the view as she tugged at Chloe's hips to get her to arch her back and show her the curves of her globe-like butt and the little rimless entrance that so many dreamed of.

She spat down on it as she thrust away then pushed her saliva inside the pretty ring just for the pleasure of seeing it disappear inside and put a little of her DNA

inside the girl.

Chloe was moaning at the pussy fucking even more than she would from a 'normal' dildo-blasting but Eva didn't feel this was any reason to pound it any less roughly than she usually did. So what if the girl was bruised and sore afterwards?

Chloe was amazed at herself yet again. No matter how close she felt to an orgasm, she still had to have Eva's four fingers hooked into her anus to bring her to climax.

Eva continued to pound her, her cheeks slapping loudly as she wailed out a loud groan that echoed down the corridors.

She didn't care that Emily had heard her orgasm. She'd done it in front of the woman a lot recently, occasionally because of her. What she cared about was the thought of Becky somewhere in the warehouse hearing the sound of ecstasy and submission that was happening to Chloe and that the petite blonde would lose more hope that they would ever be free of this life.

Eva pushed her off the cock like a man discarding a cheap whore after ejaculating.

It was covered in her sticky cum juices and it flopped lewdly as Eva continued to hold Emily's face in her ass.

“Fuck off, Asswhore. Go and wipe yourself up, plug yourself then go down to the warehouse and get to work with the other sluts. Bitch here needs to make me cum on her ugly face before she’s going anywhere”, Eva sneered with a hand grasping Emily’s light brown hair in a cruelly twisted clump. To emphasise her point she rubbed up and down on the woman-asswhore’s features, coating her in smells that would be with her for the rest of the day.

Chloe bowed. She was still feeling the euphoric high from the orgasm and she felt light headed as she came back up.

“Yes, Mistress”, she almost moaned, her naked butt red from the pounding as she staggered down the corridor.

She clumped into the changing room and sat down on the bench for a moment to gather her breath. She'd had two sessions already and it still only morning. Since being at the warehouse, Jenny and Eva were intent on making a point. Where they and the other mistresses found the energy to do what they did was beyond Chloe. No wonder they look so toned, Chloe mused as she grabbed a towel and wiped her dripping cum juices off of her crotch.

She stopped for a moment to stare down at the familiar sight of her naked pussy lips framed by the black strappy harness around her crotch and sighed. Normal is whatever you get used to, she thought to herself.

The other girls would be down in the warehouse working to pick orders and send them out to mistresses around the world so that they could use toys and equipment on their asswhores and keep the cycle of domination and submission continuing under Jenny the High Priestess's regime.

Chloe was as complicit as anyone who worked at PP Toys in enabling women to whip, shock, probe and ream girls out everywhere while dressing them up in humiliating costumes and restraining them in all manner of painful ways. She shook her head and tried to think of something else. There weren't many rays of light in her life right then but she focused on Beth. Her smile, her soft mouth and the smell of her skin had been like a tonic. It had given her another reason to end all this and believe that the girls downstairs could smile and be as free as the goofy teen priestess of her own gentler, kinder cult.

She looked across the bench at her plug. She had been made to wear it every day now in the warehouse whenever she worked in the stockroom and even for a girl like her it ached and she felt the tingles of masochism bubble in the pit of her

stomach as she wore it inside her. But even that was nothing to the feeling she got when Eva pressed the remote for it as she did without fail at lunchtime.

Chloe lined herself over the top of it, the base stuck to the bench. She had to stand on the wooden seat and squat, which in itself was an indication how long it was. Even the more experienced in anal toys would have rightly mistaken the plug for a huge dildo... that was if they hadn't thought it was some kind of ornament.

It was almost as long as the fake cock that had just been up her ass minutes ago but it was its shape that would have struck the most fear in even the most experienced asshole.

It was shaped like an obelisk. Chloe had seen one on a school trip and remembered drawing them in history class. It had four sides, which meant four edges, and a pyramid shaped that ended off in a point at the top. It was as thick as Jenny's arm and tapered out in a similar way to the woman's muscles, getting thicker near the base before the narrow stem and the suction base that defined it as a buttplug.

Chloe groaned as the edges pulled her rectum out into an unnatural rectangle shape. They felt sharp despite being made of silicone and they dug into her making her feel a dull ache as it pressed out her squeezing anal muscles. She sunk down as she had to, one hand swirling her clit to try to make the pain somehow enjoyable.

Her eyes rolled into her head and her mouth contorted as she pressed on. You're not a girl – you're an asshole. You're an asshole...

“Uuuh, I’m an asshole!” she wailed out loud as she felt her rim close around the stem.

She gasped through the sensations, wiping sweat and tears from her face as she staggered bent-kneed and straight-backed to the mirror.

She turned to check. Jenny and Eva would whip her until her back was completely red if she didn’t have the plug properly inserted inside her.

It was, she decided, but circled the stem and her sphincter with her finger just to be sure.

She turned back to the mirror and stared at her reflection. A strappy harness that covered nothing but accentuated and highlighted her every curve criss-crossed her creamy skin, her slut collar as much a part of her as her nose on her face was usually forgotten until her neck was stretched from the inside and seeing herself in the mirror like this reminded her that her body was owned and that she was just a slave.

Her bowed legs shook slightly on her six-inch heeled shoes with the ankle locks and her red lips pouted as she stared at her dulled eyes, preoccupied with the feeling in her asshole to be able to think of much else.

She spat at her reflection.

“You whore. You fucking filthy whore”, she growled under her breath, then to

humiliate herself because she felt she deserved it right then she made herself lick every bit of it back into her mouth.

“Piece of shit”, she snarled as she turned, her eyes lingering on the slut in the mirror until her head was forced to turn and she walked off in an obscene waddle with the obelisk plug jabbing at her bowels with every step.

There was little excuse for her having a detour in the dormitory but she thought maybe having a sip of water from one of the bottles stacked up in the bench table at the entrance was as good a reason as any.

Chloe had assumed the bullet was waterproof or Beth wouldn't have been able to hide it in her mouth and she probably would have mentioned not to stuff it in another wet hole. She glugged some water in, holding the bullet button under her tongue then gently spat it out as if just finishing her drink before putting the lid on and placing the bottle on the bed she'd used the past week under the lumpy pillow.

To anyone looking at the security camera it would look like she'd had a drink and claimed a bottle for the night and was keeping it from rolling off her mattress under the pillow. A little weird maybe, but not enough raise suspicion. Asswhore's developed all kinds of ticks and obsessive behaviour thanks to their fucked-up life so a little water-squirrelling would be seen as just a bit of prison psychosis.

Chloe stepped out of the metal cut out and past the heavy door, shutting it behind her with a creak and a clunk before heading off down the stairs to join her fellow asswhores.

She caught sight of Louise and Heather lugging a large cardboard box across the hard concrete floor, their pornstar heels clicking as their bodies strained and sweated. Hannah was on her hands and knees with her head in another box, counting loudly as her horse-tail-like plug that doubled as a whip swayed alluringly behind her.

Becky sat on what had replaced her stool as she marked off order sheets and packaging lists and told the other girls what to look for next. The cone she had beneath her was sunk deeply inside her as she stared down at her desk and drew lines with her pen. She never smiled anymore. Chloe remembered how seriously she took her old job at the warehouse but that she would often be smiling to herself or Chloe when she helped her picking orders.

Hannah's costume creaked as she turned and nodded to Chloe. Louise, in her orange fishnets and body stocking spoke a whispered, "Hi, Chloe", as she passed. Her lean, coltish body made her butt seem even more round and sticking-out as the heels she wore accentuated her physique and the way the metal ring speculum gaped her out so that she had a fixed black hole in the centre of it caught Chloe's eye every time she saw it.

Kasey must have been off on another session, she was in high demand and Jenny's 'point making' meant that she barely got a moments rest, day or night.

Heather looked tired. Her body harness was made of purely thin chains and it looked like it was digging into her bird-like body as she staggered along in her obscene heels. The clips on her nipples and the metal anal hook tugging her back into an uncomfortable arch as it half-strangled her from the other end attached to the back of her collar didn't look to be helping in any way.

Chloe stepped over to the desk.

“Hi, Becky”, she said, knowing she was being too optimistic to get the response she craved.

The petite blonde handed Chloe a list without looking up, not that she could have done without tugging the metal rings pierced through her nipples that were attached to her nose ring on a short chain. That was the only thing she had on apart from her worn old collar and a pair of lace up boots that looked like the type worn by labourers apart from the fact they had ridiculous heels like everyone else. It was all part of the ongoing narrative and theme that Becky was a boy or ‘Fuckboy’ as her mistress spat. Chloe could see the effort the mistress had gone to make her look undesirable and broken – her hair, her numerous pierced rings, the lack of makeup apart from her lewdly painted pale pink lips, the cruellest tattoo on her lower back that anyone could have. And yet to Chloe she was still the prettiest girl in the room and the whole world.

The lack of a response hurt more than the obelisk up her rectum but she still smiled down before turning and waddling over to the shelves to set about order picking.

She got as lost as she usually did, looking at the items and imagining how the combination of things in an order would be used on some girl somewhere in a couple of days. She didn’t marvel at the plugs and costumes and toys like she had in those first days back in summer but she did remember the excitement of wearing and trying out costumes each day as they were all doing now and it was kind of nice to be able to glance a sideways stare at the sexy young bodies around her in their own fetish gear, modelling them for the highest bidder to buy online and then perv off on.

A wail distracted her. It was Emily but it was hard to tell whether it was an orgasm or a cry of pain. It sounded somewhere in between, like a primal release

as it rang out around the corridors and echoed around into the stockroom. Hannah glanced up from a different box and looked across at Chloe. Her face said something that Chloe hadn't expected after how conditioned the cute brunette had become but she understood it well. Yes, all this fucked up situation was getting too much. It wasn't like it was at the start or even when they were virtually imprisoned in Jenny's house. This was far more serious.

*

After a short while it was lunchtime. Eva stepped down the stairs with Adriana, or Piggy, in tow carrying a tray with four metal dog bowls.

Eva stepped across the concrete floor and placed the bowls in a line. They were already filled with the unappetising contents that actually resembled pet food. Chloe was suspicious that it may actually have come out a tin with a puppy photo on the side of it.

The tall mistress placed a large bottle of water down beside her then looked up to see Jenny and Kate heading down to join them.

Her reverence the High Priestess rarely greeted her subjects before lunchtime, usually lying in after a night of tormenting Heather or another girl. Kate was there for one reason. And that explained why there were only four bowls and five hungry mouths.

Becky wasn't allowed to eat like the other girls. At least two of her daily meals were fed to her in a way that was both humiliating and depraved beyond compare. Of course, her meals were different to the others and served in a

different way too depending on what Kate could shove inside her before journeying to the warehouse to remind ‘Fuckboy’ that it was her fat ass that owned and gave her the gift of sustenance every day.

Chloe and the other three got onto their knees and placed their hands either side of the bowl. They weren’t allowed to hold the metal rim with their hands. That would mean a sharp thrashing from the riding crop that Jenny would snatch off the bottom stair rail post and tap in her hand as she crouched and squatted over the feeding girls.

Becky assumed her position and knelt on her heels, tilting her head back as Kate placed her fat thighs each side of the girl’s head and parted her flabby square cheeks.

“Thank us for what you are about to receive, asswhores”, Jenny said coldly.

“Thank you, mistresses”, the girl’s chimed, Becky using the singular as she lined up with the winking hole above her.

Chloe tried to ignore the farting sounds as Kate pushed whatever had been inserted inside her into her asswhore’s mouth. Becky had been fed like this every day since being made to return to her first mistress and Chloe knew from the stories the petite blonde had told her that this was nothing new.

Chloe sullenly took a bite from the lumpy mess in her bowl, gulping it down quickly before Jenny got close enough to torment her.

She soon felt a heel yank and hook her pussy lips apart as the toe-end of Jenny's boot pressed onto the base of her obelisk, jabbing the sharp end into her stomach.

She gasped at the pain and paused her meal, giving Jenny the satisfaction that she had hurt her and stirring the masochistic butterflies in her belly. She hated the woman but that just meant being tortured and humiliated by her was all the more arousing.

"I hear you've had a busy morning as usual, Asswhore. You've made us both a lot of money, not that it means as much now I have six asswhores to rent out. You must be hungry though", Jenny said, crouching down next to Chloe's head.

"Yes, Mistress", Chloe said softly.

Jenny hocked and gurgled in her throat before spitting right in the centre of Chloe's bowl of food then laughed cruelly.

"Eat then, filthy bitch."

Chloe had certainly eaten worse from Jenny's body but it was the control and constant sullyng of every minute of her life that made her reluctant to want to suck it up into her mouth and eat it like the depraved ill-treated pet she was.

Her mouth parted and her teeth readied but she paused a second too long and was punished for her hesitation with a sharp thrash of the crop across her pussy

and thighs.

“Oww”, She winced and immediately took the spit and a chunk of the dog-food-like meal in her mouth and chewed.

“Thank you, Mistress”, she mumbled through her full mouth, feeling the foaminess on her tongue and then sliding down her throat. It was certainly no grosser than what Becky was swallowing down.

Jenny’s attention turned to Heather who was eating slowly and delicately, her back arched as she tried to keep the anal hook from stretching her anus out painfully.

Jenny sneered as she pulled the girl back by her blonde parted bob and rocked her back so that she was sat on her ankles.

“You think you need to have table manners? After the way you swallowed the spiked dildo that had been up your dirty little shithole last night? You’re a disgusting pig. Eat like one!”

Jenny pushed the girl back down into the bowl and pressed her face around roughly in the food. Louise paused to look sadly at the bird-like blonde next to her getting humiliated and demeaned by Jenny yet again. It made her miss being back home with Kiko and she had a feeling that, despite how cruel Helen had been to her, Heather was missing her former mistress now that she belonged to Jenny.

It isn't my fault I pick on Heather, Jenny told herself. She's just so fucking dumb that she looks like she's asking for it all the time. What am I to do if she taunts me? She asked in her head. Then replied by removing the metal ball-ended hook in the girl's small butt and scooping some food from the bowl.

"Let's make you some dessert, Slut", Jenny sneered, fingering it past the girl's skin-coloured pucker.

Heather sniffled as she pushed some of the food out of her nose but she knew she had to reply.

"Th-thank you, Mistress."

Hannah was the first to finish her bowl so was treated to some water by Eva. The woman tipped the five litre bottle and let it glug down and fill Louise's upturned gape. It wasn't the first time she'd let the other girl's drink so Hannah knew to crawl over behind Louise's gaped hole and lap at it like a puppy drinking out of a puddle.

Kate made sure that Becky's face had a covering of her scent to mark and remind her who owned her. The girl's flat face was perfect for sitting on and smothering and she held her mouth open and her tongue out to wetly press and smear into every sweaty crevice. The chain had been removed from her nose but the other ends that split into two and were attached to her nipple rings made for a great leash to tug and torture the girl into licking her even more enthusiastically.

This was lunch in the warehouse. Sometimes Kasey joined them. Usually Emily was there but she was probably cleaning herself in the changing room. It was

always cruel and the dining victims were never unmolested as they ate but it was accepted. No one could call it normal. It was entirely fucked up and depraved but it was becoming the routine now and the girls had gotten used to it.

Bowls emptied and stomachs filled with mostly food, they would work until evening as usual. If a client came, one of them would be taken off and usually didn't return until the next morning.

That night it would be Hannah.

It felt good to have the aubergine-sized plug tugged out of her now-ever-slightly-gaping asshole. She breathed more freely feeling her insides weren't all being squeezed together by the fist-thick bulge pressing into her bowels.

Adriana oinked as she sniffed it then licked the length. Hannah peered up under her long lashes through her dark brown eyes at the girl called Piggy. She'd never known her before she was made into an asswhore but it hadn't been long after she herself had been anally awakened as the Kolos called it. Both Adriana and her were 'norms' or non-Kolos asswhores but there was little normal left in Adriana's head. She loved being a slave and humiliating herself, and tasting Hannah's dildo was meant to demean and humiliate herself in front of her fellow asswhore.

She snorted the surface, rubbing it against her nostrils before placing it on the bench to unbutton Hannah's plastic see-through top.

Clients often had fantasies that they liked asswhores to play out for them. Some of them were just kinky fetishes, others were a form of therapy where the women played out things that had happened to them or that they'd wished they'd done in the past. Hannah knew that this session would be no different. What she didn't realise was how it would be a part of her own past as much as the clients.

Adriana hoofed over to a locker and brought back a hanger of clothing covered in a clear plastic protector. She placed it on the bench next to Hannah then oinked and stood there.

“What the fuck is this?” Hannah had been trained out of reacting but this was like a truck had just hit her head-on as two worlds collided.

It was a green polo shirt. The one she used to wear when she worked with her family at their garage at weekends, her family name written in swirly font in red cotton on the left breast – Dolce Auto Repairs.

“Where did they get this, Piggy?” Hannah shouted. In that moment, she wasn’t playing the game anymore. This was a step too far.

Eva stomped into the room.

“What’s wrong with you?” she demanded.

“This top... It’s... from my past... Mistress”, Hannah said sullenly.

“I know. The clients have asked you to wear it. I don’t see what the problem is, Dirty Whore. You know your contract. There isn’t a problem is there, Dirty Whore? I could take you back to your family tonight if you’d prefer and tell them where you’ve been all this time... and what you’ve been doing... with women.”

Hannah stared at the top. Dirty Whore was conditioned to obey. Hannah Dolce had signed her body and soul away to the cult but there was a part of her that wished Chloe had completed her plan to free them all before she’d had to perform this particular session.

“Can I ask who the client is, Mistress?” Hannah asked. She knew she was risking punishment but she had to know.

“No you can’t, slut. Put the clothes on and that baseball cap then be at the red door in thirty minutes... Fix her makeup Piggy and make it full-on.”

“Oink, Oink.”

Eva stormed off.

She turned the corner and stepped through the doorway to the dormitory. She smiled as she saw the five remaining beds and the new addition in the corner.

She was oblivious to the panic she had caused in Chloe as the girl had seen the re-arranged sleeping arrangements and had believed for a moment that they had found her button in the bottle hidden under one of the pillows. She’d raced over, checking the similar looking beds until she found it under the third one.

She’d sat on the bed for five minutes catching her breath, thankful she wasn’t wearing the obelisk inside her anymore and that she’d ended the gruelling day ahead of the fight with Jenny. Emily was clearly behind. Jenny had placed a kennel where the last bed had been. It was a real one, made out of wooden slats and looked to be for a large dog or in this case a small Bitch as the nameplate on the top stated the desired occupant.

Eva sniggered as Jenny walked in with Emily on her hands and knees, a bone-shaped silicone gag between her teeth as she was pulled on a chain attached to her green collar.

Chloe stayed still on her bed. Her head bowed submissively, her body naked and ready for some much-needed rest but she managed to glance down at Jenny Harper's former bestie and current fucktoy as she gasped and groaned her way past her. Then Chloe caught why her green eyes looked so strained and her breathing so heavy.

A large buttplug buzzed and hummed inside her asshole, her butt cheeks swirling over the square black base as she crawled along the floor. The woman's degradation was complete now. She had reached the point where the woman she had loved and known half her life had robbed her of the last drops of self-esteem she had and turned her into an inhuman pet. She didn't even notice Chloe sat there as she groaned past her or maybe she just couldn't bear to look up at her.

Payback's a bitch, Chloe thought then immediately berated herself for being a little too cruel.

"Get in your kennel, Bitch", Jenny commanded.

Emily crawled in headfirst.

"No, you fucking idiot. Stick your smelly butt in first and put your hands out."

Emily turned nervously then placed her hands out in front of her as she knelt in the wooden box and tried her best to stop from shaking as the buttplug vibrated inside her.

Jenny clicked a pair of metal cuffs around the woman's slim wrists attached to a short chain at the front of the kennel.

There was no way that Emily could lay out inside it and now she had no way of touching her body or removing the plug making her insides judder.

“What do you say to me for giving you a brand new home of your own?”

“Thank you, Mistress”, was what Emily tried to say through the bone gag.

Jenny laughed as she wrapped the chain around a prong on the roof of the box.

“It suits you being in there, Bitch. But I don't think you'll find much peace. I'm going to restrain you like this and then...” Jenny hissed, crouching.

“Set your plug to drill your shithole all night long.” She swiped her thumb over her phone screen and immediately the buzzing sound got louder, echoing in the small space, making Emily's face screw up as she was overwhelmed.

“You'll get used to it... eventually”, Jenny whispered cruelly before standing up

and watching as Becky, Louise and Heather got onto a bed each.

“Go and see that Dirty Whore satisfies our client... and film it”, She said as she left to Eva who was looking over at Becky, the asswhore that had been hers for four delicious years.

“Yes, High Priestess”, she said distractedly, turning on her heels and headed back to the red metal door at the top of the outside stairs.

*

Hannah wasn't used to being outside and the cool breeze gave her goosebumps as she was walked around the back of the warehouse with Adriana in front and Eva bringing up the rear. She also wasn't used to wearing underwear or jeans anymore. The cotton thong felt strange as it flossed up her crack and the curve hugging denim gave her an odd reminder of her past life as she stepped in her more asswhore-like bright pink slutty heels over the tarmac.

She had no idea who she would face but she had an uncomfortable feeling in the pit of her stomach as she turned the corner of the building and Adriana opened a panel door in part of a wider garage entrance.

She stepped inside. The lights were off. Sessions never went well for her when the lights were off to begin with. She could smell oil and diesel all around her.

Eva flicked a switch.

It was a garage and where the limousine that Eva sent Becky to drive Chloe and later her to clients was kept along with an old delivery van with PP Toys written on the side and a couple of rusty looking sport cars. Tools lined the walls above shelves with bottles and containers of oil, grease and other things that the vehicles needed from time to time. But it was the women in front of her that took all her attention.

A chill went down her spine and she felt her heart race as she felt the instinct to run. Standing there before her were three female members of her family's biggest competition from the O'Toole garage.

She recognised them all. Sheila O'Toole was the matriarch and brains behind the family, her Sister-in-law Jess, and Shannon, a girl not much older than Hannah herself.

"I'm seeing it but I still don't believe it. The Dolce girl really is a whore. Look at her, Jess. Remember how that little bitch used to be behind the office desk, helping out at weekends when we used to come and see which of our customers her asshole dad had stolen from us. She used to look at us as if we were the dirty thieves."

"You are. You used to offer our customers free work then charge them double when you just happened to find something you said my dad had overlooked. You are all liars, thieves and bullies", Hannah blurted out without stopping to think about who she was now.

Sheila stepped forward and fingered the heavy pulley chain in her hands. They were all wearing matching blue overalls all covered in oil and grease with the

name O'Toole emblazoned on the back.

“Well this lady here told us that we can be bullies with you and that you would enjoy it. She told us that you're a whore and I see by your makeup and those stupid shoes that she wasn't wrong. I thought all you Dolce girls were all pious and frigid. It looks like you're the little fucking liar.”

Eva pushed Hannah forward. Her legs moved in the skin-tight grey jeans and she felt her butt swirling behind her. She felt vulnerable and exposed despite being more covered than she had in months.

Jess, a dark-haired solid looking woman, chuckled as she tapped a baseball bat in her hand. Even with her heels, Hannah still looked like the petite girl that had looked disapprovingly at her back when Jess used to press her oily hands on the counter and sneer at her parents.

Sheila narrowed her blue eyes under her strawberry blonde fringe. The Dolce's do-gooder 'treat the customer right' attitude had drained her livelihood away and her own family had suffered. Her hatred and twisted resentment had meant that when she'd been offered this opportunity she'd taken it without a second thought.

It was weird looking at a girl this way and thinking what she was about to do to her but the girl's madam, she assumed that's what she was based on her appearance, and with that other far-more-fucked-up looking girl with her that only oinked, had been very specific about what they could and couldn't do to her.

Sheila found it more appealing that the Dolce girl was pretty and had a tight little body. Jess had mentioned it a couple of times in the past but she wasn't really into girls herself in that way. She was into revenge though and that's what made the things that Eva had told her to focus on all the more delicious. I mean what eighteen-year-old girl would see getting a baseball bat shoved up her little ass as sexual? This was what it was to her, a violation of Hannah as she thought of how she was taking sadistic revenge on Alfonso and Maria. What made it even better was that the little bitch was fine with it. Eva had showed her videos of the Dolce girl chained up and begging some mean-looking auburn-haired woman to do some seriously fucked up things to her asshole. To see the prim and proper girl talk like that had been so satisfying. To make her talk like that and give her what she deserved would be a dream come true.

Jess put the bat down on a table and grabbed Hannah by her wrist and twisted it round then groped her other hand roughly up the girl's denim-clad crack.

"Mmm, a little slice of pizza pie. You were asking for this every time you looked at me with those big brown eyes. Now you're going to get it."

Hannah could feel her breath on her neck as she tried to steady her own breathing but the solid brunette was trying to make her cry out as she twisted harder.

Hannah was used to having her ass groped by strangers and mistresses but it felt a lot less welcome from the woman behind her. The hand mauled up her lower back, under the polo top and around her flat stomach to her toned, round, breasts to squeeze and knead them roughly in her oil-matted hands.

"The little Dolce girl has got some big-girl tits now hasn't she?" Jess sneered as she pinched Hannah's outward pointing nipples firmly between her stubby, dirty

nails.

“How’d you like to slap the face of the girl whose family meant you couldn’t afford braces, Shannon?”

The square-faced Shannon walked around in front of Hannah. Her blue eyes as cold and hate-filled as Sheila’s as she slapped Hannah hard across the face. Shannon’s eyes looked down at the swirling hand under the green top and she sneered with disdain at what she saw.

“Look at that collar. Is that seriously what you call yourself now?” Sheila asked from behind Shannon.

Technically it was what others called her but she glanced over to Eva at the front of the garage and tried to suppress her emotions.

“Yes. My name is Dirty Whore, Mistress.”

“Mmm. Mistress... I like that. A Dolce calling me mistress. I should get your dad and mom to address me like that or one of your sisters. I could make your whole family my slaves. What do you think to that, Shannon?”

“They deserve it. This bitch deserves it. Let’s do her.”

“We will. But first, let’s see if she’ll do what Eva said she would. Get her on her knees, Jess.”

Jess released Hannah’s breasts and pressed her heavy hands onto the girl’s slender shoulders as she snarled into her ear.

“You heard Sheila. Get your dirty whore-ass down on the floor!”

Jess forced Hannah’s frame down so that she had no choice but to fall to her knees.

“I think Shannon should get the bitch’s apology first. After all, her lot fucked up her future for her. She was going to study law.”

There was no way that Shannon would have ever been bright enough to get to university even if they had the funds to send her there. Sheila O’Toole was as deluded as she was a crook. Watching Shannon jiggle her hamburger-fed pale body out of her overalls was almost as uncomfortable as the hard floor she was kneeling on. The girl’s tramp stamp seemed to fold and squish on her flabby back and her butt was shapeless and speckled with spots. Hannah has been spoilt for a while now when it came to beautiful butts. Even Kate’s was glorious in comparison to this but then thousands of years of selective Kolos breeding would do that to nearly all the asses upstairs. Down here she was faced with something far less appealing... but beggars and asswhores can’t be choosers.

“Get a taste of that butt, Dolce!” Jess snarled, pushing Hannah’s face against the clammy cheeks. She had to push her face up to avoid the rim of her baseball cap holding her back as she lapped her tongue out, her eyes wincing shut.

The smell was rich. It was tangy, like a special burger sauce which kind of made sense considering Shannon's fast-food-fed physique but it was more from the smut made by the girl's sweat that made Hannah less keen than she normally would have been.

"Is she licking your asshole? Is the little slut really as disgusting as Eva said she is?"

"Yeah, she's licking my butthole but I can hardly feel it. I don't think she likes it much."

"The nasty little Dolce girl needs to respect Shannon for who she is. She's so much better than her. I mean at least she isn't an ass-licking whore. Get her face in there deep, Jess."

Jess grabbed Hannah by the back of the head and wiped her face in the smelly depths so that she felt Shannon's butthole smear over her mouth and nose.

Shannon let out a dry rasping fart then giggled. It hit Hannah's sinuses as she gasped the smell inside her, instantly regretting having taken a breath. Her hands came up to struggle as Jess smothered her hard and Shannon pulled her flabby cheeks apart like two fleshy flaps.

"Tell Shannon you're sorry your lying, cheating family took her future away from her", Sheila growled.

Hannah was deeply buried in the sweat and smut as she tried to move her mouth sideways enough to speak. The obvious delusion grated on her so much that she didn't want to say it all.

“Uuh... I'm sorry... Shannon”, she groaned.

“You didn't say what for. Rub the bitch's face hard, Jess”, Sheila growled.

Jess was happy to oblige and laughed coarsely as Shannon couldn't help but let out another rasp.

Hannah gasped for air when she was brought out, her face pink and sweaty.

“I... I'm sorry my lying, cheating family took your future away”, she blurted out. She'd said a lot of bullshit over the last few months but this felt the most difficult to spit out through her heart-shaped lips.

“Now show your respect for your betters and lick her asshole with your lying, no-good tongue... properly!”

Hannah felt her face flush as she got to work doing something she did many times a day but there was something different about this time and it wasn't the tangy flavour.

She was Hannah again. The cruel blast from her past had disintegrated the mask called 'Dirty Whore' that she'd been able to hide behind as she enjoyed the depths of depravity it had led her to. It was as if she had been transported back to before that fateful day when she had snuck off for an interview with Eva and ended up chained naked over a wooden plinth about to be fucked by twelve evil mistresses before Chloe saved her.

Chloe had saved her and taken all those dildos for hours so she didn't have to and her amazing friend had only been an asshole for a couple of weeks.

She'd taken so much for nine months, they both had, but now as these women tried to demean and degrade the proud girl she's once been, she remembered who she really was... and she was better than this.

Jess's unwelcome hands groped under top again. Hannah knew the type... she had been the type; a lesbian trapped in a life that didn't fit with her sexuality. The butch brunette had obviously dreamt of mauling some poor girl but it didn't give Hannah any comfort to make the woman's dreams come true.

Shannon on the other hand was doing this just for the bullying kick it gave her. She turned around and grabbed Hannah's smelly face in her fat hand and squeezed hard.

"You liked licking my ass, didn't you little Dolce bitch?" Her plump lips inches from Hannah's.

“Yes, Mistress”, Hannah replied automatically. She really hadn’t but it seemed she was there to lie as much as let them abuse her.

Shannon giggled again then spat in Hannah’s face, mostly hitting her eyes so she had to blink and shut one until the saliva dribbled down.

“So disgusting. I bet your whole family is as two-faced as you. I bet that bitch Maria is often on her hands and knees like this in the back office. Your lot will do anything to please a customer.”

The slap she got stung less than the insult. She snarled for the first time in months and an urge to punch Shannon in her fat mouth had to held back by Jess.

“Mmm, feisty. This one’s got some fight in her. I think you need to wrap her wrists in that chain before she does something silly”, Jess sneered.

“Yeah, chain the little whore up”, Shannon said, lifting her overalls back over her shoulders, as she looked down at the pretty face her butt had sullied.

Sheila was happy to oblige and she was better at wrapping the thick, heavy chain around Hannah’s forearms than the asshole had expected, then handed Jess the end of it.

The stocky brunette had already pulled her overalls down around her ankles and her naked body turned so that she could push her oversized peach-butt up to the girl’s face. Her pussy was dripping between her legs. Hannah could tell from that

alone that she was looking forward to getting a girl's face pressed between her cheeks.

“I want you to kiss my asshole and tell me how good it tastes”, Jess snarled.

The chain was wrapped around her neck tightly then pulled between the woman's thick thighs so that Hannah gagged and choked as she was tugged into the large, honey-coloured mass of flesh.

It wasn't much better than the last crack she'd been pressed into but it was clear that Jess had made an effort to tidy up down there more than Shannon had as she felt her pointy chin sink into the musky depths and she pushed her tongue out through her parted lips.

She did as she was told but still felt the sharp tug of the chain on her neck, making the skin above her collar burn and pinch between the interlaced thick metal rings. She pressed her lips against the tan-coloured pucker and smeared them around as she lapped and probed her tongue inside another more-pungent anus than she was used to.

“Tell me I taste good, bitch”, Jess growled over her shoulder.

Hannah made wet clicks and slurps before licking her drool off the skin around Jess's pucker then turned her face enough to speak out of the woman's cheeks.

“Your asshole tastes delicious, Mistress”, Hannah said in her usual submissive

soft tone.

Jess cackled then rubbed her hand down between her obviously aroused pussy lips.

“She called me mistress! Fuck, I can see why women get off on this shit, can’t you Sheila?”

She was looking for approval from her relative by marriage that this could be more than just revenge but got none.

“Not really. I mean she’s just a little thing and it aint like she’s a guy. Give me a cock over a bitch’s tongue any day.”

“Yeah, me too”, Jess said unconvincingly, “but I can see how a lesbo might get off on it.”

She moved her hand away from her pussy and wiped the juices so that they didn’t drip down and give her away but it was hard to slow her breathing and her moans after she told Hannah to stick her tongue in as deep as she could and wiggle the tip around in the woman’s rectum.

Hannah was choked and smothered as she tongue-fucked the woman she had feared the most growing up. She remembered the weird looks and the snide comments as Jess’s big arms leant on the desk counter on her intimidation visits to the garage.

It all brought to home just how low she had sunk that the nightmares and bullies from her past were now fully in charge of degrading and abusing her body and she was reluctantly allowing it, her training so ingrained and thorough it was almost impossible to break.

She did try but was only throttled harder for squirming and she could feel that her efforts were making Jess too aroused to let her go as her chin dabbed on the slippery juices dripping from the woman's puffy pussy.

She felt the shudders of an orgasm, disguised behind rough pushes from her hips and a sharp intake of breath as Jess stifled a groan then a dribble of wetness slid down her chin and collared neck, down onto her uniform top.

Jess released the chain. Her skin flushing on her chest as she turned and hurriedly put her overalls back on over her body, looking down at Hannah's face as she dropped the chain on the dusty floor.

Shannon stepped round and laughed.

"The dumb whore has got drool all over herself. She must have been salivating so much as she sucked up Jess's ass stink."

It wasn't drool but Hannah remained silent. She knew from experience that pissing off the person that was in control of your body was a very stupid thing to do.

Sheila walked around in front of Hannah and bent over. Her lids fluttered over her blue eyes as she stared into Hannah's then coughed and spat on the girl's lips.

"There. That'll add a bit more so that she can get my ass nice and wet with her little mouth. Eat my spit, Dolce."

Hannah's eyes narrowed as she licked Sheila's bubbly spit off her lips. She could taste Jess's anus on them as she pulled it into her mouth with her tongue.

"Say thank you, you piece of shit."

"Thank you, Mistress", Hannah whispered sullenly then coughed as the chain still squeezed around her throat.

"Hannah Dolce eats women's assholes for a living. I guess there is justice in the world. Your family's garage gave us nothing but shit for years, now you taste it on your nasty dyke tongue. What would your good Catholic parents think to that I wonder?"

Hannah looked down at the floor.

"Oh they don't know do they? That's so fucking good. Alfonso and Maria have no idea!"

Sheila grabbed Hannah's jaw.

"They have no idea you're a filthy butt eating whore and a lesbian."

She kissed her roughly. More only to press home the point that Hannah was a lesbian than out of any lust she felt for the girl. Hannah recoiled at the sloppy lips as they smeared against hers so hard it hurt.

"Well, you're gonna love eating me out, dyke. I've been making my butt nice and smelly for you to enjoy."

Sheila loomed over Hannah as Jess enthusiastically got down behind Hannah and grabbed her by the base of her skull. The woman's nose sniffed just under her ear as she enjoyed the girl's scent.

Sheila pressed her crack out and pushed a rippling fart onto the girl's face.

Jess laughed as Hannah squealed and squirmed, holding her face in so hard she could feel the blast as it came out the large redhead's puckering anus.

"Uuh... This is where little Miss Dolce belongs. Suck my ass gas down your dirty throat, you no-good whore! You know what? Fucking thank me!"

“Uuuhh... Thank you for farting on me, Mistress”, Hannah croaked hoarsely.

Jess couldn't help herself. She growled a whisper into Hannah's ear then shoved her rough, oil-stained hand down the back of the girl's jeans.

“You're so fucking hot.”

Hannah was used to having her pussy and asshole rubbed but she was usually wetter than this and the stark reality of her past colliding with her present made the mauling hand feel less welcome than it was. She was an asswhore and she had her safe word but right then she didn't feel like an asswhore, this was Hannah Dolce getting this treatment.

“Yeah, now lick my asshole... Swirl it round good and wet... Kiss it... You like that, don't you? You know your fucking place. Tell me who you are!”

“I'm a dirty whore, Mistress”, Hannah said as she was allowed out a little by Jess's gripping hand.

“No, you dumb fuck. Tell me your name... The one I came here to fuck up.”

Jess was more than happy to look as if she was punishing Hannah with a rough two fingers in her pussy and her thumb pressed into the girl's anus as she frigged her hand and growled.

“Uuh... I’m.... Hannah Dolce”, Hannah mumbled sullenly.

“Oh yeah. That’s it! Tell me again. Louder!”

“I’m Hannah Dolce”, Hannah said more clearly.

“And what are you doing, Hannah Dolce?”

“Licking your asshole”, Hannah replied.

“Yeah. Hannah Dolce licking my ass. Say it again.”

“I’m Hannah Dolce and I’m licking your asshole.”

“Put the bitch back in. I want to feel her tongue go up my shithole.”

Jess obliged and Hannah dug her tongue in deep.

This was the lowest point in Hannah Dolce’s life. Dirty Whore had seen far worse but it hadn’t been personal and it hadn’t pulled off the mask she’d been hiding behind for months and left her exposed... and the girl she used to be.

All this became what it really was. There were no masochistic tingles running through her body, no dripping juices from her pussy and yet she was complicit in letting it happen. She knew she couldn't rock the boat right now with Chloe's plan about to give them all their freedom and she didn't want to end up chained up in some dungeon taking her punishment, far away from Chloe and Emily. She needed the women she loved more than ever right now.

Her face was released from the sweaty crack. Her tongue still out and her mouth open as Sheila's anus slurped and clicked off of them and winked at her, telling her the value she held to everyone in the garage.

"Tell me your name and that you're not worthy of eating my shithole!"

"I'm... Hannah Dolce... and I'm unworthy of eating your shithole, Mistress."

Sheila swatted her hand behind her at the girl's face.

"Mrs O'Toole, you Dolce slut. Again... properly."

"I'm Hannah Dole and I'm unworthy of eating your shithole... Mrs O'Toole."

Sheila let out a satisfied chuckle then grabbed Hannah's head from behind and pushed it hard back into her crotch, rubbing herself up and down so that Hannah got a taste of the woman's tangy pussy as much as her musky asshole in her mouth and nose.

Jess brought her fingers out and she could hear the woman sniffing and sucking on them as she laughed and taunted Hannah in her right ear.

“Ass eating Dolce whore. Fucking dirty lesbian slut. Who’d have thought the little geek would end up like this... on her hands and knees with her tongue up our buttholes.”

Hannah did what she’d been trained to do but it wasn’t easy. She felt her face flushing red hot from Jess’s taunts and what she’d been made to say to Sheila and there was an anger burning inside her.

Her face was rubbed hard. Her skin felt the burn of rashes as the noises from the woman’s fat butt became wetter and more sexual as Hannah’s features were smeared up and down the crack.

Sheila was more shocked than anyone when she croaked out a groan then shuddered hard onto the Dolce girl’s face. It was probably more sadism than desire that brought her to orgasm but it didn’t matter why, Hannah was used to women’s cum juices on her smothered face much more than Sheila was used to having an eighteen-year-old girl pushed between her ass cheeks.

“Oh fuck”, Sheila said, twitching as she pulled her overalls up. She looked embarrassed at the other two as she wiped the drool off of her lips then mumbled an excuse.

“Well, I guess I got caught up in the moment. I’m no fucking dyke.”

Hannah felt a little more in control. You came because I'm an asshole and I just ate your stinky fat ass. I'll turn all three of you into 'dykes', bitch and you'll be left wishing you could feel my tongue again, dreaming of me every time you play with yourselves, but I'm never stooping this low again. So you'll just have to munch on each other's ugly butts from now on. Her smug smile and her little victory was short lived.

"Get her up and on the front of that car over there. Wrap the chain round the windscreen and pull her arms up. I want her bent over the radiator grill like a hood ornament", Sheila ordered her mechanic.

Jess pulled Hannah up by the chain then tugged her along to the frame of an old sports car with its soft-top roof down. She took great pleasure in shoving her down on the hood face first then unravelled the thick chain around the girl's forearms.

"Don't move, bitch", she snarled as she wrapped one end of the chain around Hannah's right wrist then pulled it around behind the windscreen frame and pulled the girl's left arm out to wrap it in the other end.

Hannah was restrained again, her arms splayed out on the hood of the car, her butt pushed out over the edge of the front as Sheila and Shannon moved in close.

"Let's see what this little bitch is hiding in these jeans."

Sheila snorted as she roughly unbuttoned the waist then the fly before Jess and

Sheila both tugged the body-hugging denim from the waistline over Hannah's pert heart-shaped cheeks.

The sweet smell of sweat wafted up as they rolled the material down each toned light creamy thigh then cackled as they saw the ordinary-looking blue cotton thong.

An asshole nearly never wore underwear but this was a session and the fantasy that she was the girl they wanted to fuck up was partly down to her costume. Hannah Dolce had never worn a thong until last summer, and that was on Chloe's encouragement and only days before she signed up with Eva. But to these women she was just another sexually repressed Catholic girl that hid her horniness inside her butt-hugging jeans.

"Dirty slut, with your nasty little thong. Look at it flossing up your little Italian butt."

Jess's voice sounded like her mouth was watering as she spoke. Her hand closed around the T shaped part and tugged upwards, wedging it hard into Hannah's crack. She probably expected more of a reaction but Hannah's pain threshold was now far higher than a butt flossing and her only outward sign she felt it was a narrowing of her eyes.

Disappointed at that, Jess pulled them down roughly as if trying to tear them off and the strip that had been wedged flicked out like a spring as the material was dragged down to her knees.

"Jesus! Look at that tattoo!" Shannon called out as Sheila and Jess each groped a

pert cheek apart.

“Fuck me sideways. Would you look at that?” Sheila announced to Jess.

“She is so disgusting. Who would get a tattoo like that... there?”

Hannah felt her face go red as the three pairs of eyes stared down over her light pink pucker, her ass cheeks peeled apart as they examined the tattoo that Jenny had given her as a permanent reminder of her life as an asshole.

“Fuck Hole. Is that like what she calls it or is it an instruction?” Shannon asked excitedly.

Eva spoke for the first time from the back wall.

“Both.”

“So gross. Hannah Dolce’s fuck hole”, the redheaded girl sneered.

“Where’s your baseball bat, Jess? Get the grease off that shelf, Shannon. Let’s give this girl the fucking I want to give her whole family.”

As the other two went off, Sheila snarled into Hannah’s ear.

“Fuck hole. You really are disgusting. I thought you had some self-respect but it turns out you’re just a nasty little slut just like the rest of your family.”

Jess returned and took a clump of grease in her hand from the tub Shannon had fetched.

“Which end do you want in your fuckhole, whore?”

Hannah knew the answer to that. If she opted for the handle she’d only prolong her torment, besides she took just as big as the large bat end every day with her plug.

“The big end”, she mumbled, trying to sound resigned.

“What a nasty bitch. She actually wants the thick end”, Shannon cackled out in surprise.

“She’s a Dolce, Shannon. They’re pretty much all asshole anyway. Shove it in her Jess and don’t stop ‘til she squeals.”

Jess pressed the curved end of the bat against Hannah’s pucker and pushed. They all gave out their own shocked gasped curses as the girl’s sphincter rose to the challenge and stretched around the greased wood and engulfed the tip entirely.

Jess laughed out incredulously as she pushed on, wide-eyed as Hannah's 'fuck hole' swallowed the first six inches as if it was hardly any effort at all.

"What a fucking whore. Look at that, Sheila", she gasped as she pushed on deeper.

Hannah closed her eyes and slowed her breathing. She was in control, she told herself as the bat inched into her rectum. The reality from the O'Toole's point of view was a little different as Jess pushed past ten inches inside the petite eighteen-year-old.

"Jesus! How deep is this bitch's asshole? I think she's going to swallow it all, Jess", Shannon said. She'd decided she was the narrator of this lewd act, not that Sheila or Jess cared. They were too busy staring open-mouthed at the magically disappearing baseball bat.

Twelve inches. Hannah had her limits. She wasn't Chloe, Louise or Becky. Her body hadn't inherited the genetics of the Kolos. She was just a normal girl that had learned to take a baseball bat fourteen inches inside her asshole before groaning out as the pangs of aches from her bowels as they stabbed through her.

"Uuurr."

"Finally", Jess said, wiping her brow and leaving the bat firmly wedged up there by itself.

Sheila gripped the handle.

“I’ve been waiting to do this to one of you lot for a long time. It hurts now, right? Well, lets see how much further I can ram it up you.”

Another inch was pressed in and Hannah roared out, her hands clawing at the air as she screwed her eyes closed tightly.

“Tell me you don’t want it. Tell me to stop, bitch. I know what you are, Hannah Dolce. You’re a pathetic, worthless whore. Give up! I hear you whores get punished something bad if you end it early”, Sheila snarled.

Hannah wasn’t going to give up. She panted in through her heaving chest and moaned out her reply.

“I want it. Fill me up, Mrs O’Toole. Don’t stop.”

Hannah could feel her head spinning as Sheila pushed on. She must have had almost half of the bat pressed on up there before Hannah let out a wail and tears dripped down her cheeks.

Sheila left the bat in that deep then stepped around the hood so she could lean in facing the gasping girl.

“I’m going to put that baseball bat up in my office on display and when anyone asks, I’m going to tell them how I put it up one of the Dolce’s ass so deep it almost came out the other end. In fact, I’m going to call it Dolce Hole Fucker. I wonder if I can get some other stinking Dolce ass on the end of it... but then you’re the whore in the family. It might be a little trickier with your only slightly less slutty sisters.”

Hannah took another foamy mouthful of spit to her face as Sheila laughed triumphantly and slapped her cheek playfully.

“Dumb whore”, the woman sneered as she moved back and pulled the handle.

Hannah cried out. The whole garage filled with her pained wail as the bat was swiftly tugged out of her speared bowels, her anus feeling the stinging as it tried to naturally clench around the fast-exiting grease-covered surface.

“Fuck me. Look at that. They call that a gape, Shannon”, Jess said, looking at the black hole left behind where the bat had been.

“I know, Jess. You think I don’t know that”, Shannon said defensively. “It’s fucking gross. Only whores like this get them. I’ve never gaped.”

“Whatever. It’s kind of pretty”, Jess said, getting closer with her face.

“It’s disgusting. Just like her”, Shannon sneered.

“Shut up, Shannon and fetch your drill. It’s your turn to teach this slut who’s in charge. One day you’ll be the boss of O’Toole’s and you’ll want this Dolce bitch to remember what’ll happen to her if she doesn’t tow the line.”

Shannon stomped off, leaving Hannah to get sniffed over by Jess.

The drill was tested. It roared to life loudly, filling the garage and drowning out all other noise then whirred back down to silence.

Shannon pushed the end of it up next to Hannah’s face. She’d seen hundreds, maybe thousands of dildos if she included the warehouse and this one wasn’t particularly impressive. It was pale and jelly-like, about ten inches long and not very thick but it was turned into the most frightening shaft she’d ever seen with just the pull of a trigger button.

The noise next to her ear was deafening and the speed the dildo turned was too fast to see properly. When it stopped a second time, Shannon snarled her fat face so close to Hannah’s she could smell the girl’s breath.

“I’m gonna make sure you remember tonight.”

The drill was fired up a couple more times between cruel laughter as Shannon walked around behind Hannah.

It felt like the moment you saw a surgeon or a dentist with a drill. Fear gripped her and the vulnerability of not being able to see Shannon behind her made it even worse.

Of course, she knew what was about to happen but the sensation still made her mouth open so wide her jaw hurt and her eyes felt as if they might pop out at any moment. She's never felt anything like it as the dildo spun around her insides, boring out the gape in her body so that felt as if it would never close again.

When she finally managed to get the breath to wail out plaintively the drill drowned it out, her fingers clawing at the air as her toned back tensed and sweat poured down it.

All her three tormentors roared with laughter but it too was drowned out by the noise. Her asshole went from the sensation of having something moving too quickly in her tunnel, to feeling overwhelming tingles and then nothing as it went numb and just took it, naturally staying gaped along the ten-inch length.

It still made tears roll down her cheeks, more from the fear of the noise and the speed of the rotations as it bored her asshole out like it was being prepared for a giant screw.

Hannah could feel herself shivering as hands pressed firmly onto her thighs and lower back. Her skin was clammy and covered in cold sweat as her cheeks were peeled apart by Shannon's free hand so that her anus was an open target for the spinning dildo.

Her eyelids fluttered as she tried to stay conscious. These women were monsters that wanted to torment and do things to her petite body that would send most girls mad just thinking about. Only the thought of Chloe's plan kept her from calling time, an image of her gorgeous best friend floating into her head like an angel, or a goddess, to help comfort her and remind her of what was at stake.

Eventually, after what felt like too long, the asshole tunnelling spins slowing as the deafening noise was switched off but still echoed in everyone's ears. Hannah gasped and sucked in air, coughing and spluttering from her wide parted lips, feeling the cool air enter her gaped sphincter the other end.

Maybe it was over she hoped, but she should have known better than to hold onto such a silly thought... it wasn't.

"You got that XXL cock sock, Jess?" Sheila asked.

"Yeah", the reply came.

"Then shove it in her and lets get to work filling up this hole the way we would in a car body. You brought the bucket of plaster, right?"

Hannah gulped. Fuck, was the only thought she had as Jess pushed three latex covered fingers up inside her reamed-out anus and fed the huge condom into her bowels.

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Chloe tossed and turned. The muffled humming of Emily's buttplug seemed louder in the dark and quiet of the dormitory and the gentle sullen whimpers that emanated from the dog kennel every few minutes wasn't helping her to fall asleep.

Kasey had staggered in about half an hour ago and fallen straight into the remaining empty bed. She was snoring now, exhausted from the constant sessions and use she was now getting. Chloe wasn't sure if the auburn-haired girl really was enjoying it as much as she made out. The bags under her eyes and the marks all over her body made it difficult to think she was but then there were a few Kolos girls that stood apart from the others. It was as if something had truly snapped in their heads, Harleen Quinzel-style, their clownish grins of lust painted onto their crazed faces as they growled for more pain and humiliation.

Louise was one of those types. She may have been called Gape Pig but Chloe saw her as more of a wildcat. The pierced girl was finger-plunging herself from behind as she rubbed her clit. Emily's groans were clearly turning her on. The half-Japanese, half-German nineteen-year-old sighed as she her eyes locked onto Heather's small frame lying naked on her bed next to her.

Louise had a soft spot for the bird-like blonde. All the others had noticed it except for Heather herself who was oblivious to most things, and yet, when things got rough, she seemed to naturally move towards Louise for comfort. Louise wasn't in a comforting mood as her slim, lean legs stepped off of her bed and onto Heather's, her fingers pressed to her nose as she lay down next to the little blonde.

"Hey, Honey", was all she said then she kissed those harp-shaped lips long and passionately, her hands stroking down Heather's back and sides.

Kasey snoring, Louise and Heather about to have an asshole-style make out, Emily groaning and twitching in the kennel, left only one place to look.

Becky was on her side, rolled up into a ball as her body moved slowly in time with her breathing.

They all slept naked but Becky didn't bother to protect or cover her holes as she rested and Chloe could see everything clearly by the way her bubblebutt jutted out behind her. She guessed that Becky had been trained out of the instinct to protect herself a long time ago, finding it pointless. If her mistress wanted her in the night she just took her. Chloe glanced at the tattoo on her lower back then up to the haircut that made her look like an MMA fighter, apart from the words 'Ass' and 'Whore' shaved into each side. She was Whore side up at that moment.

She knew if she waited another day or so there was a chance that she would have all the time in the world to be with her and bring her back to herself again but she couldn't wait another second.

She slipped an arm around her as she kissed her shoulder.

The smell of her skin was like heaven and the taste made her feel intoxicated.

"I've missed you so much", was all she whispered into the blonde's ear as she kissed her way, inch by inch, down her lean back. Over welts and red marks, past the disgusting tattoo and down to her whip-streaked butt cheeks.

She softly kissed the pale creamy globes that defined Becky's body, gently inhaling as she passed over the puckered pink hole that had been her March Hare into this world. Her full lips widened on each kiss, her tongue gently stroking Becky's skin, tasting closer and closer down the curves to the centre.

She kissed the pucker as if she were quenching her thirst with something too precious to just guzzle down, passionately but with a delicacy that this hole was not used to.

It tasted so good. It was the first anus she'd ever tasted... all those months back that now felt like years, only a few footsteps away in the changing room. If she had to only eat one ass for the rest of her life, it would be Becky's.

She felt Becky move slightly to allow her to find the rim with her lips. So many girls worshipped Chloe but it was this girl and her sweet over-used hole that Chloe gave her heart and soul to.

Her tongue swirled soothingly as her lips caressed the outer rim adoringly. For the two Kolos-blooded girls, this was a show of love, an intimate kiss in the place that defined them both.

She could have stayed there all night, the softness of the inside walls of the stretching tunnel and the sweet, intoxicating perfume. Chloe was where she was meant to be and the rest of their fucked-up situation had vanished. But she moved around, flipping her body so that she could kiss and lick her way along Becky's pussy lips. Her sweet slit was relaxed and aroused, more so than Chloe had seen in a while.

The rings through the front, another modification that Kate had made on the girl, were flicked aside by Chloe's tongue as she pushed the tip in and burrowed her way along Becky's labia.

She stroked gently but firmly, finding Becky's clit and then sucked the air out of her mouth to pull the small nub up tightly as she pressed her tongue around it.

Becky moaned quietly and shifted again in the bed, her own hand stroking down her side and down to her bubblebutt. Chloe hadn't seen Becky pleasure herself all the time they'd been there, well if you didn't include being commanded to bounce up and down on a cruelly large cone dildo every day.

She held her mouth over Becky's clit until it felt hard and swollen. The blonde's breathing was now fast and heavy. Chloe couldn't resist, she'd missed those catlike lips so much. She pushed her head up between Becky's thighs, the soft inner skin brushing her face and hair as she kissed and stroked her tongue up to Becky's belly button.

She swirled around it, then pushed her tongue inside, feeling Becky react before launching her body up through the girl's legs to suck and kiss her pink, stiff nipples, pulling the metal rings into her mouth but being careful not to tug on them.

Becky's small chest heaved as Chloe moved from one side to the other over her tiny breasts. Chloe lapped her tongue out flatly, tasting Becky's sweet skin as she worked her way up to the girl's collarbone.

She pulled her body up and round, curling it over Becky's petite frame as she passionately kissed her shoulder muscles, consuming the girl's sweet taste.

Becky's moans and breaths became more rapid. She'd waited long enough. Chloe moved her face in front of Becky's and looked into the pale blue eyes that had stolen her heart. Her lips kissed out so gently, it felt like a whisper of what she wanted to scream out.

"I've missed you so much", she whispered again, her eyes showing the pain of having someone so close and yet still locked away from her.

Becky's breaths were warm on her face as she brushed her lips over the catlike curls of her mouth.

Something inside Becky's dulled eyes signalled from somewhere deep inside them, a small beacon in the bleak fog of the girl's broken spirit.

"I've missed you too", she whispered, barely more than a mouthing of the words but her drawling tone noticeable through the clicking intonation.

The kiss that came after that was like a burst of energy, a much needed tonic that reversed months of suffering for as long as their mouths pressed and swirled over one another. They ate at each other, fencing their tongues in the intimate place they created between their lips, their own hidden place of love and warmth, safely invisible to all and yet so powerful as they slid against one another. They could taste where Chloe's mouth had been, both sharing the taste of the eighteen-year-old's love and adoration of Becky's body.

Chloe's slipped her fingers down between Becky's legs. She stroked them in between Becky's slit, feeling the slippery silkiness of arousal as she moved rhythmically back and forth in time with her lover's hips.

Becky's hands wrapped around her back, caressing her spine groove and gently stroking between her butt cheeks.

Right then they were transported back in Becky's apartment, wrapped in the sleeping bags and bodies in the tent when they were camping, lying together in the bed they shared with Hannah at the sorority house, they were free and far away from Jenny, Kate and Eva, feeling safe and the glow of love on one another's heated body.

Chloe kissed Becky's chin and jaw as her lover closed her eyes and moaned heavy sighs and her chest heaved. She was close to an orgasm, something she'd been deprived by Kate for a while now, but it was more than that. This was a climax, a crescendo of love and passion that had cracked through her repressive training and gushed through like a dam bursting.

She gasped and shuddered, keeping the noise as low as she could with all the groans and gasps around the dormitory. They were one entity and free in their locked ecstasy but they were still slaves in reality beyond the bed.

Chloe laughed kindly as she kissed Becky's bottom lip and gently stroked the orgasm out longer like a violinist extending a note.

Suddenly there was a noise from across the room. A groan that could have been mistaken for the death rattle of some girl in a horror movie, making both Becky and Chloe jerk their heads up to look.

Heather was sat firmly on Louise's face, a blank look on her face as she ground her slim hips and held the wildcat's shins under her armpits as the coltish girl under her pushed a fist up her own famously-gapeable asshole.

The groan must have come from Louise and it was a good thing she was muffled by the little blonde's round cheeks or someone in the warehouse might have come in to check what was happening.

The two lovers sniggered uncontrollably then put their heads back on the old mattress and smiled at one another. Chloe hadn't seen that lightness in Becky for a long time and it made her fill with hope and joy to see it. She kissed her triumphantly, knowing that they still shared a bond that was impossible to break.

Becky's lips curled just like they had the day she stole Chloe's heart.

"I could eat you up, Chloe Green. In fact... I'm going to", she said, purposely building anticipation in her soft husky drawl.

Chloe melted as Becky kissed her way slowly down her chest. She felt those deliciously cute lips down between her legs and she had to grab and bite down on the lumpy pillow to stop a loud groan escape her mouth.

As her lover licked and caressed her with a passion she hadn't felt in too long, Chloe closed her eyes and stroked her hands over her pert breasts. She was in heaven and so was Louise by the sound of things. Emily was in hell as she groaned and wailed but it all fed into her and aroused her all the same as Becky croaked her sighs as she ate at the incredible tasting hole that despite Kate's best efforts was still her deepest desire.

They curled round into one whole again, like the symbol yin and yang, completing one another, feeding off the others perfect orifice, joined and plugged, mouth to ass – ass to mouth, feeling the sensations as if they were one entity and all the tingles and euphoria were shared. When they orgasmed the second time, it was in perfect unison and their bodies locked even tighter as they squeezed out their bliss on the other's mouth. Sweat, juices, cum and drool became one moaning circle of the swirling curves of their interlocked bodies as they lay there for what felt like so many blissful minutes just feeling the warmth of the other's intimate holes on their mouths as they breathed deep, delicious breaths.

This was what Chloe was fighting for. This was what she would do everyday once she'd sorted out Jenny and the other evil mistresses. For now, however, she would have to give Becky's bubblebutt one last kiss then crawl reluctantly away from it back onto the lonely island of the bed she was meant to be on, turning to face away in case her urge to be with Becky overpowered her again. If they found them in each other's arms in the morning, the suffering and torment wouldn't be worth the mistake... but only just.

They met Hannah in the changing room the next morning. She was slumped against the shower tiles, picking flecks of white dusty powder out of her hair and covered in greasy oil handprints all over her naked body.

She looked exhausted as she hung there and without a word, Chloe and Becky set about helping her to clean herself off, lathering body gel in their hands and rubbing it over her shiny, wet skin.

“Are you okay, Han?” Chloe eventually asked as she helped wipe the streaked makeup from the brunette’s tired face.

She nodded but her puffy and still gaped anus and the chain marks on her wrists begged to differ.

“They were so mean, Chlo... I knew them before all this... I don’t think I can do this much longer.”

“You won’t have to, Han. Maggie and Beth are coming soon”, she whispered into her best friend’s ear.

As if by magic, Stephanie appeared at the door, her attention taken by Louise who was swaying her bubblebutt out behind her slim body as she brushed her teeth far too cheerfully.

“Asswhore. Come with me”, she snapped. Chloe left Becky to tend to Hannah as she stepped over to the redheaded completely naked with only her slut collar around her neck.

The way Chloe walked so confidently over made Stephanie take a half-step back, her eyes now completely engrossed by the eighteen-year-old’s curves. She tried to regain some composure as she turned on her ankle boots and marched off in front.

Chloe remembered Eva’s swaying, swirling cheeks that first day on her Summer Job, mesmerising her and bewitching her just as Stephanie’s globes did now under the wetlook mini skirt that stretched and curled around every perfect inch. She was so lost in the view that she was surprised when Stephanie opened Eva’s office door and pulled her inside behind her.

Stephanie shut it by pushing her butt back against it, and then leaned against it as she held a finger up to Chloe’s mouth.

“This is the only room in this place that doesn’t have a camera in it. Maggie told me to tell you to be ready and have the thing with you whatever that means. They are going to raid the place later this afternoon sometime. Be ready.”

“And to think what a bitch you used to be, Stephanie. I could kiss you.”

“Then why don’t you? And not just on my lips... we wouldn’t want the camera outside to make us coming in here look suspicious would we?”

Chloe smiled as she kissed the devilish curled lips then grabbed Stephanie by her hips and swirled her around, so that she was facing the door.

Chloe slid down the woman's back, down to the roundest, perkiest mistress-butt she knew and pressed her face over the tightly pulled material then peeled it up, revealing the light creamy bubbles that could give Becky a run for her money.

Keeping her followers rewarded was a blessing in itself and she grinned widely as she circled her tongue over the young woman's fulsome orbs. There were some things that Chloe was thankful for at being in the situation she found herself in and this was one of them. She dived in and heard Stephanie sigh as she found the light pink rim with her tongue.

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The cellar underneath the warehouse was the place where Jenny conducted her perverted cult rituals and used the guise of worship to further her own selfish greed and desires. Chloe knew that the goddess that visited her sometimes wouldn't have appreciated being used like that but there wasn't a lot that either of them could do about it.

The makeup had taken over an hour. Cindy and Adriana had worked non-stop to cover every inch of Chloe's body in a kind of grey clay paint that made her look like a statue. Every inch was coated, even her holes had a covering and what couldn't be covered in it was smeared with grey makeup to complete the look.

The ritual robes that the Goddess Chloe wore, the Greek style dress with the flaps that folded to reveal her back, were placed on her. They were the same grey as her statue paint, all part of an elaborate and extravagant piece of live theatre that was about to take place.

The two girls helped her up onto a plinth on wheels. A metal manacle clamped around her waist and two more up at elbow height in front of her secured her wrists so that she was fully restrained and held in position.

Cindy moved the flaps around the front so that Chloe's grey butt was pushed out and exposed behind her.

The toffee-skinned girl looked at Chloe as she held an anal spreader device in her hand.

"I'm sorry, Chloe", she whispered as she took some ginger-infused grease from a tub and smeared it over the shiny metal ring.

"Don't be, Cindy. We're all just doing our job", Chloe replied with no hint of resentment. She knew that Cindy was as obedient as any asshole she knew. There was a cool, calmness about the girl but she knew deep down it was just self-preservation and just a hint of pride that the mistresses trusted her with attending to the younger girls. Besides, it would only be a couple more years before Cindy would reach the age of ascension and become a mistress herself.

The apology was for how wide she had been told to dial the gaping device out and, after Chloe felt the cool air whistling up into her bowels, she started to appreciate more why Cindy had felt the need to say something.

She was pulled through a side room and then wheeled out to the place where nine months ago she had found the religious cult behind her job as a whore.

She had been looking for Hannah in the warehouse when she had heard the chants coming from the large hatch door in the floor of the stock room. She'd found Hannah and saved her from a fate worse than her virgin friend deserved at the time. Chloe took the hours of bowel-thrusting fucking that the twelve women gave her, some of them strangers, some recently acquainted, and a couple that she later learned she had known before all this.

Twelve thick and long dildos had reamed her asshole out but Chloe had been glad to take the brunt of the cruel women's lust instead of Hannah.

She dulled her eyes as she looked over at Jenny in that same gown she'd worn then with the elaborate gold pattern running through it, elevating her above the other women of the cult.

She remembered how there had been a statue to the goddess and that Jenny had sucked and eaten Chloe's anal pheromones off of each of the twelve dildos then spat the offering into the gaped butthole in the statue. It didn't take a genius to work out that she was the statue's replacement and that she would soon be full of spit and another girl's butt juices. But who was the girl? Whoever she was she was in for a hard time. There must have been twenty women in the room all covered in gowns, their ceramic masks disguising them and giving them the uninhibited anonymity to be the cruel sadists this ritual allowed them to be. Chloe remembered how brutal it had been. Despite everything she'd experienced since then, that had been the hardest thing she'd endured, especially considering how inexperienced she'd been at the time.

The thick gowns were split down the front, revealing the array of nasty dildos, some looking like weapons with dull rubber spikes, some huge and veiny, others bulbous and ribbed. None of them would have been easy. Twenty of them - one after the other, relentlessly and mercilessly fucking some poor girl until she passed out, then carrying on regardless until all women had exhausted their lust made this the most cruel act that Jenny's twisted Koloslatreian perversion of the cult inflicted on someone.

Another wooden plinth was wheeled into the large underground space. Whoever was underneath the sack covering her body was one of the girls that had been with Chloe for the past week and from the way Jenny's body tensed up she had a gut-churning idea that she knew who it was.

Jenny stepped down from the raised area at the front and stood over the covered figure. She scanned the room dramatically before grabbing the pointed seam at the top of the girl's hidden head then pulled it away in a showy performance that got the gasps it deserved, but not for the way the girl was revealed as much as for who it was underneath it.

Kasey's auburn hair was tied back in a tight knot, her fox-like eyes blinked and looked lost, her usually mischievous expression, serious and strained already. She had no neck collar on. She didn't need one. A pole with a thick, metal cuff was closed and bolted around her neck, making her face jut out at the opposite end to her naked butt which was pushed out, bent at the waist, behind her. Her feet were lost inside the wooden plinth, locked into stocks that were on the raised base. Her arms pulled tightly on the chains the metal cuffs around her wrists as the bolts in the front of the plinth made her look like an obscenely trapped horse about to be ridden.

Jenny stroked down the girl's back, looking serious and sincere at her audience.

“I give you the greatest gift I can give you, my dearest followers. I am your humble servant and I just want to show you how I will share everything I have to offer to those that trust in me to lead them. All I ask is that you show her no mercy or special treatment. I want you to release the full power of her pheromones and I give them to you to worship the goddess through her living likeness, the girl you call... Chloe the Asswhore! What High Priestess has given so much to you, women of the Koloslatreia?”

“Hail the High Priestess! Hail the High Priestess!” the women chanted enthusiastically.

“Thanks to your faith in me, we truly live in a golden age. Now, fuck and feast... on this”

Jenny spun the plinth around and gestured with her hands at Kasey’s pear-shaped butt, a line of lube dribbling down the girl’s thigh as the first woman walked forward stroking a thick ten inch knobbly shaft of silicone that protruded between the flaps of her gown.

Jenny laughed and stepped back up to the raised area. The look she gave Chloe was complex. She had been forced into playing a hand she had never wanted to in Kasey but she was trying to turn a major upset into a political win. Chloe had turned Kasey into an asswhore by swapping places with her before a session with Ivy down in the cellar but Jenny had turned it around after the fact. Now Chloe was meant to feel guilt and responsibility as she was made to watch Kasey’s destruction at the hands of all these women.

Chloe could only hope that the girl’s seemingly insatiable lust for sadomasochism and her Kolos genetics would save her from injury, because what was about to happen to her was going to be like nothing she had ever

experienced before.

The first woman pushed in so fast and deep it made Kasey cough out drool as she gasped, winded by the violent penetration. Lube squelched out to make room for the mass of silicone that had suddenly stretched her tunnel out from her rim to so deep inside her it panged up into her belly.

She groaned as she got used to the aches, her eyes half closing as she felt the unknown mistress pound the cruel-looking shaft out then back in.

Adriana and Cindy walked over with a chair that looked very much like a red-velvet cushioned throne given its position up on the raised area, which Jenny sat down on to watch what was going to be a very long event.

The two asshole's got onto their knees either side, like the pets they were, obedient and with lowered eyes as Eva stepped up and idly rubbed Cindy's lips with her fingers.

"It was the right decision", she said as quietly as she could but Chloe could read her wide mouth. "They'll adore you for what you've given them and it will only serve to strengthen your position... but do really think she can take twenty?"

Jenny paused for a moment, watching the savage thrusts of the woman ramming into Kasey from behind as little winded groans escaped the girl's lips.

"No. But she'll get twenty... and each one will be as fresh and vigorous as the

last. She won't have a moment to catch her breath for hours... and it will all be Chloe's fault."

Eva was as sadistic as they come but Chloe could see the lack of certainty in what was happening a few steps below them but she knew what a true psychopath the woman she had grown up with was and she also knew better than to question the High Priestess of the Cult.

Jenny seemed transfixed by Kasey's expressions and the groans coming from her mouth. It was as though she was remembering something that had happened to her a long time ago and the mirrored similarities made her shudder.

"She has another hole the other side, ladies. Why not make use of it? Trust me, she is an adequate eater and it would please your High Priestess if she were to be covered in the delicious aroma of all your magnificent assholes."

Two women nudged at each other as they fought to obey the High Priestess, the larger and fatter one getting her way and moving her flaps to bend over and plant her flabby cheeks over Kasey's face.

"There. Now I don't have to be reminded of what Chloe stole from me", Jenny muttered darkly.

The sloppy noises of an asshole being turned into a relaxed, gaping fuck tunnel slapped through the columns and walls of the large underground space, echoing back to the naked body it was emanating from.

Kasey could feel her pussy dripping at the thought of what was happening to her with the brutal boring out of her insides while tasting the sweaty rim of the stranger smothering her wails and groans from the world around her.

Eighteen. A willing anal sex slave. A girl that had dreamed to be an asswhore like her idol Chloe, she had wanted her bouncy pear-shaped butt and her shapely, soft body to be violated like the fucktoy it was meant to be. She could feel more than twenty pairs of eyes on her, lusting after her holes, wanting to fuck and abuse her and it was everything she'd imagined it would be... except.

Except she had been sleep-deprived and fucked almost non-stop for the last week and her body was struggling to cope with this aggressive ass pummelling. She wondered how in the goddess she was meant to manage twenty times this? Maybe, that was the point. She wasn't meant to manage. That thought did make her belly tingle with excitement but her head was telling her that, like a drug addict that just kept on going, an overdose was not going to do her any good.

It was possible that Jenny was trying to prove a point, like when you teach someone not to want something by saturating them until they had a conditioned aversion to it. But Kasey could be as stubborn as Jenny. If she was going to play it that way then Kasey would take all twenty of the various shapes and brutal sizes up her relatively inexperienced asshole and she would even try to climax a few times in the process.

Dildo number one left her already-relaxed and unclenched asshole and moved over to the raised area so that the mistress could be blessed and give her offering to the goddess in thanks for Kasey's pheromones that the Kolos were all addicted to.

Before she had taken in another crack-filled breath, the second dildo was already

inside her, the woman's hands gripping her hips tightly as a veiny huge fake cock was pushed into the gap, stretching her tunnel out an inch wider than it had been reamed out for the last ten brutal minutes.

"I'm going to open you up, bitch", the stranger sneered as another woman pushed the chubby butt that had been pressed on her face aside and shoved a long, shiny-smooth black shaft deep into her mouth.

She couldn't see the first woman remove her knobbly weapon and offer it for a blessing before moving over to the live-statue that was Chloe and knelt behind it, offering her thanks as if it were the altar the women usually used.

"I offer the life juice to you in dedication to you and your anus. I give it to you so that I may serve you, great Koloe, and pass the energy on to you so that you may bless me and grant me a taste of your powers."

She licked the dildo then hungrily sucked it into her mouth before spitting the resulting blend of juices and Kasey's pheromones into Chloe's gaped tunnel. Chloe felt the saliva dribble inwards, down her anus that was pulled open by the metal device as it slid down deep into her rectum.

One down - nineteen more to go, she thought to herself sullenly.

*

It took ten before Kasey had to be slapped hard around the face by Eva to bring

her back to the brutal reality she had drifted off from. The woman with the spiked dildo sniggered as she slapped Kasey's now red-raw cheeks with her palms as she re-inserted the club-like dildo for the third time.

Kasey's first reaction when she came to her senses was to let out a wail of anguish as the dull rubber spikes rippled past her sphincter and scraped along her rectum walls.

She could feel herself dribbling down her legs as she released her bladder and let out a groan of sheer humiliated embarrassment.

"Aw, is my little spiky dick too nasty for you, stupid whore? You're a fucking disappointment aren't you, bitch? I mean, I wait my turn and then you pass out then go all over yourself."

She pounded hard and deep as she snatched Kasey's hair and tugged on it.

"Uuugh... Yes, Mistress", Kasey wailed.

Another woman moved into place in front of her mouth and bent over.

"Open your mouth, whore. The High Priestess doesn't want you to get dehydrated. You had better drink down every drop or I'll slap you until you see stars."

The woman's ebony ass encased Kasey's face. She puckered her lips around the bubble gum pink pucker that was already winking and closed her eyes.

The first gush was strong and spurted hard down the back of her throat making her cough and splutter. The woman purred as she spread her cheeks out wide.

"Mmm, yeah that's it, little princess. Drink up all my goodness. Suck it down your slutty throat!"

Kasey gulped and swallowed as the flow continued. It tasted sour and warm but she did need to quench her thirst and her body was obviously in need of it.

The spiked dildo speared her deeply, making her splutter out of her mouth like a drowning person washed up on the beach. It dripped down the woman's crack and onto her aroused pussy slit.

"You fucking bitch! What did I tell you?" she snarled as she spun around. Kasey could make out the eyes in the porcelain sockets of the mask as the woman gripped her jaw with one hand and belted her with the palm of the other.

"Uuugh... Sorry, Mistress", she wailed as tears started to streak down her cheeks.

She had thought she was a strong purebred Kolos girl from one of the most famous bloodlines in the cult but her intolerance to the full ruthless cruelty of the Koloslatreians was starting to show.

Chloe watched on from the side. She felt the result of nine drooled-over shafts that had been spat up into her rectum bubbling inside her wetly and she knew there was so much more to come for the fox-eyed girl. Kasey's curled lips were now grimacing as the mistress in front of her slapped her repeatedly every time the woman gripping her now-bruised hips slammed hard inside her.

"Stupid, dumb bitch! I told you to drink down every drop!"

"Sorry Mistress... Uuh... Sorry Mistress!" Kasey wailed out.

Chloe felt sorry for her. She could see the girl's hands clawing uselessly every time the evil dildo was pounded full-length into her, the chains clinking as she pulled on the metal wrist cuffs. She knew there was no hope of escape but it was an unconscious reaction, an instinct. She could tell because she'd pulled at her restraints just like that dozens of times.

The mistress in front stopped slapping her after about ten hard face-swiping blows then turned and pushed her butt out again.

"Close your mouth. You don't get to drink again until this is all over but your tears need washing away."

She laughed loudly as she farted out the remaining water that had been douched up inside her into Kasey's face, splashing it over her features and covering her in a wash of body-warm water.

The mistress turned back to look at Kasey's soaked face and smeared a hand around, coating her face and wiping the streaks of tears so that they were replaced with the stranger's ass-juice.

That was her first orgasm of the ritual.

She wasn't sure whether it was the pure nastiness of her predicament, what the woman had just done to humiliate her or the build-up of exhaustion and numbness in her destroyed tunnel but she honked out like a crazed-goose as she panted open-mouthed and juddered her butt against the savage dildo inside her.

"By the goddess, she really is a little pedigree bitch", the mistress in front sneered, part in wonder and part in disgust as she throttled her hand around Kasey's neck to prolong the masochistic climax.

Kasey's eyes rolled up as she drooled out of her mouth and a deep groan escaped from somewhere deep inside her like a set of bellows.

Even Eva, who had been back and forth several times over the last hour and a half, commented on what she saw.

"Quite the pain Slut. I can see why she took to Ivy."

"Huh. So what. I was too, if you remember. It made me the woman I am today."

“Yeah, but there were very few mistresses brave enough to treat you the way Kasey is getting treated even when you were her age.”

Jenny took that as a compliment. She sipped on her prosecco as she watched number ten slide out of the mess that had once been Kasey and stepped up to the ‘statue’. The spiked shaft looked even crueller close up and Jenny had to admit to herself now that she wouldn’t be able to take half of what she inflicted on her asswhores. She had grown comfortable and soft. She felt the need to assert herself so she snapped out at Eva.

“It’s your fault you brought that stupid brat of a teen into the cult as a mistress. Keep her away from me. If I see that stringy psychopath in my presence, I’ll have her turned into an asswhore and she’ll get the same treatment that Kasey is getting.”

“Understood, High Priestess”, Eva said, glancing over to Chloe.

*

The next couple of hours were as relentless and as cruel as the first two. The noise of Kasey’s body being tenderised by hard crotches and harnesses for so long started to become background noise but no-one could ignore the wails and moans from the girl’s mouth when it wasn’t being smothered by hands, dildos or more sweaty butts.

Eventually number twenty finally slurped its way out and headed up to the altar

with pride for what she'd accomplished. The surface of the dildo shone with juices and would be eagerly sucked and worshipped before topping up the already overflowing gape that Chloe was made to have.

Kasey was covered in sweat, tears, and every imaginable body fluid as she was wheeled around and around in a cruel game of 'spin the asswhore' by the still relatively fresh mistresses. She looked completely wretched as she scowled and heaved as if she might vomit, tears and sweat dripping from her heart-shaped chin along with drool and the juices of most of the twenty women's crotches.

"Fucking skank!"

"Filthy whore!"

"Pain loving cunt!"

They taunted and laughed as they spun her, slapping her red butt and streaking her back with their finger marks as they looked proudly down at the teen body that they had pulverised.

Kasey's anus was a black hole, a gaped muscle that had been conditioned to stay loose and relaxed.

Jenny returned from her own comfort break and took her seat.

“The ritual is complete, ladies. And our sacrifice... my sacrifice performed her role. I trust she satisfied you all.”

The women cheered and laughed as they slapped Kasey in approval.

“Good. Well, it wouldn’t be a true ritual if the anal goddess herself didn’t make an appearance. I feel that Kasey needs some much-needed power after giving herself to you. What do you say? Should we feed her the frothy spit of your dedication into her mouth from the goddess’s own anus?”

“Feed her! Feed her!” came the deranged chant of the women.

Jenny smiled as she nodded for Chloe to be wheeled down to stand with her butt facing Kasey’s messy face. Adriana and Cindy clamped the two plinths together then the two of them adjusted Kasey’s neck clamp so that it was angled to put her tired lips up to Chloe’s device-induced gape.

Even Adriana, who was usually in mindless-pig mode looked troubled by the state of Kasey and glanced across to Cindy after seeing Kasey’s eyes roll back into her head and stay there.

Cindy the consummate professional didn’t react. She retightened the bolt under Kasey’s neck then did the same with Chloe’s waist clamp until the two restrained bodies were firmly ass to mouth and angled so that the spit of twenty women filling Chloe’s stretched out tunnel would pour down Kasey’s throat.

It was a little difficult working as the robed women started to crowd around them, wanting to get a close up view of their own body fluids travelling from hole to hole. Hands mauled Adriana as she worked then one quickly inserted pair of fingers made her let out a startled 'oink' then felt her hips get pulled to one side by an enthusiastic grope to her right butt cheek.

She felt her heart race as she finally managed to navigate her way out of the salivating, hungry crowd of sexual predators. She turned her head to look out of the corner of her eye as they moved in on the two trapped girls to get close enough to see the lewd act of Kasey coughing and spluttering almost a litre of blended drool from all of their mouths into her body.

Chloe shivered as the foamy spit tickled her insides as it left her, the wetness trickling through her tunnels and coating the walls as it travelled on its angled way down into Kasey's waiting mouth.

This was symbolic in so many ways and it wasn't lost on her. She was the one feeding all this mess into the mouth of the girl that had trusted her. She had put her in this position as far as Jenny was concerned and the thought that Kasey, who had been awakened only a week ago, was now eating and swallowing the body fluids of twenty strangers told both girls how the newest addition to the asshole ranks was going to be treated from now on.

Kasey was barely able to think anymore as she gulped and coughed the nasty liquid down her neck. She could feel her asshole gaped out wide and the slippery juices that were coating her pussy.

She could barely breathe as the women crowded round her. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. She had climaxed again later somewhere around the fifteen mark but the rest after had been really difficult and now she felt exhausted. And

yet still these women who had all feasted on her pheromones, licked her smutty skin and probed her with their fingers with the obvious intention of continuing the debauchery.

Four women were swirling and hooking their digits in her pussy and asshole as four more lifted their masks to slurp up the sweat from her back and sides.

She tried to level her eyes out but they just wanted to roll up into her head and her lids fluttered as she snorted shallow breaths, trying hard to stay in the room and not drift off again.

Two more masks went up and the demons that wore them snaked their serpent-like tongues into her ears as they belittled and demeaned her.

“Disgusting slut. You made us gang bang your nasty butt, flaunting it out like this behind you. You should be ashamed of yourself. No girl has taken twenty in a ritual in living memory.”

“Such a greedy whore. I bet you still want more, don’t you? Drink all our delicious drool into your belly so we can fuck it back out of you like that fucking stinky puddle covering your feet.”

“So disgusting.”

“What a filthy fuck pig you are.”

“Depraved, stinking asshole.”

“What kind of freak does this?”

“You’re fucking nothing but a dirty whore.”

The words echoed in Kasey’s skull as if they were her own thoughts. Half delirious, she believed every word and even a masochistic voice in her own head telling her that she needed to be fucked even more. For a second she was aware of Chloe’s ass in her face but she had no idea why it was grey and tasted chalky. Maybe this was the goddess and she had passed over into paradise... but if it was then what were these women doing here. Her fuck-addled mind tried to figure out whether she was indeed in paradise or the pits of hell as her ordeal continued on.

As the last drops trickled into her mouth, the taste of Chloe and the powers her idol’s pheromones possessed came to her and she felt her faculties return to her – although she was about to wish they hadn’t.

“I leave you now my dear followers. You may enjoy yourselves with my gifts to you for another hour. Feel free to use all their holes... hopefully all at the same time... and by all means push a couple of shafts in at once.”

Jenny got up out of her chair and walked down the raised area to a flurry of cheers.

“Hail the High Priestess!” the grateful monsters roared out.

Jenny smiled as she noticed Adriana’s face as she walked at the side of her. She shrugged and pushed the girl by her arm so that she fell into the crowd and was grabbed by a couple of women to steady her.

“Take this one too... and make sure she gets it good”, Jenny sneered as she continued to walk, not bothering to look back as the women hungrily unbolted Chloe and Kasey out of their restraints and tugged the anxiously oinking Adriana down onto the floor then swarmed over them, their masks removing and the shafts between their robe flaps as stiff and ready as ever.

Chloe's body drooped over as she sat on her mattress. She could hardly hold her head up enough for Louise to pick the remaining bits of statue paint out of her washed hair. Kasey was groaning over on the other side of the room as Becky applied soothing cream to her holes, the auburn-haired girl too weak to move. Heather had to be nurse to Hannah who was still sore and gaped after her cruel ordeal in the garage.

Emily was still leashed to her kennel, the butt plug inside her had lost its charge and she was now snoring loudly as she dangled from the restraints above the entrance.

It looked like a scene of devastation and they were the victims of the overwhelming force that had been slammed against them. But this was no natural disaster. Everything that had happened to each one of them had been intentional and designed to break any last belief that they were anything more than badly treated toys for Jenny and all her many followers to play with. But play was too gentle a word for what they had done to them, especially Kasey.

Chloe opened her heavy eyelids enough to catch a glimpse of the once spunky teen lying exhausted on the mattress. Marks and signs of what she'd been through were all over her body. The thought of how the fuck Jenny could do this to her was both unbelievable and obvious. But this was how Jenny Harper worked. Not just satisfied with penetrating every fuckable hole you have, she wanted you to think the thoughts she placed inside you, and she was making a point that was as stark and as psychotic as the woman herself.

Things had reached saturation. Even the sluttiest and horniest girls in the cult, which some of them in that very room were, could no longer keep up with the

constant physical and psychological demands of the High Priestess. She was like a black hole, ever hungry and never satisfied, sapping every ounce of energy and soul from her pitiful victims.

The thought of what Stephanie had told her earlier that morning echoed in her head. The thought of real freedom was so alien to her now that it was hard to imagine being able to make her own choices in something as little as which clothes and makeup she could wear let alone which asshole she would like to eat but it had a chance of happening, and nine months of this falling ever deeper down the rabbit hole would finally end.

She was snapped out of her thoughts as Jenny stomped into the room, the door swinging open with Kate and Eva close behind her. She looked up as quickly as her aching muscles would allow, which was pretty slow. Becky and Louise paused their tending and knelt on the beds with their heads down and their hands arms crossed behind them. Heather continued until she glanced up and saw the glare Eva gave her then copied the other two.

“Playtime, girls. Wake up, Bitch!”

Emily snorted then twitched her eyes open.

“Whuu?”

Jenny only sneered as she looked down her nose at Chloe.

“They’re all going to enjoy this.”

Even Eva blinked at that one and looked down at Kasey and then Hannah and Chloe.

“All of them, High Priestess? Even Kasey?”

“You heard my command, all of them... especially Kasey. Make her wear this”

She held out a head harness on the end of her finger for Eva to take. The tall brunette stepped over to the barely conscious girl and pushed the metal spider gag into her tired mouth and pushed the hooks up her nose before tightening the straps around the back of her still-wet auburn hair.

The teen made little snorting noises as she breathed but Eva didn’t give her time to adjust to the cruel new facial stretching as she pulled Kasey’s body up and over by her ankles to tie them to the corners of the head rail with rough rope.

“You thought that was it for today? Well an asshole’s duty is never over, slut”, Eva said with just a hint of concern in her voice, “Fuck. Look at that gape. She really got it good from all those mistresses.”

Kate went straight over to Becky and slapped her so that she fell onto the bed on her stomach. Her arms were bound together with more of the rough hemp rope then pulled tightly around her neck and circled around until she had to arch her spine to avoid either her arms or her neck getting injured.

Her bubblebutt clenched as she struggled to balance herself on her stomach, her flat chest and shoulders high off the old mattress as Kate grunted and strapped a large ball gag around her face.

Jenny snatched Heather by her hair and pulled her to her feet. The girl squealed as she stumbled off the mattress from the shock and the savageness of the grip.

Jenny had a thing about Heather that no-one had quite figured out but Chloe suspected that Helen, the girl's mistress – or former mistress now, messing up the accounts of the whoring sessions and putting them in Jenny's actual name had been just an excuse for the High Priestess and that sooner or later she had been planning to make the bird-like teen her own anyway.

The fact that it had been Chloe and her followers that had faked the paperwork with Stephanie's help was yet another reason why Chloe felt the pang of guilt in her stomach as she watched the five foot naked blonde get her wrists put in metal cuffs and pulled over the roof support with rope so high that her feet left the ground and she squealed some more as her hands tugged the rest of her body up the other side of the cuffs.

Louise and Hannah knew they were next as they were grabbed by Kate and Eva and were thrown down onto one mattress together. Louise giggled manically as the two mistresses tied her arms against Hannah's thighs and did the same to the brunette the other side. Hannah was in no mood to laugh or to act as submissively had she had been accustomed to being and grunted and snarled as the ropes dug into her skin and were pulled tight.

Jenny marched over to Emily. She unhooked the chain from her cuffs and leash

at the entrance of the kennel and pulled the petite woman out with a jerk.

Emily gasped as she was tugged out and pulled upright. Her legs hadn't been stretched or upright for almost a day and she wobbled and lost her balance until Jenny grabbed her by the neck and the waist and pushed her over the roof of the kennel. The gable style provided a sharp edge for Emily's naked front to be pressed against and it ran along between her breasts, over her stomach and along her crotch as Jenny snarled and held her against it, her arms dangling over the other side, still cuffed.

"Nasty little bitch. Look at you with that fat buttplug stuffed up your asshole. I bet you came all night long as you wore out the vibrations."

Emily still wore the bone-shaped gag in her mouth and only made sniffing moans the other side as Jenny spat around the edge of the plug's base then twisted and pulled it out of the place it had been burrowed for even longer than Emily had been kept in the kennel.

Jenny sniffed it and grinned, placing it in the bosom of her corset as she pulled the brunette's sweaty, matted hair. Emily let out a noise similar to Heather's plaintive wails as she was made to sit her crotch down on the kennel roof, making her pussy lips press down either side of the wooden edge and her legs press uselessly over the sloping sides. Her cuffed hands reached out instinctively in front of her and she pressed her palms into the ledge in front of her but it provided little support for her even though she tried to tense and flex her small arms.

Jenny chuckled evilly as she rubbed a finger around Emily's puffed and gaping rim.

“Oh my old friend, I’m going to ruin your nasty fuckhole tonight... but first I think Asswhore needs to warm up the cock I’m going to use on all of you”, she turned and walked back to Chloe.

She was still sat, slumped over the side of her bed and looked as lost in her thoughts, the sounds around her blurring into the background as the familiar noises of her mistress’s sadism.

She followed the tug to her light brown hair as if the movement was a well-rehearsed dance, her face oddly calm as her blue-green eyes looked up at the woman that had decimated her life and those she loved. Her full harp-shaped lips parted and she almost smiled as she gazed into the greedy, selfish dark depths of Jenny’s fox-like eyes.

“You think your body deserves a rest? You think getting gang-banged in all your nasty, dirty holes by all those women means you don’t have to do your duty and let me use you?”

Chloe looked deep into Jenny’s gaze then lowered her view, looking at the powerful body pressing down on her naked teen body.

“No, Mistress. My body is yours to use as you please. Fuck me any way you want to. I belong to you.”

Jenny’s reaction showed her frustration at wanting so much to hear those words but also resenting herself for her own weakness. She knew it wasn’t as sincere as

she'd dreamed it would be. It never was. She snarled and sucked her spit in her mouth as she glared with a strange blend of obsessive lust and hate at the girl that wouldn't give her soul to her.

“Fuck you. You don't get to speak while I pound you so hard that you'll wish you were back down on the dusty floor with twenty women piled on top of you and Kasey. Here, this should give you a taste of how much I've degraded the bitch that used to be my BFF. If I can do this to her, just think what else I'd do to her... Maybe she needs a gang banging... Hmm, I might even arrange one for her tomorrow.”

The plug was taken out from its nestled place between her breasts and pushed past Chloe's lips.

Despite her aching jaw she opened up and sucked its long thick length into her mouth. This was nothing. She was so used to depravities like this that she could almost ignore the taste of where it had been as it coated her tongue and saliva and pressed against the back of her throat. Jenny took a belt that had been dangling from her corset and tied it around Chloe's face, pressing the base of the buttplug hard into the girl's pretty lips.

Seeing Chloe on the mattress like this reminded her of that first time she had snuck into the girl's room and had taken what was rightfully hers. Nine months later and Chloe still had all the gorgeous features she'd lusted after – her perfect butt, her full lips and richly coloured eyes – but they were all framed on a much different person now. Her lust and sadism had changed Chloe. Even she could see that. She wasn't fucking the cute curvy teen she'd drooled over. This girl was different. She was tough and had a strength running through her that was getting almost impossible to break no matter how hard she tried. Most girls would have been conditioned out of fear to jump if she even batted an eyelid but not this girl. She found herself actually admiring her and that's why she hated her, for being so strong and possibly actually being the embodiment of what the Kolos were

meant to be, kind, passionate and full of love and lust. She was everything that Jenny wasn't and couldn't be.

She signalled for Adriana to pass the dildos around to Kate and Eva and then herself. Each one looked as big and thick as any the asswhores in the room had ever taken and at this stage in all their combined anal experiences, the flopping masses of silicone were incredibly huge by anyone's standards.

Kate's was so big and thick it flopped down over Becky's back and virtually covered the girl's spine. The red silicone looked as if it had its own spiked collar around its bell-shaped head and each rubbery prong came out another inch past the already massive twelve-inch circumference.

Poor Becky, Chloe thought as she tried to see what she was going to get and what Eva was strapping on so that she could make sure that Kasey's used holes got no time to recover from this morning.

Suddenly there was a thudding noise that echoed down the corridor.

No one thudded on the red metal door to PP Toys. Chloe had never heard it so loud in all her time there and if they had knocked because they weren't a mistress and didn't have a key code then it had been as timid and polite as possible.

Kate and Eva froze and looked to Jenny.

Jenny finished buckling on her strapon harness then glanced down and around the room. Chloe looked up. She was planning something. She knew the woman as well as anyone and she could see her poised to move.

There was a different noise. The noise of a metal cutter tearing into the metal door screeched down the long corridor like a shrieking alarm.

Chloe was gagged but her arms and legs hadn't been bound yet. She reached up under the pillow and slowly turned the lid of the water bottle she had hidden the bullet button in.

"Come with me", Jenny snarled at Chloe.

This was her moment. She was going to be freed any moment now.

"Jenny Harper! You and your associates are under arrest! Do not resist. We are armed and we're coming in!"

A man's voice, probably the first ever to echo down those corridors in a long while, rang out clearly from a loudspeaker.

Chloe wanted to say so much right then. She'd practised a dozen speeches in her head for this very moment but the buttplug and the belt stole it all away from her. She remained on the bed and shook her head as her hand shook the bottle under the pillow but she couldn't quite get the bullet out and into her open palm.

Jenny grabbed her phone out the back of her corset and pressed the screen.

Chloe doubled up, her body in agony as the collar lit up every muscle in her body. She tensed and locked her neck, tendons rising as she bit down hard on the plug, thankful she had something to clamp her stiffened jaw onto to save her teeth.

Jenny had dialled it up from the last time and she knew that she couldn't take much of this before passing out. Her body immediately went into a cold sweat as she writhed over the mattress.

Jenny pressed the screen again and immediately grabbed Chloe by her right arm. The jerking tug released the button and it fell into her other palm. She clenched it tightly but it was no use now, her body was still twitching and too weak to control itself and her head spinning from the searing pain that still echoed through her limbs.

“I said get the fuck up and come with me”, Jenny snarled.

She didn't even look at the other girls as she ran to the door. She ignored Kasey and Eva as she clumped past in her heels quickly until Eva grabbed her by the arm.

“High Priestess. What should we do?”

Eva sounded scared. Chloe had never heard her voice like that before but she was still reeling from the shocking as she hung floppy limbed from Jenny's gripping hand on her bicep.

Jenny barely even turned as she gave Eva a backhanded punch that knocked her down on top of Kasey.

"Get the fuck off me. You'll serve as my distraction", she growled as she ran out of the hatch and dragged the naked, gagged Chloe along with her down the stairs and along the corridor.

The woman who was in the lead of the team of people that had raided the warehouse heard Jenny's footsteps down the stairs and followed her. Gun raised, the female officer shouted just as Jenny turned the bottom step and ran through the stock room to the cellar hatch.

She was about to run after her and the dragged Chloe when she was halted in her steps as the other officers burst through the metal door she had just run past.

The noise of people one by one discovering the shocking scene was not one that she could ignore. Blasphemy, cursing and a chorus of the loudest gasps the usually job-hardened law enforcers had ever made in their lives made her wonder what they'd seen. She lowered her gun and poked her head around the open hatch way. It was almost completely blocked off by uniformed and body-armoured officers but she did manage to make out the scene within and her jaw dropped at what she saw.

Never in her wildest dreams or nightmares had she seen anything like this. She

was transfixed as some of the officers that had only just recovered from shock, cuffed the two women that clearly looked to be about to fuck the restrained girls and the woman perched on the edge of the roof of what looked like a kennel. At least she thought that's what those monstrous things were designed for dangling from their crotches but how anyone could humanly take anything close to that was beyond comprehension. She thought she'd seen it all and that nothing could shock her but she had a feeling after this one she would be visiting the department councillor for a while to come.

The people that had informed them turned the corner and saw her standing there.

The older woman with red curly hair with half rimmed glasses that had the slight frame of someone sweet and impossible to associate with a scene like this spoke to her, bringing her back to herself and the situation.

"... And where is Chloe? Did you manage to get her? Is she with Jenny?"

"A pretty girl with a spiked collar?"

"Yes, yes, that's her", Maggie said excitedly.

"They went down there", the officer said, pointing with her gun. Then her instincts kicked in and she ran down the steps with Maggie and Beth close behind.

Jenny had already managed to open up the heavy cellar hatch and struggled to

push Chloe down it, partly out of the fact that the girl was zoned out from the collar shocking and partly from her resisting, but Beth heard the heavy door closing down onto the floor behind the shelves of stock and dashed over with the officer and Maggie close behind.

She tugged on the heavy round ring handle and was joined with Maggie and the officer who were both surprisingly strong for their size. The door swung up and gravity did the rest and the officer bolted down the concrete steps shouting out as she went.

“Give it up, Ms Harper. You can’t escape. There’s no way out. We have the building surrounded and you’re trapped down here. Hand over the girl and don’t make this any worse than it already is!”

It was no surprise to Chloe when Jenny grabbed her around the shoulders and held her in front of her as she backed slowly across the raised area at the end of the large underground space.

“Lower your gun bitch or the girl gets it”, Jenny said, showing the tip of her phone around Chloe’s hips.”

“What? Are you going to unfriend or something?” the officer asked, her gun still raised as she scowled at the phone.

“No. You see that collar she’s wearing – if Jenny presses that button at the highest setting it’ll shock her so hard her heart will stop. You’ve got to lower your gun. She’s not going anywhere. It’s over”, Maggie said calmly and loudly for everyone’s benefit.

Jenny's reaction was unexpected and defiant for someone as cornered as she appeared to be.

"I should have known you were behind all this, Maggie. I bet you've been hissing your poisonous lies into Asswhore's ear for months. No matter, soon she'll be so far away from all of you dumb bitches and all your sickening influence."

"Her name's Chloe and what the fuck are you talking about, Jenny?"

Jenny laughed. It was the sound of a woman that knew something the others in the room didn't. Something that would mean she wasn't as cornered as they had thought.

She kicked a brick behind her and a section of the cellar wall clicked loudly and opened a doorway. It swung open like a secret passageway in a movie, which exactly what it was, the secret passageway part anyway. Had this been a movie then somehow Chloe would have escaped the clutches of the evil baddie and fallen into the arms of the heroes saving her.

She tried to wiggle out of Jenny's grip, realising that the escape passageway would mean that the attempted rescue would be a failure and that Jenny would still have her in her clutches but, just as she elbowed the larger frame behind her and took two quick steps forward, Jenny pressed the screen of her phone again.

Chloe was still gripping the bullet shaped button in her hand but the intensity of

the shocking was so strong that she couldn't move her fingers to pop the lid up and press it.

Shit. Not again, was her last coherent thought as she grimaced, her jaw locking around the buttplug as she fell to her knees. Her neck and thighs strained and tensed as she groaned deeply from her chest and dribbled out of her snarling lips behind the strap of leather buckled around her face.

Before Maggie, Beth and the officer could dash forwards, Jenny had scooped her up around her shuddering waist and pulled her into the doorway, like a spider retreating into her lair with a fat, juicy, stunned fly.

The wall shut behind her just as Beth and the officer pounded the bricks with their fists.

"Hit that brick down there", Maggie called out to them.

"It's not working", Beth said as she frantically banged and kicked the same area that Jenny had to use to open the passage.

"It must be on a timer. She's gone, Beth. Knowing Jenny the tunnel will come out at some secret location off site and she'll be long gone before we can get to wherever that is. At least we still have the tracker on Chloe's collar. Let's get going, Officer. We have a girl to rescue and a woman to put behind bars and now you can add kidnap and assault to her charges."

“I just hope she doesn’t do anything to Chloe. She looked psychotic when she grabbed her off the floor”, Beth said, worried and still trying to open the secret hatch.

“Nothing new there then. Don’t worry. She’s too obsessed with Chloe to do her any permanent harm... At least I hope so.”

*

The tunnel was dark and dusty. Chloe felt cobwebs brush over her naked body as she was manhandled and pushed along in front of Jenny. The woman still wore the dildo that she was going to fuck Chloe then the rest with and it felt like a monster as it pressed into her butt cheeks.

“Fucking move, bitch”, Jenny snarled as she panted from the exertion and the lack of air in the tunnel.

Chloe grunted and moaned as she was made to drag her feet along at a pace that seemed scary when you couldn’t see more than a few feet in front of you but Jenny seemed to know exactly where they were heading and it turned out it wasn’t much further.

There were a few steps up and a hatchway similar to the one in the floor of warehouse. Chloe struggled again but was pushed onto the steps so that she fell on her bum, the dust being her only cushion from the hard concrete as her cheeks took the brunt of the fall. Jenny grabbed her by her wrists and dragged her, bouncing her butt first up seven steps before pushing the hatch open with enough force to send it swinging right over and open in one shove of her hand.

Jenny was strong and Chloe was pretty much at her mercy even without the collar.

She blinked her eyes in what looked like a wooden outhouse. Rays of light beamed in through gaps in the wooden slats and sent stripes of daylight onto a large canvas-covered object in the centre of the building.

Jenny shoved Chloe to the floor and pulled off the covering. Underneath was a car. Nothing special and certainly not new, not like Jenny's Jaguar sports car, but it looked as if it might work if the keys were turned.

Jenny opened the back seat and shoved Chloe inside then leaned in and grabbed some rope that lay in the foot well.

A Kolos Mistress could hog tie a struggling girl in a minute and Jenny managed to sufficiently pull Chloe's body into a reverse curl, her ankles and wrists trussed up behind her as she lay across the back seat, panting and trying to compose herself after the brutality of the last ten minutes.

Her blue green eyes stared up in crescents, half-closed as her naked body heaved and moved. They said so much because her mouth couldn't.

What the fuck? – I hate you – Just give up – Why did you have to shock me twice? – Where are we even going? – Oooww – and more besides those.

Jenny saw the conversation in Chloe's eyes but her demented mind translated it differently.

“Well that was naughty, wasn't it Asswhore? I feel you had a lot to do with all that. You're feeling guilty I see. Well, don't worry. Mistress will make you suffer for your sins as soon as we are out at sea. Now don't move or cause a distraction while I'm driving to the marina or I'll have to think of a way to make things worse for you later... if that's even possible”

Jenny sounded calm, her voice lilting and high, but it was obvious that she was seething with anger and running on adrenaline, her teeth clenched as she covered Chloe's bound, naked body with a grubby looking blanket.

The doors to the outhouse were slammed open and then the car chucked and coughed to life. Chloe could feel the movement of the journey as she lay under the covers, her hands tied expertly to her feet and the buttplug in her mouth that had been in Emily.

Chloe was used to physical exertion but today had been gruelling and she had a strong feeling that the worst was yet to come. She could barely keep her eyes open and it didn't matter anyway as she couldn't see anything under the blanket covering her.

Chloe thought about what had just happened. There had been a rescue attempt and the cult had finally been exposed for all its wrongdoing... but she hadn't managed to break free of Jenny's literal iron-grip hold on her. And yet she felt unburdened or as weighed down as she had been for the last few months.

Becky, Hannah, Emily and the girls were all free now.

They were no longer subject to Jenny's constant torments and right this minute Eva and Kate would be getting dragged off to a well-deserved long stint at a correctional facility.

Beth and Maggie would look after the ones she loved until... well... Chloe wasn't sure if there was going to be an "until" but it didn't matter. Becky was finally free. She'd corrected the mistakes she'd made with Hannah... and Kasey and Heather for that matter. At least Jenny was no longer able to run the evil version of the Kolos cult and bring her brand of torment to thousands of asswhores around the world. So what if she had had to sacrifice herself? ... Maybe she deserved this. A life with Jenny... dragged from island to island and bound up to palm trees at night until they were both old and their skin cured and leathery from all the sea salt air and open sun... No... She'd find her moment. She'd escape, she told herself as she fell into a deep exhausted slumber, her hand gripping the button tightly.

*

She sniffed and jerked as she realised she'd been deep asleep. She felt Jenny behind her untying the ropes. Her first thought was relief at having the rough bindings taken off of her wrists then total panic as she felt for the bullet shape in her hand only to find it was missing.

Fuck! She scrabbled about with her fingers, feeling around the car seat as Jenny untied her ankles.

She found the cap but no button.

Shit! Her ankles were freed but she still hadn't found what she was looking for.

"I'm going to remove your gag, Asswhore. If you make any fuss, you'll regret it. Clear?"

Chloe nodded. She was still completely focused on rooting around behind her.

Jenny looked eerily calm as she unbuckled the belt around Chloe's mouth then slurped the buttplug out of the girl's mouth.

"There. Can't have the other boat owners thinking I've kidnapped you, can we?"

"No, Mistress", Chloe mumbled but she was still distracted by a last attempt to find her one good chance at escape.

Nothing. Her hands left the car seat empty as she was pulled up onto her feet outside the car.

The blanket was bundled around her, hiding her nakedness as she blinked and winced in the light of the late afternoon sun. She noticed Jenny had put on a long waterproof coat to hide her own obscene attire and her strapon harness and monstrous shaft of silicone.

Chloe hadn't been outside for a week and the air smelled fresh and salty as a cool breeze blew onto her from out towards the sea. It felt both soothing and as if it might make her ill, her body so used to being sheltered indoors for the past months.

Jenny slammed the car doors and held Chloe around the top of her arms as she walked hurriedly along the harbour, passing boats and their owners as she clumped in her heels.

"She fell in the water. I'm taking her back to our boat to dry off", Jenny said to one old couple that looked concerned as they saw Chloe all covered in the blanket.

"Poor thing", the woman said as she turned to her partner and held his arm.

"I hope she feels better soon. A hot cocoa should do the trick", the man called out to Jenny and Chloe.

The irony wasn't lost on Chloe or Jenny. The word 'Cocoa' was Chloe's safe word. If only it could 'do the trick' now but she and her mistress weren't playing the same game they had been before last week.

Jenny sniggered then called back.

“Thank you. Don’t worry. I’ll take good care of her.”

Then she hissed into Chloe’s ear.

“Such good care that you’ll be begging me to stop.”

Chloe was still feeling battered from being thrown to the mistresses earlier. She decided it best not to point out that what Jenny had just said to her made no sense. Her thighs and legs ached as she was made to walk and even her usually sensitive asshole felt numb after having been rammed and violated by dildo after dildo.

It was a good thing the good folk of the harbour couldn’t see all the finger marks on her arms and body that the twenty women had placed on her as they contorted and twisted her and Kasey into dozens of lewd and ridiculous positions so that they could maximise the amount of penetrations on their youthful bodies. At one time Chloe had taken six dildos in her at once. She had thought her mouth was going to split open at the time and it still felt stretched and sore now.

They arrived at the boat. Chloe had never heard or even guessed that Jenny owned a boat but one look at its pink and black stripes along the hull and the name confirmed exactly who the owner was.

They climbed aboard the ‘Stolen Booty’, so aptly named it almost made Chloe laugh hysterically out loud, then Jenny set about untying the mooring ropes and firing up the engine after she had been taken down to a cabin and handcuffed to a rail on a bench table.

She was immediately stripped of her covering as soon as they were back in privacy again and Jenny only kept her waterproof covering on until they were clear of the harbour.

Chloe knelt on the floor next to the table as she tried to think. She recalled that, as she'd slept in the back of the car, she'd had a vague dream of seeing the story that Maggie had once told her, about how the Goddess Demeter had made the old woman that had sucked the snake poison from her anus into the youthful aspect of the Goddess Chloe. She had seen Demeter smile as if at her and in the dream she had been the old woman at first and then had somehow become the girl on the forest floor. She remembered the words echo just before the car had stopped at the harbour and woke her up – “The trap is set. The snake shall soon taste its own venom.”

She shook her head as she wondered whether it was a message from the Goddess or just her shock-addled mind trying to make sense of what had just happened. Whichever it was, it seemed to be no help to her now.

Her anus felt puffy and sore behind her but she couldn't reach it with her restrained hands. She wished she had someone to suck out the numbness. Even with her amazing healing powers, her tunnel needed more time than a few hours before it was pounded again but she knew she wouldn't be allowed that luxury.

It was bittersweet. She had won and lost at the same time. The inner circle had been broken and Jenny's henchwomen were all facing justice. The girls were free to choose their own fate. She chuckled and sighed. It's what she'd wanted for so long... but she was still Jenny's slave and what was worse she had no way of escaping her with the evil spiked collar clamped around her neck with its electronic lock capable of shocking her so hard it could almost fry her at the highest setting. Maybe this was how it was meant to be. They'd both won and

lost in a way. Jenny had Chloe but none of her power to enjoy it with. Chloe had freed all of those she loved but had no freedom herself.

She felt alone down there in the cabin, naked.

It felt like an hour had passed before she felt fingers draw down the groove in her back and that only served to make her feel even more alone and vulnerable than she'd ever felt before despite Jenny being right there and focused on her. There was no Hannah or Becky to share her suffering with, no Emily to tone down Jenny's sadism, no Kasey or Beth to smile and kiss her aching muscles better. Just her and her obsessed tormentor alone and far out at sea in the middle of nowhere.

Jenny undid the cuffs. She didn't need to restrain Chloe out here when her fox-like eyes were keeping an eye on the unruly and ungrateful asswhore, boring through the flesh of her most important possession.

The slap was expected. It knocked Chloe to the wooden flooring and she instinctively parted her legs as Jenny got down above her and pressed her whole bodyweight down on her hands that were gripping Chloe's slim arms.

She hadn't expected the laughter. Jenny's usual scowl twisted dementedly as she laughed loudly until she coughed.

"You really have been nothing but fucking trouble, Chloe. It's as if the goddess is punishing me, making us being together destiny and yet having it destroy everything around me just to happen."

Chloe was in no mood for playing the asshole anymore and it seemed that Jenny had finally acknowledged it was pointless pretending she had any real control over Chloe by no longer bothering with her asshole name.

“It’s not my destiny to be with an evil bitch like you, Jenny. Things are falling apart because this was never meant to happen. The goddess is telling you to leave me the fuck alone. Besides, you’ve destroyed everything around me that I love so I guess its only fair that you lose some things too.”

Jenny spat down onto Chloe’s face then leaned in to lick it off. Her weight strained as she bent her elbows and Chloe cried out as her biceps were almost crushed by the larger woman. Jenny’s tongue flicked over her face like a snake as she chuckled psychotically.

“Aw, is this your way of telling me you don’t love me, Chloe? I think someone is in denial”, Jenny chimed melodically. “I mean after all I’ve given you. You wouldn’t even fucking exist if it wasn’t for me.” Her voice turned into a growl in the last sentence as she kissed Chloe’s lips widely and sloppily, pressing hard onto the girl’s mouth with her own.

“Tell me you love me, Chloe. Tell me you give in to me.” Jenny kissed her way along Chloe’s jaw.

“You can fuck me in my holes, you can torture me, you can even shock me with this fucking collar but I’ll never love you. My body is yours but you’ll never have any place in my heart... ever.”

Jenny was still wearing the huge dildo she had put on back in the warehouse. It was a thick monster with knobbly bumps all along its length. It was, like most of the Kolos sex toys designed for anal but Jenny had a point to make just then.

She adjusted her left hand to press down on the centre of Chloe's shoulder blades as she took the beastly cock and rubbed it up and down the girl's pussy lips.

"You're wet, my lover. You want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"I'm wet because I'm a fucking pain Slut and you're a fucking pain", Chloe snarled as she felt her torso ache and the tip of the dildo rub into her labia.

"I think you're wet for me, lover. Let's start again. We could call this our first time. We can make love on the boat floor and tell each other how much we love each other."

The shock of the day had clearly tipped Jenny over the edge but it was obvious that deep down she really did want what she'd just said even if it was some selfish and desperate attempt to fill the void of all the power and trappings she'd once had as High Priestess.

"You're fucking crazy", Chloe said, and then groaned as the dildo was pushed into her less-experienced pussy. The girth alone took her breath away, only to have Jenny's mouth cover her own so that she gasped in the taste of the inside of the woman's mouth as she started to thrust and swirl her hips over the naked teen beneath her.

Jenny had fucked Chloe hundreds of times but this was different. The raw emotion in the cabin was palpable as the woman penetrated and pumped rhythmically into the pussy of the girl she wanted above all other things. Chloe moved her lips away and turned her head as Jenny shifted her grip back to the girl's arms, grasping her wrists as she 'made love' to her.

"We'll be together forever, Chloe. You and me... we'll escape and start again. We'll build a new life and get new girls to serve us both. You'll be my wife and my lover and I will treat you like my equal. We'll rule over a new cult together."

Jenny whispered the words into Chloe's ear. Nine months and only when this downtrodden and defeated did Jenny finally try this approach. Her dumb cunning and need to manipulate knew no bounds. Did she really think Chloe was that stupid... after she'd managed to destroy Jenny's position and power while still being her slave?

Better to be a slave than complicit in this woman's deluded fantasies.

She turned her head.

"Fuck you, Jenny. I hate you. I'd rather die than marry a crazy evil bitch like you!"

Jenny froze. Her face started to twitch and her eyes bulged for a minute. She was still deep inside Chloe's pussy, her hands holding the girl down as her powerful, larger body pressed down onto her.

“What? What did you say to me?”

“I said I hate you”, Chloe snarled and lifted her head up.

“You... you said you’d rather die than marry me?”

Something snapped in the head that was already fit for an asylum before today.

“Then if that’s what my Chloe wants, that’s what she’ll get.”

The dildo slipped out of her and she was pulled to her feet with just one hand around her jaw.

Chloe gasped as she looked into the woman’s eyes but she’d made up her mind. Better to go out sooner rather than suffer any more at the hands of this psychopath.

She was pulled out of the cabin and into the night air. She didn’t have much time to look around but there were no lights, no land, just water that looked like dark oil in the reflection of the moonlight.

“Then I will sacrifice you to the anal goddess. Your soul will bless my escape, Chloe.”

She shivered as Jenny tied her hands to the boat's rigging, pulling her arms out so that she stood, cold and lit by the pale moonlight, her skin glowing and vibrant.

She had to make the point.

"I'm the embodiment of the goddess, you dumb bitch. Sacrificing me to me isn't going to bless shit – uuugh."

Jenny held her phone in her hand and laughed. The sound of Chloe's agony and the cheap empty victory of a mad woman echoed around the open sea that surrounded them.

"Oh great Koloe. I fuck this vessel in her ass as she feels distress. This will bless her anal pheromones and give me the strength to survive this test you have given me."

Chloe shuddered. Her jaw clamped shut as her whole body jolted and twitched uncontrollably. Jenny was going to leave the collar on as she fucked her, then feast on her pheromones after the shocking had finished her off. Fucking, fucking bitch, Chloe thought as she felt the tip of the dildo rub against her sphincter.

This was her last assfuck. This was her last moment on the planet and it was in the clutches of Jenny Harper.

She couldn't believe it but... all this was turning her on. She only hoped her last moment would be an orgasmic climax as she departed.

Jenny seemed to be in no rush to thrust deep inside her rectum. She could feel her anus twitching and clenching around the knobbly shaft, her sphincter unable to relax as the electricity seared through her body. It felt as tight as her first time, apt she thought as she felt drool drip down the side of her mouth onto her chest.

This wasn't how she'd really want to go out but it felt somehow fitting to how she'd lived her life for the past months.

That's when they both heard something. Jenny looked around. Chloe's neck was too strained and tendon-stiffened by the shocking to move but a yellow light appeared out of nowhere on the horizon then the noise of an engine.

There was a voice. Someone spoke over a speaker but it was too faint to make out the words or who it was.

Jenny froze but Chloe was still twitching and convulsing as the woman set the phone app to continuously shock and set it down on the seat behind her at the back of the boat.

Chloe couldn't smile. Her muscles were too tight but, after a minute, she started to recognise the voice on the speaker.

“Give it up, Jenny. There’s nowhere to go. Hand over Chloe and don’t make this worse than it already is.”

It was Maggie. She couldn’t see her but she sounded as if she was getting close fast... It was still possibly too late for her but at least Jenny wouldn’t get away.

“How did they find us!?” Jenny sounded demented.

Chloe couldn’t speak and she was starting to lose consciousness anyway so it didn’t matter. She wanted to say that Jenny’s own controlling paranoia by putting a GPS tracker in the collar had been a mistake she’d soon come to regret but she couldn’t.

“It doesn’t matter. I need to finish the ritual before they get here. If I throw your limp body over the side, they’ll be too busy trying to get it to stop me getting away.”

Chloe felt Jenny’s hands reach up to her neck. Both of them grasped on the back of the collar, tugging it and choking off her ability to breathe.

“Such a waste”, Jenny tutted, looking down at Chloe’s perfect butt. It really was the prettiest one she’d ever seen in her life or ever would. Still, if she couldn’t have Chloe then neither could all those idiots that fawned around her and at least she would be the last person to fuck her sweet asshole.

She pushed in hard, sneering as she penetrated Chloe’s rectum with the cruelly

thick club of a dildo around her waist.

“You deserve this, you ungrateful bitch!” she shouted, pulling with all her strength on the back of the collar.

Chloe was still fairly numb up her asshole but she felt the the knobbly surface as it opened her tunnel up wide... then she felt something drop a little from inside her and then it all happened in slow motion.

Jenny thrust hard. She placed her full weight in her grip as she lunged her hips forwards and tilted her head back. There was a click. The collar opened. Jenny scrabbled at it in her grip but it turned in her hands and the shock probes pressed into her chest.

Jenny had no idea how the collar had come loose and her mind struggled in those seconds to comprehend it as she toppled, losing her balance as the pulse of electricity seared through her body. It was agonising.

How could anyone cope with such pain? She thought.

She tried in vain to control her powerful muscles and stop them from being locked in place by the volts running through her but it was pointless, her mass and the setting on the collar meant that she couldn't move.

The last thing she saw was Chloe's butt as she fell over the side, completely confused and at a loss as to how this current misfortune had befallen her. The

irony of the situation was lost on her as her body tipped overboard, head first into the sea just as Maggie and the coastguard got within boarding distance.

They were met with a light show in the water that Chloe unfortunately was oblivious of, tied to the boat and facing the other way. All she knew was that her collar was off and that she'd somehow pushed the button up her butt unconsciously while sleeping and she wasn't being shocked anymore.

Her asshole had finally caused Jenny Harper's demise. The woman's obsession, greed and sadism had played a large part in an end but the way it had happened had been pure poetic justice. Chloe couldn't believe it had actually happened and what had made it even more incredible is that she didn't remember putting the button up there in the first place. It was almost as if the goddess herself had set this trap for her least favourite High Priestess.

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Maggie held her in her arms all the way back to the harbour. She had a blanket wrapped around her but it wasn't like before. This one was wrapped around her with love. It felt strange not having her collar around her neck. She felt as if a great burden had been lifted from her life both physically and psychologically.

They'd searched the water with torches and even sent a diver to look around the Stolen Booty but they hadn't found Jenny.

The captain had commented that the water would have been as much a shock to her body as the electricity, and the two combined would have meant that she wouldn't have survived. They were all certain that there wasn't any need to

make any more effort after a routine check and called it in as they turned the ship around, towing the Stolen Booty as evidence behind them.

“It’s over, Chloe. You’re free now”, Maggie said, snuggling in close.

Chloe couldn’t believe it. She was alive, free and the tyranny of Jenny Harper and the inner circle had ended. She smiled and looked up.

“Where’s Becky?”

“She’s in a motel. I’ll take you straight there. Hannah and Emily and the rest are there too and they are all fine... apart from being worried about you. We’ll call them as soon as we can get a signal.”

Chloe nodded and snuggled back down on Maggie’s lap. It had been a long day and an even longer nine months. It would take a while to really believe it was all over but seeing Becky smile would help a lot.

Epilogue

Things changed a lot for some in the weeks that followed that fateful day and for others things went back to how they had been.

Louise was one of the girls that chose to stay with her mistress. They had a relationship that suited them both and, after Kiko had been convinced to help Chloe and the others, she had earned the right to continue as a mistress of the newly reformed cult. After all, Kolos girls still needed women to meet their masochistic tendencies and who better than the beautiful and sadistic Japanese woman with her loyal gape-hungry painslut by her side.

Louise was happy with her mistress. She always had been after realising the kind of girl she was and there weren't many people in the world that could satisfy her particularly extreme needs. Besides, being back with Kiko meant that she had regular visits to the farm where Heather now lived. Their relationship was developing into something almost as serious as their two mistresses.

Mistress Beth was probably the kindest and gentlest of all the mistresses, after Maggie of course. She had happily taken Heather in after Helen was carted off for her long stint in prison. Of course, the girl had others to turn to but she had changed and there was no going back. She needed the company of someone that could treat her right and then give her the proper anal attention when she felt the need. Mistress Beth, with her curly dark hair and cute face was the perfect woman for Heather. Their shared love of horses and riding gave them a close bond, making it seem as if they were made to be mistress and buttslut and it was a place where Heather could be herself. Starlight, her horse, was even placed in one of the stables.

Kasey had inherited the house and, after her time in the warehouse, she hadn't

felt too bad to hear of Jenny's demise. Her pledge to become Ivy's asswhore had meant that she was able to give the young mistress a new domain to rule in. Kris and Natasha moved in and, after very little persuasion, Adriana joined them to become the maid of the house. Kasey spent a lot of time down in the dungeon cellar of the house getting everything she'd ever dreamed of from the sadistic redhead that owned her. She developed a close connection to Natasha and Kris and often shared the large bed that had once been Jenny's.

Ivy was quickly establishing herself as Jenny's replacement. She had control of the house, she had the pedigree princess in her clutches, the run of PP toys and a stable of asswhores to earn her favours and fortune and the fetish parties she held were legendary around town.

The cult was now split but the strongest part was very much centred at the Cult of Chloe sorority house on the University Campus.

With Jenny gone and Kate securely behind bars for many year to come, Chloe and Becky were now finally allowed to have the relationship their love for one another truly deserved... but they were still Kolos... so it helped that Beth and the other student cult followers were on tap to share their bodies and adoration for the girl they called goddess despite her protests. It had always felt strange to Chloe, almost as strange as not wearing a collar and being able to kiss Becky's neck without having the smell of worn leather hit her, but she knew that she was a figurehead and had to represent a better way of doing things for all the Kolos.

Hannah was with them too. She shared her room with Emily, who everyone had forgiven after what she had gone through at the warehouse and the house was as open as the girls themselves so who stayed in what room depended on the person they bumped into in the corridor or bumped against at one of the regular orgies in the lounge.

Chloe had been through so much but in the end she had found love and was surrounded by people that loved, and lusted, over her.

She lay in her bed, her arm around Becky as she thought of the epic sadomasochistic journey she'd been on to get to where she was now. High Priestess Beth nibbled on her neck the other side as she glanced down at Hannah, knelt on the bed, her butt out behind her and her heart-shaped lips pressed around Chloe's clit as Emily pushed a strapon dildo into her pixie-like best friend's asshole.

She turned to Becky and smiled.

"I love you. Marry me?"

Becky laughed. Even for a girl with the life she'd had this was still not the most private or romantic way to be asked.

"You really asking?... Where's the ring?" she asked, her catlike lips curling as she drawled in her husky voice.

"Oh, you want a ring do you? Let me give you the best ring you'll ever get", Chloe laughed as she climbed up on top of Becky's cute face and pulled her spring-like perfect globes apart to reveal her deceptively innocent-looking anus.

Becky giggled dirtily.

“Let’s see if you can get this over your ring finger but first you might want to use your tongue, honey.”

“Oh yes, Chloe. I’ll marry you. I love you”, Becky said as she laughed and pushed her tongue up into the hole that she never wanted to be without again.

The other three laughed and applauded then moved in to kiss and share this special moment with the happy couple.

Without the twisted obsession of a psychopath that she no longer felt the need to name, none of this would have been possible and Chloe may never have discovered the girl she truly was, loved and worshipped by those close and far and the new shining light leading thousands of Kolos into a new era as if it had been her destiny all along. That didn’t mean there wouldn’t be new psychopaths and new demons to battle. The Koloslatreians were like a hydra. One head may have been severed but others would try to take its place and she had a feeling that Ivy was a likely candidate to replace the former High Priestess.

She decided that she shouldn’t be dwelling on the past, especially with all the lips pressing against her... especially the ones around her ‘ring’.

She sighed and tilted her head back, her light brown hair tumbling down her neck as she opened her sparkling blue-green eyes and laughed through her full lips, her vibrant and tight creamy skin shining under the ceiling light as she held her round cheeks apart and felt the kisses on her free and unshackled neck.

That journey of pleasure and pain hadn't been the only adventure she would have and Jenny had just been her awakening. A life filled with incredible and unbelievable possibilities lay ahead of the eighteen-year-old goddess and she was looking forward to every lust-filled and depraved moment to come.