

REAR AWAKENINGS

# Chloe's Summer Job



HOPE RED

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By

Hope Red

Book One of the

Rear Awakenings Series

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## The Job

Chloe slammed the door behind her. All short red dress, legs and eyeliner, she pulled off her heels and marched her way moodily down the hallway. The aim was to make it to her room and get out of the tight fitting dress that was squeezing her in all the sensitive places. She hadn't got past the kitchen door before her mother, Emily, called her back.

"Chloe? You're back a bit early aren't you? I thought you were going to see that band with Hannah."

"That's what I thought too, Mom. That was until the doorman checked us at the door. Can you believe he wouldn't let us in?" Chloe said sulkily. "We showed him our university student cards and explained that we were both eighteen but he said we didn't look it and that our 'possibly fake' ID didn't even have a date of birth on it."

"Aw, don't feel bad sweetie. One day you'll realise that looking young for your age is a blessing", consoled Emily.

She stroked Chloe's cheek and gently brushed her fingers down and under her heart shaped chin until she delicately propped up her daughters face like a prized ornament. "Look at those beautiful blue and green eyes and your soft, creamy skin just like me. You can thank me any time you want for those, Chloe", laughed Emily.

"Mom!" Chloe droned in mock embarrassment.

“Now get your cute butt up the stairs and have a shower and then I can tell you the great news I have for you.”

Chloe nodded and ran up the stairs; the dress riding up as she moved quickly on the steps, partly revealing her ass cheeks by the time she had got to her room. In one swift but forceful motion she managed to pull the dress over her head and onto the floor. She gave it a little kick towards her wardrobe, forming the intention of picking it up and hanging it sometime later. She hadn't been wearing a bra that night so, by the time she had made it to the bathroom mirror, all she had on was a thong designed to be so discreet under a tight dress that she was almost naked. She looked herself up and down in the mirror and used the smaller cabinet mirror to help her get an all round view as she rotated slowly left and right.

The routine assessment cheered her up. She did indeed have the most flawless, soft skin of anyone she knew. She had inherited that from her mom along with her light brown hair that cascaded over her delicate shoulders but stopped before her small but gravity defying breasts. At five foot three inches, she didn't have the height of someone who could pull off looking older than she was but her slim waist helped to show off the shape of her hips and thighs. She spun on the spot so that she could see the line of her back and looked down. She thought back to all the whispered cheeky comments that boys used to make about her ass and what they would have liked to have done with it. She remembered the stares she used to get in the changing rooms from other girls. It is very round and pert, she thought, and gave both cheeks a slap that gave her a tingle in the pit of her tummy.

She turned the shower on to warm up the water and peeled the thong from between her cheeks and dropped it on the floor. She jumped into the shower and washed the makeup and disappointing evening off of her body.



Emily had made herself and Chloe a large mug of Cocoa. It was the first thing Chloe smelled as she walked into the living room before she flopped herself down on the sofa dressed in a light blue soft buttoned shirt and pyjama bottoms. She sipped the slightly too hot cocoa and stared expectantly at her mom.

“I have some great news. You know you’ve been telling me how desperate you are for some extra money to take with you to university? Well, I was telling Jenny how things were a bit tight with us at the moment, how you could really use some extra cash and that you had a couple of months free in the summer holidays”, Emily said excitedly.

Jenny was Chloe’s mom’s best friend. They went to school together and had known each other a long time, re-igniting their friendship a few years ago. Chloe always felt a little strange around Jenny, as though she was being watched or weighed up. It was almost as though Jenny was a cat and Chloe was a little bird bobbing around on the grass in front of it. Anyway, what was Mom saying?

“...Jenny highly recommended you to Eva and the toyshop sounds like a great place to gain some experience and the pay is meant to be really good. Jenny says that the shop has a lot of important clients and has a big online presence, whatever that means.”

A toyshop? Chloe thought. Moving around dolls all day and listening to screaming kids... but she was desperate for some money and she hadn’t managed to find a job so far.

“I would be so proud to have my little girl working, with a uniform and a badge.

Oh, and Jenny said that Eva would let you start tomorrow.”

Fine, Chloe thought, at least its some money and I could even put it towards a car.

“Ok Mom. A toy shop does sound a bit dull but if it makes you proud, just find out from Jenny where I need to go and what time and I’ll give it a go”.

“That’s great sweetheart. I’ll text Jenny now and get the details. She said the place is called PP toys”.

“Right, I’d better get myself off to bed then. See you in the morning, Mom”, Chloe said, downing the now cool cocoa and giving Emily a hug and a kiss.

As she worked her way up the stairs she stopped for a moment and froze. There was only one toyshop in town that she knew of and that wasn’t owned by someone called Eva. For a second she wondered what the ‘PP’ in PP toys stood for but thought that she would definitely find out soon enough.

## The Plug

It was 7.30 am. Chloe sat naked on the edge of her bed. Her small feet were placed on the seat of her dresser stool. Her now pink toenails dried as she applied the same colour carefully to her fingers.

“What to wear?” she questioned to herself out loud.

Do you go with something professional looking or would something more toyshop appropriate be dungarees and a t-shirt? It took some tries and several complete changes but, finally, Chloe decided upon a pair of grey striped suit trousers and a light pink chenille polo shirt.

“Not bad”, she said very pleased with her effort and gave herself a pink lipstick smile and a little wink in the mirror.

She ran down the stairs and grabbed the packed lunch her mom had left for her on the kitchen table and the directions to get to the toyshop from under a little ceramic peach fridge magnet. Emily had already left for work at the reception of the Hotel.

She put the brown paper package and the note into her old school satchel and went to find her open toed thick black heels under the pile of shoes that she and Emily had stuffed into the cupboard near the front door. She slipped them on and made herself a bit taller by doing so. Her body adjusted to the new position by arching slightly in her back and her bum stuck out a bit more in the form fitting trousers.

She grabbed her keys and left the house, locking up behind her. She walked to the bus stop down the road, enjoying the clapping noise her shoes made as she got the note out her satchel to check which bus she'd need to take.

One change of bus and twenty minutes later, Chloe arrived at the street on the note her mom had left.

This doesn't look right, she thought. Why would a toyshop set up in an industrial estate? Maybe it's one of those online shops. Mom did say it had a - what was it? - 'Big online presence'.

She'd never been in the industrial part of town before. She had heard of the area though. People had called it 'Greenback commercial park' she remembered as she clicked and clacked over the paving. She passed a couple of small warehouses as she tried to make sense of the numbers that replaced street names inside the estate. A couple of what she could only describe as workers stood outside one of the warehouses smoking, probably on a break. They wore boiler suits of some type and hard hats. Both men had stubble, were quite tall and had small, narrow eyes. She didn't feel comfortable approaching them but she was feeling lost and she only had another five minutes to make a good impression and arrive on time to her first day of work.

"Excuse me", Chloe opened to get the men's attention.

They looked up...and then down and then up again and gave each other a quick glance.

“Can we help you, miss?” the man on the left rasped through smoke.

“I hope so”, Chloe responded thankfully. “I am a bit lost and I have to get to work. It’s my first day at a toyshop round her. Do either of you know where PP Toys might be?”

The look on the men’s face changed immediately. They sniggered to each other and stopped looking at Chloe in the eyes and started to nudge each other with their elbows, looking at her up and down more obviously.

“Zone five. Next left. Building on the end. No sign outside. Has a red door”, the other one croaked slowly.

Confused by their behaviour, Chloe thanked them and walked on to find the sign for zone five. She turned left and walked down a long line of buildings until she came to the last building. It did indeed have a red door. The door was at the front of the building but was up a flight of metal stairs to the right of what was a very large warehouse. On ground level, large metal roller doors were shut and a small barred window on the left were the only features that she could see. It was all very quiet and there seemed to be no signs of life except for a couple of cars in the car park.

She climbed the stairs, making an even louder sound with her shoes on the metal, holding on to the rail to avoid tripping on the wide, open steps. On getting to the top, knowing that she was already a couple of minutes late, she knocked on the door without hesitation... nothing. Nobody came to the door and no noises could be heard inside. Chloe waited another minute and knocked again. She gave it a little more time than before. Still nothing. Maybe she had the wrong place. It certainly didn’t have a toyshop feel to it and nobody seemed to be in. She turned and started to carefully work her way down the first steps when

she heard the door squeak open behind her.

She turned and smiled automatically as she met the gaze of the woman at the door. She was stunning. In her thirties, long, dark brown hair, piercing blue eyes and lightly tanned skin just a shade darker than Chloe's. She was taller than Chloe by at least five inches. A line that could have worked equally well with a smile or a frown framed her mouth.

Chloe put her hand out to introduce herself as she had always been taught.

“Hi, I’m Chloe. I’m her to see Eva. I’m meant to start a job today. Is this PP toys?”

“I’m Eva” the lady replied airily, ignoring the last question, “Follow me”.

Chloe followed Eva down a long dark corridor. Many doors ran along the way on the right, all closed. On the left were panelled windows but they had all been painted over in black. With nothing else to look at, Chloe found herself looking at Eva's rear view.

The sight was both surprising and fascinating. Black leather shorts that were the size of hot pants packaged what appeared to be a sculpted butt and very toned legs - like a fitness instructor on one of her mom's exercise dvds. The legs shined as though recently moisturised and topped a couple of black leather ankle boots with a very sharp and high heel. The top half was just as interesting. Her top was a white cotton stretch shirt open at the shoulders and revealing her lower back. It had that torn style instead of neat hemlines. Toned shoulders were holding up a kind of bra but it crossed over rather than having the straps on the

own side and seemed to have metal studs lined along it.

Her gaze dropped back to the leather shorts. For a moment Chloe became hypnotised by the beautiful movement of one cheek against the other as Eva's hips swayed within the leather. That was until Eva turned abruptly and those piercing blue eyes gazed into Chloe's.

"You're trial run begins today. You have this week to prove to me that you are what I am looking for. If you do so, I can assure you that I will have plenty of work to offer you and what I pay my workers can't be matched in this town", Eva said slightly sharply. "Come into my office".

The office was fairly standard. Eva had a big leather executive chair that she sat straight down in. A big mahogany desk had papers and a laptop on it and there were sets of grey metal drawers with locks on them along one side. Chloe was motioned to sit on a small wooden stool the opposite side of the desk. It looked strange and out of place in comparison to the big executive chair. She could feel its smooth coldness on her bum cheeks as she perched opposite Eva.

"Jenny has told me lots about you, Chloe. I'm looking forward to working closely with you and seeing what you are capable of. Here's your contract. I trust the pay will be to your satisfaction. As you are eighteen, I must remind you that by signing this everything in here is legally binding and that you agree to all the duties and obligations within it during your period of employment with me."

Chloe had never seen a paper contract before. She hadn't been old enough to need one before this summer. She scanned over the pages. She noticed Eva looking impatiently at her out of the corner of her eyes as she tried to make sense of the document... Obligations... Duties.... Uniform... Important Client Satisfaction... Extra Hours... Pay. She stopped at pay. How much!? That was

double the hourly rate her mom earned as a receptionist. She dreamed about what she could do with the extra cash but this took up precious seconds and she started to feel pressured to look like she knew what she was doing. She flicked over a few more pages in an attempt to look like she was taking in what was written and then signed and dated the back page. It'll be fine, she thought, Eva will know how to make a contract and I always sign those contracts I get on my phone every time it updates without reading them.

“Thank you”, Eva said as she took the contract and locked it away in a drawer under her desk. “Right, lets get you dressed for the job”, and she motioned Chloe up and along to one of the rooms in the dark corridor.

Eva pushed the door open and ushered Chloe into what appeared to be a changing room very similar in style and size to the one they had at her old school. Benches ran along the centre with clothes hooks at head height and around thirty lockers ran long the left and right walls. A shower area at the back was obvious from the tiles and the tap heads protruding from the wall but no cubicles or dividing wall made it look a little strange, all open and in plain view.

“This is your locker for now”, Eva pointed and turned the handle.

“This is what you are to wear today. It is one of our best sellers.”

Chloe looked, slightly open mouthed, at the ‘uniform’. It consisted of a pair of Lycra mini shorts in hot pink and a tiny strappy tank top with PP printed on the left side, made from a white non-descript material that looked more than a little see-through and stopped too high to cover her belly or lower back.



Chloe set her pretty green and blue eyes back on Eva but her mouth hadn't closed after seeing what was in the locker.

"And no underwear, Chloe. It spoils the look". On that last point, Eva turned and demurely walked out of the room, smiling slightly over her shoulder as she went. "Come back to my office, once you're changed" She called back.

Chloe stared for a moment at the clothes, if that's what they could be called, hanging up in the locker. What kind of a 'toyshop' was this? Not a shop as she knew the word. No signs of toys or colourful merchandise and now this uniform that belonged in an X-rated movie not a magical toy emporium.

For a moment, Chloe considered walking out and getting the bus home but she didn't move. She hesitated, thinking about the pay and how, without a decent amount of money behind her, she wouldn't be able to cope with the cost of university and she knew her mom couldn't afford to help with all her bills and debts and badly paid job. 'A job's, a job' she had heard people say and just because it wasn't what she was expecting didn't mean it would be as strange as it all seems now. Maybe there's a good reason for wearing the flimsy little costume.

She reached out and took the mini shorts and top out of the locker.

She stepped back down the corridor in the shorts and top. The only items she had been able to wear were her thick black open heels. At least her toenails complemented the short's colour she thought, trying to comfort herself a little as she walked. The mini shorts were indeed 'mini'. They acted more like a thong and seemed to slightly part and protrude her butt cheeks as she walked, revealing most of them to the open air with some of it disappearing into her ass so that it

rode up into her pussy and pressed against her asshole. Her underwear, her trousers and chenille top all lay folded on the bench in the changing room next to her satchel and she longed for their extra layer between her and this exposure.

She knocked apprehensively on Eva's office door.

"Come, Chloe."

Chloe stepped inside and tried to cover herself by folding her arms.

"Let me see you properly now that all that frumpy stuff is off you", Eva chuckled derisively, "Hands down then, Chloe. Let's see how you look".

Slowly she lowered her folded arms and watched Eva's eyes dart over her body. The top was tight and partly transparent. The shape of her breasts clearly visible, pressed inside. Her small, round pink nipples standing clearly to attention pointed towards Eva's face. Eva's eyes were taking in every part of her. Her bare shoulders and arms, her legs and shoes and she walked around the back and stood for an uncomfortable amount of time there until Chloe looked over her shoulder wide-eyed and a little nervous.

Eva came back to the front.

"You'll do nicely", she breathed and for a flash, gave a look a wolf might give a rabbit just before it pounced. It wasn't lost on Chloe and it gave her a quick burst of butterflies in her belly.

“Right. Now let’s get you into the warehouse.”

The warehouse was down a set of stairs in a corridor parallel to the other one, meeting Eva’s corner office. On entering the huge space, everything became a little clearer. All around were boxes after boxes with images on them of naked women and men with words like ‘anal’, ‘vibrator’ and ‘dildo’ all over them. Chloe recognised some of them and had never heard of others. Many of the boxes had items in plastic wrappings sticking out of them and looked to be the shape of penises and various oblongs and came in assorted bright colours.

“That kind of toys”, Chloe murmured to herself.

“Over here, Chloe. I want you to meet Becky”, Eva ushered.

Becky wore exactly the same uniform as Chloe but had light pink heels on that were ridiculously high, making her butt stick out even more than it already should have as she rose from her little stool to welcome Chloe and Eva.

Becky was blonde with long hair braided down her back. Blue eye shadow, black eyeliner and pale peach lip gloss helped to enhance her beautiful high cheekbones and pale blue eyes. Chloe thought Becky must be four or five years older than herself but was about the same height and had slightly lighter skin with a few moles here and there over her arms and chest. Her matching uniform revealed even more and it was clear that Becky also had small pink nipples but her breasts were much smaller, almost flat but her ass was bigger and stuck out more.

“Hi”, she said in a relaxed drawl, “I’ll be showing you the ropes today”.

“Hopefully not the real ropes on her first day”, Eva said with a fake giggle.

“No mistr... er... Eva” Becky stumbled a little, losing her calm air for a moment.

“Good. I’ll leave you two to it for today then. Report back to me at the end of the day as to how Chloe is doing, Becky. I have some calls to make.”

Becky smiled at Chloe and Chloe felt immediately a little more comfortable given all the surprises and shocks of the morning so far.

“We have some new orders that have just come in. I have the picking lists right here”. Becky held a clipboard up with a dozen or so printed sheets of paper attached.

“Shall we get started?” She asked cheerily.

Once Chloe had the hang of the system, Becky shared the orders out and kept half for herself. Picking orders involved sorting through boxes from shelves that corresponded to a code next to the items on the order sheets. She picked out handcuffs, two purple vibrators, a strap-on set, lube and a sex swing and placed them in a box for Becky to seal and put out for delivery. Chloe had never seen any of these things in real life and was fascinated by everything she saw. The packaging was at times very graphic and Chloe started to feel herself getting wet

as she tried to stop imagining herself using all of the items she picked.

That was until she looked at the next order. The first item on the list was a stainless steel ‘rosebud’ buttplug. When she managed to locate it and open the box to check it was inside, she found what looked like a piece of jewellery. So beautiful and smooth with a shining pink crystal attached on the end of the base. It was packaged in a case that looked like it should have held an expensive watch or necklace. She couldn’t help but think of herself on her knees, staring up at a mirror behind her, ass up in the air, with the gleaming crystal shining back from the reflection. She placed it in the delivery box, still thinking about how it might feel to wear it inside her and looked at the next item down the list – a black paddle with the word ‘slut’ emblazoned on. She wondered if the order sheet was trying to tell her something about what was going on in her head but she soon focused back on picking.

“This one doesn’t have a code next to it, Becky” she called over. Becky trotted on her heels as best she could over to Chloe and the sheet.

“Ah yes, paddles. They’re on the top row, shelf three. I’ll get the ladder”, and she went and pulled a ladder over to shelf three.

“Can you hold it steady for me?” she asked as got ready at the base step in the tall pink heels.

Chloe got in behind Becky and held the rails as she climbed a couple of steps up. Chloe was about six inches away from Becky’s ass and, for the third time today, her full lips parted in shock.

“Becky! What have you got inside you?” Chloe asked, half surprised with herself that she dared to ask but, dressed as she was, she felt somewhat less

inhibited. Becky just laughed and arched her back more over the ladder. Taking her left hand, she reached behind herself and moved her shorts to one side of the round bump to reveal a pink glass butt plug.

Chloe was transfixed. Unable to move as her world just got a little more rocked and the fact that, if she moved away, Becky would fall forward and off the ladder. Becky breathed out, open-mouthed, and gave the plug a pull with two fingers and her thumb. It made sticky lip smacking noises and a gentle pop as it squeezed out. And there it was, inches away from her face and nose. For what seemed like ages, but was in reality a couple of seconds, all she could see was the gaping pink asshole, dark and mysterious inside the open orifice. The gape must have been more than an inch wide and a fragrant sweet, rich scent drifted over Chloe's face. Flashes of thoughts she couldn't control entered her mind. An image of her pressing her nose and then lips over the hole came out of nowhere. Surely something that smelled that good must taste even better. She snapped out of it, but not before licking her full lips and gently biting the lower one. To her embarrassment, Becky noticed the impulse and gave a little giggle as she peered down over her ass at the plug.

Becky's asshole had now closed and a sticky band of liquid connected the now puckered pink hole to the plug. The plug looked like it had been in for a while and had a clear, sticky shine in places. It seemed huge but maybe that was the fact that it was so close to her that if she leant forward a little she'd be able to touch it with her nose. In reality, it must have been about five inches long and three inches wide in its pink glassy glory. It gave off the similarly alluring aroma, almost like brownies baking in the oven and Chloe found herself closing her eyes to focus on breathing it in.

Opening them again a second later, she saw Becky reach the plug in front of her and swallow the plug right up to the base in her mouth. She gave it three good sucks and made a slight choking sound as she pushed it as far as she could down her throat. She pulled it out, covered in spit and added a little more from pursed, glossed lips before putting her hand back round her back and pushing the plug

up her accepting asshole with a little sigh, all in one fluid movement; the plug and hole making a little squelch as the hole accommodated it's guest.

Becky licked her fingers and proceeded to reach for the 'Slut' paddle before carefully climbing down so that her ass pressed against Chloe's belly.

"You can let go now", Becky said in a cool but friendly tone.

Chloe snapped out of it and moved out of the way, feeling the heat that pressed against her a moment ago leave her skin. Becky dropped the paddle into the order box and adjusted her shorts back over the plug with her right hand.

"Eva says we should always try all the products we sell. That way we know which ones the customers will like and we can make recommendations. Besides it's in the obligations part of the contract to test the products", Becky said in a matter of fact way. "Anyway, Lunch time!"

They both made their way up to the changing room. Chloe pulled her lunch bag out of her satchel and sat back on the bench. She didn't know whether there was a canteen and wondered if there would be a tour of the place at some point to get her bearings. She opened the bag and looked in at peanut butter and Jam sandwiches – Chloe's favourite. She ate with an appetite she hadn't realised she had. Biting down large chunks until it filled her mouth and she couldn't swallow. She grabbed a bottle of apple juice from the paper bag and pulled off the top and took a big swig, washing down the contents of her mouth. She glanced over at Becky who was drinking one of those smoothie mixes you make at home with a blender and put into a plastic lidded mug. It looked a bit dull but Becky seemed to enjoy it.

“How long have you worked here?” Chloe asked.

“About four years, I was recommended by someone. Didn’t even know the place existed before that” came the reply with a warm smile.

“Me too. I mean I was recommended too” It was the first time that day she’d thought of that. Jenny had recommended her. Jenny had set her up in a job in a sex toy shop. Her eyes widened as she took that in.

“Yeah, Jenny Harper. I know. Eva does whatever Jenny tells her to”, Becky nodded and noticed the puzzled look that Chloe gave.

“Don’t worry about that just yet. You’ll learn about it soon enough”.

Chloe finished off the last piece of sandwich and looked back into the bag. An apple and a banana stared back up at her. Her mom was always pushing her to eat more fruit, she thought and reached for the banana only to pull her hand back as she thought of all the toys that closely resembled the shape. Maybe later she decided. She finished her juice and then felt it was overdue time to relieve herself.

She looked round and then to Becky, “Becky, where are the toilets?”

Becky chuckled and pointed to the shower, “The employees go in here”.



Chloe looked at the shower a bit more carefully. There was a hole in the tiled floor large enough to serve as a toilet and a roll of paper on the floor nearby. There was a tap at the wall and some soap in an industrial looking metal dispenser. She couldn't go in front of Becky, could she? She was quite desperate and Becky didn't seem at all bothered. Maybe, she'd leave as Chloe went over. She stood up and walked over to the hole in the floor and lined herself up. Becky showed no signs of moving. She pulled down the pink shorts and stretched them over her front as she crouched down over the hole in an attempt to protect her modesty. Becky looked up then and tutted. Chloe, thinking it was to do with her peeing, tried to stop but couldn't just then.

"My, my, looks like someone's been enjoying their job so far". She shook her head in mock disapproval and stared at the shorts dangling over Chloe's knees. Chloe looked down over them. There was a large round wet patch in the crotch area. She brushed a finger over it. It felt slightly sticky. How hadn't she noticed before? She blushed and finished up, pulling the damp shorts back up over her waist. Becky just laughed.

"You looked so cute squatting like that, by the way", she said with a sly smile on her upturned mouth. "Back to work now and it's time for you to test a product!"

Chloe felt nervous looking over the boxes as Becky stood over her shoulder with a smile on her face. She had signed a contract and apparently it did say that she needed to test a product regularly. She held that in her head as she tried to excuse the lust building up in the pit of her stomach as she eyed all the options. Then she remembered the jewelled plug. She'd already imagined herself with it in her and it was certainly small enough for her little hole. She moved over to the cardboard box they were stored in and leaned over. She felt Becky close behind her as she rummaged around and pulled out the jewellery style box. She held it up and snapped open the lid, looking hopefully at Becky as she peered in at it.

“Butt plugs eh? Girl after my own tastes, I see. No, too small” and she took it out of Chloe’s hand and shut the lid.

“I know they say start small and work your way up but in my opinion you need something you’ll really feel on your first time. Here, try this”.

She pulled a four inch black silicone plug with a suction pad base out of its wrapper. It was two and a half inches wide according to the label that she tossed on the floor. Chloe wasn’t sure she would be able to manage it but, just before she had a chance to speak, Becky licked the pad and pressed it down hard on the little stool.

“Go get the lube from shelf one”, she instructed.

Chloe did as she was told and chose the chocolate aroma lube from the middle of the shelf and walked back to the stool, more conscious of her ass moving behind her than ever before.

“Mmm. Good choice, babe. Chocolate is my favourite. Now, you might not be used to doing this so do you want me to put it in your ass?”

Chloe shook her head quickly.

“Ok, let me talk you through it then. Roll down your shorts to just over your knees. Next, put some lube on your index and middle finger while your other hand pulls one of the cheeks apart from the other.”

Becky moved behind to get a better look and breathed in quickly at the beautiful sight.

“Now rub the lube over your asshole. Your other cheeks in the way, I’ll pull it back for you.”

With her left hand stretching her butt cheek to one side and the right hand reaching round her back with lube on it, Chloe arched over and started to rub lube over her tiny hole. It didn’t have a pucker as Becky’s did. It just felt smooth, a little, tight orifice with little else around it, just smooth skin. She felt Becky gripping the other cheek firmly and felt fingers a little too close to her pussy for her not to notice.

“Now you need to get some inside you. Get a bit of lube on your finger and push it in.”

Chloe tried with her index finger and, to her surprise, her asshole sucked it in as she pushed on the anus to open up to her. She felt a little impressed with herself and tried for the middle finger as well. Both went in to the knuckle more easily than she’d imagined they would have been able to.

“Good girl, Chloe. That’s the way”, Becky encouraged, “Now over to the stool. It’s time to get you filled up”.

Becky walked over to the stool and Chloe followed waddling slightly with the shorts still round her lower thighs. While Becky had her back turned she took a

moment to pull the fingers she had just squeezed inside herself up to her nose and sniffed, putting the index finger in her mouth and sucking on it. Wow, she thought. I'm delicious.

She moved so that her back was facing the stool with the large looking plug still stuck on it. Becky backed her gently towards the stool and then stopped.

“Almost forgot, the plug needs lubing up too”.

In one swift movement, she bent down to the plug and took it all in her mouth at once and then spat three times onto the plug until it seemed covered in Becky's bubbling spit.

“Now trust me, this is the best way to start with plugs. Just grab the sides of the stool and lower yourself onto it.”

Chloe grabbed onto the sides of the stool and positioned the tip of the plug between her butt cheeks. Becky moved round to the back to get a closer look, a hungry look starting to form over her face.

Chloe lowered and the plug met her asshole. She felt the spit and stickiness on the end as she lined up exactly for entry. She lowered more and the plug's tip started to open up the hole, spreading the sphincter out and over its sticky wet surface. It began to slide in and, with a sharp intake of breath, Chloe sat fully down on the stool allowing her asshole to eat up the remaining silicone down to the base.

Becky jumped up and down and let out a joyful little giggle.

“You’re a natural, Chloe. A real buttslut like me.”

Chloe couldn’t help but feel a little proud of herself which made her wonder how she could be so comfortable with a toy up her ass in front of a person she had only just met. Had she gone mad or was there something about herself that hadn’t been awakened until this moment?

“Rock a little and it’ll come off the stool”, Becky advised.

Chloe did so and the plug stayed firmly in her asshole as she stood up, feeling it filling her and pressing her insides. She was really wet now as she pulled the shorts up over an almost soaked pussy.

“Right, back to work. We’ve got some stock to move while you’re doing your product testing”, Becky said, winking.

They worked for two hours moving heavy boxes and bondage devices around the warehouse. Saddles, racks and a triangular wooden horse that Chloe couldn’t see being anything other than extremely painful to be on were lifted and moved. Every time Chloe crouched or bent over she felt the plug shift slightly and waves of pleasure flooded over her. She imagined Becky feeling the same feelings with her glass plug and began to understand why she smiled so much.

Sweat started to bead both of their bodies. Chloe bunched her hair back off her

face with an elastic band and noticed the drops of sweat running down her back over her stomach and onto her shorts. She wasn't sure if it was more down to the heavy lifting or the plug but decided it was definitely a mixture of both.

With the plug taking most of her attention, Chloe had lost track of time and it was a surprise to her when Becky looked at a clock on the wall of the warehouse and said "That's us done for today. Time to get ready for home".

To Chloe's surprise, Becky gripped a delicate hand around Chloe's, holding it tightly. She guided Chloe up the stairs hurriedly and into the changing room.

"My favourite bit!" Becky giggled. "Just give me five minutes babe, I just need to speak to Eva", she said, brushing Chloe's cheek gently before leaving the room.

Chloe just stood there in her wet shorts, tired and sweating. She hoped Becky would put in a good word and wondered what she might be telling Eva but soon lost her train of thought as she found her fingers pressing the plug deeper into her asshole.

Becky returned a little too soon for Chloe as she was clearly caught pressing her plug into her ass and moaning gently to herself. She turned with a start and moved her hand quickly to her neck and away from her butt.

"Eva is pleased with your work today but said that I am to report back in the morning, so I guess you are still on your trial... even now", she said a little slyly.

“Anyway, like I said. Best bit”, She said eagerly. “Time to take out the plugs and get cleaned up. I am so glad I have another hand now. It’s so hard getting the plugs out at the end of the day. They get really stuck up in there. Would you mind please, Chloe?”

She pulled off her shorts and threw them on the bench and was about to get on her knees when she hesitated.

“Where are my manners? You first.”

In one motion, she turned and grabbed Chloe’s shorts from the hips and pulled them to her feet. Chloe impulsively tried to cover her pussy and protested that she could get the plug out herself, already embarrassed by the day’s events.

“Nonsense” Becky said crouching next to Chloe’s creamy smooth legs and pushed her still heeled feet up one by one off the floor to fully remove the shorts.

“Now get out of that sweaty top, you’ll catch a chill. Then I need you to get on your hands and knees.”

Chloe was too tired to argue and something inside her was more than a little excited about being on all fours with a butt plug up her ass. She pulled the top off, the sweet smell of her own sweat hitting her nose and threw it down as she got on her hands and knees.

Becky opened up all the lockers and left the doors to one side. To Chloe’s

surprise, the mirrors inside them all formed one long line and gave her an excellent view of her naked body and ass. Becky knelt down behind Chloe and breathed in the deliciousness of the eighteen year old's amazing ass.

“This is how I like to remove them”, she said and immediately placed her lips around the base of the plug sticking out of Chloe's asshole.

Chloe felt Becky's lips around the rim of her hole and then her tongue as she licked round the plug in a circular motion. All this made her want to rub her clitoris. She felt the grip on the plug tighten as Becky bit the base, holding it firmly in her mouth. The next movement Chloe felt was a pulling one as the plug was moved out of her about half way. The feeling sent her almost to orgasm as her asshole reluctantly released its prize to Becky's mouth. Becky pushed the plug back into Chloe's asshole then gripped and pulled it out and then back in again. This was too much for Chloe as her hand slipped down her front and she started rubbing her clitoris furiously. It was just then that Becky pulled the plug out completely.

A shudder ran right up Chloe's spine as her legs and arms gave way beneath her and she collapsed, giving out a large moan. She felt her gaped, sticky asshole wink a couple of times, making a lip-smacking noise before it forgot its former occupier and returned to its original tightness. Chloe glanced at herself in the mirror. She felt so dirty. Blue-green eyes lost in the moment stared drunkenly back, full lips parted and breathing heavily. Her naked body and face sweating heavily, tied back hair now wet. Her soft, curved torso slumped on the hard changing room floor. She looked through the mirror to see the view behind herself. Becky had licked the base of Chloe's butt plug and had fixed it to the changing bench. Shoes off, she crouched on the balls of her feet, legs spread, facing the plug. Her own pink plug clearly visible through her parted cheeks.

Becky placed her tongue to the base of the black plug and licked her way enthusiastically up to the tip then she pushed the plug into her mouth and ran her



glossy lips tightly down the shape and back to the base, gagging as she reached the suction pad. She pulled off and grasped the plug and ran her hand up and down the plug, masturbating it like a penis before running her wet palm over her pussy lips and round to her own plug.

“My turn!” she almost sang out and got onto her knees.

Her head and shoulders were pressed to the floor, her arched back pressing her round, full ass up to the sky. With both hands she parted her ass, placing the side of her face on the floor for stability.

“Come on dirty girl, pull it out”, she moaned.

Chloe pulled herself over and sat cross-legged behind Becky’s filled ass. She was about the same distance as when they were on the steps and could feel the heat rising from Becky’s body. She couldn’t use her mouth. That was too much on a day of so many first times. She placed the tips of all her fingers and thumb from her right hand around the pink glass base and gently started to pull back towards herself. Nothing. Becky’s asshole just moved a little upwards but the plug stayed in.

“You’ll have to pull harder than that, doll. My ass doesn’t want to let go”, Becky drawled from the floor.

So Chloe pulled harder and, after feeling her arm muscles strain a bit, the plug popped out and into Chloe’s hand.

The rich scent drifted into her nose as she stared at the plug in wonder, a bit impressed at herself for managing to get it out of Becky.

Becky called up from behind her own ass, “Now suck it clean Chloe”.

“You know you want to”, she added and took her hands away from her cheeks and reached over to Chloe’s wrist of the hand holding the plug, gently lifting it up to Chloe’s mouth.

Chloe gulped and closed her eyes and, after a second of hesitation, just surrendered to the moment. She placed her full lips around the plug and Becky, who was now holding the base of the plug from behind her, slid it over her waiting tongue and inside her mouth.

The taste was exquisite, rich, malty and deep but also sweet. She allowed Becky to slide the plug along her tongue and in and out of her lips for what seemed like minutes. All the time, Chloe’s eyes stayed closed as she focused on the taste. Becky stared at the sexy scene through the mirrors, the side of her face resting towards the locker doors. When Chloe opened her eyes again, Becky let the plug pop out of her cute mouth and placed it on the bench next to Chloe’s.

“Come with me”, she half-whispered, taking her top off and guiding Chloe to the showers by the hand.

Chloe kicked off her shoes and moved onto the tiles facing Becky. Becky turned the tap and pulled off the band that held Chloe’s hair back. Hot, steaming water sprayed down from a large showerhead fixed to the wall. Becky moved in close and, being almost exactly the same height, easily found Chloe’s mouth with her

own. Chloe parted her lips wide, mirroring Becky's and felt the blonde girl's tongue gently swirl against her own as their mouths pressed tightly together. Chloe felt Becky's right arm snake around her back, the left gripping her hips and pulling her even closer so their bodies pressed tightly. The arm followed Becky's hand as it traced a flat line down the small of Chloe's back down to her ass. It held for a moment before Becky's middle finger ran up to the top of Chloe's butt cleft and pushed itself down deeply along the inside and smoothly into Chloe's asshole. The hot water and plugging meant that it accepted the finger easily. Becky started to move her finger deeply and passionately in and out of Chloe's hole, their mouths and bodies still locked together. Chloe could taste what she thought was her own ass on Becky's tongue and, coupled with the feel of it being fingered, let out a muffled moan. She tried to open her eyes but the steam and water made it impossible to see anything. Almost by reflex, Chloe moved her own hands round the back of Becky and started to knead and rub her round butt cheeks. Faster, slower, tongues twisting, they stayed locked for at least twenty minutes of heaven until Becky abruptly pulled out and away.

"I have to go sexy, I have a yoga class tonight and I am already late", Becky said as she shut off the water and sauntered over to one of the lockers. She took out two beige towels and threw one to Chloe, which she managed to catch before it fell on the wet tiles. Chloe stood there holding the towel in a dreamy daze just watching as Becky quickly towelled herself off, and put on a pair of yoga pants and a t-shirt – no underwear - and then slipped on a pair of trainers. She moved back to Chloe and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"See you tomorrow, Chloe. The red door code on the lock is 12694. Have a good night" and with that she turned and left the room, turning down the corridor towards the door.

Chloe was dressed back in the clothes she had arrived in that morning, satchel in front of her on the floor, on the last bus home. It was dark outside and she could see her reflection in the glass window. She looked at her face, removed of its makeup by the shower and other events, and tried to make sense of the day. She

gently brushed a line around her lips as she tried to work out whether today had all been a strange dream. Was it possible that something inside of her had woken up for the first time in her life? Was she a lesbian, she wondered? Chloe had had boyfriends. She'd even had sex with two of them... but never in her ass...Oh, the ass! She never realised how much her own asshole or even other people's assholes turned her on... and the feeling of having something inside it! She wouldn't be able to look at her own butt the same way ever again...wow, she thought, blowing air out of her mouth, Becky is right - today I discovered... I am a 'Buttslut'.

After a bit more thought, feeling the heavy diesel engine of the bus humming through her seat, she came to an agreement with her mind. She wasn't sure whether she was lesbian, bi or whatever but one thing was for sure. She felt fine about having sex with girls, especially if it was going to be anything like today.

Emily was already home when Chloe got back. She threw off her shoes and ran upstairs to change into some shorts and a vest. It was a hot summer evening and Emily had already opened Chloe's bedroom window for her.

"Hi Mom!" Chloe called down.

"How was the first day sweetie?" Emily asked.

"Really good. What's for dinner? I'm starving", Chloe said, changing the subject.

When Chloe had changed and bounded back down the stairs she found her mom sitting in the kitchen waiting for her. They ate and chatted. Emily kept asking

questions out of pride, curiosity and a little parental concern.

“What’s the uniform like? Did you make any friends?”

“It’s good, Mom. Fitted me well. Yeah, one girl... Becky. She’s nice”

A few more questions about Eva, the shop and then Emily stopped and gave Chloe a loving look and kissed her on her forehead.

“Listen to me going on. I’m so proud of my little girl. You must be so tired after your first day and me interrogating you all about it. Come on, you go through to the lounge and I’ll make you a cocoa then off to bed for both of us working gals”, Emily chuckled.

A few minutes later Chloe sat watching television, a cup of cocoa in her hand. She sat back into the sofa with her knees up in front of her chest. She pulled the warm mug up to her nose and breathed in the steam and then took a deep sip. As she did so she instinctively wiggled her butt cheeks slightly apart in the shorts and then back again, feeling a tingle between her legs. She wondered why she had just done that and then sleepily lost herself back into the screen as she thought of Becky and her first day at work.

## Puppy Dog Tail

Chloe had decided that it didn't really matter what she wore today, as she would have to end up wearing what was in her locker anyway. She put on a pair of tight stonewashed jeans and a baggy black t-shirt. She did however spend some time on her makeup. She applied some pink blusher and put on mascara and covering her lips with raspberry coloured and flavoured lip gloss. She had decided to put on her sexiest thong to give her confidence for the day ahead and just because it felt sexy wearing it. It was red lace and she had bought it a while ago online. She hadn't bothered with a bra but nobody was going to notice under the baggy shirt and besides, her perky little b-cup breasts would be fine without one. She brushed her hair and left it down over her neck and shoulders and ran for the door.

Lunch! She reminded herself. She ran back to the kitchen and grabbed the brown paper bag left on the table along with a note from her mom.

It read: Love you x Have a great second day. Make sure you impress!

Chloe stuffed some trainers on, pulled and swung the door to, leaving with the brown lunch bag in her satchel around her shoulder.

1... 2... 6... 9... 4.

The lock clicked and the red door sprung open by some sort of electric mechanism. Chloe walked in and shut it behind her. She searched her way down the dark corridor looking for the entrance to the changing room and, when she

found it, walked inside.

The room had been tidied and cleaned. She half expected to see the buttplugs on the bench and shorts and tops strewn over the floor but it was completely clear and looked like the floor had been mopped. All the lockers were back in the closed position except for one that was open and empty. A closed locker next to it had a label on it with Chloe's name written in marker pen. She opened it and saw a hanger with some shiny clothes and a note.

“Put these on then come to my office. Eva”, Chloe read out.

She pulled the hanger out and looked over the items. There was a short latex skating skirt in fuchsia pink with a matching halterneck crop top in a stretchy material.

She pulled off all her clothes except for the thong and started to dress. The waistband of the skirt was high and sat just under Chloe's belly button. It was short but just covered her butt, only just revealing the bottom curving of her cheeks. The material felt cool and soft against her skin as she wrestled with the crop top and squeezed her way into it. A teardrop opening at the front showed off her now pressed cleavage and made her breasts look bigger in circumference than they actually were. In the foot section of the locker there was a pair of six inch heeled pumps in a shiny dark pink with a two-inch platform at their base. She guessed this was part of the 'uniform' and put them on, surprised at how they fit her perfectly. Walking in them wasn't easy at first but, as she tidied her clothes up and placed them in the locker, she felt she had the hang of them enough to follow the second part of Eva's instruction. She carefully stepped down the corridor to Eva's corner office, arching her back and sticking her butt out to maintain balance whilst losing her modesty in the process. The lace thong felt good and made her feel a bit more in control of her body as it pressed securely over her privates. She arrived safely at the door and knocked.

“Come in”, the voice called abruptly from inside.

Chloe entered the office and found Eva perched in front of her desk, her butt resting on the edge in a one piece cat suit made from a black wetlook material that clung to her toned body like a second skin. The sides were open with straps as was half her back and the front opened up in a V-shape held her firm round breasts together by crossing strapping. Her arms were bare and her hair was brushed over to her left side and ran down her shoulder. She took a couple of steps towards Chloe in high black stilettos and brushed the flared pink skirt and asked coolly, “How do you feel in the skirt?”

“Uh, fine. I guess”, Chloe replied a little haltingly.

“You guess”, Eva said in a voice copying Chloe’s response.

“Hmm. What do we have here?” she asked, lifting up the front of the skirt.

“Not an item I sell. Too vanilla. Get it off now”, she ordered, her eyes narrowing.

Chloe hesitated for a moment feeling that this was yet another reason for her to run for the red door and not look back, but the look Eva gave made her feel it wasn’t a choice she should be making right now. She pulled down the waistband over her cheeks, the crotch strap reluctantly stretching from her ass crack. She got them down to her knees and then, very awkwardly, out of one leg and then the other until they were laid out on the floor in front of Eva.



“Give them to me”, Eva said.

Chloe looked down and had to work out how to get down by crouching so that she almost sat on the back of her own heels of the platform heeled pumps and stretched an arm out to hook up the thong. Almost losing balance twice but not actually falling, Chloe stood and handed the thong to Eva who placed them on her desk.

Eva lifted the front of the skirt again.

“Better”, she said. “Full Brazilian, I see. Do it yourself?” She asked, eying Chloe’s crotch.

“Sometimes”, Chloe said, looking to the floor and felt her cheeks turn a richer pink than the blusher she had on.

“Right, get yourself down to the warehouse. Becky is doing a stock check this morning and you need to help her.”

She didn’t meet Eva’s gaze and, to her own surprise, found her mouth voicing the words “Yes ma’am”. Her feet managed a turn in the pumps and she left the room, not seeing the wolfish glint in Eva’s eyes behind her.

She found Becky sitting at her stool, hunched over the desk in front of her,

marking off items on a long pink sheet. She wore a fine net black long sleeved cami top and black wet look tight little shorts. Her nipples stuck out through two holes in the net top and were fully hard.

She wore her hair down today. Long blond locks tumbling down her back, forming a backdrop to the bright red lipstick and black eyeliner and lashes that made her blue eyes look electric and bright.

Becky clicked her pair of six-inch platforms together by swinging her smooth, shiny calves together as she sat. They matched her top with a net caging effect on the front and an open toe showing red painted toes. She glanced up and smiled, showing her white teeth.

“Hi, Hon’”, she drawled but her eyes looked less relaxed and intense, like something was distracting her and she was trying her best to focus.

“Good morning”, Chloe said, a little bashfully, getting a flashback of the two used plugs sitting on the bench.

They exchanged a few simple niceties. Sleep well, the weather, that sort of thing. Becky got down to business after a few minutes.

“You go to each shelf and tell me what’s inside the boxes and how many of them you find. I’ll get them ticked off or amended to make sure that we know exactly what we have in stock”.

Made sense to Chloe. She nodded, “Sure, okay”.

“Just one requirement from Eva” Becky looked at an open plastic package on the desk.

“Another product test for you.”

Chloe followed Becky’s eyes to the package. The box had an item taken out of it. A smallish round gap remained in its place. The gap was surrounded by what looked to Chloe like a curved black silicone dog tail. It was quite thick and short for a tail, about seven inches by a quick mental measurement. Attached to the tail was a butt plug made out of the same material. That part was about three and a half inches long and one and a half inches wide. After yesterday, Chloe knew she could manage the plug part, but the tail made her feel a little weird. What would it look like on? It would be totally noticeable curling over the flared latex skirt. Her body’s desire betrayed her head and made the decision for her. It nodded her head and she allowed Becky, who had walked over to her, to gently turn her around from her hips so her back faced her.

She heard Becky squirt some lube from a tube followed by some squelching noises, as she must have been coating the plug part of the tail. Becky was efficient in her actions and didn’t linger or waste time savouring the moment. This actually disappointed Chloe a bit as she had kind of been longing for Becky to touch her ass since yesterday.

“Open up, Chloe”, she said in a business-like tone, “No need to lube you up too much. You proved that yesterday”.

With that she pressed the plug onto Chloe's asshole pushing for it to give way and take it in, which it hungrily did without hesitation. Chloe let out a soft breathy coo as it found its place and rested by its hilt against her perineum.

She turned her head to try to get a look. It felt fine, a little heavy maybe with the tail attached, but looked ridiculous. It actually looked like she had a tail! It stuck out and over the edge of the skirt looking like a real appendage but because it curved as it went into her meant that her now stuffed hole was hidden by pink latex material.

"Now, let's get on", Becky said cheerily.

An hour had passed and Chloe had counted the stock in a number of boxes, tail sticking out of her ass. She noticed Becky getting a glassy look and pausing more than once in the hour and Chloe started to get a little concerned.

"Are you ok, Becky?" She asked as she went to pull across the ladder.

Becky suddenly squirmed on her stool and croaked back, "Yes, Thanks".

Chloe turned, not convinced and focused her attention on getting up the stepladder in her platform heels. Both hands on the rails, she made it up three steps so that her waist was in line with the top of the last step. That's when Eva's voice rang over a loudspeaker system.

"I think our little puppy deserves a treat for her effort this morning. What do you

think, Becky?” Becky suddenly closed her legs and arched her back, pulling her head back.

“Y...Yes, Eva”, she stammered uncontrollably.

Chloe, frozen to the spot at hearing Eva’s voice, started to feel the tail wag behind her all by itself. What followed was a jolt of vibration up her asshole and upwards into all of her lower body as the plug buzzed violently around in its snug home. She immediately lost her balance as her knees wobbled at trying to cope with the sensation. Her hands reached out and she managed to grab onto the metal red rails of the steps. She gasped as the vibration intensified, flooding her body with split second waves of pulses. Her hands were suddenly sweaty and she almost lost her grip and fell for a second time. The only option to save her from breaking an ankle was to get over the top step. She hauled her body up with her hands, using all her remaining energy to do so. Positioning them on the top of the rail as it curved over the ladder and levering her body up with her legs so that her flat stomach pressed onto the top step. She felt her pussy wet and slippery as she re-positioned her legs behind her as she bent over the top step. Her torso in the halter-top pressed over the other side to anchor her from falling back. She gripped her body as closely as she could to the ladder, tightening every muscle to hold her position. This had the effect of amplifying the vibrations and her whole body shook for a minute that seemed to go on forever. The tail wagged aggressively behind her from side to side, slapping against the latex skirt and making her feel like she was being flogged with a hose. Her eyes rolled back into her head as she felt the waves of an orgasm move through her, only brought back to earth when the speaker clicked on again.

“Enough lazing around girls. Back to work”, said Eva, laughter framing the sentence.

Chloe felt the pulse move down to a low level hum. She thought she might be able to move her attention away from between her legs and wiped sweat away

from her forehead and brushed some hair back that had stuck to it as she breathed deeply to regain some control. Becky, however definitely had something out of her control happening to her. She attempted to call out the next item on the inventory but the words came out in a juddering, vibrating way like someone trying to speak whilst sitting on a washing machine on high spin cycle. She blurted out the next three items as quickly as she could and then left, saying she needed to pee.

Chloe stood and waited. She couldn't sit with the tail in her and was starting to feel a little tired. She thought about taking it out as she adjusted it slightly with her fingers. She thought of Eva and decided it probably wasn't a good idea to remove it until allowed.

Becky had returned a few minutes later looking calmer but tired and distracted. They both concentrated on their work and managed to make it through to lunch, despite Chloe twitching and slowing every now and again as the plug sprang to life and pulsed inside her as the tail spanked her cheeks as it wagged.

In the changing room, the atmosphere was subdued. Becky sat glass-eyed eating yoghurt by slowly licking scoops of it off a plastic spoon and taking long swigs from a bottle of water. Chloe stood unable to sit, eating cheese sandwiches and trying not to fall over on tired legs positioned awkwardly on the sheer slopes of her pumps.

Neither of them spoke as Chloe reached into the bag and pulled out a banana, peeled it and started biting the end. Becky got up and walked like she was going to head for the door but stopped just in front of Chloe, the banana in her hand in front of her face, the skin dangling over her fingers. In one motion, Becky put her mouth over the banana and pressed down at least four inches. She remained motionless for a second, just enough time for Chloe's mind to visualise Becky sucking a cock in place of the banana. Becky closed her jaws and pulled back

breaking off too much banana to chew at once into her mouth and winked cheekily.

“Come on. Still more to do”, She said with great difficulty through her banana-filled mouth. They both laughed, this one silly act breaking most of the tension of the morning as they made their way back down to the warehouse.

They managed to get through the afternoon quite well. Becky’s prank had lifted their mood and they worked swiftly. The last items were checked off the list and they were about ready to tidy up when Eva’s stilettos made their way down the stairs and onto the warehouse floor.

She stood there, to Chloe’s eyes resembling a powerful goddess sculpted from black marble in her skintight catsuit. She held two small plastic oval boxes in each hand – one pink and one black.

“Just a couple more things to tidy away”, she announced.

She looked down at the pink box and turned a dial on it as far as it would go clockwise. Becky immediately jolted and started vibrating on the stool. Her hands gripped the seat so hard, her knuckles went white. Her expression turned into a grimace and her jaw locked together. Red painted nails started digging in, scratching the wood of the stool seat. Her mouth opened wide and she let out a long moan that burst out from somewhere deep inside her. She rolled her eyes up and her eyelids fluttered a few times before she slipped off the stool and fell motionless in a heap on the floor, a little drool falling from her open mouth.

Chloe stood shocked at seeing Becky lying there.

“It’s ok, little puppy. Becky does that sometimes when she’s had too much fun. She’ll come round in a while.”

Chloe stared wide-eyed at Becky’s splayed legs. Several lines of clear liquid started running from under the shorts and onto the otherwise flawless skin of her silky smooth thighs. Her small chest rose and fell gently as her arms lay out to her sides.

“Time to get me a bone, puppy”, Eva smirked, “Get her shorts off”, she said, pointing at Becky.

Chloe wondered if that was the right thing to do but soon yelped and started walking towards Becky’s unconscious body as the tail plug was moved up to its maximum setting for a moment. She knelt down on her knees, her plugged ass splayed out behind her as the tail wagged, the vibrations filling her asshole. She yanked at the shorts until they finally gave way and squeezed over Becky’s thighs, her cum juices lubricating their journey a little. She was soaked under there! It must have chaffed a lot but that would have been nothing in comparison to the device that was inside her. A pink rubbery double-ended device was deeply embedded in her pussy and asshole in a U shaped curve that gripped both and only revealed itself at the base between the two filled holes.

A look of realisation fell over Chloe’s face. Becky had been filled with two vibrating ends of a dildo in both her holes at the same time! That would have been too much for me she thought to herself. The pink rubber was all wet and sticky and her holes mirrored the pink colour, looking swollen as they clamped around the ends.



“Get it out, Chloe”, Eva commanded.

Chloe reached out with her hands. The plug’s vibes went up and she pulled back. “With you mouth, silly. You’re a puppy, remember?” It wasn’t a question really.

Chloe reached her head down between Becky’s open legs, noticing for the first time that Becky had a little heart shaped patch of hair above her clitoris, other than that completely smooth. Two letters had been shaved into the heart, Chloe read them as her head lowered to connect to Becky’s body – two Ps.

She had to turn her face sideways and almost touch the floor with her cheek to get the right angle. Powerful, sweet smells seeped into Chloe’s nose and mouth as she opened her mouth and put her lips around the curved base of the double-ended pink vibrator. She felt Becky’s cum on her lips and caught a taste of it as it ran down the inside of her mouth. Chloe’s upper lip and chin got as wet as Becky’s pussy as she pressed her face in to get a grip, her nose pressing into her right thigh and inhaling the intoxicating perfume of her skin. She gripped with her teeth, being careful not to bite any part of Becky and pulled her head firmly back. The double penetrating toy popped out of Becky, possibly helped by her state of unconscious relaxedness. The smells of her gaping ass and pussy blended on Chloe’s senses like two flavours of ice cream. The holes spent a moment looking loose and open before tightening back in their sticky wet shine.

Liquid from both ends dripped down the vibrator as Chloe held it up in her mouth to get a grip on it. Becky’s pussy and asshole juices blended with Chloe’s saliva in her mouth, some of it dripping uncontrollably down the back of her throat and some of it down the sides of her chin.

“Bring it to me”, Eva called abruptly.

Chloe placed her fingers on the floor to push her knees up, head raised up to hold the slippery pink silicone between her lips. She hadn't got beyond a half-crouch when the plug fired up to maximum, controlled by Eva's right hand and the little black box.

"Like a puppy", she chimed, reminding.

Chloe put her knees back to the cold concrete warehouse floor and spread her palms out in front of her, thankful that she managed not to drop the vibrator as the strong pulses shook through her spine.

She started to crawl by placing one arm out in front of her and then the opposite knee forward. The pulses were dialled down to a gentler level and the tail swung slowly from side to side rhythmically as she moved toward Eva. Her pussy felt slippery and lubricated as the lips rubbed each other as Chloe's hips brought one butt cheek up and then the other as she moved. Chloe tried to figure out why she was so turned on all of a sudden. Was it the mixture of smells and flavours from Becky on her nose and tongue? Maybe it was the invading tail burrowing into her hole as it vibrated, she thought. Those things certainly helped the tingling rising in her lower stomach and melting up her back. She noticed her nipples pointing sharply through the elasticated crop top looking like they could cut through it at any moment. Her mind suddenly revealed the answer. It was the humiliation of it all. Having to walk on her hands and knees, tail wagging ridiculously under the latex skating skirt, the vibrator held in her mouth like a bone, drool and cum juices dripping down her chin, walking towards the beautiful, taller, authoritative lady staring icily back at her with an evil smirk on her dark red lips.

Chloe reached Eva and stopped close enough to reach out and touch Eva's calf with her hand if she raised it off the floor. Eva placed her right hand out, the

black box in her left.

“Give it to me, puppy”. She sounded amused.

Chloe released it into the hand and more drool fell out and onto the floor in the process. Eva held the pink rubber device firmly and walked on her heels around behind Chloe to get a view of the girl’s rear. The plug inside her powered down and stopped vibrating. Chloe felt Eva grip the hilt hidden behind the tail. No need to lift the skirt in this position as Chloe’s butt was pressed up already. Eva’s knuckles brushed against the soft, silky skin between Chloe’s pussy and ass as she unplugged the flawless hole. It winked up at Eva twice before resting back into its default tight and unblemished state.

“Perfect”, Eva whispered, not intending Chloe to hear her but she did.

A smile flashed on Chloe’s damp lips impulsively and she wiped the back of her left hand and arm across her dripping mouth and chin, soaking up the drool and cum onto the skin so that it shined under the pale lights of the warehouse ceiling.

Eva placed the two toys down on an upturned cardboard box next to her and then walked slowly around to the front of Chloe. She placed a hand under Chloe’s chin and held the jaw, moving the head upwards so their eyes met.

“Who’s a good puppy?” she said in mock adoration, coldness glinting in her eyes. “Now, clean yourself up. Then you can go. I will see you tomorrow.”

Chloe turned her released head to look at Becky. She had started to come round and was moaning gently and brushing matted hair off her face, eyes still closed.

“Don’t worry about her. I’ll clean her up. She has a busy day tomorrow...and so do you Chloe. Go home and get some rest.”

When Chloe arrived home the place was dark. It’s Tuesday so Mom’s out at the power-fit class at the gym with Jenny, she reminded herself.

She grabbed some readymade salad, cooked chicken from the fridge and found some pickles and dived in, eating hungrily. She washed it down with some milk and then staggered upstairs not bothering to turn the light on in her room and fell on her bed. She stripped off her clothes, shuffled under the duvet and fell straight asleep.

The next thing she knew, light was poking in through the curtains of her bedroom. She felt an urgent need to relieve her bladder and ran to the toilet to sit on the seat.

Teeth brushed, face washed, hair done and dressed in little denim shorts and a long orange stripy shirt top, she sat eating some porridge and chatting to Emily. It was nice being up early enough to catch up with Mom, Chloe thought. They talked about a few things before Chloe thought to ask about how the class went last night.

“It was good, Chloe. You should come with us. Jenny suggested it. She sends her love by the way. She came round last night afterwards for a coffee but didn’t

want to wake you up. She said you were sleeping like a baby when she passed your room to use the bathroom”, Emily laughed.

It hadn't dawned on her last night but that was the first time she'd remembered how it was Jenny that had got her the job. It made her feel uncomfortable and a little freaked out to think Mom's friend knew about her job and possibly what she really did. And why had Jenny got the job for her in the first place? She shuddered and thought it too weird to think about so focused on her breakfast instead.

## The strapon

Chloe opened the locker with her name on and gave a little gasp of delight. Hanging in the locker was a beautiful lace body. It was black and was corseted across the front in straps. It had a close V-neck strap from the front and another from the shoulders, both going around the neck. The lace had a floral pattern and had open parts woven into the pattern going in a V from her hips and into the breast area. The back was meshed and scooped low below the hip line into a thong that ran to a floral lace at the front. Next to it was a pair of opaque black stockings with a lace pattern that matched the body. She put it all on excitedly but carefully, making sure she didn't tear or catch any of it as she dressed.

She had decided that morning that it made more sense to do her makeup at work to match the clothes better. She pulled her makeup bag from her satchel and unzipped it. Something special, she thought and pulled out her caramel lipstick. She applied it in the mirror and decided on shimmery light pink eye shadow. She applied her usual black mascara and put on a little blusher.

Her hair was braided at the sides and swirled into a tight bun at the back of her head with a couple of strands of hair loose in front of each ear for effect. She reached for the shoes. They had an almost normal heel in comparison to yesterday at three inches and were a shiny black pair with a normal sole and a single shiny leather belt strap with a metal circlet at the back. She gave herself an inspection in the locker mirror.

She decided happily to herself that she looked great. Her young, creamy, flawless skin was alive with vibrancy and was contrasted perfectly by the sultry black lace. Her full curved lips looked edible in caramel lipstick and, as she turned her hips, her cute round butt firm and high over the lace rim of the stockings, matt cream on black.

She blew herself a little cute kiss, pouting her lips and curving her hips to bend one knee slightly above the other in a sexy pose, then turned and walked with a smile on her face all the way to Eva's office.

Chloe dropped the smile and knocked. Eva came to the door wearing a long shiny white latex raincoat, tied at the hip by a loose thick belt of the same material. The coat came down to her knees and met a pair of laced white boots that stopped just below her knees. She wore a white leather collar round her neck with little metal spikes along it that contrasted with her dark red lipstick and strong black eyeliner that made her blue eyes look sharp and penetrating as they stared back. Her dark brown hair was combed back into a tight ponytail that swayed down her back as she gestured for Chloe to come in.

Chloe stood in the centre of the floor in front of the desk and allowed herself to be inspected by Eva. She moved around her slowly before coming to a stop behind Chloe.

“Well, aren't we the proper little seductress today?” Eva asked clearly not expecting a reply.

She ran a black painted fingernail along Chloe's left shoulder slowly and followed the curve of her neck up to the back of her braided bun and back along the other side, down the other bare shoulder to the top of her arm before letting it leave her skin. Chloe let out a little shiver as the nail tickled past her neck and felt goosebumps rise up on her arms. She felt Eva move in behind her neck, lowering her head down to her skin and gently blow on the skin, making the bumps stand out even more. Then Eva inhaled the scent of Chloe's skin and walked round to Chloe's front.

“You are on your own today, Chloe. Becky has some work with clients today and tomorrow so you will need to make sure to fill all the order parcels.”

“Ok, Eva”, Chloe said politely and was dismissed and sent down to the warehouse.

The day was passing nicely and, considering her first two days very uneventfully, which allowed Chloe to focus on her work. She put her favourite station on a portable radio that she had spotted lying in a corner and soon found herself rocking her hips and mouthing songs as she picked items for delivery orders from the pile of lists on Becky’s table.

More than once she found herself in wonderment at some of the items. A blow up donkey, a penis cake tin and ‘clone a pussy’ kit, all brought silly smiles to her face whereas a latex fist, a speculum device and an uncomfortable looking metal chastity belt created expressions of brief horror as her mouth creased downwards.

She felt sexy and mature in the lace body. The stockings added an air of sophistication in Chloe’s mind as she walked around the warehouse confidently. She was a little relieved that she hadn’t been asked to ‘test’ any products today. She thought her asshole and her brain might appreciate a break midway through the working week.

Lunch was lonely without Becky next to her. She sat on the changing room bench eating a tuna salad out of a Tupperware tub prepared by her mom that morning and sipped occasionally at her bottle of water as she stared vacantly in front of her, head tilted a little to one side. She took a forkful of mayonnaise-coated tuna up to her open lips and sucked the contents into her mouth.



Unfortunately she hadn't seen a little glob of mayonnaise on the bottom of the handle of the fork as it dripped unceremoniously onto the right breast of the body. She leapt up, upset with herself for being careless and even more saddened by the mark now on the body.

"Shit", she hissed.

She ran over to the shower, turned on the tap and started to wipe warm water from her hand over the blob in the hope it wouldn't leave a stain. After a good few wipes she managed to get it pretty much clean again and, even though it was quite wet now on one side. She breathed a sigh of relief as she stared at her reflection in the mirror and re-applied her lipstick. Her enjoyment at wearing the cute black body was going to continue without it being messed up by a little stain.

She almost skipped back down the stairs and got back to the next order on the pile. The first hour after lunch passed just as smoothly as the morning. Just after it had moved into the second hour, Eva walked slowly down into the warehouse, holding what looked like two thick leather bracelets in her hand. She circled Chloe who had frozen to the spot, waiting for Eva to talk. After the taller lady had turned around Chloe three times, staring down at her eyes as she passed in front, she stopped behind her. She put her lips down to Chloe's left ear so that they touched the skin of it lightly.

"Today it's my turn to test a product, Chloe".

A shiver ran down Chloe's spine at the way Eva said her name.

“And your little body is the product I choose to test.”

She said the word ‘product’ the second time with obvious lust. Her empty right hand slipped over Chloe’s shoulder from behind and slipped into the top of the lace body. She grasped Chloe’s left breast and squeezed with some firmness letting her black, glossy nails dig a little into the soft skin. The squeeze released as the nails gently scratched in to meet each other around the pink, now very erect nipple. Eva tweaked the nipple in her thumb and index finger squeezing and pulling it making Chloe gasp out an “aaaah” at the stretching. Eva’s hand snaked across to the other breast and repeated the same action before she removed it from the corseted, lace top. Her mind returning focus from her nipples, Chloe felt something in the straps and lace pressing against her left breast. She looked down and saw a one hundred dollar note.

Eva moved back to Chloe’s ear.

“There’s two more of those if I find you to be a worthy product”, she said cracking a smile as she finished.

Three hundred dollars! Chloe thought to herself, biting her lower lip. She could really use the money and she could even help out Mom. Eva was waiting for a response and Chloe didn’t want to delay too long so she nodded her head a couple of times and whispered, “Ok”.

Eva laughed coldly, “Wonderful, lets get started then” and she took each of Chloe’s arms behind her back and placed the leather bracelets, which Chloe had worked out quite quickly were bondage cuffs, around her wrists.

She pulled them together behind Chloe's back and connected them to each other by little metal circlets on each of them with a clasp. Eva roughly rubbed her hand in between Chloe's ass and down between her legs getting deep and pressing firmly so that the thong-like mesh of the lace body went inside her pussy lips and asshole.

She spun Chloe around to face her and used the same hand to grasp Chloe's jaw. Using the thumb to press across Chloe's slightly parted lips, Eva smeared the caramel colour off from her mouth and over her left cheek, grinning evilly as she messed up the pretty face. She spun Chloe a second time so that her tied hands and back faced Eva once more. Eva leaned down and gently bit Chloe's neck as her hands gripped the left side of the low back of the black body with both hands and pulled. She ripped the entire side off the rest of the body so that the other side and the thong strip dangled uselessly down Chloe's right butt cheek. Chloe felt a pang of sadness and resentment as she felt the broken material give way behind her but also a fiery excitement at having the clothing torn from her youthful skin.

Eva moved her head down to Chloe's ass and parted the cheeks slightly before pushing her face into the crack. Chloe could feel Eva's nose pressing against her asshole like it was trying to get inside. Eva took three deep breaths in and exhaled out of her mouth. She was taking in the scent of this tight teen hole as deeply as she could, filling her lungs with it as though it was cool, fresh air on a hot summer's day.

"Mmmm" she murmured loudly and then stood back up a little dreamily.

"Come on little whore, we need to earn you your money", she said airily.

She placed a hand around the back of Chloe's neck and pushed her forwards and

up the stairs. They arrived at one of the doors in the corridor upstairs that ran along the back of the warehouse and Eva stopped.

She whispered into Chloe's ear.

“Anytime you want any of this to stop it can, Chloe. All you have to do is say a safe word but you need to tell me now what it will be so I know”, Eva said actually sounding kind but then added, “of course whores only get paid if they complete the job”.

Chloe thought for a moment and then hoarsely croaked “Cocoa”.

Eva pushed Chloe unceremoniously through the door and into the room. Chloe gasped at the things she saw as she looked around. Chains on walls, whips, poles on ropes hanging from the ceiling and dildos and devices on shelves all along the walls. The floor had a large black thick rubbery matt on it like a cross between a carpet and a mattress and it was dimly lit until Eva switched on stark, bright florescent tube lights which made it extra bright in the room.

“Kneel, slut”, Eva ordered.

Chloe obeyed, her knees meeting the rubbery matt and the lower part of the body dangling uselessly down the side of her ass behind her.

Eva opened the raincoat.

Her top half was naked underneath, her toned, muscular breasts round and smooth. Her stomach was slim and she had a clearly defined six pack and strong, shapely thighs. Her light honey tanned skin shined with energy as she revealed what she was wearing around her crotch - a white strapon harness with a seven-inch flesh coloured dildo attached to it, shaped like a penis. Eva took it in her right hand and held it right up to Chloe's face masturbating it aggressively as she poured some lube on it from a bottle she had taken out of the coat pocket.

"I think you are going to enjoy the fucking you are about to get, you dirty little bitch", she said accusingly.

Chloe felt herself getting wet as she stared at the silicone penis in Eva's hands. It looked large to her. She didn't think either of the penises she had seen that close in her life could quite match the length of this fake one that was inches from her face right now. The girth looked reasonable at least, maybe four or five inches in circumference she guessed.

Eva carefully released Chloe's pinned and braided hair so that it tumbled down to her shoulders, tussled and wavy from the braids. She let the coat drop behind her and she sneered, showing her teeth. She moved forward onto Chloe, pounced at her and grabbed her hair, pulling it back and round, forcing Chloe's head and body onto the floor face down. Her hands were still cuffed together behind her so she had nothing to place under her face, as it was pressed firmly onto the rubber matt. Eva's booted feet kicked Chloe's legs wide apart. A noise of metal scraping behind her made Chloe feel nervous. She soon felt cold metal touch the back of one of her ankles and then the other as a three foot metal rod was attached to the metal circlets on the ankle straps built into her shoes.

Clever, Chloe admitted in her head, realising the reason she had worn those particular shoes.

The rod splayed her legs out, parting them wildly as her inner thigh muscles ached. Eva then moved around to her head, crouching to pull the cuffs apart and re-attached each one to chains on the left and right walls that, when adjusted, pulled her arms out wide to her side so that her limbs were drawn out in an x shape along the rubber floor.

She felt Eva move back round behind her. The larger frame of Eva's defined body pressed firmly down on top of Chloe's smaller, softer one. She felt the dildo rub up and down her crack and then slip forwards to rub against her clit. In this position, Chloe expected her asshole to be penetrated but was surprised when the fake penis moved back along her pussy lips and plunged into her vagina deeply. She groaned uncontrollably as the dildo slipped inside her, filling her as far as it could. Eva pulled it out half way and then pushed her hips and the strapon hard back down again into Chloe. She positioned herself on top of Chloe so that her breasts and erect nipples could be felt pressing into the girl's back. The weight of the woman on top of Chloe pushed air out of her lungs and she struggled to breathe enough to give out the rhythmic moans as the 'dick' invaded her wet, accommodating hole.

Eva slammed in and out of Chloe hard and fast, making a slapping noise every time her hips met Chloe's round butt cheeks. Eva spoke constantly in Chloe's ear, her lips tickling every time they moved as Chloe's head lay helplessly on its side. She was told how dirty she was, sworn at, and called a whore, slut and teen bitch and was narrated through the hard fucking of her pussy. Every now and again, compliments were thrown in about how good she smelled, how tight her pussy was, and her soft, silky skin. Every sentence said, abuse or compliment, only served to turn Chloe on more. She felt dirty but at the same time beautiful, even in her ridiculously stretched pose.

"So the dirty teen enjoys being fucked hard by cocks in her sweet little pussy? I can feel how wet you are getting and I love the way your sexy, round ass keeps

making an adorable slapping noise as I fuck you”, Chloe heard as she melted, wishing achingly that she could rub her clit and cum hard.

She listened to the slippery sounds of wet pussy on silicone cock as the movements got harder but slower pushing in as far as the position would allow.

“You better get this dick as wet as possible considering where it is going to go next.”

Eva pulled Chloe’s ass cheeks apart as far as they would go, fully exposing the tight asshole so that it was slapped every time the strapon harness came down hard on her. It sent waves of pleasure through Chloe every time it got hit. This continued for a while until Eva pulled her torso up a little off Chloe’s back and moved her hands so that the fingers spread over the asshole. The two middle fingers pressed at the orifice until it opened up and then were pushed in up to their second joints. Chloe sighed loudly as Eva pulled her hands apart with the fingers hooked inside Chloe’s little anus. The pulling motion on each side wrenched the hole open about an inch between the fingers, gaping as it stretched. Chloe started to lose control as she felt the start of an orgasm spasm through her. Eva felt it too and started to talk faster into Chloe’s ear, telling her about her ‘nasty fuck holes’ and all the things that needed doing to them. Eva’s hands moved to Chloe’s face and the same fingers that had hooked the anal orifice wide open now hooked her mouth open in the same way. Chloe came as she tasted the sweet flavour of her anus whilst being pounded from behind. She made an “aaaa” “aaaa” “aaaa” sound rhythmically through her finger-spread lips until Eva slipped the dildo out of her pussy.

Eva unhooked the spreading rod and released Chloe’s arms. She roughly grabbed one of Chloe’s legs and used it as a lever to turn her over onto her front. She took the chains that had stretched Chloe’s arms and attached two large metal shackles to them. These were then placed around Chloe’s thighs, just above the knees. The chains were pulled and locked in place and Chloe’s legs were now

pulled so that her knees were drawn up flatly to the sides of her breasts, lifting her butt off the floor but keeping her lower back pressed down onto the matt and creating a lovely heart shape as her ass was fully exposed beneath her. Her hands were restrained again, this time together and stretched straight up behind her along the floor exposing the soft, pale skin of her armpits now sweating profusely.

“Now slut lets see what this asshole of yours can do. Time to take it for a test drive.”

And with that, Eva plunged the tip of the strapon into Chloe’s exposed anus. The lubrication from her pussy was enough, and her hole readily accepted the dildo.

My asshole is more of a whore than the rest of me could ever be, she thought as the hole betrayed any virtuousness she may have been her eluding herself with still.

Eva pushed it in up to the hilt, gasping in mock surprise “My, my look how hungry your dirty tunnel is”.

She ripped the rest of the body away from between Chloe’s legs so that it now became a ragged top, just covering her stomach. She glanced at the splayed legs, hooked under the thighs and ripped at the stockings until they looked shredded and clawed, exposing the creamy skin underneath in places.

Eva fucked Chloe’s asshole more violently than she had her pussy. She slammed up to the hilt on every penetration and pulled right out so that only the tip kept the anus stretched open around the penis shape. Chloe moaned in time with



every penetration and gasped breath in at every slide outwards.

Eva reached her hands out and pulled Chloe's nipples hard, stretching them back towards herself. Chloe cried out and winced at the pain but kept feeling waves of pleasure emanating from her anus into her body. The feeling from the depth the dildo managed to travel gave her a sensation similar to having something pressing against the back of her throat and that turned her on further. She knew she had travelled too far into this world 'through the looking glass' and there was no turning back, especially after experiencing new levels of ecstasy she didn't even know existed before this week.

Eva moved her hands up to Chloe's neck and squeezed it, cutting off some air to Chloe's lungs but just enough to continue panting as she was anally fucked.

"You are an incredible anal slut, Chloe. Asswhores like you are one in a million and to have a hole like yours makes you unique, darling", Eva said, almost kindly. "Now Cum hard for me, you little anal bitch", she roared as she slammed into the asshole savagely. "Cum. Now", she ordered.

Chloe could hear the noises of her asshole as it has started to lubricate itself along the shaft with its own juices. The dildo slurped and smacked in the hole and Chloe started to wail uncontrollably.

"Oh God, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck", she called out as her eyes rolled back into her head.

A flood of orgasms racked her whole body as she felt liquid squirt from her pussy over Eva's thighs and onto the rubber floor. Eva slapped Chloe's face and

continued to fuck her exposed butt gentler and slower. Her eyes gazed into Chloe's eyes as she stared back up drunkenly and contentedly.

Eva gently pulled out and crawled up Chloe's body and sat heavily on the girl's chest just below her neck. Chloe felt the heat from Eva's firm butt as it pressed down on her. The flesh coloured penis was clearly visible in front of her and looked gooey and messy with sticky webs stretching off it.

"A true asshole loves the taste of her own hole more than anything else", Eva said.

"Here's your chance to prove to me and yourself who you really are", she convinced, "suck my dick clean whore".

She pushed it up onto Chloe's lips and pulled her head forward, propping it up with both hands. Chloe surrendered and opened her mouth as Eva pushed her head onto the dildo. The flavours mixed with the saliva in her mouth and ran over her tongue. It tasted so delicious and felt so dirty to think where it had been and Chloe soon felt her pussy moistening again. She was head fucked against the shaft by Eva's hands and took it as far as she could down her throat, limited by the angle of her neck. She found that she was salivating more as her lips ran up and down the silicone. The taste was making her hungry for more as she sucked the dildo that had not long ago been deep inside her own asshole.

When Eva took it out, Chloe could taste her own hole even more intensely once the silicone taste had disappeared. Sweet, rich, earthy flavours danced over her tongue and she licked her lips hard, looking up at Eva's eyes. The eyes stared knowingly back down, the corners of her darkly painted lips curled into a smile. She leant down and sucked Chloe's lower lip with her mouth and bit it gently before releasing it back. Her eyes became cold again and she reached into the

harness just behind the base of the dildo. She pulled out two more hundred-dollar notes and tossed them so that they fell onto Chloe's face.

"It's only three o'clock. You'll have to stay like this for a couple of hours. Can't have you leaving work early can we?" She said and stood up, scooping the coat up as she rose. She glanced back at Chloe's helpless and used body, clothes torn into tatters and completely exposed holes. She chuckled and headed for the door.

"Cocoa", Chloe called out.

Eva turned and nodded to herself.

"Clever girl", she said looking at the floor and released the clamps around Chloe's thighs and undid the cuffs on her wrists.

"Wash and go home, Chloe. I'll see you tomorrow", and without another word she left.

Chloe spent that evening with Hannah. They met up at Chloe's house and then walked and chatted their way to the cinema to catch the latest superhero movie. Chloe felt physically relaxed and fulfilled as she sat her still slightly sore bum down onto the comfy cinema seat and idly picked at Hannah's popcorn, sharing her drink with her brunette, pixie faced cute best friend. She felt happy to be spending time with her friend but also felt a strange feeling in the pit of her stomach at needing to keep today's naughtiness a secret from the innocent girl that she usually shared everything with.

During an exciting moment, Hannah reached across and grasped Chloe's wrist causing a twinge of pain from the still red skin that had been shackled tightly by Eva a few hours ago. It brought her sharply back to reality and she forgot the movie, thinking what a dirty girl she had become in such a short time in comparison to the person Hannah had known a week ago. She found her mind wandering to Becky and Eva as she rubbed her butt over the velvet covered surface in the thin material of her leggings, for Hannah's benefit making out that she was getting comfortable.

After the film had finished they had a great meal at the Italian restaurant round the corner from Hannah's home, ordering and devouring a full three-course banquet. Hannah was surprised at Chloe's appetite and commented on how she had never seen her eat so much before. Chloe paid for both of them and, as they parted company later on, Hannah thanked her with a big hug and a kiss on the cheek saying how maybe she needed to get a job at a toyshop too. When she got home, Chloe tucked the remaining two hundred dollars under her mattress and got some rest.

## The Submitting

Chloe put Thursday's locker costume on without hesitation. It was a polyester and elastine black set of straps that connected with small dark metal rings. The breast area was totally cupless, just an outline frame that met up in a halterneck. Two straps went across her back like bra straps separated by about two inches. Four long straps formed two V shapes one starting downwards from the bra area, separating to hold a black crotch up and one upwards from the waistline that joined together at the centre of the bra. A low strip ran around the waist and connected to split dual thong straps at the back that could be parted at the back. Two chains draped from the crotch connecting rings at the front and ran along her thighs to either side of the thong strap at the back. Two more chains connected in the bra frame and draped across her perky breasts. She pulled two loose garter straps up to the top of her thighs and then put on a thick black leather collar with a metal circlet at the front. She decided on dark lip-gloss today. It was called 'blackberry' and was an almost black-red colour. She put on black eyeliner and mascara and put her hair into low and loose pigtails. An amazing pair of knee high shiny black strappy boots finished off the look with six-inch heels and a big platform.

She made her way down the corridor quickly, eager to find what was in store for her today. Eva was leaning in front of the door to her office, arms folded and legs crossed, waiting. She wore a faux leather fabric halterneck corset with a zipper down the front and silver eyelet studs covering the hips, side straps with cut out panels and thick straps around the hips and suspender straps that hung at the front and back, holding up black latex suspenders and a tiny wet look black thong, standing in her own heeled, platformed black knee high boots in a satin material with a string lace down the front. She had made herself up with blue eye shadow and red lipstick with her usual black eyeliner.

"Good morning, little ass toy", Eva greeted cheerily.

She stopped leaning and walked up to Chloe and lifted her chin up with her index finger and thumb until sharp blue eyes met pretty blue green ones looking widely up. Eva maintained the gaze whilst pulling her hands round to Chloe's butt cheeks pulling them apart and letting them spring back together.

"It's me and you today on the shop floor."

It all started fine. Eva organised orders to go out for delivery whilst Chloe put away a delivery of new stock on the shelves but it soon became apparent to Chloe that Eva had an ulterior motive for spending time with Chloe in the warehouse. Chloe was up on the stepladder placing spanking paddles into a box on a top shelf when she felt Eva's breath on her ass. She finished storing the paddles and turned her head round to gaze uncertainly down at Eva.

"How's my little tight hole doing after the severe fucking it got yesterday?" Eva asked through pouted lips, staring at Chloe's ass now at her head height.

"It's ok, Eva...um...thank you for asking", Chloe replied.

"I would feel better if I had a good look for myself, maybe it needs kissing better", she giggled.

Apart from a couple of straps and chains here and there Chloe's back and butt were completely exposed and she felt conscious of this, almost vulnerable, cornered on the steps. Eva ran her fingers down the split thong straps and tugged them apart leaving them to settle on each of Chloe's firm, silky cheeks. She pulled the cheeks apart enthusiastically like tearing a peach open and took a

ritual deep sniff of the hole before examining it critically.

“It looks as though it’s never been touched before, so tight and pretty and smooth. How do you do that?” she asked up to Chloe, who could only respond with a puzzled look on her pretty young face, not knowing how to answer the strange question.

Eva moved her lips in and pressed them around the hole, kissing it passionately. Chloe felt the sensation on her sensitive little orifice and bit her lower lip in guilty pleasure. Eva’s tongue flick over the opening and Chloe shivered in joy. The tongue swirled round and around the rim, relaxing it for what was to come. Eva’s lips locked around the outside of the hole and saliva flowed into the vacuum of ass and mouth making Chloe feel as though she had wet herself. She looked over her back but all she could see was the top of a head buried in her butt and two lightly tanned hands grasping her smooth, creamy cheeks apart. Eva’s tongue started to press against the anus, pushing and trying to enter into the delicious tunnel. The anus gave way in anticipation of the pleasure to come and allowed itself to be opened up by the wet taut pink tongue. The tongue snaked in and out as deeply as it could stretch. Chloe was being fucked in the ass by Eva’s soft, wet organ and it felt amazing with its moist, sensitive caresses. She moved a hand to her clitoris and started rubbing it rhythmically through the material, the other hand gripping onto the step rail tightly. Eva moved her hands away from Chloe’s ass now that her face was snugly wedged in Chloe’s crack and reached a hand into the covered panty front of the strap costume from behind and pushed two fingers into Chloe’s wet pussy. She then began sucking and kissing at the now sopping asshole with her lips, bringing Chloe to a shuddering climax as the fingers moved rapidly in and out of her pussy.

Eva pulled her face out and moved the thumb from the hand that had two fingers inserted into Chloe’s vagina right up deep into her now pliant anus. The positioning of the hand created a clamp like a crab claw gripping into both holes. Eva squeezed the claw around Chloe’s perineum and pulled. Chloe was dragged down unsteadily off the steps almost losing her balance as she was made to

move. She lost the look of pleasure on her face and replaced it with painful contorted concentration, trying to work out where Eva was going to move her human ass puppet.

She was made to walk with the hand locked in her holes, Eva's strong arms pushing Chloe along the warehouse in front of her as she walked. She laughed cruelly as she tightened the grip and sped up her walking pace, moving Chloe onwards. She was pushed over to a rack of shelves and her back was pressed down with Eva's free hand so that she was bent into a shelf at waist height, her upper half resting on vibrators and anal beads in wrappers. Her ass stuck out of the shelf, pushed upward by the absurd heels, her finger-occupied holes facing Eva.

Eva frigged the thumb and fingers in and out of Chloe's holes rapidly spanking her with the other hand.

"Naughty girl, taking my thumb in your little butt and letting me finger your pussy. You are a dirty slut aren't you? Say it, say you're a dirty slut"

"I... I... I'm a slut", Chloe stuttered.

"A dirty slut!" Eva shouted.

"I'm a dirty slut", Chloe said softly.

"Tell me you'll take anything in your asshole from anyone who wants to fuck it."



“I’ll take anything in my asshole....”

“Dirty asshole.”

“... In my dirty asshole from anyone that wants to fuck it.”

“You’re an anal whore”, Eva removed the two fingers from Chloe’s pussy and pushed them in along side her thumb into the ass to emphasize her words.

“Aaah...I am an anal whore!” Chloe said quite emphatically as she moaned.

“You’re my teen buttslut, Chloe. What are you?”

“I’m a teen buttslut”, She said through moans of pleasure.

“Whose buttslut are you?”

“Your buttslut, Eva. I’m your buttslut.”

“And you’ll do whatever I tell you to do, like a good little anus.”

“Yes, Eva.”

“Say it, and call me Mistress.”

“I will do whatever you tell me to do, Mistress... like a good little anus.”

“You will happily give your asshole to my friends and makes lots of money for you and me.”

“Yes, Mistress”, Chloe said apprehensively too caught up in what she thought was a role-play to think seriously on it.

“Good, my little girl. Now cum for Mistress.”

Chloe rubbed frantically on her clit and pussy lips until her knees buckled and she came hard, slipping off the shelf to the floor and off the fingers like a loose glove, her anus gaping behind her as she curled into a satisfied, heavy breathing, ball on the floor.

Eva laughed loudly and then crouched down, wiping the fingers and thumb on the back of Chloe’s thigh. “Lunch time I think, and I need the toilet anyway. You clean yourself up a bit”.

After lunch Eva was waiting back in the warehouse, sitting on the desk, her booted legs swinging as though bored.

“There you are. Sit down in front of me on this stool. I have something to ask you.”

“Yes, Mistress”, Chloe said sweetly.

She sat her butt on the wooden stool and looked up expectantly.

“Have you ever licked another girl’s asshole before?” Eva asked in a gentle tone.

“No, Eva. I haven’t even been with a girl like that before this week”, Chloe replied.

“Ok, and it’s Mistress still”, she said matter of factly, “Well, I would like you to lick my asshole out. I want your young tongue inside my butt. I did yours and you know how that felt for you, how about letting me get off on it too. And of course, there’s this” She took a hundred dollar bill out of her corset front and pushed it down the front of the crotch on the strappy costume that Chloe wore.

“I may be a little rough”, she said as if explaining the reason for the money.

Chloe considered for a moment and then, remembering, said “Ok mistress, I will

fuck your asshole with my tongue like a good little anal slave”.

Eva wiggled her butt on the desk in obvious delight and Chloe felt her insides tingle at the way she had just spoken.

Eva jumped down and pulled off her thong completely, dropping it to the floor and looked expectantly at Chloe.

“On your knees, slut”, she commanded.

Chloe obeyed and Eva backed up to Chloe’s beautiful young face with the loose pigtailed light brown hair framing her jaw and heart shaped chin.

Full lips parted slightly as she caught the scent of Eva’s ass. It smelled great - sweet, earthy and full-bodied. She moved in close and touched the tip of the anus with her lips.

“Not like that, Chloe dear. You aren’t kissing someone goodnight now. Here, this might help.”

She took a pale pink lipstick out her front and applied it around her own anus.

“Now, that looks like Becky’s lips doesn’t it and I know how you kissed her. Close your eyes and think of that while you clean all the lipstick off my ass.”

Eva dropped the stick and tugged at Chloe's pigtales until her whole face was pressed deep into Eva's crack. Chloe thought of the wide locked mouths in the shower and went in for the kiss. She opened her mouth wide and sucked and swirled her mouth and lips around Eva's puckering hole. It tasted strongly in her mouth and she soon found herself wanting more, bringing her tongue up to the hole and pushing it onto the opening. Her tongue slipped in and Eva moaned.

"Fuck it, you fucking slut", she mumbled and Chloe pushed it in deep, keeping it there for a moment as she felt Eva's body shudder.

"Get that virgin ass-tongue deep up my dirty hole", she commanded.

Chloe obeyed enthusiastically. Within about ten minutes Eva came hard. Her body shook and Chloe could smell the sweet cum on Eva's pussy mixed with her sweat and asshole.

Suddenly Eva grabbed Chloe's hair and swung her down onto the hard floor. Standing over Chloe's surprised face, Eva positioned herself and sat down on Chloe's sweet face, her asshole pressed onto Chloe's nose so that all she could breathe was asshole. Eva's wet pussy lips rested over Chloe's shocked open-mouthed expression and she gulped down the taste of pussy juice, as she lay helpless.

"Eat my pussy, bitch", Eva ordered reaching over and tugging hard on Chloe's nipples.

Chloe started licking, sucking and kissing furiously at Eva's sticky wet pussy, if only to distract Eva from her nipples and in the hope that she would soon be allowed to breathe again. Eva did release a little as she moaned and then settled her butt back down further so that Chloe's nose went inside the asshole.

It took Eva a couple of minutes but she soon orgasmed again this time onto Chloe's face, juices dripping down her jaw line.

Eva snorted, "Let's see if we can make your pretty little face as dirty as your mind, bitch" and she proceeded to rub her asshole and pussy hard all over Chloe's face as she wiggled her butt around in a circle and then up and down over the lips, nose, chin, cheeks, even her forehead got a taste of ass.

"Aaaah", Eva came for a third time and Chloe's mouth caught the brunt of this one, swallowing most of the juices unintentionally as they squirted out.

Eva moved her ass off of Chloe's face and rubbed her butt over her breasts, making sure each nipple was pressed into the asshole. Then she lifted her ass up and twirled round lying face to face on Chloe. She moved down and sucked at the nipples before sliding up and looking into Chloe's eyes.

"Hmmm, you are a dirty little girl", she stated, breathing in.

Chloe blushed but was, to her own surprise, strangely relaxed. It was as though the sense of achieving three orgasms in Eva and giving her so much pleasure gave her a warm glow. She had satisfied someone deeply and that made Chloe feel as though her body had done what it was made to do. She grinned uncontrollably and Eva couldn't help but match the smile.

On an impulse, she kissed Chloe's lips.

"Delicious", she assessed, whispering. "Now, go shower."

Chloe allowed herself to get lost in the middle of the steaming rain that poured down from the showerhead. She tilted her head backwards, opening her mouth and allowing water to pour in and dribble back out and onto her breasts. She rubbed away the sweat and cum from her youthful skin, as though washing away the day. She felt a pang of guilt as she thought of her mom. What would she say if she knew what her little girl had been doing? How would she react if she found out what Eva had done to her? It was too mind-blowing to contemplate so she forced her mind to wander. She chuckled to herself as she thought what would happen if she told Hannah. She would probably never be able to look Chloe in the eyes again. No, she decided. No one should know about what goes on in here. In the back of her mind, she wondered why that decision might be a bit flawed. She couldn't think. She put that down to too many orgasms and thought about what she would wear to wear at Pilates tonight with Mom.

## The Test

Standing there in a pair of tight stretchy little shorts and a long sleeved shirt and trainers as she stared in at the empty locker, Chloe looked confused. She stroked her platted ponytail as she thought. Maybe it's in another locker. She opened the ones either side, then others, until every door was open. Nothing. Not even a boot, strap or collar. She marched down the corridor, a little perturbed at having her fun of dressing up being taken away from her. She knocked a little firmly on Eva's door. "Eva?" she called, then remembering, "Mistress?"

'Mistress' came to the door and opened it, then walked back into the room. Eva was wearing a normal white blouse, a grey pencil skirt, white tights and normal black heels. Her hair was up in a high ponytail and she wore pearls around her neck.

"Good morning, Chloe. Do come in."

Chloe looked around confused, looking for clues as to what was different about today. Had she dreamt the last four days?

"Today is the last day of your trial and of the working week at PP toys", Eva explained.

"Today is a test of ability and of your inhibitions", Eva explained.



“At the end of today, you will either get a nice little wage envelope and a thank you or you will get paid and be given a job for the summer. With the job will come opportunities to make considerably more, like the last two days. Would you be up for that, Chloe? A chance to make some real money by doing the kind of fun we’ve had together?”

Definitely hadn’t been a dream, she thought.

Chloe nodded without giving it too much thought, just remembering what she had made in the last two days and the feeling she got from making Eva cum.

“Good. Today you aren’t going to wear something from the shop. You aren’t going to wear anything... Except what we put inside you, of course”, Eva added.

Eva walked over and pulled the top over Chloe’s head. Soft, vibrant skin was exposed to dully glow like matt paint under the office lights. She didn’t have a bra on. No point if you only had to change anyway and if your breasts seemed to have their own gravity fields. They were smallish and round but with an upturning slope of smooth skin finishing with pink round nipples and their hardly noticeable areolae. Eva bent at the waist and Chloe caught a glance at Eva’s cleavage in the blouse, pressed together in a little leather bikini top, the pearls dangling forward as she bent over. She grabbed the inside of the elasticated waistband of Chloe’s shorts and in one motion, peeled them from between the legs and over shapely bare thighs. They dropped over Chloe’s trainers.

“Lose the footwear, slut” Eva ordered.

Chloe crouched her naked body down and undid the laces and then slipped them off, releasing the shorts and kicking them off her bare feet.

Eva looked her up and down with her blue eyes.

“A slut should wear makeup”, she mused and passed Chloe a hot pink lip-gloss.

“Put this on and then do your eyes. A girl should always look her best.”

Chloe’s face and lips looked good enough to eat without makeup but she got the slutty character Eva was trying to bring out of her.

“Once you are done, get down to Becky. She has your first task for you.”

Becky sat on her stool. She wore a black pair of yoga pants and a V-neck top of the same figure hugging material with a red stripe running down the length of both of them with white trainers and her hair tied back in a knot. She looked so cute to Chloe that she just wanted to get her tongue in the blonde girl’s small mouth. She became quickly aware of her nakedness as her pussy lips started lubricating against one another. Cold warehouse concrete flooring seeped up from her soles and all the lights in the warehouse seemed to be on her.

“Good morning”, she said to Becky.

Becky looked up, as if aware of Chloe for the first time then. Totally ignoring Chloe's amazing body, to Chloe's disappointment, she looked at her eyes and replied.

"Good morning, Chloe."

After a brief pause, she went on. "Here are the orders for this morning for you to pick", she lifted some sheets, "Eva has asked that you wear this", she said holding up a twelve inch purple double ended dildo that wobbled ridiculously.

"If either end comes out, you must put it straight back inside you. When you have worn both ends in you at the same time for one hour without touching them with your hands you can give it back to me and start your second task. All tasks need completing before the end of the day, so you can't waste time."

Becky spoke very matter of factly, almost coldly. Chloe felt a little rejected somehow but took the orders and the wobbly snake-like object from Becky's hands.

"No lube", Becky added.

No lube? How would she fit those into her little holes, they had barely woken up and now they would need to have a purple snake dryly pushed up her fuck tunnels.

I'll have to make my own lube, she decided.

She spat as much saliva as she could onto one end and rubbed it between her pussy lips. She spat on her hand and rubbed that over her pussy too. The pussy soon became wet and she used Becky as a masturbatory muse, imagining burying her face into that tasty bubble butt. She soon became slippery at that thought and was able to slide the penis shaped silicone of one end inside. Not bad, she thought, about the same girth as Eva's strapon. She slid it up about five inches and pushed it in and out, trying to build the juices up quickly. She fucked herself quickly, standing there, bow legged, looking absurd and naked against Becky's calm normalness as she sat crossing off items on inventory lists. It made a slippery noise as she pulled it out and looked at it.

Right, she said to herself in her head. She took the lubricated end and, after nearly dropping toy once on the floor, managed to line it up with her asshole behind her. Using the dry end as a handle she pushed it up inside her tight ass. It slipped in easily and comfortably, surprising Chloe a little and making her marvel at how little she really knew her own body before this week. She tapped the dry end against her pussy lips and then, a little more carefully than her butt, placed the dildo into it. This is easy she thought, I can so do this.

That was before she moved. Immediately the ass end started to squeeze its way out of its snug new home.

Chloe gulped and audibly cursed, "oh shit", making Becky look up and glance blankly across.

My asshole is betraying me and trying to push the dildo out, doing the one thing it was really designed to do, Chloe thought.

She clasped a hand over her ass and pushed back in, feeling the pussy side give way a little now. There was only one thing she could do and that was to squeeze tightly.

Chloe activated muscles she didn't know she had. She squeezed her pussy tightly around the purple silicone and clenched her anus as closed as she could. She was impressed with herself at being able to grip the girth of the dildo in her asshole by squeezing her anus tightly around it.

She managed to hold it in place, even though she waddled like a duck as she walked, her legs bowing outwards and her butt sticking out. That was apart from one time when she was up the stepladder. She had to reach to pick a ball gag from a box at the back of the shelf, using her back and leg muscles to stretch her naked body against the cool surface of the steps and shelf. In doing so, she took her body's focus off her holes. The pussy end flopped its way out, her stronger anal muscles just holding onto the twelve inches before the weight won out and it slipped a little. Her asshole didn't help and, possibly on instinct, pushed the invading silicone cock out with such force that it flew across the floor about ten feet and slid for a few more. Chloe orgasmed at exactly the same moment that the dildo sled down her slippery asshole and fired out of her still squeezing anus. The sensation was glorious and she buckled over and slid down to sit on a lower step while she caught her breath and allowed the wave of pleasure that flooded her head to settle.

She walked over to it lying on the floor and scooped it up. It had dried a little and she used that to her advantage by allowing the friction to help hold the double-ended toy in her, now quite accommodating, holes. She fought it out with a couple more orders before Becky called out.

“Time!”

Chloe pulled out the dildo and straightened up. She placed it on the desk and looked at Becky, waiting.

“Task two. You have twenty orders to complete in one hour.”

Chloe’s jaw dropped. That’s impossible! She thought, feeling that she may have lost before she’d even really started.

Becky went on. “Here is a box of ballpoint pens. For every pen you shove up your butt and keep there for the duration of the task, one order will be reduced from the total you have to complete. However many orders you complete and pens you have at the start and end must add up to twenty total. Your time starts... now”.

Chloe laughed nervously, “Haha, funny” but then she saw the serious look on Becky’s face “oh shit!” she hissed and she grabbed the box of blue pens.

Chloe considered for a second and then pulled four pens out the box. She shuffled them level and into a bunch and then shoved them into her mouth top end first. They were the clear plastic types with a little blue seal at the top and a blue cap with a little clip on the other end. She looked at Becky and then at the box in her hand and then back to Becky and hungrily grabbed two more pens sliding them both along side the four already in. She built up saliva in her mouth and let it drool out of her and over the pens, some of it dripping onto the floor. She grabbed the six pens and moved them round to her ass crack quickly, pressing them onto the anus. Chloe gritted her teeth more in concentration than any anticipation of pain and pushed hard. They squeezed their way up her asshole a little slower than she would have liked. It wasn’t going to be easy, she thought as she eyed the pile of orders. She grabbed another pen, sucked it sloppily for a few seconds and then poked it in between the rim of her anus and

the bunch of six pens already reaming her hole. She repeated this two more times until she was up to nine. It's not enough, she thought anxiously. Thinking fast she pulled three pens out and, not bothering to lubricate them with her mouth, found the small areas between the curved lids of some of the inner pens and pushed hard, making a gap between them where none existed before. She grimaced and pushed with all the strength her arm would allow. The pens shifted inside her and the anus stretched out further. She repeated this two more times, the last time gritting her teeth as she felt her anus reaching its limit. She had to stop, her forehead was dripping with sweat at the effort and the strain she was putting her rim under.

She had spent six minutes on loading herself with pens and had managed twelve. She grabbed eight orders from the pile and set about picking. Her naked body glistened in fevered sweat from the strain of the stretched rim as she ran around the shelves; her cheeks springing against the mass of lids parting them and making them curve around them. She felt completely stuffed, in some pain and very humiliated but also very wet as she crammed orders into boxes. She put her hand around her backside every few minutes to check that no pens were going to escape their communal imprisonment.

Five minutes to spare, Chloe dashed back to Becky's desk.

"I di-d it, I d-id it", Chloe sang childishly as she did a little dance waving her butt around behind her.

Becky stared back impassively and then just tilted her head and stared over behind Chloe.

"What?" she asked quietly and stopped moving around. She looked over her shoulder and gasped. One pen lay in a little puddle of saliva about three steps

behind her. She looked up at the clock on the wall. Three minutes left. She grabbed the orders on the desk and flicked through them frantically. She found an order with one item.

Two minutes left. She ran off to the correct shelf, shielding the pens in her asshole with the palm of her right hand. She pulled three pairs of black fluffy handcuffs out of a box and tossed them to the floor. “Red, I need red!”, she searched.

She pulled out a red pair of fluffy handcuffs and sprinted back to the desk, all the time not allowing another pen to fall out with her other hand. She dropped the cuffs into the box on the floor next to the desk and bent over, panting.

“Task two completed”, Becky announced.

Chloe, still panting, reached a hand round from behind her.

“Becky, my asshole is too stuffed. Please could you help me get the pens out”, she asked sweetly.

Becky’s eyes creased into a kind look and she beckoned Chloe to follow her, pausing to grab a bottle of liquid lube.

“It’s lunch time anyway”, she said and led Chloe to the changing room.



They returned some time later. Chloe walked naked down the stairs, her ass still felt open behind her even though it was now clear of pens. It wasn't actually gaping but the opening felt relaxed and loose right now. It had been gaped all the way through eating her lunch, which was a really strange experience. She couldn't decide whether to focus on her mouth or her ass as she chewed on her food.

Becky came down the stairs in her black sports wear, a blue ballpoint pen now clipped to inside of her low v necked top.

Becky leant in front of her desk, her yoga pant covered butt resting on the edge.

"Task three", she stated. "You have to make me orgasm...but you or any toys aren't allowed to touch me. You have one hour to complete this task. Are you ready to begin?"

No I am not, Chloe thought. How am I supposed to complete this task? And then it came to her. She ran off.

"Stay right there. Don't move a muscle", she called back.

It was Becky's turn to look puzzled but she stayed there, butt propped firmly on the desk ledge. Chloe ran back with a wide open-mouthed smile and a package in each hand. Two 'massage' wands. Large, baton shaped white vibrating devices with large mushroom heads that provided the stimulation when touched against a clit or pussy. Chloe ripped them out of their packaging and placed the batteries into the long handles.

Becky looked down disapprovingly, “You can’t use them on me. You heard the rules”.

Chloe just looked up and winked, “I heard you”.

Then she dashed behind the desk, holding a finger out as if keeping Becky in place. She returned a moment later and started to tie the wands onto the legs of the desk either side of Becky with some packaging tape. She spun the tape round and up and down the wands, ensuring the mushroom heads were firmly touching the underside of the desk then bit the tape to cut it when she was satisfied that it wouldn’t move. Then she switched them both on.

A wave of pulsing vibrations rattled the desk to life. Becky’s ass also sprang to life and started quivering uncontrollably as though she was sitting on a spinning washing machine.

“Aaa...aaaa...aaaa...aaa”, she groaned.

Clever, clever girl, Becky thought, laughing inwardly whilst trying to remain impassive and yet not quite managing to completely disguise her surprise at being outmanoeuvred.

Chloe knelt closely in front of Becky’s parted legs, her face inches from the crotch of the Yoga pants. She could make out the shape of the pussy lips contained within. She slightly parted her lips and made an obvious show of tucking a hand between her own parted porcelain thighs and started sliding a

finger through her soft pussy lips.

“Hmmm”, she moaned gently, “I want to tell you about the nasty things my new mistress did to my innocent holes for the last two days”, and she breathed with exaggerated girlishness.

Becky buckled slightly as she realised her imminent defeat at the hands of this flawless-skinned, gorgeous petite teen, pouting pink lips inches from her clitoris.

Chloe recalled most of the first day “...my hands were chained tightly behind my head and the dildo was being rammed into me, ravishing my poor little asshole as deeply as Mistress could force it in”, Chloe reached further round, obviously circling the rim of her anus, using the other hand to knead at her breasts.

“She tightly gripped my neck and told me I was an asshole as she assaulted my little tushy hole and I was helpless to stop her, unable to move my shackled legs and escape”.

Becky was close - it was obvious. Her eyelids were flickering and she had an open-mouthed smile, looking as though she wanted to moan loudly but couldn't.

Chloe went on “.... Her firm muscular butt was wet with sweat. She pulled my face into her with my own pigtales. My tongue was forced inside her and she told me to kiss her asshole like me and you kissed in the shower. I thought of you and I wanted Mistress's asshole to be yours Becky. I wanted to eat your gorgeous ass so badly”. She moaned loudly, rubbing her clit.

Becky shuddered and for a moment her eyes went up into their sockets, finally she let out a huge moan as though a great valve had been opened wide in her throat. She orgasmed.

“Yes!”, Chloe said in triumph and stood waiting for Becky to recover, taking note of the oval wet patch now on the front of the yoga pant crotch. Out of consideration for Becky she turned off the wands, allowing her to regain her composure.

“Ok, you passed”, Becky admitted, half overjoyed, half annoyed with herself for caving but she knew there was nothing she could have done to stop this perfect little creature from turning her on that much.

“Task four, then. Your final test”, she said, “Wait here”.

Chloe waited. At first she couldn't stop smirking to herself at having made Becky cum without having touched her. She'd discovered she could affect people and even arouse them by acting sexually in front of them. She twiddled her nails together with her thumbs and twirled slightly as she considered why she hadn't realised this before. She soon got bored and ledged her own butt where Becky's had been earlier. Minutes passed and she started playing with her platted hair behind her, eyes wide and vacant.

Becky returned twenty minutes later pushing a huge barrel-like tube on a trolley. It reminded Chloe of the tubes you get at parks for playing and crawling through but was a bit larger and made of clear, thick plastic. Becky locked the trolley wheels and walked around the front to Chloe.

“Behold”, she said like a magician. “The Tunnel of many Dildos!”

“Your task”, she said pointing inside the tube, “is to put every one of the dildos attached in there into you” she moved the finger to point at Chloe’s bald crotch.

Chloe peered round and inside the tube. Twelve dildos of varying length, girth and shape speared out from the inner wall of the tube at different angles along its length. They lined the bottom and the sides at various levels and one even dangled from the roof of the tunnel. Each one had a red line marked around it close to the base.

“Each one needs to be inside you deep enough to hide the red line otherwise it doesn’t count, and they all need to count to complete the task. I will be watching to make sure I cant see the lines each time you insert a dildo. You can start now.”

Chloe climbed inside the entrance to the tunnel, bowing her head and bending at the knees to fit in. It was large but not large enough for her to stand up. She crouched and touched the first dildo. Lubricated. Thank you Becky, she thought gratefully. The first was right on the floor. A six-inch penis shaped pink dildo. She squatted over it and then curved her butt down allowing the dildo to spear her vagina. She let her bum sit onto the floor of the tunnel as the dildo penetrated her to its base.

“One”, Becky counted.

Chloe found the next two angled correctly for her to place her hands on the

opposite walls and push her ass backwards, fucking herself into them. One was a smooth line like a hotdog; the other was dotted all the way along its surface with spherical spots. She alternated holes, putting the dotted one into her asshole and getting seriously wet at the sensation as they rubbed grittily inside her rectum. The smooth one slipped readily into her wet pussy.

“Three”, Becky announced.

A highly placed veiny skin coloured toy was pushed into her vagina by straightening her legs and arching over into a high downward facing dog, head upside down using her finger tips to stabilise.

The next was low and horizontal requiring another yoga position, this time she tucked her feet under her pushed-out butt and stretched her back forwards, arms in front of her. She went anal that time, the angle was right and the curved ridges increased in girth to a challenging thickness that Chloe just had to try in her butthole.

“Uuuuuh”, she groaned as she wedged in the last ridge.

“Five”, she was rewarded.

Six to ten were pushed in to the red lines. Her body contorted into the pose each time, docking with the dildos. Her pussy and ass dripped with surplus lube that had built up from each toy and now thickly lined the walls of her holes making them feel as though she carried mouthfuls of the sticky, clear liquid in her. The tunnel heated up rapidly from the heat of her body and moisture clouded onto the surface making it feel humid inside. Sweat traced down her soft, curved back

and chest, perspiration dotting her forehead as she found herself breathing through her mouth.

Number eleven stared back at her. It was six inches that she knew she could take and it was on the floor, which was also good. However, this lilac dildo was covered with thick silicone cone shaped spikes. It was also at such an angle on the floor where the horizontal ended and just started to curve upwards so that she couldn't just mount it by squatting down. She was exhausted but determined and snarled, rather cutely Becky thought, at the dildo before telling herself out loud, "I can do this".

Chloe unsteadily tried several positions, lowering herself close but not managing to get quite in until she decided to sit her bum down on the floor in front of the evil looking dildo. She spread her sweat-glistened legs out wide in front of her. Breathing heavily, she placed the palms of her hands down either side of her thighs. She tensed her arms and pushed the floor away from beneath her, lifting her butt slightly up using her heels to balance her legs on the ground. Inching backwards she found the spiky dildo with her butt cheeks.

I have to go ass, she thought. She knew her vagina wasn't ready for that kind of assault but her anus would be up for the challenge and, besides, she was so lubed up it would probably slide right up.

"I am an Asswhore", she whispered to herself to affirm her ability and then she sunk the strange shape inside her.

"Owwwowwoww", she gently wailed as she plunged down onto it, hoping the quicker she got to the red line, the less the pain would burn through her lower body. She hit the base hard with her butt cheeks, thinking she might pass out. She could feel every spike in her sensitive rectum, pushing at her insides. It felt

sublime but painfully sore and grazed like she had taken a cheese grater up in her asshole.

“Eleven”, Becky called through the tunnel.

She couldn’t move for a minute, the thought of pulling it out was just too much until she had time to calm her heavy breathing down.

“Aaaaahh”, she wailed in pain. The journey out was just as painful and it felt like her insides were being scraped clean as the spikes ran along the fuck tunnel, each one flicking her anus as it clipped out of her. She sat for another minute, asshole pressed onto the tunnel floor to soothe it slightly as the pain turned into tingles. Her hole felt relaxed and well used, the anus surrendering its usual tightness and parting expectantly. She gulped down some saliva, brushed a hand down her ponytail and looked for number twelve.

“Shit, you got to be kidding”, she said out loud.

Looking at Becky and then back at the little red jellylike cock straight above her hanging vertically down. It was only three inches but the girth was average for what she’d had in her today. How the hell was she meant to reach that thing? She’d have to do a handstand to get that in her!

She would have to do a handstand. The exclamation became the solution in her head. Already wiped out by the effort of the previous eleven and the whole day, Chloe had little energy left. Could she even still do a handstand? It had been years since she had learned in gym class. What was even more difficult was that she would have to raise herself up vertically rather than turning into it from a



standing position.

Chloe found the spot where she was directly underneath the red jelly toy and lay down, brushing several dildos with her body in the tunnel. She raised her butt up off the ground and pointed it up to the dangling penis. She raised her lower back off the tunnel wall and put the weight of her body onto her shoulders and elbows. Exhaustion threatened to defeat her determination but she allowed her knees to drop to her breasts, feet almost touching her face. Balance adjusted, she moved her hand to the sides of her head. Her palms were inverted and pressed to the tunnel floor.

It's now or never, Chloe thought.

With her last ounce of strength she pushed her whole body up with her arms, head lifting off the surface and hanging between her stretched arms. Her legs pulled across sideways in an impressive split stretch creating an arched M shape with her talented butt. Sweat ran down from between her legs onto her torso and then into her nose and eyes, the saltiness stinging her. She reached the tip with her perineum and inched it backwards, choosing to take it in her ass. It took no effort for the soft red penis shape to slip inside the over-eager pleasure tunnel. "Task four", Becky paused a moment "...completed".

Chloe fell to the floor. She could only crawl on her elbows to the end of the tunnel, too tired to get up just then. At the other end, Eva had arrived and waited with Becky. Both were smiling, teeth showing. Eva had a large white-towelled robe that she brought down over Chloe, covering her in it and gently lifting her damp, aching body up. Eva hugged Chloe warmly, slapping her on the butt cheeks playfully and kissing her lips closed mouth.

"My sexy talented little slut", she said proudly.

Becky jumped at Chloe; hugging her tightly before rubbing her hands down the robe covered butt cheeks and French kissing her mouth hard for a minute.

“I knew you could do it, Chloe”, she breathed passionately, as she pulled off Chloe’s lips, her face flushing.

“You are now an employee of PP Toys. You have passed the trial. Your weekly wages are in the robe pocket and I want you to get some real rest over the weekend, as you will be really busy next week. We are going to make you a lot of money”, Eva said.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe replied obediently.

Eva reached over and picked up a tub that she passed into Chloe’s tired hands.

“This will help soothe your holes up nicely. Rub some in morning and at night. Oh, and don’t engage in any sexual activity over the weekend, Chloe.”

“Ok mistress”, Chloe said.

Becky took her hand in hers and helped Chloe hobble up the stairs.

“I said any holes! You could have used your mouth on the last one, you silly thing. That’s what I set number twelve for”, Becky hissed into Chloe’s ear as they walked up the stairs.

Chloe could only laugh, dumbfounded. A look of admiration creased Becky’s concerned expression and she laughed too.

Chloe paused and turned back to Eva, a puzzled look on her face. “Mistress, what does PP stand for?”

“Pleasure and Pain, my sweet girl, and you are going to get lots of both very soon”, came the ominous reply.

Thank you.

This story continues in the novel

Getting Deeper