

# Courtney Gets Caught

By JJ Argus

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## **About the author**

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

*All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.*

## Chapter One

Courtney held her books up to her chest as she gazed across the hall at Amanda Moore and her boyfriend Peter. Their bodies were pressed tightly together as they kissed passionately.

She looked away, then looked back again, waiting for Amanda to finish so they could go home.

Their tongues were sliding back and forth inside each other's mouths, and she saw Peter's hands sliding up and down Amanda's back, then eased down onto her behind, cupping her ass through her tight jeans.

Again she looked away, her face flushing a little, a little embarrassed and a lot envious.

They broke their kiss and Peter whispered something to Amanda, who giggled. They kissed again, then broke away, and Peter went back down the hall headed for baseball practice. Amanda turned and headed for the door with Courtney quickly following.

Courtney said nothing at first, and Amanda's mind seemed to be in the clouds. Then, after they trotted down the stairs and headed down the sidewalk she sighed and turned to Courtney with a soft smile.

"Know what?"

"What?"

"I'm gonna do it."

"What?"

"It. It it."

"It? You mean..."

"Tonight, with Peter."

"Really?"

"Yeah. We almost did last Saturday. I want to and he wants to."

"But... well... wow. Are you sure?"

"Yeah," Amanda said with a dreamy smile. "I mean, he really wants to and... it'll be... cool."

"But... well... what about you?"

"I want to too," Amanda insisted.

"Really?"

"Yeah. Sometimes when we're making out I get so...hot, and I just want to do... everything."

"Wow."

"He's so gorgeous, Courtney. And you should see him naked."

"Amanda!" Courtney gasped.

Both of them giggled as they walked along.

"No, really," Amanda grinned, "He has such a great chest, and a really nice ass - ."

Again they burst into giggles.

"What about his... you know."

"Well... it's uh, it's nice too."

Courtney shook her head in amazement.

"We've done everything else. We've been going together for weeks. It's time," the little blonde said.

"God, I wish I had a boyfriend."

"Well, then stop turning everyone down. There's so many guys who'd love to date you."

"Love to fuck me you mean."

"Well, that too, but that's always part of it."

"All they want to do is grope me."

"Sooooo?"

They giggled again.

"What about Tommy Ryder?"

"He's got ten hands! Every time I push one away I find the other one down my shirt or up my skirt!"

"Well, that's what you get for having such a great body," Amanda grinned smugly.

Courtney snorted.

"Groping is part of dating. You know that."

"I don't like guys touching me when I don't want it."

"Don't be such a prude. Sometimes it's a really... freeing experience to just let the guy do what he wants."

"How would you know?"

"Well... promise not to tell?"

"Of course."

The two had been best friends for years now, and Courtney was sure she knew more about the slender, willowy blonde than anyone in the world.

"I let him tie me up," Amanda said with a sly grin.

"What?" Courtney gasped.

"He tied my wrists behind my back with a silk scarf and I blew him on my knees like that."

"Amanda!" Courtney gaped. "You're lucky he didn't rape you!"

"I trust him. He promised he wouldn't do anything without my permission and he didn't. But it was so exciting. It felt so... so kinky and... erotic to be like that! You have no idea!"

"You're crazy," Courtney said, shaking her head.

"You just don't know what you're missing." Amanda shrugged.

Courtney stared at her, finding it almost impossible to picture the sweet-faced pony tailed blonde on her knees naked with her hands tied behind her back and... and sucking Peter off.

Yet suddenly a picture came into her mind unbidden, of herself in the same position, wrists bound tightly as she sucked off Peter, or anyone. She felt her groin begin to throb, and little flickers of heat nibbling at her belly.

"Sex isn't about tying people up," Courtney protested half heartedly.

"Sex is about sex. It's about having fun with someone you care for. There's nothing wrong with bondage."

"Bondage? Jesus, Amanda, are you going to let him tie you up tonight, too?"

Amanda looked away, then licked her lips as she turned back. "Yes," she said, slightly breathless.

"He said he was going to tie my arms and legs to the corners of the bed and then drive me insane with pleasure."

Courtney's jaw dropped as her friend looked away.

"Jesus Christ," she breathed. "What if he does something... sick?"

"I trust him," Amanda said. "Besides... well... he's done it before."

"What do you mean?"

"He tied me to the corners of the bed before, and he uh, did stuff, you know, without going all the way."

"Wha... what did he do?"

"Well... he uhm...ate me," Amanda said, blushing a little. "And he used, like... a feather on me, and... well..other stuff."

She widened her eyes and stared at Courtney. "It was amazing!" she said. "I thought I'd go crazy!" "Really?" Courtney stared.

Amanda nodded her head, eyes wide.

"Well... to each his own I guess."

"You don't know what you're missing."

They parted on Fourth street and Courtney continued on home alone. Her mind was filled with lewd images of Amanda and Peter doing disgusting things. Every time she tried to think of something else all that happened was she saw herself in Amanda's place.

Which was disgusting, completely disgusting. Sex was supposed to be soft and romantic and gentle and caring and sharing, not ropes and chains. There was definitely something wrong with Amanda. Peter was sick and he was brainwashing her.

Yet even though she felt that way she also felt a wave of jealousy and loneliness. As Amanda had said she had gotten plenty of offers from guys, but the past had made her a little gun shy. There had been too many boys eager to get her alone just so they could grab at her tits and ass.

That was why she had set such a high standard for future dates that few met it. She wanted someone who was really good looking, with a good body, really smart and sensitive and funny and gentle, but also tough, and, of course, with a good car.

And it had to be someone she trusted, someone who wouldn't grope her unless she gave him the right signals, who would back off when she told him to, who - .

Well, maybe she was looking for perfection. So what? Wasn't she worth perfection?

She took out her key and unlocked the front door, then pushed it open and bent to pick up the mail that had been dropped through the slot. She closed the door behind her and dropped the mail off on the hall table as she headed upstairs.

She went down the hall to her room and dropped her books on the desk there, then pulled off her jacket and dropped it onto the back of the chair.

She dropped onto her bed with a sigh, sliding her hands under her head as she looked up at the roof. What, she wondered, would it be like to just do it? To lay there and let a guy... do her?

She imagined a guy laying on top of her, grinding himself into her pussy. She spread her legs as far apart as the bed would allow, imagining what it would feel like to have a guy pushing his cock into her tight little pussy while tied up.

Then she took her hands out from under her head and reached up towards the top corners of the bed, her mind fantasising herself tied down like Amanda had described... helpless... naked.

She felt her heart beating harder, and the blood rushing through her body. Her groin warmed and tingled, and she squeezed her muscles.

She was getting horny. She sat up quickly and glanced at the clock. It wasn't even four. She had an hour and a half before her parents got home from work.

She turned the music up, then changed the channel until she found one with a beat. She looked at herself in front of her bedroom mirror, trying to look seductive.

She had long brown hair that was thick and full and parted in the middle. It shone like silk, and hung mid-way down her back. Her face was oval, with large, soft brown eyes, a narrow, aristocratic nose, and full, sensuous, pouty lips.

She pouted now, sliding her tongue along her lower lip.

Her pussy felt hotter as she began to grind her hips from side to side. She reached down for the bottom of her sweatshirt, gripping it cross-handed, then peeling it up and over her head. She dropped it behind her.

She had a great body. Even she had to admit that. She was definitely blessed with a beautiful face, great hair and great body. Amanda only had the face and the hair. Her body was a bit skinny. They used to joke about that in high school, calling her twiggy. But then, the guys only cared about her tits anyway, and she had okay breasts.

They'd thought guys would be different in college, but so far neither had noticed much change. They were still pretty immature, and sex crazed, and they were still looking more for a rutting partner than a lover.

She unbuttoned her jeans, then unzipped them. She slid her hands into the pockets, hooking her thumbs over the sides and pushed them down a little, still grinding her hips seductively.

She pushed them below her panties, then bent and shoved them down, stepping out of them. She was wearing a matching set of lacy white underwear, with a half bra and thong. She danced slowly, grinding her pelvis, turning to bend over a little and slide a hand over her nearly bare behind.

She had a great ass.

That reminded her of what Amanda said about Peter. What did a guy's ass look like naked? Courtney had never seen any guy completely naked, at least, not where it was light enough to see much.

She had groped plenty of guys in cars and darkened rooms, jerked off some guys, and even given some blow jobs, but it had all been in darkened places with both of them almost fully clothed.

The idea of getting naked with a guy in a brightly lit room was really embarrassing and intimidating.

But also arousing.

She danced faster as a new song came on, pretending she was a stripper in a nightclub, imagining guys staring up at her and howling for her to take it all off.

She slid her hands behind her and unclipped her bra, then teased herself in the mirror, slipping the straps over her shoulders, then covering her breasts with her arms as she shrugged the bra to the floor.

She brought her arms away, sliding her hands up behind her head as she undulated in front of the mirror.

Her breasts were perfect. They were large, but not so large they sagged, and they were very round, with small pink nipples. They were very firm and high on her chest, and the nipples, when hard, like now, stuck out a half inch, and were incredibly sensitive.

Her breasts strained outwards as she arched her back and licked her lower lip. Her tight, taut teenage body glowed with life and health as she moved her hips in a slow, circular motion. The thong looked good on her, she thought critically. The small White V of lacy white gave way to two thin white strings which arched up sharply across her round hips. Behind, there was little more than a thin triangle of fabric at the cleft of her buttocks, accentuating their fine shape.

She wanted a guy, wanted to fuck a guy. Why was she bothering to stay a virgin anyway? Amanda was almost the last girl she knew that was a virgin, and tonight even she, shy little Amanda, was going to lose her cherry.

Meanwhile she, Courtney Ames, with her great body, the girl all the guys had fantasised about for years, was a virgin, undressing only for herself. How many guys would give their right nut to see this? How many of them would get huge erections, would stutter and gasp and moan, get bug eyed with excitement if they could only see her now?

She turned her back to the mirror and bent over, sliding her thumbs through the sides of her thong and slipping it slowly down as she watched. She saw her crack appear, a bare, hairless little slit. She'd always liked to wear thin, sexy bikini bottoms and thongs, and shaving all her hair was just easier than trimming it. Besides, her pussy looked so much - cleaner, tighter, and even sexier without the hair obscuring it.

She stood up naked, and turned to face the mirror. She continued dancing, sliding her hands up and down her body, caressing her hot, swollen breasts, squeezing them as she imagined guys doing it.

"Fuck me," she mouthed to the mirror. "I bet you'd love to stick your cock in me, baby."

She slid her hands down between her legs and cupped her moist sex, groaning as the pleasure washed over her. She turned and crawled onto her bed, then lay on her back and stretched out her arms and legs.

She groaned and writhed, pretending she was tied to the bed.

"Rape me," she breathed. "Rape me."

She imagined guys surrounding the bed, all of them licking their lips as they stared at her, their eyes filled with lust.

God! What would it be like! There were girls who did that! Even... even Amanda! Tonight Amanda would be like this... naked, all spread out. Only she'd have a guy there with her, a guy who'd climb on top of her and...and do things, and then he'd... stick his cock into her and fuck her little blonde brains out.

Courtney felt a wave of jealousy. It wasn't fair! She was prettier than Amanda, and had a better body too!

She slid her hands over her body, over her full round breasts, down her taut belly and in between her legs. She groaned and arched her back as her fingers rubbed at her slit, stroking her red hot little clit.

She got up, panting, and grabbed her robe, then went down the hall to the bathroom. She locked the door and hung up her robe, then grabbed the bottle of baby oil from behind the mirror. She squirted it onto her chest, gasping as the cool liquid started to trickle down.

She rubbed her hand over her chest, rubbing the slick oil over her breasts, over her rigid nipples. She squirted more, rubbing it over her belly, then down between her legs.

"Ohhhhh," she gasped.

Her chest heaved as she ran her oily hands over her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, imagining it was a guy doing the squeezing. She slid her hand down between her legs, stroking her finger along her slit. She rubbed harder and harder, backing up against the wall, groaning and panting as she ground her buttocks back.

She eased a finger down into her pussy hole, slowly working it between her tight sex lips and up into her narrow sheath. Her clit burned as she rubbed her finger in and out.

"Fuck me!" she gasped. "Fuck me hard!"

She forced her finger up harder and harder. Usually she just stroked her clit, not really penetrating herself much, but today she had to have something inside her. She grabbed her hair brush and rubbed the rounded handle against her slit, grinding it across her clit.

She felt waves of sex heat burning into her belly, her pussy sizzling with excitement. She jabbed the handle against her taut pussy lips again and again, slowly forcing it into her body.

Her pussy lips strained and ached as she slowly forced them apart and sank the handle into herself. Never before had she felt anything so thick there. Never had she forced her pussy lips so far apart. They ached, but there was a deep, gut wrenching heat in that ache.

She gasped, her skin flushed, as she felt the handle going into her, felt it forcing her tight, virginal pussy lips apart.

Her mind was filled with lewd, carnal images of sex and bondage, some with Amanda, some with herself. She whimpered as her pussy stung, and eased off with the handle, but she was stroking her clit with her other fingers, and the pleasure demanded deeper penetration.

She thrust up, eyes closed as she imagined a guy doing this, imagined it was a guy's cock forcing its way into her pussy. She pumped the handle slowly, groaning and panting as the pleasure coursed through her veins.

She cried out in shocked delight as she came, thrusting the handle up into her pussy. Again she cried out, this time in startled pain, her head and back slamming against the wall as she inadvertently broke through her cherry.

She felt only a moment's regret, for the power of the orgasm washed away all else. She thrust up higher still, legs sliding apart, body sliding down the wall as her body trembled and shook.

She squatted on the floor, knees splayed, hairbrush buried in her pussy to the hilt as she whipped her fingers across her burning, buzzing clitoris.

Her head rolled and she groaned as the pleasure rippled through her nervous system. Then she shuddered as it passed, laying her head back against the wall, chest heaving, hands falling away from her groin.

The hairbrush stuck out of her tight sex lips as she squatted there, eyes closed, hair mussed, mouth wide.

Her eyes fluttered open and she swallowed, then bent over and gazed at the hairbrush sticking out of her body. She felt both remorse and excitement at seeing it there. She was sorry she'd popped her own cherry, but at the same time it opened up all kinds of new opportunities for masturbation.

She took a deep breath, expanding her chest to its limit, and just incidentally forcing her breasts out against the soft layer of skin enveloping them.

She gripped the hair brush and twisted it slightly, feeling the handle shift inside her pussy, way inside.

Her juices started flowing again, and she stood up slowly so she could look at herself in the mirror. She turned and bent over, her breasts dangling below her as she turned and looked at herself, at the hairbrush sticking out of her pussy.

She straightened, glaring then. What in hell was she doing with a lousy hairbrush?

She pulled the hairbrush out of her pussy slowly, wincing a bit, and tossed it on the counter. She slid her hands up through her hair again, looking at her full young body.

Why should Amanda be out fucking some guy, out experiencing what life was about, out having sex, while she was here in her bathroom jerking off with a lousy hairbrush?! It was pathetic! She wasn't a little girl any more! She was a grown woman! And she could get any guy she wanted to!

And she was going to get one! She was going to get a guy who would fuck her! Whose eyes would bulge as he watched her undress! Maybe she'd even... yes... get a guy to tie her up, tie her up spread eagled on the bed and... and fuck her brains out!

She set her jaw in determination, then walked over to the tub and turned on the water. She set the temperature and climbed in, her mind filled with possibilities. Who was she going to approach, and how? She still needed someone good looking, but manners and intellect no longer mattered.

She wanted a big, strong, macho guy, a guy who... who'd practically growl as he grabbed her and plunged his cock into her pussy.

Every other minute she fought with herself, telling herself she was crazy, that she couldn't go and grab some strange guy, or in any event, a guy she hardly knew and... and fuck him. But then the thought of Amanda with her arms and legs wrapped around Peter would come into her mind.

The guy was going to think she was a cheap whore, so that meant she didn't want anyone she cared much about, and preferably not a guy she'd see again, or a guy who could blab to everyone she knew.

A stranger? Where would she find a stranger to fuck her? How would she pick him? Where would they do it?

Well, she could just do it here. The house was empty every day during the week. She could surely find a guy at her community college. It had a huge selection of guys she'd probably hardly ever see, especially if she picked a guy from some course that was nowhere near where she took her computer classes. Maybe one of those grunting guys from mechanical engineering or automotive design.

She thought about waiting down by one of the gyms and grabbing some big musclebound guy as he left, but was afraid he'd turn out to be crazy. You could never tell these days, and she didn't want to get killed and maybe wind up in a ditch.

So where else would she find really big strong guys, guys who were, presumably, not crazy?

All that evening she thought about it. She had plenty of second thoughts, plenty of reservations, and plenty of doubts. But she just couldn't stand the idea of Amanda going out and doing something so... so... mature and... and erotic, while she stayed the prim little virgin.

She'd always been the daring one...well, not that she'd been particularly daring. But Amanda was a child! She was a slim little cutey pie that looked about fourteen with her stupid pony tail. Guys didn't

go crazy staring at Amanda like they did Courtney.

She could just imagine tomorrow, with Amanda swaying cockily, giving her those looks that said that she was light years ahead of Courtney when it came to knowing about the world.

No way Courtney was going to put up with that!

The phone rang just before eleven. She looked at it, then rolled over to the edge of the bed and picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Courtney?"

It was Amanda.

"Hi."

"Hi," Amanda said softly.

"Well?"

"It was faaaabulous," Amanda moaned.

"Oh uhm, that's great," she said, fighting to hide her jealousy.

"He was really careful and slow. God, Courtney! It felt so... so amazing! When it was inside me I thought I was in heaven! I've never felt anything like that before!"

"Tell."

Amanda told her how they'd gone into her bedroom and started kissing and groping. Then they'd undressed each other, and Peter had tied scarfs around her wrists and ankles, then bound her to the bed. He'd blindfolded her, then began to lick her all over.

Courtney swallowed, drawing her knees up a little in bed and sliding a hand down between them, cupping her soft pussy as Amanda told her how Peter had licked her to orgasm after orgasm, his fingers piercing her, stretching her.

Then he'd climbed atop her, licking and sucking and chewing at her nipples before he slowly pushed his cock into her.

Courtney felt hotter and hotter the more Amanda talked, and jealousy flared within her as she pushed a finger into he slit and rubbed her clit faster and faster.

She imagined Amanda stretched out on a bed as Peter fucked her, imagined her gasping in pleasure, her eyes rolling back as she came.

"I'm jealous," she admitted.

"Oh you have to find a hot guy, Courtney," Amanda giggled. "There's nothing like it in the world! When you feel it inside you you're like... on top of the universe!"

Courtney mumbled in agreement, her finger stroking her clit.

Tomorrow, she thought. Tomorrow I'm going to find a guy and he's going to fuck me even better than Amanda got, and then I'll be able to tell her about how great it was.

Her guts churned and cramped at the thought, but her pussy throbbed.

## Chapter Two

Decisions made in the heat of her lust seemed to turn cold the next morning, however. Though she wasn't exactly shy, Courtney felt her belly ache at the thought of going up to some strange guy and asking him to fuck her. They ached even more at the thought of taking off her clothes in front of him.

She dressed normally, though she wore her green cutoff blouse, the one that was tight across her chest and bared much of her midriff. She wanted to feel sexy today, sexy and desirable and... and wanted.

She met Amanda before school, as usual, and tried to see any difference in the blonde girl. Nothing seemed visible, though the blonde was a bit more bubbly and somewhat smug about her newly devirginized condition.

It was hard not to look at her and think of her naked, tied to a bed, with Peter atop her. It was even harder to see Peter that day and not see him naked and fucking Amanda.

She had worn her Calvin Klein underwear today because the bra was an athletic one, and she had volleyball practice. She was no more enthused about practice than the other girls as they piled into the locker room.

"What's Crombie got today?" Jennifer asked.

"I heard she was doing rope climbing and shit," one girl said to groans.

"Why can't we just play volleyball?" Jennifer sighed. "It's our last year. We shouldn't be going through all this exercise shit."

"Too easy," Courtney sighed. "Besides, Crombie's a sadist. She wants to see us suffer."

She stripped to her underwear and pulled on her shirt and T-shirt. Jennifer, who was dressing beside her, gave her a nudge, and nodded towards Laura Hoffs, who had just stripped off her pants. She was wearing a lacy black see-through bra and a G-string.

Courtney rolled her eyes at Jennifer, who mouthed the word "slut".

She went out into the gym with the others, where Coach Crombie was standing next to the climbing gear, which had been pulled out from the wall.

"All right, ladies. I want each of you to line up in front of one of the ropes. Climb up as high as you can, then climb back down and climb up the ladders. When that's done do a couple of circuits of the gym, then rest."

"Shit," Jennifer said.

Courtney agreed, looking up at the ropes doubtfully. She had little strength and knew it. She was on the team because she was very agile and very fast. She hated these kinds of practices. She felt like such a failure at them.

She grabbed the rope and tried to climb, but go no more than a few feet off the floor.

"Come on, Ames, climb!" Coach Crombie shouted. She put a hand against her behind and shoved, which allowed Courtney to scuttle up a few feet if only to get her hand away.

Everyone said Crombie was a dyke. She was single, over six feet tall, with an athletic body, and short hair. She had nice bangs across her forehead, which Susan Cooper said meant she wasn't really queer, but Courtney thought that since she was so cute she would surely have a boyfriend if she were straight.

She couldn't do much more than cling to the rope, though, and had to slide back down within

seconds anyway, panting for breath.

"You're weak, Ames," Ms. Crombie glared. "Do you want to be a soft little pinup girl all your life?"

She grabbed Courtney's upper arm and squeezed.

"Lookit that. There's no muscle there. You need to work out at home before you wind up fat and droopy. Now go try the ladders."

Courtney glowered at her resentfully, but was glad to get away from the rope and away from her. The ladders were a little easier, at least.

After practice they showered. Courtney always felt a little embarrassed about being naked in front of the other girls, but today, for some reason, she felt kind of proud.

She knew she had a great body, after all, even if Ms. Crombie disagreed, and for once she was proud of it. Maybe it was because she was so attuned to sexuality today, because of Amanda. If Amanda could get a guy all excited then surely Courtney herself was even more of a fox.

Laura Hoffs in her G-string were nothing compared to Courtney's nice round boobs and ass. And she felt a little tingly when she took off her towel and stepped forward naked among the other naked girls, getting under a showerhead.

She carefully eyed the other girls there, not wanting anyone to think she was actually, well, looking at them. Her eyes scanned over each of them, noting which had nice boobs and asses and legs. Many were pretty good looking, but she honestly thought she was the best.

Her mind flashed to an image of Jennifer naked, tied down on a bed, and for the first time in her life she imagined herself with her, imagined herself kneeling between her legs, chuckling down at her helpless captive.

She imagined kissing her, sliding her hands over Jennifer's breasts, sucking and licking at her nipples. She felt her own nipples hardening against her wrists as she stood there, arms against her breasts, letting the water pour down.

She tore her mind away from such thoughts, wondering where they'd come from, whether she might have some gay desires inside her. Of course, she'd had thoughts about having sex with another girl before. It was quite fashionable to play a little nowadays, and she and Amanda had even necked before, giggling a lot the whole time, but she'd never really been tempted to go further.

She tried to keep her mind away from sex as she soaped herself up, sliding her soapy hands over her breasts and then down her belly, over her behind and between her legs. She started getting paranoid, thinking some of the other girls might realize she was thinking about things like that, might guess she was gay or something.

She quickly rinsed herself off, then turned off the water and hurried back to get her towel.

"Come on, girls. Hurry up. You're not getting ready for dates," Ms. Crombie called, stepping into the room.

Courtney looked away, feeling a dart of heat and embarrassment as Ms. Crombie turned her eyes her way. She wondered if Coach Crombie really was gay, and if she might want to do to Courtney what Courtney had been thinking of doing with Jennifer.

She slipped the towel around herself, covering her still rigid nipples, then squeezed the water out of her long hair.

She'd heard odd things about lesbians, stuff about leather and chains and whips and stuff. Was Coach Crombie into that kind of thing? Did she fantasise about Courtney in that way? Courtney was the best looking girl on the team, after all.

She rubbed her hair with another towel and then tied it around her head, going past the woman and back into the locker room. There was an adjoining bathroom, and several of the girls were already in front of the sinks with portable hair dryers.

She joined them, trying to clear her mind of all sexual images.

Later, in PC design class, she wound up sitting beside Jennifer. Since the class was incredibly

boring she wound up day dreaming, and her dreams turned to sex again. She glanced casually at Jennifer, a slim, attractive redhead with shoulder length hair.

She tried to imagine Jennifer in the positions she'd seen in some of the pictures she'd seen on the internet, or in the odd porno video she'd perused. She imagined her tied down, or on her knees with her hands tied behind her, sucking her boyfriend Kyle off.

This was crazy, she thought, breaking free of the fantasy to find her loins hot and heavy, her nipples hard, and breasts swelling with desire.

She folded her arms across her chest and tried to pay attention to the lecture on South America.

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"Wanna come over to my house tonight?"

"For a while or all night?"

"Whichever."

"Yeah, okay," Courtney said.

"Great! We'll go to your place first. We can stop off at Bayshore."

"I didn't bring much money."

"You've got a cashcard?"

"Well...yeah, but..."

"You're so cheap, Courtney! What are you saving all your money for anyway?"

"I don't know," she said defensively. I just like having money in the bank."

"Money is for spending. You could die tomorrow with all that money unspent."

"I doubt it."

The two girls caught the subway to Bayshore shopping center. Courtney was very sensitive today, to the way men turned to watch them as they moved down the aisle, and the way a couple of guys in the back kept moving their eyes onto them, then away, then back again.

They were probably having the kind of fantasies she'd had about Jennifer, she thought. That both embarrassed her, and turned her on. She wondered if they wanted to tie her up and fuck her, rape her.

"I want to get something sexy," Amanda whispered.

"Like what?"

"I don't know."

They got off at Bayshore, and Courtney knew the guys were watching her ass all the way to the door. She ignored them until the train pulled away.

"You ever wonder what guys think about when they're looking at you?"

"I know what guys think about," Amanda snorted in amusement.

"Doesn't it ever... like... embarrass you?"

"Not unless they stare."

"Yeah, but... but it's like they're fucking you in their mind, you know. Like they're imagining what you'd be like naked in bed, right there on the bus while they're looking at you."

Amanda shrugged hesitantly. "You can't stop guys from looking at you, and you can't tell what they're thinking about."

They walked into the mall and moved along the rows of stores for a while, going in and out when they saw something interesting. Courtney got some money from a cash machine, though she didn't plan on spending any, and they had something to drink.

Then, as they were walking along, Amanda grabbed Courtney's arm and halted her.

"You ever been in there?" she giggled.

"No way!"

"There" was a lingerie store known for its kinky, sexy goods. It was called "Barely there." And most of the lingerie it sold were well described in that way. Except for the leathers, of course.

"Come on."

"No way!"

"Come on, Courtney! I can't go in myself. I'd be too embarrassed."

"Well so would I!"

"It's just underwear. Well, slutty underwear, and maybe a few sex toys."

"Right!"

"I bet I could get something really sexy there for the next time Peter saw me."

Courtney was still reluctant, but allowed the blonde to drag her into the small store. There were no other customers. The woman behind the counter looked to be about twenty, with long, very light brown hair. She glanced at them briefly, then looked down at something on the counter she was reading.

Courtney's eyes darted around while she tried to put on an act of complete boredom and disinterest.

"How about this?"

Amanda held up a black teddy that was completely see-through.

Courtney shrugged.

"Oh God! Look at this! This is perfect!" Amanda gasped.

She was standing next to a mannequin. It was clad in a merry widow's outfit, a tight, low cut bustier, garter belt and garters, and a G-string.

"This is incredibly sexy," Amanda whispered.

"It's also probably really expensive."

"But think of how I'd look! It has a push up bra too. I want to try it on!"

Courtney shrugged again.

Amanda brought the things into a changing room while she wandered around the store. Some of the little silky things were quite pretty, and she considered buying a few. But most of the store was taken up by kinkier kinds of outfits. There were a lot of costumes; sexy, see through nursing outfits, as well as police and soldier uniforms, and, of course, schoolgirls. There was little red riding hood, wonder woman and playboy bunnies.

Then she came to the leather gear. As she'd suspected, much of it was geared towards the kinky side. There were thigh high stiletto boots, long black gloves, and studded collars with leashes attached. Leashes! There were also harness outfits made of leather and metal rings, and the moment she saw them her pussy began to burn.

Her eyes roamed the mannequins and outfits and she almost held her breath as her heart beat faster. Then she found one that looked simply exquisitely sexy. It was nothing more than gleaming PVC leather strips running across the chest and belly, beneath and around the breasts, and down between the legs. Rather than a thong bottom as most had it seemed to have nothing but a one inch wide strip, which would barely cover her little slit.

She scooped up the plastic package. It wasn't the kind of lingerie a teenage girl wore, but then, she was an adult now, even if she was still technically a teenager too. She considered trying it on, but it did say adjustable on the package, and she didn't want Amanda to know. She hesitated, then bought the merry widow outfit too. It was tamer, but still sexy.

She went to the counter and quickly paid for everything. It wasn't cheap and she winced, but her mind wasn't driving her purchasing that day.

She turned back as Amanda came out of the changing room and put the bustier she'd took back. Courtney went over to her and followed her to another counter.

"Didn't like it?"

"It was too big. I don't mean the size, I mean I'm kind of thin and it looked just... too much. It'd look better on you."

Courtney shrugged.

"What'd you buy?"

"Just some panties," she said defensively.

"Now this is nice."

Amanda had found another lacy teddy, this time without the plunging neckline which her smallish breasts wouldn't support. She took that in, tried it on, then grinned at Courtney when she came out.

They went to the counter and she bought it.

Courtney felt a little daring as she finally left the shop, and could hardly wait to get home to try on her new under things. She still felt a stab of jealousy towards Amanda, though. After all, someone was actually going to see Amanda in her new sexy teddy, a guy, that is.

She imagined Amanda naked again, tied to the bed, and this time, as with Jennifer, it was Courtney who was there, leaning over her, sliding her hands over her body, kissing her and sucking on her breasts, maybe even licking her... down there... like she'd seen in the porno vids.

They went back to her house, which was still empty, and up to her room so Courtney could grab a few things, like a change of clothes for tomorrow and a nightie.

"So when are you seeing Peter again?" she asked.

"Tomorrow. I'm gonna wear my new teddy. In fact, I'm gonna try it on now."

"You did at the store."

"Yeah, but you can't wear stuff except over your own underwear, remember? I wanna see how it looks.

She quickly stripped off her dress, then her bra and panties. Amanda had a pretty good body, Courtney admitted to herself. Her breasts were a bit small, but she wasn't even close to being flat chested. And they were nice and round.

She took off the tags from the teddy, then slipped her legs into it and pulled it up.

"How do I look?"

"Really sexy," Courtney said, meaning it. "Wait."

She went to her friend and loosened her hair, then brushed it out with her fingers and stepped back.

"Much better."

Amanda went to the mirror and posed for herself.

"I bet Pete gets all hard when he sees this," she giggled.

"You're making me jealous," Courtney sighed.

"Good."

"Good?"

"I'm always jealous of you."

"Why?"

"Why? Cause you have this great house, rich parents, a great body. You're gorgeous, you have great hair..."

"You're just as pretty as I am."

"I don't have your body. I bet you could have looked great in that bustier thing."

Courtney felt her loins tingle a little.

"Well, I uhm, actually...bought one."

"Courtney!"

"Well, I just thought..."

"Didn't you try it on?"

"I don't have to. I wear a straight thirty-six-D."

"Bitch," Amanda grinned. "Let's see it."

Feeling a little like an exhibitionist, Courtney stripped off her top and pants. She slipped off her bra and panties, feeling a flush of sexual heat throughout her body as Amanda gazed at her naked.

"I'd give anything for those boobs," Amanda sighed.

"They're kind of a pain sometime, especially when we're playing volleyball."

"I don't care."

Courtney had put her bag out of sight. Now she pulled the plastic bag containing the leather harness out and kicked it under the bed, then drew the bag out and pulled out the stuff she'd bought.

She slipped on the lacy black G-string, then pulled on a pair of black stockings. She and Amanda fitted the garter belt around her, and she slipped the garters up her thighs and strapped them on.

Then she pulled the bustier up against her chest, while Amanda helped snap it together behind her. She adjusted her breasts in the cups a little, then turned to Amanda.

"How do I look?"

"Gorgeous! Incredibly sexy!"

She moved in front of the mirror and gulped in surprise.

She looked like some of the women in her father's magazines. The bustier really squeezed her breasts up and together, giving her a huge cleavage.

"God, your tits look enormous!"

"I know," she said, a little embarrassed.

"If Peter saw you like this he'd go crazy," Amanda grinned.

"Peter's your boyfriend."

"Yeah, well, any guy would go crazy. You look really... sexual."

"Just cause I have big boobs."

"No, it's...everything..the whole package; your face, your hair, your legs, and well, you got a nice butt too."

"Now all I need is for a guy to come walking into my bedroom," Courtney sighed, sliding her fingers through her hair as she posed for the mirror.

She and Amanda took off their sexy lingerie. Then she hid hers, and got her stuff. Her parents came home, and she went over to Amanda's.

Amanda's parents were divorced. They didn't have a lot of money. They lived in a small, two bedroom apartment. Amanda's room wasn't nearly as beautifully decorated as Courtney's. And, and she only had a single bed.

Her mother was a nurse, and this week she was working the evening shift, which left the two girls pretty much to their own devices. They watched TV, gossiped, experimented with food and danced a little.

When they undressed, though, Courtney's mind turned back to sex, and she suddenly had the thought that Amanda and Peter might have done something right there on the bed they were to sleep on.

That kind of turned her on, and she hardly noticed Amanda staring at her as she undressed. She was about to pull her nightshirt on when Amanda sighed. Courtney looked at her.

"Stop staring at my boobs," she said with a grin.

"I'm jealous."

"So have a boob job."

"It's not the same. Anyway, there's all kinds of problems with boob jobs."

Courtney shrugged.

"Can I, like... touch them?"

"What?"

Amanda blushed red, and after a moment of staring at each other so did Courtney.

"I just... like... wonder what they feel like when they're so big."

"They're not that big," Courtney said.

"They're pretty big."

"Boobs are boobs. They feel the same as yours."

Amanda nodded.

Courtney felt her stomach quivering with butterflies, and shrugged casually. "If you want to," she said.

Amanda seemed to stop breathing for a moment, then she moved close beside her as Courtney stood still.

She reached up and cupped her breasts.

Courtney felt a wave of lust and heat as she felt the other girls' soft hands on her breasts. Amanda squeezed slowly, digging her fingers into the soft flesh, squeezing them together.

Courtney was suddenly aware of how rigid and hard her nipples were, and knew Amanda could feel them against her palms.

"Does this feel good," the blonde girl whispered.

"Y-yes," Courtney breathed.

Amanda squeezed softly, rhythmically, kneading her breasts.

"Your nipples are really long," she sighed, opening her hands and gazing at them. She pinched them then, sliding her fingers around them. "My nipples aren't nearly this long."

"I...they...uh - ."

"Have you... like... ever thought about... about...fooling around with a girl?" Amanda whispered, her voice strained, her face red.

"I... don't know," Courtney gasped.

Amanda squeezed her breasts again, then let go and took a half step back. She reached down and peeled her own nightshirt up and off. She was naked beneath. She stepped forward and pressed her smaller breasts against Courtney's.

Courtney could see and feel that Amanda's nipples were also hard. She watched, entranced, as the blonde rubbed their nipples together. The blonde girl raised her hands then and put them on Courtney's shoulders. Courtney jerked her head up and stared into Amanda's cornflower blue eyes.

Amanda leaned forward, trembling slightly. "Remember when we practised kissing together" she asked in an almost whisper.

She pressed her lips against Courtney's. They kissed ever so softly and hesitantly, then with more pressure, then still more, increasing in slow increments.

Their bodies pressed more tightly, their breasts pressed together. Courtney groaned, her heart pounding. She slid her arms around her friend's slender body, her hands laying flat on her back as they kissed.

Her mind was filled with a rising sexual storm, and her skull felt like it was ready to burst from the pressure inside. She slid her hands up and down Amanda's back as their kisses became hotter and harder. She felt Amanda's tongue against her lips, and opened her mouth slowly.

Their tongues slid together, and Courtney, daringly, slid her hands down onto Amanda's small, cupcake buttocks, squeezing them. The blonde groaned, her kiss becoming harder, more demanding.

She brought a hand up between them and cupped Courtney's left breast, squeezing it tightly, then pulled her lips free and bent sharply, sliding her lips over the nipple and sucking on it.

A blast of heat and pleasure shot into Courtney, and she let out a small moan as she looked down on her friend's mouth sucking at her breast. Amanda squeezed both breasts as she sucked, and her teeth nibbled at the soft flesh as she whipped her tongue over the nipple.

"God! God! God! God!" Courtney gasped.

Then Amanda's hand slid down her soft belly and between her thighs. Courtney felt her cupping her pussy mound and let out a sharp gasp of lewd pleasure and excitement. She felt her entire body shake and quiver, then came, gurgling and trembling and clutching at Amanda as the blonde rapidly rubbed her fingers along her spasming clit.

## Chapter Three

Courtney shuddered against Amanda, their bodies grinding feverishly together as she gurgled in shocked ecstasy. She gripped her girlfriend tightly, squeezing her face in against her hot, throbbing breasts as the blonde girl rubbed her hand rapidly across her pussy.

Her legs got rubbery, and she almost collapsed, but Amanda eased her back onto the edge of her bed, then fell forward atop her, plastering her lips down against Courtney's.

Courtney moaned, her body slowly easing out of the orgasm into a soft, languorous satisfaction. She kissed back slowly, dazedly at first, then with growing concentration and passion.

She brought her arms around the blonde again, sliding her hands up and down the soft, warm skin of her back, then up onto her soft, warm buttocks, squeezing and kneading them.

Their tongues swirled together as their hunger grew, then Amanda pulled back with a gasp.

"Let me tie you up," she said, eyes filled with fire.

A shocked gasp escaped Courtney's mouth as she felt her body instantly fill to bursting with sexual electricity. She couldn't talk, but helped shift herself backwards as Amanda rolled off her and lifted her legs up, dropping them onto the bed.

Amanda opened a drawer in the night table and came out with several long silk scarves as Courtney, her body almost shaking with lust again, laid down in the center of the bed and raised her arms above her head.

Amanda straddled her, and Courtney groaned as she felt the other girl's soft pussy and buttocks rub against her belly and up along her lower chest.

The blonde leaned forward and tied two scarfs snugly around Courtney's wrists, then Courtney spread her arms and reached as close as she could to the bedposts.

Amanda tied the two scarves to the bedposts, and sat back on her friend's belly, watching as Courtney strained against them. She grinned, then turned and climbed off the bed. She tied the brunette's ankles apart to the lower posts, then climbed back on top of Courtney.

Courtney was straining continuously, the muscles moving below her skin, her back arching, belly shifting, ass grinding from side to side. She was revelling in her bondage, her insides flaring again and again with powerful sexual heat.

"Oh God!" she gasped breathlessly.

"You're mine now," Amanda growled, sliding her small hands up and down Courtney's sides, then gripping her breasts from the sides and squeezing them together.

She bent and sucked heavily on each nipples, chewing and licking and tonguing them, pinching them with her teeth, making the brunette moan and whimper and arch her back repeatedly.

Her legs were jerking against the lower scarves as she tried to hump up or rub her steaming pussy against Amanda. She was burning up with sexual heat, a feverish desire gripping her mind and body.

"Oh! Oohhh! Ungggh! M...M...mandy! Touch me!"

"Where, slut? Where?" Amanda breathed.

"You...you know!" she whimpered.

"Say it. Say it, slut! Slutty, big titted whore! Tell me what you want!" she growled, sliding her teeth and tongue along Courtney's throat.

"M-my pussy!" she panted.

"Do you mean your CUNT?" Amanda hissed. "Do you want me to squeeze your CUNT? Is that it, Courtney? Say it. Say you want me to finger your little CUNT."

"I...squeeze my cunt!" Courtney said in a choked voice.

"Do want me to stick my fingers in? Do you want me to rub your hot little clit?"

"YEesssss!" Courtney cried, writhing in the bonds. "Fuck meeee! Fuck my cunt! Fuck me with your fingers! Pleeese! Oh God! Oohhhh!"

"I want you to say you're a dirty whore, that you're a filthy little big titted slut. Say it!"

"I-I'm a filthy, big titted slut!" Courtney gasped. "I'm a filthy whore!"

Amanda slid off to her side, sliding her tongue around one nipple, then easing one of her hands down the girl's heaving chest and straining belly and along her inner thighs.

"OohH! Please!"

"Slut! Say it! Say you're a slut!"

"I'm a slut! I'm a slut! I'm a fucking slut!"

Amanda trailed her fingers lightly along the sides of Courtney's pubic mound, easing back as the brunette humped up.

"Manddyyyy!"

"You want a big cock inside you, don't you?"

"Yessss!"

"Say it."

"I want a big cock inside me!" she half cried.

"A nice big cock! A cock that'll fuck you good and hard like a virgin needs it!"

"Yess! Yesss! Pleeese! OohhhHH!"

She cupped her friend's pussy mound tightly, and Courtney cried out in pleasure. Amanda rubbed her fingers up and down rapidly, pushing two middle fingers in hard, sinking them between the writhing girl's pussy lips into the hot, moist cleft where her clit was buzzing and burning.

Courtney cried out again, then again, bucking up, her head thrashing from side to side, her back arching again and again as a massive orgasm blasted through her body.

Her mind spun and bounced like a cork in an ocean storm, her eyes rolling back in her head and her body flaring with sexual electricity that snapped along every nerve ending.

Her muscles spasmed as her pussy sucked and boiled. Her insides heaved and churned as she strained against the bonds holding her in place.

Then she fell limp, mouth wide, eyes closed, chest heaving as she gulped in air.

Amanda eased her stroking fingers and ran her hands over the brunette's sweating flesh, stroking lightly, smiling in contentment and lust.

She glanced at the clock to make sure her mother wouldn't be home too soon, then got up and padded naked to the bedroom door. She went down the hall to the kitchen and got a couple of things, then returned and closed the door behind her.

She set down her stuff on the bed, then went to the night table and pulled out another scarf, then, before Courtney could even open her eyes, folded it and tied it around her face over her eyes.

"A...Amadaaaaaa?" she groaned in protest.

"You belong to me, slave," Amanda said. "I can do anything I want with you."

She sat cross-legged between Courtney's splayed thighs and gazed up her friend's lush body, feeling a little jealousy that Courtney had been gifted with such a perfect hourglass frame.

She ran her hands over Courtney's breasts, pinching her nipples until the brunette yelped in pain.

"Slutty girl," Amanda said, slapping one of her breasts softly.

"Owww!" Courtney moaned. "Amanda!"

"Shut up. Call me mistress, you slut."

Courtney's body tensed, then gave a little shiver.

"You sure are a dirty whore, Courtney," Amanda said. "I don't remember seeing such a slutty girl

in my whole life."

She pressed her finger against Courtney's soaking pussy slit and eased it inside.

Courtney moaned, her head rolling slowly.

Amanda pushed her finger in to the knuckle and twisted it around inside. She pumped it in and out slowly.

"Do you like having your cunt fingered, slut?" she asked.

"Yess," Courtney breathed, shocked and aroused by the wicked talk.

Amanda slapped her breast lightly, and Courtney gasped in pain.

"Yes, mistress," She corrected.

"Yes, mistress," Courtney groaned, her voice quivering.

"I am your mistress. You are my cheap little slave. I can do anything with you. Would you like me to suck on your tits again, slut?"

"Yes, mistress," Courtney whimpered.

Amanda leaned forward, still pumping her finger slowly in her friend's pussy. She licked around one hard nipple, then slurped it into her mouth, sucking and chewing softly, sliding her tongue over it as Courtney sighed in pleasure.

She eased back and ran her hand over the soft, hot breasts, then eased a second finger into Courtney's pussy.

"Do you know what I should do, little virgin slut? I should invite a bunch of guys over to gang bang you."

Courtney's pussy spasmed around her fingers.

"I bet you'd love that, wouldn't you, slave? I bet you'd love being gang banged by a dozen guys with great big hard cocks."

"Yesssssss," Courtney moaned.

"Slut! Cheap whore!"

Amanda picked up a thin glove and slipped it onto her right hand, then picked an ice cube out of the little bowl she'd brought from the kitchen. She held it over one of Courtney's hard nipples and watched a small drop of icy water at the bottom edge, aiming carefully.

It dropped onto the rigid, straining nipple, and Courtney gasped and jerked. The drop of water sat there on her nipple, then trickled slowly over her areola and then down the inside of her breast.

She pressed the cube down directly against her nipple then, laying it flat against Courtney's breast, rolling it slowly from side to side, then in a circular motion against her nipple.

"Ohh! Amanda! Oohhhh! Don't! It's cold! Stoop!"

Courtney's head jerked from side to side, and she strained again at the scarves as her nipple froze against the ice.

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

"Say, please mistress, take the ice away from my nipple," Amanda said.

"Please take the ice away from my nipple, mistress!" Courtney cried.

Amanda chuckled evilly and slid the cube aside slowly, sliding it in wider and wider circles over her big breast, watching the water trickle down the sides and onto her chest, then down her ribs at the side and down onto her belly at the front.

"Slutty girl," Amanda whispered.

She slid the cube along the side of Courtney's ribs, making her cry out and strain upwards. She slid it down along her hip and along her outer thigh then all the way down her leg to her foot, where her toes were twitching and jerking.

She rubbed it over the bottom of Courtney's foot, ignoring the brunette's entreaties.

She rolled the ice back up the inside of her leg, up along her thigh, then bypassed her pussy and rolled it around her belly.

She watched the play of muscles below Courtney's belly as she heaved her body from side to side

in an attempt to escape the cold.

The ice was almost melted, so she dropped it into a bowl, chuckling as she reached for another. She slid her other hand over Courtney's pussy mound, squeezing repeatedly, then slid a finger into her. She added a second, thrusting them deep, then pulled them out and pressed them against her mouth.

Courtney's mouth was already open, so she had no difficulty sliding her fingers inside.

"Suck your own pussy juice, bitch," Amanda whispered. "Suck the cream off my fingers!"

Courtney gasped and tried to twist her head away, but Amanda's fingers were already in her mouth.

"Suck it, slut! Suck it!" Amanda ordered.

She pressed the other ice cube down against Courtney's pussy and rubbed it firmly up and down against her slit.

Courtney's hips jerked and humped as she moaned around the fingers in her mouth.

"Suck them, bitch!"

Courtney closed her lips finally, and started sucking on Amanda's fingers.

The blonde snickered and pulled the ice away from her slit, holding it in the air as she watched and felt her friend sucking on her fingers.

"I bet you wish that was a cock, you whore!" Amanda sneered. "Suck it like it was a cock! Lick it, bitch!"

She pumped her fingers slowly in and out of Courtney's puckered lips, getting more and more aroused as she felt her tongue slurping and sliding against her fingers.

"Dirty little cocksucker," she taunted.

She slid the cube along Courtney's belly then up over her other breast, circling her nipple.

Courtney moaned, but kept sucking on her fingers.

She leaned in and sucked one nipple while she rolled the ice over the other, then switched.

She pulled her fingers out of Courtney's mouth and picked up another cube, then rolled both of them up and down Courtney's writhing body, ignoring her complaints as she laid a trail of glistening melted water across her flesh.

She spread her pussy lips and slipped both cubes into Courtney's cunt tunnel, using her fingers to shove them deep.

Then she slid her body over Courtney's, sliding her breasts upwards, first rubbing one against her pussy, then sliding them along her belly until they rode up across the chilly, wet breasts. She spread her own legs wide and ground her pussy down against Courtney, whimpering in excitement now as she shoved her tongue into the moaning brunette's mouth.

She pulled the blindfold up over her forehead and licked along her fluttering eyelids, then down along the side of her face to her earlobe, then back into her mouth again. She rubbed her breasts up and down against Courtney's as she ground her pussy down harder and harder, gasping and panting.

"I'm fucking you!" she gasped. "Fucking you! Fucking you!"

She humped and rubbed, pushing her upper body up, arching her back and throwing her head back as she humped and whined and moaned in growing sexual glee.

Her softly furred pussy ground down against Courtney's bare little slit as the heat built up inside her bodies. Then the blonde came, gasping and shaking and moaning in pleasure as she jammed her burning pussy down against Courtney's body.

She dropped flat then, groaning, resting her head against Courtney's ample bosom, closing her eyes as she gulped in air.

She rested a minute, then began tonguing the hard pink nipples again, sucking softly, pulling them into her mouth and chewing on them, pinching and pulling on them as her fingers kneaded and squeezed her soft breast meat.

She raised her bottom in the air, grinding it instinctively as she slowly crawled backwards down Courtney's body, sliding her tongue over her belly, then around her belly button, then down further,

down around the soft, puffy little mound.

Courtney's body tensed up, and she lifted her head to stare down at her with wide eyes. Amanda giggled up at her, then turned her eyes down to her tight little slit. She rubbed her hands softly against her sex, then fingered her slit, slowly peeling her sex lips apart.

She gazed in at her glistening pink flesh, and the small pink hole that entered her body. She slid her fingers against the top of her pink flesh, rubbing against her clit.

She let her pussy close, and slid her hands up onto her breasts, squeezing them as she trailed the tip of her tongue up and down her slit. She pushed harder, easing the soft pink tongue between Courtney's pussy lips and running it up and down between them.

Courtney groaned and rolled her head from side to side, whimpering and moaning each time Amanda's tongue slithered over her clit. She could hardly believe this was happening, that she was doing such a lewd, hot, erotic thing.

And with a girl! With Amanda! It was such a shockingly wanton act that she felt like a really hot tramp.

She panted and groaned as she felt her girlfriend's tongue sliding into her pussy hole, slithering down into her hot, steaming fuck opening. She groaned and humped upwards as Amanda opened her mouth wide, then closed it tightly against Courtney's mons and sucked furiously.

She slurped and licked wildly, her tongue driving deep into Courtney's glistening pink hole, then sliding upwards over her clit. She kissed and sucked gently on it, then licked rapidly, thrusting first one, then two, then three fingers up Courtney's pussy as the brunette cried out in lust and ecstasy.

She came, whipping her head back repeatedly and straining against the scarves, her body shaking and humping wildly against Amanda's devouring lips. She humped up helplessly, wildly gulping and gasping and sobbing as wildfire pleasure ripped through her body.

Her hips bounced on the bed as the heat roared inside her, and every muscle in her body seemed to spasm and shake and quiver as her charged up body blasted out energy.

Then she went limp, groaning as Amanda slid up her body again.

"Are you my filthy little slut?" Amanda purred.

"Yesss," she groaned.

"Big titted whore," she sighed, rubbing her face against Courtney's breasts.

She pulled her head up and rained soft kisses over Courtney's face and head.

Then both of them heard the front door close. Courtney gasped and raised her head, instinctively pulling against the scarves.

"Untie me!" she gasped.

"You forgot to say please, slave," Amanda sniffed, slapping her face lightly.

She rolled off the bed and pulled a robe around her naked body, then opened the door and closed it behind her. She went down the hall and found her mother taking off her shoes.

"Hi, mom."

"Hi, honey."

"Fun at work?"

"Like always," she sighed. "Shouldn't you be in bed?"

"I am. Oh, Courtney's sleeping over."

"You should ask me before you invite your friends over, Amanda," her mother sighed, going into the kitchen.

"Well, you weren't gonna be here anyway."

"Still."

"Anyway, she's already asleep."

"You should be too. You have classes early."

"I'm going now. Good night."

She hugged and kissed her mother, then went back to her room. She opened it, imagining what her

mother would say if she saw Courtney like this, then closed it behind her and locked it.

"I asked my mom if she wanted to come in and do you but she said no."

"Untie me, Amanda," Courtney said urgently.

"When I'm ready, slut."

She crawled onto the bed, then crawled up along Courtney's body until she was straddling her face.

Courtney stared up into her tight little blonde snatch, swallowing in shock, realizing what it was Amanda wanted.

"Suck me, slut. Dirty little slave slut. Nasty little whore girl."

She spread her thighs wider, easing her pussy lower and lower until it pressed against Courtney's mouth. Then she rubbed it up and down, sighing in pleasure.

"Lick me, slut! Lick me!"

Courtney didn't know what to do at first, as her girlfriend - no - her lover - her lesbian lover...rubbed her pussy across her mouth. Then she pushed her tongue out tentatively, trying to remember what Amanda had done when she had licked at her pussy.

She didn't have her hands to peel Amanda's pussy lips apart, but that didn't seem to bother the blonde as she ground her sex down against her in lewd passionate desire.

Courtney shoved her tongue out, sliding it along the girl's soft pussy slit, trying to jam it inside as Amanda rubbed her slit back and forth.

She forced it into the girl's hole, her mind filled with shock at her own daring and lewdness, tasting the blonde's pussy juice as it trickled down into her mouth, slurping and sucking and kissing at the blonde's muff as it rubbed over her.

She wasn't quite sure of what she was doing but did her best. It seemed to be working, because Amanda was moaning and whining, and her pussy juices were flowing as Courtney worked on it.

And she let out a sudden soft cry of pleasure, bouncing wildly atop Courtney's face, gasping and gurgling as she fought to keep from making noises. She fell forward, still rubbing her pussy into Courtney's mouth, moaning in gratification as the pleasure boiled her from the inside.

She almost smothered Courtney as she mashed her pussy and ass down onto her face.

She groaned and rolled off, laying on her back and staring up at the ceiling for a minute.

"Are you... going to.. untie me," Courtney groaned.

"Mistress, slut."

"Are you going to untie me, Mistress?"

"Why should I? Maybe I should keep you tied up all night," Amanda taunted.

"You caaan't."

"I can do anything I want, slut. You belong to me, remember."

"Amandaaaaaa," Courtney groaned.

Amanda untied her, putting the scarves back into the night table, then slid her body against hers, their arms going around one another as they kissed softly and rubbed their bodies together.

"Nasty slut," Amanda sighed.

"How can I be a slut if I'm a virgin?" Courtney sighed.

"Slut is a state of mind. And you forgot to call me mistress again."

"Did Peter teach you all that?"

Courtney blushed a little. "Yeah. The dirty talk is really - exciting. I don't know why. But the first time he started calling me names when I was tied up it just about blew my mind."

"Slut," Courtney sighed.

They fell asleep in each other's arms, their soft flesh pressed together. They didn't even need blankets as they kept each other warm. In the morning, Amanda woke to find her breasts pressed into Courtney's back.

She sighed and slid her arm around her friend, then eased her hand down between her legs and

gently rubbed her fingers up and down her slit.

Courtney moaned and wriggled against her, pushing her bottom back against Amanda's groin. She woke as one of Amanda's fingers pushed into her pussy tunnel, gasping, then moaning.

"Slut," Amanda whispered.

She pumped her finger up and down Courtney's pussy tunnel as the brunette turned towards her. They kissed, their bodies rubbing together.

"Come on," Amanda sighed, breaking free. "Time for a shower."

"Mmmh. Who goes first," Courtney sighed.

"We both do, silly," Amanda giggled, pulling her up out of the bed.

"But your mother!"

"Asleep. She never wakes up this early. Come on."

"Amanda!"

"Shhhh."

Amanda pulled on her arm, opening her bedroom door and leading her out into the hall past her mother's closed bedroom door.

She grinned at the worried Courtney, then led her past the bathroom and out into the living room.

"Where are we going?" Courtney hissed.

"I want to put on the water for some eggs."

"Can't we put some clothes on!?"

"We'll just have to take them off again." Amanda grinned.

She filled a pot with water and put it on the stove, then turned it on low. Courtney kept glancing back at the hall, worried about Amanda's mother waking up.

Amanda suddenly hugged her, pressing their bodies tightly together.

"Amanda!" Courtney gasped.

Amanda pressed her lips down, stuffing her tongue into Courtney's mouth as she squeezed her girlfriend's buttocks and ground her pelvis into her.

"Not... mhphh... not here!" Courtney gasped.

"You don't tell me what to do, slut," Amanda hissed.

She quickly whirled the startled brunette around, then pulled her arms up behind her back. Courtney struggled weakly as Amanda snatched a drawer open and pulled out some cord. She wrapped it around Courtney's wrists quickly.

"Amanda! Are you crazy! Stop it!" Courtney gasped.

Amanda tied the cord off and, giggling, turned the startled brunette around again.

"Better not make any sounds," she said. "or my mom will wake up and find you like this."

"Untie me!"

"Mistress," Amanda said.

"I'm not kidding!"

"Mistress," Amanda repeated, pinching one of Courtney's nipples.

"Owww," she gasped. "Mistress!"

"That's better, slut. Big titted cow."

She gripped Courtney's hair tightly, jerking her head back, then mashed her lips down hard. Courtney moaned, the sound muffled as Amanda's tongue slid in and out of her mouth.

Then the blonde pushed her down, using her thick hair to control her, forcing her onto her knees in front of her.

"Now you're going to lick me off," she grinned. "And if you don't do a good job I'll kick your butt out into the hall naked."

She spread her legs and pulled Courtney's face into her moist sex, her insides already afire with lust as she gazed down at the helpless brunette.



## Chapter Four

Courtney moaned as her face was crushed into Amanda's pussy. She was half outraged, half excited, and completely terrified that Amanda's mother would come out of her room and find her like this.

But the only thing she could do, it seemed, was lick Amanda as quick as she could in hopes the blonde would come and they could go back to her room.

She licked energetically at Amanda's pussy, grunting and gasping now and then as the blonde tugged and twisted at her long hair.

Amanda spread her legs more and leaned back a little, groaning in pleasure. She bunched up Courtney's hair next to her head on either side, filling her fists with it as she humped into her friend's face.

Courtney jammed her lips up into the other girl's hot wet pussy, sucking and licking at Amanda's clitoris as the blonde ground her hips and tugged on her hair.

"Suck me," she panted in a harsh whisper. "Lick me, cunt! Suck me, slave girl! Oohhh! Uhhhhggnn!"

Amanda's own hair whipped back against her soft skin as she threw her head back and jerked it up and down, grunting in pleasure as she felt the brunette's tongue slicing between her sex lips and over her clit.

"Ooooo! Oooo yeahhh! Dirty slut! Dirty whore! Oooohhhh!"

She shifted her grip onto the brunette's head, pulling up harder, grinding and jerking Courtney's face into her sopping pussy mound as the her steaming sexual pleasure coursed through her veins.

Like Courtney, she was worried her mother would open the door and happen upon their lewd scene. But that fear and danger only served to heighten her senses and increase the pleasure as she forced her slave lover to eat her out.

"Ooh! Yes! There! There! UnngghH! OoohH!"

She ground her pussy into Courtney's face as she came, her juices pouring into the lapping brunette's mouth as her pussy spasmed violently.

The blonde trembled and shook, her head thrown back again as she humped jerkily into Courtney's face and gurgled in wondrous delight.

She felt the orgasm fade, along with her strength, and she loosened her grip on Courtney's head, sinking to her knees herself as she gasped for breath.

She clung to Courtney for long seconds, then pushed herself to her feet, pulling Courtney with her.

"Time for your shower, slut."

"Untie me," Courtney groaned.

"Not yet. Maybe I never will," Amanda leered.

She led Courtney across the room, then the two naked girls walked across the room, Courtney's wrists still bound tightly behind her back, and went into the bathroom. Amanda turned on the water and tested it, then pulled Courtney into the shower with her.

The water soaked them both as Amanda pressed her breasts into Courtney's and slid her tongue over the brunette's lips. They kissed hotly, for Courtney was as excited now as Amanda had been before her tongue job.

Courtney groaned as her sensitive nipples were rubbed back and forth against Amanda's small, slightly firmer breasts. She slid her tongue into Amanda's mouth, her hands jerking instinctively behind her as she thought to wrap her arms around the slender blonde.

Amanda pushed her back out of the water then, and picked up the bar of soap. She rubbed it over Courtney's breasts, slathering layers of slick, slipper soap against the firm orbs.

She soaped up her shoulders and the rest of her chest, as well as her belly, then slid the bar down between her legs and rubbed it back and forth as her other hand moved against the brunette's breasts.

Courtney moaned softly as Amanda soaped up her pussy, then moved onto her buttocks. The blonde's other hand slid down between her legs then, rubbing over her slippery pussy mound. A soapy finger pushed up into her sex, then a second, as Amanda's thumb stroked heavily across her clit.

"I like this naked pussy," Amanda said. "Everything feels softer and slicker, and it's great on my tongue. I think I'm going to shave my puss too."

Courtney could hardly hear her. She gasped and swayed, rubbing her pussy against Amanda's hand as the blonde chewed on the nape of her neck and rubbed her own breasts against Courtney's.

"Gonna come, slut?" Amanda whispered. "Dirty cow? Dirty big titted whore? Gonna come on my fingers, slut? Huh? Huh?"

Courtney staggered back, her soapy bottom and back coming up against the tiled wall. She closed her eyes, the air puffing out of her open mouth as she ground her pussy against Amanda's fingers.

Amanda thrust harder, driving her soapy fingers deep into her lover's hot, tight, virginal pussy hole, feeling the tight sucking heat inside as Courtney's buttocks slapped repeatedly against the wall.

"Come, slut! Come!" she whispered, eyes wide as she stared at Courtney gleefully. "Fuck yourself on my fingers, you dirty girl, you dirty whore."

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" Courtney grunted, the hard, stabbing fingers throwing her back again and again as the heat poured into her.

Then she let out a soft cry, a gurgling croon of ecstasy as she came. Her pussy spasmed around Amanda's thrusting fingers as the blonde girl squeezed her breast violently and whispered curses and insults into her ear.

Amanda continued thrusting up hard until the other girl stopped her shaking and jerking and rolled her head back with a groan of relief.

"Dirty whore," she sneered then, "coming on another girl's fingers like a dirty lesbian slut."

"Bitch," Courtney groaned.

"That's mistress bitch to you, slut," Amanda said with a grin.

Amanda untied her wrists, and she and Courtney kissed and hugged and stroked each other for a few minutes. Courtney used her body, rubbing up against Amanda, to slather soap over the other girl's body, then they rinsed off.

They climbed out of the bathtub and towelled each other off, then brushed and dried their hair. They dressed, then had breakfast and went to school.

Courtney spent the first few hours feeling like the cat that swallowed the canary, with a deeply satisfied smug sensation at what she had done and got away with. She knew for an absolute certainty, that if any of the guys around her even imagined what she and Amanda had done that morning or last night their cocks would bulge in their pants.

Her nipples hardened every time she thought of it, and she felt like telling someone just to see the shock on their face.

She had no doubts about being a lesbian. She knew she wasn't, for she had too much attraction to guys. She didn't even really consider what she'd done with Amanda as sex, at least, not in the same category of sex as it would be with a guy. It was more like just fooling around.

But it had certainly been exciting, tremendously exciting, and she fully intended to do it again. Maybe she would tie up Amanda next time, and call her dirty names.

Today she even had a class with Amanda, Visual Basic, which was always incredibly boring

because Mr. Jin took forever to explain the obvious. Again she felt that sense of smug accomplishment as she sat next to the blonde, knowing that every guy in the room would be astounded and aroused beyond measure if they knew what the two girls had been up to.

"Wanna come to my place after school?" she asked.

Amanda stuck her tongue out the side of her lips briefly as she considered. "My place is better. My mom leaves for work at three-fifteen."

"Okay," Courtney said. "I don't know if I can stay all night again, though."

"That's okay."

The only thing wrong with it was that Courtney would either have to have one of her parents pick her up, or go home alone in the dark, where who knows who was lurking ready to pounce on pretty young girls.

The thought of rape didn't bother her as much as it once had, however, and she even allowed herself to fantasise about it a little.

They went straight to Amanda's apartment, which was empty. Amanda leered, and led the other girl into her bedroom. She slid her hands up Courtney's front and cupped her breasts, squeezing and kneading them as she kissed her.

Courtney groaned, pushing her hot, swelling breasts into Amanda's hands, her own sliding through the girl's long blonde hair, then down her back to knead her buttocks.

Although Courtney wanted to tie Amanda up, the blonde persuaded her to let herself be tied up first. Like the other night she was bound spreadeagled to Amanda's bed, then blindfolded. Amanda spent time sucking and squeezing on her breasts, then moved between her legs and began licking and sucking on her clit.

When she thought Courtney was ready to come, when the brunette was gasping and writhing, and grinding her pelvis from side to side on the bed, she pulled back.

"Did you hear something?" she asked.

Courtney only gasped.

"I think someone was knocking at the door."

She got up and left the bed, then went out into the hall and opened and closed the front door. Then she talked to herself as though she were talking to someone else. Meanwhile she stepped into the strap-on dildo she had acquired that day, and then pulled on a jacket and a pair of gloves.

"No, Peter, you can't go in there," she called out in an anguished voice.

She came in to find the blindfolded Courtney with her head raised, frantically pulling at the scarves holding her down.

"Mmmmm," she growled in a throaty voice.

"Amanda?!" Courtney gasped. "Amanda! Is anyone there!?"

Amanda climbed onto the bed. Then roughly squeezed Courtney's soft melons.

"Amanda!?"

Amanda kept silent, squeezing and kneading the swollen orbs. Then reached down and guided the rubber cock down to Courtney's pussy slit.

Courtney gasped as she felt the pressure of the rubber cockhead against her pussy.

"Amanda!?"

Amanda jabbed against her slit, harder and harder, then slowly forced the head inside her.

"Gonna fuck you, bitch," she finally said in a throaty voice.

Courtney recognized it as her, of course, and had already had doubts that the thing pushing into her pussy was a real cock. It didn't feel like skin, for one thing, nor was it hot, or even warm. It felt artificial, and Peter certainly wouldn't need to use a phoney cock on her.

Her pounding heart eased its pace as she realized it was just Amanda pretending to be Peter, and her excitement quickly roared up again. She pretended it was Peter, that it was a real cock pushing into her pussy.

"Gonna rape you, bitch," Amanda growled, biting and chewing at Courtney's throat and lips.

"Nooooo," Courtney moaned dramatically. "Don't rape me! please don't rape me! I'm a virgin!"

"Gonna fuck your cherry out, bitch," Amanda growled. "Gonna squeeze your fat tits and fuck your cunt till it bleeds."

Courtney gasped at the words, moaning as the pleasure rippled along her nerves and sinews, as the dildo slid deeper and deeper into her tight little pussy hole. She felt it sliding way up inside her, and the bloated, tight feeling in her cunt sent her over the edge before it was all the way in.

She jerked and spasmed in delighted bliss, grunting and moaning as her head thrashed and her pussy exploded. Amanda thrust the dildo home as her friend came, rubbing her gloved thumb over her clit as Courtney shook and bounced and whined in heated bliss.

Amanda crushed her mouth down against Courtney's, licking and kissing and sucking on her lips as she began to grind her naked pelvis against her friend's pussy.

"You whores all need a big cock inside you," she panted, her buttocks tightening, then loosening repeatedly as she ground the dildo into the moaning girl's depths.

She started picking up the pace after a minute or two, her bottom now rising and falling as she pumped down into Courtney.

Both girls were soon burning with passion and lust, Courtney from the hard, deep thrusting, and Amanda from the little pad at the base of the dildo that was grinding against her clit as she fucked.

"Dirty bitch! Dirty whore!" she panted, thrusting harder and harder.

Courtney sobbed in pleasure, multi-colored lights blinking before her blinded eyes as another orgasms ripped into her. She cried out in bliss, her body jerking and shaking beneath the thrusting blonde as her pussy howled with ecstasy.

The hard, rubber prick pistoned inside her pink pussy tunnel as Amanda gave her a hard fucking. Then Amanda came as well, grunting and moaning and cursing as the cum howled away inside her like an electrical storm.

She pulled the blindfold off her friend as they lay there for a minute, then slid the dildo out of Courtney's pussy and slipped it off, along with the gloves and jacket.

She untied Courtney, who then tied her down in the same position and donned the strap-on dildo. She giggled as she squeezed it, then began to suck and chew on Amanda's breasts. She hadn't yet actually done that, and she found herself becoming aroused all over again as she sucked and licked on the hard pink buds.

She licked at her pussy then, sliding her tongue as deep into the blonde's hole as she could, then sucking and nibbling and licking at her aroused clit until Amanda came.

She slid her body atop her then, driving the dildo deep into her pussy and beginning a soft, tender fuck. Their lips moved moistly together as she fucked the dildo slowly in the blonde's pussy.

Both were panting and puffing, filled with excitement and passion, when the phone next to Amanda's bed started to ring. They ignored it at first, but a ringing phone is a distracting thing to a teenage girl, and Courtney finally cursed and stopped pumping, reaching over and snatching it off the hook.

"Hello?" she asked.

"Hello? Who's this? Courtney?"

"Uh, hi, Mrs. Moore."

"Can I speak to Amanda, please."

"Just a second."

She held the phone against the bound blonde's ear, running her hand over her breasts as Amanda listened to her mother. She thought of how amazing it was that her mother was right there talking to her on the phone, but had no idea of the lewd goings on here.

Did she have any idea that Peter tied Amanda up and fucked her? She certainly had no idea that this very second, as she was talking to Amanda, her daughter lay naked and tightly bound as she was

fucked by a dildo.

"Okay," Amanda said in some annoyance.

She turned her head away and nodded for Courtney to hang up, which she did.

"What did your mother want, slut?"

"To make sure I had the oven warmed up for when she came home and a steak defrosted."

"Want me to fuck you again, you blonde whore?"

"Yes, mistress. Please fuck me," Amanda sighed, laying her head back.

Courtney resumed her steady fucking, and soon both girls were again groaning and panting in pleasure.

Amanda came with a violent, shuddering and groaning, then told Courtney to get off so she could make her come in another way.

Amanda didn't mind prolonging her pleasure, and had discovered that she preferred being tied up to tying someone else up anyway.

She untied Amanda and slipped the dildo off herself, rubbing her hot, wet pussy as Amanda went to her closet and came out with a length of soft rope.

"God!" Courtney gasped.

"Shut up, whore. I'm gonna tie your slutty hands so I can fuck you."

She made Courtney cross her wrists in front of her, then very carefully criss-crossed the ropes over them, laying down each layer exactly next to the previous one until her wrists were immovably bound together. She pushed her over against the far wall then and pulled a small picture off it.

There was a hook behind the picture that was much too thick to be needed for such a small picture, or for almost any picture. It was a bit high for Courtney to reach, even by standing on her toes, but Amanda had another short piece of rope.

She tied it to the ropes around her wrists, then got on a chair and put it over the hook. She had Courtney stand very, very straight, then tied the top around the hook.

"Can you get off?" she asked.

Courtney tried but couldn't. She couldn't even jump up in hopes of sliding the rope off the hook because with her legs absolutely straight she couldn't hop up even an inch.

Her back hurt just a bit, in fact, because she was so straight, and her arms so high above her.

"No," she gulped, squeezing her thighs together.

Amanda climbed down and pushed the chair away.

"Then you're all mine," she purred, sliding her hands over Courtney's firm, soft body.

She eased a hand down to her pussy and rubbed her finger along her slit, making Courtney groan in pleasure. She stepped back then, laughing.

"Oh no," she said. "You're not gonna come that easy."

She walked out of the room and came back with a candle and a lighter. She lit the candle and moved over in front of the bound brunette.

"Now, slave. You will tell me about what a whore you are."

"I'm a dirty whore," Courtney gasped, staring at the candle.

"Not in a couple of words, slut!"

She slapped one of her breasts lightly, making them both jiggle and shake.

"Ow!"

"Tell me about how you fucked the whole football team. How you sucked them off, and how they all gang banged you."

"I...yes...I fucked the whole football team," Courtney gasped. "I sucked every one of their cocks while they all stood around me, and then... then I-I let them all fuck me!"

"You dumb slut. You don't even know how to talk. But you'll learn, especially after I bring in a bunch of guys to gang bang you. You'll be able to tell me more about it then, won't you, slut!"

"Yes, mistress," Courtney gasped.

Amanda tilted the candle and Courtney yelped as hot wax dripped onto her left nipple.

"Oh! Oh! oooh!"

"Dirty whore. I should put you across my knee and spank you for being such a nasty little girl."

She tilted the candle and let more wax drip onto her left nipple, sliding her hand between Courtney's legs to stroke her clit at the same time.

Courtney moaned and whimpered, grinding her hips as much as she could and slapping and rubbing her buttocks against the wall.

"Think I should let you come, slut? Huh? Should I?"

The doorbell rang and she jerked back with a gasp, turning to stare at the door.

"It's probably just a salesperson or something," she said.

It rang again, then again, and she put down the candle and pulled a robe on.

"I'll be right back."

Courtney blinked her eyes, chest rising and falling heavily. "Wa...wait," she gasped.

She looked up at her wrists bound high above her, and tried to lift them up, but she was already fully extended.

She heard Amanda's voice, but this time there was a male voice alongside it. Amanda's voice became more excited, louder, and...and closer. The guy's voice was amused, chuckling.

"Wait! Wait!"

The door opened and Amanda appeared, sort of. She was over Peter's shoulder. Peter stared at Courtney in shock, then delight, moving into the room with Amanda over his shoulder.

"Ho-ly shit!" he said, setting Amanda down on her feet.

Courtney blushed furiously, trying to turn away, to hide her lewdly displayed body.

"Been having a little lezzie fun, huh?" Peter chuckled, coming up in front of Courtney.

"Peter!" Amanda protested, pulling at his arm.

"What you say, Courtney? Want to do a little threesome?"

"No, she doesn't!" Amanda insisted.

"U-Untie me," Courtney gasped, unable to look at Peter, her face flaming with humiliation.

Peter threw Amanda back on the bed, then laughed.

"Oh ho!" he chuckled, seeing the strap-on dildo.

"Been getting a little rubber cock, have you?" he leered.

"Which one of you is the boy?"

"We both were," Amanda said in annoyance.

Courtney desperately wished she could die, just... die right then. Never in her life had she felt so mortified as the tall young man stared at her helplessly exposed nudity.

"Wouldn't you like a real cock inside you, baby?" Peter breathed, his face coming in close to Courtney's.

"She's a virgin," Amanda said. "Well, sort of."

"Well, I can take care of that," he snorted.

He looked at her proudly out thrust breasts and licked his lips admiringly, then saw the wax on one nipple.

"Been playing games, have we?" he chuckled, his fingers breaking the wax away and softly rubbing the hard nipple beneath.

Courtney went rigid, her mind spinning with such horrible embarrassment she thought she would faint.

"Peter! You can't fuck her unless she wants it," Amanda insisted, coming up next to him.

"Yeah. Sure," he grinned. "But she wouldn't be playing games with you if she could get a real cock. Or would you, baby? You a dyke, Courtney?"

"No!" Courtney gasped, her face still looking down as she fought back tears of humiliation.

She gasped as he gripped her hair and forced her head up, his eyes boring into hers.

"Don't worry, baby," he said. "I don't need to force the bitches to spread their legs for me. When you want my cock you just ask for it."

He turned to Amanda then and stripped off her robe, then crushed her against him as his lips came down on hers. He pushed her back onto the bed, then made use of the scarves still tied to the four corners to bind her wrists above her.

He got off the bed, leaving her legs free, and pulled his sweatshirt up and off. He turned to face Courtney, leering and taking in her full, lush body as he undid his pants and pushed them down, along with his underwear.

She gasped, averting her eyes from his athletic body, from the long, meaty cock springing out from his pubic hair.

"Ever seen one up close, baby?" he asked, sliding his fist up and down its length as he stood right in front of her.

"Want it up inside you? Just say the word and I'll ram it right up your pussy."

She couldn't speak, and could hardly breathe. She didn't know it was possible to feel so mortified. He pressed his cock against her inner thigh and rubbed the head up and down, and she cried out, wriggling and jerking her legs as he laughed and turned his back to her.

She raised her head, watching his firmly muscled back and smooth, white buttocks as he climbed into bed and knelt between Amanda's legs.

"I guess I'll have to fuck you then, slut," he said.

He groped her breasts roughly, then slid a finger up into her wet pussy.

"Ooohhh," Amanda groaned.

She turned her head, her eyes filled with excitement as she met Courtney's shocked gaze.

He gripped her legs and pushed them back, back, back, raising her ass. He crossed her ankles together over her head and held them there with one hand as he pressed his thick cockhead against her open slit.

He turned to watch Courtney, who jerked her eyes aside as he laughed.

"Come on, virgin. You don't want to miss this," he taunted, pushing his cock into the blonde's pussy.

Amanda's groan of pleasure drew Courtney's eyes back, and they widened as she saw Peter lean over the blonde, letting his weight come down on her ankles, lifting her ass up even more as he slid his thick meat remorselessly down into her pussy.

She squeezed down on her pussy muscles involuntarily as she watched Peter's thick prick slide through Amanda's tight, gripping pussy lips and disappear into the moaning, whimpering blonde.

## Chapter Five

Courtney stared helplessly, spellbound by the sight of Peter's cock sliding back and forth through Amanda's pussy opening. Amanda's soft little buttocks were taut as her legs were forced back against her chest, and her body was forced back onto her shoulders, her pussy tilted upwards to receive it.

She had a perfect view from the side, only a few feet away, and could see the blonde's sex lips being forced inwards, then pulled out again as Peter fucked her slowly... deeply.

Amanda groaned, her eyes turning from Peter, who was supporting himself over her on his extended arms, and Courtney, who's eyes were locked to the blonde's pussy even as her body was tied to the wall.

Courtney turned her head away when she saw Courtney watching her, but then was forced to turn it back a few seconds later as she heard the blonde grunting softly.

Peter had picked up the pace, and his ass was rising and falling steadily, his hips slapping against the blonde's upturned buttocks as he fucked his cock down into her tight slit opening.

He fucked harder, and then still harder, so that Amanda was bouncing lightly on the bed, the springs hurling her ass upwards to meet each new thrust.

The hard cock-meat was pounding down into her pussy opening as she grunted repeatedly, and Courtney felt her own pussy beginning to squeeze in sympathy, her muscles bearing down in time to the movement of Peter's pumping cock.

Amanda grunted louder as the thrusting became harder. Courtney thought she was surely being hurt, because Peter was riding her wildly now, his cock stabbing down into her hole with unrestrained force.

His hips were smashing into her small round ass with enough force to redden her buttocks as he used the springs of the mattress to increase the force of his savage thrusts.

He turned his head her way and leered at her. Courtney couldn't pull her eyes away, captivated by the sight of the blonde being so...so used, so...ravished.

Amanda was crushed in two, her head jerking helplessly, her eyes glazed as she grunted like an animal. Her bottom was tilted up in a lewd, exposed way as Peter pounded himself down into it, and her grunts were becoming more and more emotional and uncontrolled.

She was sobbing then, her head shaking as her hair half covered it. Suddenly she jerked back, the veins standing out in her throat as she gnashed her teeth and gurgled in pleasure. She cried out, then again, louder, a broken, choked off scream of mindless pleasure.

"Yeah! Yeah!" Peter snarled down at her. "Cum, you whore! Cum! Fucking slut! Cum! Cum you little bitch!"

He pounded his cock down into her like it was a weapon, riding her wildly through an orgasm that made the bound blonde sob and moan and shudder.

He slowed his pumping then and eased back, panting for breath, his cock still buried in her pussy. He eased up on her legs, letting them down, dropping them onto the bed on either side of him as he slipped his still rigid prick out of her honeyed depths.

He turned towards Courtney, then climbed off the bed. She gasped, pulling against the rope binding her, turning her head this way and that as he approached her.

"What'd you think, Courtney? Was that a good, solid fuck?" he asked.

She didn't answer and still wouldn't look at him.

He gripped her hair again, making her cry out in pain as he forced her head around.

"Look at her," he snapped. "Look at that fuckin' whore on the bed! You think she didn't love the rodding I just gave her? Huh?"

He jerked her head towards Amanda, who was laying on the bed, spread eaged, chest heaving, eyes closed.

"That bitch is all fucked out, Courtney. How about you?" he grinned.

He slid his right hand up under her left breast, stroking the underside softly.

"What you say, baby? You like to get a little of that action? Like to get some hot meat inside your twat?"

He squeezed her breast lightly, then bent and slowly brushed her lips with his.

She tried to turn away, but he had her hair in a tight lock and she couldn't move.

He kissed her lightly, then slid his tongue out and lapped at her lips.

"Come on, slut. You know you want it," he breathed. "You know your tight little cunt is aching for some prick."

He kissed her again, a little more demandingly, his tongue sliding along her closed lips, then across her cheek and long the nape of her neck.

He tongued her earlobe, then nibbled on it, his hand leaving her hair, sliding down to cup her other breast, squeezing both as his lips eased down her chest and onto one fat, swollen mammary.

"Please," Courtney gulped.

His tongue slid softly around her nipple, just off the areola.

"Please," she whimpered.

He kissed her nipple, then licked lightly across it.

She shuddered, her head going back against the wall.

He kissed it again, sucking lightly, then with more power, drawing it between his lips, then into his mouth, opening his lips to engulf more of her breast, his tongue stroking her nipple as he bit down on the center of her breast lightly and sucked.

She shuddered as his other hand moved achingly slowly down her belly, then slid between her legs to cup her pubic mound. She felt a tremendous wave of lust and heat and almost painful desire welling up inside her as he caressed her pussy lightly.

His hand squeezed down, lightly, then with more pressure.

"Oh God!" she sobbed, hardly able to breath as her entire body began to shake.

"You want it, slut?" he breathed, pulling his lips off her burning nipple and staring her in the eyes.

"Tell me you want my cock. Say it."

"Please," she said in a choked voice.

"Say it, whore!"

"I... please... please," she groaned, her back arching as his fingers found her clit and stroked ever so gently across it.

He slid down her body, licking at her breasts again, then down her belly. He slid his hands along her hips, then in to her inner thighs.

Courtney cried out as he jerked her legs apart, pulling them wide open for him. Her weight dropped almost entirely onto her wrists and shoulders, and the ropes bit into her soft skin.

He licked along the outside of her pubic mound, sliding his tongue along the edge of the slit.

He pulled her legs over his shoulders as he dug his fingers into her full, firm buttocks and began to suck at her pussy.

His mouth opened wide, then closed, vacuum locked to her opening. He sucked furiously as he whipped his tongue up and down, then blew, then sucked, then blew raspberries.

Courtney's legs jerked convulsively in mid-air as she sobbed and moaned and tried to fight the fiery lust coursing through her system.

"No!" she whimpered. "OohhH! Ooh, pleeeeeease!"

His tongue slid up into her hole, pumping up and down like a little cock. His lips rubbed against her clit as her lower body throbbed with boiling sexual pressure.

He pulled back, letting her legs drop, pushing himself slowly to his feet. He stared at her, watching the lush young teenager's naked body, stretched out so erotically, her chest heaving, sweat making her flesh glisten.

Her hair was tangled and mussed, some of it pasted against her forehead and cheeks. He deftly slid it away with his fingers, looking down into her glazed eyes. He stroked his hand along her throat.

"Do you want it, baby? You want my cock up inside you?"

He pinched her nipple and she twitched and jerked, her eyes closing as her head pulled back.

"Tell me you want my cock. Tell me you want it and I'll drive it up your fuckin' cunt so hard it comes out your mouth," he breathed, sliding his fingers over her lips.

She choked out a word.

"What? Say that again."

He slid a hand down between her legs, squeezing her pussy mound again.

"OhhhhH!" she gasped.

"What do you want, baby?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"I didn't hear you."

"Yes," she sobbed.

"You want my cock inside you you're gonna have to say it."

"I... please...p-please..." she gasped.

"What do you want bitch?"

"F-fu...fuck... me," she gasped.

"Louder."

"Fu...fuck me!" she panted desperately, her body straining, her breasts feeling like they were going to explode.

"You want my cock inside you, slut?"

"Yeeesss," she sobbed.

"Say it then."

"I-I want it... in... inside me," she gulped.

"Master. Say master."

She moaned and half sobbed as her body trembled and shook in wildfire sexual hunger, humping against his fingers.

"Say it, whore."

"Fuck me, m-ma... master!" she gasped.

"Again. Only say please."

"Please fuck me, master! Please fuck me master! PLeasefuckmemaster!" she half screamed.

"You heard the slut?" he said, turning his head.

Amanda had mostly recovered, and was watching them. She swallowed and nodded.

"Fuck her," she breathed.

Courtney shuddered as she felt Peter rub his prick along her slit.

"Spread your legs, you fucking whore," he spat.

She opened her legs, gasping in pain as her weight fell on her arms again.

"Wider, slut meat."

She clenched her teeth with effort as she slowly lifted her legs, sliding them upwards along the wall.

He rubbed his cock harder against her slit, leering at her as he pushed his pussy closer.

She felt her pussy lips slowly pulling apart, forced out by his prick as it pushed forward. She bit

off a cry, straining to keep her legs up.

Then his hands went around her, under her, cupping her buttocks, jerking her legs up and out as he threw his hips forward.

His cock sliced up between her sopping wet sex lips and drove deep into her hot, sucking, silky pussy. She cried out as she was impaled on it, as it thrust its way up deep into her belly. She cried out again as he jerked her bottom tightly, slamming his prick into her to the hilt.

Her mind was enveloped in a sexual vortex that spun rapidly out of control. She cried out again, then again, then screamed as the pleasure turned to purest ecstasy and ripped through her mind like a lightning bolt.

She came, her entire body exploding into shards of flickering, white-hot sexual pleasure. Her legs jerked violently as he threw his body against hers, crushing her back against the wall.

His chest squashed her breasts down as his mouth came down roughly on the nape of her neck. He bit into her flesh, growling as he jammed her onto his cock, as he ground himself into her with so much force she thought he was trying to force his entire body up her pussy opening.

She cried out again, her body convulsing, her pussy a furnace, a volcano, blasting sexual heat through her sweating, dazed body.

Peter was throwing his hips forward and then jerking them back, impaling her with furious, savage strokes, his cock tearing in and out of her body like a knife, stabbing up again and again as her head jerked spastically and drool fell over her open lip.

He cursed explosively, his cock driving into her as he jerked her like a rag doll. Then he arched his back, thrusting into her in a frenzy, bouncing her body up and down on his cock as his seed gushed forth.

It spewed out like a firehose, flooding into her sucking hot sex box, pouring up into her belly as he cried out in animalistic conquest.

He buried his face against her neck as he clung to her, gasping and moaning weakly. Then he let her go, let her legs drop down heavily as he staggered back and fell onto the bed across Amanda's prone body.

He groaned as he lay there.

Courtney hung from her wrists, unable to support herself on her legs, her head down as she twitched moaned weakly.

"What a cunt she's got," Peter gasped. "It sucks better than you do."

He sat up and ran a hand through his hair, shoving it back from his forehead. He laughed at the sight of Courtney, then turned to Amanda, running a hand across her breasts.

"You know how many guys would like to fuck this bitch?"

"But you did," she sighed, smiling softly.

"Yeah. Me. I fucked Courtney Ames. I fucked her good."

He stood up and gripped Courtney's hair, pulling her head up.

She groaned, eyes flickering.

"You liked that, huh, slut? Well that's good. There's plenty more where that came from, and with a body like yours it's a fuckin' shame if you don't get it."

He let his fingers sink into one of her fat round breasts, sink in and knead the sensitive flesh.

"Man, what a set of tits you have. I had dreams about these fuckin' melons."

He let her hair go and reached up above her, gripping her wrists and lifting her up off the hook. She sagged against him, and he cupped one buttock as he half dragged her to the bed and flung her on it.

"Look how hot, Amanda is. She's been laying there watching you get your cunt pumped. Don't you think you ought to do something to help her out?"

Courtney didn't know what he was talking about. He slipped a hand between her legs then and cupped her pussy, then jerked her lower body up, pulling up on her hair at the same time.

She yelped, forced onto all fours. He half lifted her, placing her between Amanda's legs, then pushed down on her head.

"Eat her, slut. Eat that pussy while I watch."

Courtney stared at Amanda's wet sex opening, blinking her eyes furiously to clear the sweat.

"Eat her, bitch."

He moved around behind where she knelt, then slapped at her bottom.

She gasped in pain.

"Eat, slut."

She bent, her fragmented mind not wholly functioning yet, and still caught in a sexual haze anyway. She kissed Amanda's pussy, then began to lick at it.

"Spread your legs, slut. And lift that ass up," Peter ordered.

She obeyed, feeling an incredible, almost intoxicating wave of freedom and sexual bliss. She licked harder at Amanda's slit as the blonde gasped and groaned and drew her legs up and back.

Though her hands were bound she was able to spread Amanda's sex lips apart and mash her lips down against the tight pussy hole. She sucked out hot girl juice mixed with cum, slurping and swallowing as her tongue whipped and twisted inside her.

Then she shifted her lips upwards, pausing only for a moment to gasp as Peter slowly shoved the dildo up her pussy from behind.

He buried it inside her as she caught Amanda's clit between her lips and sucked eagerly.

The dildo began to slide in and out, fucking her as she sucked, and she mewled in pleasure, not caring about anything else now, wanting only to experience that joyful release again.

The dildo was ripped free of her as Peter moved around and climbed onto the bed. He knelt next to her, reaching across her to shove the dildo up Amanda's pussy, pressing the palm of his hand against the base to force it deep.

He jerked Courtney's head around by the hair and pressed his prick against her lips.

She automatically sucked it in, licking at the semi-hard prick as he rubbed at Amanda's clit.

Amanda was humping up at him, moaning and grunting, her knees bouncing up and down as her pussy sucked on the dildo.

Courtney could feel his prick hardening in her mouth, and gagged as he began to fuck her face. She reached up with her bound hand to try and grip the base of his shaft and ease the depth of his strokes, but he jerked back on her hair again, this time hard enough that she was flung sideways and back onto her back.

He gripped her arm, dragging her over on top of Amanda, then flipped her over onto her belly like she weighed nothing. His hand shot between her legs and jerked her up onto her knees, even though she felt too weak to push herself up on her arms.

He moved in behind her and she felt his cock against her pussy. Then she let out a choked cry as his cock rammed up her pussy tunnel again.

He seized her hips tightly as he began a hard, wild fucking, his cock stabbing in from different angles with each thrust, rooting around in her belly, plunging deep, ripping free, then slamming back in again.

His hips smashed against her buttocks as he jerked her back against him, and she moaned dazedly, clutching Amanda, her breasts rubbing against Amanda's own as they tried to kiss.

But then Peter gripped her thick hair, tangled it around his fist, and yanked her head up and back.

She cried out in pain, forced up onto all fours, her head back almost against her back as he laughed and slapped her bottom.

"That's it, slut! Ram that ass back! Ride my cock, you whore! On all fours like a bitch in heat! Just like I always pictured you!"

He reached under her with one hand and sank his fingers into her full, dangling breast, squeezing and kneading it roughly as he pounded his cock into her.

"Bitch! Fucking whore! Take it, slut! Take my cock, you stinking slut!"

His prick was pumping violently through her moist, sensitive sex lips as Courtney sobbed and groaned in pleasure and pain. Her pussy was a boiling cauldron as he rammed into her with relentless fury.

He let go of her breast and hair, seizing her flanks again to jerk her back onto his prick, grinding his pelvis against her buttocks every dozen strokes as his prick oozed precum into her already well-oiled sex tunnel.

Her breasts wobbled and jiggled beneath her as he hammered his pelvis into her tight bottom, his cock pistoning inside her as she gurgled and moaned and yelped and then came again, screaming and sobbing in animalistic pleasure.

He rode her through the wild orgasmic storm as her head jerked up and back and her hair whipped against her own buttocks. When she dropped onto Amanda he laughed and slapped her bottom hard, then tore his prick out.

He rolled her off his girlfriend and rubbed her clit, pumping the dildo in her moist slit. Courtney groaned as he rolled Amanda onto her belly, her arms, still bound to the corners, crossing underneath her as he spread her legs.

"Ohhh! Oohhh!" Amanda gasped in realization.

He pressed his dripping prick head against her crinkled little anal opening and thrust hard.

Amanda cried out, her head jerking as she pulled at the scarves.

His cockhead sank into her and he chuckled as her asshole sucked and clamped down.

"Loosen up, whore."

He slapped her bottom, thrusting his prick in at the same time. Courtney raised her head and blinked her eyes, staring in amazement as she watched his cock sticking out of Amanda's little bung hole.

Again he slapped her bottom, hard, leaving a red palm print on it. His cock drove deep that time, and Amanda groaned and trembled. He slapped her bottom again, burying his prick inside her.

He laughed as he ground his pelvis against the slim blonde girl's buttocks, twisting his cock around inside her.

"There you are, slut. You got an ass full of cock meat now," he sneered.

He ground himself in one direction, then in the other, sliding his hands up her back and then down onto her buttocks. He squeezed them as he slowly drew his thick prick meat back up.

"Ahh, tight ass," he sighed, pushing it back in again.

Courtney was appalled, yet at the same time fascinated. She had always thought of anal sex... the very few times she'd thought about it at all... as utterly revolting. But now it looked almost erotic, almost natural.

She watched as Peter built up speed, his cock making longer and longer strokes into the quivering blonde. She looked down and saw the base of the dildo sticking out between Amanda's pussy lips, and swallowed in dazed disbelief, wondering how full the girl must feel with both her pussy and anus packed tight.

Peter thrust really hard, his hips spanking Amanda's buttocks as he reamed out her anus. He laughed as he saw Courtney watching.

"Don't worry, whore," he said. "Your turn will come. I'm not gonna get that ass of yours get away without being fucked good and hard."

Courtney blushed and turned her eyes away, but quickly looked back, watching his prick sliding in and out of the groaning, grunting blonde's anal opening.

He pulled his cock out altogether, and she watched Amanda's round hole remain open, the muscles battered into numbness. He rubbed his cockhead up and down between her buttocks, then slipped it back into the hole and drove it in to the balls.

He dropped forward on top of the girl then, humping wildly as he growled and chewed and sucked

on her throat. The bed bounced as he pounded his meat down into Amanda's hole, and the blonde could do nothing but gurgle and grunt and whine in pleasure.

Then he cursed and came, spewing his juices down into her bowels, pushing himself up, his arms straight, hands on her back as he power slammed his prick down into her with violent force.

He slowed, then stopped, panting for breath, his prick still buried in her tail.

"Now that was nice," he grunted. "You got a nice ass, slut. I bet a lot of guys would pay to use it, too."

He turned to look at Courtney.

"What do you think, whore? Think I could put this bitch on the street? Think I could make money from her? Huh? I bet lotsa guys would pay good money to stick their cocks up her ass."

Courtney shuddered with heat. She knew he was joking. He had always been so polite, so respectful. But now he was playing a part, just as Amanda had. But it seemed somehow more real, and she felt her pussy throbbing anew as she imagined him pimping out Amanda, and her, putting them on the street like prostitutes.

He leered at her, his eyes moving up and down her body. "And you too, baby. Maybe I'll put you in a plastic mini and a leather bra and have you peddling your ass on street corners too."

Courtney shuddered in excitement.

## Chapter Six

Peter drove her home in his car. Courtney was a little shy suddenly, now that the gripping aura of sexuality had lifted from her. She looked straight ahead as Peter got into the car, her mind confused, trying to sort through the embarrassment, shame, excitement and lust that were swirling through it.

"Maybe I'll bring a friend to fuck you next time," Peter said with a grin.

She swallowed nervously, looking down at her lap.

"Would you like that, whore? Huh? I got a great cock, but two whose like you and Amanda are more than I can see to properly."

He reached over and gripped her hair behind her head, jerking her face up and around.

"When I ask a question, you answer it," he said.

She still didn't speak, looking at him with wide eyes.

"Repeat after me," he said. "I am a whore, master."

"I-I am a whore, master," she gasped.

"I love cock."

"I love cock!"

"I'll do anything you want me to."

"I-I'll do...an-anything you wa-want me to," she gasped.

He let go of her hair and started the car, pulling out of the driveway and heading down the street.

"Fucking crime that you were a virgin," he said, shaking his head. "Fucking crime. A body like yours going unused all these years."

He turned to gaze at her again.

"Open your shirt," he said.

"Wh-what?" she squeaked.

"Open it. I wanna see your tits again."

"But... but someone might see," she gasped, looking around.

"So? You got a great pair. Anyone who sees will be grateful. Open it up."

She felt a tight fist clutching at her belly, and her heart started to hammer again. Her fingers trembled as they went to her shirt, and slowly unbuttoned it.

A hot, steamy hazy sexual heat started to form around her again, and her breathing grew more difficult as her chest tightened.

She opened her shirt.

"Take it off, and your bra."

She looked down, then around. They were heading onto busier streets now.

"Say yes, master, and do it, slut."

"Yes, master," she whispered.

But she didn't move for a minute, then she pulled her shirt out of her pants and shrugged it over her shoulders. She unclipped her bra, then slowly let the straps down, covering her breasts with her arms.

"Nice fuckin' jugs," he said, eyeing them.

He stopped at a light, then reached over to the glove compartment and opened it. Courtney was filled with apprehension, gazing all around, fearful a car would stop beside them before the light

changed.

Peter pulled a pair of handcuffs out and then grabbed her hair, jerking her face down against his lap. She cried out in surprise and pain, not understanding what was happening until he had the cuffs on one hand and her arms pulled behind her.

He cuffed them, then let her up, pushing her back against the seat.

"Nice," he said, kneading her breast. He pinched her nipple, twisting and tugging on it as she gasped and moaned, then shifted his grip to the other, plucking and pinching it until both were throbbing and erect.

"I don't want you hiding those nice round tits from everyone," he grinned.

"Peter! Someone will see! I-I'll get arrested!"

"Not likely. Anyway, I told you to call me master, not Peter. You better learn to do what you're told, slut, or I'll have to take my belt to that ass of yours."

He drove in the left lane and slowed down. Soon cars were starting to pass them on the right. Each time they did he honked his horn to draw their attention. As soon as they saw Courtney they slowed right down, losing the urgency to pass.

The first time, Courtney looked down at her lap, but Peter ordered her to look up and smile. She couldn't manage the smile, but she kept her head up, her face bright red with embarrassment as a middle aged guy stared at her with excitement.

"He'd love to get his hands on those cones of yours, baby," Peter laughed.

Courtney felt terribly humiliated, yet her nipples were buzzing with excitement, as hard as they'd ever been in her life. Even the air sliding past them made them tingle and burn.

Several men passed them, all getting a nice look at her breasts as they moved slowly by. A woman passed then, and she glared at Courtney and mouthed a curse before pulling away quickly.

"Probably jealous," Peter grinned.

He pulled up in front of her house, and reached over, stroking his hands over her firm breasts, tweaking her nipples as she looked frantically at her house, worried one or another of her parents would see her.

"Okay, slut, lean forward."

She quickly obeyed, and he removed the handcuffs then handed her her shirt.

"But..."

"You don't need this," he said, holding up her bra. "You won't be wearing them any more."

"What?"

"I don't want you wearing bras any more without my permission."

"But tha..."

"Listen, slut. You wear a bra to school again and I'll take a belt to your ass. Believe me. I want those jugs of yours jiggling around where we can all look at em."

"B-but my parents..."

"So don't let them see."

He reached past her and opened the door, though she wasn't finished with her shirt yet.

"Out."

She grabbed her purse and stumbled out, and he jerked the door closed and took off. She clutched the purse against her chest as she tucked her blouse in, then hurried up to the house, her mind more confused than ever.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning she spent half an hour trying to decide whether to obey Peter's order or not. It would be quite noticeable to people if she didn't wear a bra. She had noted that Amanda hadn't worn one the past week or so, but since she was much smaller it hadn't seemed like it had mattered.

Finally she put on a halter that went with her jockey string bikini panties. It supported her breasts a little, anyway. She put on a tank top, then a sweater over her jeans, and headed for school, reasonably

sure that her boobs wouldn't cause any extra notice.

Things went fine until lunch, which she always shared with Amanda. For the first time she gazed at the blonde's chest as they met.

"Did Peter tell you not to wear a bra?" she asked.

Amanda blushed slightly and nodded. "Last week," she said.

"He told me not to either."

"Are you?"

"Not...well, kind of. I have a halter."

"I don't think he'll like that."

"Well... well hell, I don't have to do what he says," Courtney said uncertainly. "You're his girlfriend, not me."

"I'm his slave slut," Amanda said, blushing with heat.

"Don't be silly. That's just a...uh, a game to play in bed."

"And everywhere else... if you like it."

Courtney shrugged.

"I know you do, Courtney," Amanda said.

They walked outside and went through the parking lot, then sat down on a low stone wall beside the fence. They ate sandwiches, not talking much, both uncertain of their new relationship.

"Did you uhm, mind that Peter... fucked me?" Courtney asked, a little embarrassed.

"No. I knew he wanted to."

"What?"

Amanda looked away.

"What do you mean? You don't mean... you aren't saying you knew he was coming over," she demanded.

"He told me to... to... have sex with you," Amanda said.

"What?"

Amanda turned to face her, sighing. "He asked me if I'd ever thought about having sex with a girl, and I said, well, kind of. Then he asked me if I'd ever thought about having sex with you. I...well..I kind of had, kind of.. like... little fantasies, so he told me to do it, to see if you'd have sex with me."

"And you did?!"

"I kind of... you don't understand what it's like," she sighed. "I'm such a coward. I'd never do anything hard or dangerous on my own. I wanted to have sex with you but I never ever would have risked trying it in case you were like, disgusted and we weren't friends any more."

"See, it's such a freeing experience. I let him make the decisions, and then I don't have to worry about them. I just do what he tells me to and everything is great."

"But... would you have sex with anyone he told you to?"

"No. Well... not... anyone. I mean, I wanted to with you."

"I don't get it," Courtney said.

"Don't tell me you didn't get off on it, Courtney," Amanda snorted.

"Well... yeah, I mean... I liked having sex with you -."

"I don't mean that. I mean on being helpless, on having him talk to you that way, and having him... having him make you do stuff."

"Well... yeah but... but not outside of sex. I mean..."

"Life is sex and sex is life. If he tells me to, like, go rob a bank I suppose I wouldn't do it, but.. the only orders he gives me are about sex stuff."

"And not wearing a bra?"

"Or panties," she blushed.

Courtney looked down at her short skirt, then back up to her blushing face.

"It's sex stuff," she said. "I mean, it makes me feel really sexy and... and like... like I'm exposed, or

like -."

"You could be if a breeze lifts your skirt up."

"I know but... that's, like, the danger. It keeps me hot all day."

"When winter comes you won't be hot," Courtney said.

"But it's... oh God, here he comes," Amanda gasped.

The two girls turned to see Peter walking towards them, accompanied by four other guys. Courtney only knew one, a big football player named Sean. She felt her face flush, worried that Peter might have told them about the previous night.

What would she do then? What would happen if she got a reputation around school as a kinky lesbian slut?

"Hey girls," Peter said.

"Hi... Peter," Amanda said, breathing deeply.

Courtney nodded warily.

Peter sat down next to her while Sean sat beside Courtney. The other two guys just stood in front of them.

Peter put his arm over Amanda's shoulder.

"The guys and me were having this little talk, baby," he said.

"Oh?"

"About what it feels like when a girl deep throats you."

Amanda blushed. Courtney did too, though a little less so.

Amanda shrugged.

"You know how few guys ever get to have a girl swallow their cocks? It's like, girls never learn how to deep throat any more. It's a crime. Anyway. I was telling the guys how good you are at deep throating, but they don't believe me."

Courtney stared at Amanda's red face.

"Well?"

"What?" Amanda gulped.

"Tell them how you deep throat. I bet Courtney'd like to know too. Wouldn't you, Courtney?"

"No," Courtney said, glaring.

He glared at her and she dropped her eyes quickly.

"I just... swallow," Amanda said, her voice very soft and a little shaky.

"What? Say that again.

"I... swallow," she gulped.

"How come you don't gag?"

Amanda shrugged

"It's because you're so fuckin' hot that you don't care, right?"

Amanda nodded shakily.

"She's the hottest little sex pot you'd ever want to see, you guys," Peter said.

"She looks hot," one of the guys said.

"Look at how her nipples are sticking through her shirt," Peter said, pointing down at the hard, obvious points of his girlfriend's nipples.

"How about you deep throat these guys so they know what it feels like?"

Amanda looked down at her shoes, hardly breathing.

"Let's go inside, Amanda," Courtney said.

"Fuck you," Peter said. "Amanda doesn't want to go inside. I can smell her pussy steaming from here. She wants to suck cock."

Courtney stood up and pulled at Amanda's arm but the blonde stayed seated.

"Show the guys your tits, Amanda," Peter said.

Amanda still looked down at the ground.

Peter jerked her shirt out of her skirt and lifted it up, baring her breasts. She made no effort to hinder him.

Courtney could see her nipples as hard as pebbles, her breasts flushed with heat. She turned and stalked off, not wanting to be associated like this with the blonde, afraid of her reputation.

"Hey, don't be jealous, Courtney," Peter called. "I was gonna have you show us yours next."

Courtney didn't turn her head, her face blushing as she heard the laughter.

She went into the school and paced back and forth in the entrance hall for a minute or two, wondering what to do. She went back out and gazed towards the fence, but there was no sign of any of them.

She looked around, then saw the guys standing behind a bush. The bush was about waist high, and all of them were looking down at something intently. One of them had a flushed face, and his hands were down near his groin.

Courtney knew her friend was there, on her knees, sucking the guy off. She turned and went back inside, a little dazed.

She tried to figure out the odd, conflicting feelings she was having. On the one hand the very idea of doing what Amanda was doing was mortifying. Surely everyone in school would soon be calling her a complete whore.

On the other hand the thought of doing it was deeply arousing, making her pussy buzz and quiver. It was like being a complete slut, a complete sexual animal. She wanted to be that, but didn't want the reputation for it.

She wanted to be utterly free to do all kinds of lewd sexual acts without people sneering at her and calling her names.

She still hadn't figured out how to resolve this when she met Amanda for last class... System Analyses. The blonde was kind of subdued, and didn't look up when Courtney sat beside her.

Courtney looked at her expectantly, and finally the blonde turned her head to her, looking anxious.

"Do you think I'm a total whore?" she gulped.

"I-I don't know," Courtney said.

"I'd hate it if you weren't my friend any more, Courtney."

"I am your friend. I just... what did... did you do what Peter..."

Amanda nodded slowly, her face flushing.

"You... deep throated them?"

Again she nodded.

"I don't know how you could do that. I mean... I don't know how you can take a cock into your throat in the first place, but I don't know how you could do it in front of people you don't even know."

"When I'm hot enough there's nothing I won't do," Amanda sighed.

"Did you... you know."

"What?"

"Fuck them?"

Amanda shook her head.

"Would you have?"

She hesitated, then nodded.

"Jesus, Amanda!"

"I can't help it. I get all hot and then nothing else matters."

"But... I mean, you're going to get a reputation."

"I know," she sighed.

"You don't mind people calling you a slut?"

"I mind," she said quietly, "But if that's what Peter wants... it's a small price to pay."

Courtney shook her head slowly.

"You coming to my house tonight?" Amanda asked.

Courtney hesitated, her desire to have sex with Amanda again warring with her worry about Peter.

"Will uh, he be there?"

Amanda shook her head.

"Well...okay. Did he tell anyone about... uh, me?"

"I don't think so."

"Thank God."

They walked home together, with Courtney peppering the blonde girl about how she felt when she humiliated herself for Peter, about how she could take a cock into her mouth without throwing out, about anal sex, and about slavery and bondage and obedience.

She found it hard to understand, and yet, at the same time, the memory of her obedience last night, of her stripping off her top to flash passing motorists kept coming into her mind. She remembered how terribly arousing it was to display herself like that, to be Peter's little toy.

It had been humiliating, even with strangers passing by, but it must have been far worse for Amanda that day with people she knew standing right in front of her.

On the other hand, she had been so hot the other night that Amanda might have been even hotter doing it at school. She shook her head in confusion, still unable to sort through her feelings.

They watched TV, then started making out, necking and stroking each other on the sofa. Soon they were out of their clothes, kissing and tonguing each other, their breasts rubbing together as their hands moved over each other's bodies.

Amanda broke away with a gasp and sat up, then reached into her purse and pulled out a pair of handcuffs. She stood up, facing Courtney, then cuffed her wrists behind her back and sank to her knees on the floor.

Courtney stared at her, breathing heavy from their petting and necking. She sat up, spreading her legs, and Amanda bent over, sliding her tongue up along her inner thigh, then against her pussy.

Courtney groaned, slumping back and drawing her knees back, her hands sliding through Amanda's blonde hair as the girl licked and sucked at her pussy entrance.

Her chin was on her chest, and she was squeezing one of her breasts as the heat flowed through her body. She felt the energy building up inside her skull as Amanda's talented tongue slid through her sensitive pussy flesh and licked at her clit.

Then the doorbell rang. At first neither paid it any attention. Then Courtney gasped and looked up. Amanda straightened too, blinking her eyes.

"You said Peter wouldn't be coming over," Courtney gulped.

"He said he might," Amanda said.

"Why didn't you tell me?!"

"I wanted you to come. I know you like fucking him anyway."

Courtney jumped up and rushed to put her clothes on. Amanda got up and walked to the door, then looked through the peep hole. She turned her back to the door and opened it with her cuffed hands.

Peter walked in, grinned at her, then over at Courtney, who had pulled on her thong, and was just pulling her tank top over her breasts.

"Hey there, Courtney," he grinned. "Going somewhere?"

"I'm going home," Courtney mumbled, grabbing her pants.

He walked over to her and yanked the pants away.

"Stop it!" she gasped, glaring up at him as he pushed his chest against her.

She backed up as he came forward.

"You know you want it, baby."

"I... don't," she gasped.

"You a lezzie? Huh? You just like handcuffing my girlfriend and having her eat you?"

"I... she did that," Courtney gasped, embarrassed and angry.

"But you loved it," he said.

She backed up into the wall and he grinned down at her.

"Remember how you came when I rammed my cock up into your pussy last night?"

She looked away, and he gripped her chin, tilting it up towards him. "Don't be afraid of having fun," he said. "Pleasure is more important than anything else."

"L-Leave me alone," she gulped.

He backed up a half step, then his hand reached out and tried to cup her breast. She folded her arms over her breasts, and he laughed, his hand darting down, fingers slipping through the waistband of her thong.

"Peter!" she gasped, grabbing at his hand.

It was too late, and she felt his fingers reaching her moist pussy slit as she grabbed his wrist in both hands.

"Pretty wet, aren't you, baby?" he breathed.

She gasped as he slid a finger into her. She tried to pull his wrist back but he was far stronger than her. A second finger slid up into her tight slit, driving up to the knuckles. His thumb pressed against her clit as he leaned against her, forcing her back against the wall.

She whimpered and moaned as his fingers rolled her hot little clit between them. Her body had been close to orgasm when he arrived, and now the heat was rising up again, her chest tight, aching, her belly fluttering. She felt ashamed and angry, but the heat was overcoming all other feelings, all other emotions, taking control of her mind and body and soul.

"Uhhhhggggnn!" she gasped as a sudden blast of sexual electricity ripped into her groin.

"Yeah. Like that, don't you, baby," he grinned, squeezing and rolling her clit as his fingers pumped inside her.

"Think I can make you come in your panties, bitch?" he whispered into her ear.

The brutal words sliced into her mind like a knife, and she felt a wave of sexual heat roll over her. Her fingers loosened on his wrist as she drew her head back against the wall.

"That's it, slut. Fucking whore," he hissed in a brutal tone, his lips next to her ear. "You fucking whore!" he whispered. "You were made to be fucked! Fucked! You're a piece of fuck meat!"

She whimpered and moaned, her hands falling away, her head pulling back, back arching. She was gulping and gasping for breath, mouth wide, eyes glazed as the heat squeezed down around her mind, her body, her heart.

His fingers suddenly jerked free of her pussy, and pulled out of her thong. She sagged against the wall and he grabbed her by the throat, slamming her head back against the wall.

He gripped her thong and yanked hard, ripping it apart and throwing it behind him. He almost pulled her feet out from under her, but his tight grip on her throat kept her against the wall.

His hand shot between her legs again, cupping her pussy and squeezing hard. She gurgled and moaned, hardly able to breath. Her hands gripped his wrist up near her throat as he forced three fingers up into her dripping snatch and started pumping.

"Fucking whore," he whispered. "Cheap little fuck meat."

His thumb came down against her clit, rubbing and grinding furiously as she sobbed and moaned and dropped her hands to her sides.

The orgasm swept over her as his fingers tightened around her throat. She couldn't breath, but didn't care. her mind exploded, her body burning up in an inferno of sexual ecstasy. She trembled and shook, her bottom slapping loudly and repeatedly against the wall as her eyes rolled up and back and her body shook violently.

She arched her back, thrusting her chest out, her nipples like double sized eraser heads. She rolled her head from side to side, pulling it back, knocking it against the wall as her mind spun out of control.

## Chapter Seven

The orgasm slowly faded, and she fell into Peter's arms. He laughed, then hefted her limp body up over his shoulder, slapping her buttocks as he turned and headed down the hall.

He passed by Amanda's door, and carried the moaning brunette into her parents' room. Amanda trailed anxiously behind, hands still cuffed tightly behind her.

He dropped her onto the bed, then rolled her onto her belly and reached into his pocket, pulling out a long thin cord. He held her wrists crossed together behind her back as he bound them tightly.

He knelt there beside her, his hand trailing slowly up and down her body, sliding along the cleft between her buttocks, then down between her thighs to cup her moist pussy. He squeezed, and she groaned. Then he slid his hand back up over her round buttocks and traced her spine to the back of her neck.

He gripped her hair and tugged on it lightly, pulling her head from side to side, making her moan in protest.

He laughed and slapped her bottom, drawing a yelp.

Then he rolled her over and yanked her off the bed and onto the floor. She groaned, her mind still hazy from the power of the massive orgasm that had ripped through her.

"Well, slut. What do you have to say for yourself?" he asked.

Courtney groaned weakly, not answering.

He looked to Amanda, then gripped her hair and jerked her forward and down onto her knees beside Courtney. He gripped Courtney under her arms, pulling her up onto her knees, shoulder to shoulder with Amanda.

Then he stood back, licking his lips appreciatively as he examined the two naked teenage girls before him.

"Well, Amanda, did you like sucking all those cocks today?"

She blushed and lowered her head.

"Answer, slut!" he snapped.

"Yes," she whispered.

He reached forward and gripped her hair, jerking her head back.

"Yes, Master!" she gasped.

"Remember that, slut," he said, letting go of her hair.

He walked slowly around them.

"Now I'm going to teach this whore here..." He gripped Courtney's hair and lifted her head up and back, making her gasp in pain. "the proper behaviour for a slave slut like her."

"And you are going to help me, bitch," he said, letting go of her hair and flicking his finger across Amanda's mouth.

"Yes, master," she said.

Courtney pulled experimentally at the cord binding her wrists, then looked up at Peter. Her pussy had had a great cum, but was still steaming, and she found her mind getting into the kinky slut game, especially now, bound tightly, on her knees like... like... like a slave girl.

"Now, the proper position for a slave to be in is on her knees, sitting on her heels, back straight, and knees well apart. Assume the position, sluts."

"Yes, master," Amanda said breathily, straightening her back and spreading her knees wider. Courtney straightened herself too, and shifted her knees apart.

"Straighten up, slut," he ordered her.

"I am," she protested.

He growled low in his throat, then turned and walked out of the room and into Amanda's. He came back within seconds, holding a thin, three foot long switch.

Amanda quickly stiffened, her back going completely straight, and her head straightening as well. Courtney swallowed and tried to follow suit.

"I want those tits sticking out, slut," he ordered, coming behind them. "Back straight, head up, tits out. Repeat that."

"Uh...back st-straight, head up and uh, tits out," Courtney gulped.

He moved around in front of her and pushed his foot against her left knee.

"And knees apart. Let everyone see your cunt. That's what you were built around. You're a cunt with feet."

Courtney's thighs strained as she shifted her knees wider.

"Now you two sluts are to drop to your shoulders, stick those butts in the air, and spread your legs wide so anyone can shove their cocks into you."

Courtney felt a shiver of excitement at the words, and watched Amanda bend over, then drop forward onto her shoulder. She followed suit as Peter moved behind them, then shifted her knees apart.

"Wider, you whores. There might be a really fat guy wanting to fuck you up the ass. Spread those legs. And keep those asses high."

Courtney could hardly believe she was doing this, and her guts started to churn at the lewdness of their actions. She gasped as she felt the cane slide along her upturned bottom, then crack down lightly.

"Now repeat after me," he said. "Please fuck my cunt, master."

"Please fuck my cunt, master" the two girls said.

"Together, slut meat!"

"Please fuck my cunt, master!"

"Please fuck my ass, master."

"Please fuck my ass, master," Amanda cried.

"P...please fuck my a....ass, master," Courtney gulped.

Crack! The switch slashed down across her bottom.

"Owww!"

"Together, slut."

"Please fuck my ass, master!" they repeated.

"Again."

"Please fuck my ass, master!"

"Again.... again.... again.... again... again... again."

"All right, slut meat, enough," he said, after the twentieth time. "Now on your backs, knees raised, and apart. Go."

The two teenagers toppled onto their sides and lifted their knees, keeping their feet flat on the floor, then spread their legs wide, displaying their pussies.

"Beg to be fucked," he said.

"Please fuck my cunt, master," they begged.

"All right, bitches, on your bellies," he ordered.

They grunted and rolled over, laying flat, their arms behind them.

He walked back several paces and turned.

"All right, sluts. Crawl to me," he ordered. "Crawl to me on your bellies, like the low slug-like creatures you are."

Amanda started wriggling forward, while Courtney hesitated. She felt a churning in her belly,

though, and since Amanda was doing it she decided to follow. Both of them gasped and panted and groaned as they wriggled and writhed across the floor, for their naked breasts were under them and being ground over the rug as they moved.

"Faster, bitches," he ordered, walking forward and around them.

He swung the switch down across Amanda's buttocks, making her cry out in pain. He walked behind them then onto the other side, cracking it down onto Courtney's bottom

"Owww!" she cried.

"Faster, sluts!"

He moved back to where he'd been standing and let them crawl and wiggle to him. As he watched he stripped off his shirt, baring his powerful chest. When they reached him he looked down with a smug, contemptuous leer.

"All right, slaves," he said. "See these boots. They're dirty. Clean em' off."

Courtney panted and blinked in uncertainty, then watched as Amanda leaned forward, stretched out her neck, and began to lick at his boot. She was shocked at first, outraged, yet the scene was so erotic, and she felt so... sensuous, that she looked at his other boot, and imitated her.

"That's it, you cheap little whores!" he sneered down at them. "Lick my boots, you sluts. Clean them off real good."

He let the girls lick over the top and sides of his boots, then stepped back and jerked them off. He quickly stripped off his socks, then his pants and underwear.

"On your knees, bitches. There's a cock here that needs to be sucked."

They both grunted in effort as they struggled to their knees. Peter leaned forward then, gripping a thick handful of hair and pulling their faces in against his pussy.

"Suck it, sluts."

Amanda got her lips around it first, and Courtney wasn't sure what to do, other than watch.

"Lick it, bitch," he snarled, grinding her face in against his groin. "Suck and lick my balls!"

Courtney gasped at the pulled hair, quickly licking at his cockshaft, then at his balls, while Amanda bobbed her lips up and down the front part of his cock.

He began fucking her mouth, going slowly, then he jerked her head back by the hair and pulled Courtney's mouth over his cock. Amanda began sucking and licking at his balls then as he fucked Courtney's face.

"Enough, you bitches," he said, pulling them off. "You. Blonde bitch. Get on the bed, on the edge, and pull your knees back."

He pulled Courtney to her feet as Amanda rose on her own and moved to the bed. Amanda lay on bed with her bottom on the edge, pulling her legs up and back.

"Spread them wider, whore," he ordered.

He pushed Courtney down on her knees in front of the bed and pushed her head forward.

"Suck her tits, bitch," he sneered.

Courtney fell atop the blonde, licking at her sensitive nipples, then sucking on them as Peter leaned over her from behind.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you, dykes. Fucking lesbian whores."

He slapped her bottom, and she yelped, then groaned as his hand slid between her thighs and stroked up and down along her pussy and between her buttocks.

"Bite them," he ordered. "Bite that nipple. Bite it."

She bit down softly, and he slapped her bottom. She gasped and bit down harder, making Amanda squirm and moan.

He dragged her downwards by the hair until her face was against Amanda's pussy, then pushed her into it, grinding her nose up and down the soft pussy slit, rubbing her lips over it, soaking the middle of her face in the blonde's cunt juices.

"Eat her out, you little queer," he sneered. "Fucking lesbian bitch! Suck her cunt!"

She lapped and licked at the tight slit, searching for her clit as Peter continued rubbing her face down.

"Suck it! Suck, bitch!"

She sucked on the hard little bud, kissing and licking, then, remembering how he had eaten her out the other day, blowing against it.

Amanda groaned and rolled her hips from side to side, arching her back as she humped up into Courtney's face.

"Lick me," she gasped. "Lick me, Courtney!"

"Don't call her that. Call her slut!"

"Lick me, slut," Amanda gasped. "Lick me. Oh! Oh! Oh!"

He jerked Courtney back by the hair, not wanting Amanda to come.

"All right, blonde whore. Off the bed."

Amanda moaned and whimpered, but obeyed, sliding off the bed to kneel in front of Courtney. Peter knelt behind the brunette, his arms going around her, hands sliding up under her soft breasts, cupping them and thrusting them out.

"This is a fine set of milkers, isn't it, slut?"

"Yes, master," Amanda said.

"Tell her."

"You have a fine set of milkers, slut," Amanda gulped.

"Suck on them."

Amanda leaned in and licked and sucked at Courtney's big round nipple, lapping and sucking and chewing lightly.

"That's it, bitch. Dirty little queer. Suck on the slut's nipple. Chew on it. Bite it hard!"

"Oww!" Courtney gasped, trying to pull away as Amanda's teeth bit and chewed on her nipple.

Peter kept her in place, though, making Amanda rain bites all across the surface of each fat, round orb.

He dragged Courtney back onto the bed then, ordering her to spread her legs as he motioned Amanda forward. The blonde shuffled forward on her knees and bent over, licking up and down Courtney's slit as Peter picked up his cane again.

"Raise that ass, slut," he ordered.

Amanda lifted her bottom higher and he whipped the switch down against it hard, making her cry out in pain.

"Lick pussy, dyke!"

Again he swung the switch down, then again, cracking it across the soft, warm flesh as Amanda moaned and sobbed and licked frantically at Courtney's slit.

"Dirty little fuck machine," he sneered. "Lick that cunt, you bitch whore."

Courtney started grinding her hips, gasping and moaning in pleasure as the blonde licked feverishly on her clit. But before she could come he pulled Amanda off and pushed Amanda onto the bed beside her. He rolled Courtney over on top of her, and ordered them both to spread their legs wide.

He shifted Courtney over a little, so their pussies were pressing together, two slits with a bare inch separating them. He slid two fingers into Amanda's sex hole and jammed his thumb into Courtney, pressing them together, grinding their clits together.

Both girls moaned and gasped and whined as he rubbed them from side to side.

He slapped Courtney's bottom, making her yelp. Then slapped it again, then again.

"Dirty whores," he sneered. "Dirty little fucking queers. Slutty little lezzies!"

He lowered himself and pressed his cock against Amanda's slit, keeping his fingers inside. The blonde groaned as he slowly worked his prick into her, driving it in to the balls while he continued to grind her clit against Courtney's.

He started pumping slowly, slapping at Courtney's bottom every now and then, calling them

obscene names.

He pulled his prick out of Amanda and shoved it up Courtney's pussy, grinding it along his thumb as he fucked into her.

He fucked slowly, wanting things to last, revelling in his control of the two beautiful young girls.

Then Amanda came, crying out in pleasure, humping wildly up at Courtney as her cunt boiled and exploded. He yanked his prick out of Courtney and thrust it up Amanda's pussy, fucking furiously as her pussy spasmed around his pistoning tool.

Then Courtney started to come, bouncing up and down atop the blonde. He ripped his prick out of Amanda's sex and rammed it down Courtney's hot, sucking sex box, pumping up and down in her silk-lined tube as the pleasure blasted through the brunette's mind.

He pulled his prick out just before he would have blow. He slipped a hand under Courtney's mons and an arm around her middle and lifted her off the blonde, carrying her over to the desk. He dropped her bottom on the edge, then shoved the books and clothes off and laid her down, pulling her head over the edge so it fell down upside down.

"All right, whore. Now here's where you learn how to deep throat," he told her. "The trick to deep throating is simple. You have to relax. That's it. That's all there is. Relax. You aren't going to suffocate. I'll pull my cock out before you run out of air.

"Just swallow when it goes in. Tell yourself you're swallowing a piece of meat...which you are," he snickered. "Swallow, and control your muscles. In fact, if you relax enough, you can even breath with my cock up your throat...at least so I've read."

He pushed his cock into the blinking girl's mouth. Courtney had hardly understood what he'd said, since she was still recovering from her cum, but as soon as the cock went in it instantly clicked and she gasped in fear and anxiety.

"Don't!" she cried. Though it came out as "Khonght!"

"Whore's have to learn how to deep throat, bitch," he said. "And you're a whore. So just relax, take a deep breath, and hold it. If the blonde slut can do it then so can you."

"Now suck it first to get it nice and slick. Suck and lick it."

He let her suck as his hands moved over her breasts, squeezing and kneading the fat, malleable flesh, digging his fingers into it and mashing them together.

His hands slid down onto her shoulders, then onto her head, squeezing it from either side.

"Take a deep breath, slut," he said. "I'll push it in at the count of three. Swallow it."

He counted to three, then pushed forward, not slowly or quickly, punching his cock into her gullet. She jerked and twisted, instinctively trying to twist away. Her legs jerked and bounced on the desk, her feet drumming against the wood as she thrashed in fear.

"Keep still, bitch," he snapped. "Just swallow the cock and relax!"

Her throat spasmed and chewed on his cock as he slowly pushed it down into her. He didn't keep it in long, then slid it back out slowly. The cockhead popped free of her throat and she coughed and gagged and choked as she tried to pull in air.

"There. See. You didn't die. Now catch your breath and stop panicking." He turned to the bed. "You. Blonde slut. Get your skinny ass over here and lay down across this whore's legs."

Amanda sat up awkwardly, then padded across the room to the side of the desk. She dropped forward with a low grunt, laying across Courtney's upper legs.

"All right, slut meat," Peter said. "Get ready to swallow cock."

"Noo," she gasped.

Too late. His cock pushed in, forcing its way into her throat. She swallowed frantically, swallowed, and swallowed again as more and more cock slid into her and down her throat.

He buried it inside her that time, letting his balls press against her face, grinding himself against her, squashing her nose against his pubic bone.

He squeezed her head back with his thighs and ran his hands over her throat, stroking it softly, then

moving up to her breasts. Her back was arching as she jerked and writhed, and he cupped both meaty orbs and squeezed, groaning in pleasure.

He began to fuck then, slowly, sliding his thick cock up and down inside her throat. He wanted to come so badly he was tempted to give it to her hard and fast, but instead pulled back, gasping with the effort to suppress his climax.

He let her gasp and cough and gulp in air as he thought about hairy naked fat men...which always seemed to work to turn him down a notch or two.

He felt the heat easing, and rubbed his cockhead over the brunette's face, grinning down at her.

"You're starting to get the hang of it now, slut," he said. "You'll be a pro in no time. You're doing better than the blonde slut did when she started."

He pushed his prick meat into her mouth again and gave her only a second to draw in air before he forced his meat down her throat again.

He buried it inside her and slid his hands over her breasts again, fingers working into the soft meat, mashing and squeezing and kneading them as he fucked her slowly.

He kept his prick in longer this time, and fucked with longer strokes, watching his glistening prick sliding in and out of her mouth. He pulled out and rubbed his cockhead over her face again, then turned and hurried to his pants.

He pulled out a handcuff key, came back, and uncuffed Amanda, then ordered her to eat out the brunette as she lay there. Amanda pulled Courtney's legs apart and began eating as he moved around to her head and thrust his cock down her throat again.

He fucked slowly, watching as Amanda slurped at her pussy, his hands and hers stroking across the brunette's taut breasts.

He pulled back again, just before blowing. For a minute he didn't think he'd be able to stop himself from blowing. But he held off, and was able to fuck her face for another minute or so, getting some good speed up before his climax started to pull over him.

He spewed what felt like gallons of juice down her throat, grunting and cursing as he pistoned his cock meat inside her slender neck.

Then he staggered back, sitting down on the nearby chair, breathing deeply as he watched Amanda slurping away at her pussy.

Before too long Courtney was grunting and moaning herself, bucking up helplessly against Amanda's mouth, her tits jiggling as her bottom bounced and slapped at the desk.

When she stopped moving he went over and pulled Amanda off her, then sent her into her room to get the strap-on dildo.

He dragged Courtney off the end of the desk, then sat down and laid the groaning girl across his lap, stroking her buttocks.

"Now then, slut," he said. "Seems to me you were kind of disobedient today. You took off when I wanted you to stay. That wasn't very nice. I wanted you to show them your tits next. You got way better tits than the blonde whore."

His hand cracked down across her buttocks, and she gasped and jerked, her hips jerking and wriggling.

"Now, what you have to remember here is that you are the slave, and I am the master. Whenever I tell you to do something, you do it. Got that?"

He cracked his hand against her buttocks again, harder.

She cried out, squirming.

"Hold still, slut."

His hand cracked down again, then slipped between her legs and stroked her pussy.

Amanda came back with the strap-on dildo, then took the strap off and gave it to Peter, who thrust it into Courtney's pussy.

"Sit there and fuck her with this," he ordered the blonde.

Amanda started stroking the dildo in and out of her friend's pussy slit as Peter moved his hands over her body.

"Because you were disobedient today, you get a spanking," he said, his hand cracking down on her ass again.

Amanda pumped slowly as he began to spank Courtney. Courtney yelped at each blow, her cries growing louder as the blows grew in strength.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"Filthy, disobedient little slut," he said. "Dirty, nasty little fucking whore! Tramp! Bitch! Lezzie! Queer! Perverted little fuck machine!"

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"Go get the oil, slut," he ordered the blonde.

She got up and hurried to her room while he took control of the dildo, fucking harder and faster, making her grunt with each deep thrust.

Amanda came back with a jar of lubricating oil and knelt at Courtney's ass again, then looked up expectantly.

"Use it on your hand," Peter ordered.

She blinked, then obeyed, opening it and spreading it over her fingers.

"The whole hand."

She wondered why, but obeyed, spreading the slick oil all the way over her hand.

He pulled the dildo out and had her smear a thick it with oil, putting a thick dollop on the head. Then he buried it in Courtney's pussy tunnel, twisting and pumping it. He pulled it out and looked to the blonde.

"Stick your fingers up this bitch's cunt. Three of them."

Amanda obeyed, pumping her oily fingers up and down in Courtney's tight, silky cunt tunnel.

"Now put your fourth finger in, bunch them together and shove them in."

Courtney groaned as Amanda pushed her fingers in deeper and deeper. As she got the first two joints in they started widening out, of course, and Courtney's pussy lips strained harder and further.

Amanda had to pump in and out, twisting her hand from side to side and jamming it in repeatedly to work the squirming, red-bottomed brunette's pussy open enough to slide her four fingers in past the knuckles.

But she eventually forced her four fingers in all the way up to the thumb, which curled over her tailbone and rubbed at her anal opening. She turned her fingers from side to side in the tight, silky pussy tunnel, pressing her fingers into the soft flesh.

She pumped her fingers slowly, for the brunette's slit was very tight, especially her pussy lips, which hugged her fingers hard as she slid them in and out.

"All right, pull out completely," Peter said.

She obeyed, sliding her fingers free of Courtney's pussy opening.

"Now push all your fingers together...your thumb too. Form a wedge, and shove it back into her pussy."

Amanda stared at Courtney's glistening pussy opening. The lips had not yet closed because of the way she'd strained them, but she couldn't imagine being able to do what Peter obviously wanted her to.

She obeyed, though, with butterflies flitting around in her belly and her pussy starting to steam fiercely.

She pushed all five fingers into the small opening and slid them in as far as she easily could...which wasn't far. She eased her thumb back a little to get her other fingers closer together, then started pumping and jabbing and twisting her hand.

Peter worked his fingers into Courtney's right breast as she lay across his lap, and his other hand slapped idly at her buttocks, or slid underneath Amanda's hand to finger the brunette's clit.

Courtney felt the pressure at her pussy, and groaned, spreading her legs, not quite sure what

Amanda was doing but too hot to really care as long as it felt so good.

Her pussy strained further and further, and she felt the blonde's fingers squirming inside her. Her clit was on fire, though, and every sharp ache from back there only made it burn hotter.

Then she cried out, her ass bucking wildly as she came. Her legs bounced up and down and her body quivered and wriggled atop Peter's lap.

Amanda clung to her, pushing her hand in harder as Courtney's pussy boiled and spasmed. She was finding it quite difficult to get her knuckles past the straining sex lips, even though she had a small hand.

But as Courtney's climax eased she relaxed, including the muscles in her pussy, and with a sudden slowly, straining, forceful push she managed to get her knuckles through.

That was the hard part, of course, and her hand narrowed after that. She was able to slide her hand completely inside Courtney's pussy. She marvelled at the sensation, at the warmth and soft, enveloping walls of her friend's insides.

Courtney felt the knuckles slide in, her body jerking in pain as they strained her pussy lips incredibly wide. But then she felt an easing of the tension, and her pussy lips were able to close a little.

She shook her head, moaning as she realized what had happened. Shock burned through the languorous heat she normally felt after an orgasm. She realized that Amanda's entire hand was inside her, turning slowly, pressing up, then down.

"Oh God!" she gasped. "Oh God!"

She gulped in air, turning and trying to see, but unable to. She felt Amanda's fingers spreading and closing, pressing along the walls of her sex tube.

It was a fascinating, and shocking sensation to have someone's hand moving around in her belly, and also a little frightening.

And also, slowly, a growing feeling of incredible excitement.

## Chapter Eight

Amanda and Courtney were both fascinated and excited. Amanda turned her hand slowly, pressing down. When she did Courtney could feel the pressure against her belly, and groaned.

"Deeper, bitch. Shove your hand in deeper," Peter growled.

Both of them moaned, and Amanda slowly pushed her hand forward. As her wrist passed through Courtney's tight pussy opening her arm began to widen, not a lot, but since Courtney's pussy was already straining to grip something thicker than it ever had before, the added strain made her gasp and whine in pain.

Amanda pushed forward slowly, then pulled back, then pushed forward again, amazed and delighted as she got more and more of her arm through Courtney's tight sex lips.

The brunette was wriggling and gasping, her legs jerking fitfully as she felt the blonde girl's hand pushing up higher into her belly. As her arm moved inward it strained her sex lips wider and put a throbbing pressure on Courtney's clit, sending unbearable pleasure ripping up the shivering, groaning girl's spine.

Then both of them felt Amanda's fingers touching the bottom of Courtney's tunnel, stroking against her cervix.

"Deeper," Peter growled, staring excitedly at the sight of the blonde's arm sticking out of Courtney's straining pussy opening.

"I...can't," she gasped. "I can touch the bottom!"

"Good. Now pull your fingers in to a fist. That'll give you a few more inches."

Courtney shuddered at the words, and groaned as she felt each of Amanda's fingers pulling in, one by one, straining her pussy wall, scratching across it to bend in and fold into her palm.

One by one they pulled in, until there was only a big lump deep inside her, a hard fist spreading her sex tube apart like a rock in a pair of stockings.

"Deeper!" Peter growled. "Shove your fist up her cunt till she screams!"

Amanda pushed her fist deeper, turning it slowly from side to side, halting, pulling back slightly, then pushing forward again, slowly working her fist down deeper into the trembling brunette's pussy.

"OhhH!" Courtney gasped, head jerking.

"A little deeper!" Peter cried, watching the blonde's elbow near Courtney's cunt opening.

"Ahhh! Oohhh!"

Amanda's knuckles pressed against her cervix as the blonde girl jammed her arm up the tight, sucking hole all the way to her elbow.

"Yeah!" Peter laughed.

He slapped her bottom hard, then carefully lifted her off. He carried her, with Amanda following close, of course, over to the bed, and laid her on her back propped against the headboard. Then he ran out of the room.

"What does it feel like?" Amanda breathed.

"Oh God! I feel so...so full!" Courtney groaned. "I feel like I'm going to explode. OhhH!"

Peter returned with several scarves and a small camera he'd gotten from his coat pocket. He carefully lifted Courtney's ankles up and pushed them back against the headboard, bending her tightly. Then he tied them in place, so her bottom was sticking up and he had a great shot of her face between

her thighs.

He started snapping pictures then, even as the dazed brunette stared up at him in dazed disbelief.

"Rub her clit. Get her off," he ordered.

Amanda complied, and almost immediately Courtney started gasping and groaning and jerking in pleasure. She came, and Amanda felt her pussy spasming around her arm and fist as the girl shook and bounced and gurgled in ecstasy.

"Start pumping," he ordered.

That wasn't easy, even when Courtney's pussy relaxed a little after her come. But Amanda did her best. At first she could hardly move her arm, but slowly she was able to saw it back and forth a few inches.

Courtney came again, then again, then again, sobbing and choking and crying out in glorious pleasure, her body sweating and trembling violently, her eyes glassy, mouth drooling.

She came repeatedly, the hard, bony fist grinding against her cervix as Amanda pumped it in and out.

Peter let her pull her arm free, then he untied the dazed brunette's legs and dragged her down flat on the bed. He rolled her onto her belly, then jerked her legs apart.

"Great ass," he said, slapping it.

He ordered Amanda to suck his hard cock, which she did eagerly. But after less than a minute he pushed her off and turned to Courtney. He grinned at her, slapped her ass, then pressed his spit-wet cock against her wrinkled little anal opening.

"I think your pussy's too stretched out for my taste tonight, bitch," he said. "And it's past time you got yourself fucked up the ass."

He pressed the nose of his cock against her sphincter and slowly drove it through.

Courtney moaned in realization, yet didn't attempt to fight him. Somehow, being sodomized had lost much of its shock value since she'd just been fist fucked and throat fucked.

She gasped and trembled as the hard cock was forced deep into her rectum. It was surprisingly easy, perhaps because of how weak and relaxed she was. She lay there uncomplainingly, wrists still bound at the small of her back, as Peter forced his cock up her rectum to the balls.

She felt cramps in her belly as his cockhead pushed deep inside her, but a slap on the ass eased her moans. Peter began grind his hips against her bottom then, trying to work her rear hole open for a good hard pumping.

She tried to breath deeply, but was too hot, her skin exquisitely, almost painfully sensitive, raw, burning. As Peter began pumping into her, his hips began slapping against her buttocks, she felt the pressure on her pussy, and came again, then again, sobbing in pleasure as his big cock rammed in harder and harder.

Soon he was raping her anus with furious speed and power, his big cock slicing easily through her rectum, his hips pounding her down into the bed with each hard stroke.

She came again before he finally dropped his load in her rectum.

After that he untied her and they each had a drink.

"Tomorrow," he said. "you come to my place after lunch."

\* \* \* \* \*

Courtney was filled with a sexual glow as she walked in the door. She was amazed neither of her parents could see or sense it. The things she had done that day were almost beyond belief, far more than she had ever in her life imagined.

She still didn't know why she had even allowed them to happen. They were shockingly lewd and perverted, and she would never have hesitated to call a girl who had done even one of them a whore and a slut.

Perhaps that was what she was, in fact, a whore, a slut. Surely only a whore and slut would allow someone she didn't know to fuck her, to ass rape her, to shove his cock down her throat.

Her throat ached a bit, as did her pussy, but aside from that there was not a trace of the whore she had been that evening, nothing to show her parents that their virginal little daughter was a cheap slave whore.

And tomorrow? What would he do to her tomorrow?

She shuddered at the thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were waiting out by the fence, in the same place they'd eaten lunch the other day. This time when Peter came he came with only one guy, Sean, the big football player.

"Well, sluts," he said, grinning. "Are you ready?"

"Yes, Peter," Amanda gulped, head down.

"You mean yes, master," he growled, gripping her hair and forcing her head up.

"Yes, master," she gasped, eyes flickering to Sean.

"And you, whore?" Peter demanded, turning to a red-faced Courtney.

"Ye...yes," she whispered.

"Yes, what?" he demanded.

"Yes, master," she whispered.

"Show Sean what a great set of tits you got, Courtney."

She froze, swallowing repeatedly, her face going from red to white.

"Show him."

Her mouth opened and closed several times and she looked down at her breasts, clad in a heavy sweater again.

"Lift up your sweater, you whore."

She moved her hands to her sweater, then, shaking, sweating, she slowly pulled it up, revealing her soft skinned midriff, then her lower chest. She halted, then, under Peter's glare, slowly lifted her sweater up over her bare breasts.

Her pussy was screaming with excitement at the same time as her mind was burning with embarrassment.

"Nice chassis!" Sean groaned, staring at her fat tits.

"Cop a feel," Peter offered.

Sean slid his hands under her breasts and squeezed, lifting them up and crushing them slowly together, then digging his fingers in and kneading the fleshy meat.

"We're going to my place now. Me and these sluts of mine are gonna suck and fuck. You should see these two eat each other's pussies," Peter grinned.

"Can I come!?"

"Come at, oh, say two or three. I want a few hours with the sluts to myself."

"Awesome!" Sean groaned, kneading her breasts excitedly.

"Come on, slut meat," Peter said, taking each of them by an arm and leading them away.

Courtney jerked down her sweater but Peter ordered her to pull it back up again.

"Let everyone see what a great set of balloons you got," he sneered.

There were few enough people around as they headed for the parking lot, but at least three separate guys saw them close enough to realize Courtney's breasts were bared, and stared in considerable interest.

Peter didn't say a thing as he drove them to his place. Both girls were nervous, and looked at each other with a mixture of anxiety and eager excitement, but Peter was completely calm and casual, as though nothing was really happening. He'd allowed Courtney to pull her sweater down, but warned her that he didn't want her wearing heavy tops again.

The first thing he did when they got to his house was take them upstairs to his parents room, a large master bedroom with a big double bed.

He then went into the closet and pulled out a tripod with a camcorder mounted on it. Both girls felt

their bellies tighten.

"All right, sluts. Here's what's gonna happen. You two are going to start kissing and groping each other, then take off your clothes, get on the bed and start making out. Got that?"

Courtney looked worriedly at the camera.

"Now, slut!" he snapped.

"But...but I -."

"Or I'll take a belt to your ass, bitch. Believe me."

She swallowed nervously, but then Amanda was kissing her, sliding her hands through her hair. She kissed back reluctantly, still worried about the camera, but as the blonde girl cupped and squeezed her breasts she lost her worries and started to get excited.

Soon they were both panting and gasping, their shirts open, their hands stroking each others' naked breasts. Amanda had undone Courtney's pants, and had her hand down the front, while Courtney had lifted Amanda's skirt and was stroking and fingering her bare pussy.

They stripped, by then aroused at the idea of the camera watching, and slid into bed. They kissed passionately, their hands stroking and fondling each other, their naked bodies sliding together, rolling from side to side, legs intertwined.

Soon Amanda was on her knees, bottom raised high, while she sucked and slurped on Courtney's pussy. Peter recorded her come, then recorded her eating Amanda, then the two sliding into a sixty-nine, their hands squeezing each other's buttocks and fingering each other's slits as they licked and sucked and slurped.

They fucked each other with the strap-on dildo then, while he moved around getting great shots. Then he ordered Courtney to shave Amanda's pussy, and recorded it. When it was puffy and bald, just a bare little slit, he had her lick it the blonde to another climax.

Peter produced a twenty inch long double-headed dildo then, and taped them sliding it into each other's slits, then sliding their pussies right down together until the sensitive, bald flesh rubbed and ground together.

Both girls came powerfully, then, yelping and crying out in pleasure as they rocked and ground their bare pussy pads against each other, and the big dildo twisted around in their bellies.

He produced a second double-headed dildo, and made them kneel on all fours, bottoms facing, then forced the dildo heads into each of their anal openings and had them push back until their buttocks were mashed together.

They then slapped their bottoms against each other, riding the two dildos as they yelped and whined and moaned in pleasure.

After that they took turns sucking at his cock and licking at his balls. He took turns fucking each of them, then had them suck again, coming in their faces, rubbing his cock against each of them indiscriminately.

He had them take a shower together, and taped them as they scrubbed, fondled, stroked and licked each other, then taped it as Courtney pressed Amanda into a corner, pulled one of her legs up, slid her own leg between them, and ground their pussies to a loud, intense come.

"This I like," Peter said, inspecting the leather harness he'd found under Courtney's bed. "Put it on."

"Yes, master," she said excitedly.

She'd almost forgotten about it, but now spread open the leather strips as Peter and Amanda sat on the bed watching. The straps formed a pair of nearly circular patterns, held together by rings, and these fit over her breasts, pressing in snugly around the edges. Then the straps went over her shoulders and down her back. Three thin black straps crossed her belly horizontally, cinching in tightly around her waist, and another went down between her legs and up between her buttocks.

Amanda giggled a bit as she saw Courtney adjusting the last strap.

"No, silly," she said.

She jumped up and took the snap from Courtney's hand, then pulled. Courtney gasped. She had thought the less than inch wide strap which went down over her sex was just barely wide enough to cover her tight little slit, but Amanda knew that was not the intent. Instead she tugged so that the strap pulled up into Courtney's sex, disappearing between her labia.

"That's the way it goes," she said.

"I like it," Peter said with a growl.

"I-It's - tight!" Courtney gulped, feeling the pressure jamming up against her sensitive little sex.

Peter grinned and got up, then pushed Amanda away, and undid the final strap.

"Bend over, slut," he ordered, slapping Courtney's bottom.

She obeyed and his fingers stroked along her sex.

"Give me those dildos," he ordered Amanda.

She did, and he slowly worked one into her pussy, then the other into her anus, jabbing and twisting them until they were almost buried. Only then did he pull the strap up between her legs and force it up hard so that she cried out as the dildos were jammed inside her belly.

"Even better," he said.

Nothing would do now but that they go out. He and Amanda dressed, while he took a simply denim minidress from the closet and had Courtney put it on. The minidress was quite short and simple, zipping up from hem to collar.

Courtney resisted halfheartedly, her heart pounding with anticipation and excitement as Peter led her outside. She was exquisitely aware of the tight leather straps pressing against her sex, around her breasts and into her belly. She was even more aware of the dildos jammed into her belly.

Peter led them outside and they walked up the road a bit, then into a park. He turned and slapped her hands back before unzipping the dress from top to bottom.

"Peter! Someone will see!" she cried.

"Nobody is facing us. The only people around are behind you," he said with a leer. "Just keep walking."

And so she did, her nipples afire, her pussy throbbing around the thick dildo as she continued to walk between them. She could see people all around, but none were close enough to see that her dress was open, or what lay beneath. Peter took her arm and led her further into the park, and when there were trees and bushes between them and the other people he turned and yanked the dress back over her shoulders.

"Peter!"

Courtney snatched at the dress to no avail, as Peter whisked it away, laughing.

"Give it back!" she cried, folding her arms over her chest and looking around wildly.

"Nope. Let's just keep walking. And take your arms down."

"No! Someone will see me!"

He tossed the dress to Amanda, then snatched at her wrists, pulling them back behind her and taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"No! Don't! Peter!"

"Master," he said, slapping her bottom with stinging force. "You forgot to call me master."

"This isn't funny! I'll get arrested!"

But her hands were cuffed behind her back as Peter grinned and moved away.

"Uncuff me!"

"Let's go, Amanda. Maybe she wants to stay here."

He led Amanda further along the path, and Courtney, her eyes wide, hurried after them, naked save for the harness, which hid nothing.

"Peter! Please!"

"Master," he said.

"Master, please!"

“Just do what you’re told, slut or we’ll leave you here and go home.”

He led her further into the park, and then halted.

“On your knees, slut.”

Courtney moaned, her head swivelling wildly from side to side, looking for anyone who might be able to see, then sank to her knees in the low grass. Peter took out his cock and rubbed it against her face, then gripped her hair and pushed his cock into her mouth.

“Suck me, baby.

She had no choice but to obey, and Courtney moaned anxiously as his cock slid into her moist mouth and she wrapped her soft lips around his hard shaft. He grinned, folding his arms over his chest, and for a long moment she felt a stab of outrage and anger at his smug superiority. But naked, with her hands locked behind her was no time for rebellion.

And the truth was she was feeling intensely aroused by being naked outside as she was, by being so lewdly, erotically undressed with just the leather straps squeezing in around her body, and the two dildos jammed up into her lower belly. She let her lips ride up and down his shaft as she sucked, as her tongue worked against the underside of his cockhead, and when Amanda knelt beside her and started rubbing her hand over her pussy her insides began to burn with hunger.

Every odd little noise made her jerk and start with fear someone would come along and discover them in the perverted tableau, but she kept her lips working up and down Peter’s cock as he stood arrogantly over her.

“All the way, baby. All the way,” he ordered.

She braced herself, moaning, not wanting to, then forced her lips all the way down his shaft, taking him into her throat.

“Is she good or what,” Peter said with a sigh. “This is a slut made for taking care of cock.”

“Sure looks like it,” A strange male voice replied.

Courtney’s eyes go huge, and she tried to jerk back, but Peter grabbed her hair, forcing her back down his shaft.

“Just keep sucking, baby. Give the man a show.”

Courtney moaned and her eyes rolled up and to the sides trying to catch sight of whatever man had come up behind them, but to no avail. She tried to pull back again but Peter started thrusting, gripping her hair in a tight grip as he used her mouth and throat for his pleasure. She gurgled and gasped and choked as his big cock pumped inside her aching throat, getting dizzy from lack of air before he pulled back.

And then he yanked her to her feet and turned her around, pulling her back against his chest as she stared at the man standing before them.

He was perhaps forty, or in his forties. He was old, in any case, from Courtney’s perspective. He was of average height and weight, wearing khaki shorts and a golf shirt, the leash of a small spaniel in his hand as he admired her naked body.

She moaned, her face burning, her insides twisting and squirming with shame, shock and humiliation. But Peter wouldn’t let her turn away. He held her in his arms facing him, pulling back on her hair to force her back to arch, and running his other hand over her breasts and down her belly to prod at the dildo in her sex.

“She’s a hot little sex kitten,” he said to the man. “And she loves to play games.”

“I can see that,” The man said.

He looked wild eyed, staring at Courtney as if his eyes couldn’t get enough of her. His groin was bulging as his eyes roamed up and down her lush young body

“You want some?”

Courtney’s mind was in a tumbling turmoil, yet it took another sharp blow as she understood his words. Her heart skipped a beat, and she almost cried out in protest. But the man licked his lips and hesitated.

“Go ahead, feel these tits,” Peter said, pulling harder at her hair to arch her back more. “They’re real. And they’re soft as a baby’s bottom.”

She moaned, feeling whipsawing emotions of humiliation, anger, terror, and a wild, stunning excitement which was battering at her inhibitions. The man’s fingers reached out and pressed against her right breast, and she trembled with the desire to twist away. Yet a dark, savage hunger was rousing within her, and she couldn’t stop her body from responding to it as the man’s sweating fingers rubbed against her breast and began to squeeze against the taut flesh.

“She’s gorgeous,” the man said.

“You got a dollar?” Peter asked.

The man looked startled.

“She’ll give you a blow job for a dollar, deep throat too.”

“No!” Courtney gasped.

“You will obey your master, slave girl,” Peter growled, slapping her bottom.

“Oh man!” the strange man groaned.

“A dollar. That’s all this slut is worth,” Peter said.

“Shit!” the man said, his head swivelling from side to side.

“Go on man. You ain’t gonna get another chance for a hot little piece of ass like this.”

The man jerked his hand into his pocket and came out with a fistful of change, practically throwing it at Peter.

“On your knees, slut,” Peter ordered, pulling and pushing at her hair and shoulders, forcing her to her knees.

The man undid his zipper with trembling hands and drew out a long, thick cock.

“Take care of the man, whore,” Peter ordered.

He pushed on her head and her face brushed against the man’s cock. An almost electrical charge ripped through her body and she let out a shuddering cry. Then she stared at it a moment before, almost in a daze, leaning forward and taking it into her mouth.

“We’ll let you have some privacy,” Peter said from behind her.

The man moaned and reached out to her, sliding his fingers through her thick hair again and again as her lips moved up and down his shaft. She felt a sense of wild sexual abandon, felt her body literally shaking with the sexual excitement inside her, and pushed her lips downwards, taking him into her throat.

“Oh fuck!” he gasped, his voice high pitched and filled with emotion.

His fingers dug into her scalp as he squeezed his hands around her head and pulled her face in against his groin.

“Oh shit! Oh man! Oh fuck!” he gasped as he ground her face into his groin and twisted his cock inside her throat.

He began pumping in short, sharp, eager thrusts, gasping and cursing all the while, and it took no more than another minute before his come sluiced down her throat and his cock softened between her lips.

He jerked back, gasping, then quickly fumbled at his pants, his head again jerking from side to side as he searched for anyone who might be nearing them. He gave her a final excited look, then hurried away.

Moaning, dazed, sweating, Courtney turned to look for Peter and Amanda only to find them nowhere in sight. Another stab of shock hit her and she forced herself to her feet, then staggered and stumbled into the woods, searching for them.

Naked but for the harness, with the dildos hard inside her body, her hands cuffed behind her, and come dribbling off her lip, she moved deeper into the woods, coming out the other side suddenly to find Peter and Amanda standing in a small meadow talking to two more men. Again she was struck by shocked embarrassment and fear, but as she jerked back into the trees Peter motioned for her to come

forward.

She backed away anyway.

“If you don’t come out, little slave, we’ll leave you here and go home,” he called.

Face burning, Courtney stayed where she was, partially hiding behind some bushes, and pulled against the handcuffs. But then Peter and Amanda and the two men started to move away towards the distant street.

“Peter!”

“If you don’t say master I won’t stop,” he called over his shoulder.

“Master!” she cried.

“Come out here,” he ordered, all four looking at her.

Moaning, heart pounding, she dropped her eyes to her feet and moved out from behind the brush, then shuffled through the grass to stand among them.

“Oh wow,” one of the men said.

“Shit! I can’t believe it!” the other exclaimed.

“Want a piece? She costs a dollar,” Peter said.

Shuddering, Courtney felt hands on her bottom and saw other hands come up and squeeze her breasts. More hands slid between her legs, tugging at the strap.

“Bend over, slut,” Peter ordered as one of the men unzipped.

She bent over and obediently took him into her mouth. Then she felt hands on the strap, opening it, pulling the dildo out of her pussy. A moment later the other man thrust into her, and the two men thrust into her excitedly as Peter and Amanda stood back and watched.

## Chapter Nine

“I can’t believe you did that to me!” Courtney cried as they stepped back into her house.

“Why not? I think you could make good money as a prostitute.”

“Uncuff me!”

He did with a lazy grin and she twisted away, glaring at him furiously.

“You had no right to give me to those men!” she cried, swinging at him.

He grabbed her arm and easily twisted her around, forcing it up behind her back. She cried out in pain, but he only gripped her hair and forced her head back, making her back arch painfully.

“Amanda,” he barked. “Lick her slimy cunt.”

“No! Let me go!” Courtney cried.

But she felt hands at her groin, and when she tried to kick at Amanda Peter tugged more painfully at her hair, forcing her head so far back she was looking at him behind her grinning down.

She felt the strap going down between her legs opened, then Amanda’s fingers on dildo, pumping it slowly in and out. An instant later her tongue slid up along her clit, and she felt a wave of excitement and despair arrive at the same time.

“No!” she moaned. “Don’t!”

But Amanda continued to lick at her pussy, and she found that dark, ugly heat rousing quickly, felt it flowing through her nervous system, through her body and mind until she was helplessly, wantonly bucking her hips forward against the other girl’s tongue.

“Don’t tell me you didn’t get off on it, slut,” Peter growled behind her.

She was furious, but God help her he was right. She had, and she was getting off on Amanda’s tongue even now, gasping and moaning as Peter held her tightly before the other girl, her insides flowing with liquid fire as the girl’s fingers pumped the dildo up and down and her tongue drove her slowly insane.

\* \* \* \*

She stayed away from Peter and Amanda after that, or tried to. Every time she saw their numbers in the window of her phone she let it ring. And she tried to avoid them at school, turning and hurrying away when one or both approached her.

It wasn’t so much she was angry at them, though she was. But she was afraid of what was happening to her, of what Peter would get her to do next, and whether she would find herself too attracted to it. It angered her that she had let him give her to strangers, but shocked and frightened her that she had basically gone along with him, and had felt a deep, dark sense of excitement and hunger as she was doing it.

It was at volleyball practice that Amanda finally cornered her.

“I have to go,” she said, trying to dodge around her best friend.

“Please, Courtney! Just for a second!?” Amanda begged.

“What is it?” she demanded, trying to put as much anger into her voice as she could.

“If my mother calls you tonight cover for me.”

“What?”

“I won’t be home this weekend.”

“You and Peter going off for a romantic lovefest?” she asked sarcastically.

Amanda flushed a little and licked her lips. "He's going to sell me at a slave auction!"

Courtney gaped at her. "What!?"

"It's just pretend!" Courtney said hurriedly. "And only for the weekend. But with the money we get we're going to go to Europe this summer."

"Are you insane?! You're going to let some strange man take you home all weekend!?"

"They're all checked out and everything," Amanda said defensively. "I mean, they're doctors and lawyers and uhm, bankers and stuff. And there's rules. They can't make you do anything outside the rules. And if you demand they let you go they will, but then you have to forfeit the money."

"Amanda! You're prostituting yourself!"

"I am not!" Amanda said angrily. "I'm just - fooling around. I mean - it's going to be so fucking hot!"

Her head shook slowly and her eyes lit up. "I can't believe I agreed to it! My stomach is in knots! But every time I imagine it I feel this incredible sense of excitement too. It will be something to remember for the rest of my life."

"You are insane," Courtney said.

"It's going to be here at the college," Amanda said. "At the Sullivan building in the little theatre tonight. I'm going to be on a stage naked. Can you believe it!? God, I may die before it happens. I may die of embarrassment on the stage!"

"You - you can't - ."

"Just cover for me if my mother calls. I'm telling her I'm at your place. She's not going to check up on me or anything. It's not like I'm a kid any more. But if she calls just make some excuse for why I can't come to the phone. I'll get you a phone number later, the phone number of - uhm, the guy who buys me," she said, blushing.

She hurried off before Courtney could object, leaving her staring after her in wonderment. A slave auction? Naked on stage?! The thought was astonishing.

Yet at the same time she felt it strike a strange chord deep within her, and could not help imagining the pretty blonde on stage with everyone staring at her. Nor could she stop imagining herself on the stage naked, everyone bidding on her services.

Bankers and lawyers!? That meant old guys!

\* \* \* \*

She was tempted, but stayed away from school that night. Yet all evening and all weekend she was filled with sexual tension and her mind kept drifting off into lewd fantasies of herself as a slave girl at auction. She masturbated again and again, writhing in her bed as her body overheated to movements of her hungry fingers across her soft flesh and the seductive images playing behind her eyes.

On Monday she was eager to get to school, and sought out Amanda, only to find her absent from her classes. She was afraid to call her home for fear her mother would answer. So she waited, gripped by a strange kind of sexual electricity that kept her body in a constant state of quivering arousal. On Tuesday they again had practice, and she was both relieved and excited to see Amanda present.

The girl gave her a hesitant grin when she approached, but they couldn't speak until after practice. Then Courtney all but dragged her behind the gym.

"Speak! What happened!?"

Amanda leaned back against the wall with a soft sigh.

"You would not believe it," she said, shaking her head in wonderment.

"So tell me!"

"It was like I thought it would be. But - my body was on fire, Courtney. It was fucking on fire as I stood there on stage and all those people stared at me naked! I felt as though I were in a dream! I was completely naked, and the auctioneer was speaking about - he was talking about how I sucked cock! And how I could deep throat! And what a great ass I had! And I was standing there naked with my hands tied behind my back! Fuck! I almost came when he started fingering my pussy.

“Jesus!”

“They started bidding on me - .”

“Who was there!?”

“It was hard to see because the spotlight was on me and they were in shadows. It looked like a lot of people; maybe forty or fifty.”

“Fuck!”

“And they bid against each other, and then this guy bought me!”

“Who?!”

“I never learned his name. He said I had to call him master. He lived in huge house somewhere. He blindfolded me before we left the theatre so all I saw was the inside.”

“Wh-what did he do to you?”

Amanda blushed a little. “Everything,” she groaned.

Courtney stared at her. “My God!” she whispered.

“You wouldn’t believe it! These old guys are sex maniacs! He never got tired! He was always twisting me around and groping me and fucking me and doing stuff to me. He spanked me and pinched my nipples so much they’re still throbbing. And he whipped me.”

“He whipped you!?” Courtney gasped incredulously.

“Oh not really whipping. I mean, it was just with a light flog. But it was the first time anyone did something to me like that. I mean, a real whip, you know! It stung, but it didn’t really leave any marks.”

“Wow,” Courtney breathed.

“So... you want to come over to Peter’s tonight?”

“Oh I don’t - .”

“Oh come on! I’ll show you a few things I learned on the weekend,” she said with a conspiratorial leer.

Several hours later Courtney was groaning, bent over a heavy, straight backed chair. The back was too high for her feet to reach the floor. Her wrists were extended down and forward, tied together with soft rope. The rope then pulled down under the seat and back to tie first her left ankle, then her right, to the back legs of the chair.

Amanda knelt behind her, pumping a dildo deep into her pussy while licking at her exposed and vulnerable clitoris and reaching up to treat her now pink bottom with stinging little slaps.

“Ow! Mandy!” she groaned after one particularly hard spank.

“Nasty, naughty girl,” Amanda cooed, sliding her small pink tongue up and down the length of Courtney’s pink slit.

And then Peter arrived, which Courtney had half feared, half hoped for. At the sound of his voice her chest tightened and she was filled with anxiety as her wrists and ankles pulled against the ropes binding them in place.

“So, our bad little girl has finally stopped being disobedient, has she?”

Courtney gasped at the effort of raising her head and turning to look behind her. She blushed at how exposed she was, yet the embarrassment and helplessness before him sent a dark thrill of excitement through her groin.

She felt his hand kneading her bottom as he moved up behind her, and then felt hard fingers prying apart her sex lips and thrusting up into her pussy.

“Oww! Ooohh!” she gasped.

“Been getting any cock, Courtney? I bet not,” he said.

He moved around in front of her and she blinked upwards at him, then cried out as he seized her long hair and lifted her head up and back.

“You have to be punished for being disobedient, you know,” he said.

“Stop it!” she gasped.

He unzipped and drew out his cock, already hard, then pushed it into her mouth. She closed her lips around it willingly, but tried to pretend reluctance as he reached beneath to roughly grope and fondle her breasts.

“I think you need a lot more than a spanking for refusing orders all week,” he said, beginning to pump his cock.

Courtney moaned around it, feeling it slide up and down along her tongue, helpless to do anything but suck and lick as the head jammed against the insides of her cheeks, then slid along the roof of her mouth and back towards her throat. She pulled again at the ropes but with no hope of escape, and really, little desire. She was anxious about what he would do, but her body was already burning with hunger.

She felt him gather up her hair together with both hands, then hold it in one fat wad at the top of her head as he pumped deeper, the head of his cock gagging her as it jabbed at the entrance to her throat. Still she was entirely helpless. Behind her, Amanda was still licking and sucking at her clit as she pumped the dildo in and out of her belly. And her insides were thrumming with sexual excitement as Peter’s cock finally pushed into and down her throat.

“Yeah! Fuckin’ slut! Swallow that cock, slut!” Peter growled, jamming his groin in against her face.

He pumped in and out for long seconds as Courtney struggled to control her gagging and choking, then slid his cock all the way back up her throat and abruptly let go of her hair.

He moved around behind her as Courtney’s head fell and she coughed and gulped in deep breaths of air.

“Let’s see how she likes this instead,” he said.

Courtney felt the dildo pulled free of her sex, then another inserted. But the other started to buzz and tremble, and she moaned as the vibrations ran up her spine.

“Like that, slut?”

The vibrator pumped in and out, in and out, and took slow, lazy rubs along her clit that made Courtney cry out at the intensity of the sensations.

Then the other dildo, she presumed, pressed against her anus, slowly pushing its way deeper into her helpless body.

“We’ll get this little asshole ready for a hard fucking,” Peter said.

She felt both vibrator and dildo thrust deep into her belly, so deep she ached with the pressure against her insides. She was near to climax, and quivering with sexual need as she felt something new against her soft skin.

“Time for your punishment, slut,” Peter said.

She moaned softly, gasping, face inches away from the seat of the heavy chair, unable to see anything behind her. She felt something soft and leathery rubbing along her faintly prickling, pink buttocks. But more than that she felt the heavy fullness of the dildo they had jammed into her anus and the buzzing vibrator they had forced up her pussy.

Then there was a sudden sharp impact of something across her bottom, the sound of skin being cracked, and then a brief, intense pain which made her cry out, which threw her head up and back to scatter her hair.

“Oww!”

Her head turned wildly to see Peter drawing his arm back, holding his belt.

“Don’t - .”

The belt cracked across her bottom again, and she cried out once more, her limbs tearing spastically against the ropes as the pain lanced into her bottom.

“Peter! Stop! I don’t - Oww!”

Again the belt cut across her straining buttocks, the pain sharp and shocking.

“Shut her up,” Peter ordered.

Amanda moved around in front of the chair and gathered up Courtney’s hair.

“Don’t! Let me go - mhhph!”

Amanda was wearing a strap on dildo, and pushed the long pink rubber cock into Courtney’s mouth even as the belt cut across her buttocks again.

“Shove it down her throat!” Peter ordered.

Amanda obeyed, and Courtney gagged briefly as the belt cracked down across her taut bottom again.

“I’ll teach you to obey orders, slut,” Peter said.

Her bottom was burning, and Courtney jerked to another blow, and another, and another, as she strained against the ropes. Yet after the initial half dozen or so blow, the intensity of the pain seemed to diminish. Her bottom flared with pain heat, and this seemed to soften the pain each new blow caused.

“Maybe we should whip you. Would you like that, Court? Amanda got whipped on the weekend. I’m gonna buy a whip and string you both up by the wrists so I can whip your backs.”

The thought of that brought an intense rush of excitement and anxiety to Courtney. Yet she moaned again around Amanda’s rubber cock as Peter’s belt whipped down against her fiery red bottom again.

“Dirty slut. You love it, don’t you?” Peter demanded.

He pried the vibrator out of her sex and began to rub it up and down her slit, paying particular attention to her swollen clitoris. And despite the flaring heat of her bottom the vibrator got almost immediate results, so that Courtney’s entire groin was soon buzzing and throbbing with response.

“Make her lick your pussy,” Peter ordered, thrusting the vibrator back into her pussy and whipping her bottom again.

Amanda drew the strap on back and then slid it off as Courtney moaned and coughed and let her head fall. She cried out as another blow struck her, and then another. Then Amanda had her hair and was gently lifting her face up as she pushed her naked sex forward against her.

“Unnggh!” Courtney groaned as her hair was pulled.

She was becoming dazed by the whiplash of sensations tearing back and forth through her body.

“Lick me, slut,” Amanda demanded imperiously.

She jammed her sex against Courtney’s face and Courtney finally licked out at it just as the belt lashed her bottom again. Then she felt the vibrator pulled out of her pussy, and Peter’s cock immediately take its place, thrusting deep into her sex. She groaned in pleasure at the hot warmth of his cock as he ground his hips into her straining bottom, and then groaned as he reached forward and roughly squeezed her breasts.

Amanda tugged on her hair to remind her to lick, and she did so, even more dazed now as the rush of sexual heat soared and her body spiralled up towards a climax. Peter thrust hard and fast into her pussy, then reached down and rubbed the vibrator along her clit.

She came with a wild, heady rush of pleasure that ripsawed violently through her nervous system. Her muscles spasmed again and again as she trembled and shook to the power of the sensory rush. Her mind seemed to melt away so that she was aware of nothing but the pleasure, the wild, thrill of sexual ecstasy. Behind her, Peter continued to thrust hard and deep into her sex, and that was the only outside sensation her body could absorb as pleasure burned away inside her.

The climax seemed to go on and on, threatening to burn her mind away. When it finally eased she felt utterly drained and exhausted. Yet neither of the others was close to being finished. Peter drew out of her pussy and thrust the vibrator back inside her. Then he and Amanda switched places.

Once again she felt Peter’s cock sliding down her throat. Behind her, Amanda had the strap-on dildo buried in her anus as she pumped in and out with strong, hard strokes. Both of them twisted and pinched her nipples, squeezed and kneaded her breasts, and pulled at her hair.

Another orgasm struck Courtney, and another, and another, as the two switched again. Peter sprayed his semen into her face, an action which would have once outraged her, but now only served to

make her feel more degraded and so more aroused. Then Amanda gripped her hair with both hands, jamming her lips against her own pussy until she was virtually masturbating against her face. Meanwhile Peter used the belt on her bottom again before fucking and then sodomizing her.

She was furious at both of them for the way they manhandled and abused her, and yet wildly, hopelessly, almost feverishly aroused by what they were doing, by her own degradation and helplessness and abuse.

## Chapter Ten

This is insane! I'm crazy! I'm out of my mind!

She had arrived at the theatre dressed in jeans and T-shirt, her stomach filled with butterflies, her chest tight with anxiety and pressure. She had listened to Amanda's dreamy tails of her auction for almost a month before giving in to the heat within her. Now she was filled with doubt and fear, and every ten seconds she half decided to forget about it and leave.

"In here," the man said.

Her chest locked up and she lost her breath. Peter took her arm and led her through the door and into a small back room, one of the dressing rooms, she realized. Her stomach gave a lurch as she saw the shackles laying on a table.

I'm going to be sick!

"All right. We'll get you undressed here and ready for the auction," he said. "Remove your clothes, please."

Her stomach gave another lurch.

I can't do this!

Yet it wasn't only her stomach and chest which were acting up. Her pussy was throbbing, and a look at the metal shackles, real honest to God shackles as opposed to the scarves and ropes they had used in their bondage play sent a crackling thrill of sexual electricity through her mind.

Peter reached over and unbuttoned the fly of her jeans, then tugged down the zipper.

Embarrassment combined with excitement flooded her system as the middle aged man looked on.

She couldn't bring herself to undress, but raised her arms as Peter lifted her T-shirt up and over her head. Another rush of excitement and embarrassment hit her as the man eyed her pink bra.

Peter tugged her jeans down to reveal her pink thong, and she felt another wild thrill of exposure. She kicked off her tennis shoes and raised her feet one at a time to let Peter pull the jeans off. She reached halfheartedly behind her to undo her bra, and Peter pulled the straps forward over her shoulders, baring her breasts.

Another hot rush went through her groin, up through her belly and chest, and through her flushed face.

"My God, your breasts are magnificent!" the man said.

Again she flushed, partly with embarrassment, partly with excitement, partly with sheer pride.

"Those are real breasts too, aren't they?" He shook his head. "It's not very often we see breasts that perfectly shaped, that full, and yet that firm."

And it was true, Courtney knew. Her breasts were not - quite - the perfect round shape of the fakes, but were exquisitely shaped, high, full and very firm. They sagged not in the least, thrusting straight out from her chest. Her areolas were perfect, puffy pink circles surrounding her erect little nipples.

"I hate to have you turn around," the man said with an admiring smile.

Peter turned her and the man picked up one of the sets of shackles. They were not handcuffs but actual shackles a good four inches wide with a two inch chain holding them together. The second pair went on her arms above her elbows, drawing them back more tightly together. Then a metal collar went around her throat, again a good three inches wide, made of gleaming stainless steel.

"You need nothing to dress you up," the man said. "No need for high heels or lingerie or anything

else. You'll fetch a high price just as is."

He attached a leash to the centre of her collar and led her back to the door.

"We'll take you to the holding pen now to wait your time on stage."

I can't do this! I can't! Oh God!

Peter followed them out into the hall, but when they reached the next room she found he had not followed them. Now she was alone and naked and shackled with a strange man, and her anxiety and excitement both soared.

The room was behind the stage, and a number of cages had been set up. She stared at three other naked girls in cages, their eyes looking as wide as hers no doubt was, and followed the man to an empty cage. He opened the cage door, undid her leash, and pushed her gently inside, then closed and locked it behind her.

"No talking," he ordered.

Another man stood nearby looking dramatic and sinister. He was all dressed in black leathers, including a leather face mask from which dark eyes peered out. He held a long flog very obviously in one hand, and stared at the four young women locked in cages before him.

Courtney felt a rush of almost unbearable sexual tension, and her arms actually pulled against the shackles as her hands instinctively sought to slide down to touch her throbbing clitoris.

One by one the other three girls were led out through the door and disappeared. Another girl, an excited looking, red faced little blonde who giggled continuously was put in another empty cage. Then the man came and opened her cage and attached the leash to her collar.

"Do exactly as you are told exactly when you are told," he said sternly. "Bend when you are ordered to bend. Arch your back when you are ordered to. Stand absolutely straight otherwise. Understand?"

"Y-Y-Yes!" Courtney squeaked.

I can't do this!!!

He pulled on the leash, and she stumbled forward after him, her eyes enormous, her heart pounding, her pulse racing as they went through the door. She looked around somewhat wildly for Peter and Amanda but did not see them as the man led her up the hall and then up a short flight of stairs. Then her breath left her as they went through an open doorway and out onto the polished wooden floor. It was brightly lit, but she could still see shadowy figures in seats which curved around half the stage.

She couldn't breath. She was frozen like a deer in headlights the man took her leash and clipped it to a metal post in the centre of the stage.

"As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, we have a prime specimen of young female flesh for sale here."

Oh God! Oh God! I can't fucking believe I'm doing this!! Oh my God! How many people are out there!?? Where's Peter!??

"I want you to look at these breasts," the man said, moving to her side and letting his hand glide admiringly over her right breast. "These are absolutely real. They're stunning. Aren't they?"

His hand glided down her belly.

"Thin, firm waist - ."

She gasped, half rising on her toes as his hand slipped between her legs.

"Tight, shaved sex - ."

Oh God!

"Spread your legs, slut," he ordered.

A wild shock ran through her at him using that term in front of so many people, shame and a dark rush of arousal temporarily freezing her mind so that, she hesitated, then shifted her legs apart on the floor.

"Look at this pussy," he said. "Look how trim and neat and tight it is."

His finger ran up and down along her slit, and Courtney almost fainted when it traced across her clitoris.

He turned her to the side, and again squeezed her breast, lifting it and then letting it gently bounce back in place.

“Fantastic breasts,” he said. “And not only very biddable, but very beddable.”

A chuckle of appreciation ran through the audience and Courtney shuddered.

“Bend forward, slut,” he said.

She bent forward at the hips, then further as he pulled down on her head.

“Look at these marvellous breasts,” he said as she leaned forward at a ninety degree angle and they hung below her chest.

He tugged on her hair to straighten her, then turned her back to the audience.

“This lovely, firm, unmarked back is the perfect canvas to lay your whip against,” he said.

Another shock rippled through Courtney. Her legs wobbled and she wondered if she might faint.

“Bend forward, slut.”

She bent forward, and her face burned as she let the audience see her bare bottom and exposed sex. She tensed as the man’s fingers traced along her slit.

“Now what man wouldn’t want to sheath his cock in something like this?” the man demanded.

“Both holes are well used, but only by one owner, and the owner’s slave girl wit her strap-on.”

Shame, shock, humiliation, wild excitement, tension and fear howled through Courtney’s mind like a tornado.

She felt a pull on her hair and straightened, then turned at the man’s instruction.

“Open your mouth, slut.”

She opened her mouth dazedly and he pressed fingers against her jaw to force it wider.

“She’s already been trained to take any length of cock all the way to the base,” he said. “And her tongue has enjoyed the taste of female juices. So any female buyers will not need to give her much instruction.”

A female buyer? Courtney blinked as the words drove through her shock. She hadn’t even considered being sold to a woman. Would that be better or more embarrassing?

He grasped her hair behind her neck and pulled back, and she let out a soft cry of pain as her back arched.

“We’ll start the bidding,” he said. “One thousand dollars. Am I bid one thousand?”

He let go of her hair and moved to a podium. No one seemed to be calling out bids, and for a moment Courtney felt a wild sense of shame. But then she realized that they were somehow communicating bids, for his high pitched, quick voice kept raising the price.

“Fifteen. Do I have sixteen? Seventeen to I have eighteen? I have two thousand. Do I have - Twenty five hundred. Three thousand. Thirty one. Thirty two. Thirty five. Do I have - Thirty seven. Four thousand.”

Four thousand dollars!? Courtney was stunned by the amount. Amanda had said she was sold for three thousand dollars, which had seemed shocking to her at first. But Peter had explained that rich people like this commonly hired high classed call girls for a thousand dollars or more for an evening. She would belong to them as their sex slave and servant for the entire weekend.

“Forty five. Forty six. Five thousand. Six thousand. Eight. Ten thousand.”

Courtney swelled with pride. The worst of her embarrassment at being naked before so many people was now fading. She felt a rush of masochistic excitement now as she let her eyes flitter out into the darkened audience.

“And sold for twenty six thousand dollars.”

How much!?! Holy shit! And we get three quarters of the money! I can’t believe someone would pay that much for a weekend with me!

Another man took her leash and led her backstage. She felt drained by the experience, but her

heart was still pounding and she was eagerly waiting to be “abused” by someone. Who had bought her?!

She was led into another room, and flushed brightly again. There were three men and a woman there near a low table. They all stared at her as she was led in and she dropped her eyes.

“All set then,” the man behind the desk said. “She’s yours, sir. Enjoy your slave.”

“Oh we will,” the man said.

He was older, much older. She’d been braced for that. But at least he was attractive. He looked to be perhaps fifty, with a square face and dark hair graying at the temples. He was of medium height, wearing an exquisitely tailored blue suit. Next to him was a blonde in her mid thirties with short bobbed hair wearing a gray business suit. Dark glasses covered her eyes, though it was not very bright in the room. Another man, younger, bigger, with broad shoulders, wore a black suit, and the man with her leash handed it to him.

“You know where she goes, Dominic,” the older man said.

“Yes sir.”

Where’s Peter?

The man tugged on her leash and led her back out of the room, then further up the hall.

Courtney longed to ask him questions but was too embarrassed, felt too awkward about being nude and sold.

He opened a fire door and cool air rushed in. Courtney gasped and hung back but a harsh pull on the leash made her stagger forward.

“Come on, slut,” he ordered.

He led her out into a darkened parking lot and over to a large, dark car with tinted windows. He opened the back door and placed her inside, then locked bent and placed a blindfold over her eyes before closing the door and getting in the front.

He pulled out of the parking lot and Courtney sat obediently in the back, heart still pounding, pussy still hot and throbbing, belly still fluttering with anxiety as she wondered what they would do to her over the coming weekend.

After a surprisingly short drive they stopped and the man opened the rear and took her arm, pulling her up and out. Her bare feet felt dirt beneath them as she was led along by the leash. She tried to move slowly, afraid of running into something, but the pull on the leash forced her to walk faster.

“Stairs,” the man said, taking her arm.

She walked up one, then two, then two more stairs, then was turned and guided into a building and across a tiled hall.

“This the one?” a strange voice asked.

“You think we got a lot of them?”

“Okay, so full body hair removal and piercing at nipples and genitals.”

“Yeah. How fast can you get that done?”

“Not long. You can pick her up at midnight.”

What did he say?

“Excuse me?” she asked timidly.

Hands pulled on her hair and then something was shoved against her mouth. The pressure hurt her teeth and she was forced to yank her jaw wide as it pushed through and filled her mouth. Then a strap went behind her head and was somehow fastened together.

It must be a ball gag, she thought. She had seen pictures of them, and felt another little surge of excitement. But as she was led forward by the leash she remembered again what the man had said.

Hair removal? Piercing?

Hands gripped her arms as the shackles were removed. She struggled only slightly, knowing she was easily overpowered, with two male hands on each arm. She felt something cold, a stone wall against the soft skin of her back. She was pressed back hard. Her arms were lifted up above her and

stretched wide, then the shackles were fastened in place somehow so that as the hands dropped away they remained high. Her legs were pulled apart - uncomfortably apart, so that her body lowered and put much more pressure on the shackles locked to her wrists. Then shackles were placed on her ankles to hold them apart.

A hot thrill ran through her body as she imagined the picture she presented, chained naked to a wall, her arms and legs spread wide. Then she felt pressure, a strap of some kind against her forehead, pressing her head firmly against the wall. Another strap went around her hips and was cinched tight. A third went around her chest just below her breasts.

For long minutes she saw, felt and heard nothing. There was the sound of distant machinery, and a trace of a low conversation across the room. She felt wickedly, darkly aroused and longed to be used, to feel something sliding into her pussy.

Then a shudder of excitement went through her as a pair of hands cupped and lifted her breasts, the fingers squeezing them lightly.

“Nice fuckin’ tits,” the voice said.

The hands were removed. Again she waited. Then she felt something brush wetly against her nipples and areolas. Then there was a sharp pinching at the base of her left areola.

“This will hurt a bit,” the voice said.

No! He’s not really going to - !?”

She cried out, her body straining helplessly against the straps at the intense dagger of pain which exploded from her nipple. It eased quickly, but did not fade, and her nipple throbbed painfully as she felt something metallic sliding through - through it.

Courtney was shocked, stunned. She could hardly believe someone would pierce her nipple without even asking her! And then she felt a pinch at the centre of her other breast. She tried to yell but her words were deeply muffled. She strained wildly against the straps but did not succeed in moving at all. There was another intense pain at her left nipple, and she bit into the gag filling her mouth, gasping as the pain eased.

Fuck!

Something had gone wrong! But what? Or had that fucker Peter given them permission to do this? She immediately suspected he had. Amanda had said there were rules about what could and couldn’t be done, and they were well understood by all parties. She moaned at her own stupidity in trusting Peter. She should have talked to them herself. But she had been too embarrassed.

“This won’t hurt much. You’ll just feel a little burning.”

She felt fingers at her arms, rubbing along her underarms, in fact. For the first time she heard a low hissing machine sound. Then she felt a warmth in her spreading warmth in her armpit as some kind of device moved slowly back and forth against her soft skin.

What had they said? Full body hair removal!? Were they removing the hair from her armpits somehow? She knew it could be done by laser, of course. But had never really considered it. Would this mean she never had to shave her armpits again? That would be nice. But why the hell were they doing this? She was perfectly well shaved, and they weren’t even going to see her after the weekend.

She felt something cold sprayed against her armpit, then a kind of hot snapping sensation which repeated a number of times. After a minute or so the hands shifted to her other arm, and another spray of cold made her gasp and try to arch her back. Then there was that heat and pain again, though not very hard to take. Her nipples, by contrast, continued to throb. And she could feel something pulling at them, something with weight.

She heard the scrape of a chair, then cold spray against her lower legs. Then the heat again. It took about twenty minutes for them to finish both legs, which surprised her. She reflected that if she’d known she could have her hair removed in twenty minutes and never have to shave again she’d have certainly looked into it herself.

The fingers pressed against her sex, and she tensed. Did she really want to have her pussy hair

permanently removed? Yet it seemed she had no choice in the matter, as she felt the spray to cool the area, then the snapping heat moving up and down her mound and over her lower abdomen.

She felt the sounds of equipment being taken from and replaced on a tray, then something moist rubbing against her pussy. Fingers gripped her outer labia, spreading her sex lips, rubbing against them inside and out. Then withdrawing. She moaned, again remembering that the words had called for nipple and genital piercings. She had never wanted to have her pussy pierced!

Fingers gripped her pussy lip on the left side and pulled, stretching it out and sideways. Then she felt a hot, sharp pain as it was pierced, low, right near the bottom. She moaned, biting on the gag, pulling, straining against the straps and shackles to no avail. The fingers continued to move quite casually, and then they tugged her sex lip out on the other side, and another sharp pain bit into her.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! I'm going to kill Peter! That bastard!

The chair scraped, and she felt fingers at her throat, undoing the collar.

"This cheapy goes back to the auction house," the voice said. "Don't worry. We've got a much nicer one

She felt leather around her skin, backed by something heavier. It closed snugly but not tightly. It was larger than the other collar, and wider. Her ankle shackles were removed, and she was allowed to ease her legs closer together. Then new shackles, again backed by leather, were locked snugly around her ankles. Finally, the shackles on her wrists were replaced. The straps were removed, and she was firmly held as she was pulled away from the wall and her wrists drawn back behind her back and locked together.

Neither the gag nor the blindfold were removed, however, and instead she was led away by the collar. She heard male voices, then she was led further along, her feet still on tiles, then back down the stairs and back into the car. She gasped in pain as she was seated, for her pussy ached. She slumped low and drew her knees up and back.

"Nice view," she heard the man say from the front seat.

She flushed angrily and with embarrassment, but so many people had now seen her naked that the pain in her pussy was more important than hiding her sex from his eyes.

The car pulled out and they drove in silence but for the radio. Courtney yawned repeatedly into the gag. It had been a traumatic and exciting day. And a long one.

The car stopped and she was led out by the arm and then by the leash. Again her bare feet were on concrete, on pavement, but it was warm and smooth and from the sounds around her she decided they were inside somewhere. A door opened and she was led through, then down a flight of stairs.

"We're going to replace your gag. Don't speak."

She cursed in frustration.

The big ball gag was worked out of her mouth and she licked her lips.

"Look, there's been a misunderstan - ."

A hand was pressed against her mouth and another gripped her left breast and squeezed painfully.

"What part of don't speak don't you understand, you stupid cunt?" he demanded nastily.

Suddenly frightened, and chastened Courtney didn't talk when he pulled his hand away.

"Open your mouth."

She obeyed and felt a hard leather object forced between her teeth. It held her mouth open, though not painfully wide, and something softer was pushed inside. Then there was a pumping sound and the thing inside her mouth inflated, growing bigger and thick, filling her mouth completely and squashing her tongue down hard. What felt like very wide straps were pulled together behind her head and locked in place.

Then she was made to lay down on a soft surface, a cot or low bed. She heard a door slam, and there was quiet. She lay for long minutes, waiting, but nothing happened. She rolled onto her side a little, head searching as if her eyes could see, then laying back.

This was not what she had expected at all.



## Chapter Eleven

Despite the throbbing of pain from her piercings Courtney dozed off. Her dreams were filled with erotic scenes of herself bound and abused by handsome men, and she woke with a start to a strange voice and strange hands on her body. She was lifted to a sitting position, then pulled out of bed. Again she felt a pull at her collar, and followed it. Her bare feet slapped lightly against a wooden floor as she was led down what she thought was a long hall.

The pull stopped, and she felt hands against the straps behind her. They undid the gag and then deflated it so that it came easily out of her mouth. She worked her jaw slowly, wincing at the stiffness, then blinked her eyes as the blindfold was removed.

She was in a small bedroom, but a well decorated one, with cherrywood dressers and bed, and a low chandelier overhead. She stared at herself in the mirror over the dresser, for the first time seeing herself pierced.

The rings in her nipples were thick and of black metal, easily as large as quarters. The one piercing her labia was even larger, a silver dollar perhaps. The collar around her throat was stainless steel but interspersed with black plastic or enamel.

“Don’t speak,” the man ordered in a rough voice.

He was the same one who had spoken so curtly to her before, and Courtney bit her lip and fought down her resentment and indignation. He was wearing nothing but tight leather shorts and his body was oiled and muscular. She blinked at that, feeling a slight thrum of sexual power. She was naked and alone with a very good looking, nearly naked man, her wrists shackled together behind her back. She was utterly at his mercy, a slave for the weekend. And her heart pounded as she waited for him to use her, to grope her, to bend her over.

He removed her collar, then lifted up what she first took to be a leather bag. It turned out to be a thick hood. He pulled it over her head, then shoved her hair roughly up underneath the back, pushing it all up, muttering and cursing to himself at the length, then pulling the hood down over her forehead and face, and finally pulling it tight under her jaw and around her throat and buckling it.

Not only buckling it, she saw in the mirror, for there was a small metal clasp which held a lock, and he snapped it in place.

The hood quite odd. It was of glistening wet look leather, and had no eye holes. Instead a narrow slit over her eyes was covered with a dark plastic she could see through, though with difficulty.

Her image in the mirror appeared to be blind, however. The dark plastic appeared to meld unnoticeably with the leather. There was an opening over her mouth, but after replacing the collar the man shoved a gag into her mouth. The gag was a fat leather bag attached to a three inch wide belt which went behind her head. The belt covered the front of her face below her nose, which was squashed down by the hood. The effect was of a solid faceless mask.

He removed the leash from the collar and then produced another. This one was divided at its end into two one foot long chains, which he clipped to her nipple rings. Then he led her from the room and back into the hall. Courtney’s pulse was racing now, wondering what was going to happen to her.

She stepped quickly behind him, able to see now, though dimly, and wincing whenever the chains tugged at the rings piercing her still aching nipples. He turned a corner and opened a door, then led her through a carpeted hall and - her breath fled and a shock whipped her system - into a room full of

people.

Actually, there were far fewer, she supposed, than there had been at the auction. But the room was brightly lit here, and she could see them all, could see them all staring at her. She was desperately glad of the hood, which gave her a strange measure of anonymity and comfort. Yet she still felt desperately embarrassed as their eyes moved over her nude body.

It was a very large living room. The curtains were drawn across the near wall, and a large fireplace was the central focus of the opposite wall. There were several large sofas and chairs, all of heavy dark blue leather. There were perhaps a dozen people sitting around, both men and women, all of them dressed casually, most holding drinks, some smoking. They were all much older than her, perhaps twice as old.

Then her gaze was torn away as she was led to a small, obviously makeshift platform set up in the middle of the room. A wooden floor was perhaps three inches high, and made of simple pine wood. There were two high metal posts on either side, both well over six feet high. Two much lower posts occupied the centre of the little platform, both of stainless steel, both rounded and widening near the top, then narrowing into a shape whose meaning she did not have to guess at.

The man pulling her leash was joined by another, the man who had bought her at auction. They led her onto the low platform and she nervously allowed them to position her body next to the two inner posts. The two men then gripped her from either side, a hand on her arm, another on her thigh, and lifted her.

Courtney's heart pounded and she moaned into the gag, staring wildly down as the men manoeuvred her over the two posts and she felt the cold - and slippery, she realized - metal probing at her groin. The woman she had seen at the auction came forward and she also helped adjust Courtney, so that after a moment she felt the two fat rounded tops of the metal posts pressing against her anus and sinking into her pussy.

They lowered her smoothly, and the slipperiness of the posts helped, yet they were both quite wide, wider than anything she had ever taken into either hole, and both her pussy lips and anus stretched wide, straining and aching as the men allowed the weight of her own body to force her slowly down onto them.

Once the fat part of the posts had sunk into her body her sex lips and anus were able to narrow, but she felt the fat balls pushing upwards into her belly through her anus and pussy tunnel. Breath ragged, she made no effort to fight or wriggle, afraid of injuring herself as they sank her lower and lower. The posts ached, but did not really hurt.

Her fear that they would push too high eased as her toes touched the floor.

"Lower, slut," the man ordered.

She would have kept herself on her toes, but obediently eased herself lower and lower, taking the twin metal cocks up into her belly until her feet were flat on the floor. But then the two men forced her feet farther apart, and she winced, forced up onto the balls of her feet again.

While her body adjusted to the deeper depth they unlinked the shackles and drew her arms out from behind her back, lifting them and spreading them apart, then drawing chains out from rings set into the larger posts framing her body to hold them in place.

It was all so bizarre, and there were so many people sitting around watching! Courtney's insides were twisting and fluttering wildly, and her pussy was moist and hot and throbbing with power as she stood, spread legged in front of them all. Her mind twisted feverishly, gripped by a terrible anxiety, embarrassment, and dark sexual anticipation.

Her feet settled to the floor, but the men forced them further apart, and she gasped in pain as the metal posts sank deep into her belly and she began to feel cramps from both her rectum and pussy. She moaned, her head swinging wildly from side to side, the only way she could attempt to convey to them that the posts were too deep.

She was on the balls of her feet again, and all attempts to close her legs and ease herself upwards

failed as the men held her ankles apart, then chained them in that position.

She was facing the sofas and chairs where most of the people were sitting. But now, to her surprise, most of them got up and moved behind her. She had not forgotten what Amanda had said about being whipped, and now her belly filled with acid. Amanda had said it hadn't hurt too badly, but would it? She remembered how it had stung when Peter had used the belt on her buttocks. She didn't think she liked pain very much.

The woman, the blonde she had seen at the auction, produced a flog, one like Amanda had described, which reassured Courtney a little. It had a short wooden handle and a number of long, narrow leather strips or laces. She moved behind Courtney and the girl braced herself, tension mounting within her as she waited the pain.

"I get first dibs on the little slut," she said, to a round of low laughter.

Courtney moaned into the gag and looked up at the chains holding her wrists, then down at the ones holding her ankles.

Then she screamed.

The whip did more than simply sting. It hurt! It hurt terribly! She felt as if a cat had slashed its claws all across her upper back, and the startling sharpness of the pain made her body jerk violently as she screamed into the gag. The pain shocked her, and behind the thin plastic her eyes bulged. Yet before she could even begin to cope with the surprising level of pain the flog cut across her back a second time, and again she yelped into the gag as her back arched sharply, trying to draw away from the cruel source of pain.

They can't! They're not supposed to hurt me! This is against the rules!

Courtney pulled frantically at the chains and then cried out again, her body flung forward as the flog cut across her back again, slightly lower this time.

The pain was growing, and her back was on fire. Another blow landed, lower down, and again she cried out, twisting and writhing and straining against the chains, her mind in panic mode now as she struggled wildly against the fiery pain enveloping her back. Another blow, and another, and another cut across her back.

She could hear chuckles and low murmuring conversations behind her. In front of her was a middle aged couple sitting together, looking at her, watching her responses with excited looks on their faces.

"My turn," she heard.

She sagged, moaning into the hood, her back burning. Another blow struck, and another, and another, each throwing her forward against the chains. Her entire back was flaming, and tears blurred her eyes. Why were they doing this to her, she wondered desperately. Why weren't they simply fucking her like she wanted?

She screamed with a new intensity as something much harder cut across her bottom. Her head twisted from side to side frantically.

"That got her attention," a short redheaded woman said with a broad grin.

The man behind her held a long thin leather - something. A crop, Courtney realized desperately. He swung his arm again and she howled into the gag as it cut across her buttocks. The pain was horribly sharp and stinging, and she howled and twisted and thrashed hopelessly.

Another blow and another, then the flog cut across her back and tears spilled out of her bulging eyes.

The woman in front of her was rubbing the man's groin, and now she unzipped him and drew out his erection. The man's eyes were locked on Courtney as she thrashed and twisted in reaction to every new blow, and he groaned as she bent and took his cock into her mouth.

There was another blow against her bottom, and then another, and two more, each sending her hips lurching violently forward. Then the man who had bought her moved around in front of her, and most of the rest of the crowd followed.

Courtney moaned and wept, gasping for breath as she saw the man take up the flog and swing it back and forth. His face looked quite pleased, and he turned to those gathered behind him.

“Now for those lovely breasts,” he said.

No!

Courtney’s eyes bulged as she watched the man’s arm draw back, then the whip fly forward and cut across her breasts. For a moment there was only the sense of impact, then intense, stabbing pain from each narrow strip as it cut into her soft, sensitive breasts. She screamed and twisted and bucked as several of the crowd applauded. One woman was masturbating, her hand down the front of her open jeans.

Oh God! Oh God! It hurts!

Another blow cut across her breasts, and she howled again, her head thrashing from side to side. The leather laces slashed across her breasts a third time, then a fourth, then struck lower, cutting into her taut belly, before striking her breasts again.

The man gave the flog to another, who again whipped her breasts, then her belly, then her abdomen, then her breasts again. Each blow made the frantic young girl shake and twist and howl as fresh pain ripped through her lush body.

And yet, as the man gave way to another, who moved behind her and began to flog her back, she began to feel an easing of the pain. Or perhaps it was merely that the pain in her back was so much less severe than that in her breasts. Then again, as when Peter had used his belt on her bottom, her back was already throbbing with fire, and that pain seemed to diffuse the sharpness of the new blows.

She was dazed and numbed, virtually hanging by her wrists now, grunting and moaning at each fresh blow across her burning back. The blonde woman moved forward and began to rub at her pussy where her lips strained wide around the thick, unyielding post. She dropped to her knees, and licked slowly up across Courtney’s clitoris, then again. Her fingers kneaded Courtney’s burning buttocks, digging into the wounded skin.

Another woman moved forward and plucked at the rings piercing Courtney’s nipples, then giggled before bending and licking at one nipple, sucking and chewing at the surrounding flesh. Her hands came up and squeezed her breasts as she licked and suckled, and the pain and dark pleasure began to twist within the helpless girl.

More blows followed, as the man behind methodically moved the flog up and down the writhing girl’s back. Yet the throbbing from her back continued to soften and dull the fresh pain, and Courtney’s body began to react to the women before her. At the same time her mind became less frantic, less tormented, and the eroticism of being bound and whipped began to play upon her.

The worst seemed to be over, and now more men were talking about wanting to fuck her, to bend her over, to thrust their erections into her aching body. She managed to steady her feet on the floor, taking some of the weight from her aching arms, and her breathing began to steady. She gasped and winced at each fresh blow, yet the pain was bearable now.

More. As her sexual heat rose it began to twist the pain into something different, something darker, something hot and steamy and wickedly arousing. That hungry masochism began to twist her mind, and the men and women around her made her feel wonderfully abused and degraded and put upon.

The sex heat began to seep through her, pushing the pain back further, and she felt herself beginning the approach to an orgasm.

Then the man moved around in front of her, and the woman kneading her breasts stepped back.

Courtney moaned, fresh anxiety gripping her, but with it came a taunting, daring, wicked sense of thrilled abuse.

Oh God! He’s going to whip my breasts again!

The blonde woman continued to lick at her clit, licking harder now, and then the man swung the whip and the long, thin leather strips slashed down across Courtney’s firm young breasts with a cracking sound that was echoed by a scream in her mind. Yet the pain had not been as intense as she

had feared, and the sex heat continued to pump through her body and mind.

Her body, she realized, was moist and glistening with pain sweat. And as her head hung she saw the thin red lines, slashes, the almost cuts which criss-crossed her chest and belly. A moment later she cried out, head thrown back as another blow cut across her breasts and lower chest.

It was all so - evil. So - cruel. So - perverted!

Another blow clawed across her lower chest and belly. Another struck her breasts, and another. The pain battered at her mind, yet the sex heat bloomed and her orgasm swelled up within her once more.

And exploded.

The rush of pleasure was intense, a tidal flood of feverish sexual pleasure as her entire body swelled and flared. Her head flew back, back arching, and even as another blow cut across her breasts the pleasure screamed higher. Her body shuddered and writhed in its grip as her head rolled and jerked bonelessly.

She was so mind blasted by the power of the orgasm she was only dazedly aware of hands lifting her, easing her off the twin spikes which had bruised her insides, lowering her to the floor and pulling her arms back behind her.

They dropped her across a low coffee table, her head falling over the opposite end, and someone pried her knees apart and thrust himself home in her moist sex. His hands gripped her hips, then her breasts as he thrust away at her. Then someone undid the buckle behind her head and pried the gag out of her mouth. Her head fell back again and a cock slid between her slack lips. Hands mauled her breasts nearly continuously, sometimes three or four or five seeming to fight to squeeze and knead them.

They dragged her off the table and rolled her over, then lifted her onto her knees. Forehead against the floor, she was sodomized, her body shaking to the powerful thrusting as the man sank his big fingers into her hips with painful force and yanked her back to meet every stroke.

Hands turned her, lifted her, rolled her, fingers prodded at her, slapped and groped and fondled her, pulled her head back, spread her legs wide, pinched and pulled and twisted her nipples, slapped at her bottom, thrust up into her pussy and anus.

She rode a man laying on the floor as another thrust his cock up and down in her throat.

A woman sodomized her with a dildo, her teeth biting into Courtney's bare shoulder as she roughly kneaded her breasts.

A man squeezed her breasts together around his cock as he pumped it in and out of her cleavage. Then another man did the same.

They dragged her back to the platform and lifted her upside down, spreading her legs wide and hanging her from the ankles. She moaned dizzily, and then cried out as they began to flog her pussy, drunken, giggling women and laughing men bringing the flog straight down against her bare sex as her torso twisted and writhed in pain.

And then the world faded slowly as more couples turned to each other, and others left, and the room darkened. The music continued to play. A man thrust into Courtney's anus as he stood behind her. Another pulled her head up and back and forced himself into her throat.

And then the room was empty and dark, with the music still playing softly. There were bottles and glasses and full ashtrays scattered about on the tables. But no one was there. Courtney hung by her ankles and groaned, her head throbbing painfully as the night wore on, drifting in and out of consciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

She woke from her daze as she was lowered to the floor. Her head ached and she was dizzy and disoriented. A stinging blow to her bottom made her gasp and twist.

"On your knees, slut," a woman's voice ordered curtly.

Moaning, Courtney managed to get to her knees, trembling and swaying weakly.

“Crawl, slut.”

Something prodded at her bottom and she lurched forward, crawling awkwardly as the woman walked alongside her.

“Faster, slut.”

Something stung her bottom and she lurched forward again, almost falling.

She crawled out of the living room and into a large kitchen. The woman led her across the floor, and there were a pair of bowls set in a corner. One had water, the other what looked and smelled like - porridge.

“Eat, slut.”

Courtney realized her stomach was growling, and that she'd had nothing to eat since being auctioned off the previous evening. She reached for the bowl of porridge and got a stinging slap across the bottom from the crop the woman held.

“You don't use your hands, bitch dog.”

Gasping in pain, Courtney obediently bent her head and began to lick at the porridge. The woman looked down, and, evidently satisfied, pulled out a chair and sat down at a nearby table.

The porridge was not the tastiest, but it did sate her hunger. She drank some water, as well, feeling bizarre and kinky, which roused her sexual hunger somewhat. Yet she was also sore all over, her entire body stinging as if from a suntan. She felt bruised inside, and her breasts ached and throbbed from the manhandling they'd been given.

After she had finished the woman rose. “Do you need to use the bathroom?”

“No - .”

The crop slashed down across her back and Courtney cried out in pain, driven to the floor.

“Do not speak!” the woman ordered. “Nod or shake your head. I do not want to hear the sound of your voice. Ever!”

She prodded at the groaning girl's bottom with the crop. “Now get on your knees and crawl.”

Courtney got shakily to her hands and knees, resisting the urge to reach behind her to feel the throbbing welt the crop must have left across the centre of her back. She crawled out of the kitchen and up the hall and then into a small back room. There was a low, perhaps foot high post in the centre, and she immediately suspected its purpose. Surrounding the post were four square metal frames made of iron bars.

She was not surprised when the woman led her to the centre framed by the bars and had her kneel over the post.

“Straighten your left leg,” the woman ordered.

Courtney pushed her left leg out, and watched as the woman slid a strap around it just above the knee, then buckled it tight.

“Now the other.”

Again Courtney obeyed, nervously wondering what the woman intended.

“All right, slut. Sit on that,” the woman sniffed, pointing at the rounded metal post. It was very similar to the ones she had been standing over the previous - evening? - and she winced as she felt the pressure against her bruised sex lips.

“Take it all inside, slut. You know you want to,” the woman sneered.

She didn't want to. But the woman's eagerness to use the crop made her force her aching sex lips over the swollen top and then slowly down the long length of the fat tube.

The woman then squatted behind her and slid another strap, a heavier one, around her arms and back, pulling it together so that her arms were forced back farther and farther, straining her shoulders.

“Ow! Ow!” she gasped.

“Shut up, slut.”

The woman tightened the strap until Courtney's arms were touching, her elbows jammed together. Then she stood up and unbuckled the collar around her throat, removing it. A moment later the hood

came off and Courtney's eyes squinted under the suddenly much brighter light.

The woman snorted at her ragged hair and combed at it with her fingers, pulling it down her back. She abandoned it for a moment and took the strap bound to Courtney's right leg.

"Spread your legs, slut. Wide. Wider. Wider!"

Courtney grunted as her thighs stung from the strain to her tendons. The woman attached the strap on her right leg to the base of the frame on her side, then pulled her left leg wider still, ignoring Courtney's groan of pain, and attached that strap to the bar on her left.

She raised the frame on her side and Courtney saw it was hinged at its base, and attached to the floor. It locked in place somehow, and the woman raised the bars on her other side and locked those in place.

She moved behind her and squatted, then combed her hair out to either side with her fingers before twisting it into rough, loose braids. Then she tied cords to the ends of the braids and pulled them back, tying them to bars behind and to either side of the girl.

The woman appeared in front of her and lifted the front side of what she now realized was to become a cage. It snapped into position against the two side panels, locking in place. The woman moved behind her again and pressed a hand against her jaw.

"Stick your tongue out," she ordered.

Courtney obeyed.

"More! As far as you can!"

Courtney obeyed again, pained by the woman's fingers digging into her jaw. She didn't see the clamp in the woman's hand until the jaws closed around her tongue. Then she screamed and tried to pull her tongue back in - to no avail.

The clamp was almost as wide as her tongue, the two jaws filled with sharp tiny teeth which bit into her sensitive pink flesh. A chain led from the end of the clamp, and the woman held it, pulling it straight out, forcing Courtney's tongue to pull out of her mouth again, pulling hard so that she felt the ache and strain deep in her throat. The woman attached the chain to the bar in front of her, and Courtney was unable to lean forward because of the pull on her hair.

The woman knelt in front of her and reached through the bars, attaching a chain to each of her nipple rings, and then pulling them out. Her nipples stretched, her areolas puffing out and pulling out, her breasts lifting. The woman calmly fed the chains into a small ring on the centre bar, then downwards through another ring lower on the bar. She reached in and her fingers rubbed at Courtney's sex, spreading the top of her sex lips to expose her clitoris.

Another clamp bit into her clitoris, and Courtney shrieked. Yet trying to make noise hurt her tongue, and the pain redoubled. Her body thrashed, and the chains pulled against her still sore nipples. Her head jerked against the pull of her hair and stinging pain dug into her scalp.

The woman stood back and then moved behind her. Even through her pain Courtney heard the rear of the cage lifting and locking into place, then the top swung over on its hinges and slammed down. The woman produced a padlock and snapped it in the hasp, and then smiled down at her.

"We'll let you rest for a while," she said with a smirk.

She left, closing the door behind her.

The pain eased, but slowly, and never went away. Courtney had to control her movements, despite the pain, for pulling against anything would send the pain spiking higher.

After a time the woman returned. Without speaking she bent and removed the clamp from Courtney's clitoris. The pain immediately screamed through her body, and she howled wildly, body trembling like a plucked guitar string as she was forced to remain in place and unmoving.

The woman moved away, leaving her to her pain, fumbling with something behind her. She returned and set something on the floor, then extended a metal arm and pressed something against Courtney's sex just below her clit, almost against the bar jammed up inside her. It began to buzz like a vibrator.

Again the woman moved away, busy about her business. She wheeled over a low cart and then knelt before the bars. Without speaking, she reached in and squeezed Courtney's right breast, then removed the clip attached to her nipple ring. A moment later she placed a small glass or plastic cup against the centre of her breast, and Courtney felt a suction pulling at her nipple and areola, a suction which increased and then decreased with in a rhythmic way.

The woman undid the clip to her other nipple and then attached a second little suction cup to the centre of her breast. Then she was gone again.

For a few minutes the pain to her nipples and clitoris was too intense to care about anything else. But it eased as the pressure did. And after more time had passed she began to become more and more aware of the buzzing between her legs, and the rhythmic sucking against her breasts.

The vibrating thing was not directly against her clitoris, but by shifting her pelvis only slightly she was able to bring her swollen, aching clitoris closer, and hissed at the sensations. Her clit was even more sensitive now than usual, sore and swollen and throbbing with pain. The sensation was simply too much, and she had to ease back.

But as more time passed she found herself slowly grinding her body against the buzzing, vibrating arm, inching her pelvis slightly down and forward to bring her clitoris closer and closer to the source of the intense sensations. Her nipples were on fire by then. They ached with sensations which at the same time were both horribly frustrating and deliciously pleasurable. She wished someone would come down and lick and pinch and even bite on them. But all she had was the sucking sensation which rose and fell and rose again.

Her nipples throbbed. They burned. They were swollen and aching.

She eased her pussy just slightly further down on the metal pipe inside her and her clitoris touched the buzzing vibrator. She came with a squeal, her body shaking violently as the pleasure coursed through her veins.

## Chapter Twelve

By the time the woman returned for her hours later her whip marked body was drenched in sweat. Multiple orgasms had exhausted her, and her eyes were slits as she knelt, barely conscious, her body trembling weakly.

The woman calmly removed the tubes and vibrator, then released her tongue, which throbbed with new, hot pain. She folded back the bars and untied her hair, then released her aching arms. She prodded at her to move, but Courtney merely fell forward, then cried out in pain at the pressure on her nipples and rolled over.

She had never seen the centre of her breasts so swollen, her areola and nipple so distended.

The crop struck her back and she cried out.

“Crawl, slut.”

“S-Stop it!” she moaned dizzily.

The crop cut into her bottom with stinging effect.

“I said I don’t want to hear your voice!” the woman shouted. “Ever!”

Courtney swayed and lurched from side to side as she crawled out of the room. She was too dazed to think straight as the woman led her into a bathroom, then used a hand shower to soak her hair and body. Courtney groaned and whimpered at the stinging from a score of small cuts, especially when the woman roughly soaped her up. But she was too weak and disoriented to really resist.

Naked, still dripping wet, she was ordered to crawl back up the hall. The woman led her back into the same room again, then ordered her onto her belly. Courtney’s swollen nipples still ached fiercely, but the woman held her in place as she linked her wrist shackles together, then pulled her ankles up and back and linked them to her wrists. A few moments later Courtney felt pressure on all four limbs as she was slowly lifted up into the air by a chain.

She hung only a few inches from the ground, but it was enough. The woman turned and left her in place.

For a long time she hung in place, twisting slowly, moaning, head down. A man entered then, one she blearily recognized. He yanked on her hair to lift her head up and then thrust his erection into her mouth and almost immediately down her throat. He used her roughly, but almost casually, pumping in and out, reaching under to knead her aching breasts, and then spilling his seed into her throat before wordlessly getting up and leaving.

\* \* \* \*

She grunted as she dropped to the floor. Hands slapped at her. Her legs were spread. She looked up blearily to see a man above her as she lay on her back. He lifted her legs up and back and thrust himself into her pussy, then began to pump. His hands reached down between her legs, kneading and fondling her breasts - hard.”

“H-hurting me,” she whispered.

He backhanded her and she winced as she tasted blood.

Afterwards, he left her on her back on the floor, but attached chains to her wrist restraints, pulling them straight down towards her legs. But then he lifted her feet up and back over her head, then spread them wide before attaching chains to the shackles to lock them in place. He forced a ring gag into her mouth, then thrust a fat candle through the opening, filling her mouth.

He then whipped her pussy with a riding crop before lighting the candle and leaving.

Hours passed, and the candle slowly melted, wax spilling down the sides, down her cheeks and chin. She had to keep dazedly rolling her head to keep the wax from blocking her nose. Her back was on fire, and she sobbed softly.

She had no way of measuring time. Was it still Saturday? Please God it was Sunday by now. Surely it was.

\* \* \* \* \*

She crawled weakly across the floor, the crop snapping at her bottom, and licked exhaustedly at the porridge in the bowl. Was it the next morning? She didn't dare ask the stern, steely eyed woman.

"Do you need to use the toilet?"

This time Courtney nodded timidly, and the woman directed her to the bathroom, but then stayed there in place.

"No, I'm not leaving," she answered the unvoiced question. "Either use the toilet or don't."

Courtney couldn't, not in front of someone, and was led crawling back into the room she had occupied for she didn't know how long. The woman locked her wrists back behind her and then pulled her up to her shaky feet by the hair.

"I-Is it time to go yet?" she whimpered.

A blow to her stomach folded her to her knees with a cry of pain.

"You are going to learn to not talk, you slut!"

The woman undid her shackles as Courtney knelt gasping for breath and moaning, then fastened them together in front of her before lifting them high above her. She attached them to a chain overhead and then went to a crank set in the nearby wall. The chain rose, and Courtney felt herself pulled to her feet, then off them. She groaned as the shackles dug into her tender wrists, and hung swaying and slowly twisting as the woman moved to a nearby corner.

"Please," she moaned.

"You want to make noise. Make noise then," the woman said.

She held a whip in her hand. It was not a flog but an actual whip, long and black and sinuous looking. Courtney stared at it without understanding.

The woman drew her arm back and let the whip cut across her belly and wrap around her waist. She howled in shocked pain, her legs kicking and flailing wildly as the whip fell away. The jolt of intense pain tore through her body and mind and forced her out of her dazed.

"No! Don't! Stop it!"

The woman smiled grimly and the whip hissed out across the room again, this time cutting across Courtney's breasts. She howled as her body twisted and spun wildly, her legs kicking and flopping.

"Stop it!" she screamed. "You can't! I want to go home!"

The whip cut across her back, the tip slicing into the soft flesh beneath her armpit. Again the girl screamed, her body spinning and twisting.

"I want to stop! I want to stop!" she sobbed.

The whip cut diagonally across her back, then cut into her shoulders, then sliced into her hip before cutting across her rump.

"You have to stop!" she screamed frantically.

"No," the woman said. "I don't."

The whip cut across her breasts again and Courtney shrieked.

"You will learn to be silent," the woman said.

Again and again the whip lashed out and slashed across the girl's twisting, spinning body, leaving long, dark, angry red welts as wide as her finger across the sobbing girl's breasts, belly, hips, bottom and back.

She was left in place, sobbing, aching, burning, growing more and more exhausted as her arms and shoulders went numb. After a time a man came in and sodomized her, squeezing her burning breasts as

he thrust his cock up into her backside before leaving.

\* \* \* \* \*

Isn't it Sunday? Surely it's more than Sunday. Surely I've been here long enough!

Courtney moaned softly, unable to speak except in her head. She stood balanced precariously on the balls of her feet, her ankles locked together, her elbows and wrists strapped together behind her back, her head tilted back, tongue pulled high by the clamp biting into it and hanging from an overhead chain.

She had tongued the woman to multiple orgasms earlier, then the man had used her throat. She had licked and sucked him back to erection and he had taken her roughly from behind, doggie style, as the woman looked on.

It must be time to leave soon! It must!

\* \* \* \* \*

She was delighted to be doing nothing more painful than serving drinks. On this occasion she was clad in stiletto heels, but nothing else but her rings and collar. Her hair was brushed nicely, however, and at any request she must bend and orally please whichever man or woman sought her services. Often someone would simply bend her over and thrust into her from behind. She was pinched, groped, fondled and caressed almost continuously.

The party lasted hours, and on one occasion she got a view of deep night outside. It had to be Sunday night, then! She must surely be released soon!

The party went into the small hours of the morning, then quieted as people left.

Courtney felt tension rising inside her. It was time to leave. She must leave now. She would tell them it was Monday and she was free to go. Yet she kept biting her tongue, afraid to speak. They did not want her to speak. They punished her dreadfully when she spoke.

Finally, after cleaning everything, washing the glasses, vacuuming, and polishing the tables, she worked up the courage to speak to the man. Her words tumbled out in a rush, fearful, anxious, afraid of being stopped.

"The weekend's over!" she exclaimed. "I'm going now. I have to go home!"

The man's open handed slap sent her flying back across the room, and she fell on her back, gasping, ear ringing.

"You've been here more than a week and you still haven't learned to keep your mouth shut except when you're eating or sucking cock," he said in disgust.

A week!?

"B-but I was only to stay a weekend," she gasped.

He slapped her again and she gasped as the pain ripped through her.

"Is that what your boyfriend told you, you stupid little slut?" he asked in amusement.

He gripped her hair and twisted it around his wrist, then yanked her roughly forward and, holding her head low, forced her to crawl from the kitchen and back down the hall.

"Your boyfriend didn't rent you for a weekend. He sold you as a slave, permanently," he said.

"You belong to us now, and you're not going anywhere."

Shock, disbelief, and horror rippled through Courtney's mind.

"No! It's not true!" she gasped. "He couldn't! He can't!"

"Guess again."

He pulled her wrists together behind her back and locked the shackles in place.

"But he had no right!" she gasped desperately. "You have to let me go! You have to!"

He combed her hair up with his fingers, lifting it into a single thick braid at the top of her head, then bound it in cord and lifted higher.

"Please!" she cried, as the pull on her hair raised her to the balls of her feet, then her toes. "Please! No! Let me go! I want to go!"

Her words turned into screams as her toes left the floor, wriggling madly, desperately, as she hung

from her hair.

The man smiled and walked away, closing and bolting the door behind him.

Courtney sobbed and wailed as needles of pain dug into her scalp, her hair threatening to tear loose as she swung slowly in place and the hours passed.

Sold. It was impossible to come to terms with the idea. Peter had sold her? These people had bought her? How could they do that!? How could she be sold!? It was as if she was a - a - slave.

And yet, of course she had known she was being sold as a slave, as a sex slave, yet it was all a game, a rush, and only for a weekend. But Peter had betrayed her. And Amanda too. They had sold her for thousands of dollars. And now they were probably enjoying themselves in Europe. She had been sold. These people owned her! She was a slave!

Pain gnawed at her, yet her mind continued to spin wildly, still trying to understand. Surely when she explained - and yet the man hadn't cared. Surely when she told them - and yet, she had, and he had laughed. He had bought a slave. She was a slave. A slave! That was impossible! Impossible!

\* \* \* \* \*

"That's it, slut. Deeper," the woman sighed. "Deeper. Ahh, lovely!"

Courtney's tongue slid deep into the woman's sex. She was able to stretch it out much farther than she used to, for it had been pulled and strained and yanked at by clamps many times. Behind her, the man was thrusting at her pussy, his big cock pumping hard and deep, her body lurching back and forth as he rode her.

She had not quite come to terms with her situation, had not quite accepted it. Yet she had no choice but to obey, no choice but to service them and their friends. And protesting, even speaking, brought a cruel punishment. She was always shackled, always bound, always caged. There was no opportunity to escape.

She kept thinking that if she could merely discuss it, surely they would understand and let her go. Every now and then she even tried. Yet the results were always the same, and she was going for longer and longer periods of time between protests. For she knew it was pointless.

She had almost forgotten the last time she'd worn clothing, the last time anyone had called her anything but "Slut".

The woman groaned and came, pulling at fistfuls of Courtney's long hair. Then her hands relaxed and she pushed her face away.

The man pulled back and jerked on her hair. He sat back in a chair and pulled her between his legs, then up. She straddled him and sank down on his cock, beginning to ride him as he pulled her breasts forward and began to suck on her swollen nipple. Courtney sighed as she felt the milk begin to flow, felt the strange sensation of liquid passing through her nipple as the man sucked and swallowed.

The suction cups were applied to her nipples every day, and it had startled her when milk had begun to flow into them. It still made her feel quite bizarre, yet there was a strange sense of eroticism to it as well.

No, she had not quite resigned herself to her new lot in life, yet she felt a dark hunger gripping her more often now when they used her, when they degraded her, and even when they punished her. She was losing herself, becoming more naturally submissive, more accepting, and giving herself in to her role.

She would - she would try once more, she thought dully, her eyes closing as she felt the pleasure seeping through her pores. The man was sucking avidly at her nipple as he kneaded her breast. She was rising and sinking on his cock, the pleasure building up inside her.

She began to ride harder, faster, gasping as her moist pussy sank again and again on his stiff cock.

He came and groaned as he shot into her, then halted her movements, slumping back, relaxed, his lips pulling free of her swollen nipple.

She licked her lips, panting with effort, her body flushed, nipples throbbing, pussy still milking his cock.

“I-I... I... should go home now,” she said in a low, timid, quivering voice.

He smiled, and then she cried out as the woman yanked back on her hair and pulled her off him.

“I’m sorry!” Courtney whimpered.

“You will be.”

They hung her by her wrists again, spreading her legs wide, and then the man and women took turns with the long whip. For the first dozen blows Courtney screamed and sobbed. But her screams turned to groans and gasps and grunts, and her chin hung low as her eyes grew glassy. She was their slave. She was a slave. She was a sex slave. The thought made her shudder, and a part of her broke and accepted it - and gloried in it.

The whip curled around her back, slicing up into the soft flesh of her breast, and the tip caught her nipple directly. She shuddered and bucked, her head flying back. The whip curled across her hip and down, slashing at her puffy, moist little slit, and her hips jerked violently, her eyes bulging.

Again and again the whip cut across her back and breasts and groin, and with a shudder, she came, bucking and thrashing as the whip sank between the lips of her sex to leave a stinging stripe of pain. The orgasm broke over her, and was followed by another, and another, wave after wave washing away her fears and worries and pain as ecstasy bathed her body.

She was caught in a life she had fantasised about, but never thought to live, never wanted to live. And there was no point in arguing, no purpose in resisting, no hope in protest. The whip sliced down between her buttocks, across her shoulder blades, along her belly and between her legs. She came, and her mind collapsed into the role she had once thought a game.

Courtney was caught, and she was not going to get free.