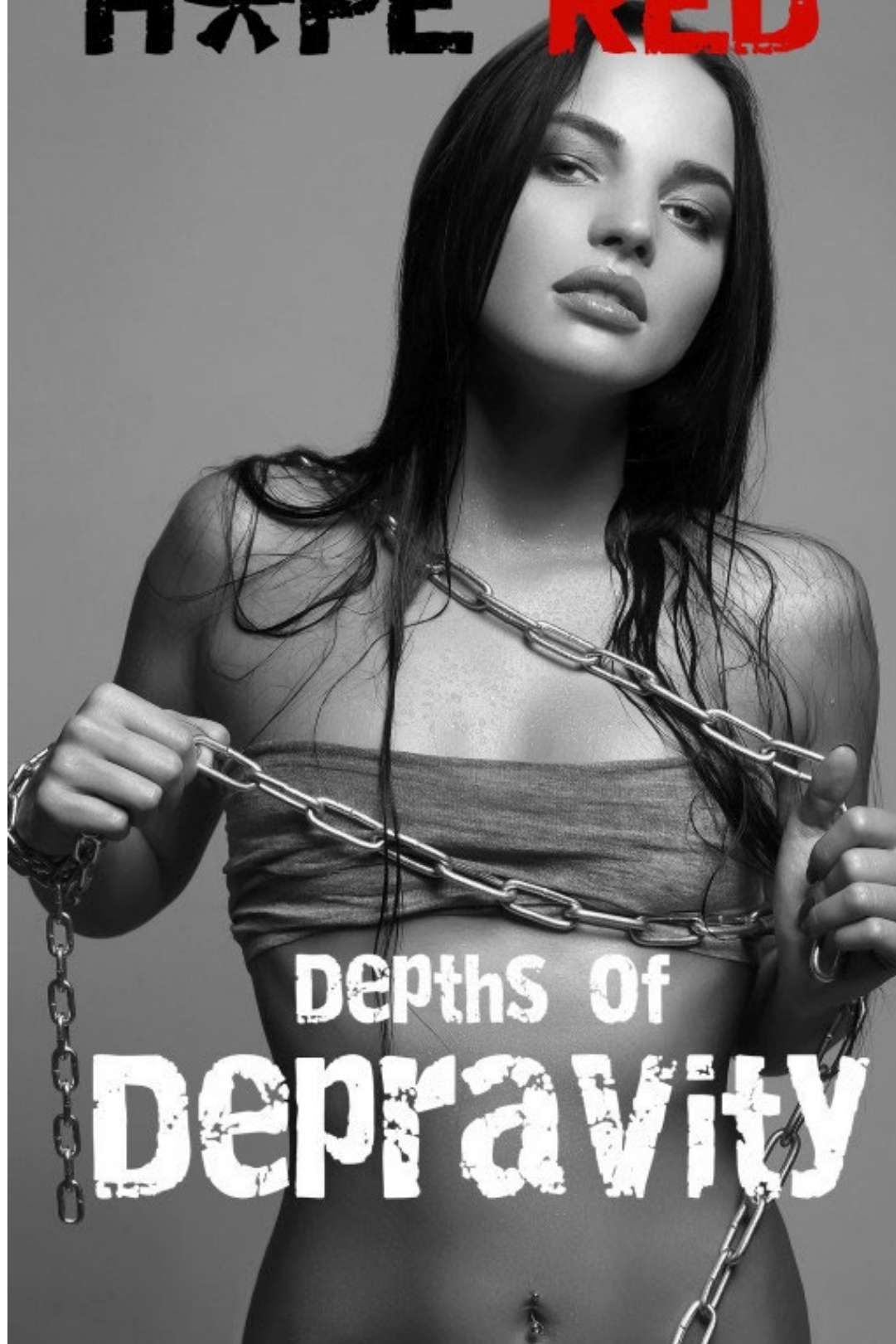
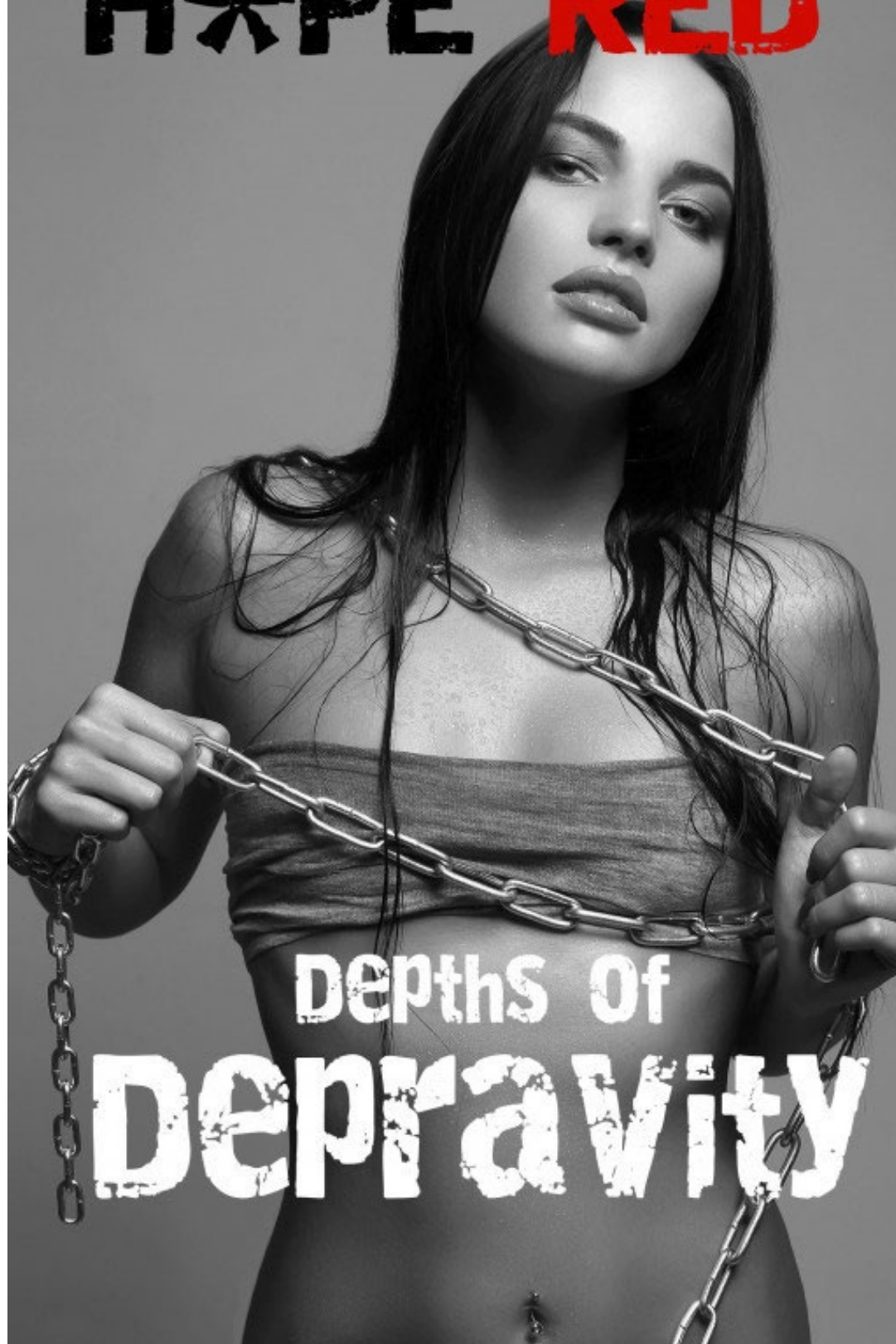


H*PE RED



**depths of
Depravity**

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Depravity

Depths of Depravity

By

Hope Red

Book Eight of the Rear Awakenings Series

And contains characters from the books:

The New Mistress

Awakened Bottoms

Corrupting Amelia

And more

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Chapters

[Showgirl](#)

[Ho', Sweet Home](#)

[Worshipping Chloe](#)

[Just a Normal Day](#)

[Making out Asswhore Style](#)

[The Anal Feast](#)

[Epilogue](#)

Showgirl

Sweat dripped from her naked body. The sound of her impossibly round butt cheeks slapping and thudding against her mistress's harnessed pelvis echoed around the empty space in the tall-ceilinged warehouse.

The old metal frame of the bed with its well-used mattress creaked and groaned almost as much as Chloe, her voice hoarse from all the crying out and moaning.

The thick leather cuffs she was made to wear squeezed into her wrists. Her mistress had buckled them far too tightly most likely on purpose. Her new and 'improved' slave collar bit into her, the metal studs on the insides pressing against her soft skin as the black leather restricting her strained breathing.

"Take it, whore...uuh... take it you dirty anal slut!" the woman twice her age spat as she pumped and thrust mercilessly into the teen, so much so that Chloe could feel her bowels being speared by the mighty lump of silicone... but this was nothing new to her.

The scene and the abusive taunts would have seemed cruel and unbelievable to her only six months ago but the Chloe of now was very used to it all and so different from the innocent girl she'd once been.

Jenny was only telling the truth after all. Chloe was a whore. At least she was now thanks to Jenny Harper, her mistress and tormentor. She had been fooled by her into thinking the summer job she'd found Chloe was just those two things and nothing more - a job and only for the summer. Looking back it was easy to see now how wrong she'd been to trust the woman she'd known for years.

The eighteen-year-old couldn't argue about the money though. She was getting paid, seven hundred dollars just for today, but she had to work for it or maybe suffer might be a better term for the way she earned her 'reward'. It sometimes felt more like compensation. Three hours of anal sex, extreme sadomasochism and other unmentionable acts so debauched it would make the average girl pass out, had left her feeling exhausted, dirty and humiliated; something that was becoming a daily occurrence now that she lived with her mistress.

There was another reason for enduring her mistress and her cronies using her for their own perverse pleasure and to reap the gold mine that her body had become for them. Chloe lived to have her asshole filled - the fuller the better as long as she could take it. Her butt was the source of untold ecstasy for her and for the women and girls that worshipped it. Worship was the right word even though it didn't seem like it, with Jenny pumping the smooth black silicone inside her accepting anus and ramming it into her rectum, her arms and legs restrained and helpless to stop the attack. Jenny was obsessed about Chloe's ass, all the cult were, and having the woman break into a sweat and exert herself – hours of effort to give Chloe what she craved the most was like her butt was the altar that all the cult gave their offerings to. Offerings of tongues, fists, dildos, plugs, it was all attention, lust, desire, and occasionally love.

But being an 'asswhore' was more a role in life than a job, in the cult of Kolos you had to be able to take the merciless sadism that the mistresses loved to inflict on their younger submissives to the point where things could get seriously cruel. Being a masochist helped to a point. Most of the girls born into the Kolos had that tendency built-in already. Others had to learn the hard way.

Chloe was lucky although she'd never admit it to Jenny how she loved the butterflies she felt every time she was restrained and made to feel helpless and vulnerable and the tingle of excitement from the pain as she was thrashed, pounded, clamped and bitten. It all just made her eventual, guaranteed anal orgasm all the more intense and amazing.

She looked up and let her pants and grunts leave her open, voluptuous lips. She could smell her mistress's flavour on her breath, the taste her mouth was most used to these days. She'd spent what felt like an hour, although it must have been less, with Jenny sat firmly on her pretty features, whipping her pussy between her splayed legs while repeatedly ordering to stick her tongue deeper and deeper into the woman's strong-tasting anus.

Jenny was good at putting on a show for an audience and they certainly had one today in this strange dark warehouse that she'd never been to before. She managed to blink the tears out of her eyes long enough to see who she was 'performing' for today.

Jenny believed in change. She didn't really believe in her own cult's religion or its principles, the way she'd turned it into a sadomasochistic sex club for cruel women was one example of how she'd parted from the ways of the anal goddess, and her love of money and power meant that she would regularly bring in 'outsiders', those that weren't born Kolos, to join or just enjoy the debauched acts that would have been secret and shut off to them before.

Chloe could make out women of all ages but most of them were well dressed in designer clothes. Seeing the famous Chloe live wasn't going to be cheap. Some of the women would be from the cult, travelling from far and wide to see the superstar asswhore; others would be bored, rich women with a need for some perverse excitement. In the dimly lit expanse she could just make out their faces, which showed their usually hidden depravity being fed as twisted snarls of lust or parted lipped pouted and hands rubbed between their expensively clad legs.

Whispers and giggle could be heard from them as they sipped champagne served to them by two pretty naked buttsluts, the name given generically to Kolos girls especially those without a mistress.

Mingled in with the women were several girls around Chloe's age and older. Some of them looked on adoringly, some in outright fear and disbelief at what was happening in front of them. A few wore a slut collar, the sign that they were owned by a mistress, made more obvious by their skimpy clothing and a hand from the woman next to them down the back of their waist hems. She wasn't the only one getting her ass penetrated right now in that building.

She recognised a couple of the faces in front of her as her eyes acclimatised to where she was looking. One of them looked a famous TV star she knew from the character she played, another was a local politician, there seemed to be no bounds to the women that wanted to see a pretty teen get anally violated, especially this one.

Jenny had turned her petite obsession into a brand and used her to beam out obedience-enforcing propaganda around the world. That's what the cameras were for that surrounded the bed on metal rigging with lights and microphones. One for just about every angle and part of her used body, especially her ass. Thousands of viewers around the globe had been watching the live stream of her getting fucked and tortured for the last three hours.

Her attention pulled sharply back to her body as the twelve-inch dildo squelched out of her anus with cruel swiftness.

"Ahh aaa", she panted as her tunnel walls felt the sharp pang of the sudden departure.

Some of the women giggled as they saw Chloe's discomfort at the swift removal, making Jenny chuckle as she rubbed her hand over the dildo.

Jenny stood up from the bed. The massive, glistening dildo flopped about lewdly as two buttsluts quickly brought a black silk gown and a bottle of water for the muscular, auburn-haired woman. Chloe's mistress was sculpted and tall, looking both formidable and threatening physically. She wiped sweat from her toned abs as her brown eyes looked down at her sex-sullied captive, a cruel smirk curling her thin lips upwards.

The two buttsluts moved around the bed on a pre-ordered duty and quickly kicked the locks on the bed feet with their impossibly-tall slut heels then spun the metal frame round on its wheels.

The audience gasped as they saw the devastation that three hours with her mistress had inflicted on the pretty teen's usually flawless ass. Her globe-like cheeks were no longer the vibrant youthful creamy colour they normally were. They now looked almost bright pink from the brutal pounding they'd taken but it was the black hole-like void where all the eyes in the audience were staring.

Chloe's anus was legendary, quite literally. Chloe herself had started to believe the cult's own legends about the powers her asshole possessed. Even she had to admit it did seem to have hypnotic powers.

But after six months of this she was losing all perspective of who she was. Sometimes she really believed, as many asswhores did, that her existence started at the entrance to her almost puckerless anus at the ended deep in her rectum. No one could blame her. It had gotten more attention than any other part of her body or mind over the past months and was such a focus that she sometimes felt that she was little more than a hole, a hole she didn't even have control of as her mistress regularly proved to her.

Right now her sphincter was at least an inch wide, the dark pink insides visible to those that looked hard enough, the rim gaping helplessly in a circle.

Her cuffed ankles had been shackled to hooks on the each side of the bed so that her thighs were splayed out into a wide legged doggy position with her hands gripping the rail that ran along the head of the bed and her wrists locked in place by short chains on hooks in front of her. Her nipples still bore the metal clamps that Jenny had used to electrify her body with in the first hour of the show and have her tight, slim torso contort and writhe in a dance of pain that she was now used to doing.

Jenny clicked forward in her heels and laid a hand on the small of Chloe's back, rubbing a finger down her crack as if she was pointing to the opened-up tunnel.

"The auction will begin now. The highest bidder will have the opportunity to make this gape even wider... with this."

A buttslut brought something veiny and flesh-coloured on a silver tray and held it up to the woman known as the High Priestess, kneeling into a slave pose, which should have been almost impossible on her ridiculous heels.

Jenny took the item, ignoring the cute freckled buttslut that looked up at her like a sullen puppy. She was more interesting in the stuff of nightmares in her hand, Chloe's nightmares especially.

It was a dildo. About as long as the one that had just been inside her but with one cruel addition – this monster looked like two huge cocks joined together length ways.

Chloe's blue-green eyes looked up at the veiny monster. She'd fainted the last time she'd taken two dildos at the same time but that was months ago now and she'd had dozens of large objects shoved inside her since then. It still didn't stop her from feeling panic rising inside the pit of her stomach at the sight the mutant-like dildo.

"Oh fuck", she hissed under her breath.

Instinctively she pulled at her restraints but she didn't know why she still did that. Jenny always made sure she was well secured.

Jenny heard her asshole voicing her trepidation and grinned evilly across, winking as though she was sharing a private joke between the two of them.

Fucking bitch, Chloe thought to herself but she knew better than to say something like that out loud to her mistress, especially in public.

Jenny picked up a microphone from one of the rigs and held it in her other hand, the size of the dildo made all the more apparent by the difference.

"This dildo is known as the King Cock. It's eleven inches in length and has a diameter of three inches!" Jenny said into the microphone as if she was announcing a main event at a sports arena.

She flicked the mike down to Chloe just in time.

“Oh fuck. That’s so wide.” The breathy thought echoed around the warehouse. The fear in her voice made some of the audience let out lust-filled moans. Chloe’s face flushed.

Shit. She knew that sounding scared was always a mistake in a room filled with sadistic predatory women.

“Wouldn’t that make a nice ringtone for your phones, ladies?” Jenny said, laughing as she saw the crowd getting worked up and excited.

“That means a nice nine and a half inches in circumference to stretch out Chloe Green’s asshole. What do you think to that? One of you lucky ladies could be stretching her divine hole out as far as it can possibly go. Can your asshole really stretch that far, asshole?”

She held the mike down to Chloe.

“I... I don’t know”, Chloe mumbled. It probably could but past experience meant that something that size would be a struggle even for her elastic anus.

“Lying little bitch. You’ve taken things just as big as this before. I should know. Now, tell the paying audience that one lucky lady will get to fuck you with this thing if she bids high enough.” Jenny’s voice sounded light and airy enough but had a hint of a snarl in it that someone that knew her could easily hear.

The mike went down to Chloe and rubbed lewdly over her lips.

She was exhausted. Her ass had been pumped and penetrated for hours and even with her strange healing powers, a dildo like that would leave her sore for the rest of the day.

How many girls her age have to make a decision like this on a regular basis?

Seven hundred dollars... You're an asshole... It's your duty... Stick to the plan Chloe... You've started to earn Jenny's trust... Can't afford to piss her off when you're this close. She closed her eyes for a moment then said what Jenny wanted to hear.

"Uuh... Yes, Mistress. One lucky lady will get to fuck my asshole with... with that dildo."

Jenny grinned, satisfied, but pressed for more.

"You mean your dirty whore ass", Jenny said, tapping the mike against the side of Chloe's heart-shaped face.

"Yes, Mistress. My dirty whore ass is going to get fucked by the highest bidder", Chloe said, with just the right amount of girlishness to fire the crowd up. It's happening anyway. I may as well please the evil bitch, Chloe thought.

Seconds after, the crowd went wild.

“One thousand dollars!” one woman shouted excitedly, getting up out of her chair to emphasise her bid.

Jenny smiled. “One thousand. Do I hear one and a half?”

“Two thousand!” another voice called out, her arm clawing out as if she was fighting off the first woman.

Chloe couldn't see who any of them were with her butt facing the crowd but it didn't matter. As an asshole, she'd been fucked by old and young, big and small, black and white, strangers and those closest to her, it didn't matter – her asshole didn't have a say in who penetrated it anymore.

Her mistress took another swig of water. Chloe's needs, hunger, thirst, toilet breaks, were usually ignored until Jenny was finished with her. The woman clopped over in her stiletto heels.

“Oh come now, ladies. You can do better than that. Look at the embodiment of the goddess Koloe. Don't you want to fuck this little piece of heaven?”

She tipped the bottle and let a thin stream run down Chloe's crack and into her gaping anus. It looked like a waterfall over a cave as it cascaded back out. A close-up was beamed onto a large screen behind the bed, giving a sense of the beauty that one of them could soon destroy.

The bids swiftly rose.

“Four”

“Five”

“Six”

A moment’s silence fell as Jenny’s attention turned to a computer screen next to one of the many camera rigs.

“I have a bid for ten thousand online from an anonymous bidder.”

The crowd audibly groaned. Apparently fucking a piece of anal divinity had a price limit for this audience. Chloe felt her pride a little knocked at that. Then her attention turned to the last bid. How can a person fuck me over the internet? I’d have to wait for hours or even days for her to get across to me. Not that that wouldn’t be a godsend for her body, but there was still a part of her, her asshole-self, that needed to cum hard.

“Any more bids?” Jenny enquired although it was clear from her face that she was happy with the final bid. One day of ‘work’ was quite lucrative with Chloe Green as the product.

“Very well. Bidder 3549. Log into the interface, put on your VR set and then you can take your prize.”

Chloe looked around confused. She didn’t understand half of what Jenny had just said as the two buttsluts wheeled her back around to face the shadowy audience.

Noises of wheels clunking and metal clanging about could be heard behind her making her brow furrow.

She could see a few arms moving faster in the crowd, as some of the women were getting more vigorous in their self-pleasuring. Something was obviously making them excited.

Then she felt the lubed tip of the King Cock dildo touch her loosened rim.

Her brow knotted even more as she realised that she was about to get fucked there and then.

“Control the thrusts and speed with your arrow keys, bidder 3549. She’s all yours”, Jenny said, taking a step backwards.

“Uuuuuuh!”

Chloe’s guttural cry was primal and animal-like as the nine and a half inch

circumference stretched her sphincter out and thrust into her rectum with an inhuman lack of mercy. Her breath was literally knocked out of her as her tunnel walls re-arranged around the huge girth and she felt, not for the first time, that she was being impaled right through her body.

She gasped and spluttered as she tried to draw air into her lungs. She could hear the cruel titters of the audience as she struggled with the overwhelming invasion, their pleasure at her instinctive alarm and discomfort starkly apparent.

She gripped the bed rail so tightly she thought she might bend the metal as the dildo tunnelled deeper into her bowels, not allowing her a second to recover.

Her eyes became blurry and filled with white stars and her mind flashed over other occasions when her small frame had taken something as big as this. She'd passed out at pretty much all of them without an ounce of pity from any of the perpetrators and today would be no different.

Chloe had forgotten what mercy looked like thanks to the cult. She felt the cold sweat on her forehead and the sick feeling in her belly as she fought to stay in her nightmarish conscious world.

She let out a deep braying groan; more the noise of a donkey than a young woman, as the dildo slid out in the same machine-like motion it had entered her with. She felt the walls along her sensitive hole contract back up as the invading monster snaked back into the open warehouse, glistening with lube and looking triumphant as it was beamed onto the big screen behind the bed.

Most of the time a mistress would leave the head of the dildo inside her to allow

for a smooth thrust back into the depths of her asshole but not bidder 3549. Her ass rasped and squelched as the double cock head left her body, echoing around the dark warehouse with filthy candidness.

The screen behind her displayed the initial effect of the dildo on her anus as the audience made crude comments and giggled at the farting noises.

“Come on. Put it back in!” one called out.

“Yeah. Fuck the little slut!” another chimed in.

Bidder 3549 must have heard because the next thrust rasped the air out of Chloe’s buttohole like the sound of a zip being pulled up.

She cried out loudly.

“Ah-aaaah!”

Tears filled her eyes as she felt the robotic spear hit her insides. Part of her loved being so full it ached, another part enjoyed the masochism of her predicament but there was another part, one ever-shrinking part of her mind not governed by lust that felt uncomfortable at the mercy of someone that was hidden behind wires and cables, hundreds of miles away that was free of all responsibility.

The King Cock was smoothly withdrawn then plunged back in seemingly

effortlessly by the machine but Chloe was feeling anything but effortlessness as she took the huge mass of silicone into her body.

She opened her eyes and felt the tears stream down as she controlled her breathing and tried to force her body to cope with the stuffing it was receiving.

“Whore!”

“Slut!”

“Dirty bitch. She loves it.”

The crowd taunted her as she tried to compose herself. Not easy as she felt like her insides were being punched repeatedly by something as big as she’d ever managed to take.

Jenny stepped over to a women in the shadows, her silk gown tied like a short dress, her toned calves flexing as she clicked on the concrete in her high heels.

She held the mike out to the lady that looked like the TV star.

“What do you think of my Chloe, Ali?”

“A total fucking slut... I mean does she even have any self-respect?”

“Not any more”, Jenny chuckled, looking over at Chloe as she played to her audience.

Chloe grunted as the dildo filled her insides not knowing which jab at her hurt the most, the King Cock’s or the woman’s comment. Her eyes dulled as she was sharply reminded that having emotions just got in the way of surviving as an asshole.

“But do you want her, Ali?”

Ali’s voice became filled with lust as it rang out in the warehouse, clearly experienced at speaking into a mike.

“I would fist that small round butt of hers every night and never get bored.”

Chloe could just make out the woman’s parted bare legs, some kind of silk Red carpet mini dress pulled up around her waist as she rubbed a hand between her legs.

“Five hundred dollars and she’s yours for a night. Remember to tell all your Hollywood friends, honey.”

Jenny opened her robe and held the black strapped-on dildo that had been deep

inside her asshole not so long ago.

Ali brushed her neck-length hair to one side and leaned down to the silicone shaft.

She inhaled deeply and moaned in pleasure, filling the four walls with a noise that couldn't have sounded more turned on. Ali looked up into Jenny's eyes and opened her cat-like lips wide. She took the first six inches easily into her mouth with obvious experience and purred as she slurped and drew her lips over the Chloe-flavoured shaft.

A typical actress, Ali's pleasure was noisy and physical as she rubbed her pussy furiously and sucked the cock that had been inside the asshole teen for the last couple of hours. Jenny couldn't have wished for a better testimonial. Chloe Green's mere ass flavour and scent could drive a woman to ecstasy. As Ali flopped back in her chair and wiped her lips with her other hand Jenny leaned in and whispered something into her ear.

She stood and held the mike up to her mouth.

"Did you see that, ladies? Chloe Green's flavour can bring a woman to climax. This is the divine pleasure that awaits you in the cult of Kolos."

Shit, Chloe thought, snapping back into the room momentarily, the cruelly sized shaft still pumping into her body. This is something new... and big... uuh... Jenny is opening the cult up to non-Kolos women. I can use this.... ooh... My bitch of a mistress just made another bad move... Fuuuck...

Jenny walked around to a woman and a girl next to her squirming around in her seat looking quite uncomfortable.

“Emma, I’m so pleased you could make it”, Jenny said, kissing the dark-haired woman on each cheek.

“I see you brought Kelsey with you. What do you think to Chloe?”

“She’s fucking amazing. She’s everything I want Kelsey to be.”

“Mmm, so this is Kelsey? She looks even more of a slut in real life. May I?”

“Of course, High Priestess”, the mistress-wannabe said with a smile.

All asswhores were ultimately Jenny’s and she liked to test as many as she could out, especially the new ones.

She rubbed the dildo then two fingers over the girls pouting lips before pushing them inside her mouth right up to the back of her throat, making the girl choke and gag. Her brown eyes filled with tears as Jenny watched Chloe’s flavour magically intoxicate and arouse the sullen teen.

Emma whispered into Jenny’s ear, making the auburn haired host laugh.

“You’ll make a great mistress, Emma. Of course”, Jenny purred.

The dark haired woman stood and held Kelsey by the wrist and stepped her over to Chloe, still being fucked for all to enjoy.

Emma looked slightly awestruck as she got close enough to smell the scent of three hours of sex coming from the prettiest girl she’d ever seen. Chloe looked into the woman’s dark eyes as bidder 3549 pummelled her rectum and saw a hint of sympathy, or was it guilt, come and go in an instant.

“Hello, Chloe”, she said softly as if Chloe wasn’t being brutally pounded, restrained and naked.

“We’re both big fans. We’ve seen your videos dozens of times. Sometimes we act them out. Look, Kelsey even has a collar just like yours.”

Kelsey’s collar looked like Chloe’s but she was quite sure it didn’t have the ‘extras’ Jenny had added to the one she wore now, her second slut collar, with added sadism for having tried to leave the cult three months ago.

“Listen to me drooling over you like this. Well, let me introduce Kelsey properly.”

The woman was wearing tight jeans, the buttons undone, and a black T-shirt, casual compared to most in the audience. Kelsey was wearing a tight-fitting

bodycon red mini dress that Emma simply peeled up the girl's frame, rolling it up around her armpits. Of course, she was completely naked underneath.

Emma turned the teen round like a ragdoll and rubbed her bubblebutt cheeks. Like most girls that became asswhores, Kelsey had a pert and inviting ass. That was usually the reason most of them were chosen by the cult.

“You look thirsty, Chloe. I asked your mistress if we might give you something to wet your dry throat.”

Chloe wasn't naïve enough to believe that the woman's soft tone and smile was genuine or that being offered such a kindness didn't come with a cost but she couldn't tell her that she didn't want it and would rather suffer. When a mistress was playing this game it was best to go along with it, pissing them off only made the thing they were going to do worse anyway.

She didn't know if the woman was indeed a mistress of the cult yet, Chloe couldn't see the woman's wrist where they bore their heart-shaped tattoos with the T shape inside that symbolised a butt being penetrated. Still, it was quite obvious that she was this sulking girl's mistress.

“Th... thank you, Mistress”, Chloe croaked as bidder 3549 kept up the hard work of hitting the arrow key.

Emma smiled and parted Kelsey's round cheeks, her face visible over the girl's head.

“Yes, Chloe. My Kelsey has been keeping a litre of water in her smelly asshole just to give you a drink, haven’t you slut?”

Emma squeezed Kelsey’s face with her hand and clenched her teeth.

Kelsey’s voice was strained as she spoke.

“Uuh, Yes, M... Mistress”, she stammered as if not used to the title.

Chloe looked down between the girl’s creamy cheeks and saw a tap-tipped buttplug with a turn valve poking out from her sweating crack.

The girl’s body quivered in anticipation of finally being able to release what had been filling her up for at least the last few hours.

Fuck, Chloe thought as Emma reached down to the valve. I’m about to drink from a total stranger’s asshole.

Chloe had been in Kelsey’s place quite a few times, her mistress found it amusing to stuff her ass with food or drink and make another asshole eat it out and she had eaten and drank her share in return. This would be no different and the marathon show had made her so thirsty she would have drunk the contents of her mistress’s bladder if offered.

Emma leaned into Chloe’s face as she made Kelsey bend over and grasp her

calves with her. She was clearly starstruck as she got close enough to feel the asshole's hot breath panting as she took her anal onslaught.

"The High Priestess says you have to drink up unless you want to 'hang out' with her in the cellar."

Chloe knew what that meant and her mouth opened into a wide O shape almost immediately.

Emma chuckled in surprise as she turned the valve and then grabbed Kelsey by her thigh and adjusted her position as the water spurted up in a tap controlled stream up onto Chloe's forehead.

The crowd jeered and gasped as the stream was aimed into Chloe's waiting mouth. She gulped and spluttered the warm, body-sweetened water down her dry throat, trying not to think too much about yet another thing that would be considered too disgusting to contemplate by anyone outside the cult.

She swallowed and let it wash over her mouth and tongue, hearing the reactions from the audience.

"Eeeeww... she's so fucking nasty!"

"She's a dirty pig!"

“She’s disgusting!”

Chloe fall into the depths of depravity was like a bottomless pit, her mistress always able to humiliate and degrade the pretty girl more. She had lost the ability to feel self-conscious or rather Jenny had expertly trained it out of her. All inhibitions had been broken and all taboos smashed inside the teen’s head.

The crowd started to chant as she gulped down as much of the butt water she could, some of it dribbling down her chin and spluttering out in coughs at each inward thrust of the King Cock.

“Drink. Drink. Drink...”

It started to become harder to gulp it all down as she felt her thirst quenched and she struggled to keep up with the flow. Kelsey’s body shook at finally being able to release her aching insides, physical relief apparent as her bladder gave out. Chloe could make out the devastating embarrassment by the way Kelsey groaned, a sign that meant that this asswhore was still quite new to the world of humiliation.

When the flow slowed, Emma swiftly pulled the plug from the girl’s anus then parted the bubblebutt cheeks, looming over the almost naked frame.

“Come on you little bitch, I know you’re hiding some more of that tasty juice for Chloe. Get up on her face and push out every last delicious drop.”

Kelsey made a panicked little squeal as her mistress shoved her butt into Chloe's face. She clearly wasn't used to being so publicly dominated and her inexperience was obvious.

Emma parted the girl's lips with her own and pushed her tongue inside, kissing Kelsey with unrestrained lust. The crowd jeered and shouted at Kelsey, goading her on as Chloe's face was smothered by her bubblebutt.

Chloe could smell the sweet, sweaty scent that Emma would be more than familiar with. The brunette girl's ass was quite fragrant, her strong pheromones probably being what drew Emma to her in the first place, that and the fact that she had a hot, grabable rear. Chloe opened her mouth around the erupting sphincter and flicked her tongue over the girl's rim to encourage her and tell her it was okay. Chloe had fed and watered many girls this way on her mistress's orders, drinking from Kelsey was just part of the sadomasochistic balance she knew she deserved... plus it was making her whole body tingle.

The lower she fell into depravity, the more she was humiliated, the bigger the challenge, the more Chloe Green's under-utilised pussy dripped with arousal.

She could feel herself getting close now. Having the tasty teen making lewd noises into her mouth and feeling her butt tremble every time she farted or rasped the remaining water into Chloe's mouth as she got pummelled made that tingling, warm feeling in her crotch spread.

She started to twitch and spasm as jolts of electrifying pleasure shot through her body.

Jenny knew the signs well and stopped her mingling with the audience, walking over to the bed.

“Thank you, Emma. Your slut’s butt flask has quenched my asshole’s thirst but I don’t think you or the audience have enough nasty juice to put out the fire that’s burning inside her asshole right now.”

Jenny slapped Kelsey’s butt in a playful but obvious gesture to move. The girl looked confused and overwhelmed as Emma drew her off of Chloe’s face.

“Your welcome, High Priestess. We live to serve you”, Emma said as she started to roll Kelsey’s dress back down.

“Leave it up. In fact, all of you; if you brought an asshole or a buttslut of your own, now is the time to stick your hands between their legs and give them a little positive reinforcement as we watch something quite special.”

“Bidder 3549. Hit that arrow key hard and fast for me, honey.”

The King Cock slid impossibly fast into Chloe’s petite frame. No human, even a lust-filled mistress, could have pumped silicone in and out of an asshole at that speed.

Chloe started to moan out at every breath.

“Aaaa... aaah... aaaa.”

“Look at her, first amongst asswhores. A painslut, an anal whore, a nasty fuck toy without shame, a bitch that only cums harder the more she is humiliated.”

Jenny grabbed Chloe’s light brown hair, now grown back enough to form a cute parted bob but now matted with sweat and Kelsey’s water.

She tugged it back sharply making Chloe’s eyes open up wide.

A deep groan squeezed out from deep inside and Chloe’s mouth parted widely.

“Oh fuuuuuck”, the girl growled deeply.

“Oh fuck indeed my little whore. Now beg me to give you permission to cum.”

“Aaaah... Please Mistress.... This asshole needs.... Uuuh... to cum.... Please allow me to... aaah... orgasm.”

Chloe opened her mouth automatically as Jenny spat into her throat, a sign that she was in charge and of Chloe’s willing submission.

Jenny grinned. Being totally in charge of this girl’s body and the level of

pleasure and pain it received on a daily basis had been her dream for a long time and it still made her pussy wet every time Chloe submitted to her. Her fingers stroked under the heart-shaped chin and traced down over the collar that confirmed her ownership on its way down to the teen's impossibly perky breasts. She pinched hard on a firm pink nipple as she watched the monster dildo pile driving into her little obsession. She sighed and breathed in, catching the scent of sweat, sex and ass. She would never, ever admit it to the girl but she was proud of her. She'd resisted and made life really difficult for Jenny in the first few months. It had taken her a lot of effort to subdue and break the girl's strong spirit but she kind of admired Chloe's strong morals and pluckiness. It took backbone to put up a fight against a woman like her. Jenny amused herself with the idiom as she stroked the lean, sweat-mottled groove down the girl's spine.

Her hands groped over the two round globes. This ass is making me so much money. I, Jenny Harper, a Kolos girl that grew up as an orphaned outcast am now leader of the very cult that despised me for my lust for sadism and the fabled Chloe is the crown I wear. She gives me the legitimacy I've craved for too long... and I've turned her into more of an asshole than I ever was.

Her hand slipped down under the girl's legs, avoiding the dangerously fast silicone as it bored out Chloe's exhausted body.

The teen's pussy was dripping with slippery juices as Jenny slipped two fingers between her lips and rubbed down to her aroused clit. A rare treat for the girl but Jenny was feeling generous after such a lucrative day.

"Your Mistress, High Priestess of the cult of Kolos, orders you to cum for her, asshole!" Jenny called out so that all could hear.

Chloe's eyes rolled up into her lids and snorted and groaned out of her pouting,

parted lips. She could feel it building up. This was going to be a big one.

Few girls could have taken what she had endured and still find the lust and energy to cum and fewer still would have been turned on by such cruel treatment enough to do so. But Chloe Green wasn't like other girls. She was first amongst assholes, the embodiment of the anal goddess and she could feel the build-up of divine ecstasy inside her as her groans got louder and louder.

“Uuuuh... Thank you... Mistress... This asshole... Ggg... is going to cum... Oooh... fuuuuuuck!”

The crowd watched as Chloe's body shuddered wildly. Her face became red and the veins on her neck stood out. She gripped the rail as drool, her own or her mistress's, fell from her lips and her nose snorted like a wild stallion, as her growls became roars.

“Fuuuuck.... Oooooaarr... Ggggrrr!”

She could feel the lava-like feeling flooding through her. Her reward for letting her body get used and abused by this evil woman. This was her drug; the thing that kept her going and made it worth it, the most powerful explosive orgasm a girl could have... an anal orgasm.

It was like a geyser erupting as she finally roared out her orgasm. Like a triumphant battle cry after a hard fight, Chloe's ecstasy filled the entire warehouse with a noise like a banshee's scream.

The audience looked stunned, their hands not moving from their own crotches or the girls' next to them as they took in the spectacle in front of them and somehow felt the crashing wave of pleasure inexplicably wash over them as well.

Bidder 3459 stopped the dildo from moving, not outside Chloe's body but as deeply inserted as the eleven inches of silicone could go, sending aftershocks of pleasure and pain right through Chloe's orgasm-spasming body like bolts of lightening.

Jenny licked the teen's cum juices off of her fingers as she turned the fucking machine off behind the bed and the dildo automatically got slurped back out leaving Chloe feeling empty, not that she noticed much as her climax flooded her head.

Jenny stroked a finger along the shaft right to the tip then sucked it, smiling as she signalled to one of the buttsluts to bag it up for her. The other girl helped Jenny move two metal ball-ended hooks on elastic tie ropes secured to the sides of the bed frame up to Chloe's gaping butthole, stretching and placing a hook in each side of her loosened sphincter.

The sensation of being pulled apart soon brought Chloe back to Earth with a thud. Her eyes widened from being half-closed and she blew out from pursed lips as she steadied herself.

Jenny brought a camera down to the gaping hole and the audience gasped once again.

Chloe's ass looked more like a rabbit hole. Her gape must have been almost four inches wide and the audience could see all the way down into her rectum as Jenny angled the camera.

“Look at this big, cavernous hole. Imagine what it could fit inside it right now. A fist? A leg? I bet if I left her out in the woods, creatures would make a home inside it. What do think? Should I do that?”

The crowd jeered and said she should but Jenny was only working them up for the finale.

“Before I plug her up...”, Jenny held up a black ribbed buttplug big enough to plug the gape in front of her.

“I think there is enough room in her slutty ass for the spit of a hundred women and girls. What do you think, ladies?”

The audience roared and squealed their response as Chloe struggled to keep her eyes open, exhausted and soon to become a human spit bucket her face and head fell. The small part inside of her still unbroken added to its hatred for Jenny Harper.

[Ho', Sweet Home](#)

Chloe drifted in and out of sleep as she lay in the back seat of Jenny's Jaguar sports car. She was relieved to be on her way home and grateful for the small blanket that had covered up the ridiculously small wetlook black miniskirt and tiny matching boobtube Jenny had dressed her up in for her performance.

Of course now most of her slutty, garish makeup had been washed off her face and her hair was matted and dirty and she hadn't smelled as she did now when she clopped in on her towering strappy slut heels to entertain the warehouse audience.

The old building hadn't got a shower or somewhere to change and only had a toilet because Jenny had put a portaloo in for the paying customers but how she looked or smelt wasn't something that Chloe could be bothered with caring about these days as she kept her eyes closed and she rubbed her sore wrists.

The journey took a couple of hours but Chloe would have liked it to have been even longer, it was good to be able to just lay and not have to speak or do anything for a while. The car rolled up onto Jenny's huge driveway and Jenny got out, opening the door in the back for Chloe to stiffly climb out.

They walked up to the doorway in their heels. Jenny was now dressed in the red dress she'd left in that morning and her hair was tied back in an uncharacteristic ponytail.

She rang the doorbell and waited as Emily came to the door.

“Hey, you’re back. You two have been gone so long. Hannah and me were starting to worry”, Emily said with a warm smile on her face.

She kissed Jenny on the lips then looked Chloe up and down as she walked in woodenly behind her mistress.

“Have you two been having fun again without me?” she asked as she pulled Chloe in with an arm around her collared neck. Her other hand slipped down past the small of Chloe’s back. Their relationship had been changed thanks to Jenny about three months ago.

“Owwowow”, Chloe squealed, wincing. Her whole body felt sore.

“Sorry, sweetie”, Emily said, frowning.

“Oh, you stink. What have you been up to? Go up and wash then put something comfy on. Dinner’s almost ready.”

Chloe nodded, her eyes half closed as she wide-leggedly plodded up the stairs to the bathroom. It was good to be home after a hard day’s asswhoring, Chloe thought to herself, even if it is a seriously fucked up home.

Emily watched Chloe go and saw the base of the huge plug sticking out from between the half uncovered, underwear-free butt cheeks.

“Tell her she can take it out”, Emily said. She rarely berated Jenny, grateful that her best friend had let her live with her but this was different.

Jenny sighed as if Emily was taking her fun away from her.

“You can take it out, asshole-... Chloe.”

“Thank you, Mistresses”, Chloe mumbled as she dragged herself up the stairs.

Emily was either clueless or chose to ignore what went on when she wasn't with Jenny. Her own, relatively short experiences had been a much-toned-down version of what the cult and Jenny had to offer and, apart from one or two taboos, she'd been convinced that this was all somehow fine. She had Hannah now and that was what had hooked her in the first place. That little geeky girl with her cute butt had nudged Emily into a world she'd never dreamed of but somehow felt completely comfortable and natural in. She'd been alone for so long and now most nights ended in her slumped, post climax, thanking whoever this anal goddess was that what she'd thought was reality was really far more exciting.

Chloe, took off her heels, peeled the mini skirt and boob tube from her body and stepped over to the full-length mirror.

Her body was tight but had feminine curves and she knew the instant attraction it held. Her small breasts were perky and high standing, her pink nipples pointing upwards and erect as her body was almost constantly in a state of arousal. Her flat tummy was even more toned now thanks to the 'asswhore diet' of not a lot combined with constant physical activities and stretching. Her pelvis looked

more chiselled too as she stroked a hand down her smooth crotch, the hairs now permanently removed thanks to her mistress. Her slim, rounded thighs and calves looked taut and exercised today, her vibrant creamy skin shining and looking grubby with sweat and smutty streaks.

She looked at the red marks on her wrists. They'd soon go. Her skin had built up quite a tolerance for restraints over the last few months. She rubbed each one then looked herself in the eyes.

Blue-green gems sparkled back at her more dully than they used to shine when she used to look at them in the mirror but there was a new icy resolve that burned from within them. Her face was almost doll-like in its teen beauty. The shape of it like a heart and all her features cute and youthful, her lips full and curvy, the type that just had to be kissed and had been many times recently by so many women and girls she had lost count.

She knew she was achingly cute, almost to perfection, but that wasn't an advantage in her world. Her prettiness was as much a curse for her as a blessing she thought as she tried to squeeze a finger under her slut collar and adjust it. A black leather band covering two inches of her neck with small metal spike studs along its length and an open part at the front with a metal ring with the Kolos heart inside it was now a permanent part of her, something most asswhores could take off themselves but not Chloe. Her punishment for leaving was to have this improved collar with its special locking mechanism at the back that meant that only Jenny could release it from a fingerprint release on her phone. It also came with added extras that meant she could easily be tracked and the spikes running along the inside were actually electro stimulators that could bring her to her knees when turned on.

She sighed as she walked over to the shower and turned it on. Steaming water rained down and she immediately felt her muscles relax as she stood under it, a hand on the tiles balancing her exhausted body as the other reached around

behind her.

“Fuck-fuck-fuck”, she whispered to herself as she pulled the huge butt plug from her sore hole. It slurped out with a noisy rasp and then a waterfall fell from her ass as half a litre of saliva slid out.

She groaned loudly at the relief as she dropped the plug down beneath her and washed away just one more of the countless ‘sessions’ she knew she couldn’t un-experience. Her eyes closed as the hot water washed away her mistress’s sins, making her body a clean canvas so that it can be sullied once again.

Comfortable clothes in Jenny’s house now meant something different for her and Hannah. Her small grey cotton runner shorts and loose black tank vest top was the nearest thing to that description she was allowed to own, her joggers and pyjamas all given away to charity months ago. Of course an asshole never wore underwear unless ordered to, so the loose fit made it easy for those around her to see plenty of what was underneath.

She tried to get comfortable as she sat at the table and watched as Hannah placed dishes onto mats in the centre of the table.

Her best friend had become a really good cook and maid but Chloe still felt that pang of guilt and disappointment that someone as intelligent as Hannah would prefer to be a servant instead of becoming an accountant as she’d always dreamed of being before Chloe had allowed her to be snared by Jenny.

“Dinner is served, Mistresses”, Hannah said, curtsying and looking down.

“Sit down, Han”, Emily said, patting a seat next to her.

At least Han had stopped wearing that ridiculous maid costume thanks to Emily, Chloe thought as she smiled across to her fellow asswhore.

Hannah’s brown eyes weren’t that of the geeky, bouncy pixie that Chloe knew and loved. This girl was restrained and erotic and seemed to revel in being empty headed and submissive for her ‘mistresses’.

Emily placed a hand on Hannah’s thigh and kissed the girl on her cheek.

“Thank you, honey. It all looks delicious”, she said sweetly.

Jenny reached out and pricked two quorn sausages with her fork and placed them on her plate.

“I hope you prepared these how I like, dirty whore”, Jenny said coldly.

“Yes, Mistress. Always, Mistress”, Hannah replied softly.

“Now enough of all that, Jenny. We’ll have none of those gross slave names when we’re relaxing or eating. It’s bad enough she wears this red collar with ‘DIRTY WHORE’ embossed over it in capital letters” Emily said tutting.

“Besides”, she went on. “Kasey is back from her dance class, I can hear her in the hallway.”

Chloe glanced up at Hannah. She wanted to give the girl a big hug. She was so cute every time she moved her heart-shaped lip on her angular face and spoke.

Her dark brown hair had grown longer now, the pixie style that had defined her look now gone.

Chloe liked the silky red strappy crop top that she wore and how it clung to her chest and showed off her slightly outward pointing nipples.

“You look hot in that top, Han”, Chloe said, trying to lighten the mood.

Hannah only smiled politely and it was Emily that responded, feeling the need to fill the silence.

“Yes it is, isn’t it Chloe. We picked it up yesterday at the mall. I keep telling Han that she needs to show off her sexy body in a bit more style than all those slutty clothes she usually wears.”

Chloe felt an awkward shiver as Emily reached her arm around Hannah’s waist and pulled the girl in for a soft, passionate kiss, the woman’s tongue flicking into the teen’s reciprocating mouth.

Luckily, the moment was broken as Kasey bounded into the dining room and thudded her yoga pant clad butt onto the seat next to Chloe. She smiled fondly and looked at the girl she shared a room with, hoping for a sign of affection in return.

Jenny looked across coolly at her as she poured some gravy on her mash.

“I hope you showered while you were there young lady, you know it’s bad manners to be all sweaty at the dinner table.”

“I’m old enough to look after myself and my own body, mom”, Kasey said, looking a little put out. She was fed up of being treated differently.

Jenny had kept Kasey out of the cult. Despite all her Kolos urges, Jenny had managed to shelter her daughter from becoming an asswhore. It wasn’t through any protective instinct for the girl, a Kolos woman was devoid of such a thing, as many asswhores knew all too well, it was more about self-preservation and not letting another mistress use Kasey to embarrass or weaken her position.

But Kasey was a horny, hot, hormone-filled eighteen-year-old Kolos girl that had to have her needs met. It was lucky for her that she had the finest ass in all the cult in her bedroom every night but Chloe’s magical pheromones had turned the younger version of Jenny into one of her most adoring worshippers and Kasey was finding it more and more difficult to hide it from Jenny every time she was near the girl she idolised.

“How’s your day been, Chloe?” Kasey asked sweetly as she reached for some vegetables and just happened to lean in on Chloe as she did.

“It’s been... busy”, Chloe said, her face looking stony as she glanced across at Jenny who was busy filling her mouth with food.

“You’ll have to tell me about it later”, Kasey said slightly suggestively as she scooped peas and carrots onto her plate.

She felt Jenny’s heel dig against her thigh and she coughed as she swallowed quickly.

“Er, we just went and watched a performance in the city”, Chloe lied, badly.

“Oh yeah?” Kasey sounded interested. “What kind of performance?”

Chloe gulped.

“Um, it was like a circus thing. Acrobatics and stuff like that. It wasn’t a big deal, boring really, I thought it was never going to end”, Chloe said. Jenny smirked and released her foot.

“I love the circus”, Emily chipped in. “Is it still around? I could take Hannah.”

“It was just a one day show. I’m sure they’ve moved on. Just a empty big warehouse again.” Chloe got another jab for mentioning the warehouse but Emily bought it and moved on to asking Kasey about her class.

Every time they gathered round the table to eat it was both normal and perverse, like two layers of reality at the same time. Everyone ate and talked and showed there own form of affection to one another like most household’s gathering together but there was still the constant reminders of their ‘other’ reality.

Chloe knew that as they sat and ate Hannah would have the five two-inch wide balls pushed up inside her asshole that she was made to wear when she was performing her cleaning and cooking duties. It was almost ridiculous how things like that were treated as normal by everyone now, even Hannah had gotten so used to having them in she didn’t look like she even felt them anymore.

“How about we finish up here and then we all go in the snug and watch a movie?” Emily suggested excitedly.

“I think I might turn in early tonight”, Jenny said uncharacteristically. Chloe felt a little victory that she had finally managed to wear out the woman’s usually boundless energy.

She chipped in quickly in case Jenny commanded otherwise.

“I’m a bit tired too. I think I’ll go up after the meal.”

“Yeah, my dance class has worn me out completely”, Kasey said, yawning in an exaggerated performance.

Chloe’s eyes flashed around the table. Jenny seemed oblivious to Kasey’s obvious desire to be alone with Chloe. Emily seemed to accept their turning down her idea of a movie.

“Fine, just me and Hannah then. I guess we’ll just have to find something to do on our own. I sometimes wonder if you two aren’t of having ‘fun’ without me. That’s the third time in the last week you’ve both gone straight to bed after dinner. I hope you aren’t wearing my friend out with that cute butt of yours, Chloe.”

Emily had become a different person over the last few months, one that Chloe barely recognised anymore.

“Don’t be greedy, Emily. I’m sure you’ll find something fun to do with Hannah. After she’s cleaned the pots.” Jenny said as she stood up and walked around behind her friend, putting her hands on her shoulders. She nodded over to Chloe, signalling her to follow.

The girl stood and said goodnight to Emily and Hannah, thanking her friend as she always did for the meal.

She followed Jenny up the stairs, watching the woman’s pear-shaped ass sway as she walked and scowled to herself. It was a hot enough pair of toned cheeks; it was who it belonged to and her overfamiliarity with its rich taste that made her that made her feel her resentment to it.

She climbed the top step expecting her mistress to walk into her shared room and prepare the cuffs for her to be shackled for the night. It still happened even after all the months of Chloe trying to convince Jenny that she was subdued and obedient now. Besides, Jenny preferred Chloe to be bound in position when she snuck into the room to have her way with her.

This time was different. Jenny turned to Chloe and a faint smile drifted along her lips.

“You did well today, asshole”, she said, straightening Chloe’s collar absently.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe mumbled, stunned by the compliment.

“I think we’ve both earned a day off. I won’t restrain you tonight and tomorrow you can go and do whatever you want. Just be back before midnight.”

Chloe wanted to laugh with joy but she kept her slave discipline and just nodded emotionlessly.

Kasey wandered past and into the bathroom.

“What are you two doing?” she muttered, before closing the door behind her.

“You know that your lover boy, Becky, is out of bounds now so I imagine you’ll find yourself at that university fraternity house with all those hot, horny girls in it.”

Jenny made it sound lewd and wrong somehow but Chloe was too overjoyed to feel cross.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe said, bowing her head.

“Oh come now, skank. That’s not how an asshole thanks her mistress for such kindness”, Jenny said as she slipped her leggings down to the top of her thighs.

Chloe could hear Kasey banging about in the bathroom as she got on her knees in the hallway and pressed her face in between Jenny’s cheeks, stretching and squeezing her tongue into the woman’s bittersweet tasting sphincter.

“... ‘ank oo, iskass”, was the best she could do with her mistress’s asshole around her tongue as she slurped and clicked wetly in and out of the woman.

Jenny grasped her large, toned cheeks and pulled them apart.

“What is your place to my shithole, whore?”

Chloe knew her lines... and her place.

“I am its slave. I worship it and belong to it.”

“Don’t you forget it when you get back with all that tasty ass I saw in that frat house... or with Kasey”, Jenny said, turning and placing a hand under Chloe’s chin, angling her face so that she can look down at her pretty possession.

“You may be a whore that shoves that nasty tongue up every ass that gets close to it but you only serve this one.”

Chloe noticed the jealousy contort Jenny’s lips. She knew the woman would have preferred to keep her for herself but then where would the piles of money that she loved more than anything else come from?

“Of course, Mistress. You made me who I am. I am your whore.”

It was as much an accusation as reassurance but Jenny either didn’t pick up on the blame or was proud of the fact that she’d made this cute teen into an insatiable anal slut.

They both heard the shower getting turned off and Kasey moving the panel doors.

Jenny looked at Chloe with a knowing smirk then turned on her heels and, walking to her room, left her leggings around the top of her thighs, giving her slave a parting view of her familiar curves before going inside and shutting the

door.

Chloe had just gotten back to her feet when Kasey had energetically opened the bathroom door.

Clad in only a bathrobe and a towel around her head she grabbed Chloe by the hand and pulled her into their shared room.

“What are you doing out here?” Kasey asked, giggling.

They tumbled inside and Kasey kicked the door closed behind her.

Her hands immediately grasped Chloe’s butt making her wince as she pounced forward and hungrily kissed Chloe’s mouth, her tongue probing and caressing as their lips swirled over one another’s noisily.

“I’ve been wanting to do that all evening”, Kasey said dreamily as she moved her lips away slowly.

“Is that mom I can taste on you? When did she even get the chance after dinner? Fuck, she never gives you a break does she?”

Chloe wasn’t surprised when Kasey came in for another kiss. Like mother, like daughter, Chloe thought as she slipped her hands into Kasey’s robe and stroked her soft back.

“Can I worship you tonight, my goddess?” Kasey asked, her eyes showing her adoration.

Her fingers slipped under the waistband of the little shorts and tugged them down. Chloe was used to being undressed and she had been ordered to sleep naked every night since being at Jenny’s house. She tugged her top off as Kasey slipped her robe off and unravelled the towel around her wet auburn hair.

There was something hot about Kasey’s body and Chloe knew exactly what it was. This was a smoother, younger and less muscular version of her mistress and it gave her a look at how the woman might have looked almost twenty years ago. There was something innocent yet naughty about the only girl in the house without a slave collar and it made Chloe glad she was her roommate.

The curled, harp-shaped lips kissed out at Chloe’s neck and down over her breasts as Kasey made her way down to her knees, eager to get to where she was obsessing about.

It had been really strange when she first discovered her ‘powers’ but Chloe had gotten used to girls getting some kind of euphoric high and becoming addicted to eating her asshole out. She wasn’t unaware of how it made the girls that worshipped her anal altar loyal and adoring. She had built up quite a group of followers over the months, unfortunately none of them strong enough or free enough to take on the cult mistresses.

Kasey however was part of the plan that she’d been coming up with for a while now and the girl had had a crush on her for as long as she could remember. It had been Kasey’s Kolos lust that had brought her over to Chloe’s bed one night

after Jenny had left her cuffed and retrained after an aggressive but silent butt fucking.

She felt the gentle kisses on the small of her back as Kasey's breathing got faster and louder.

If only the mistresses reacted in the same way. A few of them did, Maggie for example and a couple more recently, but they seemed to lack the sadistic core that Jenny and most of her inner circle had. For Jenny and women like Eva and Kate, tasting Chloe's anal pheromones just made them more cruel and aggressive with her.

She absent-mindedly opened up her cheeks like it was the most normal action a girl could do and could almost feel the excitement from the Kolos girl as she was about to feast. But then there was a pause.

"Oh Chloe. It looks sore and puffy. You should have said something. Poor thing. Did my bitch of a mom do this to you? ...As if I even need to ask."

"Yeah, it was bit of a long session today... and a bit more public than usual too."

"You usually don't get sore like this. It must have been something massive", Kasey managed to sound both sad and titillated at the same time.

"It was", Chloe said as Kasey gently swirled her tongue over the rim, a little disappointed that she wouldn't eat her fill how she had hoped.

“Get up on the bed. I have some of the special cream in my dresser. I’ll put some on you... and in you and we’ll get you back to normal.”

“Huh, so your mom can destroy it again. Why have you got healing cream anyway?”

Kasey laughed as she grabbed the tub out her dresser drawer and walked over to Chloe’s naked body with her hands and knees on the bed. She paused to look at the curves of the teen’s arched body, her smooth, lean back and the heart-shape her butt curves made; the sexy cuteness of her petite frame and shoulder length light brown hair contrasting with the depraved lust of a thick black collar with metal spikes tight around her slim neck.

Chloe was the full package. What every Kolos girl lusted and dreamed about and she was in Kasey’s room every night that she wasn’t out on a session. Kasey had to pinch herself every day.

She climbed up on the bed behind the arched butt and unscrewed the lid of the cream. She scooped up two fingers of cream as two finger of her other hand found her pussy lips and slid in between.

“Tell me how this happened to you, Chloe. Don’t miss out any details”, she whispered, her voice filled with lust.

Kasey loved to listen to Chloe recounting her day. Maybe ‘love’ wasn’t the right word as she’d frig her wet pussy and push her fingers deep into her own anus,

imagining whatever violation or torture being recalled must have felt like. The masochistic lust bottled inside her was desperate to get out and she would have given anything to be allowed to be an asshole like the girl she idolised.

The irony wasn't lost on Chloe as she relived her torment, feeling Kasey's fingers slipping into her anus, soothing and cooling her sore sphincter and tunnel that had been through just another normal day of asswhoring.

But Chloe wasn't innocent in this bizarre relationship. She enjoyed taking her pent up frustrations out on Kasey when she had any energy left. The girl was starved of what she needed so Chloe could pound and slam into her pear-shaped butt as hard and as roughly as she wanted sometimes using the toys and restraints her mistress had used on her.

"Have you ever heard of a King Cock?" Chloe asked over her shoulder.

"No", Kasey breathed, sounding excited.

"Imagine two huge cocks pressed together shaft to shaft..."

"You took that in your asshole?" Kasey asked breathily.

"I had to. My mistress had sold the hole she owns to the highest bidder. Besides, with my wrists cuffed to the bed frame and my ankles shackled, my thighs parted and on my knees, there wasn't a lot I could have done about it if I'd wanted to. Being fucked in the ass with a twelve-inch dildo by Jenny for an hour had

loosened me up but it wasn't enough. When it speared into me, it winded me like a punch to the stomach."

Kasey hissed in her watering mouth and the noise of her pussy rubbing became more wet sounding and sloppy.

For a moment Chloe shivered, feeling as if her mistress was behind her in that moment fingering her asshole and an all too familiar dark energy filled the room. Kasey might be cute and a convenient fuck buddy... a twisted way to get back at Jenny and feel that she was pounding a younger version of the woman she despised but it reminded her of what she'd thought when Kasey had moved in for another kiss. Jenny and Kasey were more similar than the two of them knew themselves, something only the girl that was both their obsessions could know.

Worshipping Chloe

Chloe woke up early the next day. As soon as she had hazily started to come out of her usual dreamy sleep, she reminded herself that she had a day off and her excitement stopped her drifting back off.

It hadn't been the longest she'd slept and she still felt achy but at least Jenny hadn't come in for one of her nightly reminders of their relationship.

Her arm was wrapped around Kasey, the girl sleeping soundly with her head nuzzling next to Chloe's right breast, their bodies both naked and feeding off the warmth of one another.

She vaguely recalled hearing Hannah in the night. Her usual chant required of her by Jenny of "I'm a dirty whore" whenever her almost permanent anal balls were taken out or inserted into her could be heard through the walls followed by thudding, repetitive creaking and the wails of orgasm.

She tasted Kasey's sweetness in her mouth as she kissed the girl's forehead and stroked her hair.

"Good morning, my goddess", Kasey said contently.

"Good morning, lover", Chloe said softly. "Would you mind moving, Kase'? I've got a day off and I intend to make the most of it"

“Okay”, Kasey said drowsily, kissing Chloe’s breast then tumbling out of the single bed and over to her own just a couple of feet away.

Chloe stretched and smiled. Temporary freedom awaited and the thought of not being around Jenny for a while made Chloe feel she could breathe again.

Well maybe not as freely as she would have liked but it was something, she thought as she tugged at her tight slave collar wondering if the controller on Jenny’s phone for the electro shocker inside it would work over long distances.

Her smile thinned out as she realised her ‘freedom’ was still on a leash of sorts, albeit an invisible, app-controlled one.

It had taken almost half the morning and three changes of bus, but Chloe finally made it to the University campus where she and Hannah had started but not been able to continue their degrees. The place held a lot of mixed emotions for her as she walked along the path outside the walls of the campus. She was reminded of her terrible torture at the hands of the evil Melissa and how Hannah and Becky had both been taken that day and re-integrated into the cult – the hard way.

It also held some of her fondest memories, a time when she felt more empowered and loved than she had ever in her life and the warmth of the place that she now felt as the only true sanctuary in her fucked up life.

She stepped up the path to the Kapa-Kapa-Delta dorm building not noticing the sign above the door had been changed to say “Temple of Chloe”.

She knocked and waited.

Then she waited some more and rang the bell. She had come a long way and, thanks to Jenny, was only allowed a throwaway mobile phone with a new sim card and no internet so she couldn't get in touch with Becky somehow. But as usual Jenny Harper had applied her own logic to Chloe, unable to see the bright and influential girl behind the hot teen body, and was totally ignorant of how much an affect Chloe had had in her short weeks at Uni.

Finally she heard rustling on the other side of the door and saw the eyehole cover moving from inside.

“Ohmygoddess! Ohmygoddess!” a voice called out excitedly as the locks were clunked open.

The door opened and Chloe was met with the fresh beaming face of Abigail, her curly red hair framing her cute face with the round spectacles she wore.

“Chloe! You're Back! By the goddess... er... I mean by the 'you'. You're really here!”

Abigail babbled excitedly, forgetting to move until another pair of hands pulled the door open.

Adele was standing next to the shapely redhead, her upturned mouth curling up even further as her light brown eyes sparkled with emotion.

Before Chloe had a chance to take anything else in – there had been some major changes in décor since she'd lived there she noticed out of the corner of her eyes – Adele dropped to her knees and grabbed Chloe's hand, pulling it to her mouth and kissing the tips of the bemused girl's fingers sensually in a symbolic show that seemed to blend deference with sexual energy.

“My Goddess”, she said in a seductive drawl just as Abigail realised that she should apparently be doing the same as she dropped quickly and reached out for Chloe's right hand.

“My Goddess”, she said a little more clumsily than the fair-skinned brunette and smiled. Chloe who had seen a lot of weird shit in a short space of time but this still wasn't how she had expected to be greeted by her friends and former sorority sisters.

“Get up... please”, she said, unsure of how to speak to the two adoring worshippers but they obeyed her and got back to their feet.

“It's so wonderful to see you both”, Chloe said, grabbing each of them and giving long hugs.

When she released Adele she stepped back and noticed for the first time the sorority uniform they both wore.

Chloe had had visions where she had been transported back to the very first rituals of what back then was a kind and loving religion. In those visions she had

seen the worshippers dressed in a very particular way. The white clothes these two wore seemed to be inspired by those times and had aspects of both ancient and modern as she took them in.

Adele and Abigail both wore a small shoulder-tied, cropped tunic with an elasticated hem just under each girls breasts, tiny string-tied mini skirts that barely covered their hips, let alone their round butts, and heeled sandals that tied in crisscrossing straps up their smooth legs.

“You look... um... different”, Chloe said, realising half way through that the costumes they wore must have more than a little to do with her.

“Thank you, my Goddess. It is to honour you”, Adele said politely.

“Okay Adele. That’s nice. Thank you but would you mind being a bit less formal? Trust me when I say I haven’t been treated like this in a while and it’s weirding me out a bit.”

“Of course, Go- Chloe”, Adele said and Abigail nodded her head.

“Okay. Now, where are Beth and the rest of the girls?”

“George and Emilia are in the living room with the new initiate. The High Priestess is up in your room preparing for the ceremony.”

Chloe felt a shiver down her spine as 'High Priestess' was said.

"What do you mean 'High Priestess'?" she asked almost choking on having to say Jenny's official title, especially in a place she had felt safe in.

"High Priestess Beth. She leads your followers in your absence."

Chloe let her breath out but her brow furrowed. As usual with her life nowadays, and in more ways than one, it was all a bit too much to take in straight away.

"Come through to the living room", Adele said, taking Chloe by the hand.

It was then that Chloe took a moment to notice the flowers and leafy garlands that covered the hallway. In front of her, just above the entrance to the ground floor bedrooms was a painting of a young woman on the floor in a forest clearing with an elderly woman crouched over her and a snake off in the corner.

Chloe remembered the story that Maggie had told them all in this house several months ago and the significance that this and other stories seemed to have for Chloe personally. She still wasn't comfortable being the embodiment of the woman in the picture or was it the girl... or the snake? She couldn't figure it out completely herself and still wasn't sure if she wasn't in some kind of coma after falling off a ladder in PP toy warehouse six months ago and that this was all some trippy shit her mind had made up blending a personal Hell and Heaven into one long dream.

She turned the corner into the large living room and found the tall blonde Polish Emilia and the beautiful black Georgina sitting either side of a cute looking brunette both of them wearing the same skimpy ritual uniforms as Adele and Abigail.

Emilia got up straight away and almost ran over to Chloe, hugging her then dropping down to her knees as the other two had.

“Enough of that, Emilia. Please”, Chloe said, looking embarrassed. The tall blonde obeyed her and stood up to give Chloe a second warm hug.

“Oh Chloe. We missed you so much. We are truly blessed to have you here today”, she said as Georgina got up and had her turn giving Chloe a long and friendly hug.

When the four girls finally calmed down, like excitable puppies greeting their owner, they introduced the girl sat on the sofa wrapped in a bathrobe, her hair and makeup flawless, as if she was getting married.

“This is Della. She’s going to be joining us very soon. Della, this is Chloe.”

The girl’s smile drained as she realised who it was that was standing in front of her. She tumbled off the sofa and onto her knees and pressed her head down on the floor in front of Chloe’s feet.

“I am your servant, my Goddess”, Della said to the carpet.

“Please. Would everyone stop bowing and grovelling to me. Your Goddess commands it?” Chloe tried, as if trying to guess a password. It worked and Georgina and Emilia helped Della up.

“There, that’s better. I wouldn’t want your makeup to smear. You look beautiful, Della. I love the garlands in your hair.”

“They symbolise the goddess – I mean you – lying on the forest floor”, Della said, looking a little embarrassed that she had stated something obvious.

Chloe hid her little gulp as she spoke softly to the girl.

“They look lovely. Are you wearing them for a special occasion?”

“I will be joined into the cult of Chloe. I will be a loyal worshipper of your ways and will become one of your followers and lovers. Every time I am taken or take one of the sisterhood and part their devout cheeks it shall be in your name.”

Della spoke as if Chloe was testing her somehow. She wasn’t about to shatter her faith in her but this was an overwhelming welcome back to the frat house.

She smiled at the girl. Della was pretty and had a sexual energy about her that seemed to be directed right back at her and almost made her take a step back. The bathrobe rope was untied and Chloe was given a view of her naked front, round full breasts and a curvy body flashing at her for just a moment.

“I am your servant. My body and my soul are yours”, Della said with an intense look in her eyes.

“Thank you”, Chloe said, more than a little embarrassed. It had been a while since she’d openly been ‘the Goddess’ and it felt as unfamiliar as the first time she was worshipped this way.

“Chloe thanks you”, Georgina said, taking Della’s arm and getting the girl to sit back down. Chloe noted the cheeky, naughty look on Della’s face as she flopped back on the sofa and her curiosity and imagination was peaked. Emilia took her attention with a hand around her waist.

“Do you like what we’ve done with the place, Chloe?” the tall, sweet blonde asked.

“Yes, it’s definitely changed since I was last here”, she replied, looking around at all the leaf garlands, sculptures and paintings. Then her eye was drawn to a small stage with curtains drawn around it.

“That’s the altar”, Adele said behind her proudly. “You’ll see that in action later on.”

“Where are our manners? You must be tired after your journey. Why don’t you lie down with one of us and rest. I can take you to my room if you’d like”, Emilia said with a smile that looked both inviting and hopeful.

“No, come to my room and rest”, Adele said into her other ear, her hand stroking around Chloe’s waist the other side.

Chloe laughed the laugh of a girl that was being flirted with by one too many people at the same time.

“Girls, girls. I only have a few hours and besides, how could I choose between you?”

She looked at each of the four of them. All of them cute and sexy in their own individual and varied way. If she had the time she would have gone to all of their rooms, if only to feel the gentle warmth of their adoration and love for her. The nearest thing Chloe got to lovemaking now was what she managed to do with Kasey when Jenny wasn’t coming into their room to disturb her night.

Her mouth actually watered as she thought of the four assorted flavours of ass and her hands slipped down so that she cupped Adele’s fulsome bum and Emilia’s model-like globes.

The sexual energy in the room was high. These girls idolised Chloe and she had missed them all. She had been there at their awakening and felt that these girls were as much a part of her life as Becky and Hannah.

Her willpower was wavering as she stroked her hands up the tiny wrap skirts and felt the heat of what lay between their very different cheeks.

Just then the doorbell rang out, making Chloe laugh as these girls' butts were saved from her desire by the bell.

Adele reluctantly peeled herself away and took Abigail by the hand as Emilia stood and enjoyed the fondling until Chloe realised she was now rubbing increasingly deeper between the tall girl's round cheeks and moved her hand away.

Emilia laughed sweetly and gave Chloe a kiss on the cheek just as the two girls returned with the person that had been at the door.

“My dear young Goddess!”

“Maggie!” Chloe called out with delight and ran over to hug the woman. It felt good, like the warm safety and comfort of a hug from a relative. She had met Maggie six months ago and realised very soon that she was different to the twisted followers of Jenny the moment she first set eyes on her.

Maggie let Chloe hug her as long as she wanted then moved a step back and held the prophesised girl by her arms, looking her over with her warm hazel eyes inside her gold-rimmed spectacles, checking her over for signs of misuse.

“How are you coping with that bitch?” Maggie asked, concern in her voice.

Chloe's head dropped for a moment then she looked her friend and guide in the

face.

“I’m coping, Maggie”, was her reply, a smile pushed onto her lips.

“What is this collar?” Maggie asked, her brow knotting as she reached out to pull at Chloe’s neck restraint.

“It’s tamper proof, Maggie. It’ll send a signal straight to Jenny and give me a shock that’ll apparently make me unconscious long enough for her to come and find me. Jenny tells me they’ll find me spasming in everything that rushes out of my body at the time. I’d rather not find out if she’s telling the truth.”

Maggie smiled sadly and nodded.

“It’s all part of the prophecy, Chloe. You have to reach your lowest point before you can fly up to new heights.”

The delicate-looking older woman got down on her knees, her auburn locks close to Chloe’s belly as the woman adjusted her long dark coat then untied the belt around the waist to reveal a similar costume to the ones the dorm girls wore and let the coat fall to the ground.

“I worship you, Chloe. My body and heart are yours”, Maggie said reverently, her head bowed.

Chloe still found all of this strange but she had learned that there were powers and energy that made this woman's beliefs in her real. There was something inside, a part of her and yet separate, that seemed to grow stronger and more powerful every time someone pledged themselves to her. It was as if a warm tingling energy ran through her and she felt a little sense of the goddess that she was meant to be. She often wondered how she could have ever endured the last few months without it.

She got down on her knees and lifted Maggie's head.

"And I love you, sweet Maggie", Chloe said, kissing Maggie sensually on the lips.

The two rose up and hugged again before turning their attention to Della.

"You have yet another follower, Chloe. That's why I came round. That's what all this is for. Today is Della's awakening ceremony."

Chloe smiled at Della. This girl would add a very different level of energy to her growing circle of followers.

"Are you performing the ceremony, Maggie?" Chloe asked as they both sat down on the sofa next to robed girl.

"Oh no. That's the High Priestess's job", Maggie said happily.

“Beth? She’s... she’s my High Priestess?”

“Who else did you expect it to be, my Goddess? She is your most enthusiastic follower. Her loyalty to you is absolute and her lust and energy is boundless. You thought your High Priestess would be Becky didn’t you?”

“Well... she’s my... she’s the closest thing I have to a girlfriend.”

“The High Priestess of a new and good cult to the Anal Goddess must be unburdened by the past and pure of heart. Beth is both. Becky’s heart may be pure but her past is a weight she carries with her and has shaped the woman she is. Besides, Beth’s a fucking hot piece of ass”, the woman who looked like a kindly old lady added, reminding Chloe that she was as dirty minded and girl-hungry as any Kolos woman.

Just then five other girls entered the lounge all wearing the same costumes as the others. Chloe thought she recognised a couple of them as members of the sorority but she wasn’t sure. She’d seen so many girls in skimpy clothes over the last six months that some complete strangers looked familiar to her. One face she did recognise was Beth as she walked slowly and reverently into the living room wearing a beautiful white costume that looked like a flowing, elegant dress at the front but was open backed and had a pleat running right up the centre of the back of the skirt part, making it look like two separate pieces of material. She wore a circlet on her head that was made out of leaves and covered in gold paint and had a necklace with a heart symbol on it that resembled the Kolos tattoos mistresses all had on their wrist but it was missing the lines on it that meant domination and submission.

The girl’s big blue eyes were set in eyeliner and mascara and looked like two shining gems on her softly tanned face. Chloe’s heart skipped a beat at the cute

creature that had consoled and nursed her back to health after her time at the hands of Melissa and, for a short time, Beth had become her lover and earned herself a place in Chloe's heart as big as Becky and Hannah's. If she hadn't already found Becky, Beth might have become her girlfriend but Chloe knew that who you loved was more complex than just choosing one or another. Beth was a part of her heart and it was quite obvious that Chloe was a large part of hers.

Emilia, Adele, Abigail and Georgina got down on their knees along with the other girls. Beth's eyes lit up on seeing Chloe but she had to stay in role even though she started to look as though she might bolt across the room and jump on Chloe at any second. She made it up to the altar as the two girls knelt either side drew back the curtains to reveal a statue.

Chloe had become used to seeing her image plastered everywhere in the cult but it always made her feel weird to see her likeness in stone, especially the way the butt was always exposed. At least this one was tasteful and the facial expression looked kind and benevolent, nothing like the cruel looking statue in the cellar of the PP Toys warehouse.

All the girls spoke in unison.

"I worship you, Chloe. My body and heart are yours", the chant rang out.

Chloe shivered and glanced across at Della who looked excited at the opening of the ceremony, her face flushing brightly.

The kneeling worshippers bowed down, placing their hands out then rose back

up and waited for Beth to continue.

“We are gathered here today for a special occasion. We have the honour of welcoming a new follower into our beautiful religion”, Beth said, and then continued with what sounded like a sermon.

“She’s good isn’t she”, Maggie whispered in Chloe’s ear as they sat on the sofa, watching.

Chloe nodded. Beth really was good at speaking. She was confident and sincere as she spoke, her blue eyes shining brightly and her cute, slightly nasal voice ringing out around the converted living room.

Chloe felt the urge to grab her and spin her around on that altar and eat out that amazing round ass of hers. It was a strange way to show her pride for her High Priestess... but only if you weren’t Kolos.

“This is just the beginning, Chloe. Soon you will have followers all around the globe. There will be ceremonies and priestesses on every continent and they will all worship you”, Maggie whispered.

Chloe felt a rush of panic rise up inside her as she thought of that. It was one thing to have women pledge to her that she had personally known but strangers all around the world?

“That’s crazy, Maggie. They don’t even know me”, she whispered back.

“Is it so different to how assholes and mistresses all over the world lust after you now? At this very moment I’m sure there are people watching your videos or reading your exploits and getting turned on and aroused... people you’ve never met and never will.”

Chloe considered the comment as she watched the ceremony, mesmerised by Beth’s beauty. Her kooky lover looked strange acting so serious up on the altar stage but somehow the role suited her. There wasn’t any girl that Chloe could think of that was more enthusiastic and loyal, at least not one that hadn’t been tarnished or tamed by an evil mistress.

She watched as Beth turned her back to her audience and parted the two strips of material covering her full, round cheeks. Chloe smiled and bit her lip, remembering all the time she’d spent recuperating in bed, a good amount of that time with her face pushed between those lightly tanned orbs.

“Come forward Della and show your love for the anal goddess through me.”

Della got up. There was a hunger in her eyes that Chloe had rarely seen in a girl as she walked up to the stage. She untied the rope and let the robe fall off, leaving her curvy body completely naked in front of the other followers.

She carefully got onto her knees behind Beth and placed her hands on the Priestess’s butt.

“Do you, Della Bonnet, give your body and soul to the anal goddess?”

“I do”, Della said clearly.

Maggie smiled across at Chloe.

“Do you offer your divine hole to Chloe and to all her followers for their and your pleasure from now and forever more?”

“I do”, the shapely brunette replied breathily.

“Will you worship Chloe through her divine hole and the divine holes of her followers everyday from now and forever more?”

“I will.”

“Then taste divinity and join us in ecstasy and love”, Beth said, gently pushing her butt out.

Della’s smile was obvious even from behind as she moved her face into Beth’s ass to confirm her intention to join the cult of Chloe.

Somehow, she wasn’t sure how, she could sense that this wasn’t the first time that Della had placed her lips around Beth’s tasty anus and pressed her tongue inside the hole that was as rimless as her own.

Her hand stroked down to her legging-clad crotch as she watched Della's head move in and out and left and right, her tongue probing and exploring the inside of the pretty priestess's asshole.

Remembering how sweet Beth tasted and how the cute girl would clench and open her smooth ring around Chloe's tongue was enough to make her seriously wet and when Maggie joined her in placing a hand down her wetlook leggings it felt amazing.

Like a good asshole she wasn't wearing any underwear, so Maggie was able to slide past her smooth crotch, under her own hand and gently rub her clit.

Chloe smiled at the elder woman and turned her head to kiss her lips. Maggie had become the closest thing she had to that warm comfort that Jenny had removed anything platonic from her life.

"Why don't you give your followers what they crave, my dear?" Maggie suggested, looking down her nose, through her spectacles at Chloe's face.

Just then Beth spoke again.

"The follower of Chloe has eaten at her altar. Now she must be awakened in front of her peers and give her divine hole and the joy it brings to Chloe."

Beth lifted her dress, moving her clenching anus away from Della's tongue with

a little plop as she crouched down near the statue and picked up a strapon dildo and harness and set about the buckles.

“Some of you may not be aware and others most certainly are that the person sitting next to me is the reason any of us are here. If you are to be awakened and the embodiment of your goddess is before you, should it not be her place to take what belongs to her now?” Maggie asked matter-of-factly.

No one in the room would argue with Maggie when it came to the protocols and rituals of their newfound religion. She had been the one to teach and guide them through every step of what they did and were always ready for her to guide the far younger followers in what they should do with the metaphorical elephant in the room in the form of their actual goddess.

“Of course”, Beth said, smiling and looking relieved that she didn’t have to puzzle over whether she was doing the right thing or not. She got on her knees and held the harness and dildo out in her palms for Chloe.

Chloe let Maggie’s and her own hand leave her leggings then stood and walked slowly around the square of followers knelt on the floor. All eyes followed her around the room and she could hear the shuffles and giggles of excitement as she moved up to the stage.

She kicked off her shoes and peeled her top and leggings off with ease, revealing her completely naked (apart from her collar) body to her followers. Being naked was a default state for Chloe nowadays and it didn’t feel exposed or even unnatural any more, in fact it was quite the opposite.

The followers gasped and cooed at her tight and toned eighteen-year-old body. She knew she had an amazing body, made all the more sleek thanks to all the fucking and straining it did every day, and she felt a bit like an Olympic gymnast visiting her old local gym. Everything on her was tight now but she still had the delicious curves she had always naturally had, her creamy skin shining like silk in the light of the candles in the room.

When she turned her back to the followers to face Beth, the audience gasped and a couple of them even prostrated themselves out on the floor.

“She is the goddess. Look at her divine butt!” a girl Chloe didn’t know announced.

Her ass was completely perfect. She knew it herself and it had been both a blessing and an intolerable curse to have the sculpted globes that was her defining feature.

“Hi Honey... I miss you”, Chloe whispered as she stroked Beth’s wrists then took the strapon.

“My Goddess”, Beth said with a cheeky smile that hinted at all the things she wanted to do to Chloe if she got a chance.

Chloe had become an expert in measuring silicone cocks just by looking at them and this little beauty looked to be a comfortable eight inches of pleasure that would soon be plunging into Della’s shapely butt.

The girl's face looked flushed as she reached a hand out to stroke the fake cock. Chloe smiled her approval as Della instinctively took the dildo and pushed it into her mouth. This girl was as slutty and horny as any asshole but, unlike the anal slaves that belonged to their older mistress, she was hers for the taking.

It felt good having followers and a delicious tingle ran through her body as the audience looked on adoringly. Her eyes glanced over the girls below on the floor. All of them glowed with arousal and it made Chloe want to jump down from the stage and dive into the middle of them. It would be an amazing orgy but she needed to focus on this dildo-gobbling slut and turn into her willing servant.

She slipped it out and knelt down to face Della. She couldn't resist, her expression was so intense and cute. Her lips met the girl's and pressed in with a sigh.

Her tongue gently stroked Della's and she picked up the hint of Beth's sweetness that only served to intoxicate her mind further and make her realise something.

This is it.

This is what my life is meant to be like.

I wasn't meant to be a slave to a nasty, perverted bitch. I was never meant to be an asshole. I'm an ass-loving lesbian that just happens to embody the spirit of an anal goddess. The revelation made everything click into place. She moved her lips away from Della and looked into the girl's now dreamy eyes.

“My sweet girl. I will take your divine hole and make it mine now. Do you give yourself freely to me?” She felt the channelling voice of the goddess inside her. That part of her was feeling excited as if it was about to eat a feast, starved for so long as the energy rippled around inside Chloe’s body, tingling like electricity.

“My asshole is yours, Chloe, as it was always meant to be. You don’t need to ask to fuck what’s yours... my goddess”, Della said with erotic zeal.

Chloe smiled at her enthusiastic follower.

“Very well. How would you wish to lubricate your divine hole, my follower?” Chloe asked, amused at the girl’s obvious lust.

Della didn’t speak. Instead she spat several times onto the shaft then rubbed it over the surface until it shone with wet saliva. Then she reached around with her hand and rubbed some of it over her anus.

“Fuck me now”, Della said hungrily.

Chloe laughed as she spun the kneeling girl around on the stage, two naked and horny teens on show to a bunch of others. One a goddess both physically and spiritually, one a sexy slut that wanted meaning and purpose in her life about to have anal sex in front of eleven watching pairs of eyes.

Chloe often had an audience when she was made to perform for Jenny and this didn’t feel strange or uncomfortable, just different knowing that the onlookers

didn't want to see her humiliated or crying out in pain.

“My followers. Today we awaken Della Bonnet as one of us. Please celebrate the event with her and bring yourselves to the levels of ecstasy that she will be feeling as I pleasure her divine hole.”

Surprisingly the words just seemed to flow out of her mouth but it wasn't something she dwelled on as she lined the spit-covered shaft with the cute light pink pucker of Della's anus. She leaned in and whispered to the girl.

“When I say pleasure, I mean fuck hard and when I say Divine hole, I mean your cute, tightly puckered asshole.”

Della groaned with arousal. It might have been a solemn ceremony but Chloe knew better than most what turned girls on and she wasn't about to do half a job when making Della climax.

Chloe stroked the tip of the dildo in a circle around Della's cute rim, enjoying the build up of excitement that emanated up from this naked girl on her hands and knees in front of her.

Her followers reached down to their crotches to rub and finger themselves as their deity ass-fucked her newest worshipper. Chloe was especially impressed that Adele pushed her hand behind her and appeared to be fingering her ass with a content look on her upturned cat-lips.

The tip slipped in and Della let out a breath of satisfaction as Chloe pushed on, watching the girl's anus swallow the fake cock hungrily. Chloe loved to be fucked herself but it was always so satisfying filling up a sexy slut's asshole and watching the overwhelming sensations take over. Chloe knew that Della would be feeling her anus stretching and the achy pleasure as her rectum rearranged to take the silicone inside of her and that her whole body and mind would become focused on that one area.

Chloe slid in and out smoothly, letting her hips bounce off of Della's round butt as she filled the girl with as much of the eight inches as she could. The soft, slippery noises of a spit-lubed dildo squeezed into the horny college girl's asshole were accompanied by the sticky clicks and sighs of the equally horny onlookers.

"That's it, honey. Take it in your asshole. Feel me filling you up", Chloe murmured as she squeezed Della's delicious butt cheeks.

There was something about Della that reminded her of her fellow asswhores. Her instinctive dirty talk had the effect that Chloe had seen so many times before as her wet pussy splashed against the harness and her hips swirled and pushed onto the fake cock.

"Oh fuck me, my goddess. Push your cock deep into my ass", Della said breathily.

Chloe was capable of far more nasty talk and she could tell that Della would have enjoyed every debauched word but she wasn't sure whether she could really unleash her full lust on this girl that was becoming her loyal servant.

Chloe started to thrust in more aggressively, feeling and sensing what felt right from the way the butt in front of her responded. Being in control felt so damn good and she was able to decipher every twitch and move from Della as she reamed the girl's asshole harder and faster.

"I'm going to make you gape you dirty girl." Chloe was starting to breathe heavier herself. She watched as Della started to push back on the shaft, fucking it into her rectum as deep as it would go. The sweet scent of the anus she was stretching out drifted up into Chloe's nose making her wanted more.

She flipped Della over like a girl possessed and knelt down on the floor of the stage then lifted up the upward facing knees and pushed them up into the sides of her new follower's ribs.

She wanted to see the face of the girl she was fucking as she mounted up on top of Della, using one hand to direct the fake cock back up the girl's accepting asshole.

Chloe leaned in and kissed the girl, slowly and passionately as she ground and swirled her pelvis against the wet, slippery pussy. She moved her now free hand up to Della's clit and began to press her thumb against it while slipping two fingers in between her labia in time with her rhythmic thrusts.

Della moaned in pleasure, pressing and grabbing Chloe around her back as she clung on to her and took her public anal fucking.

The other followers became more and more vocal in their approval as they moaned and let the noises of wet holes ring out like a percussion to Della and

Chloe's performance.

It was raw and passionate unlike the sadomasochistic fetish fucking that Jenny performed on her ass every day. It felt instinctive, animalistic... right.

Chloe felt the spirit inside her rising up so that she saw with the eyes of a goddess.

Looking down on Della's face and seeing her ecstasy and bliss as she pushed the dildo in and out of her anus made Chloe feel a fiery energy take her. She kissed along Della's face, then wetly on the girl's neck, tasting the delicious sweat of the pretty girl. Her teeth came out and she started to nibble at her flesh.

Hearing Della's reaction, Chloe bit down harder and sucked with her lips, her hips grinding harder and faster.

"Oooh, my goddess... Uuh, take me... fuck me", Della moaned.

Chloe felt something primal and animal flood her mind. The goddess inside her was ancient. She was a force of nature and when she took over she made all aware that she was a goddess of female lust and desire and to this ancient deity there was nothing more intimate, nothing more blissful than a woman giving her anus to another woman.

"Ooh... Aaah..." Della moaned as Chloe leaned up and placed Della's feet around her own neck.

She looked around the room. Her followers were enjoying the show. Georgina and Emilia were rubbing their pussies, their thighs parted wide as they knelt and Chloe could make out the glistening arousal on their fingers.

Adele and Abigail were proving that they were buttsluts as they pushed their asses out behind them and reached around with one hand as fingers plunged in and out of their ever hungry holes, imagining themselves receiving the same primal fuck as the one in front of them.

Even Maggie was busy with her hands between her impossibly smooth legs. A woman of her age proving to the young followers that the magical fountain of youth that Kolos girls assholes held was true.

Chloe felt the worship around the room like an electric energy. It filled her and gave her a strength of lust she'd only felt for Becky. Della was pulled around on the floor of the stage so that she was lying flat on her stomach as Chloe mounted up on top of her, their two bodies pressing together as the dildo was thrust in deeply.

"Part your cheeks", Chloe said into Della's ear then nibbled at the girl's lobe playfully as she bounced on top of her newest follower's butt.

Della moaned as she parted her cheeks as wide as they would go so that her anus could swallow as much of the eight inches as it could get.

"Oh fuck yeah... oh fuck", Della groaned out as Chloe pounded into her in front

of the gathered audience. Della was close. Chloe could feel it rising from the girl as she pumped into her rectum harder and faster. She bit down on her shoulder and gripped the girl's wrists hard, pressing her hands onto the floor, overpowering her inside and out completely.

"Yeah... fuck... yeah, cum for me..." Chloe snarled as Della started to shudder and pant uncontrollably.

"Yeah, that's it. Let it all out", Chloe hissed into Della's ear.

The girl's orgasm was like an earthquake; almost knocking the smaller Chloe off from her mounted humping position on top of her and making her laugh as the body underneath her bucked and rocked.

"Oooooaaaah!" Della roared out, filling the room with the primal cry of an anal orgasm.

"Oooh... Oooh...", the aftershocks continued to rock Della with wave after wave of pleasure. Chloe wanted to give the girl a moment she would never forget. She unbuckled the dildo, leaving the silicone cock still inserted in the girl's asshole and spun her onto her back.

She stood over Della's flushed face, a foot either side and squatted down.

"Taste Elysium my follower", Chloe heard herself say as she pressed her rimless orifice over Della's lips.

Della groaned as she breathed in deeply then kissed her lips over Chloe's anus as if she was sucking at melting ice cream.

Her moans were as loud as when she was being fucked and a hand moved down to rub her soaking pussy and clit as she sucked the flavour into her mouth.

Her tongue naturally snaked out and slurped into the delicious sphincter, pressing for it to open up as her other hand stroked and groped at Chloe's impossible cheeks.

As her body still shook with a seemingly endless set of orgasms, she tasted the hole that would leave her forever craving her next helping of it. It tasted like the best birthday cake she'd had, her memories and euphoria from then blending forever with this moment. The memory felt fitting, after all this was her rebirth. Della was where she was always meant to be, a devoted follower of the irresistible girl goddess.

"Mmm... I worship you Chloe and offer my allegiance and love to you. My body and heart are yours", she called out, her body tingling.

Chloe laughed sweetly and sat down onto Della's face fully, rubbing her ass and pussy over the girl's face as if she was claiming her with her scent. It felt good, indulgent and naughty, but everyone in the room knew Della would be loving every second and desperately wished they could be down there in her place. Chloe bent forward and placed her lips around Della's sopping pussy lips right at the front and found the girl's clit. The two of them used their mouths to suck and lick each other, their bodies hot as they pressed closely to each other.

She felt Della's tongue along her pussy lips as the girl pressed her fingers into her asshole, scooping then sucking on them again and again as if feeding from the teen deity's ass.

Neither of them stopped until they had both been brought to a loud, panting climax.

Chloe would have been quite happy to lay on top of the hot, smooth body beneath her and fall asleep but the devoted followers all around her hadn't seen her for months and she had only a couple of hours before she would need to head back to her enslavement.

Beth couldn't control herself any longer. She'd brought herself to an orgasm and had sucked on her fingers as she watched her lover and deity fuck then feed her amazing ass to Della.

She got onto her hands and knees behind Della's legs and leaned in, kissing Chloe passionately.

"I've missed you so much", she moaned honestly on the stage in front of everyone.

"I've missed you too, Beth", Chloe said back, touching the pretty goofball on the side of her face.

The two of them kissed deeply, Della lying beneath them as their tongues fenced and their lips swirled over one another.

Chloe felt like she was wrapped in a velvet blanket. Love and lust surrounded her and she wished in that moment that she didn't ever have to leave the little personal heaven that she had here with her followers and her own High Priestess. She sighed as she thought of the time and finally broke the soft lock on Beth's cute mouth.

Maggie got up and walked over to the stage. The followers on the floor watched as their mentor and resident wise woman stepped close to the girl they worshipped.

"I wish I didn't have to break up your pleasure, my goddess, but I am sure that your followers would love to worship at your altar."

Worshipping at Chloe's altar quite obviously meant eating her ass out and it was the most important ritual core of their beliefs based on the legends that Maggie had taught all the girls in the room.

"It'll keep them loyal", Maggie mouthed, only to Chloe.

Chloe knew the power of her asshole and how it seemed to create loyalty among those not tarnished with the demented level of sadism of Jenny and some of her cronies. She'd affected so many girls and even a few mistresses and she knew that Jenny was trying to hide her from those that would be influenced, shaping their very soul so that they fell deeply in love with her, craving another lick of her divine ass like it was the best thing they'd ever tasted... or a drug that they

had become addicted to after just one hit.

Chloe nodded and stood up. She wiped her brow then parted her legs, her toned and bdsm-hardened body looked stunning and sculpted in the light of the room. She truly was a teen goddess and these girls wanted to show her that that was what they believed too.

“Your goddess wishes to bless you all and offer you the gift of her power. You will all taste heaven and worship at her divine altar. Follower Adele, come and show your goddess your loyalty.”

Adele smiled a little shyly at being chosen to go first but stood up and walked up to the stage. Chloe loved Adele’s curled-up mouth, pointy nose, high cheekbones and big brown eyes and having them buried between her cheeks was where she would want to keep them if she could. The girl’s tongue felt firm and wet as it circled her rim then she felt the gentle slurping suck as Adele tasted her. Her tongue clicked as it probed delicately but firmly, opening her sphincter as her mouth opened wider and her cute face pressed deeper between the globe-like cheeks.

Adele moaned with pleasure. An open mouthed equivalent of someone getting that orgasmic feeling from tasting something more delicious than your mind had prepared for. The girls in the room looked increasingly excited as they waited for their turn, watching as Adele’s head started to rhythmically nod deep and hard into Chloe’s butt cheeks. Her breathing becoming muffled snorts in the girl’s crack and the clicky wet noises of tongue-in-asshole turning everyone on all the more.

Adele looked as if she wanted to get her whole head inside Chloe’s asshole and as she gradually became more and more passionate, the delicate start becoming

far more primal and ravenous. Chloe couldn't help but giggle a little as Adele wrapped her arms around Chloe's thighs to get a stronger self-smother between the round cheeks.

When she finally emerged, she panted and gasped in air then pressed her nose back in, snorting and breathing in the saliva-activated scent. Adele wanted to fill her senses with Chloe's flavour and aroma so that she could imagine it every time she worshipped her goddess and masturbated for weeks to come.

After several deep breaths, she rested her chin where she had been buried and spoke in a husky, lust-filled voice.

"I worship you Chloe. My body and heart are yours."

Chloe smiled. She turned and crouched down, looking into Adele's intoxicated eyes. She kissed her lovingly, a smile still on her mouth, as she tasted herself on the curled lips and tongue of her follower.

"I love you Adele", Chloe said. She truly did. She loved all her followers. They were all her lovers and her friends and if she loved Hannah or her more recent friends, Heather and Louise, then she could love Beth, Adele and the others here in the same way. A goddess has a big heart and the only way she would ever grow strong was if she felt the love of all her followers within it.

Maggie smiled approvingly. If Chloe had ever had an advisor and guide in her slow rise to prophesy then it was this deceptively sexual woman. Red curly hair, glasses, clothes from a bygone era and job as professor here at the university, Maggie had found Chloe and told her of her destiny only a week or so after she

had discovered the cult and become an asshole for Eva.

That felt like an age ago now. She had been through so much and there was plenty she wished she could forget but never her time with Maggie. She had become the fairy godmother to her Cinderella, Yoda to her Luke.

She noticed Maggie put a hand to her mouth and cough then nod over to the other followers. Chloe smiled and kissed Adele on the nose.

“I accept your worship and bless you with my power”, Chloe said as Maggie had taught her to.

Adele got up and let the next follower in the row, Abigail, the round-faced redhead who took off her glasses and got onto her knees, her mouth smiling with excitement and anticipation.

One by one all the girls in the room ate at Chloe’s divine alter along with Maggie and finally the High Priestess Beth. Chloe had crouched and kissed each of them lovingly and passionately, telling them she loved them, even the ones she’d never met, before giving them her blessing.

After an hour or so everyone in the room, including Chloe herself had tasted her asshole and seemed content and relaxed as if they had just feasted together. They all gathered around in a far more informal circle, just girls now as they waited for Maggie to tell them another of her historical accounts.

Chloe sat on the sofa with Beth, still naked, their hands around each other and Beth's head on her shoulder.

“So ladies. I have another history of the cult to tell you. I think it is important for you to all know how what was once beautiful and pure became the twisted and cruel. Your cult has survived since its founding in ancient Greece and for hundreds of years was a beautiful religion of love and sensuality passed down from the original disciples of the first embodiment of Chloe and her family. They managed to keep it secret from the male dominated world around them and perform their life-giving rituals and worship in private, and for a time the descendants of Chloe spread and blossomed all over Europe.

That was until the rise of the Roman Empire.

In Rome itself at its height there lived a noblewoman of great wealth. Her name was Julia. By all recorded accounts she was tall and beautiful with flowing auburn hair and hazel eyes. All men would turn their heads to her and she married well at a young age and had two girls Claudia and Floriana. But Julia could never rest, her mind was obsessed with maintaining her youth and power and some say it drove her to madness. In reality, Julia was what would now be described as a woman with a very rare and extreme psychopathy. However, like now, if you were rich and had social status, it could be brushed off as eccentricity.

Julia had become the High Priestess of the goddess Juventas, the goddess of youth, in the hope of everlasting life. She performed all the rituals and sacrifices obsessively time and time again but still she found herself aging. Nothing she did seemed to halt the affects of each year. She tried everything no matter how immoral or disgusting to save her youth but Juventas just seemed to turn her back on her and deny her what she felt was her right.

That was until she discovered a woman that lived in a nearby village. Gossiping socialites had commented that a woman, in her forties, looked half her age at a party. They put it down to clean, country living and made some snide remarks about the true power behind the goddess of youth knowing that Julia would overhear them.

That night in a fit of rage that night Julia smashed and destroyed all her idols of the goddess that had let her down and disappointed her and vowed revenge on the heavens for denying her eternal youth. As she lashed out at the statues and murals she could hear the snide remarks of the other noble women and, as she calmed, she started to wonder if they had been telling the truth about the village woman.

The next day she disguised herself as an old hag and made her way over to the village they had talked about. After asking around she was directed to a small house all on its own.

Walking close to the house she found herself quickly having to hide behind a tree as she gasped in awe. The woman they had talked about was stunningly beautiful and almost glowed with youthful energy. She watched her work in her garden for a while mesmerised and wondering what the secret to her youthfulness could be. Then she saw the woman's daughter come out, a beautiful creature, petite and feminine with flowing brown curls. The woman looked almost the same age as her as they embraced and laughed, going back into the house together holding hands.

They were hiding something, that much was clear and Julia had to know, had to gain the chance to get some of whatever it was this woman was using to not look the age she should.

She returned to the house that night with some of her more burly servants and snuck inside. The woman and daughter asleep in a bed was a sight of beauty and love that Julia would never understand. She held a rag over each of their faces until they breathed in the potion that would make them not wake up until she had them where she wanted them.

Back in the cellar she used to punish slaves, Julia watched as the mother and daughter came around from their enforced slumber. They pulled at their chains but it was no use. Julia had made sure they were securely restrained. The two of them were far too precious to risk any escape.

She asked the woman how old she was. Her mouth fell open when the reply came and she said she was forty-two. She truly did look half her age. Julia stroked her smooth skin and tight, toned body, both their clothes removed so that she could examine them closer. She asked the woman how it could be that a woman her age could be so youthful but the only answer she got was that she was blessed.

Julia spat in the woman's face and told her she was a liar and hiding the truth and that she would make her talk whether she wanted to or not.

Julia took great pleasure in breaking the woman's spirit. She tortured her for three days and nights, making the daughter watch in chains as Julia used her cruel imagination to make the woman cry out in agony for hours at a time but still she never told her the secret.

On the third night Julia started to lose her patience. She pulled the woman's weary head up and made her look at her daughter. Three of her African servants stood around the naked girl, her body trussed to a wooden frame as they revealed their large, veiny cocks behind the small loincloths they were wearing.

Their intent was clear as they stroked them, making them harder and ready to fill up the pretty girl.

That was when the woman gave in. She could take her own death but seeing that Julia had decided to turn her attention on her daughter was too much for her to take. She quickly explained that she could show her the source of her youthfulness but her daughter had to be unsullied and both of them freed from their restraints.

Julia was sceptical and she had been looking forward to seeing the daughter filled up with cock but she didn't see any reason in not allowing this chance. Her servants obeyed, very reluctantly, and released them both.

Mother staggered over to tearful daughter and hugged her. Such love and emotion were missing from Julia's soul as she looked on impatiently waiting for the answer to her life long search.

She was about to have her hole-hungry servants grab them again when something she never expected happened.

The woman showed how she worshipped the goddess Chloe. Both Julia and the servants stood transfixed, cocks hardening like marble as they watched on.

When finished, she got on her knees and begged Julia. She would tell her everything and make her a part of the cult if she promised to look after her daughter and only allow a bloodline male to be with her.

Julia agreed but if Romans used to keep their fingers crossed behind their back then that's what Julia would have done.

She agreed and dismissed the servants. She had found what she had been searching for at last in the most unexpected of places.

The mother and daughter became her servants for one year. Every night she worshipped Chloe through the daughter and could be heard laughing triumphantly in the mornings as she looked into the polished metal mirrors, admiring her tightening skin and disappearing lines. The mother taught her everything about the cult - every ritual, the history, the prophecies and how the bloodline had spread around the world and how to recognise them.

Julia built a temple to Chloe, the daughter becoming a source of worship to a growing number of selfish noble women that paid generously for a taste of rejuvenation. She soon built a group of loyal and addicted followers but one girl was not going to be enough to satisfy them all.

One year to the day, Julia decided she had no more use for the woman and she was getting in the way of fully exploiting the daughter's asset. She poisoned her and in doing so released herself from the moral boundaries she had been teaching her that had been holding her back.

She experimented with the girl for months after that, reducing her to the status of slave and making her wear a slave collar around her neck. Maybe it was Julia's psychopathic mind but she felt the power was stronger when the girl was distressed, that and she enjoyed hearing her cry out in the more and more depraved sadistic sessions with her.

The daughter didn't last much longer. In those days, illness and disease were common and medicine and healing practices weren't able to fix what she'd been through. That left Julia with a problem. Her followers would soon desert her, as would her own newfound youthful glow. She could not allow either to happen. It didn't take her long to find the answer, the more of these power-giving Kolos girls that she had in her possession, the more powerful she would become.

She searched the Roman Empire and beyond for clues as to the whereabouts of more of these girls to replace the first. She would need a good supply of them to fulfil her own needs and those of a new offshoot of the cult that she named the Koloslatreians after the Greek having the double meaning of anus worshippers or anal servitude depending on your place in it.

Her obsession soon paid off and her dungeon started to swell with girls from all over the known world that displayed the power she craved from the descendants of Chloe.

Her mania only grew and infected those around her over time. Her husband came to a sudden and untimely end, which meant she could expand her cult over her entire household and freely perform her increasingly sadistic rituals whenever she wished. Her home became a place for noble women to pay to satisfy their every desire. They could take out their frustrations on the Kolos girls, both sexually and sadistically, and gain rejuvenation for a price.

Julia was soon the most powerful woman in the Roman Empire but it still wasn't enough. Although she could slow her aging and give her a slight lift, she couldn't return to the vibrant youth that her daughters Claudia and Floriana reminded her of every day.

Her twisted thoughts ate away at her mind until she came to a decision. She had to infect the Kolostheans with her own depraved beliefs and forever change what was beautiful. If she wasn't to live forever then her legacy, her own bloodline, would dilute that of Chloe and her descendants.

Claudia and Floriana would provide her with that legacy. Her daughters were shown no difference to the slaves in her dungeon and were encouraged to have twelve daughters from captured bloodline males.

Julia brought them all up herself, some of them displaying her own tendencies, some needing to be twisted and shaped the hard way, and all of them trained to become sadomasochistic women like her.

Her power spread as she sent them out to consolidate her grip over the Kolostheans, adding their poisonous genes to the first Chloe's forevermore.

Julia lived for three hundred years and countless slaves were used to quench her thirst for immortality but eventually and bitterly she weakened and passed away. The irony was that although she never fully gained what she had searched for, she had hundreds of descendants out there in the world continuing her life and her evil ways through them.

Today their bloodline is blended with most, although not yours Chloe – I've studied that. Even I show the characteristics of the first Koloslatreian High Priestess as does Jenny and some others you know very well."

"Fuuck", Beth said, swirling her head from Chloe to Maggie, her mouth open.

“Does that mean you’re evil? Are you going to make us your slaves?” She asked fast, her thoughts pouring out of her mind without pause, as usual.

Maggie laughed.

“Like I said, the two lines are well blended. Jenny and most of her cronies have inherited the personality characteristics of Julia’s line as well as her looks but it is almost random and can affect on relative and not another. I may have a few characteristics from Julia but my heart and soul are very much from my other ancestor, Chloe.”

“Fuuuck”, Beth gasped again, her mouth still open as she looked at Chloe.

“Of course if you want to be my slave for the night, Beth, I’d be happy to oblige”, Maggie said, with a mischievous smile.

Chloe couldn’t help but laugh as Beth’s mind was blown but then a thought struck her.

“So you don’t need to be of the bloodline to benefit from the power but only a Kolos girl has the power in her ass?”

“Yes, but for those more predisposed to Julia’s line, then the distressed pheromones feed a very different hunger. They need to be increasingly sadistic just to feed what is an addiction to them. That’s why Jenny isn’t bound by your

loyalty power but still has to feed from you almost constantly.”

Chloe didn’t need to look at Beth to know her mouth was still gaping.

“You know that she’s using that particular power to bind followers to her. With you in her control she believes she will become unstoppable. She is no Julia, nor can she claim that she is destined to be the way she is because of genetics. She is her own woman and a twisted, selfish one at that but she isn’t unstoppable. The dominance of the Koloslatreians will come to an end and you will usher in a new dawn for the followers of, well, you but you can only do this if you can bring her down once and for all.”

There was a long pause before Chloe spoke.

“I’m working on it, Maggie”, she said, sighing. It really was work, hard and grinding work but she had learned enough to make her move soon.

Beth interrupted.

“We aren’t like you and Chloe. How come we get the benefits of Chloe’s butthole?”

“All girls and women can absorb the powers of a Kolos girl. How do you think Julia or the noble women benefitted? They weren’t born Kolos were they? But you’d be surprised who actually is a Kolos girl. They could be anywhere and they may not even know who they really are yet, just like you didn’t Chloe.”

Chloe nodded and looked around at her followers.

“I thought I could sense something in you the first time I tasted you. You must have felt it too”, Chloe said

Abigail turned as bright red as her hair. All eyes turned to her in that moment and then the girls pieced together her red hair and bubblebutt in their heads and all mimicked Beth with their mouth gaping wide.

“Don’t worry, I won’t tell your aunt Stephanie that you’ve been awakened. The last thing you need is her as a mistress”, Chloe laughed.

“I was never sure, my goddess. I mean... I did feel things... and I had heard things about my aunt but no one ever told me.”

Chloe laughed and leaned down to kiss Abigail. Deep down she’d always known but she also aware that finding out you are part of an ancient line of ass worshipping, physically and mentally divergent women could be a bit of a mind fuck.

“You should be proud of who you are Abigail. Us Kolos girls have to stick together.”

The second kiss was more passionate. Abigail sighed as she tasted Chloe’s lips.

“Sustain these followers for me while I’m gone”, Chloe said softly.

“Of course, my goddess”, Abigail said earnestly.

“Oh Shit”, Chloe said, glancing up at the clock on the wall. “I’ve got to get back. I don’t think any of us want to see what happens to me in this shock collar if I’m late.”

Chloe jumped up and grabbed her clothes. Her followers moved around, helping her and giving her tight hugs.

Maggie walked her to the door.

“I have your number, Maggie. When I’m ready, I’ll want you with me. Expect a call from a mistress’s number in the next few days.”

“Of course my goddess. I’ll be ready.”

They hugged and kissed. Not a kiss that Cinderella and the fairy godmother would have given one another but it felt as pure and loving... even if they did use their tongues.

Chloe was breathing heavily when she got in the door. She had only just made it in time and was hot and sweaty as she crouched down in her tight leggings and tugged off her shoes.

She was tired but felt energised by the ritual and the love of her followers. It felt like a shield around her and she felt less anxious than usual as she saw Jenny's muscular calves in stiletto heels walk up close to her small body on the hallway floor.

"I was hoping to test out the highest setting on your collar, whore. You've disappointed me by returning on time."

Bitch, Chloe thought.

"Sorry Mistress. I did as you commanded."

Jenny leaned in, grasping Chloe's jaw and scrunching up her cheeks. Chloe noticed the small black silk robe that barely covered her mistress's crotch. Her hair up and tied back, dark makeup on her long face. Chloe knew that look well.

She opened her lips wide and took the confirmation of their relationship in her mouth, swallowing the spit down like it was a kiss on the cheek.

"Thank you, Mistress."

“I bet you’ve been giving that shithole of yours to all your little fuck buddies in that dorm haven’t you? I bet its full of norm-spit”, Jenny sneered, referring to non-Kolos girls as norms. Either she had no idea of the hidden cult of Chloe or she chose to downplay it in her own mind but she had expected Chloe’s asshole to be in constant demand.

Chloe just nodded. She didn’t want to give Jenny anything she could use against her later.

“Mistress Emily and Dirty Whore are fucking like bunnies upstairs and Kasey is in her room. I’m bored and I’m not in a good mood, asshole, so you’ll spend the night in the cellar as payment for your day off. Is that clear, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress. I live to serve you”, Chloe mumbled as she got up on her bare feet and followed the tall woman through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Tired and weary from her day, Chloe knew she would have to spend the next several hours hanging from shackles, her legs stretched out to their limits in a wide X shape in the dungeon her mistress hid in the cellar. Jenny would attach wires and clips to her nipples, her pussy lips and anywhere else she felt like and send pulses through them that would have Chloe convulsing and shuddering but it wouldn’t end there. That was barely the set up. Wearing the mouth gaping humiliating lip-shaped gag, Chloe would groan and drool as Jenny amused herself then eventually fed on the distress pheromone hit that Chloe’s anus gave her then leave her in the dark, convulsing over the bucket below her until morning.

Chloe may be the embodiment of the first Chloe and a goddess, but as Jenny

turned over her shoulder to lead her collared slave down into her torture chamber, Chloe didn't see a suburban housewife with a kinky secret fetish, she saw the demon soul that had possessed Julia, grinning back at her with sadistic lewdness.

She shuddered and felt very alone in that moment and thought of the beautiful love she had felt earlier that day and her plan as she stepped on down behind the clopping footsteps, like two hooved feet of the devil herself leading Chloe down into hell.

Just a normal day

It was quite a sight for anyone that dared to look. Two cute teens dolled up like they were about to film a porn scene, lewdly sexual in their both their attire and the way they walked as two women twice their age touched and stroked them without any regard for what other shoppers might think or how embarrassing it might be for Chloe and Hannah. Emily's suggestion that they go out for a stroll around the mall in the City had seemed a nice one to Chloe but she might have known that Jenny would make it dirty and humiliating.

They had spent almost an hour in the Kolos owned sex shop that a mistress known as Trudy, a craggy sour-faced woman with a cruel streak to match as Chloe knew well from her last trip shopping with her mistress, and her sweet, skinny blonde mop-haired asswhore, Annalise.

What Chloe hadn't expected was how much Emily seemed to enjoy it all, like a kid in a candy store, especially considering how she used to be so straight-laced only a few months ago. Jenny just put everything on her credit card, not even stopping to look at the prices and the two girls found themselves carrying several bags of toys, devices and obscene sexwear that Jenny and Emily would soon see on or inside them.

As they walked out the shop, Jenny reached out and stroked her hand over Chloe's open lower back, feeling the curve of the teen's spine as she worked her way down to the tight denim booty shorts she had decided the girl would wear. Her fingers slid over the seam that tightly pressed against Chloe's butt crack and she chuckled as she patted the round bump that protruded noticeably under the material.

"How does your new plug feel, slut?" Jenny asked, her lips curling out of its usual scowl into a smile.

“It feels good, Mistress. Thank you for buying it for me.”

It did feel good. Six inches of thick, heavy metal inserted into her pretty, almost puckerless anus was an easy take for a girl as experienced as Chloe but that wasn't the point. It was shoved up in there, in public, to make her feel humiliated and embarrassed and to make her feel it stretching her out as she watched people going about their daily lives. She walked on in the impossible platform heels that her mistress had chosen for her, feeling like a lumbering teen zombie as she tried to step in shoes that looked like they belonged in a cheesy porn scene. Her brow furrowed as she pushed down her anger at Jenny.

Her mistress loved to humiliate her and being made to walk around the shopping mall with her slutty clothes and makeup, her spiked slave collar tight around her neck, and a buttplug with a base protruding out and obvious to anyone that glanced at the eighteen-year-old's round ass was standard Mistress conditioning to make their asswhores lose all self-respect. She'd seen it so many times with other girls; some mistresses even making their slave wear nothing more than skimpy bikinis all day long, her thoughts flashing to Helen and poor Heather.

Hannah had been subjected to the same fashion choices as Chloe had and was enduring her set of five balls up her heart-shaped butt that she walked. With each one two inches in width, it meant that the girl was feeling ten inches of hard rubber pressing into her bowels. How her friend could walk so normally was a surprise to Chloe and only served to remind her how experienced Hannah had become in such a relatively short length of time. The cute brunette had lost almost all innocence and with it her dignity had vanished, making the girl seem hollow and darker than the spritely pixie Chloe once knew.

Emily playfully patted Chloe's left butt cheek making Chloe cringe as the plug moved inside her and she was snapped out of her thoughts by a reminder of how

fucked up her life was now.

“She is such a dirty girl, isn’t she Jenny? It was a good idea to come out for a wander around but I hope people don’t think I’m some kind of cradle-snatcher going out with a girlfriend half my age”, Emily said, grabbing Hannah around her slim waist and kissing her noisily on the side of the face.

“They’re not our girlfriends, Emily. How many times do I have to tell you? They’re our asswhores and we are their mistresses. Stop treating her so softly or you’ll undo all the hard work I’ve put into training her”, Jenny hissed as she placed a hand on Chloe’s right cheek, clawing at it to release her frustration and revealing again that being nice to Emily was an act to gain her an advantage.

“Ooh, Coffee. Let’s stop and sit for a bit”, Emily suggested liltingly.

Chloe and Hannah dragged the shopping bags along in each arm as Emily and Jenny found a table at a coffee shop just on the side of one of the main walkways.

Emily held Hannah’s chair for her, a sweet act but only right considering the awkward footwear. Jenny expected the reverse as she made Chloe put down all the things they had bought and then pull the chair out so that her mistress could place her pear-shaped legging-clad butt into the seat.

“Go and order for us. Four Lattes”, Jenny said sneering as she pushed a twenty-dollar bill down the waistband of Chloe’s shorts.

Chloe knew better than to make a fuss, especially in public.

“Yes, Mistress” she mumbled and clomped off.

Jenny ignored her and turned her attention to Emily.

“I bet you can’t wait to get your asshole all dressed up in the things you bought her today.”

Emily was about to answer, her lips curling into a smile but instead she leaned across the table, whispering.

“I can’t believe some of the things we bought, Jenny. They’re...well... obscene. How does a shop like that even exist?”

“It’s a chain owned by the cult, Emily. It was made for ladies like us to stock up on things for our girls. It’s kind of like a pet shop for mistresses”, Jenny explained, sounding quite amused at her own analogy.

Emily sat back in her chair. The secret world that her best friend and the two girls were in was still almost as difficult to take in as her own newly discovered uncontrollable lust for girl ass. She turned to Hannah and cast her eyes over the cute teen. If she had indeed sold her soul and morals to some ‘Anal Goddess’ as she was beginning to think she had at least it was worth it to have this sexy creature for a lover. She corrected herself in her head – not lover, slave.

The girl that Emily had known half her life was seriously hot. Her light creamy skin glowed on her angular, pixie-like face, looking flushed and flustered. Her heart shaped lips were parted and her big brown eyes were half-closed and distant. She looked so fuckable right then that Emily wanted to take her right then and rip the tiny red crop top and denim shorts off of her small, feminine frame and lick every inch of her body right there in the middle of the mall.

Jenny noticed how Emily was looking at the asswhore she had invest time and effort to mercilessly train.

“Look at her. She’s such a dirty little whore with those balls pressing up her asshole. She’s loving every second of it aren’t you... Hannah Dolce?”

Hannah’s eyes snapped out of a trance surprised that Jenny had used her real name.

“Yes, Mistress. I love it”, Hannah replied automatically.

In reality, Hannah’s petite body was struggling with the ten inches of combined balls that were invading her rectum. She wasn’t like Chloe or the other girls in the cult. She wasn’t one of the Kolos, a race of women that over thousands of years of being selectively bred had developed instincts and abilities that made them sadomasochistic anally obsessed creatures of insatiable lust. No, Hannah Dolce was just a normal girl with Italian parents who had been pulled into the secret cult because of her best friend and because Jenny Harper wanted to control everything and everyone that Chloe cared about.

She shifted her butt on the seat and felt the last ball pressing to get out of her

anus from inside. She squeezed her sphincter tightly and felt the deepest ball press further into her bowels as she strained and tensed. She had so wanted to please Jenny if only to be closer to Chloe, the girl she had secretly adored all these years plus now, in an unexpected twist, she had Emily as her lover and mistress.

Emily smiled and put her hand on Hannah's thigh, tickling it gently as she stroked along to the soft, inner part close to her crotch. Emily wasn't sure of the boundaries and appropriateness in public but she didn't care much, she felt so lucky and she wanted to enjoy every moment with this gorgeous girl.

Chloe returned with a tray and four tall lattes. Jenny sat expectantly as she placed them all down then joined them, sitting down awkwardly.

Jenny immediately whispered something in her ear and Chloe nodded reluctantly, moving her hands down to the button and zip on her tight booty shorts.

Jenny chuckled mischievously as she took a sip of her latte and slipped a hand down the seated girl's back.

Chloe felt her mistress's fingers as they tapped on the base of the plug, sending waves of sensations up inside her body, bringing her attention to the metal toy was filling her anus.

"Mmm, you love being plugged up, don't you slut?" Jenny purred so that Emily could hear.

“Yes, Mistress”, Chloe responded through her parted, full lips as she felt flushes of arousal and shame redden her usually creamy cheeks.

Chloe did love being plugged. She loved any anal attention and her ass was able to take pretty much anything that Jenny filled it with as she had proved only two days ago.

She felt a shiver run down her spine as the woman she despised rubbed a finger down each side of the stem of the plug, sliding on her sweat.

“Ooh, your hungry little anus is sucking hard on this toy, asswhore. I’ll have to stuff it up you more often when we go out”, Jenny hissed with cruel glee into Chloe’s ear as she rubbed her fingers on her puckerless rim.

Despite herself, Chloe’s eyes blinked closed as the pleasurable sensations flooded through her body.

Jenny pulled the hand out and, with her face still close to Chloe’s, brought her fingers up to her nose and snorted lewdly.

“Mmm”, she moaned, as she smelled the teen’s sweet aroma on her digits.

Emily was gently sliding her plaid legging-clad butt back and forth on her seat as Jenny mauled Chloe. She turned to Hannah who was off in some far away place in her head trying to get away from the strain and ache of her rectum.

She leaned in and kissed the girl on the cheek and stroked her fingers over the girl's back, up to her thick red leather collar with the words 'DIRTY WHORE' embossed in shiny metal letters, her face heavily made up with lip-gloss, eyeliner, eyeshadow, - the works.

Hannah had been so well conditioned in the intense period of slave training at the hands of Jenny Harper that she didn't even give the slightest thought to the fact that she was in the middle of a shopping mall as she turned and kissed Emily's mouth with her widely parted shiny pale pink lips, followed by her tongue sliding between the gap and fencing out at Emily's.

At least two gasps and the sound of one full tray dropping to the floor could be heard behind her but Hannah didn't care. She wasn't the girl she used to be anymore, she was the dirty whore that Jenny told her she was every day.

Emily moaned as she enjoyed the inappropriate kiss, making Jenny grin across at Chloe. The girl's cute features on her heart-shaped face showed a deadened expression as she looked past what her best friend had become, instead staring off at some distant neon shop sign.

She brushed back her light brown hair. It was growing back nicely after being shaved off at the hands of Melissa and a gang of sadists but each time she felt her long hair was gone she was reminded of the things they had done to her, things that even Jenny had found to be cruel and extreme. That hadn't stopped her watching the video they had made of it several times over while Chloe licked her out. Jenny snorted her fingers, enjoying the teen's aroma. She was amazed how the woman that owned her ass never tired of the smell or taste, if anything her hunger for it seemed to grow, much to Chloe's disadvantage. Jenny noticed Chloe looking at her and, not seeing the hate behind the girl's eyes, placed a hand down between Chloe's toned, smooth thighs and rubbed.

“Just wait till we get you two sluts home. We’re going to have some real fun with your tight little bodies”, Jenny said, her fox-like brown eyes filled with intent.

‘Fun’ with their ‘tight bodies’ was pretty much all that happened anymore. At least Jenny would have to go easier on her than usual so as to not scare the woman she was trying to turn into a mistress who right now was busily nibbling at Hannah’s neck.

“I can’t wait, Mistress. This plug is making me so fucking horny.” She was very horny but it didn’t make the situation any less depraved.

Jenny smiled her approval and turned to Emily.

“Finish your coffee. I bet you’re hungry to taste those balls out of your buttslut’s nasty hole.”

Kolos women were always hungry to taste the anal pheromones out of an asshole’s asshole. It was what this breed of women lived for and Chloe had learned first hand that Emily shared all the instinctive traits.

Emily licked her lips and smiled.

“It’s different having dessert after our coffees but my mouth is already watering. Let’s drink up and go”, the lust and excitement could be heard in the green-eyed

woman's voice as she spoke.

The sexual energy only got stronger and more awkward around the table as the four of them drank up quickly. It was Emily that stood up first, taking Hannah by her hand and tugging on the teen as she spoke quickly.

“Come on then. Let's get home, Jenny.”

Chloe's mistress stood and smiled down at her.

“I know what you're thinking, asswhore”, she smirked.

Chloe was thinking how fucked up her life had gotten and how Jenny was like a virus, corrupting everyone she cared about so that even her memories were being infected and corrupted. Chloe's past had been completely polluted by this woman.

“You are thinking what a lucky slut you are.”

Jenny leaned down and licked Chloe's lips with her tongue just as a snake might before consuming its prey.

Chloe put on her best smile, as a Café customer dropped their tray at seeing the perverse show of lust.

“Yes, Mistress. I am a lucky little slut”, she said in her most mindless voice, jutting her plugged butt out as if to emphasise her point.

Jenny chuckled and slapped the barely denim-clad butt. If anything, she thought to herself, I am one very lucky mistress, dearest Chloe.

[Making out Asswhore Style](#)

Chloe sat cross-legged in front of her fellow asswhore on the floor of Jenny's snug. The heat coming off from Hannah's body was intense as Chloe pushed one hand down the front of the brunette's unzipped shorts, rubbing her smooth, hairless slit as she kissed her sparkly-glossed lips over her pale pink ones. Hannah's eyes were closed and her face and chest flushed as she moaned dreamily.

But this wasn't some spontaneous act of teen lust that Hannah had wished for many times before. The girl's first mistress had commanded this show and she now sat on the sofa with Emily next to her as the two girls she controlled were made to perform.

Chloe looked across and saw Emily entranced, focused on taking in every part of the two eighteen-year-olds making out on the floor whereas Jenny's eyes were glazed and bored. Her mistress's desires ran along the lines of sadism, humiliation and pain and that was what aroused her. Seeing two girls kissing and rubbing each other was far too tame for the cruel woman. She could take it, enjoy it even if she forgot who it was that was torturing her, but she'd seen the way the woman treated Hannah and it was so much worse especially when she knew how Hannah wasn't naturally masochistic like her. A well-brought up girl with Catholic parents, Han saw her pain and humiliation as a kind of penance for feeling the way she did about girls and their bodies. She believed that she truly was a dirty whore for what turned her on and that every cruel act of torture was deserved and necessary.

Chloe acted on instinct and unbuttoned her shorts then turned around, getting up on her knees and arching her butt out behind her. She wasn't oblivious of the fact that she had an amazing ass and that Hannah had secretly lusted over it back when their lives had been normal.

“Mmm, Han, honey. Why don’t you help me take the nasty big butt plug out of my asshole that my mistress put up there?”

Her voice was girly and mischievous, all an act to turn her mistress on and distract her from coming up with something crueller for them to do.

Hannah moaned loudly, an uncontrollable noise of love and lust as she was invited to do one of the things that had gotten her into this situation in the first place.

She didn’t hesitate in grabbing the waistband of Chloe’s shorts and tugged on them. They struggled to get over the globe-like cheeks they were tightly clinging to but Hannah grunted and pulled on the material until it finally came to rest around Chloe’s slim but shapely thighs.

Everyone in the room was staring at Chloe’s butt. It had that effect on people.

Hannah stroked her cheeks as she sighed and stared at the metal base protruding from between them.

“If I spread my cheeks and push, Han, would you grip the base in your mouth and pull? It’s been in there such a long time though. I think it’ll be really stuck.”

The teasing slutty words were spoken to arouse and she heard a sigh from the sofa.

Hannah allowed herself a rare little smile as she parted her lips and leaned in to Chloe's amazing butt. This ass was what had made her the girl she was today. It had changed her in her time knowing Chloe, its magical powers shaping and forming Hannah's blossoming sexuality, and she savoured any opportunity to worship it. Her mouth took in the base as she clamped her teeth around the stem and caught the sweet taste of Chloe's rim.

"Oh, it's in so tight. Uuuh, pull Han", Chloe said, parting her cheeks lewdly and making an exaggerated show just for her mistress's amusement.

"It feels so good coming out. I can feel it sliding over my tight, clenching anus", Chloe moaned as Hannah pulled, smelling the sweet scent on the surface of the plug slowly revealing itself as it slurped out of the most delicious anus she'd ever tasted.

With a plop and a deep sigh from Chloe, the plug left its hole and was held in Hannah's mouth.

"Over here, little slut", Jenny purred, curling her finger.

Hannah walked across on her hands and knees, her curvy butt swaying behind her, looking like a dog bringing her owner her slippers, with the heavy metal plug gripped in her mouth from the base.

Jenny took the plug from the submissive girl, giving her a playful slap across her face in some perverted show of thanks for having brought her the treat, depriving the girl of the opportunity to enjoy it for herself.

“Slut”, she hissed down to the girl as she took the plug, Hannah’s lips still parted and sighing as she was slapped, her features dumbed down and empty.

Jenny looked smug as she held the plug up to her nose then sucked it deep into her mouth, moaning and sighing. She tasted Chloe on the surface of the metal plug and thanked the anal goddess at how brilliantly she had managed to corrupt the three other assholes in that room. Considering how only six months ago none of them had known about the cult, let alone the fact that Jenny was the High Priestess, turning of three women into the depraved creatures they were today was all the more amazing. Jenny now controlled everything about Chloe. The girl was hers and so was her prophesised asshole. No myth or legend was going to stop Jenny Harper from dominating the thousands of cult members around the world, especially not some so-called second coming of the goddess Koloe.

Emily broke Jenny’s moment.

“I am so lucky. Look at this adorable girl. She’s so cute with her butt stuck up behind her.”

Jenny fixed her eyes down on Hannah, her face cold and stony.

“She only does it to tease you, Emily. Why don’t you take what is yours by right from her asshole body. Taste her and let her flavour fill you with power.”

Emily had learned almost nothing about the strange cult that Jenny belonged to, or about the fact that she herself was from a line of woman that had been

selectively bred over thousands of years, what she did know was that she craved Hannah's ass flavour so much she couldn't think about anything else just then.

"Come here puppy and turn around. I'm gonna get those balls out of your butthole for you", Emily said as Hannah moved up on all fours, her ass pointing at Emily as the woman sat on the sofa.

Emily slipped the shorts down past the girl's round butt and down her toned legs. Hannah had an amazing body. Her thighs were shapely and muscular and her back was toned and tight, both of which contrasted the full, round creamy cheeks that were naturally parted and broader than Chloe's.

The light pink pucker looked like a pretty little star as it held the string tightly in its clenched grip. Emily sighed as she looked at how smooth and soft it looked. The girl's pussy was slightly puffy and aroused, a glistening wetness covering the pink lips as the scent of sexual readiness drifted up to her nose.

Emily stroked and kneaded the girl's round cheeks softly. Hannah's breathing became heavier as she felt her filled asshole moving around the balls inside her as her cheeks were stretched and squeezed.

Emily took the string with the little rubber ring on the end and tugged on it, a look of fascination and anticipation on her face. The first ball popped out, Hannah's pink rim closing around the sphere and pushing it out of her anus. The teen let out an audible groan of relief and pleasure, her head dropping down below her upwards-pointing shoulders as she arched her back on her hands and knees.

“I’m a dirty whore”, she said automatically. Jenny had conditioned the girl well, having stuffed her full of these balls on a daily basis as she walked around doing her chores and duties.

Emily only giggled as Jenny looked.

She didn’t hesitate in releasing the other four balls and as each one made a slurping plopping noise when it left the teen’s aching asshole Hannah moaned out “I’m a dirty whore”, four more times in quick repetition.

A little rasp of air made Emily giggle as she held up the five two inch balls, looking at them in amazement.

“How can a small girl like you take all this in her butt hole?” she asked.

“Because she’s a dirty anal slut, aren’t you, dirty whore?” Jenny sneered.

“Yes, Mistress. I’m a dirty anal slut”, Hannah said submissively, panting at the sensation of her sphincter still tingling after clenching and stretching and the odd feeling of having an empty rectum, something that occurred so rarely nowadays that it no longer felt normal.

Emily sucked and slurped on the balls, holding them like a bunch of grapes over her face.

“You taste so fucking good, Hannah”, Emily said, her eyes closed in pleasure, not seeing the look of disgust Jenny gave the woman for addressing Hannah by name.

Jenny needed to make things nastier. She took a hand out of her leggings and reached down to one of the shopping bags at the side of her, pulling out a ridiculously long and thick, floppy silicone, double-ended dildo. The flesh-coloured veiny shaft was seventeen inches long and had a penis-shaped head on each end. Jenny pulled the wrapping off of it, the label calling the toy ‘colossal’.

She snarled at Hannah.

“Get over here, dirty whore. It’s time we had some real fun.”

Hannah crawled the few steps along to Jenny who was now on the edge of the sofa, rubbing her hand along the shaft of the massively long shaft. Hannah knew exactly where the dildo was going. It was going where most other things went - right up her buttock. Hannah had long given up on any thought that this part of her body was taboo, dirty or somehow forbidden fruit. Jenny had even convinced her that her ‘fuckhole’ as the woman called it no longer even belonged to her and that anyone that wished to do so could penetrate her tight sphincter and use her once tight tunnel for their own amusement.

The ‘amusement’ right now was seeing Hannah filled with almost half the seventeen-inch dildo, the rest hanging out of her shapely cheeks like a lewd flesh-coloured tail. The girl had obediently stayed on all fours, not making a noise as Jenny slid the dildo in to a depth that made it an equal replacement for the balls she had been keeping warm in her rectum.

“She looks so stupid”, Jenny exclaimed liltingly as she smacked both hands down sharply on the girl’s butt cheeks.

“I think she looks cute... like a little puppy”, Emily drawled.

“Dogs don’t wear crop tops. Take it off, dirty whore”, Jenny commanded and Hannah obediently responded, pulling the material over her head and putting it down on the floor beside her, revealing her outward pointing breasts with their pink, stiff nipples.

“Better. Now you have a collar like a smelly mutt would but you need a mask that’s going to make you look like the dirty dog you are.”

Jenny walked over to one of the shopping bags and pulled out two latex masks. They looked like full gimp coverings but these were shaped into moulds that looked like dog muzzles with eyes cut out and ears pointing up. These particular ones had open mouth expressions with a crazed looking, pink rubber tongue lolling out the side.

Jenny squeezed it over the teen’s head. Her features pressed up inside it and felt hot and sweaty right from the start, her breath bouncing back on the inside of the mask with a small hole along the mouthpiece to provide her some latex scent-infused air to breathe.

“Bark for Mistress, bitch”, Jenny ordered, grinning.

“Howhow. Howhow”, Hannah mimicked.

“You mean Ho-Ho, Dirty Ho.” Jenny sounded amused at what she had just said but Hannah took her literally and started to make barks that copied the taunting woman.

“Now crawl along like a good bitch and put this other mask on your slut of a best friend.”

Hannah took the mask in her hand and turned to crawl back to Chloe.

“Wag your tail and bark as you go”, Jenny added, in a threatening tone.

“Aww”, Emily said as she watched Hannah go. The girl’s butt swaying to get some movement on the floppy dildo, as she made little high-pitched barks and crawled over to Chloe, the mask in her right hand.

Chloe was ready for what she knew was to come. She knelt back and sat on her ankles as Hannah took her top off and made her as naked as she was. She welcomed the feeling of freedom and the coolness of the room as it made her shiver slightly. The mask was tight and uncomfortable and made her feel claustrophobic as her best friend pressed her face into the black latex. Hannah did her best not to hurt Chloe but she wasn’t going to disappoint her mistress so the mask would go on regardless.

Chloe panted until she found the narrow air hole in the muzzle of the dog head

shaped latex, her chest heaving as she knelt with her butt on her soles. She felt her friend's hands on her bare shoulders, comforting her as she steadied her breathing. It was rare for Hannah to show her affection these days, especially after she had been told lies about how Chloe had abandoned her to her fate of being recaptured by the cult and tortured by Ivy. Chloe had explained but a new coldness seemed to exist between the once inseparable pair that hadn't allowed them to be as close as they used to be. Going back to how they used to be was impossible now anyway especially after all the humiliating things they had done to each other on Jenny's orders.

Chloe still shuddered every time she thought of the things she'd done to Han just so that they could lull their mistress into a false sense of security and then escape off to university. Making her best friend eat cake that had been stuffed up her rectum had been for nothing, their time at university and trying to create a new way for the cult cut short by the evil Kolos mistresses.

No, Chloe deserved to be punished by Hannah, not loved by her. She had failed to protect her sweet friend and now here she was with a snake-like dildo pressed deep inside her asshole, dangling down her thighs like the mindless creature she'd been made to become.

"Take the other end of dirty whore's tail, asshole. Shove it up your hungry fuckhole", Jenny hissed through clenched teeth.

"Yes, Mistress", Chloe said, sounding muffled through the mask.

"You can't speak now. You are literally a bitch. You can only bark like your friend."

“How-how”, Chloe barked breathily in response.

“Now get on your hands and knees with your nasty butts facing each other. Yeah, that’s it. Now take that tail in your hands, asshole, and push it up your nasty rectum. I want you to feel the tail deep inside you as you bounce your fat teen asses together.”

Chloe pushed the cock-shaped head against her plug-relaxed anus. Her rim stretched open to swallow the silicone. She was so used to having things up her butt that Chloe didn’t even sigh as her anal muscles did what they were trained to do.

“Squeeze it up there deep”, Jenny snarled, her lust building as she rubbed her clit through her Lycra leggings.

Chloe pushed back on the dildo using Hannah’s inserted side as leverage to slide the shaft deep inside her rectum. She groaned inside the mask, feeling the satisfaction of being full as every true asshole craved. Her mind was flooded with endorphins as she felt waves of pleasure rise up from her butt and ripple through her entire body. It was uncontrollable and, in moments like these, Chloe became the girl that her mistress knew she was. Chloe didn’t care now that Hannah was the other end of the dildo, not when she felt like this.

She started to bounce instinctively, her movements getting more forceful with each thrust. She could feel Hannah struggling to keep up as she felt her butt cheeks slap against her friend’s paler, wider ones.

“Swallow that whole fucking dildo, bitches. I don’t want to see one inch of it

outside your smelly holes”, Jenny growled. Emily was feeling both turned on and a little nervous at the intense lust her friend sometimes showed in front of her.

Chloe could feel Hannah’s cheeks pressing on hers, squashing tight together as the soft springy flesh became hot and their sweat blended against their compressed skin.

Jenny turned to Emily.

“I told you those two were always joined at the hip. Turns out I was wrong. They’re joined at the ass”, Jenny said, laughing out loud.

Emily got the joke but she was too mesmerised to do anything more than murmur in response as she stared down at the sight in front of her on the floor.

The dog masks hid who they were, something that Emily had learned first hand made things a little easier since discovering her Kolos lust.

Their arched backs glistened under the light hanging down as they pressed their impossibly round butts against one another, their cute legs and arms propping them up as they were joined anally to each other.

Emily found her mouth watering as she thought of the slippery surface of the seventeen inch dildo and her breath quickened as she touched her lips with a finger, rubbing her breasts under her top with the other.

“Fuck yourselves on the shaft and bark like the little bitches you are”, Jenny hissed her command.

Hannah and Chloe slapped their butts against each other in a rhythmic fucking motion, using their knees to move their thighs forward and back and make their globe-like cheeks make smacking sounds as the dildo clicked wetly while their anuses slid over the veiny circumference.

“How-How.”

“Ho-Ho.”

The two anal puppies performed their humiliating role for the high priestess of the cult. Their mouths opened in the masks as they gulped down whatever latex-smelling air they could get hold of. Sweat from inside the mask ran down their necks and over their collars as the two teens pounded their butts against one another.

“So amusing”, Jenny said to Emily as she etched up to her friend and slipped her hand down inside the waistband of her leggings, kissing her neck as she chuckled to herself.

Both girls panted, the fake tongues looking real as the open mouths of the latex masks made the two bouncing teens seem more like the dogs they were pretending to be.

Chloe got into the ass fuck she was giving herself, her butt pounded harder and faster against Hannah's, her lust making her want more than her fair share of the silicone shaft.

Hannah tried to match her friend but she was struggling to keep up. Chloe was so much more of an asshole than her. She liked anal just as most girls but she wasn't sexually defined by it as Chloe was. It was a part of her very soul, as though her asshole was who she was. Hannah wished she could be like that for herself and for the mistresses but she didn't have the epic lust for it like Kolos girls.

"I think asshole is getting greedy. She's hogging the shaft and not giving dirty whore her fair share. She needs teaching a lesson", Jenny said.

She walked up to the two girls and crouched down as the two butts continued to bounce against each other, taking the double-ended dildo deep inside both their rectums.

Jenny placed her hand around the shaft and felt that the surface was wet and slippery. Two cute rims slurped over the surface as they pressed against her hand then slid away in a rhythmic pumping motion.

She held her hand up to her nose and sniffed deeply, groaning as she smelt the candy-like sweetness. She wanted to smother herself in their delicious flavour but an overwhelming desire to humiliate Chloe overtook the instinctive urge.

“Stop fucking yourself in the ass and turn around. I want you to give this greedy bitch what she’s trying to get.”

“How-how”, Hannah barked through the mask. She knew the high priestess hadn’t told her she could speak and she wasn’t stupid enough to make that mistake, at least not again.

Her end of the dildo slurped out of her anus as quickly as she could let it and then she turned around, still on her hands and knees.

Jenny knelt in front of Chloe and leaned in. Her hands reached over the girl’s masked head and groped her impossibly round cheeks apart lewdly.

Chloe felt Jenny’s muscular arms pressing down over her back, the woman’s toned abs pressing over the muzzle hole.

“Let’s see just how deep this whore’s lust goes shall we?” she sneered then nodded across at Hannah.

Chloe knew exactly what was coming as Hannah gripped the slippery surface of the cock-snake in her small hands.

The first extra couple of inches went in without her noticing the difference as her anus clicked wetly at the insertion. She looked up at Jenny through the holes in her mask and saw the sadistic glint in her fox-like eyes and the lusty snarl on her lips.

The once innocent and geeky best friend she'd grown up with shoving seventeen inches of veiny dildo up her asshole would have been the last thing she'd imagine the two of them getting up to on a study session or a sleepover six months ago. Now it was exactly what she expected "Dirty Whore" to do to her on her mistress's orders and, whether she could bring herself to admit it to herself or not, she kind of preferred it this way.

She felt her tummy start to ache as the shaft was fed in past her inner sphincter.

Jenny would know exactly what she'd be experiencing right now and she would be getting off on the fact that she could literally skewer her body for her amusement.

The High Priestess grabbed Chloe's mask from underneath and lifted it up, her nose touching the snout as she stared her brown eyes into the blue-green ones that glistened through the holes.

"You are nothing but an insatiable anal slut. How am I meant to satisfy your lust? I mean look at you. You must have the longest asshole in the world. No wonder it's always hungry for something to fill it."

The words were meant for her and everyone in the room. Chloe knew how Jenny constantly permeated her own reality to those around her. The line was that Chloe was a hungry buttslut that was tiring poor Jenny out making the woman have to satisfy her endless lust. It didn't surprise her how the others bought the constant feed of lies, especially when she herself played along.

“I’m an insatiable... aah... anal slut, Mistress”, Chloe drawled through the mask.

The slap was hard and sharp but the mask took the brunt.

“You can’t speak. You’re a dog, remember stupid?” Jenny snarled into the rubber as Hannah continued to feed into her from behind.

“How-how”, Chloe quickly corrected. She glanced up at the sofa instinctively after the slap but found no support there.

Emily had one hand down the front of her leggings and the other rubbing her now exposed breasts. The look on her face said it all as her arm moved rapidly and the covered hand squelched and clicked at whatever it was doing to her obviously wet pussy. Chloe felt the shiver of being very alone just then.

Her attention was pulled sharply back to her insides as the double-ended dildo made her tummy pang with an ache that was both delicious and painful at the same time.

“Uuuh”, she grunted as she started to feel the familiar cold sweat of strain run down her brow and under the neck of the mask.

“Doggies don’t grunt, bitch”, Jenny snarled, grabbing Chloe under the mask just above her collar.

“They howl”, she sneered as she squeezed tightly, watching the eyes inside widen.

“Oooowwwooo”, Chloe obeyed, feeling humiliated and ridiculous but yet again letting Jenny have her way.

Jenny was aroused by her own power over the pretty girl and how low she could make her sink. In fact it was what brought her to climax more than anything else. That and making Chloe feel the intense feelings of pain that reminded them both who was in charge.

Hannah finally pushed the dildo in so deep that only the other cock head was left. Sixteen inches filled Chloe’s bowels full of flesh-coloured silicone. It seemed as though it wouldn’t go any further.

Maybe I don’t have the longest asshole in the world after all, Chloe thought through the strain and the sweat stinging her eyes.

Hannah looked up at Jenny. Not sure if she should speak or react but she was struggling to obey the woman’s wishes any further. Chloe’s insides were well and truly stuffed and she could only imagine where the sixteen-inch shaft must be inside as she glanced nervously at Chloe’s glistening back.

“Gggnnn... Oooowww”, Chloe tried to stop herself from crying out as her whole insides seemed to throb with a sharp aching pain. The urge to push the dildo out was overwhelming and instinctive.

“Are you telling me that you can’t do any better, dirty whore? Is that as far as your pathetic arms can push?”

“Ho-Ho”, Hannah barked on her hands and knees behind Chloe.

Jenny walked around to Hannah and stroked a finger down the girl’s crack.

“Well I would call that a failure then and we both know what happens to failures”, Jenny said softly, almost sweetly. Hannah’s head dropped and nodded in the mask.

“But that’s for later. Right now we have another inch to go.”

She grabbed Chloe’s collar and pulled the girl on her hands and knees over to near the sofa. She was made to lay down flat on the carpet. Her stomach pressing into the floor as she panted and tried to control the pain and her urge to push. Her pussy dripped with arousal and onto the red plush material below but that didn’t matter to Jenny. She was having fun.

“Up on your arms. Look at Mistress Emily. Show her your yoga lessons weren’t a waste of money. Upward facing dog, dog.”

Chloe arched her back as she raised her upper torso with her straight arms. Her bare erect nipples pointing across to the sofa, her waist, hips and legs still flat on the floor.

Sixteen inches of dildo was almost literally like a rod up her back, making her feel like there was a spear inside her body, almost as painful too but that was what was making Chloe so wet. She had trained herself to look at her predicament from outside her body and then she could really get on board with what others saw - pretty, petite teen getting humiliated and totally fucking violated with obscene toys. She knew she always had her safe word to end a session immediately, as did Hannah and all asswhores, but she hadn't used it for months and it had become a personal challenge to see how long she could go.

Right now must have been fairly extreme for her to remind herself she had that option as her face sweated inside the lolling dog mask.

“Look at her. Do you think it's normal for a girl to take sixteen inches of thick cock up her shithole?” Jenny hissed into Hannah's mask-covered ear as she stood pressed up behind her petite, feminine frame, her hands groping her breasts and rubbing lewdly down the girl's crotch.

Hannah stared down at her best friend through the eyeholes. She had fallen so far down the proverbial rabbit hole that she had lost all concept of what was normal and it had been this bunny-like butt with its small flesh coloured tail sticking out that had been the thing she had blindly followed down just like Alice in Wonderland.

Chloe was far from normal. Like all the Kolos born girls, her friend had innate abilities that defied what should be possible when it came to their assholes. She had been jealous once at how much pleasure they all got while she suffered and struggled along, not able to take what they could and getting less out of it along the way.

She loved Chloe in ways that Chloe would never be able to fully reciprocate.

She lusted after the body in front of her. Of course, she had had her fair share of it since joining the cult and that had been some compensation for being turned into the whore she now was. She had given all her inhibitions up, all her dignity with it, just to be like Chloe and yet somehow she never would be able to match her. She shook her head.

“No, it’s not. It’s fucking amazing. Behold what your best friend is, dirty whore. Her entire body is just one big asshole. Now finish the fucking job.”

Jenny lifted Hannah’s leg by her thigh and placed the sole of her dainty foot on top of the one-inch left out on the open.

It was fairly apparent what Jenny wanted her to do but to confirm it she snarled into the mask with obvious sadistic lust.

“Stomp that last inch inside her dirty fuckhole.”

Hannah could only think of how her and Chloe would make breakfast together after a sleepover and how Chloe would make her laugh so hard, she’d almost snort her orange juice out her nose. She could see that cute face grinning sweetly at her as she stared down at the unbelievable slut on the floor. They were two different people she told herself, just as she wasn’t that juice-snorting girl anymore.

She pressed her weight down on the heel.

Chloe cried out, an intense guttural grunt, as her insides were stabbed even further. Her eyes filled with tears and cold sweat covered her skin in a fresh shiny, wet coating. She couldn't take her eyes off of Emily.

The woman on the sofa was undergoing an intense amount of emotions and she could see the twitching in her face that showed she was considering putting an end to all this herself. Then something changed and her lips curled into a lust-filled snarl, her fingers frigging her pussy harder and faster as she stared wide-eyed at the scene in front of her.

Chloe's moans of pain continued with each breath as Hannah pressed the last inch inside her until it was swallowed up by her puckerless sphincter. Chloe's body had fought that last inch more than the previous sixteen and Hannah could feel the resistance under her foot as she put her whole body into 'finishing the job'.

The feeling was intense. Like being winded, fucked and impaled all at the same time. Her brow knotted inside the mask and her mouth could only stay open in a wide O shape as she panted and moaned as if she was in labour.

How many eighteen year olds went through what she was right now, she would have thought if her brain was able to do anything other than focus on her insides. Her head became warm and light as white stars seemed to pass in front of her eyes.

Emily stared at the dog-masked girl, her pert breasts moving as her chest panted rapidly in an attempt to control the feeling inside. She was always so pretty when tormented like this, as if she glowed and emanated a sensual energy. She couldn't believe that this was the truth behind the façade of a life she had led and that Chloe's Kolos blood made her an insatiable nympho masochist so much that

her kind friend Jenny was almost exhausted trying to satisfy her.

Jenny was right about everything. Once Emily had shook off her inhibitions and released her suppressed urges that had been bottled up inside of her for years, she had felt her very soul change. It was as if she had been reborn a completely different person and she put her own pleasure first... and what pleasure it was! Emily had never known such ecstasy. Every orgasm she felt, every taste, smell and touch of an asshole was better than anything she'd ever known. It was all more addictive than any drug and she couldn't resist or fight the innate tendencies locked into her very genes, even if it meant levels of immoral depravity that would have been unthinkable for her only months ago.

She touched her fingers to her lips and smiled dreamily just as Chloe let out a whelp and a shudder as Hannah was made to put her full weight on the foot pressing between her globe-like cheeks.

Emily turned her attention to Hannah. She kept telling herself that she was her lover but deep down she knew that was stretching the truth. This girl that half her own age was more of a plaything than an equal partner in their twisted relationship. Hannah was a willing slave that let her do things to her that she could never have imagined doing to anyone let alone her.

She sometimes felt a sharp pang of guilt. The things she'd done to sweet Hannah Dolce's cute body since she'd become her asshole would devastate the girl's parents if they ever found out. She let out a shudder as she pictured them both standing there chatting on her doorstep or on an open evening.

She reminded herself that it wasn't her. She wasn't the one that was doing this. It was the assholes that survived on anal attention and they didn't care who they got it from as long as they got it. They were the sick and perverted ones not the

mistresses that were the slaves to that insatiable appetite. Jenny had taught her that. She still couldn't get her head round the idea of a Kolos bloodline and that the feelings that she felt were natural and normal for women like her. If only the girls weren't such masochists.

Her attention was pulled back to the floor.

Chloe's body, covered in sweat, aching and stabbing from the inside, shook like a washing machine on spin cycle.

"Oooooaaaaa!" She roared out as she felt the orgasmic effect of being humiliated and stuffed in this perverse and deviant company, her eyes blinking the sweat and sensations as she stared across to the sofa and tried to stay conscious. Waves of pleasure flooded her despite the pain, or maybe because of it, and she was rewarded many times over for being so nasty.

Her mouth opened wide as drool dripped out uncontrollably from her full lips and her eyes widened like saucers as she convulsed, her ass jiggling under Hannah's foot. Her head was filled with the rewarding hormones of her own masochistic lust.

The nasty pain slut cums again at her own humiliation and pain, Chloe thought as her eyes rolled up into her head as her whole body tensed and her mouth strained out the groans of her euphoric hit.

Her hands gave way and she slumped down on the floor, the mask squishing and looking ridiculous as she pressed her head into the carpet.

She still moaned as each fill of her lungs left her open, panting mouth but she knew she wouldn't be given long to enjoy the reward of her torment.

Jenny made Hannah kneel in gape pose in the centre of the room as she walked over to one of the shopping bags and pulled out a chain leash.

Chloe was floating up on clouds in her head, still feeling warm and fuzzy as she was tugged up to her knees.

The dildo pushed out as her torso rose up and Jenny barked down to the orgasm-intoxicated teen.

"Push it back in, dog. I don't want to see any of it hanging out your dirty ass. We are going walkies."

Chloe grunted in pain as she tried to stuff the tip back inside her body. It felt wrong doing this to herself. It was like she was complicit in her own abuse as she stabbed the sword-like length deeper inside her. She realised one hand wouldn't be enough and placed her second one around behind her and pushed with whatever energy she had left.

"Oooooaarr", she growled as her anus finally closed around it and her rapid panting started again as she felt the effects in her bowels.

Jenny didn't care as she yanked the chain and made Chloe walk on her hands

and knees, one hand reaching around her every now and again to check it hadn't come out of her.

She was circled around the carpet three times, moving around Hannah whose face was pressed into the floor with her butt up behind her and her hands clawing her cheeks as far apart as she could.

As usual the room was filled with the sweet scents of sex and teen ass but all Chloe could breathe was the rubber off of the mask she wore, her vision blurred by sweat and tears and her hearing dulled inside her head casing.

"She makes a good dog. Don't you think so, Emily?" Jenny said as she stepped, holding the leash in her hand.

Emily was too far along to reply, her fingers had been plunging into her pussy while her thumb circled her clit.

That's when Jenny forgot the company she was with.

"Let's see if we can get more inside this little bitch shall we?" she cackled, pressing a finger against Chloe's struggling anus.

"Shit-shit-shit!" Chloe squealed and visibly tried to wriggle away but the auburn-haired woman had a tight hold on the leash, pulling on it tighter and making the cursing become choked gurgles as she snarled and pushed her index finger on the head of the seventeen inch dildo.

Chloe's body spasmed and she collapsed onto the floor. She couldn't take another inch inside her.

"I say we see if our dog likes being fucked with a strapon with this thing already up inside her."

Jenny sneered into Chloe's masked ear.

Emily had stopped her masturbating and was now scowling across at Jenny. She owed the woman so much but it was as if Jenny had no understanding of where to stop, like she had no empathy or understanding of how others felt. Emily could clearly see Chloe's pain and that was enough for her to feel the pangs of sympathy.

She pulled her leggings up and stomped over to the pair of them.

Jenny was so focused on shoving the dildo inside Chloe even deeper that she didn't see Emily grab the leash out of her hand and pull.

"I think she's had quite enough, Jenny. You've had some fun with her and she got off on it but any more and you'll do her an injury."

Jenny looked up with a cruel fire burning in her eyes but Emily stood firm, staring back.

Then a smile filled the place where a scowl had been. A false, snake-like expression that would have chilled anyone that saw past it.

“You’re quite right, Emily. I’m a little bored with this game now anyway”, she lied, removing her fingers and pressing them up to her nostrils.

“Take her if you want her, Hun. Seventeen inches of delicious anal pheromones.”

Emily held the leash and looked down at the twitching, sweaty girl with the dog mask on.

Chloe felt a hand squeezing her butt cheek.

“I will see if I can keep dirty whore busy in the meantime. She needs reminding that mistakes are not acceptable for a girl like her.”

Emily looked at Jenny then glanced guiltily at Hannah. Maybe it was Jenny’s influencing words or the way the asshole degraded herself in front of her but just then she only saw a spread ass staring back at her. She knew that Jenny wouldn’t play nice but she had to get Chloe away from her seemingly endless need to torment her and if it meant sacrificing Hannah for an hour or two then she’d just have to let Jenny do whatever she wanted to her.

Emily took the leash and stepped behind the crouching teen just as she was about

to get up.

“No. On your hands and knees... and arch that back”, Emily murmured softly, making Jenny laugh behind her.

Chloe’s shoulders dropped and her head hung despondently as she crawled towards the stairs on the end of the chain leash, her butt sticking up behind her and her tummy gurgling as she tried to keep her winking anus from releasing the seventeen inch dildo skewered deep inside her tight little sweaty body.

When they were gone Jenny snarled something to herself before turning her attention on Hannah.

She stood over the girl and playfully pressed her toes and foot against her exposed holes.

“You failed didn’t you, bitch? I think I need to teach you a lesson down in the cellar.”

Jenny’s need to unleash her sadistic lust on someone had to be satisfied.

Hannah was in for a hard time down in Jenny’s secret torture chamber and for a selfish moment the girl wondered if it wasn’t actually Chloe that had failed, not being able to take the dildo when she was meant to.

Why did she have to be the one to get punished just for Jenny Harper's gratification?

She knew the answer herself.

It was because Jenny enjoyed being especially cruel to a non-Kolos girl. Her low tolerance meant the louder wails of pain that seemed to be like music to the woman's ears.

This devil was her penance for her sinful lust. At least that's what she told herself every day. 'I'm a dirty whore' echoed in her head as she was made to crawl in the hot rubber mask over to the unassuming, locked door on the other side of the kitchen.

[The Anal Feast](#)

Dressing one another in private was one of the rare times that Chloe and Hannah could speak freely without Jenny or another mistress looming over them.

Chloe adjusted Hannah's earrings, mesmerised by how sexual her teen body had become since being made into an asshole.

Chloe leaned in and kissed Hannah's cheek as she stroked a hand down the navy strappy bodycon dress she was wearing.

"If I can speak to Mistress Kiko, I think I can persuade her to go against Jenny", Chloe said, little more than a whisper in the girl's ear just in case.

"What could you possibly offer her to betray the High Priestess?" Hannah asked, her voice sounded trance-like. Chloe noticed she often became withdrawn before a session like this was about to happen. She guessed that was Hannah's way of dealing with the nerves.

"I'll offer her my ass without Jenny making her pay for the privilege. If that isn't enough on its own then I'll also offer her a promise that she'll be allowed to continue her relationship with Louise in exchange for a bit of help... that and some good old fashioned blackmail."

Chloe turned to look at her butt in the plum scoop backed bodycon dress she wore and smiled at the view of the material clinging round her globe-like rear.

“How will you get her on her own?” Hannah asked, pulling the tie laces up her calves from the towering slutty heels Jenny had bought for her.

“Don’t worry, Han. Kiko has some seriously kinky fetishes, even for a mistress. She won’t be able to resist when I offer her the opportunity to enjoy one of them but let’s just say the other mistresses wouldn’t approve at all. That’s when I’ll have her eating out of my hand.”

Chloe pressed the brush onto her full lips and coated them in the clear gloss that made them look irresistibly cute and falsely innocent.

“Becky will be at this”, Hannah said, looking across at her friend with a rare spark of emotion, sighing sympathetically.

Chloe’s expression dropped. The fun of making her and Hannah look like sluts and the nervous excitement of the upcoming session was momentarily forgotten as she thought of the girl she loved.

“I saw her a few months ago, Han... She’s been completely broken by that bitch Kate. We have to get her and all the others away from women like her.”

Hannah leaned in and put an arm around Chloe’s waist. Chloe was surprised to see that something of the sweet Hannah she knew was still somewhere inside there, hiding in the depths of the girl’s heart.

“Come on. We’d better get down to the party. You know you’re the star

attraction, Chloe.”

Chloe and Hannah clomped in their way-too-high heels along the corridor of Eva’s sex toy warehouse, holding on to one another for stability.

Chloe remembered the first time she had walked down that very corridor. It seemed like a lifetime ago that the eighteen-year-old had fallen into the trap set by Jenny.

Both girls hesitated when they reached the metal door. The room inside was both magical and terrifying. Somehow Eva managed to change and alter the room to suit any fetish or fantasy that had on previous occasions ended in Chloe having to be carried out and have her sore, bruised body tended to.

Chloe opened the door.

“Here they are!” Jenny announced as though she had just revealed the grand prize in a game show.

Chloe and Hannah nervously walked in and looked around the room.

Between the two of them they knew all the guests. There were nine mistresses, if you counted Emily as a mistress. With the two of them now in the room they completed the set of eight asswhores owned by Jenny’s inner circle.

The girls all wore sexy party dresses. All of them far too revealing and slutty to be anything more than the candy wrappings they were designed to be.

Chloe's eyes almost immediately fell on Becky and she stared wide-eyed at the girl she still dreamed of every night when she slept.

Becky was looking down, her face sullen and tired. Her light blonde hair had been cut down to a boyish bob at her neck and slicked into a combed parting. Her dress was less complimentary than the other girls' and looked out-dated, as if it had been in a cupboard waiting to be pulled out again. It was short and small and revealed her thighs and shoulders but the blue material wasn't shaped properly and made the girl's slim, sleek figure look almost frumpy. Her collar displayed the new name that Kate had given her upon her return to her – "Fuckboy". It was meant to humiliate and demean, as were most things a mistress imposed on her slave.

In contrast, the other girls looked positively glowing as they were flirted with, teased and groped by the mistresses in the room.

The mistresses all wore black suits, even Emily, long trousers with fitted jackets that covered various white corsets and tops.

Chloe did a quick check of the room, smiling as she made a show of acknowledging the guests.

The usual women were there. Helen had her arm around the waist of the smallest girl in the room, Heather, her red fishnet dress left her for all intents naked as her honey-toned skin glistened through the gaps and her pink nipples poked between the holes. The girl's brown eyes stared back emptily as her red lips pouted in a dumb expression. Her collar read 'Slut' and Helen had done a fine job turning the diminutive blonde into just that.

Kiko was with her buttslut Louise, the insatiable wildcat, who probably had a ten-inch plug right up her butt that moment, grinning dementedly as her overbite lips showed her pleasure at having her butt squeezed by her mistress. Her tight black mini dress made the silver studs under her lower lip, on her nose and the ring in her eyebrow stand out even more.

Jenny stood near Emily, who looked a bit out of place and awkward.

Chloe noticed that Eva had taken a new slave after Becky had been put back in the service of her first mistress. She recognised Adriana. She was a masseuse that had once performed her services on an unsuspecting Emily. The new asswhore was kneeling next to the statuesque woman that had been the first woman to ever fuck Chloe. She wore an open-fronted mustard dress that barely held her pale breasts inside. Her hands were rubbing Eva's toned calves under the black material. Her almond-shaped green eyes outlined boldly with eyeliner were half-closed as she pressed her round face onto to her mistress's muscular thighs.

It was only yesterday at the mall that Chloe had seen the slim shop assistant, Annalise, with her big blonde curly hair that tumbled down her thin face like an eruption. The girl's blue eyes looked cheerful and friendly as she smiled back. Her white dress looked attractive over her skinny frame. Her mistress, Trudy, contrasted the girl with her bright red bob and wiry body, her hand around the back of Annalise's neck stroking above her slave collar with the word 'Tramp' embossed on it, far less lewd than Louise's 'gape me' but still bad enough.

Chloe didn't know Cindy, a pretty toffee-skinned girl with blonde tight curls and blue eyes, her body held amazing promise under her cream dress. Hannah had told Chloe about the personal assistant especially how good she was with her tongue and how delicious she tasted. Stephanie, the bubblebutted redhead

mistress was a very lucky woman not that she deserved to be, being one of the main reasons that Hannah was the girl she was today.

Chloe was taken aback when she laid eyes on Ivy. Chloe had heard her reputation but she still couldn't believe that Jenny had allowed an eighteen-year-old become a fully-fledged mistress. Ivy's face looked positively cruel as she scowled like a spoiled brat holding two balloon strings in her hands. Except they weren't strings they were chains and they weren't balloons, they were the coltish bodies of two other model-like girls that looked straight down in front of them, both their collars stating the name of their owner on them. They held their hands together in front of them, their folded brown dresses making them look even more slave-like as they stood there. One was called Natasha and the other Kris but Chloe didn't know which was which, only that their young mistress was clearly making Hannah nervous and with good reason.

There was a large round table in the centre of the room with enough chairs around it for all the guests. Three girls that Chloe didn't know prepared the places and managed the food from metal bain-maries. They were very clearly buttsluts, their collars tight around their necks and their bodies completely naked for the amusement of the guests.

"Ladies, shall we take our seats? Dinner is about to be served" Jenny announced.

The women and girls took seats around the table. Some of the girls managed to sit next to each other but each mistress had their asswhore at her side.

The serving girls placed plates of food down in front of everyone. Jenny watched their movements with keen interest. Chloe could see that she was assessing each of them both physically and for how submissive they acted as they worked.

She glanced over at Stephanie.

“Your new interns look as though they are fitting in well”, she commented, reaching out and roughly groping the brunette one’s butt cheeks. The girl froze and put her head down, submitting to being mauled by the High Priestess.

“Yes, I don’t think they were expecting this when they interviewed for the jobs but they are doing whatever it takes to impress their boss”, Stephanie said with a smirk on her pouting lips.

Jenny rubbed her fingers into the girl’s crack, smiling approvingly when she felt the base of a buttplug sticking out of her pucker.

The girl flinched slightly as Jenny continued to maul her butt with a sharp clawing from her long-nailed talons, making her face screw up even more.

“This one needs some punishment training”, Jenny snarled then tugged the girl’s buttplug out with a rasping plop, the girl’s eyes squinting closed at the humiliation.

The High Priestess sniffed the plug then placed it in her mouth right up to the base and slurped.

“Ah, I see why you employed her”, she said as she took the saliva-covered plug out of her mouth.

“Shove it back up there”, she growled at the girl.

“Yes, High Priestess”, the girl whimpered as she took the five-inch plug and placed it over her sphincter. With a grunt and a hiss of breath the girl re-plugged her anus.

“Pathetic”, Jenny said, waving the girl away with her hand.

She raised her glass that had just been filled by one of the other girls, a pretty Asian with long dark hair tied up in a French bun.

“Think, in this day and age what we have achieved, my fellow Kolos mistresses? We have hundreds of dirty little asswhores on our books and there are thousands more around the world that contribute funds and entertainment to the cult and we... in this room... are the centre of it all.”

She looked at each of the mistresses around the table. With their support, Jenny had both deviously and forcefully made herself the head of the cult of the anal goddess and it had made her extremely wealthy.

“Can you imagine if we weren’t Kolos or worse... men? We’d have been exposed and all our work would have been undone long before now. We have businesses and people of influence everywhere and we are only getting stronger. We are opening the Kolos resort later this year and I have purchased an old boarding school that I plan to make very good use of with our dirty sluts”, she acknowledged Chloe and the asswhores for the first time.

All the mistresses cheered and held up their glasses, laughing at the comment that they had managed to keep their sadomasochistic cult a secret in the age of media and connectivity.

“Hail the High Priestess. May the goddess Koloe grant her eternal dominance”.

It was Helen that spoke and the other mistresses, even Emily who hardly had a clue what was going on or who most of the others were, raised their glasses and repeated the toast.

“Hail the High Priestess. May the goddess Koloe grant her eternal dominance!”

“Right, shall we eat? I think we all could do with the energy for later”, Jenny said as she reached her hand down over Annalise’s slim thigh, receiving a submissive smile and a nod from the bushy haired blonde.

Ivy turned to Kris, the shapelier of the two girls that Ivy owned, and whispered in her ear. Without hesitation she pulled the ribbed shoulders of her dress and revealed her perky, beautifully curved breasts with her light pink nipples pointing up at the other guests.

Ivy shrugged as Jenny looked over at her.

“I only let the dumb bitch eat after she’s smeared it somewhere on her body. Isn’t that right, bitch?” she asked, not looking at Kris.

“Yes, Princess Ivy”, Kris said, a little too quickly to be a natural response.

Jenny laughed and leaned in to Eva the other side of her.

“Where did you find this creature? She’s delicious.”

“I know. It took me years to get that twisted. In the sauna, you remember me telling you the story don’t you? I took Fucktoy – I mean Fuckboy, no offence Kate, to the gym. I spotted her potential for sadism as soon as I set eyes on her. It’s a pity for them that her asswhores didn’t. That’s the gym where I found Piggy.”

Eva stroked her hand over Adriana’s tightly pulled back brown hair. Chloe glanced over at the girl, having heard the conversation. Adriana’s collar did indeed say Piggy across it and it seemed to fit the girl with her round face with the silver ring through the septum of her nose, pale skin and her less toned physique than the other girls in the room, a definite contrast to the goddess-like body of the tall blue-eyed brunette woman that owned her.

The conversations continued like that as they ate - mistresses asking one another what they had done with their girls lately, reminiscing on past sessions and complimenting one another for being so cunning and devious at being such a secretive group. Chloe soon got bored of their boasting and actually found it a distracting relief when Helen’s hand crept up her dress and started to slide her index finger between her slippery pussy lips.

“I’ve missed your tight little body, asshole”, the shapely forty two year old hissed into her ear. “Me and my slut often watch videos of you when I fuck her... Sometimes I imagine she’s you.”

“Thank you, Mistress. My asshole belongs to the cult”, Chloe replied coolly, her attention falling on Becky who still hadn’t made eye contact with her as she let the feeling between her legs feed her love for the cute blonde that had been her first taste of the world they were both now so deeply caught in.

The meal was followed by dessert, a delicious chocolate torte that melted in the mouth and washed down with champagne before Jenny decided that it was time to start the real reason that all the girls in the room were there for.

The three serving girls finished their duties, moving plates away and clearing up then knelt at the side of the room in perfect slave poses, their arms behind their bare backs and their heads submissively lowered.

Stephanie got up from her seat and walked along to the three girls. Chloe watched the redheaded mistress as she popped out each of the girls’ buttplugs, sucking on them before placing them on top of the serving counter, obviously waiting to be pushed back inside at the end of the evening.

The woman’s pale hands unhooked three pairs of leather wrist restraints.

Stephanie was on show in front of the other mistresses so the restraints had to go on so tightly that each of the girls showed the pinching pain on their faces. Three strange question mark shaped thick metal hooks, about twelve inches long with a bulbous head on the end of each one were hanging from thick chains bolted to

the wall behind the three young interns. Each pre-lubed end was plunged into the girls' plug-stretched anuses. The brunette groaned in pain as the egg-shaped metal bulb squeezed inside her and Chloe felt for the girl that would, according to Kolos tradition, spend the next twelve years with things constantly being shoved up her butt by cruel women such as Stephanie if she couldn't put an end to things. The asian girl took her anal hook a little better and sighed gently as her sphincter swallowed the cold metal up her anus and the third girl, Chloe recognised her as Karen – the girl who had given her a very intimate massage a few months ago, actually managed to breathe out the words “Oh yeah”, as her asshole was hooked to the wall.

The chains they were attached to were taut and pulled the girls' butts up so that their thighs were upright and holding their weight on their knees.

It could have been worse for them, Chloe thought, thinking it was over. She had been in far more uncomfortable restrained positions. She remembered how she had been gangbanged by four merciless mistresses in that very same room, her entire body weight held up by two dildos, one in her pussy and one up her asshole.

Oh, she thought as she saw that Stephanie hadn't finished yet. Chain-connected cuffs were placed around each set of ankles and looped over the anal hook chains so that each trainee buttslut had to endure their whole naked body weight on their kneecaps. Now that did look uncomfortable and even Karen's breathing had quickened and her brow furrowed as she tried to cope.

Stephanie moved around the front and looped rope through the metal hoops on each of the girls' slut collars. She revelled in pulling it tight and tying the end to bolted down hoops in the floor in front of them. The effect was clear to see and hear.

The brunette's mouth fell open in a grimace, panting as she tried to balance her weight evenly between her knees and the hook. More of one or the other was too painful to endure for the young intern. The Asian girl closed her eyes and tried to steady her breathing but Chloe could see the sweat starting to run down her face.

"I hope you three bitches have a good supply of saliva. There will be a lot of fake cocks to lube up soon enough", Stephanie said, grabbing Karen under her jaw and squeezing tightly.

She looked up with dulled hazel eyes and muttered the words, "Yes, Mistress".

What else was she going to say? She was a girl being trained up to be a horny, masochistic sex slave. Her only aspiration in life now was to become an asshole like the girls sat around the table and offer her most intimate hole to the cult in return for more than she could ever earn as an accountant.

Eva pulled a remote out of her jacket breast pocket and switched on the speakers in the room. The music was slow and seductive, dominated by a saxophone and a husky voiced female singer.

"I love this one", Helen said, getting to her feet and grabbing Heather by the hand. The tiny blonde was dragged in her high heels over to the space between the table and the serving area.

Her mistress pulled Heather tightly against her and groped her hands down over the girl's pert butt cheeks as they swayed from side to side to the music.

Emily leaned across to Jenny, smiling.

“Aw, they make such a sweet couple. Have they been together long?” she asked.

Chloe couldn't tell whether the green-eyed brunette actually believed that Helen and Heather's relationship was that simple or if she was trying to make the situation seem more normal by deluding herself.

“Long enough”, Jenny said, smiling as she watched Helen kiss the diminutive girl passionately.

“Oh Hannah, let's dance. If you get close to me, you might feel a surprise I have for you later on”, Emily said, her eyebrows raising up and down as she hinted at things to come.

“As you wish, Mistress”, Hannah responded submissively, taking Emily's outstretched hand and standing in her towering heels.

“You look delicious in that dress, sweetie”, Emily said to Hannah as the girl walked awkwardly near to Heather and Helen.

“You look delicious in that dress, sweetie”, Eva said in a mocking voice, getting a glare from Jenny.

“You know why she's here”, Jenny said to her loyal henchwoman, peering at

Chloe out of the corner of her eye.

“Look at her kissing dirty whore on the lips. She hasn’t even spat down the bitch’s throat. I’ll show her how a mistress should dance with her slut.”

The statuesque woman got to her feet and, without a word, grabbed the ponytail of her new slave, Adriana. The shapely girl showed no sign of resisting as she was pulled to her feet and made to stand next to Eva as she leaned in and whispered into Ivy’s ear.

The eighteen-year-old mistress grinned cruelly and turned to Natasha, the slave she loved to torment the most, Kris’s breasts were covered in smears of food anyway and Ivy didn’t want to get her suit dirty this early in the evening.

She grabbed her slave by her leash and pulled her along to the dancing area to join Eva and Adriana.

Eva pushed Adriana to her knees and turned so that her muscular butt in her tight, form fitting trousers was inches from the pale round face of the girl she called piggy.

“Sniff it, piggy. Sniff my fucking hole”, Eva ordered and immediately the nose ring was buried between the material-clad cheeks, snorting lewdly.

Ivy looked seductively at Eva, turned on by the sadism and power the chiselled woman displayed. She pulled the chain of the leash down between her legs and

ran it up between her legs, pulling Natasha's head down and making the coltish girl stumble into an awkward crouch, her dress riding up even further.

"Worship your princess", Ivy snarled as she pressed the face of her former friend into her butt.

Natasha opened her mouth and lapped her tongue out over the elastine material.

"Dig deeper, Tash", Ivy said in a cold tone.

Natasha reached up to her cruel mistress's butt cheeks. Ivy had mercilessly dominated her for almost half a year and she had no strength left in her to resist. That and the fear of what Ivy would do to her for disobeying meant that Natasha's effort in smelling and licking deep between the pert cheeks made her look to all the others in the room like the depraved asshole her tormentor insisted she be.

She could smell the bitter-sweetness of Ivy's sweaty pucker from under the material and taste the blend of material and crotch on her tongue.

Ivy hadn't even blinked when offered the opportunity to exploit and enslave the two friends she'd known for years. Natasha and Kris had always been wary of the auburn-haired girl's evil streak but neither of them imagined just what a cold-hearted sadist Ivy really was until Eva had made her an offer she couldn't refuse.

Since then Ivy had put her two whores to work but they didn't have to spend a lot of time being passed around the older women like the other asswhores did. Most mistresses were satisfied enough to see Ivy dominate her own girls, a mistress her age being a taboo that was too good not to enjoy watching in action.

Ivy had also become popular as an enforcer and was very good at 'taming' girls that needed to be punished and reigned in. She had an icy coldness and asexuality about her that made her seem disinterested in all the perverted things she did, which only served to make her even more desirable by the other mistresses. Eva had seen something in the psychopathic girl that she wanted from the first moment she had laid eyes on her. The tall brunette leaned in and kissed Ivy's cruel-looking pout. The girl didn't react and let the woman adore her as she focused on Natasha, grinding her butt over the girl's face and grunting as she tried to give her slave something more to smell, her light brown eyes staring off into the middle distance as she pressed Natasha's nose into her puckered anus and relaxed the muscle.

The remaining seated women and girls watched on, apart from Becky who held her head down submissively as she sat next to Kate.

"This is my kind of dance", Stephanie said, grinning. She turned to Kate and pouted her red-painted lips.

"With your permission?" she asked, pointing at Becky.

"Of course, Stephanie. That's what they're here for, isn't it?"

"With a face that cute, I don't know how I could sit here on my big, hot butt and

not smother it all over it.”

Kate’s lips curled into a smile.

“Smother the little bitch until she’s gasping for breath. I don’t give a fuck if she faints”, Kate slapped the girl’s head to emphasise her point.

Stephanie took Becky by the hand and walked her over to the ‘dance floor’.

Becky was made to kneel, her ill-fitting dress scrunching up as she did and her flat chest revealing itself.

Stephanie’s butt was as full and round as any in the room. As the redheaded thirty-four year old peeled her tight trousers down at the back, she revealed her milky globes that would soon engulf Becky’s face.

Chloe was torn between feeling sorry for her lover and feeling the lust and arousal at seeing the cute blonde about to be smothered between Stephanie’s round ass cheeks. She could see why Stephanie had chosen to ‘dance’ with her. She would have just as happily backed her own butt onto Becky’s pretty high-cheeked face and adorable cat-like lips.

Becky held her face up as Stephanie backed into her, letting her nose and mouth get buried between the woman’s smooth cheeks. She instinctively pushed her tongue out and lapped it over the hidden light pink pucker.

“Mmm not bad, little fuckboy”, Stephanie purred as she felt the tongue flick expertly on her anus.

Jenny curled her finger across to Cindy. The toffee-skinned black girl had a few years on most of the other asswhores in the room and her maturity showed as she smiled seductively at her High Priestess, her hips swaying and hinting at the shapely ass hidden under her cream dress.

When she was close enough, Jenny grabbed her by her hips and made her sit on her lap, her back facing her. Cindy closed her eyes and purred as she pulled her dress up with her hands and rolled her hips, grinding herself onto the fake cock strapped to the woman’s crotch.

“Mmm... Ahh... “, Cindy moaned seductively.

Chloe could see that she was acting but she was doing a good job of it and Jenny seemed to be enjoying the show. Cindy smiled through her glossed lips, winking at Chloe as she cooed, “Oooh”.

Chloe was impressed and was just about to get up and do the same for Kiko, hoping to entice the model-like Japanese mistress as she had planned. Just as she rose to her feet, Kate’s hand grasped her arm.

“Where do you think your stinky hole is escaping off to?”

Chloe met the cold blue-eyed gaze of the blocky, unattractive blonde. Chloe

knew better than to show her true intention to Kate.

“It was coming to you, Mistress. I wanted you to take it again”, Chloe lied.

She reached out and unzipped the woman’s trousers, hiding her fear and hate as she got down on her knees and flopped the massive dildo out.

All eyes in the room were on her mouth as she took the veiny silicone in her hands and stretched her full lips as wide as they would go around it. Kate’s dildo had a girth so large that it could only be described as ‘cruel’. Her jaw actually hurt as she slid it into her struggling mouth lucky for her that turned her on. The circumference was too large to deepthroat but she managed to get it to the back of her mouth, feeling the bulbous head pressing on her back wall. She held back the urge to gag as long as she could, her eyes starting to tear up as she stared up at Kate’s merciless eyes.

All the effort to put on makeup only to have it smear and run over her face, she thought as mascara started to trace down her cheeks. But then that’s what a lot of this was about. All the girls in the room were made to look pretty every day only to have their clothes torn, their faces smeared and sullied and their bodies ravished and made dirty. This was the life of an asswhore and it made Chloe feel the masochistic tingles in her belly every time it happened, as it did most of the other girls in that room.

The dildo was far too long to cover it all in her saliva but she tried her best. The more she could coat the silicone surface, the easier it would slide up into its inevitable destination.

The stocky blonde was almost rectangular in shape, her thick arms and legs were powerful and her large breasts and wide, flabby butt made her look even more intimidating. Of all the mistresses that Chloe knew, Kate was by far the cruellest. She didn't care that her dildo was too big for the pretty teen's throat; Kate was going to fuck the face of the girl that Becky had dared to love and enjoy watching her mouth stretch out obscenely. She would teach this asshole not to have the nerve to think she could love her Fuckboy.

Becky, or Fuckboy, was enough trouble for her. She didn't need this petite brunette with her visions and magical asshole giving the girl ideas above their station.

Jenny's obsession was far from divine in her opinion but she did have an ass blessed by the goddess. Kate's mouth watered as she thought of the hatefuck it was about to receive.

Emily and Hannah both stopped their kissing and watched as Chloe was made to lean forward to provide the massive cock with a neck that it could angle down. Chloe gagged and struggled but Kate clasped both hands over her head, grasping at tufts of her short, light brown hair and laughing as the veins popped up on the teen's face and neck.

"Poor Chloe. I should stop that woman. She's hurting her", Emily said, about to move but it was surprisingly Hannah that held her back.

"No, wait Mistress. Look, she's enjoying it. Chloe is an asshole. Remember, the more pain and humiliation she receives the more she gets turned on."

Sure enough Chloe's right hand was up under her plum dress, her legs parted wide as she knelt and took Kate's lewd pumping motion deeper down her neck.

"She's probably so wet right now, Mistress. She loves it. She loves the abuse. We all do", Hannah whispered seductively into Emily's ear. She slid down the thirty-six year old's front and got on her knees, pulling down the zipper on Emily's trousers.

"Fuck my mouth like Chloe's getting", Hannah said softly, her big almond shaped brown eyes looking up widely at the petite woman.

"Oh fuck", Emily breathed, her attention fully on the pixie-like teen kneeling down in front of her with her heart-shaped mouth open and ready.

Chloe loved pain as much as Kate loved giving it. Her throat and neck burned as the veiny dildo made her neck bulge. Her slut collar wasn't helping, restricting her breathing further. Her eyes started to glaze as Kate laughed and thrust into her head.

"This fuck hole is now almost as wide as your filthy ass", she snarled as she watched drool seep out of the tight gap as Chloe's full lips rolled over the surface of the thick shaft.

Chloe tried to snort in air through her nose but the dildo and collar was strangling her from inside and out, her body was starting to go floppy as she swayed from unconsciousness and back.

“Almost mine for the taking, whore. I think I’ll take your stinking asshole while you’re passed out. That way I don’t need to ease it in or stretch you out first... and it’ll ache more when you come round.”

Those were the last words Chloe heard for a while, nodding as the woman spoke as she flopped down on the floor.

Kiko had been eyeing up Kris for a while. The girl was taller than most in the room, as was Natasha and Ivy and their lithe, catwalk ready physiques were quite different to the petite, bubblebutted asswhore’s of Jenny’s inner circle. Her girl, Louise, or Gapepig as she had named her, was somewhere in between. She had the slim, boyish body but she had curves where curves mattered the most. Plus she was the most insatiable and nasty slut in that room, or any room for that matter, and Kiko thought it might perk the sullen-looking brunette to let Gapepig loose on her.

“Look at all that tasty food on that slut’s round tits, Pig”, Kiko said, pretending to whisper but speaking loud enough for Kris to hear her as she stared right at her.

Louise nodded enthusiastically and licked her lips.

“It looks delicious, Mistress”, she answered, looking Kris over and found she was talking about the girl as much as the caked layer of food on her honey-toned breasts.

“Go and eat her, my greedy pig.”

Louise got up onto the big round table on her hands and knees. Her skin-tight black mini dress rode up as she crawled like the wildcat she was over to the reluctant looking teen with the messy smears of her meal on her round breasts.

Louise's bubblebutt arched up behind her, making the dress material struggle to keep it contained.

That got Trudy's attention, pulling her eyes away from what was happening to Chloe.

The wiry auburn haired woman grinned, the lines on her face creasing even more as she stared between Louise's full, round cheeks.

"By the goddess, how the fuck does your slut manage to gape that much?"

Kiko's expression hid her pride as she spoke.

"Gapepig lives to have her anus stretched and she loves her speculum."

Louise oinked like a pig and wiggled her butt from side to side.

"But that gape must be three inches wide! Even for a Kolos slut, your whore is a fucking freak. I fucking love it. I think I can see what she had for breakfast up

there.”

“Gapepig had what she always has for breakfast each morning and she ate every tasty mouthful like a good little piggy”, Kiko said with a cruel smile on her face.

Trudy couldn’t resist. She walked around the table and put her nose over Louise’s huge gaping hole.

“Oh... that’s good”, she sighed, breathing in deeply.

Louise ignored the worshipping of her gaped anus as she smiled her overbite lips at Kris, who looked up nervously at the wild eyed and wild haired beauty, her exotic mix of European and Japanese features coming into contact with the coltish girl’s handful-sized breasts.

Her tongue lapped out across the honey-toned skin and slid over an erect nipple. Louise laughed maniacally as she repeated the motion. The depravity of what she was doing, of her exposed gape and of the hotness of this nervous fellow asshole aroused the demented majority of her mind that craved constant humiliation.

Trudy didn’t disappoint.

“I can get four fingers inside her and they don’t even touch the sides. What a filthy, nasty creature you are”, the woman purred, pushing her fingers in and out of the cavernous hole.

“I bet I could fit my whole arm up there”, she said suggestively.

“I’ve had her up to my elbow a few times. Try it”, Kiko said with a wave of her hand as if she didn’t care what Trudy did to the girl.

Trudy looked excited as she removed the speculum; winding the dial until it was loose enough to pull out of Louise’s pink insides.

Kiko took the metal device from the table where Trudy had placed it and moved closer to Annalise, Trudy’s skinny, tall slave with curly blonde hair sprouting out of her head like a mop.

“I want you to stretch for me, Tramp. I’m going to see if I can do to you what your mistress is going to do to my asshole. It’s only fair isn’t it?”

Annalise was a seasoned anal slave but she could only gulp and stare nervously at the beautiful Japanese woman as she brushed the prongs of the speculum over her lips. She had had a lot of cruel and unusual things happen to her but being stretched that far wasn’t something she had experienced, most mistresses probably having thought it impossible on a girl so skinny.

“Get up”, Kiko snarled, nodding in front of her where she sat.

Annalise tried not to hesitate as she got up and kept the fixed smile she had learned to wear to mask her emotions with from years of being a sales assistant

by day and a fucktoy for her middle-aged mistress the rest of the time.

Her mistress was completely occupied squeezing the widest part of her hand past Kiko's crazy asshole that she hadn't noticed Annalise was about to get some of the same. Not that she would have come to the girl's rescue. No, her wrinkle-faced bitch of a boss and mistress would probably just whip her for not stretching to some inhuman level, expecting her to apologise and keep her sales girl smile while taking her punishment.

Annalise tried not to jump as she felt the cool metal of the speculum, still covered in some type of grease, was inserted inside her pale pink pucker.

"Thank you, Mistress", she muttered as her breath caught in her throat and her eyes closed ever so briefly but her smile still held.

"You have such a skinny little butt. I can see why you aren't very popular. My Gapepig has a full diary for the next two months. I bet yours is empty."

Kiko could be as cruel as her mentor Kate at times, but it was as much a part of the act as it was her innate sadistic nature as a Kolos-born mistress. She knew how much assholes needed to be treated that way to get off on being used and her Louise had made her have to plunge to new levels of wickedness just to get the pretty wildcat to cum each day.

Kiko sometimes struggled to keep up with her own asshole. This skinny mop top would be easy in comparison. She could already feel her body shaking as she turned the screw on the speculum so that her pale pucker opened up like a mouth. Kiko loved it when an asshole's pain threshold was low. She sighed as

she thought back to the brief few days that Louise had been innocent and untested.

Annalise watched her mistress slide her hand wrist deep into the bubblebutt of the pretty nineteen year old, watching as it disappeared and reappeared easily, making lewd rasping slurps as it pumped into a hole that felt insatiable and cavernous.

Louise barely reacted as she continued to lick Kris's chest clean, moving her head up to passionately kiss the girl, her lips parting widely and her tongue fencing its way into the brunette's small mouth.

After a French kiss that could only be described as fierce, Louise moved off, smiling at Kris as she spoke.

"I have a hand up my asshole... but that's nothing for me. I'm gapepig. Oink. Oink. Tell me I'm a nasty slut and spit in my face."

Kris hesitated. She didn't like being cruel to another girl, despite what Ivy made her do.

"Do it", Louise snarled and growled at Kris.

This girl wanted it. She wasn't submissive. She was in control of her own treatment and she wanted it to be as sadistic as it could be. Her guilt left her.

Kris spat over Louise's face and said the words.

"You're a nasty slut", she said, feeling pretty good with herself after saying it.

"More", Louise snarled, licking the spit she could reach with her tongue. "Oink. Oink."

"You're... you're a filthy whore... with a whole hand in your tight, round butt", Kris said.

"It's not tight, honey. It's as relaxed and stretchy as rubber", Louise purred, enjoying the 'talk' she was having with Kris.

She gave out a lust-filled grunt but her body didn't move an inch.

"It's up to the middle of her forearm now. I can feel it in me", she said, her eyes shining contently.

Kris wondered why she didn't feel the obvious bliss on this girl's face when she had her asshole filled with one of Ivy's dildos. Maybe it was because she wasn't Kolos or maybe it was her resentment and inability to relax as her twisted former friend, took her body for her own amusement and gain. Whatever the reason, she was a very different girl to the trueborn anal whore in front of her.

Chloe had been lifted up over the edge of the round table and bent over at her

waist. Her plum dress was rolled up over her hips, revealing the butt that could turn any head. Kate's mouth watered as she kneaded the perfect, round globes apart, Chloe oblivious to the groping she was receiving by the big hands.

Kate spat down in between the crack and rubbed the cruelly large fake cock over the puckerless rim, letting it rub between the flawless spheres of creamy skin and muscle as she practised the thrusts she would soon be reaming the floppy teen body out with.

She tugged at the girl's hair and pulled her head back, spitting over the pretty features again and again until her face was covered in the woman's saliva then lined the fat cock tip up against the legendary rim of 'the second coming' and pushed.

There was a satisfying noise like a wet, raspy ripple of something opening up that wasn't ready to.

Kate immediately speared on, getting 'balls deep' inside Chloe's butthole, rearranging the eighteen-year-old's rectum and driving into her bowels.

Hannah glanced sadly at her friend drooped over the table. She didn't want Emily to see so she did the one thing that she knew would distract a mistress, even one still discovering her newfound sexuality.

She turned around and bent over at the waist, parting her legs and pulling her dress up so that her light creamy, wide butt cheeks naturally parted even further and revealed her tight pussy slit and inviting pink pucker.

“Take me”, was all she said breathily.

Emily still couldn't believe her luck. Hannah was so cute and her butt so hot. She never knew this world existed and that Hannah and Chloe, not to mention Jenny, were a part of it. Now here she was, a woman in her mid-thirties about to plough the butthole of a girl half her age. She'd known Hannah a long time and now here she was giving her body to her and asking to be filled up and fucked with the big heavy dildo swinging from the harness around her crotch. Emily herself was a slave to the teen's perfect little sphincter. Hannah professed to belong to her now but she knew she was at least as enthralled by her and her sweet ass.

Eva was enjoying the look on Ivy's face. She had helped the eighteen-year-old mistress off with her trousers and now had one hand on each of the girl's pale cheeks, pulling them apart so that Natasha could get her tongue deep up her young mistress's asshole. Their dildos pumped and fenced one another like two fake cocks having a sexy swordfight, Eva having removed her own tight material to let Adriana eat at her personal altar.

The statuesque brunette and the coltish teen mistress were both the same height but Eva looked as though she could have been on the cover of a fitness magazine whereas Ivy looked like a sour-faced catwalk model. It was obvious that Natasha was the sexiest of the three girls that Eva had discovered in the sauna but it was Ivy that turned her on the most with her uncaring eyes and contempt for everyone that wasn't her.

She let Ivy's small cheeks fall back onto Natasha's face, the skinny brunette busily munching and slurping on Ivy's anus like it was the most delicious hole in the world. Eva knew that wasn't true but she was impressed at the way she'd been trained to act as if it was.

Adriana was fucking her tongue up into Eva's richly flavoured, dark pink sphincter, her chubby, round face pressed between cheeks that could crack walnuts between them they were so toned. Her lips slurped and kissed at the saliva-blended juices, knowing the punishment for letting any of her mistress's ass flavour go to waste.

"How would you like to fuck my fat little piggy's ass?" Eva asked as she kissed Ivy softly on the lips.

"I wouldn't. She's ugly and I bet her asshole fucking stinks."

"Yeah, but you could tell her just how much better you are than her while you make her suffer", Eva said, she knew how to push Ivy's buttons as easily as the remote in her pocket.

"While you pound the piggy, I'd love to taste Tash's tongue straight out of your asshole."

Ivy might have been a mistress but she was still only eighteen and Eva would never miss an opportunity to taste a young asshole if it meant she could momentarily quench her never-ending craving for anal pheromones.

Ivy felt it would suit her self-obsessiveness to oblige Eva and nodded to the older woman as she stroked the ten-inch dildo hanging from in front of her.

“Go and lube up then”, Eva said, nodding over to the three hooked and restrained interns.

Ivy’s eyes narrowed then she turned on the spot and marched over to the straining girls at the wall, leaving a very confused Natasha with drool down her chin kneeling on the floor.

“Get up”, Eva commanded, holding Natasha under her jaw as she came up to match the woman in height.

Eva sucked her mouth over the girl’s dimpled chin then kissed her lips sloppily, her tongue lapping in and out as she took in the taste of what this slave had just been licking out for the last twenty minutes.

Adriana hadn’t been told to come out from Eva’s firm glutes so she continued to stimulate and tongue-fuck her mistress, making her purr as she tasted Ivy off of Natasha’s mouth.

“You filthy ass eating whore. I bet you’re glad I got her to make you into her fucking slave just so you could taste her dirty hole?”

“Yes, Mistress. I live to serve Princess Ivy”, Natasha said a little too quickly.

Eva only laughed at the girl’s training.

“I bet you never thought you’d be your best friend’s little sex bitch. She told me she took your virginity while tying you up and pouring melted candle wax on your skinny body... all with a buzzing butt plug up your ass. She’s a fucking prodigy”

Natasha winced at the memory of her ‘first time’.

“She called me a worthless piece of shit and a whore as she took me, Mistress”, Natasha recalled.

Eva had no sympathy for the gangly teen and instead only pressed her down onto her knees so that she could taste the sticky juices that she had made Eva’s pussy wet with.

“Yeah, that’s it. Suck my clit with your ass-flavoured lips. Your mistress is right, you are a piece of shit and all you’re good for is being a whore for her... and for me.”

Ivy didn’t have to take long to choose. The brunette looked like the mouth for her. The girl had tears and sweat streaming down her face, her eyes screwed up and she gave a forlorn whimper when Ivy squeezed her jaw to open up.

Ivy and mercy were two opposite concepts and the auburn haired girl thrust so deep into the brunette’s mouth that she immediately started to choke.

The asian girl glanced across on hearing the noise, breaking her frozen

concentration of the strain on her own body, looking with pity and fear in her eyes as this girl thrust a ten inch dildo brutally into her co-worker's throat.

"Uug... Uuuh", the brunette, her name Amelia but no one had bothered to ask that or gave a fuck, gurgled as drool spilled out from her mouth.

"Fucking whore. You're getting your nasty spit on my shoes. Close your fucking lips around my shaft or I'll shut them for you."

Amelia struggled, snivelling and whimpering as she tried to close her lips around the huge fake cock that was spearing down her throat.

"See. You aren't as dumb as you look. You can control your disgusting mouth", Ivy said, her words stabbing into the girl as much as the silicone shaft.

Ivy clutched the tied up, high ponytail and tugged.

Amelia cried out as the shaft plunged in another inch and even Karen on the other end swallowed hard and had to close her eyes.

Stephanie loved to smother. It was her favourite depraved act and her adoration of a pretty face led to her just wanting to smear her bubblebutt all over it and cover it in her stink.

Becky had one of the prettiest faces she'd seen but then so did half the girls in

the room and a few of the mistresses too. Yet there was something about Becky's high cheekbones, flat face, cat-like curled mouth and light blue eyes that made her want to have it pressed right into her hot cheeks for as long as possible.

Becky's tongue had obediently reached up into her anus right from the start but that wasn't the only thing that was getting Stephanie off. She liked to rub her light pink pucker all over a girl's face, getting the nose in deep and smearing every inch of skin in her scent.

Once Becky had been thoroughly smeared, Stephanie finally lifted her full butt off of the tiny blonde to sniff and admire her effort.

"Mmm, you smell like heaven now, little whore. I hope you like my perfume on your pretty face", she drawled.

"This asshole thanks you for making her worthless face smell better", Becky responded, her eyes glazed.

Stephanie pressed her upturned nose over the girl's cheeks and sniffed. The candy-like covering was indeed a treat in the woman's mind and Becky should have considered herself lucky to smell like this. She was quite sure her asshole smelled better than the stocky woman in her late forties that was this girl's current mistress.

Ivy walked back to Eva, her large dildo dripping with saliva.

“I’m ready to fuck the shit out of your stupid bitch, Eva”, Ivy stated, managing incredibly to sound almost bored. To Eva, the tone was delicious. This teen mistress didn’t give a fuck about anything but herself, she thought.

“Take her. Piggy, stop eating your mistress’s asshole.”

Adriana’s flushed face came out from between Eva’s cheeks, her mouth open and panting, as she smelled her own enriched breath.

“Yes, Mistress”, she gasped.

“Ivy here is going to slam your worthless fat butt with her dildo. What do you say to her?”

Adriana looked up at Ivy with her almond-shaped green eyes and smiled as best she could.

“Thank you for deciding to punish my smelly piggy asshole, Mistress. Please fuck me as hard as you wish”, Adriana mumbled the regular line.

Ivy grinned for the first time that evening.

“Oh I will fuck you hard, you pathetic excuse for a whore.”

She grabbed Adriana by her hair and walked her over to the shiny metal service trolley with all the bain-maries. Adriana's dress was unzipped and removed, making her as naked as the interns that were groaning next to her.

Adriana wasn't given much time to prepare. Ivy thrust cruelly into her, making her gasp out in shock and clutch at metal lids on the trolley. The clattering noise was loud as Ivy snorted in derision at the squirming girl that was older than her by several years.

"Pathetic. Call yourself an asshole? I have no idea why someone as toned and fit as Eva would want to fuck a pale... fat... ugly... pig... like you", Ivy said, thrusting her ten inch dildo as far as she could on each emphasised word.

Eva smiled. Adriana loved to be treated like shit. Ivy spat onto the girl's back as she pumped into her and Eva watched as her small butt pinched and squeezed each time she slammed into Adriana.

It was too taboo for a mistress to lick another mistress's ass out in front of assholes but by using Natasha's tongue as her spoon, she could shovel out the rich sweet-sour flavour that the Ivy's hole possessed.

She grabbed Natasha. The girl knew instinctively that she was going back between her mistress's butt cheeks and crawled along on her knees to the all-too-familiar slim cheeks.

"Your mistress is so much better than you, whore. Show her how much you worship her. Bury your tongue in her asshole."

“Yes, Mistress”, Natasha mumbled as she was pushed towards Ivy’s butt.

Just lapping at her cruel owner’s anus wasn’t going to satisfy Eva, Natasha knew that she would have to push her tongue as far inside her tight, barely used sphincter as she could.

Eva ‘helped’ by grabbing Natasha around the neck and shoving her face into a part of Ivy that she never would have thought she would be spending so much time tasting.

Ivy scratched her hands down Adriana’s soft, fleshy back as hard as she could, digging her nails in and leaving red marks as she continued to pound her dildo deep into the piggy’s rectum.

“You... fucking... want this... You know... it’s all.... you deserve”, Ivy said each time she thrust deep into the pale girl’s stretched asshole.

Adriana had never dreamed that her body would end up being used this way but then she had never imagined she would have access to some of the most beautiful and sexy women she’d ever known. Adriana didn’t have a high opinion of herself and she’d never been treated well by her girlfriends in the past. One thing that wasn’t a surprise to her was that she would end up being treated like shit. She really believed that she was unworthy of her mistress, Eva, and there was no comparison to the tight, springy bodies of the other asswhores in the room and even now it was a mistress younger than her that looked like a skinny catwalk model that was fucking her rough and hard just how she liked it. There wasn’t a day that went by that she didn’t thank the anal goddess for being chosen to be Eva’s slave.

The evil teen was trying to get the head of the dildo to enter her intestines and Adriana struggled with the stabbing pain that shot up into her stomach at each merciless thrust. In only a few months she had become able to stretch her anus around most dildos without too much of the aching feeling she used to get but this was different, more savage and cruel than when Eva fucked her and it was knocking the breath out of her lungs, every gasp and splutter of air from her open mouth turning her on even more.

Eva stripped the dress off of Natasha as her tongue clicked and slurped up her mistress's strong-tasting anus. Her body was long and lean and looked toned and muscular but that was more because of the absence of fat than because of any workout regime. She had gotten even leaner with Ivy as her mistress. She could now only eat when Ivy permitted her to do so and it usually involved some perverse and depraved act of sadism.

Eva stroked a hand down Natasha's back and rubbed her hand into the girl's crack, enjoying the slipperiness of the sweat and arousal that had formed on her smooth, waxed holes.

"That's it. Be a good slut and stick your tongue deep inside the ass that owns you", Eva smiled and flicked her tongue over Natasha's shoulder then rubbed her mouth over her back and tasted the girl's skin.

"Ew, I can hear your stomach gurgling as I fuck you, bitch. Don't tell me you're still hungry you fat pig", Ivy sneered as she pounded into Adriana.

Adriana's tummy was coping with the spearing in its own way and she felt the need to warn the mistress.

“No, Mistress.... aah... my worthless bowels feel full as you... ooh... fuck them... as they deserve”, she added at the end.

“Ew, you disgusting pig. If you get my dildo filthy, I’ll make you clean it with your mouth you hear?”

“Yes, Mistress.... Ah... I won’t. I can hold it... until you are done... uuh... with my ass”, Adriana replied.

“Good, because I want to fuck you for at least another hour, whore”, Ivy snarled as she pumped in deep and hard. She put her hands around under Adriana and squeezed, making the girl cry out.

“Oh you bi- ... uugh... thank you... mistress.”

Chloe woke to Kate’s breath heavy on her ear, a stocky body weighing down on her petite frame as her asshole felt full. To a normal girl, Kate’s dildo would have been painfully large but Chloe’s ass took it without more than the ache of being stretched out. She loved this feeling more than anything else in the world now. She thought back how a circumference of seven inches had made her faint at the mercy of the cruel Mistress Q when she was starting out as an asswhore. Now she could take as much as Louise and Becky and that was saying something for a girl that had only been an anal slave for six months.

She was happy with her rectum being stretched out so far that her g-spot was being squeezed inside her far less used pussy, leaving her in a state of almost

constant ecstasy. It was the most amazing state of being - electrifying tingles, the satisfaction of being full and complete, the achy feeling of being stretched out and not being in control, even the depraved feeling of being taken by a lusty unattractive woman was delicious... if only it wasn't the woman that was now Becky's tormentor.

For Chloe, having this particular woman violating her made it a less enjoyable experience. She didn't deserve her perfect butt, just as she didn't deserve Becky. Then there was also the additional pain that Kate loved to inflict as she grabbed a clump of Chloe's hair tightly and twisted the girl's right arm up her back as she slid the massive dildo in and out of the least puckered anus in the room.

"You fucking bitch. You think you're more than a filthy piece of ass for our amusement? You, Fuckboy, Dirty Whore, all of the girls in here belong to the cult. We can take you and fuck you and torture you and all you can do is say 'thank you, mistress' like the mindless sluts you are", Kate hissed into Chloe's ear.

She tugged her hair back further and spat again on the girl's face.

"Thank you, Mistress", Chloe mumbled, then groaned deeply as the monster fake cock penetrated her inner sphincter. She could have almost cum there and then at the thought of how her young body was being treated but the woman's words had sobered her up a little as she thought of how oppressed the girls of the cult actually were.

She could see that Louise was having a good time. Trudy was elbow deep in the insatiable 'gapepig' and the nineteen year old looked content as she sucked and chewed on the less content looking Kris's nipples.

She scanned the room slowly until she focused on Annalise and Kiko. The skinny blonde had her usual wide, beaming smile on her face but it looked fake, like a grimace, and her brow was furrowed with sweat coming down from under her hair.

She gave out a little whimper as Kiko did something behind her.

“You stupid girl. It’s only gaping four inches. There’s more to go yet”, she chided.

Cindy, Stephanie’s personal assistant in her day job, was riding up and down on Jenny’s lap as though her ass depended on it. There was a nervous look on the girl’s pretty face as Jenny wrenched her tight curls back and snarled nasty things into her ear. Chloe could tell that Cindy was one of those girls that was cool in most situations and didn’t react much to anything but she could see the tears rolling down while she nodded and confirmed all the things Jenny said to her as she sat on the High Priestess’s entire shaft and bounced.

Hannah was successfully distracting Emily from some of the debauchery going on around them as the scent in the room became filled with the sweet aroma of girl-ass, only serving to intoxicate and arouse the mistresses and asswhores even more. She herself couldn’t help but breathe it in deeply as Emily fucked her. It was a smooth, erotic motion and the two of them worked well to ensure that Hannah got the deep but enjoyable ass fucking she loved.

Stephanie looked around the room. She saw Hannah taking Emily’s dildo and Chloe being violated by Kate and she wanted some of that action. She caught sight of Natasha’s lithe body knelt down behind Ivy as Eva kissed the girl

deeply, sucking on her tongue to get every last inch of Ivy's flavour off of it, purring as the pheromones reacted with her genetically modified endorphins and flooded her head with the drug-like hormones a Kolos mistress needed and could only get from one place.

"That skinny asslicker looks like she needs a hard ass pounding", Stephanie said as she let Becky come out for breath once again.

Eva looked across at the sultry redhead and then noticed her former asswhore panting and looking flushed and sore faced.

An asswhore was a mistress's slave from when she got her until the age of ascension and Becky had been her first and she had thought she would have been her only pairing until the girl had run off with that dirty slut Chloe. She should have known that Becky would betray her. She had already run away from Kate before her when she had generously taken the girl in and ownership of her butt. She remembered the day the cute little blonde had come to her and begged to be hers. She was so adorable that Eva could see why Kate had been so thorough with her training. She fell in the mistress equivalent of love with the petite girl and agreed. Kate was shunned by Jenny and Eva for being too cruel to Becky and was banned from taking part in cult sessions or owning her own asswhore for years. Now here they were, across a room from one another in a Kolos orgy, like two strangers, and Kate confidently taking the number one ass in the room as though she could have anything she wanted now that she had Becky back and the High Priestess's approval once again.

She pulled Natasha to her feet. Eva had been instrumental in making half the girls in the room into who they were today including the coltish brunette in her grip.

“Take her but pass me the dumb little blonde. We have some catching up to do”, she said coldly.

Stephanie smiled and nodded.

“Just let me lube up first.”

She walked up to the redhead, Karen, and smiled, stroking her head like a pet.

The girl looked up and returned a similar looking smile. Eva watched as Stephanie bent over and kissed the girl with familiar passion.

“Suck on my cock and make it nice and wet. I’m going to pound that skinny brunette over there. If you keep on being a good girl, I might let you lick her flavour off after I’m done.”

Karen nodded eagerly, her face wet with sweat and her face flushed with the strained position she was in.

“Yes, Mistress. Thank you”, she said before the thick shaft entered her mouth.

Eva stared coldly at Becky then walked over to the lubricating girls and slapped her silicone appendage over Prisha’s face.

“This is the only way you’ll be getting fucked tonight so you better make it a show for you and for me”, Eva said as she slapped her on one cheek and then the other. The girl’s face was covered in sweat and tears but she managed to nod and speak.

“I’ll try, Mistress”, she mumbled.

Eva tutted and slapped her with her hand.

“You’ll do more than try, whore. Did you really think you were earning two hundred dollars just to serve us food? Open that fuck hole up and take my cock down your dumb throat.”

The girl opened wide and made a surprised glugging noise as Eva filled the void quickly and brutally deeply. She wasn’t in the mood for being gentle, not after being reminded of what she’d lost and who she’d lost it to.

Ivy was pulling the long shaft completely out of Adriana then plunging it back in all the way to the harness. It was making the pale asswhore wail out each time in plaintive moans of masochistic surrender to the young mistress’s merciless violent thrusts. Each time the smutty shaft came out, her asshole rasped and spluttered as it tried to cope with the emptying and refilling that Ivy was now amusing herself with.

Eva liked to treat Adriana that same way. She was such a good sufferer but it was more than that, Eva now had the same bitterness that Ivy seemed to have been born with and Adriana was thankful enough for any attention that she gratefully allowed Eva to regularly release her frustration and anger... but she

wasn't Becky.

Eva turned to the small blonde, knelt on the floor and looking fragile and vulnerable. Becky glanced up, her light blue eyes meeting Eva's. It wasn't a look of love or sorrow or even of lust. Eva knew the girl well enough to know that look. Without words, Becky had said to her former mistress, 'Take me and punish me like I know you feel you need to even though I don't feel I've done anything wrong to deserve it.'

Becky was letting Eva punish her out of pity and out of a resignation that, now she was in Kate's clutches, a punishment fuck from another mistress was about as good as it got.

She knelt down in front of Becky and spat on her face.

"You fucking bitch. I imagine you're regretting leaving me now aren't you?"

Becky hadn't regretted leaving Eva, despite having developed a twisted bond with the woman. They had spent a lot of time in each other's company and had had something more than just the physical relationship, which was only natural given the length of time she had served her. But Eva and any of the mistresses couldn't compare to how Chloe had made her feel. Her lover had taught her that she could be more than just a dumb whore and, for the short time she'd been allowed to be with her, it had been amazing. What she did regret was having Kate as a mistress instead of Eva and that's what her toned former mistress had meant.

"Yes, Mistress... but this asshole deserves to be punished for her mistake", she

parroted the lines she'd been made to repeat almost constantly since her return.

“And what was your mistake?” Eva asked, taking the frumpy dress off of the girl.

“Thinking that I was anything more than my asshole. I am my mistress's stinky fuck hole and nothing more”, she drawled.

Chloe's heart almost melted when she heard her lover's husky, cute voice. She wanted to push the blonde gorilla humping her from behind and kick Eva away from the diminutive twenty two year old but she wasn't strong enough and now certainly wasn't the time.

Eva took her jacket off but left her white corset on. Becky breathed in the familiar scent of her former mistress's skin and took comfort in it. Eva stroked a hand down Becky's back then stopped dead in her tracks.

“What the fuck?” she asked out loud, turning her head to Kate.

“You know the rules, Kate. We can pierce and bruise but nothing permanent”, Eva said, sounding angry.

“Fuck the rules. The bitch deserved it. She needs to be reminded what she is. Besides, it's a set of instructions for anyone behind her. You should see people's faces when I make her go out with her lower back exposed.”

“That’s too much though. I thought for a moment it said ‘Gape my ass’”.

Eva actually looked sorry for Becky. In all her time with her she hadn’t altered the girl’s body once. She had come with a nose piercing and that was it. Her pert little body had been too perfect to need to do anything with. Kate wasn’t a good mistress for her or anyone for that matter.

Chloe finally got it. Eva was jealous of her. That’s why she had lashed out and been so cruel. She knew Chloe had stolen Becky’s heart and that it could never be hers. She noticed Eva’s movements become slightly gentler as conflicted emotions battled it out in her head.

“Tell me you’re a whore!” Ivy roared from the side of the room.

“I... aaah... m a whore”, Adriana wailed.

“Take my cock, you dumb fuck hole”, Ivy snorted.

“Yes... uuh... mistress... thank you”

“I never thought my new dildo was going to go into such a fat ass as yours”, the girl-mistress said coldly.

“Sorry mistress... uuuh”, Adriana moaned.

“... And your nasty shithole stinks right now. If I had a whip right now... ”.

Helen wasn't too pre-occupied deep-kissing Heather to not overhear Ivy. She walked over to a box down behind where Jenny was being ridden by Cindy and pulled out a cat-o-nine tails whip.

“Here, Ivy. I don't believe we've met but I'd just like to say I'm impressed. If you ever want to fuck my Heather, just let me know”, she said, getting close to the side of Ivy's face.

Ivy glanced across at the small blonde. She was only five foot tall and looked like a little bird in comparison to her.

“Maybe”, she replied coldly, nodding as she took the whip and thrashed it over Adriana's bare back.

“Now, tell me how sorry you are for having a stinky shithole”, Ivy growled as she lashed Adriana again and again, all the while pushing her ten inch dildo into the gaping reamed hole she was making with her brutal stabbing movements.

“Uuh... sorry... ooow... for having a stinky... shit... aah... hole”.

Ivy wasn't impressed. She whipped Adriana as she thudded the dildo into the air-filled hole, making it rasp out lewdly.

Stephanie had moved up behind the naked Natasha, wearing nothing but her slutty high heels and her IVY collar, the girl's lithe body and pretty face with her blue eyes and cheek dimples just made Stephanie want to fuck her even more.

"Get on your hands and knees, slut", she commanded lustily.

"Yes, Mistress", Natasha said with pouted lips.

Stephanie admired the toned thighs and butt of the girl, her skin smooth and vibrant as she batted the saliva-covered cock up against her springy cheeks.

"You're a lanky piece of ass aren't you, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress", Natasha muttered. She could hear Ivy in the background dishing out verbal abuse as loud sloppy noises came from Adriana's reamed butt, as the girl called piggy was thoroughly humiliated mentally and physically. Obey and everything will be okay, she told herself, still wondering how her life got so fucked up so suddenly. Here she was in the middle of the room on her hands and knees, naked, and about to have a ten inch fake cock fucked into her asshole that had been untouched until four months ago. She'd always been taught that anything going inside her 'poop hole' was wrong and had been made to think her butt hole was dirty and shouldn't be touched with fingers or tongues. How wrong her parents had been. It felt amazing to get fucked up her ass and part of the reason that she let the depraved things happen to her was to experience another rough pounding in her 'tushy' as she used to call it. She could taste Ivy's anus in her mouth and wondered if everything she had been taught was taboo and depraved was going to keep making her this wet, despite the humiliation of having to be her former friend's sexual rag doll.

She did deserve this though, she told herself. She had been a brat all her life and had looked down on others. The three coltish girls had thought themselves superior and gorgeous. They had been complete bitches to everyone and anyone that wasn't them. This was karma, fate, whatever you wanted to call it.

She groaned as the thick shaft squeezed into her and jammed its way up her tight tunnel.

“Uuugh.”

Stephanie laughed and gripped her hands around the teen's trembling slim waist.

“You're really tight aren't you? I forget how non-Kolos girls don't have as naturally stretchy holes. Still, a few years of daily reaming should make you as loose as that whore on the table with an arm up her butt.”

Natasha looked up at the table and her scowl turned to shocked amazement as she saw Louise on her hands and knees snarling as she pushed her bubblebutt back on to the arm of the woman behind her. It looked as though she was trying to fit the whole woman inside her body. Natasha's face went pale. She wasn't sure she would ever be able to do that without splitting in half.

Stephanie laughed again and bent over to kiss Natasha's shoulder as she spoke.

“Gapepig is a bit special in several ways”, Stephanie tapped a finger against

Tash's brow, "... but you'll learn to take a shaft without groaning like a little bitch and say 'thank you, mistress' given a bit of practice".

Stephanie sunk her teeth into the girl's flesh making Natasha wince her eyes shut tight but she caught herself from making a noise, realising that the redheaded woman was testing her.

"Sorry, Mistress. Thank you, Mistress", Natasha said with more fake enthusiasm than usual.

"That's better. Now, how'd you like to taste the butt that's fucking you right now?"

Natasha realised that this redheaded mistress wasn't really asking her but it felt nice that she did, something that she wasn't used to with Ivy. She guessed what she had to do as Stephanie signalled to Eva to shove Becky roughly onto her hands and knees in front of her.

Natasha could actually smell the sweet scent of ass on the blonde's cute face like a humiliating yet alluring perfume.

Stephanie pulled her hair and pushed her neck forwards towards Becky's face.

"Lick her face until it's completely covered in your saliva, whore", Stephanie growled as she slid smoothly in and out of Natasha's rectum.

Hesitantly at first, Natasha lapped her tongue over the girl's high cheekbones then around her jaw and chin. It was only a minute or so later that they were locked in a wide, sloppy kiss, their tongues swirling as they surrendered to the erotically charged masochistic situation.

Helen had been eyeing Chloe for a while, marvelling at how well the gorgeous teen took the massive shaft that was brutally reaming the life out of her. Her training had come on such a long way in such a short time. Heather, who had been awakened as an asswhore only a short time after Chloe was nowhere near the anal acrobat of her fellow eighteen-year-old. The boyish five-foot blonde had been a disappointment to her mistress in that regard. She had intensified her slave's training but still felt that the girl had a long way to go before she could be the asswhore that she wanted her to be.

She stripped Heather of her slutty little dress and walked her in her whoreish heels over to Kate with the intent of sticking the tiny blonde almost literally under the cruel woman's nose.

Kate turned aggressively to see what was trying to distract her from slamming into Chloe's bruised asshole and set her glare on her next victim.

"I know you like the small blonde's, Kate, and they don't come much smaller or blonder than my Heather. I would love to watch you pound the shit out of her tiny ass with that monstrosity... just like you're doing to Jenny's asswhore."

Kate grunted then looked into the empty dark eyes of the teen standing under her.

The dildo pulled out of Chloe uncomfortably fast and she let out a yelp over the slurp and plopping rasp of the mammoth cock-shape that left her bowels.

Helen grinned widely at the sloppy gape the shaft had made of Chloe's anus and she longed to bury her face into it and feast but there was something just as exciting distracting her just then.

Kate snatched at Heather's parted bob and pulled her down to her knees.

"So little slut, you think you're big enough to take my cock up your shithole?" she snarled as she rubbed the smutty dildo either side of Heather's face.

"I... I'll try", Heather stuttered as she looked at the forearm-sized monstrosity.

"I'll try, Mistress", Kate growled and pushed the head of the shaft into the girl's mouth. Even opening wide, Heather couldn't take more than the tapered tip of the head but that didn't stop Kate from trying to squeeze it in.

Eventually Kate had to admit defeat when Heather's face started to turn bright red and she had to resign herself to the fact that it just wasn't going to fit, not in her mouth at least.

"Lick Chloe the asshole's flavour off and lube me up. I'm going to open you up so wide, slut, that you won't be able to sit down without swallowing a cushion up your loosened fuckhole"

Heather didn't mind this part. She loved Chloe's flavour as much as she adored the girl. All the inner circle girls loved Chloe and would do anything for her. For Heather, Chloe held an even more special place in her heart, being the first person to fuck her in the butt and make her eat ass for the first time. If anything, the deliciousness on this fake cock reminded her how lucky she had been when she was awakened in her bedroom last summer.

Chloe felt four fingers pumping into her as Helen hissed into her ear.

"Look at her. About to take that massive shaft inside her... I'm not sure she can even take it but I do hope Kate gets it in her."

Chloe turned to look at Heather on her knees, slurping her tongue down the silicone like a cat that got the cream. If she had found it as difficult as she did to take the monstrous shaft the smaller Heather would find it impossible, she thought scowling.

"I don't think she can, Mistress", Chloe said as submissively as she could between regaining her breath and feeling four fingers twisting around inside her anus.

"And that is why it'll turn me on so much to see the anguish on her face as Kate almost splits the little bitch in two. She deserves it for being such a dumb slut and teasing me all day with that round butt of hers", Helen said, almost drooling in anticipation.

'Sick bitch' is what Chloe thought but with Helen's hand halfway up her ass and a room full of mistresses she thought better of saying it out loud.

Kate pulled Heather up to her feet but, even with heels on, the stocky mistress still towered over the girl's small frame.

She was lifted effortlessly like a rag doll and showed little reaction as she was placed on her back on the table next to Chloe, her perky small butt just dangling over the edge.

She looked so cute and yet so corrupted, her face blank as she stared up at the woman about to open her anus up more than it had ever been stretched, the slut collar around her neck as her hard nipples and dripping pussy betrayed the masochistic pleasure her body was feeling even if her mind wasn't.

Chloe watched, unable to look away as Kate lifted Heather's slim legs up by her knees and spread her thighs apart.

"Hold your legs under the knees", Helen instructed to her asshole as if she was offering guidance.

"Yes, Mistress", Heather mumbled as she placed a hand under each knee and pulled her thighs up each side of her hips, exposing her butthole for Kate to do with as she wanted. What the stocky blonde wanted was to ram the fist sized fake cock attached to her groin deep inside this petite teen.

Kate's mouth took on a snarling grin as she pressed the tip against Heather's pink pucker. Helen breathed heavily and stared down wide-eyed at the meeting of massive dildo with her girl's sweet, tight anus.

“Do it”, Helen whispered as she absently frigged Chloe, slurping her fingers out to sniff and taste them.

Kate pushed.

Heather groaned and panted as the tip was plunged into her, not up to its widest point, just the tapered end, but just as her mouth struggled with the girth of the beast-like cock so too her asshole just wasn't wide enough.

“Gnnn.” Her teeth gritted and her brow immediately started to become sweat dappled.

“Ha, I can't believe she can't take it. I was fucking Fuckboy with this dildo only a month after she was awakened. You're pathetic”, Kate sneered and spat down onto Heather.

Heather looked up but didn't speak and Kate looked as though she might push on regardless. Just then Jenny spoke loudly over the top of the noises of fucking and arousal.

“I think it's time we played a party game, ladies. Kate put that fucking monstrosity away and strap something a bit easier fitting from the chest over there.”

Kate's face turned red but she moved back and obeyed the command.

“Yes, High Priestess”, she mumbled, giving Heather a look that said her intentions for her would continue another time if not now.

“Right ladies gather in a circle around the table, move the chairs away. This is going to be fun. Emily you can stand next to me and watch.”

Rasping, plopping noises filled the room as mistresses exited the holes of the girls they were fucking and walked to stand in a circle around the table, their used dildos flopping threateningly between their legs.

“Let’s play. Who’s in? A hundred dollars each, winner takes all”, Jenny announced as if she were just calling out the rules of a card game.

The mistresses looked excited as they rooted around in various pockets for hundred dollar bills. Seeing the money thrown into the centre of the round table just reminded Chloe just how sordid and demeaning the whole situation was.

“I’m in.”

“Me too.”

“Watch out ladies. You’re wasting your money. I’m in.”

Kate, Kiko, Helen, Stephanie, Jenny and Eva all tossed a note onto the table. Trudy and Ivy stood back a step with their girls next to them to watch and Emily stood behind Jenny as Hannah smoothed her navy dress down and held the woman's hand.

“Fuckboy, Gapepig, Slut, Assistant, Asswhore and Pig get in front of your mistresses.”

Becky, Louise, Heather, Cindy, Chloe and Adriana obeyed removing the remaining dresses a couple of them still wore rolled up around their midriffs, kicking them behind them and their mistresses.

“Okay. You can start off with your own whore but then after ten minutes we send them round clockwise for ten minutes each. As soon as they orgasm, they and their mistress are out of the game. Clear?”

“Yes, High Priestess”, a few of them replied.

“Good. Trudy, you keep time. Ladies, let's begin” Jenny said, taking Chloe around the waist with one hand and lining the dildo that had until recently been spearing Cindy and inserted it unceremoniously into the asshole she owned. The other mistresses did the same and Chloe heard the noise of anuses being penetrated and the little sighs and groans of girls very used to it.

Each girl was treated to the dullest, most gentle ass fuck they could ever remember. Louise even looked a bit bored and Heather stared off into nothingness as though Helen wasn't even inside her small ass. It was almost romantic and in some ways and it allowed Becky and Chloe a moment of

connection as both girls remembered the gentle lovemaking they had both shared when they used to be free enough to be together.

At one point Louise actually yawned, making all the girls laugh out loud as it broke the tension of being bent over in a circle getting slowly and softly slid into by the women that owned them.

Kiko couldn't help it and burst out with laughter too but Eva was much sterner, her head coming down to Adriana's ear as she gently swirled inside the girl.

"You won't be laughing in a couple of minutes, my chubby pig. You're going to be fucked by the High Priestess and she won't show you any mercy. Try not to disappoint me."

Adriana's face flushed as she realised everyone was looking at her. She glanced across at Jenny and saw the look of contempt that she'd seen a lot over the past weeks. Everyone had wondered why Eva had chosen her as her new asshole, especially after the deliciously cute Becky had been hers before. Mistresses would often whisper and stare at her, even the girls would giggle at one another as Adriana walked into the room. She wasn't like the other girls, her body pale and flabby and her butt average at best.

Eva had seen something in her that even she herself couldn't quite understand. It was like an energy that she could feed off, seeing the girl with low self esteem manage to take the physically exhausting acts that should have been beyond her capability and she took great satisfaction in humiliating and dominating the ex-masseuse because of it, even more than she had with Becky.

“Change”, Trudy said flatly.

Six strapon cocks slurped out of the assholes they were in at the same time and the girls were shifted around the table. This was when the real fucking would begin. The aim of bringing the asswhore to an anal orgasm and eliminate them and their mistress was now starting for real.

Adriana was bent over the table in front of Jenny as Eva had said she would be. Chloe moved along to serve her divine anus to Stephanie, Cindy was parting her cheeks for Kiko, Louise looked more than ready for the brutal Kate, Becky waited for Helen to take her and Heather was positioned and ready for Eva’s dildo.

“Begin”, Trudy gave the signal.

The mistresses were like jockeys out of the starting pens. Immediately the noise of pounding cheeks slapping against hard harness-covered pelvises filled the room closely followed by the heavy breathing and honking moans of six mercilessly fucked girls.

Louise had a smile on her face as Kate slammed into her asshole, taunting the bull-like woman by not making as much noise as the others and riding and swirling onto the shaft. Kate knew she wouldn’t be able to get Louise out this round. She had used the girl regularly when she was training Kiko and she knew just how insatiable the demented wildcat was. That didn’t mean she wasn’t going to give it a good shot and knew better than most how to push the half Japanese, half German girl’s buttons.

Her thick fingers reached into Louise's nostrils from overhead then tugged backwards making the girl's studded face wrench back like a human bowling ball. Her mouth opened to allow her to breathe just as Kate grasped her neck with her other hand.

The smile turned into a crazed open grin and a satisfied sigh left her mouth. Kate might not get her out but at least she'd manage to get gapepig a step closer.

Louise's own mistress, Kiko, looked so stunning as she swirled and slid her dildo in and out of the gorgeous toffee-toned Cindy. Chloe watched the two bodies locked together, their soft glowing skin pressed close as Kiko leaned in and kissed and nibbled at Cindy's ear and neck.

Cindy looked as if she was in heaven as the model-like Japanese mistress pressed her crotch into Stephanie's assistant, her toned round butt pushing back against her.

Heather was honking like a gosling as she took Eva's relentless poundings. Eva snarled as she slammed against the tiny frame, her muscular body flexing and tensing as she did what she could to make the girl known as 'slut' cum. Heather's mouth was open and her eyes wide but their dullness made Chloe wonder what was going on under that blonde bob.

Becky panted as she parted her round bubblebutt for Helen. Chloe could tell that her lover was exaggerating her arousal as she swirled her hips and let out noisy breaths. She couldn't tell whether the flat chested blonde was trying to fool herself to enjoy what was a drop in the ocean for her well-used asshole or if it was a tactic to fool the women around the table so that she could win.

Chloe had almost forgotten Stephanie behind her groping and kneading her ass as she slid rhythmically inside her hole. She could tell the redhead was too entranced to be competitive, getting so much out of staring down at her divine anus moving over the length of the shaft and smelling the rising aroma like the scent of champagne truffles lined up in a freshly opened box. Chloe purred as she was reminded that her hole was getting fucked, the view around the table distracting her and the fact that she was pretty much always getting fucked in her ass nowadays made it possible to tune out the feeling of her rectum squeezing around the silicone dildo that the pale skinned accountant was burying into her.

Jenny wasn't playing games. Adriana took and increasingly brutal onslaught, her flabby cheeks slapping loudly as the High Priestess speared in and out swiftly.

The girl grunted and groaned as Jenny grabbed the tight ponytail and tugged it back, slapping and pinching clumps of flesh as she snarled and pumped. Chloe's mistress leaned in after about seven minutes and hissed into Adriana's ear. She spoke too quietly for others to make out what she said but it had quite a reaction on the sweating girl that she was pounding. Almost immediately Adriana started to moan loudly, her eyes squinting shut and Jenny changed her rhythm to sharp, deep pumps. The grip on the ponytail got tighter and Adriana's features got pulled back like a facelift, her mouth grunting and drooling as the strong woman anally invaded her.

"Ooh... Waaaaa... aaaa... aaarrrr!" Adriana cried out, almost looking as surprised as the others around the table at hearing herself cumming hard and intensely after less than twenty minutes bent over the round table.

Jenny cackled triumphantly and sneered across at Eva as she slurped out of the now slumped Adriana.

“Are you really sure this pathetic creature is worthy of you Eva?” she asked her old friend and right-hand.

Eva just snorted in response and she spat across down onto Adriana’s pale back. She saw something that others didn’t in the girl but sometimes she wondered if the other mistresses were right sometimes and Adriana had deprived her of being able to fuck the cute girls around the table and dented her pride. She grabbed Adriana by the arm and pulled her off the table, the girl’s mouth still drooling, intoxicated by her orgasm aftermath.

“I’m going to punish you for a week for this, Pig”, she snarled as she left the game and walked over to Ivy with her two girls.

“I could teach her not to fail”, Ivy said to Eva quietly, getting a snarl for a reply then a butt grope as the warehouse owner considered how she would make Adriana pay.

The other mistresses finished the ten minutes off and Heather, now without Eva behind her, looked confused as she bent over the table still. That would soon change. Jenny was ready and waiting to have her next.

The High Priestess and Heather had a pretty straightforward relationship. For some reason Jenny was always extra rough and cruel with her. Heather’s not-so-bright mind had learned to associate the woman with tears and pain, making her quiver nervously as Jenny filled her small ass with silicone.

“Uuuh”, she grunted as her rectum was rearranged with an unnecessarily aggressive thrust.

Just another reason to despise Jenny, Chloe thought as Kiko lined up behind her. She wanted to whet Kiko's appetite for later so she arched her back and stuck her cheeks out but didn't spread them or even grind on the ten-inch shaft. She knew that Kiko would enjoy doing that for her all the more. She decided a few groans and moans might help too as she pressed her perky breasts down on to the table, feeling the warmth still on it from the firecracker Cindy's body when she'd been there minutes before.

The sexy assistant was now having her buttohole entered by Kate. The blocky woman looked quite enthralled at the girl's beautiful skin and sculpted body, her thick hands gripping Cindy's hips like two stubby dragon's claws.

Helen was quite familiar with Louise's small bubblebutt as she fingered it first and snorted the scent then let the ten inches slip into the girl as if it was nothing, which to Louise it probably was.

Stephanie got the chance to fuck the small chested and big-buttad Becky now after having smothered her face and she relished the chance to grope and sniff her small frame as she pushed deep into her asshole, chuckling at the tattoo on the girl's back as it fed her sadistic lust.

"Start", Trudy announced and the women thrust and grunted as they tried to make the girls on the ends of their fake cocks explode in an anal orgasm.

Stephanie and Kiko went with a sensual, erotic approach, kissing and swirling ass to crotch with Chloe and Becky. Chloe could almost taste Becky's body as she watched Stephanie enjoying her true love. She tried to stay focused and impress Kiko with her ass, using it like a carrot on a stick so that Kiko would

want to steal away from the party when offered.

Kate slammed into Cindy with brutal enthusiasm, the assistant ever professional and actually able to smile and purr as she was pounded with cruel, regular force.

Helen was as rough as Louise needed her to be to get aroused but the blonde woman's attention was, as usual, focused on her asswhore as she watched with mixed emotions while Jenny's biceps flexed at the strain of her cruel thrusts.

Of course she couldn't give a fuck about Heather herself and completely ignored the look of overwhelmed strain on the girl's face. She was more interested in pleasing and impressing Jenny than her asswhores wellbeing but she didn't want to end the game this early. There were still more assholes she wanted to flavour her dildo with as she leered hungrily at Chloe and Cindy.

Jenny was feeling competitive today. She reached around Heather's shoulders and brought the girl's torso right up, still balancing her on her crotch on the edge of the table but now she could hiss into the girl's ear. Heather was easy to influence being so empty headed and the woman knew how to either stretch out the girl's torment or give her what she wanted, which she hardly ever did until she was done amusing herself. This time she wanted quick results.

"You nasty little slut. You love having your asshole ridden like this don't you? Can you feel the rhythm and pace of me pounding into you? It's like I'm a powerful stallion and you are my anal jockey. Feel the excitement of the race, Slut. Win for me, slut. Win. Win!"

Heather listened to the hypnotic words. She had spent her life riding horses and

before becoming an asshole had been a pretty good competitor. Riding was her true calling and she always felt more alive mounted up in a saddle than at any other time. Jenny knew her better than she thought and the tone and feel of the woman's voice in her ear fooled her into thinking she was in a far better place, off on Starlight in a field. The sensation of being fucked, the excitement of the race and the way Jenny was still tickling her ear with seductive words made the tiny blonde moan out as she came.

“Ooooahh!”

“Change”, Trudy called out the end of ten minutes.

“Fuck”, Helen spat, pushing Louise off her cock and scowling at Heather who was busily twitching and spasming as the orgasm waved through her, oblivious to the punishment she would be getting later on.

Now things would get serious as the four most experienced and able girls in the inner circle were made to face off in a cross shape around the table.

Chloe, Louise and Becky were all known for their stamina but Cindy was the wild card, not having been included in the many parties and rituals that the mistresses held. The toffee-skinned blonde with sultry blue eyes looked calm and comfortable as she was fucked by each of the mistresses as another four rounds of ten minute anal elimination was attempted, her own mistress making a point of not going easy on her own girl as if to taunt the other women and girls on the increasingly sweat-covered round table.

Some of those watching were starting to become bored and Ivy even yawned on

more than one occasion as the four mistresses fucked as hard as they could.

“We have four strong asswhores, ladies. Our training has made them who they are today. I have a feeling they would last for a second or a third hour even without even a hint of a climax. That’s a bit fucking boring though. Let’s change this up and test their limits.”

Kate, Kiko and Stephanie weren’t going to cross their High Priestess and they were starting to become tired as these insatiable holes just took their best efforts.

“What do you have in mind, High Priestess?”

“A game of depth. There should be a thirty-inch dildo over in that box over there. The girl with the least amount of silicone left outside their fuckholes before they either cry out or can’t take any more wins.”

“Agreed”, Kiko said enthusiastically. Kate and Stephanie also nodded, their faces hiding their thoughts.

The four girls were flipped over and brought up on the table so that their heads faced the centre. The four mistresses tipped the legs of the girl in front of them right up and round until their feet were pushed down to the sides of their ears. Their four winking buttocks facing the ceiling as Annalise was ordered to fetch the dildo in question.

Chloe wondered if her time yesterday hadn’t been a rehearsal for this moment.

Jenny was competitive and devious enough to have planned this change to the game. The four girls locked hands for stability as they balanced on their upper backs and shoulders, their knees pressing into their stomachs as they folded over onto themselves. Of course Chloe and Becky were on opposite sides so Chloe's hands grasped Louise's and Cindy's on either side but she still felt as if she could sense Becky through them the other side.

Trudy found a ruler in another box, possibly a spanking implement in a school role-play - mistresses being particularly fond of that fantasy, and brought it over to use to measure the end of the dildo not inside the ass of the girl being tested.

"Louise first", Kiko said excitedly as Annalise passed the dildo to Jenny.

"Fine", Jenny said, handing the thirty inches to the model-like mistress.

Louise's expertise was in gaping wide. Two fists were no problem for the wildcat but Kiko's confidence was possibly misplaced as she fed the black dildo inside her asshole.

The crazed smile on Louise's face said it all. She loved every moment of this. People watching her, the position she was in, grasping the clammy hands of Chloe and Becky – both girls she adored, and being fed inch after inch of a cruelly long and not too thin floppy dildo.

Three quarters of the way in, Kiko started to slow as Louise's body started to physically struggle. In her head, Louise could take that one and another thirty inches after that. She'd try to take dildos inside her until they literally came out of her the other end but her body just wasn't able to match her ambition.

She ended up with twenty-seven inches inside her lean body, measured by the three inches of black silicone still sticking out of her before her eyes crossed and an instinctive moan escaped her lips as if the noise had been squeezed out of her lungs by the dildo itself.

Kiko looked quite pleased with Louise as she tugged on the dildo like she was reeling in a rope.

“Mmm”, she purred as she licked the length then passed the mass of silicone to Jenny.

Chloe gulped and grasped the hands of her friend Louise and the almost complete stranger Cindy as tight as she could as she saw the scowl of determination of her mistress’s face while she began to feed the warmed up dildo into her rolled-over body.

She could hear whispering and comments from the audience, not wanting to draw too much attention as Jenny squeezed and pressed into the asshole she owned.

Chloe could feel all eyes on her and it was a warm, cosy sensation despite the obvious awkwardness.

Her face grimaced as Jenny went past the half way mark and heard an “Oh my” from Emily somewhere behind her. Chloe took a second to consider how this length was now becoming the norm and how different it felt inside her compared

to a now easy ten-inch dildo fucking.

Her whole body seemed to get involved with this level of anal intrusion. There was the feeling of her anus slipping seemingly endlessly along the girth of the dildo as every internal sphincter was also opened up along the way. Her rectum tingled as silicone slid into it and beyond and her tummy gurgled and ached as Jenny pushed on. It was only an inch or so more, the same that she took at home earlier that same day, before it became difficult to breathe as if her lungs were being squeezed.

Her mouth opened in a noiseless pant and her brow knotted tightly as about two thirds went into her petite body. She wasn't going to manage much more. Her thighs were beginning to shudder as she started to feel the fatigue and exhaustion of the day steal away any chance of her mistress winning the prize. She might have managed as much as Louise but Jenny's cunning attempt to give her a rehearsal earlier had backfired and Chloe had no reserve of masochistic energy left in her body to give to the woman.

"Ooooh!" she howled out at twenty inches, her legs twitching and almost collapsing out of the position.

Jenny looked as if she might push on anyway but Kiko commiserated her leader and snapped her out of her sadistic impulse.

"I'm sorry, High Priestess. At least she still has the hottest ass in the cult", she said, steadying Chloe by grasping her upturned left butt cheek.

"Hmm, it's quite alright Kiko. She just needs harder training", Jenny said pulling

the dildo out cruelly fast and passing it to Stephanie.

Cindy seemed calm and cool as she was fed inch after inch of black dildo but about half way in Chloe felt the older girl's wrist jerk as she held her hand and let out a plaintive wail.

"Aaaaaah!" her lips quivered and her eyes widened.

Chloe raised her eyebrows and turned her face from the pretty black girl back to Louise who just smiled and winked at her confidently.

Stephanie looked like she was trying to contain her fury as she passed the dildo to Kate's thick hand.

Louise was in the lead but now it was Becky's turn. Stories had been told about Becky that gave her a reputation of being inhuman in her ability to take extreme insertions, most of them involving Kate on the giving end of those situations, and she was known to be the most experienced asswhore ever but Chloe still saw her for what she was, a five foot two cute blonde twenty two year old that had a heart of gold and a sweet personality to match. It was almost impossible to imagine that the two sides could exist in one tight body but they did.

Kate slapped the smutty dildo down over Becky's body with one end held at her crotch. It went past her tiny breasts, past her pretty face and catlike lips at the other end, over her nose so that she could smell where it had been already and even over her forehead so that it rested on her brow.

“I’m going to fuck what little brains you have left completely out, Fuckboy”, Kate snarled down to her slave.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Becky said, knowing she was on show. Chloe melted as her voice drawled out sexily. Of course that wasn’t how the dildo would travel inside of her but Chloe still felt she needed to break the rule that she wasn’t allowed to touch or talk to Becky. It was all she could do to stop herself from reaching her arms up and holding the little blonde’s delicate shoulders, her hands grasped Louise and Cindy even tighter, so much that both girls turned to look at her, looks of sympathy on their faces.

Kate’s insertion was one fluid motion and in some ways that might have actually been to Becky’s advantage, not giving the girl time to contemplate or worry about how much she could take. Not that Kate would have cared anyway. Becky’s eyes watered as Kate went past the three quarter mark but her face remained impassive and her upturned lips closed and quiet.

Chloe could sense Becky bracing herself but there was hardly any movement or change in the girl behind her, the soles of their feet almost touching as they were both positioned lewdly, mirroring each others position on the table just as Cindy and Louise did.

These were the times that the anal orgasms, sexual attention and money just couldn’t make up for. The humiliation of being turned into nothing more than an object as women jeered and bet on them reminded Chloe of why she wanted so much to bring Jenny and her cronies down.

Becky’s breathing changed to little snorts but apart from that the petite blonde remained almost frozen as her mistress got down to the last inch.

With a snarl, Kate made the impossible happen and pushed the last inch inside of her girl, making it completely disappear, the only noise from Becky was a large intake of breath as she consumed the full thirty inches inside her body.

Her voice was croaky when she spoke again but she managed to thank her mistress for filling her body with the silicone spear.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Everyone in the room looked shocked at the feat before them. It was like watching an obscenely perverse magic show and the women and girls muttered and cooed as they watched the amazing lack of reaction from the world’s most experienced asswhore.

“It appears you have her back on form, Kate”, Jenny said, handing over the money to the wide blonde. She glanced over at Eva and smiled.

“See, I always said you were too soft on her.”

Eva’s face showed her dislike at the comment and for just a moment there was a flash of hatred for Kate.

“You’ve trained her well”, Eva said through clenched teeth.

“I believe that being an asshole is a twenty-four seven duty, not some part time job”, Kate sniffed.

Becky had thirty inches of silicone snaking up inside her. Chloe could only begin to imagine what she must be feeling. Even being Kolos, her body must be struggling and the urge to push out, something that assholes learned to suppress in part, must have been a real strain to control.

“Fuckboy deserves another accolade now as the deepest asshole in the cult”, Jenny sniggered as she stepped around to loom over the rolled over blonde.

“Get the losers off the table. I think we need to celebrate Fuckboy’s achievement”, she went on.

Becky’s pale body was made to lay on the table on her back, her light blue eyes moving in and out of focus, her face still emotionless as the mistress’s of the inner circle closed in around the table leaving the other girls to stand or kneel and watch the gang bang that would take place as soon when they removed the spine-length of silicone stuffing the small blonde.

Emily stood out the way with Hannah, grasping her hand and looking out of her depth until Jenny walked up to her and put a hand around the shoulder of her half naked friend, whispering in her ear about how Becky was the one, the one that had corrupted and changed Hannah and Chloe... the one that deserved to be punished for her sins.

Chloe shut her eyes and shook her head. How could Emily still believe that lie after all she’d seen Jenny do? The woman had absolutely no proof apart from

what Jenny had told her and what the evil woman had made Hannah say.

Still, the petite brunette woman stepped forward and rubbed her ten-inch weapon as if she meant to get some revenge.

Chloe couldn't watch as nine women moved in to push their dildos into every orifice. They would thrust and fill and fuck the cutest girl that Chloe knew without mercy, putting two or three thick cock-shaped shafts into each of her holes at the same time, continuing even after the girl orgasmed and climaxed, sending her into the dizzying crazed delirium of ecstasy and torment that Chloe knew all too well.

She didn't want to watch and now was her chance. Better than having a small share in one girl, Kiko could have the most desired asshole all to herself plus it would mean one less shaft for Becky.

The women had already removed the thirty-inch snake and were taunting Becky by rubbing and sliding it over her body.

Chloe leaned in and whispered in Kiko's ear.

"Mistress. I really need the toilet. We've been in here for hours and my tummy hurts. I would do anything if you'd escort me to the changing room."

Kiko's head turned.

“Anything?” she hissed quietly.

“Anything”, Chloe said, licking her lips and opening her mouth before putting a hand over her flat tummy and frowning.

“Come on”, Kiko said in a blink of an eye, grabbing Chloe’s wrist and pulling her along to the metal door.

“Asswhore needs a toilet break. I’ll take her”, Kiko called back as she already unbolted the door.

Jenny and the rest were already thrusting and fucking away, Becky’s calves and feet sticking out at impossible points from the mass of women, making Chloe choke down a gulp. The plan. Stick to the plan. It’s working. Soon Becky and all these girls will be free and Jenny will get what she deserves.

Chloe walked down the metal corridor where it all began. That was a different girl. A girl with no knowledge of what she was or the power of the asset she had pushing up behind her. She swayed her hips as she walked on in front of Kiko. Soon enough she would have this women literally eating out of her ass. Then she could close in on the cult and take it down from the inside.

Soon Jenny’s little empire would fall like the house of cards it really was. Chloe was making her play. She had waited and learned for months. Jenny had made her moves to trap and torment her with the people she loved but now it was her turn and the High Priestess was about to get knocked off her throne by the rightful heir to the cult of Koloe, the embodiment of the goddess herself.

Chloe's eyes flashed with a strange golden glow as she swayed her flawless naked teen body for the beautiful mistress captured in her wake and held out a hand behind her to take Kiko's.

These mistresses always think that they're the ones in charge, she thought as she smiled to herself but they are just slaves to my asshole. Her face became stony. That will be their downfall... and their destiny.

[Epilogue and Precursor to the Next Book](#)

A week after the party...

Chloe had never been inside A.W. Accountancy even though she had heard it mentioned a few times and had it described by Hannah. She passed girls in ridiculously sexual clothing, noticing out of the corner of her eye as their mouths fell open or they fumbled about, dropping pens and paperwork, as the poster girl for all asswhores, the girl with the impossibly round ass, the girl of prophecy walked past them in her four inch open heels.

She felt their eyes on her butt; clad in form-tight wet look black trousers and swirling in the material as she walked with purpose.

She was flanked by Kiko and Mistress Beth (not her Beth but the woman that had proved herself to be kind and good on Chloe's Camping Trip). It felt good having her with her and besides she was a stunning beauty to look at with her honey skin, green eyes and flowing black locks.

The three of them made their way to the meeting room. Technically she was on asshole duty. Chloe had 'convinced' Kiko to buy her for the day after their encounter in the toilet at the orgy party had revealed something that Kiko really didn't want to share with the other mistresses. Deep down Chloe could feel that the Japanese woman wasn't as evil as her sadistic training suggested. Beth had vouched for that personally.

It must have been quite a sight for Stephanie seeing a slave-collared asshole wearing trousers, a white silk top and a black blazer with make up that didn't look particularly slutty for once looking powerful and bold.

It was partly an act. Deep down Chloe was nervous. It felt like walking boldly into a lioness's den. All her conditioning over the last months had taught her to fear these women but she didn't allow it to show on her face.

She took a seat and Kiko and mistress Beth took ones to her left.

"You've called this meeting?" Stephanie asked, looked shocked that Chloe seemed to be the one in charge, not one of the two women.

"I have", Chloe said calmly.

"Well... what would an asswhore have to say that requires a meeting with a mistress?" Stephanie sneered but Chloe could sense the redhead was nervous, knocked off balance by the shock of the situation.

"There are still others to arrive before I explain", was all Chloe said, looking at the two seats to her right.

Ten minutes later the door opened again and the white-bob headed receptionist opened the door.

"Your other guest have arrived, Mistress", she said meekly as she made way for Maggie and Chloe's own Beth to walk into the room.

Stephanie almost jumped out of her special seat but Chloe knew why she couldn't.

"Maggie. I knew you'd be behind this", She snarled.

"The only thing I am behind, Stephanie Wilson, is my goddess", Maggie said, putting a hand on Chloe's shoulder as she took the place to Chloe's right and signalled for Beth to sit next to her, the young priestess looking lost and overwhelmed having never seen other Kolos, especially not on an industrial scale like this.

"I have called this meeting to discuss the future of the cult of Kolos and how I am going to be making a few changes. Namely, how Jenny's perverted set up is about to end. You can either join us in taking her down or you can be one of the ones we have to step over to end her tyranny", Chloe said, clear and calm.

Stephanie laughed and looked at the mistresses in the room. Surely this was a joke. Maybe it was some kind of kinky role-play where Chloe would be punished for speaking out. No one was laughing or smiling back at her. She paused then swallowed.

"You... you, a dirty little asshole, want to lead the cult of Kolos?"

"No Stephanie", Chloe replied, the lack of the title mistress was noticed by all the women in the room.

“I lead the cult of Chloe. The cult of Kolos belongs in the past and that’s where it will stay for a thousand years to come”, Chloe said, remembering the prophecy.

“Jenny will never allow this. She’ll have you... all of you tortured within an inch of your lives. Kiko, how can you sit there and listen to this ... this...?”

“This goddess”, Kiko said, cutting through Stephanie’s bluster.

“Face it, Stephanie. It’s the girl’s destiny. The only thing that is stopping her take her rightful place is the selfish greed of a few evil women”, Maggie said to the redheaded woman.

“We have everything in place to take down your operation apart from one thing, Stephanie”, Chloe said, getting to her feet and leaning on the table.

“Kiko is a lawyer, remember? We know that you wouldn’t want the public to find out about all the transactions that have taken place between mistresses and asswhores that your company is recording and laundering now would you?”

Stephanie squirmed in her chair as she looked at Chloe then Kiko.

“You wouldn’t”, she said quickly.

“We won’t”, Chloe said. “But you have to help us with our plan. The outside world can’t know about the cult or Kolos girls will be as unsafe and exploited as

they are now. We need to take Jenny down on something far more ‘normal’.”

“You want me to give up her accounts?” Stephanie snorted.

“We need to end her operations once and for all... mistresses as much as asswhores are chained to her right now. Her accounts would help but there is a lot more that needs to be done. We have enough to have her locked away but we need to destroy her control as well. That’s where we need you to help set up a distraction.”

“If I do help you. I mean if we do follow this scheme of yours. What’s in it for me?”

“A new start. Immunity from what is to come and the goddess’s blessing whenever you desire it. With Jenny no longer controlling Chloe, she will be free to be worshipped by all her followers. We have all we need to take your inner circle down, Stephanie, with or without you. You would help us by hammering the last nail in the coffin so to speak and it would prove that we don’t need to take you down as well. Now stand up and let Karen breathe before you suffocate her”, Maggie said matter-of-factly.

Stephanie jumped up. She’d forgotten that she was sat on Karen’s face in the special chair and looked down at the gasping redhead.

“Thank you, Mistress”, the flush-faced girl said through breaths.

“You have a nice set up here, Stephanie, and girls that are willing to stay with you and let you sit that tasty bubblebutt of yours on their pretty little faces. Why stick with Jenny and ruin all that for yourself?”

Stephanie stood the other end of the table, naked from the waist down, looking more vulnerable than the asshole she had been rubbing her anus and pussy against that was poking her face through the specially designed hole in Stephanie’s chair.

“A mistress was once a Kolos girl, Stephanie, just like Karen down there. You have needs and desires just as they do. I offer you the open love of my cult. Join me and pledge yourself to me.”

Chloe got up on the table. The same table where her best friend Hannah had been cruelly turned into Dirty Whore by Stephanie in front of Jenny who had sat where Chloe herself had been. That didn’t matter. Some mistresses could be forgiven and some couldn’t. This was Stephanie’s chance to prove herself but she would have to be reminded of who she had been before becoming a mistress. She had to feel what it was like to be an asshole, feel what Hannah had gone through, what Karen, Cindy, Amelia, Prisha, Bianca and countless girls in her employment had taken from her countless times.

Her penance would be a bitch, Stephanie thought, but a tingle she hadn’t felt since becoming a mistress fizzed and sparkled inside her tummy. She held her hands out, her wrists pressed together as she eyed the metal shackles that hung from the fitting on the ceiling.

There was something so perverse and hot about having the eighteen year old take her wrists and clamp her in the metal cuffs. To a mistress this was the ultimate taboo and letting herself be dominated by this gorgeous girl was enough

to put her status in question with the inner circle. She was helpless though.

Chloe was mesmerising when she was in control. Stephanie had seen her in action as an asshole and the energy she gave off now was so different.

Chloe turned and, with Stephanie half naked on her knees on the table, her arms bound up in shackles, and slid the leggings down past her globe-like cheeks.

“Worship me, Stephanie. Become a follower and pledge your heart and soul to me.”

Stephanie heard the chairs getting up in front of her.

Maggie opened the meeting room door and returned with Cindy, Amelia, Prisha and Bianca. Beth removed Karen from the smother chair and helped the naked girl up to her feet.

Kiko and Mistress Beth got up on the table behind Stephanie. She felt the weight of two strapped on dildos slapping against her bubble butt cheeks and her breath caught in her throat, feeling scared and excited for the first time in years.

Two hands grasped her, one by the back of the neck and one by the ponytail and pushed her forward, smothering her into Chloe’s cheeks.

“Worship your goddess, bitch!”