

Down South

By JJ Argus

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About the author

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

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

The Learning Center was what they called the place. It was as ultra-modern looking as any school with oodles of money could possibly want. At the same time, however, it easily managed to convey an impression of old money and prestige. It was aimed, not at the elites, but at the upper middle class who aspired to be more, and who were attempting to groom their daughters to marry into wealth. Thus it functioned as a sort of preparatory academy, focusing its attention on those young ladies destined to go on to university. It aimed to polish and perfect skills and knowledge already learned in high school in order to ensure a successful time at whatever prestigious university the girls were headed for next.

It was located in northeastern Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, but its curriculum was taught in English. The parents of its students wanted their children to be able to communicate fluently in the international language of business and power.

It also had a sprinkling of “touristas” as the girls of the school termed them. These were girls sent abroad to get a sprinkling of internationalism into their often narrow world view.

Katherine was one such international student. Kat was born and raised in northeast Idaho. Her parents were well-off but not exactly rich by American standards. Katherine had made tourist trips abroad, of course, with her parents, mainly to Europe, but also to Japan and Australia. This was her first time abroad by herself, however, and she was both excited and anxious about it.

Kat had, at first, been somewhat appalled at the idea of going to a “finishing school”, of all places, and argued strenuously against it. She was, after all, in her final year, with excellent grades, and destined for UCLA or some other center of higher learning upon graduation.

However, the prospect of lolling on the warm beaches of Rio rather than trudging through the cold and snow of another Idaho winter was quite attractive. And, she told herself, it really was time for her to grow up and see something of the world. Perhaps she could even pick up a little Spanish or Portuguese.

But her parents were adamant, and so Kat found herself, surly and sulky as she had ever been, unloading her things with her eager parents in the compound of The Learning Center.

After her safe arrival, she was soon ensconced in a comfortable room which held two bunk beds. True, it was not your typical dorm room. The bunk beds were wider, and higher, and made of mirrored stainless steel. The desks were tempered glass and steel. There was a large plasma screen television on the wall, and a thick to the point of luxurious blue carpet on the floor. There was a large, walk-in closet, and even a small fridge to one side.

She had never shared a room with anyone before, and was not happy to be doing so now. It was true that she'd have had to the following year anyway, but that was at university, not some half-assed Brazilian version of a finishing school. Still, she tried to make an adventure of it, and accept the lack of privacy.

Her three roommates, in order of appearance, were Adriana – a pretty blonde with a strong chin and a longish, pageboy cut which fell just above her shoulders, Helena, a slender dark haired girl whose hair fell straight down from to her shoulders, and who wore a mocking expression as though it were makeup, and Luisa, a coffee coloured black girl with long hair and more than a little Arab or Portuguese in her ethnic background to judge from her narrow face and nose.

It soon emerged that the others were coming back for their second year, and were far more

knowledgeable about it than Kat.

"I came here in mid term last year. I got booted from my last school," Adriana said, puffing on a cigarette. "And the one before."

"How come?" Helena asked curiously.

"Last time it was for mouthing off too often to the teachers. The time before that they caught me with a guy in my room."

"Ooo, tell us about the guy," Luisa said, sitting on her bed.

"He had a really big dick."

Kat smirked. The girl was obviously trying to shock, and it worked to some extent with Luisa and Adriana, who were suitably nonplussed by that answer.

"Compared to who?" Kat asked as she folded her clothes and put them into her dresser.

"Compared to most of the guys I've fucked," Adriana said without embarrassment.

Kat grinned. Helena was a little wide-eyed, while Luisa looked at her as though she were something of a skank. Kat wasn't sure if the girl actually was a skank or was simply trying to pretend. And she didn't have anything particular against skanks anyway.

"So what are the rules in this place?" she asked.

"They are anything the teachers say. If they don't like what you do, then it's against the rules."

"They're very strict," Adriana said. "If you act up you get the strap across the palms, or even a cane on your bottom. They're very... English, you know. They think by being like the English you'll learn the language and customs better. But the English don't rule the world anymore anyway."

"I doubt the English still do that," Kat said, disturbed.

"In the richer schools they do."

"The only one who gets to spank me is my lover," Luisa said defiantly.

"And does that happen a lot?" Kat asked, nonplussed.

"I like being spanked," Adriana said challengingly.

"Whyever would you like that?" Helena asked.

"She wants us to think she's a kinky slut," Luisa said.

"I am a kinky slut," Adriana said challengingly. "I'm even on the internet."

"What?!" Helena asked in surprise.

Adriana shrugged. "This video I made for my boyfriend got on the internet. The bastard says some friend of his stole it but I don't know if I believe it."

"What's in the video?" Kat asked with a grin.

"A little strip tease I did."

"Oooo, bad girl."

"Are you like totally naked?" Helena asked.

"More than naked. After I got naked, well, let's say I had a little time left and gave him a show."

"So are we going to get to see this video?" Luisa asked doubtfully.

"Why would you want to, Luisa?" Adriana asked with a smirk. "Do you get off on girls?"

"Do you?" Luisa challenged.

Adriana gave a bark of laughter. "Sometimes," she said. "Why not? It's fun and you don't get pregnant."

"Does that mean you want to fuck us?" Luisa asked tauntingly.

"Don't you wish," Adriana shot back.

"I'm not the one who said she fucked girls," Luisa replied.

"You didn't say you didn't," Adriana sneered. "Are you saying you've never made out with a girl?"

Luisa shrugged, and Helena looked away.

"Not me," Kat said.

The other three looked at her and she shrugged. "What can I say? I guess I'm deprived."

“How about a boy? Ever made out with a boy?” Adriana taunted.

“I never made a video with one,” Kat replied.

“I didn’t say I made a video with a guy,” Adriana said, annoyed.

“If you did a strip tease video with him and then played with yourself I’m willing to bet you did other videos together. Better hope those don’t go on the internet too.”

Kat climbed up onto the top bunk. There was a small bookshelf stereo built into the wall there, and a small LCD monitor on a swing-arm which could be used as either a television or a computer monitor. The room was very high tech, and she played around with the controls a little, learning how to switch modes on it.

By hitting a button on the little control box, in fact, she learned quite by accident that she could switch the image on the small screen onto the large plasma screen on the wall, and vice versa.

“This is kind of a neat set-up,” she said. “I bet the dorms at UCLA aren’t this good.”

“I don’t know why I should go to university,” Helena said. “My parents just think I have a better chance to meet a rich boy there, but I can meet rich boys anywhere.”

“And then what?” Kat asked.

“I marry one, of course, and then live comfortably forever after without having to work.”

“Me too,” Adriana said.

“Unless your man disown you for being such a skank,” Luisa said.

“Yeah, unless,” Adriana said with a shark-like grin.

“Then you can get a job as a stripper,” Luisa said.

“I could make a lot of money,” Adriana said. “You should see me. I’m good.”

“No thanks,” Helena said.

Kat said nothing, but in truth, the idea intrigued her. Adriana was a lovely girl, her body slender and athletic, much like Kat herself. She was a little wider at the shoulders and hips than Kat, and a little taller, but Kat was a bit bigger in the chest, and she knew she had a great ass. But due to a variety of circumstances, chiefly among them a boyfriend who, though she loved him, had not have much of an interest in sex, she herself was not greatly experienced in that particular area.

And yet she wanted to be. She had a strong sex drive, and a lot of fantasies. She simply hadn’t had the opportunity to indulge herself the way those fantasies urged her to. Looking at Adriana, she could see the girl dancing in time to music, erotically stripping off her clothes. And more to the point, she wanted to see the video. She wondered how she’d go about finding it. Did it have Adriana’s name on it?

“So do your parents know about your videos?” she asked.

Adriana snorted. “They found out about the one on the internet and went freaking crazy about it, especially my father.”

“That must have been so humiliating!” Helena said, shaking her head.

“It was kind of embarrassing, yeah,” Adriana said. “The thought that millions of sweaty boys and middle aged men are yanking their dicks looking at me is kind of weird.”

“Ooo, too much information,” Luisa said.

* * *

“What do you think of the Norteamericano?” Adriana asked when Kat was in the bathroom.

Luisa shrugged and made a face. “Tourista,” she said.

“She seems okay, for a Norteamericano,” Helena said.

“What the fuck is Idaho anyways?” Luisa snorted.

Adriana looked at some of the clothes Kat had laid out and then picked up a bikini and laughed. “Look at this,” she said.

Luisa snickered, for it was, by Brazilian standards, very, very modest.

“I think it is our duty to educate our Norteamericano cousin,” Adriana purred, “To teach her the ways of Brazil and make her shed her silly Norteamericano conservatism.”

“Vodka will do that,” Helena laughed.

“I never liked Americans,” Luisa said.

“Me neither,” Adriana replied. “They’re incredibly arrogant and boorish, and they think they own the world. They look down on us like we’re peasants.”

“Which is ridiculous,” Luisa said, “When you think of how backward they are about so many things!”

“Like showing your ass on the beach,” Helena said with a giggle.

“We’ll have to teach our little Americano how much fun it can be to be naked in public,” Adriana said with a grin echoed by Luisa’s smirk.

She opened a drawer and held up a small baggy of pills.

“What’s that?”

“Ecstasy. Guaranteed to lower inhibitions in prudish NorTEAMERICANOS.”

“Imagine her religious freak parents if they see videos like yours of their precious little saintly daughter on the internet,” Luisa said.

“She’s probably still a virgin,” Adriana sniffed, “But I can find plenty of men who will take care of that.”

“She has a nice little ass,” Luisa said. “Do you suppose she’s ever had a cock up it?”

The other girls laughed in delight.

Kat returned and the three Brazilian girls smiled at her, but there were calculating looks behind their eyes she did not take notice of.

“We have to make sure we show you all our beautiful beaches, Kat,” Adriana purred. “Do they have beaches in Idaho?” she asked with a smirk.

Kat took the question seriously. “Well, some, but not really, I mean, along some lakes, I guess, none near where I live, though.”

“Let’s go to the beach now,” Helena said. “It’s a few days before classes start, and I want to get some sun.”

Adriana began to strip immediately, and Luisa followed. “We’ll put our suits on under our clothes so we can get undressed on the beach,” she said as Kat looked on nonplussed.

“Oh, right, okay,” Kat said, a little uncomfortable as the girls began to enthusiastically remove their clothes.

She hesitated, torn between the desire to get her suit and go to the bathroom to change, and not wanting to look like a silly little girl in front of the other girls, none of whom were showing the least concern about nudity.

She realized, suddenly, that this was an area which might give her some trouble down here. She had a vague notion that Brazilians didn’t wear a whole lot of clothes to the beach, and she didn’t want to stand out from everyone else. She remembered a school field trip two years earlier, to an indoor wave pool. She and most of the other girls had been in bikinis, but Elsie Miller was very religious and her parents very strict and she had worn an absurdly conservative one piece set which had had all the other girls snickering and sneering in contempt and pity.

She suddenly realized she could be the same thing down here!

“Well, hurry up, Idaho,” Luisa said as she skinned off her panties.

“Uhm, okay,” Kat said, blushing as she hurried to her bunk.

The other three were almost dressed before she could even get her skirt off.

Of course, “almost dressed” was an apt description. Kat was looking away, her back to them, trying to hurry now so she wouldn’t be the only one getting undressed. Still, she knew it was too late, and was blushing as she skinned off her bra, even with her back to them, and drew on her bikini bra.

She felt even more embarrassed as she pulled down her panties and stepped into her bikini bottoms, yanking them up quickly. When she turned back she was red-faced, and her uneasiness deepened as she saw the other three looking at her with pitying looks.

“What?” she demanded defensively.

“Nothing!” Adriana said.

The three were wearing tiny thongs, with little strings which slid up along their hips and plunged down to very small triangles of fabric over their pussies. Their bras were all very small, very tight, straining against their firm young breasts, and not nearly big enough to cover more than a third to a half of each breast.

Kat’s suit, by comparison, was quite staid and conservative. It would have been so even in places like California or Miami. It was far worse in Rio.

She went with them to the beach, and found that, as she had feared, she was the most conservatively dressed girl under fifty there. She got more than a few pitying looks, but her mind was awl with what to do about it. She could hardly imagine wearing a thong to the beach!

Yet worse was to come for as they settled down on the beach the other three girls almost immediately stripped off to their bikinis – and then removed their tops.

That too was in keeping with how all the other young women seemed to be dressed. And Kat felt even more like an “Elsie” by comparison: gauche, backward and unsophisticated.

It was also unnerving seeing so many breasts all over the place. And the men weren’t a lot better. Many wore tiny little pouches, and not much more, and there were males in thongs too!

Luisa and Adriana went to get some drinks, and Kat tried not to be noticed. Her eyes flicked here and there and everywhere, but never settled on anything, afraid of being caught staring.

Helena, meanwhile, was applying suntan oil to her body, including her breasts, and the sight of her oiling up her breasts seemed scandalously sexual to Kat, who looked quickly away. Helena smiled at her. “You better put on some lotion, Kat,” she said. “Your skin isn’t used to this kind of sun.”

“You’re right,” Kat said, jerked out of her reverie.

She began to briskly apply suntan lotion to her exposed body, not at all like Helena’s slow, almost sensual strokes along her arms and down her chest.

Luisa and Adriana returned with large plastic cups of some light colored liquid, fruits and umbrellas sticking out of it. They winked at Helena as Kat took one.

Kat took the drink gratefully, for it gave her something to do, something to look at, as Luisa and Adriana now began to slowly apply lotion to their own nearly-nude bodies. Despite how casual they were about their nudity it all seemed terribly sexual to poor Kat.

At least at first.

But as time passed she began to get used to the casual acceptance of nudity, to relax and feel more comfortable about it. It helped that the drink was obviously a strong one. She didn’t ask Adriana what was in it, for her mind was busy fussing over nudity at the time, but it certainly did help her to relax. Quite a lot, in fact.

“You should take your top off,” Luisa said.

“Oh I, I don’t think I can,” she said almost automatically.

But then she began to wonder – why not? They had? And she had great breasts! Everyone would see that! Everyone would admire her breasts!

Kat was uncertain, but when Luisa playfully tugged on the knot, releasing the string behind her bra she gasped and twisted around, and then Adriana laughingly pulled her top down. Then Helena and Luisa wrestled it off her.

“Guys!”

“You got great tits. Just get used to people looking at them.”

Kat’s face was flushed, and she tried to hide her bare breasts behind her knees for a time. No matter what the girls said it still felt shockingly wicked and sexual to have her breasts bare outside around other people! But the longer they were unclothed the more relaxed she felt about it. In fact, the more time passed the more relaxed she felt about almost everything. Slowly, she began to ease her knees and legs aside and began to take a wicked thrill in being virtually naked in public.

And then two handsome young men stopped by to chat, and her embarrassment deepened. She wanted to hide her breasts – but without seeming to. She wanted to pretend to the kind of casual acceptance of nudity the other girls had. But more to the point, she was starting to feel incredibly turned on now, with two men sitting there and her breasts bare.

It was somehow worse that both were very handsome men, only a few years older than her. Both tall, well-muscled, and dark haired, Enrique and Javier both wore tight little suits which bared much of their narrow hips. She had to fight to keep from dropping her eyes down to their bulging packages as they teasingly slid their eyes over her breasts.

All this nudity and semi nudity was so – so exotic!

And exciting. Slowly, her inhibitions about nudity began to melt away, and she felt a hot thrill every time someone, especially a male someone, looked at them. Her nipples were hard and pink and crackled with sexual tension the whole time, and she could feel a throbbing between her thighs as the day wore on.

She accompanied the other three girls in a walk along the board walk, fairly glowing with excitement as she passed so many men who scanned her breasts. And she let the others persuade her to buy a new suit and trade in her silly conservative bottoms on a thong. It had been bothering her all day that she stood out from the others, that she looked like a shy, silly, self-conscious girl in her American type swimsuit.

She felt a sense of relief to step out of the changing room in the little thong, but also a heady excitement at baring her bottom now, as well. She wanted to fit in, though, and look just like the others.

But her self-consciousness caused her to drink rather more than she should have, and she knew she was starting to get drunk. She had never really gotten drunk before, at least, not in the daytime. And it felt odd to be so buzzed before dinner, right out in the bright, sunlit beach.

The four girls, along with Enrique and Javier, wandered further up the public beach and then onto the more narrow strip of private beaches. They met up with two more young men, Raul and Gabriel, and joined a small party on the beach behind a large house. There was about twenty people there, and the music was loud as the drinks flowed freely. She sampled several dishes, few of which she had ever tasted before, and flirted with Raul, who had dreamy brown eyes, and kept sliding his arm around her waist.

It was bizarrely exciting to Kat to be so close to a man she barely knew, to be out in public wearing just a tiny thong. It continued to give her a sense of heady excitement, and to make her pussy throb. And when Raul got her up against a tree and began to gently kiss her she moaned and kissed back, feeling a sudden crackling sexual electricity roll through her as she pressed her bare breasts against his bare chest. She loved the feel of his skin against hers, loved the heat and the tactile pleasure of his flesh pressing and stroking and rubbing against her.

His hands gently caressed her bare back, sliding up and down without any bra strap to impede them, and she'd never felt so excited by a touch against her back. Then they eased down onto her bare bottom, squeezing and kneading her buttocks as their lips slid liquidly together.

She could feel his hardness grinding against her as he pressed her back against the tree, and was gasping for breath as his tongue slid through her lips and her breasts pillowed out against his chest.

The fact both were wearing tanning lotion meant their bodies were slippery and slick, and when he raised a hand and ran it over her breasts Kat couldn't repress a physical shudder and an audible groan of pleasure, especially when her nipples burned and pulsed at the touch.

It was starting to get dark, and she knew she ought to get back to her dorm room. Helena had disappeared, but Adriana and Luisa were still there, both of them flirting and making out with Enrique and Javier.

She hardly noticed, at first, when Raul's hand slid past the waistband of her new thong bikini. Then his oily fingers began to stroke across her clit, and a powerful shockwave of pleasure ripped through her.

How did he get his hand down there so quick, she wondered dazedly, gasping and trying to pull at his wrist.

I need to – I need to – to stop this, she thought, her mind fuzzy with heat and alcohol and – something more.

The sensations were so powerful, though, so wonderful, and she felt her limbs melting as she shuddered and moaned and her hips rolled lewdly against Raul's hand.

“No,” she gasped. “No,” she whispered.

And then an orgasm rolled over her and she shuddered and moaned and rolled her head back as Raul leaned in and took the center of her left breast into his mouth, sucking and licking at the hot, throbbing little pink button to add another layer of exquisite sensation to the flood of pleasure roaring within her mind.

“Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Oooh!” she gurgled, head back, eyes closed, back arched as Raul sucked and licked at her burning nipples.

Inside her thong, his fingers stroked rapidly across her clit, and her hips bucked helplessly as she all-but fell backwards against the tree.

Raul chuckled manfully, and took her in his arms, his hands going to her buttocks, lifting her up against him. He walked a few paces deeper into the bushes which surrounded them, and sat her down on a low rock outcropping.

Kat sagged back, gasping for breath, then lay back, moaning as he bent forward, taking her nipple into his mouth again, sucking and licking, biting and nibbling lightly on the pulsing little pink button.

He licked his way down her heaving belly, settling onto his knees before the outcropping, and spread her thighs wide, then placed his mouth over the center of her pussy and began to suck her through her suit.

Kat shuddered and pushed feebly at his head. Her dazed eyes searched out anyone watching. It was almost dark now, and no one seemed to be staring, but this was still shockingly public!

Raul tried to tug her suit down but her hands quickly went to her hips, clutching the strings desperately. He didn't try to fight her, but redoubled his efforts, licking and sucking and massaging her through the thin fabric of the suit as his hands slid up to envelope and knead her breasts.

She shuddered and cried out, arching her back and rolling her hips.

And then her suit was off. How had that happened!? She stared up at him as he leaned in, smiling, and she felt herself being penetrated, felt his cock sliding into her with a mixture of horror and wicked, wanton excitement. Her pussy welcomed him, and she groaned aloud as his stiff cock pushed into her and spread her wide. She was already on the edge of another orgasm, and when he gave a sudden hard thrust and buried himself she cried out and came.

She had never come with a guy inside her before – not that she'd had all that much experience, of course. And it felt – different. Of course, she couldn't remember ever being quite this hot and aroused either, and the tendons in her thighs strained as she spread her knees as far to either side as they would go and grunted in pleasure at his sudden deep, steady thrusts.

The sensations rolled over her in waves, driven by Raul's steady thrusting and the wonderful feel of his big prick moving within her. Her pussy lips were wide and straining, and her clit was on fire as he bent over and kissed her. And Kat felt herself melting, all her inhibitions flowing out of her as the pleasure in her body drowned her in the heat of the moment.

“Fuck me!” she panted. “Fuck me! Oh God! Oh yes! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Oh! Unngh!”

His hips worked faster, his cock spearing her with every deep thrust. Kat's fingers dug into his back, then into his buttocks, jerking him down, grunting with wondrous pleasure at every thrust. She felt like an incredible slut. Not a sad, pathetic slut but a proud, arrogant slut not afraid to indulge her own wicked needs.

Another orgasm rolled over her and she sobbed in pleasure as her pussy spasmed and squeezed down around Raul's pumping cock.

She didn't notice Adriana and Luisa peering over some bushes nearby, smirking.

"Little virgin seems to be enjoying herself," Luisa said.

"This is just the start," Adriana said. "You wait. We're going to turn her into the worst slut in Rio."

Chapter Two

Kat moaned weakly as she awakened. She stared up blearily at the ceiling and wondered where she was, and why she felt so appallingly bad.

Slowly, the memories of the previous day came back to her, and she felt an appalled sense of fear, embarrassment and, oddly, wonder and excitement and pride that she had actually done something so wicked and nasty as to fuck a guy she hardly knew!

Thank God no one here knew her or any of her friends!

And that was something she hadn't thought of before. Always in her life she'd had to watch what she did, what she said. But it didn't really matter here, at least, not like it had in her small suburban neighborhood. What she said and did here would not get back to her parents, or her uncles and aunts, or the neighbors, or her friends. She was free to do whatever she wanted.

She sat up slowly, groaning to herself. She felt a little nauseous, and had a terrific headache. God, she had drunk way too much! She knew why, of course, knew she'd felt horribly self-conscious. But still...

She'd gone around practically naked! That both embarrassed her and made her feel proud. Imagine how shocked everyone would be back home if they'd seen, she thought excitedly.

They were all such prudes there.

But she'd have to watch what she was drinking in future, or even her new friends here would think she was a skanky whore.

She was worried they might already think that, but they were already awake, Adriana and Luisa also both complaining of hangovers, and their teasing was friendly and amused, not at all contemptuous.

"So how did you like Raul's staff, Idaho?"

She blushed, but Luisa only giggled. "I've had him before. He's pretty good with his cock. Wait till he gets it up your ass."

"I'm not going to – I mean, I uhm, that's not going to happen," Kat gulped, holding a hand to her throbbing forehead.

"He can be pretty convincing. And he loves to get it up your ass," Adriana said.

Kat felt confused. A part of her was angry that both of them had apparently fucked her "lover", for it dashed any thought that she and Raul had had something special, and turned it into nothing more than cheap sex. On the other hand, it eased her embarrassment that both of them appeared to engage in fairly casual sex on a regular basis. If they did the same they wouldn't condemn her for it.

And with the aid of a few pills and a little drink, she started to feel a bit more human. She joined the other three at a café, wearing very dark sunglasses, and slowly, the hangover eased.

After a long, relaxing breakfast, they went shopping, not coming back before lunch. Then it was time for the beach again. This time Kat had some experience with the casual nudity of Brazilians. But this time she had to take part in it sober, and flushed deeply as she dropped her bra and stepped out of her jeans.

She reassured herself that all the girls were dressed – or undressed – the same, but it still felt horribly lewd and wicked to be exposing herself the way she was. She needed a drink!

After the second one her heart began to steady and she began to relax. But she tried to watch her

drinks this time, not wanting to get into another drunken encounter with some guy she hardly knew.

Still, she felt the same incredibly level of excitement at being virtually naked around so many men. Her nipples remained hard, her pussy throbbing and humming and her clit exquisitely sensitive the entire afternoon. She wasn't at all sure that she'd resist if Raul showed up and got her alone again.

Especially if she pressed her throbbing breasts against his hard, muscled chest.

That didn't happen, however, somewhat to her disappointment, and she wound up back at the dorm with the other girls

Luisa turned on the TV and tuned it to MTV, and they talked about life, men and school while sipping from a bottle of vodka Adriana had brought along in her luggage.

"So are you still seeing this guy you did the videos for?" Luisa asked.

Adriana made a rude noise and shook her head.

"Did it get on the internet after you broke up or before?" Helena asked.

"After."

Helena and Luisa exchanged knowing looks.

Adriana shrugged. "It was stupid, but so what?"

"So, is it like, popular?" Kat asked.

"It's kind of notorious. I mean, if you go on certain kinds of sites."

"Porn sites," Luisa smirked.

"No, guy sites."

"Porn sites!" Kat laughed.

Adriana shrugged. "Guys are pigs," she said, taking another drink.

"So what's it called?" Luisa said slyly.

"You want to see it?" Adriana demanded in irritation. "Fuck it. Go ahead."

She got up and went to the computer on her desk, and then the video player popped up on the wall screen. The other three girls watched with interest as a video of Adriana in a blue dress appeared, dancing to a popular song. As they looked on, she rolled her hips and head, and began to strip off the dress.

It was impossible not to appreciate the near perfect shape of her body as she danced in her black thong and bra. Kat wasn't a big one for the girls but even she could see that Adriana had a great body, and knew how to move it in an erotic dance that she had no doubt would appeal to any male who saw it.

"You go girl!" Luisa laughed. "Oh! There comes the tits!"

Adriana had removed her bra on the screen, and now was swaying provocatively, turning and grinding her hips, her body undulating as she turned and twisted.

"You got nipple rings?" Kat asked, seeing the two small gold rings pertly dangling from the brunette's nipples. "I didn't see them."

"I had them but I don't wear them any more."

Then the panties went, and she was naked, and shaved, still dancing, rolling her head and torso, grinding her hips. She danced back, and then picked up a vibrator, and Adriana leaned in and stopped the video as the other girls whistled and laughed.

"Don't stop now!"

"It was just getting good!"

"Fuck you guys."

"We wanted to see you fuck yourself!"

"Like none of you have done any pictures or videos."

"Not that got on the fuckin' internet, girl," Luisa laughed.

"Well, if it's any consolation," Helena said, "You look really hot."

"Yeah, you dance really nice," Kat said.

"Shit, I can dance better than that. You dance like a mule," Luisa said.

“You know a lot about mules do you, black girl?” Adriana demanded.

“I know how to do a nice strip tease!”

“So let’s see your video!”

“Nu uh. I ain’t dumb enough to keep those sorts of things lying around. I don’t want my videos on the fuckeeng internet.”

The challenge was made, though, and the girls laughed and teased each other, bragging about their dancing abilities for several minutes before Adriana produced a video camera, which provoked hysterical laughter from the now well-lubricated roommates, followed by a dance by Luisa.

Luisa’s dance was very good, Kat thought, but not as good as Adriana’s, and though she had a slim, athletic body her breasts were smallish and her butt was not nearly as nice as Adriana. Watching her dance, though, did something fuzzy and hot to her mind and body, and she felt her nipples tingling and hardening inside her bra. And then to her surprise Helena began to dance, and put on a strong showing which left her anxious and nervous, for with all three of them having demonstrated their strip tease she felt she would almost certainly be require to do the same.

Not that she hadn’t practiced, not that she hadn’t watched herself in mirrors for years, or even videotaped herself to see what she looked like on the TV. But still, in front of people!? Even girls!?

“Your turn, Kat,” Luisa said.

Kat smiled and shook her head, which brought protests from Helena and Adriana.

“Are you shy? Let’s see what you got, girl!” Luisa demanded.

“I’m wearing jeans and a sweater!” she protested. “You can’t strip in these!”

“How you planning on getting them off then?”

“I mean you can’t dance strip.”

Of course they insisted, so she gave in, went into the closet, and emerged wearing a blazer, button-down white blouse, and tartan skirt. The girls laughed and whistled and called her their little schoolgirl as she danced provocatively around the room, sliding her tongue over her lower lip and eyeing them each saucily. She danced and twisted and ground her hips as she moved around between them, and was soon down to her bra and thong.

“Gimmie a lap dance, bitch!” Luisa exclaimed as she leaned over her, smiling coyly and squeezing her arms together to plump out her breasts.

Laughing, face flushed, feeling a deepening heat between her legs, Kat straddled her, and eased down, gripping the black girl’s shoulders as she ground herself down into her lap. She was surprised, even startled when Luisa’s hands came up behind her and squeezed her bare buttocks, pulling her in closer to her body.

Then they kissed. It was just a game, after all. They were playacting, and Kat’s heart was pounding, her pulse racing as she ground herself down against Luisa and felt the girl’s hands kneading and squeezing her bottom.

But she’d been hot all day, and was filled with repressed sexual heat and need. She felt her heart pounding and her pussy throbbing as their kiss deepened.

“That’s getting pretty intense, you dykes,” Adriana called, laughing.

Kat came up for air, gasping, her head a little fuzzed from the passionate kiss. She laughed and danced away, her legs twisting and her hips rolling as she undid her bra and let it slide back off her shoulders. She’d always been proud of her breasts. They were so round and firm. They weren’t the biggest, by any means, not as big as Adriana’s, for example, but they were nicely sized and shaped, with lovely little pink nipples.

She felt energized as she danced around in just the thong. A sexual electricity was shimmering around her as she danced closer to Adriana, and let the dark haired girl draw her forward to straddle her lap now. As with Luisa, Adriana drew her in by squeezing her bottom, laughing as she rolled forward, and then kissed her, their tongues sliding passionately together.

The other girls were whistling and clapping as the two kissed, and Kat was hyper aware of their

eyes upon her, even as, gasping, she felt Adriana's hand slide up to squeeze her breast and pinch a hard little nipple.

A little dazed, Kat eased back off her lap, pulling her mouth free. As she turned away, though, Adriana grabbed at her thong and yanked it down around her ankles, causing her to fall forward onto the floor to hoots of laughter from the others.

"Hey!" she protested.

She climbed to her feet and continued dancing, nude now, and feeling even more sexual energy burning through her. She danced over to Helena, feeling a little shockwave run through her as she realized Helena had been using the camcorder all this time. She rolled her tongue at her, then straddled her lap, pushing the camera away and eagerly bringing her mouth down to the blonde girl's, their tongues sliding together as Helena ran her hands up and down Kat's back and over her buttocks.

"Dyke! Dyke! Dyke!" Luisa laughed.

But now Adriana had peeled off her clothes again, and as Kat danced back from Helena she backed into the naked girl, turned, startled, and then laughed as Adriana hugged her tight and kissed her, grinding her pelvis forward against Kat's. Her face grew more flushed, however, as Adriana's hands squeezed her buttocks, and their breasts pillowed together. All this girl on girl playacting was making her a lot hotter than she had thought it would.

She was drunk, she knew, though not as drunk as she had been the other night, but her body was hot and aroused beyond what she could ever remember, and every touch against her skin made her want to cry out in pleasure.

She backed away, but now Luisa was naked, and kissing her, and both she and Adriana were drunk and laughing, and it was impossible not to laugh, too, for it was all just a silly game, no matter how much sexual energy was in the air.

Adriana grabbed her hips from behind, and began to pump her groin into her buttocks as though she was fucking her, and Luisa pulled her forward and down, bending her over so Adriana could "fuck her". She stumbled away and fell back onto her bed, or someone's bed, she wasn't sure which, and then Adriana was atop her, kissing her again.

"Fuck her! Fuck her!" Luisa said, laughing.

Kat felt her skin shimmering, and gasped as her overheated body flared with hunger and lust. She was sweating, and so was Adriana, and Adriana was between her spread legs, grinding and thrusting as if she was a man while she kissed her deeply and hotly and bruisingly.

Kat felt intensely sexual, even though she was keeping her hands on Adriana's back, but even there she couldn't stop sliding them up and down, a part of her reveling in the warm, soft texture of the other girl's downy skin.

Their tongues and lips slid wetly together as Luisa fell forward into the bed, too, and fought for position with Adriana. Kat, uncomfortable, tried to push them back, but they held her wrists down against the bed as they licked and sucked at her breasts and mouth. Then she gasped, her eyes widening as she felt fingers at her sex, felt herself penetrated. She tried with renewed energy to push them off, but Luisa threw her body forward, pinning her chest, and taking over fully from Adriana.

She had a hand on Kat's right wrist, pinning it to the bed, and a hand in her hair now, yanking it up and roughly crushing her mouth against Kat's. Then Adriana was sliding her body downward, and Kat gasped as she felt her legs spread, then a tongue licking along her naked sex. She bucked her hips to try and throw them off but couldn't, and moaned as fingers pushed into her and Adriana's lips began to suck on her throbbing, pulsing little clit.

She fought more desperately, for a few moments, then felt anger settle upon her, but then that faded under the throbbing heat and lust and she felt herself sink back submissively, moaning, gasping and jerking as the two girls ravished her.

"No!" she tried to cry through Luisa's mouth plastered against hers.

But oh, God it felt good! Adriana's lips were so soft and warm and wet against her clit! And now

her tongue began to lap hungrily at the swollen little button as her fingers pushed deeper, and Kat's hips bucked up involuntarily, the heat swelling and growing within her to the point of a fiery, out of control blaze.

She felt dazed and out of control. Oh my God! What am I doing!?

Her breasts felt so hot, so tender against Luisa's as the black girl's own breasts rubbed and mashed down against them, and her legs felt spread wide, forced open. She tried to close them and couldn't, for Adriana was pinning her thighs apart with her arms as she licked at her voraciously.

She felt helpless at their hands, but not frightened. She was embarrassed, but the heady sexual need, and more than a little alcoholic haze, forced her not to care.

Her hips began to hump up helplessly as Adriana's mouth did amazing things to her down there, and then the orgasm burst over her like a storm and she cried out, twisting and bucking in helpless, wanton pleasure as the two naked girls forced the come onto her and made her not care about anything else.

Adriana let out a bark of laughter. "Ha! Made you come, bitch!"

Kat moaned dazedly, her body limp, groaning as Adriana eased her licking, but didn't stop. Now the girl was licking gently up and down her slit, circling her clit, barely brushing against the ultra-sensitive little button.

"She wants cock," Adriana said with a drunken laugh. "Someone gimme a cock!"

The other two laughed and then Luisa slid upwards across her body to straddle her chest. Kat pushed at her ineffectually and Luisa grabbed her wrists, forcing them down to the mattress alongside her head, then slid her body forward, up over her chest, pinning her wrists down with her knees as she spread her legs wide.

Kat felt a shockwave run through her as she stared at the black girls pussy only a few inches from her mouth. She tried to turn her head aside, but Luisa gripped her hair as she slid her pussy forward and ground it against her mouth.

"N-No!" she gasped, before being silenced again as Luisa rubbed her wet pussy against her mouth more firmly.

"Lick me, Americano," she panted. "Lick me, beatch!"

And then Adriana began licking at Kat's pussy again, and she gasped as the sensation poured through her. Her hips bucked upwards as the sensation became too powerful to the point of discomfort. But then it eased back and shifted into something dark and hot and steamy once more, and she felt her inner fires being stocked, felt her body's arousal flaring wildly to life once again.

God! It was so kinky and wild and hot!

Luisa ground her pussy against her face and mouth, and she moaned and opened her mouth, licking at it experimentally, then more firmly as her own sex-heat grew more intense. She felt more than a little revolted by the taste and scent of the Black girl, but could see no way of not reciprocating what they were doing. Even if Luisa wasn't holding her down she would have appeared churlish and stupid to have jumped up and run away.

But despite the growing heat her mind was squirming with discomfort, and her face was beet red. She wished they would laugh and roll off her, but of course, she could do nothing but play along unless they did.

"Let's rape her!" Adriana taunted.

She and Helena, snickering and laughing, pinned her wrists down, and then wrapped rope around them and tied them to the bedpost.

Kat moaned in dismay, at first, but then began to feel a startling hot buzzing in the back of her mind as Luisa's eyes leered down at her and she ground her pussy down against her mouth again. She was grinding and rubbing more and more excitedly as she felt Kat's tongue sliding along her sex and across her clit, gasping and moaning as she leaned in and gripped fistfuls of Kat's hair and ground herself down onto her face.

She began to almost bounce atop Kat's face, dazing her with the force of her groin and bottom slapping down against her, and then, for all intents and purposes, she sat on Kat's face, gasping and moaning as her own orgasm spread through her, grinding her pussy heavily into Kat's mouth as she rode her face excitedly.

Kat was soon getting light-headed from lack of air. The black girl was sitting on her mouth and her nose was jammed hard against her pubic bone, making it almost impossible to breath. And with her wrists tied down she could do nothing to defend herself. Then, thankfully, the girl rolled off her and Kat gulped in air, chest heaving, moaning weakly. Her body felt weak and she was gulping in air as Adriana's fingers squeezed her buttocks and her mouth began to suck voraciously on her clit.

The sensations flooded through her. Kat moaned and her back arched, her hips grinding and rolling, then her arms pulled and strained against the ropes. She felt baked – burned by the tremendous heat flooding her body and mind, and yet could do nothing but thrust her hips upwards and push her pussy against the girl's mouth.

Another orgasm shattered her thinking processes and set her to writhing and twisting and bucking in helpless convulsions, swamping her senses with pleasure and heat as Adriana's tongue whipped wildly across her burning hot little clit.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried, back arching violently as she gripped Adriana's hair desperately and rolled her hips up.

"Lookit the bitch come!" Luisa laughed.

Exhausted, the orgasm spilling out of her system, Kat lay panting as Adriana climbed up her body, kissing and sucking at her belly and nipples, then like Luisa, she straddled her head and settled her pussy down against her mouth, and the weary Kat had little choice but to lick at her.

Then Luisa climbed between her own legs, and now she began to apply her own oral skills, with the additional use of a vibrator.

Kat's hips bucked convulsively at the sheer sensory overload whenever the buzzing vibrator made contact with her exquisitely sensitive clit, but as before, she was helplessly tied and unable to resist as Luisa licked and sucked at her clit and forced her back into the maelstrom of wild sexual hunger.

Adriana came on her face, in more ways than one. Kat coughed as pussy cream gushed from the dark haired girl's sex and covered her face, soaking her. The groaning brunette rubbed her pussy and crotch back and forth over Kat's face as if to rub it in, and then slowly climbed off, stumbling drunkenly away.

Kat moaned, and her eyes rolled back, then she caught, out of the corner of her eye, the sight of Helena taping what was happening. She felt a shockwave of denial and fear, but the sudden pressure of the vibrator grinding against her clit distracted her to the point of orgasm.

"Let me do her! Let me do her!" Adriana cried.

Luisa laughed and sat up, and Kat dazedly turned her head to see the other girl, still naked, now wearing a strap-on dildo

"No!" Kat groaned.

But it was too late. Adriana was already kneeling between her legs, fitting the nose of the big dildo to her pussy and sinking it into her. Kat felt a new wave of embarrassment and discomfort, but like before, the sexual heat defeated any attempt to do anything about it.

Then the other girl was laying flat atop her, their breasts pillowed together, their lips moving wetly against once another as Adriana ground her hips and thrust the dildo in and out of her. The sensations flooded her mind, threatening to overwhelm it completely, and all she could do was shudder and moan and roll her hips up wantonly as she was fucked hard and deep – by a girl.

"Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she gasped as Adriana worked her hips in and out, thrusting into her, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting.

Her legs were spread wide, pinned to the sides as the other girl rolled her hips from side to side and pumped the dildo inside her. Her lips came down onto Kat's and her tongue shot into her mouth as

Kat whimpered and groaned at the sensory storm wracking her mind. The soft gushing heat of their breasts grinding and mashing together, the dusky, aching wonder of the dildo thrusting deep within her, the exotic pleasure of lips against lips and tongues sliding together were all more than she could take, and another orgasm blossomed within her exhausted body.

Chapter Three

Kat's embarrassment and discomfort was much worse the next morning. Homosexual behavior was, to say the least, frowned upon in Idaho. Oh, publicly all the politicians accepted the "right" of people to do that sort of thing, but that didn't mean anyone wanted to associate with them, other than the usual sort: artists, media types, and academics.

She had had lesbian sex! It was disgusting! It was gross! She had no interest in girls! Was she a lesbian now!? She felt both physically sick and grossed out by what she had done, and vowed to stop drinking.

None of the other girls were there, thank God, but someone had left her a cup of the same stuff she had consumed the previous morning and that eased her hangover considerably as she worked up the energy to take a shower.

She showered and brushed her teeth and gargled, trying to forget the sordid, lesbian activities she had taken part in. But then she remembered the sight of Helena and the video camera and gasped in alarm, eyes widening. She hurried back and sifted through the girls' stuff, looking for the camera. She found it and then, fingers trembling, played back some of the video from the previous night.

It was worse than she'd thought! But weirdly, the sight of herself both humiliated her and turned her on. She was mortified to see herself and hear herself in the midst of orgasms, but at the same time the sight was so – erotic – so hot and passionate and real and sexual that she felt herself becoming turned on despite her anxiety and embarrassment.

Was that really what she looked like? She stared at herself, her naked body, back arching, hips rolling as Adriana thrust into her with the dildo. God, she looked – hot! And her wrists were tied, helpless, like a – a prisoner of some sort. She felt something dark stir in her mind, felt a kind of masochistic excitement as she saw Luisa riding her face. Her hand actually strayed down to her pussy and began to rub herself before she realized what she was doing and abruptly stopped.

She erased the videos and pictures and then put the camera back, wishing she could likewise erase the memories of how slutty and – and perverted she'd acted the previous night.

She couldn't really blame the other girls. They were as drunk as her. More importantly, they were Brazilians. They didn't know any better. That was the way they were, them and their nudity and casual sex and lack of inhibitions. It wasn't up to them to keep her from degrading herself, it was up to her to manage her own behaviour and not fall to their level.

The door opened and Helena came in, smiling, wearing dark glasses, no doubt to hide her bloodshot eyes.

"Hallo, Idaho," she said, waving idly as she carried several bags to her desk.

Kat nodded without speaking, blushing, not sure how to treat the girl. But Helena was acting as though nothing had happened, and she quickly decided that made the most sense for her.

"Classes start tomorrow. I stopped off and got the texts we need. You can pay me back."

"Oh. Thanks," Kat said, taking the books gratefully.

"Remember we're all supposed to have read the first two chapters. And if the teacher finds out you haven't bothered they'll make an example of you – so read."

"I don't really feel much like reading."

"Nor do I. I got too drunk. But it's either that or go out to the beach and I don't feel like I want

bright sunlight in my face right now.”

The two spent a comfortable couple of hours reading through the chapters. Kat was starting to feel better, and glad to have something to take her mind off what she'd done. Then Adriana and Luisa returned, and she felt self-conscious again, wondering when and if the others would bring up her behavior the other night – not that theirs had been any different.

No one brought anything up, however, until Adriana was scanning through the course outline for History.

“The historical background of slavery in Brazil,” she said. “Hey, Luisa, it’s all about you.”

Luisa scowled and gave her the finger, and Adriana smirked.

“Fuck you, puta,” Luisa said.

“Come on, wouldn’t you rather still be a slave girl, all naked and collared and made to service your white master?”

“You’re the one who likes stripping. Maybe you’d rather be in a bordello somewhere!”

“And she likes being spanked,” Helena added mischievously.

“Well, Kat seemed to like being tied up the other day,” Adriana said with a smirk. “Maybe she’d like to be in shackles all chained up and having men going at her.”

Kat blushed, but managed nothing more clever than “Fuck you.”

“Kat is our little slave girl,” Luisa said. “We tie her to the bed and make her service us.”

“Fuck you guys! I’m not drinking again ever!”

The other three all laughed.

“Come on, Kat, you had fun,” Helena said.

“I don’t do girls, okay!”

“You were doing it pretty good last night,” Luisa said.

“Because you tied me up!”

“Hey, how many times did you come, exactly?” Adriana demanded.

Kat’s blush deepened.

“We were just having fun is all. Your problem is that your people are so prudish about everything. You’re in Brazil now, not Idaho. Nobody thinks you’re an evil lesbian slut because you had some fun with us. We’re not lesbians either. We just had fun.”

It was very hard to argue against that. And Kat knew that in many ways they were right. What harm had been done? She’d clearly had fun, enjoyed herself, and nobody had been hurt. More importantly, none of her family or friends would ever find out, so she could put what happened behind her.

Helena sat down next to her and put her arm around her. “You’re not mad at us are you?”

“No, of course not,” she said.

It would be churlish to say otherwise.

Then Adrian sat down on her other side, and Kat looked at her warily, not liking the smirk in her face.

“You’re not mad at me, are you, Idaho?”

“No,” she said.

“Give me a kiss then.”

“Fuck you.”

The others laughed. And Kat couldn’t help laughing too. She didn’t notice Adriana’s hand pass over her coke, or the pill which dropped into it. She reached back and took a drink.

Adriana lay back on the bed. “Actually, that’s a hot fantasy,” she said. “Imagine yourself a naked slave girl of some hottie Arab prince, wearing a collar and shackles and servicing his hot body.”

“Except it probably won’t be a hot young Arab prince but some fat old guy with gray hair,” Luisa said.

“Hey, you have your fantasies and I’ll have mine.”

“Well, if you’re going to be servicing guys with your hands tied you better learn how to deep throat properly or you’ll throw up on them. That’s a real mood killer, you know.”

“Oh you think you’re so good,” Adriana huffed.

Luisa smirked. “I can deep throat.”

“So can I,” Kat said without thinking.

She blushed as the others looked at her. “No gag reflex,” she said helplessly. “I don’t know why. It’s like... “

“Like you’re a natural cock sucker?” Luisa laughed.

“No!”

“I don’t believe you,” Adriana said.

“It’s true.”

“Slut!” Helena shouted teasingly.

Adriana produced a dildo, one of the ones from the other night, Kat thought, blushing deeply, and tried to get her to prove she could deep throat, but she refused. Then Luisa took another one and tilted her head back, sliding the dark black dildo deep into her throat, gagging only a little as the others looked on.

Kat drank nervously, wishing she hadn’t blurted that out. Now the others wanted her to prove it but the idea was too embarrassing – well, kind of embarrassing. Well, perhaps only a little embarrassing. She began to feel more relaxed as the others laughed and joked about cocks they’d sucked and the men who’d been attached to them.

And she and the others laughed as Adriana tried to swallow her dildo and kept gagging and choking

“I guess you can’t be a harem girl then,” Luisa taunted. “Cause as soon as he shoves it down you’re throat you’re gonna vomit on him.”

“He doesn’t have to shove it down my throat,” Adriana said resentfully. “I know how to work my mouth, you know, to make their eyes roll back in their heads.”

“Yeah, but if your hands are shackled behind your back he’s gonna push it too deep. Bound to,” Luisa said sagely.

“And you know this because?” Adriana demanded.

“Oh come on. Of course I’ve had sex tied up. Who hasn’t?”

For some reason they all looked at Kat, and she blushed. “What?”

“Have you ever? I mean, other than last night?”

“No!”

“They don’t do nasty things like that in Idaho,” Luisa taunted.

And at last Kat felt comfortable enough to put on her own demonstration, sliding the dildo effortlessly into her throat, feeling darkly sexual as the other three looked on and watched her pump the dildo in and out.

“Slut!” Helena said.

“If that bitch can do it so can I!” Adriana growled.

“Apparently not,” Luisa said cattily.

“Maybe you just need to get used to it. It’s all in your head,” Luisa said. “Just force it into your throat.”

“I can’t. I keep pulling back.”

And so, under Luisa’s direction, she knelt on the floor, and they tied her wrists to the bed post behind her head. She was naked, in case she did wind up throwing up, and they had put papers down around her. Luisa held the dildo and pushed it into her mouth, while Kat and Helena looked on, giggling a little.

Kat felt strange and uncomfortable. But at the same time the sight of the girl stretched out, naked, tied up, was doing things inside her mind. She felt like rubbing herself and had to clench her fists to

make sure she didn't, as Luisa slowly pushed the dildo into the other girl's mouth and then let her suck and lick at it.

Every time she pushed it too deep, though, Adriana gagged violently, and she pulled it back.

"Maybe you need to be in the right mood," Helena said.

And so she got a vibrator, and then she and Luisa began to work over the other girl, giggling and snickering as they did. Kat sat back, blushing, but getting even more turned on as she watched Luisa licking and sucking on the other girl's breasts while Helena worked the vibrator over her pussy to get her "in the mood".

This was sick! Perverted! But she was in Brazil, and they weren't really doing any harm, and what the hell, it was hot to watch, very hot. Maybe she'd been wrong about this girl on girl stuff. Maybe it was just good clean hot fun. She drank deeply and stared, heart thumping as she watched Adriana's hips begin to grind and roll as she responded to the other girls actions.

"Come and help us, Kat!"

"Oh no, I - ."

"Come on! Don't be so backward!"

She slipped off her bed and reluctantly crawled over beside Luisa, then, giggling, face flushed, and she joined Luisa in sucking and licking on Adriana's breasts and nipples.

Gasping and moaning in heat, Adriana was able to swallow the dildo, though she gagged a little, choked and coughed a little, and twisted and pulled against the ropes, at first.

As they continued stroking and caressing and working on her body, however, and she gained more experience in the feel of the dildo sliding up and down her throat, she began to relax, and her gagging eased.

They untied her, then, though, and the aroused girl pulled Kat in against her, kissing her deeply, her hands digging into her buttocks as she wrestled her to the floor. Kat was reluctant, but was also feeling light-headed with excitement and heat, and when Adriana's hand went down her shorts and began to finger her she gave up her resistance and moaned and kissed back.

She was soon as naked as Adriana, and while Helen and Luisa made out, they ground their bodies together and let their hands race over each other as their lesbian lust grew more powerful and Kat's inhibitions faded away.

Kat was content to let Adriana take the lead, however, content to just enjoy the pleasure, to revel in the dark, nasty heat as the other girl ran her hands and mouth over her body. She lay on her back, and moaned as Adriana spread her legs, then maneuvered her pussy in against Kat's and began to grind away.

She was panting and moaning, writhing with heat and sexual hunger when Luisa the strap-on. And then, somehow, the others were tying a protesting Kat's wrists together behind her back, and she was on her knees in front of the Black girl, who held her hair tightly as she guided her mouth onto her "cock".

Why was she feeling so hot? Was the heat turned up high? Kat was sweating, feeling overheated. The room swirled around her and she felt a heady sense of sexual need and jubilation. This was all such a wicked, exciting, and arousing game!

She mouthed Luisa's "cock", her wrists tightly bound behind her, and moaned as the black girl jerked on her hair, pulling her face forward, sliding the dildo down into her throat. She felt the vibrator rubbing between her legs as Helena played it over her clit, and felt Adriana's fingers pinching and rolling her nipples. The sensations were overwhelming her, and she moaned dazedly as she swallowed the dildo and rolled her glassy eyes up to Luisa.

Slave girl. Harem girl. Sex slave. It was all such a wildly exciting thought, and she felt the tightness of the rope around her wrists and gave herself to the pleasure as the climax roared over her.

Chapter Four

“Miss MacGregor, it is evident you did not read the first three chapters as you were instructed,” Senhora Silva said sternly.

Kat dropped her eyes, thinking of the long, lewd sexual games which had occupied her time, and the exhausted sleep which had prevented her from finishing her reading. She couldn't very well explain that to the Senhora!

“You will see Senhora Tavares, who will perhaps find a way to prompt you to recall your responsibilities,” she said.

“Yes, Senhora,” Kat mumbled, embarrassed.

She was forced to leave the class, red-faced, and then walk up the long hall to the office of the Principal. She had only briefly seen the woman, who was about forty, but startlingly lovely, tall and well-built. Senhora Tavares was a statuesque woman with long dark hair and a narrow, aristocratic face. Her dark eyes looked sternly at Kat as she stood awkwardly before her, feeling very very much the naughty young girl.

This is ridiculous, she thought. I'm not a little girl. I shouldn't let myself be intimidated like this. Do they really use straps and canes here? God, that's so medieval! What do I do if she - .”

“Miss MacGregor,” Tavares said in a deep, throaty growl. “Are you aware of the rules and responsibilities of admission to this school?”

“Yes, Senhora Tavares,” Kat said, head bowed.

“We do not accept many international students here, and they are often resented by the rest who believe they are receiving special treatment. I want to stress to you that you will receive no special treatment. That to the contrary I will deal more harshly with you in an effort to instill in you the kind of discipline your own culture so clearly lacks.”

She stood up and moved around the desk. Kat had to fight the urge to step back, for the woman was so much taller than her. Again she had the awkward feeling as though she were a child again, not helped when the woman slipped her fingers beneath Kat's chin and tilted her head up.

“Are you going to accept your punishment like a young lady or squeal like a bratty little girl?” she demanded.

“I-I'll accept my punishment, S-Senhora,” Kat gulped anxiously.

Tavares released her chin and moved to a corner table, opened a drawer, and took out a long thin whip. It wasn't quite a cane, more of a switch, or perhaps, a crop, for it twisted and flexed in her hands as she looked narrowly down at the wide-eyed blonde girl.

“I want you to bend over fully,” she said, and clasp your arms together around your legs.”

Kat stared at her, heart thumping.

“Now, Macgregor.”

“Bu-but - .”

The woman pushed against Kat's shoulder, and she found herself bending over, bending further and further.

“All the way, girl,” Tavares said, “Clasp your arms around your legs. You're a limber girl, I'm sure you can manage it.”

Kat did manage it, but felt her head throb as blood rushed to it. She was bent all the way over, her

breasts pressing against her legs, her head completely upside down, hair dragging on the floor as she stared, close up, at her own knees.

“Let’s straight,” Tavares barked.

This is insane, Kat thought, on the edge of straightening. I can’t let this woman whip my bottom like a wayward girl!

But what was the alternative? If she refused her parents would be called, and in all likelihood she’d wind up being expelled and sent home.

Then she gasped as she felt Tavares flip her skirt up to bare her bottom. She was wearing a thong, of course, and despite her recent experience with public nudity she blushed deeply as the woman folded her skirt back fully to expose her buttocks.

“You will be given five strokes,” Tavares said. “Do not move, and do not speak.”

The first blow cracked down across her bottom, and Kat flinched and gasped at the sharp, stinging pain.

She had a sudden wild thought about whether Tavares was like her roommates, and had done it with women. Did she stare at Kat’s upraised bottom and want to do it with her too? She blushed even more deeply at that thought, and then gasped and winced at the second blow. The third was harder, and made her gnash her teeth, and then the fourth and fifth came and almost made her jerk free of her legs.

“You may straighten,” Tavares said. “Return to your class and do not misbehave again.”

“Y-Yes, Senhora,” she gasped, light-headed now as she straightened.

She left the office, her bottom stinging, self-conscious as she walked slowly, wondering if everyone would know. She could tell them the woman had just talked to her. She didn’t have to admit she’d cropped her. That would be too embarrassing! Her roommates would laugh and laugh and taunt her to no end. Imagine, a girl her age getting her bare bottom cropped!

She wasn’t at all sure Senhora Tavares wasn’t some sort of pervert! Had she done that to stare at Kat’s bare bottom? The idea of that was embarrassing, but darkly exciting, as well, for some reason.

These Brazilians were all perverts!

She went to the bathroom first, and with the room empty, pulled her skirt up and examined her bottom. There were red lines where the crop had struck, but while they were hot to the touch and a little tender, the skin wasn’t broken. No doubt it would heal soon. In the meantime she was going to have a sore bottom when she went back to class and sat down.

Not that she had to go back to class immediately. The teacher wouldn’t know how long Senhora Tavares was keeping her. In fact, class was over in about fifteen minutes. She could just stay away and the teacher would assume she was still with Senhora Tavares. She could go on to her next class with no one the wiser! And it would preclude her having to make that embarrassing walk down the center of the class with everyone watching her, and having to sit down with everyone waiting to see if she winced when her bottom made contact with the wood.

The bathroom door opened and Adriana came in. She grinned. “Hello, little puta,” she teased. “Looking for some black cock to suck?”

“Shut up, Adriana. Someone might hear.”

“Nobody’s here. What are you doing here?”

“I was called out of class and I’m waiting before I go back.”

“Called out of class for what?”

“Nothing. What do you have there?”

Adriana was lighting a joint. She took a deep breath and held it for a long minute, then opened the window and blew the smoke out. “Want some?”

Kat hesitated, then took a drag and handed the joint back to Adriana.

“Let’s go into a stall.”

Adriana tugged on her sleeve and pulled her into one of the stalls. She closed the door and pushed Kat down onto the toilet. Then to Kat’s surprise, she straddled the toilet facing Kat and sat in her lap.

“What are you doing? Are you gonna give me a lap dance or something?” Kat asked

“Something like that,” Adriana said with a smirk.

She took a deep drag, then gripped Kat’s soft blonde hair and jerked her head back, crushing her lips against her and exhaling into her mouth. Kat pushed against her at first, then relaxed and drew the smoke deep into her lungs as Adrian’s lips mashed wetly against her own.

Adriana drew in another drag, pulling Kat’s head back even further. Kat’s hands rose halfheartedly, as if to pull her hair free, then relaxed. She was not normally a submissive girl, or at least, hadn’t been. But more and more of late she had found herself giving in to what the others wanted.

Adriana exhaled into her mouth again and Kat moaned softly and inhaled deeply as Adriana’s lips slid in beneath her ear and down along the nape of her neck.

“Hold the joint for me,” Adriana commanded.

Kat held it up and out as the girl’s free hand slid down into her blazer, squeezing her through the blouse, then unbuttoned the blouse and pulled her bra down. She moaned as Adriana’s hands slid over her bare breast and her fingers stroked against her tingling nipple. Then the brown haired girl drew in another quick breath and blew it into Kat’s lungs.

Kat just lay her head back and relaxed, groaning softly as the other girl nibbled at the nape of her neck, then sucked and licked her way along her throat. Another breath of soft, sweet air was blown into her lungs, and then Adriana was sucking on her breast, her lips covering Kat’s hard, throbbing nipple, her teeth biting gently into her flesh as she sucked rhythmically.

Adriana drew the last of the smoke out of the joint and threw it into the toilet, then drew Kat’s arms up and back behind her head. As she bent her back across the toilet tank she took off the scarf she had been wearing around her own neck, and then carefully tied Kat’s wrists together around a narrow pipe which went up the wall behind the toilet tank.

“Wh-what are you doooooing?” Kat groaned.

Adriana chuckled darkly and kissed her again, pulling her blouse completely open and then roughly kneading her breasts. She drew a pill out of her pocket, put it into her mouth, then kissed Kat again, this time spitting the pill into her mouth. Kat was so unprepared that she swallowed instinctively.

“Wha-what was that?” she panted.

“Nothing, my little slut,” Adriana teased, returning to sucking and licking at her breasts.

“Adriana!” Kat moaned.

Adriana licked her way down her belly, then undid Kat’s skirt and tugged it down.

“Lift your bottom, little slut.”

“S-Someone might come!” Kat protested weakly.

“Yes, you!”

She tugged hard on the skirt, forcing it down under the blonde girl’s buttocks, pulling on the thong at the same time, sliding them down her legs and off. Then she lifted the girl’s legs up and back, spreading her knees wide open as she knelt in front of the toilet and licked her way down to Kat’s pussy.

“Oh God! Oh fuck!” Kat gasped, waves of excitement rolling over her at the nasty, wicked little game.

Adriana’s tongue was lapping mercilessly at her clit, and Kat grunted and gasped, her hips bucking wildly as wild little jolts of excitement and pleasure shot through her.

Then she rose up, hiking her own skirt up. She was naked beneath, and she straddled Kat and pulled her face in against her shaven sex. Kat gurgled weakly, but had little choice but to obey. Adriana pulled on her hair and head, grinding her pussy against her mouth, and Kat’s hands pulled feebly against the scarf binding them in place even as she began to lick at the other girl’s hot little sex.

The outer door banged open, and a couple of girls came into the toilet, chatting about a science project. It seemed surreal to Kat to be tied up, licking Adriana’s pussy while these girls droned on about genetic codes and DNA! But her head was jammed back across the top of the toilet tank, and Adriana

was grinding her pussy into her mouth. She licked energetically, wanting to please her, and to make her come quickly. Her own pussy was throbbing, as well, and the danger of discovery only seemed to arouse her more.

“Oh yeah! Lick me! Lick me, bitch!” Adriana gasped, whispering excitedly.

“So I think that if we get enough on DNA structure on the internet we can then paraphrase some of the stuff from the text and we won’t need to go to the library,” one of the other girls was saying.

“I don’t know. Hernandez is a stickler. She knows everything in the book and we’ll have to be really careful about what we use.”

“Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!”

“We’ll just insert bits and pieces here and there. She’ll never know.”

“Lick my pussy, you slut!”

More girls came in, and there was more conversation. The toilet flushed to their right, then to their left. Adriana stood over her, grinding her pussy into her mouth and sighing softly as Kat licked. Suddenly she started to fairly bounce atop her, gasping in a series of rapid-fire little grunts as she came, and pouring her warm cream over Kat’s face.

She sagged, her fingers easing their death grip on Kat’s hair. She moved back a bit, then sat down, straddling Kat, massaging her breasts and fingering her nipples.

“What should I do with you, little slut?” she purred softly.

She eased back. The room was empty, and with a grin, she dropped to her knees, then slid underneath the stall.

“Adriana!” Kat gasped.

“I’ll be back. Sit still. Try not to make noise.”

There was little choice in the matter. Kat was naked, for all intents and purposes, and tied to a pipe. She tried to adjust her position a little on the seat, resting her head back on her arms beneath and behind her, and looking worriedly at the crack which ran along the edge of the door. What was Adriana up to!? God, what if she was discovered like this!?

Someone came into the room, used the toilet, washed their hands, and left. Then two more girls came in and chatted about a guy they knew and whether he was trying to play one girl’s friend off against another. Then they left.

Kat was gripped by a strange erotic heat. She was afraid of discovery, but felt wicked and aroused. The very skin on her body seemed to tingle, especially her breasts, so sensitive that the breeze playing across her hard nipples made her shudder.

Someone else came in, and then Kat peeked under the stall and slid inside.

“Where were you! Where did you go!? Untie me!”

“Not just yet, little slut,” Kat purred, giving Kat a look which said she was going to do something nasty.

“Untie me! I mean it!”

Instead Adriana opened the door, and Luisa came in. Kat felt her heart beat faster as the two closed the stall door and turned to her with dark smirks on their faces.

“What are you guys doing?” she asked nervously.

“Nothing, little slut,” Adriana purred. “I thought you might be hungry so I got something from the kitchen for you.”

Then she and Luisa reached down and gripped Kat’s legs, lifting them up and back.

“What are you doing! Quit it!” she gasped.

The two ignored her, straightening her legs and bending them back, pressing her ankles back against the wall on either side of the toilet tank. Giggling, they then produced cord which they used to tie her ankles to a horizontal pipe which went along the wall at the same height as the top of the tank.

Of course, this left Kat slouched low on the toilet. With her ankles forced up and back as they were she was more or less sitting on her back rather than her bottom, which was raised up in the air. The

lower position also arched her back more sharply across the corner of the toilet tank

“You guys! Stop it! Untie me!”

But instead, they bent and Adriana pulled something out from the pocket of her blazer. Kat gasped as she saw it was a large green cucumber.

“What are you doing! Adriana! Don’t! No!”

“Don’t worry, little slut. I brought some lube.”

She tore open a small packet of butter and smeared it over the end of the cucumber, then bent and pushed it against Kat’s pussy. Kat gasped as the cucumber was twisted from side to side, and pushed down and in hard. She groaned aloud as she felt it sinking slowly into her, forcing her sex lips in and back. The butter made it slippery against her, and Adriana was pushing and twisting, trying to get it into her.

“Stop it! It’s too big!” she gasped.

“Little slut like you can take any kind of cock inside them, Norteamericano,” Luisa laughed.

Then she hiked up her own skirt to display her naked sex, straddled Kat’s head, and settled her pussy down over her mouth.

“Lick me, puta!”

Kat moaned helplessly, embarrassed, angry, anguished – and yet excited despite all that. The pressure against her pussy ached, but not severely, and she licked at Luisa’s bare pussy as the black girl ground herself back and forth against her mouth.

As Adriana continued to push and twist the cucumber, however, it began to force its way inside her. Her pussy lips ached even more, and were spread wider and wider under the inexorable pressure against them. With her legs spread wide, and the butter acting as a lubricant she could do nothing to hold it back.

And then she felt the cucumber drive into her, felt herself spread wide enough now, for the fat green vegetable to be slowly pushed into her body. She gasped and moaned and whimpered and tried to protest as the ache, the pain grew, but Luisa pulled on her hair and rode her face mercilessly, rubbing and grinding her pussy down against her mouth so it was impossible to speak, to protest.

Adriana was now bent over licking her clit, too, and Kat’s hips bucked convulsively as sharp little explosions of pleasure tore through her aching pussy

She felt the cucumber sinking deeper, bit by bit, her insides forced apart, stretching, straining to accommodate the hard, cold cucumber as Adriana kept the pressure up. The overly full sensation ached and even hurt, but it was exciting Kat’s mind, and she shuddered and moaned excitedly as she lapped and sucked at Luisa’s clitoris.

Luisa began to bounce atop her face, gasping and moaning as she ground her clit into Kat’s mouth. And then she sat back, panting, as Adriana thrust the cucumber harder, and it sank several more inches deep.

“Ahh!” Kat cried at the sudden pain.

“We have to go now. We have a class,” Luisa said.

“U-Untie me!” Kat panted breathlessly.

“Oh I don’t think so,” Adriana said.

Instead Luisa took off her scarf and tied it around Kat’s eyes, blinding her. Then she heard the door of the stall unlocked and, giggling, the two left.

As dazed and light-headed as Kat had been over the past twenty minutes or so she certainly realized what that meant. It meant any girl who came into the toilet and who pushed at the door of that stall would find her like this, naked, legs splayed and lifted back, pussy stuffed with the cucumber.

Her face burned at the thought! She twisted and pulled at the scarf binding her wrists back, her ankles pulling against the cords holding them back. Yet she could not move, and dared not make a sound.

A girl came into the toilet, but didn’t use the stall. Another, and another, and another came in, and

she remained undiscovered.

And then she heard a giggle nearby, and froze. A moment later she gasped as someone pinched her nipple and gave it a twist.

“S-Stop!” she gasped.

Then she gasped louder as whoever it was put their foot against the base of the cucumber sticking out of her pussy and began to push.

“Unggh! Ohh! Please! Ungggh!” she groaned, twisting and writhing as the cucumber slid deeper and deeper into her aching pussy.

She heard the door lock snap as the door was closed, then a moment later a pussy settled down on her face, and fingers pulled at her hair. She whimpered and began to lick as the pussy ground back and forth across her mouth, gasping and yelping weakly as whoever it was reached back to slap at her breasts and pinch her nipples.

Surely it was Luisa or Adriana!? Or Helena!?

But she couldn't be sure. All she could do was lick at the pussy grinding down onto her mouth and hope that she was soon untied.

The girl riding her face ground herself down heavily, faster and faster. Kat had no idea who it was, and could only hear them breathing, gasping, grunting as she licked at them.

Then the girl was gone, and she was left in the same position, the cucumber wedged even more deeply and tightly into her throbbing, aching pussy.

She moaned weakly, and waited in an agony of anxiety for discovery, for yelling, for teachers to come, for her to have to explain herself.

Then the door closed again, and the sliding bolt put in place. She tried to stare around her, as though she could see through the blindfold which had been placed over her eyes. But of course, she saw nothing. Then hands caressed her breasts. She jerked and gasped, but said nothing as they moved softly over her breasts, fingers stroking at her nipples. A hand eased down between her legs and a slick finger rubbed at her clit.

“Wh-Who is it?” she gasped softly.

There was no answer. Her clit was rubbed, her nipples stroked, and then soft lips began to kiss and suckle at her breasts, a tongue licking at her hard nipples as teeth bit gently into her breasts.

Whoever it was bit and sucked and licked for long minutes at her nipples and breasts as they rubbed at her clit. Kat was nearly convinced it must be one of her friends, and the sexual heat was rolling over her as she began to slide deeper into the sexual heat which had been hovering around her for so long. She moaned and her hips rolled her bottom up, her breathing short and ragged.

She was rapidly approaching a climax. And then, as the girl licked more excitedly at her clit, and pushed against the cucumber, it came, and she arched and twisted and sobbed in pleasure as the hurricane of sensations rolled her mind over and over again.

She had barely stopped shuddering and bucking when another pussy was pressed down against her mouth, and she wearily began to lick and lap at it as fingers combed through her hair.

But this pussy had hair on it.

Her eyes widened behind the blindfold, for none of the three girls she lived with had pussy hair. That meant it was a stranger! A stranger who had eaten and licked and pushed her into orgasm, a stranger riding her mouth!

And yet what could she do but continue!? She licked the unknown girl to climax, and then was alone again. But not for long, this time.

“Look at what we have here!?”

She went red at the female voice, and the laughter which followed.

“Funny place to keep a cucumber!” the female voice said with a laugh echoed by at least two other voices.

“Ungh!” she groaned as she felt pressure on the cucumber, felt the girl's foot press against it,

forcing it even deeper into her lower belly.

“Look at this little round asshole,” the voice said. “I think we should put the cucumber there instead!”

“I think she needs another cucumber!” another girl’s voice sneered.

“Fuckeeng Norteamericano whore!” said a third voice.

Kat recognized none of the voices, and trembled, her face flushed and burning. Shame flooded her, and she couldn’t bring herself to speak, as if, somehow, she was able to hide behind the blindfold.

But then her nipples were pinched and twisted and pulled, and she yelped and cried out in pain as the girls above her laughed. She gasped and cried out again as the cucumber was jammed in, and then there was a pussy over her face, and her head and hair was being pulled in.

“Eat me, bitch!” a gleeful female voice commanded.

There was more laughter and jeers, and she cried out as her clit was pinched.

One after another the girls there straddled her head and forced her to lick their pussies. All the while they laughed and jeered, their hands pinching and stroking, fondling and groping. She had no idea how many there were. At first, she was sure there were only three, but now there seemed to be more!

And then, after she had licked at least three or four pussies, something pushed at her anus, something fat and cold and slippery, and no amount of begging and pleading drew any response but laughter. Another pussy was jammed against her mouth, and she felt her anus forced wider and wider as another cucumber was slowly forced up into her lower belly.

Her nipples were being continually twisted and pulled and plucked and pinched as pussies were rubbed over her face. Her hair was pulled and twisted and her breasts slapped and roughly squeezed. Fingers rubbed at her clit and tongues licked at it, while the cucumbers were shoved and twisted deeper and deeper into her aching belly.

From the sounds, there were anywhere from three to six or seven girls in and around the cubicle at any given time, some leaving, while others arrived. Most of the conversation was in Portuguese, so she didn’t know what was being said, but the tone of voices and cruel laughter really needed no translation.

When they wanted her to know, of course, they spoke in English.

“Lick me, puta!”

“Lick me, Norteamericano!”

“Lick me, blonde slut!”

“You like that cock inside you, blonde whore?”

“Dirty Yankee beetch!”

Girls rode her mouth for almost two hours, or so it seemed, while she gasped and moaned and pleaded to be released. Then the voices faded away, and then disappeared entirely, and she was left, panting and moaning, alone. Her nipples were on fire, and she was horribly stuffed, and overstuffed in her lower belly. She was still firmly tied in place, as well, in the lewd position Luisa and Adriana had placed her when she was discovered by one of the teachers.

Chapter Five

“You will explain to me, exactly what happened and who was involved,” Senhor Tavares demanded.

There was no sympathy in her eyes. Nor had there been in the eyes of the teacher who had discovered Kat. Tavares had made it clear she did not believe Kat had been set upon by unseen strangers, as the girl had weakly tried to suggest had happened. She instead believed Kat had willingly allowed herself to become involved in “public sex”, and demanded to know who had been involved with her.

Kat was still naked. The teacher who had caught her had been furious and had let forth a rapidfire burst of Portuguese at her before untying her and then dragging her as she was up the hall to Tavares offices. Thankfully there had been almost no one in the halls, but it had still been humiliating. And now, things were no better. She was still naked – and the cucumbers were still jammed up high within her belly. The gleaming rounded bottoms were sticking out between her sex lips and buttocks, and she was forced to stand in place with her hands behind her neck and back arched while Tavares paced back and forth in front of her trying to shame and threaten her into giving up the names of her “accomplices”.

“You will tell me who you had sex with,” she said, glaring at the red faced girl.

“But I was blindfolded!” Kat cried.

Tavares had been twisting a short, multi thronged flog in her hands threateningly for several minutes. Now she swung her right hand and the flog lashed across the blonde teenager’s belly, drawing a cry of pain.

“Do you take me for a fool!? Who put the blindfold on!?”

Kat didn’t know what to say. She was mad enough at Luisa and Adriana to beat the both half to death, but tattling on them was not in her. She bit her lip and then cried out again as the flog lashed her quivering belly a second time.

“Perhaps I should call your parents, and summon them here to pick you up,” Tavares said.

“Perhaps I should tell them that you were caught having public sex with other girls in the washroom. Do you think they would approve?”

Kat blanched. The idea of her parents being told something like that was so horribly embarrassing, so humiliating that she would do almost anything to avoid it.

“Oh please don’t!” she cried, her voice breaking.

“And how will I otherwise explain you being expelled?”

“P-Please don’t expel me, Senhora Tavares!” she begged.

“You wish to stay here, in this awful place, where you are set upon by strange girls and have vegetables pushed into your body?” she asked sarcastically, jamming the narrow flog up against the base of the cucumber protruding from Kat’s taut sex lips.

“I-I... yes!” Kat gasped.

“So then, I have you completely at my mercy. Is that not correct?”

Kat nodded weakly. “Yes, Senorha! I’ll do anything you want!” she blurted.

“And I can do anything I want to you, as well,” the woman said with a dark, cruel stare.

“P-Please don’t tell my par – Agh!”

To her shock the woman lashed out again with the flog, only this time the short, thin leather strips lashed down across her taut breasts with stinging force.

“Did I tell you to move?” Tavares demanded.

“N-No, Senhora!” she gasped, pulling her hands back behind her neck.

“So you wish me to punish you, severely, rather than have me call your parents.”

“Y-Yes, S-Senhora,” she gulped anxiously.

“For such a transgression, the punishment would be severe indeed,” Tavares said, staring down at her.

Kat closed her lips tightly, trembling.

Tavares brought the flog slicing down across her breasts and Kat cried out again.

“Did you hear me?” Tavares demanded.

“Y-Yes, Senhora!” she cried.

“Push your chest out more, girl,” the woman purred, rubbing the short leather flog across Kat’s already sore, reddened breasts.

Whimpering, she obeyed, and Tavares drew the flog back.

“Do not move,” she growled menacingly.

She brought the flog down across Kat’s breasts again with stinging force, and Kat flinched and cried out in pain, but held her position. Another blow, and another, and another came, in a slow, measured fashion. Kat’s face began to crumble, tears filling her eyes as the pain mounted, as her breasts began to burn and ache more and more fiercely.

Tavares swung the flog again, and again, and again, and Kat’s lips began to quiver and shake, and then she began to sob weakly, crying out with each fresh blow, trembling and shaking as her breasts burned like fire.

“Stiffen your back, slut!”

Kat pushed her chest out again and her breasts were sliced again. Her legs became rubbery and the world blurred as she stared through her tears. Another blow sliced across her breasts and she sobbed weakly, sinking helplessly to her knees.

“Arch your back, slut!”

Dazedly, she pushed her chest out, and another blow of the flog whipped down across the aching flesh. Another blow, and another came as she sobbed weakly, head back, chest out. She swayed weakly, and as another blow sliced into the soft, red flesh she fell back onto her back with a sob of pain.

“Did I tell you to move?” Tavares growled. “I want your feet flat on the floor and your hands behind your neck! Now! Arch your back. Your elbows on the floor beneath your head! Raise your body! Now! Do it!”

Every command brought another blow, but now she was bringing the whip down across the sobbing girl’s belly and abdomen as well.

Kat’s elbows were on the floor, and her feet were flat. She arched her back up strongly, her head rolling beneath her shoulders. She was a limber and athletic young girl, and only a lithe young girl could have forced her entire body to bow upwards, legs spread wide, feet flat as Tavares swung her arm and brought the flog whipping down across her belly, and then her abdomen, and then, as Kat cried out in pain, the leather thongs sliced into the soft flesh of her inner thighs and pussy.

Again and again and again the woman rained blows on the sobbing, trembling, shaking young girl, the flog slicing down across taut breasts and swollen nipples, across reddening belly and straining pussy lips. Kat’s entire front felt flayed and burned, and the strain of holding her position finally became too much and she collapsed onto her back on the floor, sobbing brokenly.

“So. You are too weak to hold your position,” Tavares said. “Then you must sit.”

She pulled over a heavy, high-backed chair and then reached down and gripped the still whimpering, crying girl by the hair, forcing her to her feet.

“Straddle the chair and sit down facing backwards.”

“I-I can’t!” Kat wailed.

“You mean because of these?” Tavares asked sarcastically, pressing against the base of the cucumber protruding from between the blonde girl’s buttocks. “Not to fear. You may straddle the arms of the chair.”

Whimpering, Kat was pulled forward by the hair, and spread her legs wide around the narrow chair. When Tavares pushed her down she found herself straddling the flat arms of the chair, with her aching breasts pressed into the high back.

“Young girls need a firm hand,” Tavares purred, running her fingers along Kat’s hot, pale back before returning to her desk.

She returned with several two-foot-long leather straps. She ordered Kat to pull her hands up and back behind her head again, then tied one of the straps around her wrists, then around her neck to hold them in place.

“Such pretty hair,” Tavares purred, coming her fingers through the trembling teen’s blonde hair.

She drew Kat’s hair sideways into a pigtail, then produced a much thinner leather cord to tie around the bottom. She did the same with the hair on the other side of her head, though Kat had no idea why. A moment later she drew Kat’s foot up and back behind her, tying it to the outside of the arm where it curved down. A moment later she did the same with her other ankle.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Kat whimpered.

“Whatever I want. We have established this, yes?”

She pulled on her hair and Kat gasped as he was bent back. Then the woman took one of the thin leather cords bound to her pigtail and drew it forward down the front of her body. She forced her head forward, then tied a loop in the cord before placing it precisely over her aching, swollen red nipple. She tugged carefully and Kat gasped as the cord closed painfully tight at the base of her nipple.

“Please!” she whimpered.

“But you are so proud of your young body, are you not?” Tavares sneered.

She tied the other cord around her other nipple, and then pulled her head back. Kat cried out as the cord pulled sharply on her nipples, and Tavares laughed.

“I despise weakness,” Tavares said. “And young girls today are all weak. I would punish you all properly but your parents are just as weak! But I have a free hand with you, do I not, girl?!”

The flog lashed down across Kat’s back and she cried out in pain, her head jerking up and back. A second cry of pain followed as she pulled sharply against her nipples.

Tavares pulled back, and went to the bookshelf, then drew from it a thick, heavy book and returned to slide the book onto the chair underneath where Kat straddled the arms. She went back and got another, and then slid that in – but had to pull up on the blonde girl’s hair to force her to rise first.

When Kat sank down again she felt the sudden new and heavy pressure against the base of the cucumbers in her pussy and anus, and cried out in pain. “Oh! Oh please!” she cried.

“How long can they be?” Tavares purred. “A foot, perhaps? You would be overjoyed with a young man who had a foot long cock for you, girl!”

She brought the flog lashing down across Kat’s soft back with a harsh, cruel blow. Kat cried out and arched back, pulling cruelly at her swollen nipples.

“Whore!” Tavares growled. “Young girls today are all whores!”

Another blow, and another, and another cut across the slender young girl’s back and shoulders, and then the older woman began to work the flog lower, lashing her middle and lower back, her sides and ribs. But the sharp, stinging pain of the flog began to fade behind the aching pain deep within her belly as Kat’s leg muscles proved unable to hold her up from the books below.

The pressure against the base of the cucumbers became greater and greater and the fat green vegetables were jammed up harder into the deepest pit of her pussy and anus. When her cries became too great Tavares simply taped her mouth closed, then continued flogging her back as Kat sank slowly and agonizingly down on the cucumbers. She would not have thought it possible for them to go any

deeper into her belly, yet somehow they did.

As her leg muscles weakened still further all her weight came down on the cucumbers, and for a long minute of agony she sat almost literally impaled upon them, the two cucumbers jammed high in her belly keeping her from sinking lower. And then, somehow, once again, something shifted within her, and her body slowly sank down completely to draw both cucumbers almost fully inside.

Her eyes were wide as the pain gnawed at her belly, and she trembled and writhed and shook as the terrible cramps and aching threatened to drive her insane.

Tavares pulled the tape from her mouth with a harsh yank. "The names, slut!" she demanded. And Kat gave them to her.

* * *

When Luisa and Adriana came nervously into the room, they found their eyes drawn to their roommate standing in the center of the room – naked. They stared in shock at the sight of the trembling blonde girl. She was standing with her legs apart, her back arched, hands behind her head – tied behind her head, they realized. The front of her body was red and flushed, and covered with dozens and dozens of thin red lines which criss-crossed her breasts, chest and belly, even descending down between her legs.

The two girls could just see the base of the cucumber nestled within Kat's pussy, her sex lips still straining wide.

"So," Tavares purred. "The two miscreants responsible for today's disgusting exhibit in the second floor bathroom."

The two said nothing, but dropped their eyes to the floor.

"I think you can both begin by apologizing to Miss MacGregor for the discomfort she has been put through this day," Tavares said.

"Sorry," they mumbled.

"Oh I think that is hardly sufficient," Tavares said "The discomfort is great, and so the apology should also be great. Or perhaps you would like me to inform your parents about what lewd lesbian behavior you have been undertaking?"

"I'm sorry," the both said, more loudly.

"Still not sufficient," Tavares said. "And since Miss MacGregor has been forced to exhibit her naked body throughout this incident, I think the two of you ought to follow through. Disrobe. Now!"

The two looked at each other, then nervously undressed, folding their clothes and placing them on the table. They hesitated at their underwear, but Tavares impatiently motioned them to continue. Neither girl was particularly shy about her body, but this was hardly the same setting as a beach, and they felt their embarrassment deepen as they stripped entirely and then stood in place, nervously shifting their weight from foot to foot and restraining themselves from trying to cover their breasts and groins with their hands and arms.

"I think your apology would be more fitting on your knees," Tavares said.

The two sank to their knees on the floor and nervously apologized again.

"I don't think Senhorita MacGregor would be likely to accept your apology. After all, she is still in considerable discomfort. If you really wanted her forgiveness you would try to ease her discomfort," Tavares said.

"Senhora De Costa? Perhaps you should move in closer. Much closer," Tavares purred.

Blushing, Adriana shifted forward on her knees, then further forward, until she was kneeling directly in front of Kat, staring at the swollen lips of her sex. Although the cucumber had been pulled almost completely into her body, her pussy lips were still held wide, as wide as the cucumber at its thickest. That let her see the pink insides of the blonde girl's pussy circling the more narrow base of the cucumber.

Tavares put her hand on Adriana's head and then pushed her face forward, rubbing her face against Kat's pussy. "Will you offer no comfort to this poor, pained girl, Da Costa?" Tavares purred.

Adriana had no doubts about what was required and reluctantly began to lick at Kat's pussy lips.

"And you, Nunes, you have no comfort to give this poor girl who bears the marks of pain you have caused?" Tavares demanded.

She gripped the black girl's hair behind her neck and forced her forward, forced her down onto all fours, and then to crawl up to and past where Kat stood, leading her in behind her to where the second cucumber was jammed up into her anus.

"Comfort the poor girl," Tavares growled, shoving her face in between Kat's buttocks.

As with the other cucumber, this one had been forced completely into Kat's body, yet her sphincter muscle had relaxed and her anus was held open by the thick body of the cucumber. The more narrow base, however, left a small space just at the entrance to her anus, and Luisa now slid her tongue slowly and slickly along the taut, straining opening, circling and circling, then probing lightly within.

Dazed, and gripped by a fresh wave of shame, Kat stood as she had been ordered, legs spread, back arched, trembling weakly, whimpering at the pain while her roommates tongued her pussy and anus. She was dazed by the events of the day, and swayed weakly, her mind swimming in a murky stew of pain, shame and confusion. Into that stew came the sudden fresh pain of Adriana's tonguing, for her pussy had been well-whipped, including her clit, and any touch caused a deep ache.

But the sensations began to change quickly, as the girl's moist, soft tongue slid along her sex lips and back and forth across her clit. And the feel of Luisa's tongue circling and probing at her anus was even more shocking, for she had never heard of such a thing, and was amazed the black girl would even agree, no matter the threats. Yet the sensation was making it hard to keep still, making her muscles spasm and twitch violently as her agile tongue pushed in next to the cucumber and stroked at her exquisitely sensitive flesh.

In front of her, Adriana's tongue was also caressing her oversensitive flesh, and producing its own sparkling waves of sensation.

Tavares sat back, propped on the edge of the table and watched, smirk turning to a fierce glower whenever one of the kneeling girls rolled her eyes up towards her.

"That's it, girls. Comfort our dear, pained Norteamericano," she purred. "Work those little pink tongues hard."

Kat moaned dazedly as her hips rolled forward into Adriana's mouth, her pussy throbbing even as her anus sparkled and pulsed with the novel sensations of pleasure Luisa was forcing upon her. On top of everything else which had happened to her today this lewd, perverted scene Senhora Tavares was directing simply collapsed whatever will she had to resist, and laid her inhibitions open like a raw wound.

She groaned, her legs rubbery, her body sparkling and burning with the fires of pain and pleasure. When Adriana managed to suck hard on her clitoris she cried out in helpless, wanton pleasure, and then an orgasm washed over her which was so intense she felt stunned by it, staggering, swaying, and then collapsing to rock and writhe on the floor, gurgling and moaning in mindless ecstasy.

Tavares stood back, only waving Luisa and Adriana to continue. Luisa threw her body atop the blonde girl, kissing her fiercely, gripping her hair and twisting it back to force her head back as her other hand clawed at Kat's breast. Luisa gripped the blonde's thighs and forced them wide as she mouthed her sex, sucking and licking fiercely at her clit as the girl rocked helplessly.

"Disgusting," Tavares said, shaking her head and scowling as she looked on. "You will all need to be severely punished."

Chapter Six

Kat did not know what to do. She no longer trusted her roommates, despite their apologies. She was angry at them for tying her in the bathroom and leaving her at the mercy of whatever girls wanted to abuse her. She felt shame and embarrassment about what Senhora Tavares had done, and a sense of being trapped, anxious about what else the woman would do to her.

She wanted to go home, but had no idea how to approach her parents. What could she tell them? Not the truth, that was certain.

She felt paranoid, and much abused – and yet – and yet there was a dark thrilling sensuality to the perverted sexual games she had taken part in. So as much as she resented the others for putting her through many of the things which had happened, she also had a distinct feeling of excitement and an almost smug sense of accomplishment for having had such experiences.

She was no naïve little Midwest girl, that was for sure! Not any more! Why if her friends had any idea of some of the things she'd done – well, some of them. Most of them would horrify even the most broadminded of them.

Tavares had whipped her breasts! Who did that!? She still had thin red lines across her proud young breasts, and her skin felt raw and sensitive.

She slid a hand up beneath her top and carefully rolled a firm nipple between her finger and thumb. She winced a bit, for it was sore, but it was also deliciously sensitive to the touch, and seemed to have a straight pulsing line right down to her pussy. When she rolled and squeezed it she felt an answering pulse between her legs.

The door to her room opened and Adriana entered in company with Helena. Kat scowled resentfully and turned her head away.

“You still made it at us, Chiqua?” Adriana asked with a smile.

Kat did not deign to answer her.

“We said we were sorry,” Adriana said. “We didn't mean for you to get caught.”

“No, you just meant for me to be tied up and used by half the school,” Kat growled out of the corner of her mouth, not turning.

Adriana sighed. “I told you, that wasn't the plan. Luisa was supposed to go and untie you but she was grabbed by Senhora Migueana to help her in the basement with files. She couldn't get away.”

Kat sniffed disdainfully.

“Come with us. We're going to the beach and shopping.”

Kat hesitated. She did want to go to the beach. She hadn't gone in several days because of the marks on her skin, and had really missed it.

She shook her head obstinately.

Helena sat on the edge of the bed. “Oh, come on, Kat,” she cooed. “I'd like to have you with me. I need to buy a new dress and I want your opinion.”

“I can't go to the beach yet. I still have – marks on me.”

“Let's just go shopping, then.”

Kat shook her head. But she felt as though she were showing herself as a sulky girl in front of Helena, and felt a little awkward.

“Maybe tomorrow,” she said.

The other two left and she got up and went to the mirror, peeling off her top and examining her bare breasts, her chest and belly. The marks were actually not very obvious. They had greatly faded over the past couple of days, and if she wasn't actually looking for them it was hard to notice. Perhaps she could go to the beach tomorrow.

Imagine whipping her breasts! Tavares was so cruel! And she'd whipped her between the legs, too! God! The sheer outrageousness of it had her shaking her head.

She slipped off her loose fitting pants and ran two fingers lightly up her pussy, feeling the hot little bump of her clit as they rolled across it. A little thrill swept through her, and she raised her eyes to her image in the mirror, then slowly brought her hands up and back behind her neck, arching her back, her breath becoming tight as she remember and imagined, and felt the throbbing in her breasts and tingling in her hard pink nipples.

She ran her tongue slowly and seductively across her lower lip. She was so hot! She was so sexy!

She felt like a very sensual woman, a woman of mysteries, of dark hungers and experiences. Why even her own parents would be shocked at some of the things she'd done.

Of course, she wasn't a slut like these Brazilian girls. She had been – abused – forced into the lewd sexual behavior. A sense of masochistic excitement swirled within her and she raised her arms somewhat, crossing her wrists together as if tied, pushing her breasts out more as she imagined herself tied up and being whipped.

She ran her hands slowly up and down her body, cupping and squeezing her breasts, rolling and pinching her nipples, then sliding down her ribs and behind her to squeeze and caress the silky skin of her buttocks.

She slipped into her bed and lay back, back arched, legs spread, fingers working deftly at her clit as she moaned softly in pleasure. Dark imagines swept through her mind and her excitement rose as her fingers danced across her clit. She plunged two fingers into her now moist depths and pumped them in and out as she moaned and gasped and brought the orgasm closer and closer.

* * *

"No, that's not your colour," she said, shaking her head at Helena.

"No, but it's such a hot dress. I wish they had it in green. It'd be perfect."

Kat nodded. "Green would look fabulous on you."

She looked down at the blue dress she was trying on. It was very short. The girls at home would be scandalized, but then, they were all pretty innocent. Here in Brazil such a dress was merely fashionable. She turned and smiled at herself seductively in the mirror, pleased at how tight the dress was across her breasts, how well-moulded it was, and thinking of how hot she'd look to any man who saw her.

She was feeling hot and had all-but forgotten why she was upset at Adriana. Or at least, she wasn't thinking about it. Since they'd stopped at the restaurant and she'd had a couple of glasses of wine she felt much less anxious about what had happened or would happen. It was odd. The wine hadn't been that strong, but she felt so – free now, so free of worries, fears and even embarrassment.

She smiled coyly and cupped her breasts through the dress, then decided to buy it, despite how short it was. She went back into the dressing room and changed, regretfully, into her boring shorts and tank top, then joined Helena and Adriana as they left the store, packages in hand.

It was hot outside. The sun was bright and beating down on them, and she was thirsty.

"I'm thirsty. Let's get a drink somewhere," she said, looking around at the crowded strip.

They were just off the beach, along the road which fronted it, which had a long row of shops selling everything from fishing gear and surfboards to dresses, bathing suits, and souvenirs.

"Let's go in here, It'll be cool," Adriana said, tugging her sideways.

Kat didn't even know what the store was until they were inside. Then she looked around in confusion at the small shop before understanding. It was a tattooed parlor.

"What are we doing in here?" she asked in surprise.

"I was considering a tattoo," Adriana said.

Kat thought tattoos were for cheap whores, but didn't feel he need to say it, especially to Adriana, who was a cheap whore, after all. Well, all the Brazilians were, she thought in a jaded fashion.

"Maybe you should get your nipples pierced again," Helena said, giggling.

Kat made a face. "Doesn't that hurt?"

"Not that much. They're a little sore for a while, but after that they're just incredibly sensitive. It makes you feel really hot and sexy, too."

"So go ahead then," Kat said with a smirk.

"And what about you, NorTEAMERICANO? You want to get yours done too?"

"No!"

"Why not? Shy!" Helena teased.

A few weeks ago she would have been. The idea of letting some hairy stranger pierce her nipples would have shocked and humiliated her, but now she had shown her breasts off to so many people on the beach it didn't seem like quite such a big deal any more.

"Why don't you get yours done then?" Kat demanded.

"Maybe I will!"

"I will if you will!"

"Ha!"

"Look, we can buy kits to pierce them ourselves," Adriana said.

Giggling, and feeling oddly light-headed, Kat bought a kit, just as Helena and Adriana did. She wasn't sure if she'd actually do it, but the idea was kind of attractive, in a slutty, sexy sort of way.

They continued shopping, had another drink, which made her feel even better, then went back to the dorm. There she was prevailed upon to model her tight dress, giggling and posing as Helena and Adriana told her how hot she looked. She wasn't quite sure how things got started after that. Adriana kissed her, and then Helena kissed her, and then they had a drink, and soon they were all naked and making love.

There wasn't room for them on the narrow bed, so they wound up on the floor, and she gasped and moaned and cried out in pleasure – and some pain, as Adriana thrust three fingers in and out of her while stroking her thumb rapidly across her clit. Helena kissed her and groped her breasts, and the three writhed together in hot, passionate excitement as the world seemed to pulse with a fiery red sexual heat.

And then she was on her feet, legs spread, wrists tied to the upper posts of one of the bunk beds, ankles tied to the lower legs, writhing and crying out in pleasure as Adriana ate her out and Helena sucked on her nipples and squeezed her breasts. The dazed blonde felt like her mind was swimming in a hot haze of need, and images of TAVARES and her flogging swept through her mind, turning the heat up even higher.

Oh God it was so good, so hot, so incredible!

* * *

She woke slowly, groaning, feeling sore.

Her nipples ached, and she had a vague memory of Adriana biting them. Her pussy ached too, and she groaned as she slowly surged up through the sleep which had gripped her.

"What – ."

She was alone in the room, and wiped her eyes as she slowly sat up. The sheets slipped down to bare her breasts, and she looked stupidly at the rings piercing her nipples, hardly remembering how they had gotten there. Then she recalled buying the kit, but – but not when she had had her nipples pierced.

She pushed the sheet down further to find out why her pussy hurt and stared again. For her pussy had been pierced – doubly pierced. There was a ring through the hood of her clit, and a much larger ring through her labia low down.

"What the fu – ."

What had happened? She didn't remember getting this drunk! How many drinks had she had anyway?!

She sat up gingerly and cupped her breasts, wincing a bit as her fingers touched her nipples and explored the feel of the rings piercing them. They were very plain rings, unadorned, nothing more than perfect circles. She ran a hand down between her legs and flushed a bit, for that hurt more. She had a similar ring through her clit hood, and a larger, thicker one piercing her lower labia.

She stood up and walked to the mirror, staring at herself, somewhat transfixed. The nipple rings looked hot! They seemed the perfect compliment to her firm hard nipples. They were small rings, hanging there against her areolas, very neat, very natural somehow. She wasn't sure she liked the others. The one against her clit didn't look bad, though she felt quite sore there, but the bigger one looked odd and felt odd between her thighs.

She felt very thirsty, suddenly, and looked around. There was a cup of something on her night table. She picked it up and took a sip. It tasted a little fuzzy, but she was too thirsty to really care, and swallowed again and again.

She put the cup down and played with her nipple rings a little, watching herself in the mirror. They looked hot! Yes, her nipples ached, but the more she touched them the more that aching seemed to translate into something hot and wicked and exciting. Not many of the women in Idaho got their nipples pierced, she thought smugly.

The door opened and she gasped and tried to cover herself as she whirled around, but it was only Luisa. She still felt a trifle uncomfortable as the Black girl dropped her books on the desk.

"So you got a bondage piercing, huh?" she said.

"A what?"

"You got your nipples, clit and labia done. A lot of bondage chicks do that."

Kat stared at her in confusion. "What's a bondage chick?"

Luisa rolled her eyes and Kat flushed a bit. "I don't know what you mean. Anyway, it was Adriana who did it, I bet. I was – drunk. I never agreed to this. I mean, the ones – down there. I'm going to take them out."

"Why? It's done already. You might as well leave them in and see if it's true."

"If what's true?"

"That they make you more sensitive, give you more pleasure during sex. You've already had the pain, why not have the pleasure too?"

"It hurts."

Luisa shrugged. "It's going to hurt whether you take them out or not. You've had needles pushed through your skin after all. It's going to have to heal before it stops hurting. It won't make any difference if you take the rings out."

She reached out a hand and cupped one of Kat's breasts. Kat flinched a bit and took a step back, but backed into the mirror. Luisa smirked and kneaded her breast lightly in a way which sent a soft, shimmering wall of sensation through Kat's body. She wanted to tell the girl to stop, but it felt too good.

Then she gripped Kat's nipples and pinched lightly.

"Ow."

Luisa caught both nipples in her fingers, pinching lightly, rolling them, squeezing them, rubbing and massaging them while Kat just stood there, hands at her sides, her breathing becoming more ragged as her chest tightened. There was a haze around her mind, and it was deepening as the black girl rolled and stroked her nipples.

"Slut," Luisa said teasingly.

She turned Kat around and slapped her bottom. Kat yelped at the stinging blow as her ringed nipples pressed against the cool glass of the mirror.

"Come over here."

She tugged on Kat's arm and the blonde girl stumbled sideways. "I-I don't – ."

Luisa ignored her and drew out a chair, then pushed her belly against it. "Bend over the chair."

"But I – ow!"

Another slap made her bottom sting and she felt a surge of indignation, but the heat overpowered it as Luisa gripped the back of her neck and forced her to bend over the back of the chair.

"What are you – what are you doing?" she panted.

"Tying you up."

Heat flared through Kat but she tried to straighten, gripped by anxiety and uncertainty.

"Hey, let's see your rings," Adriana's voice called from the doorway as she and Helena came in."

She straightened up, pushing Luisa aside. "You bitch!" she said.

"What? You look hot like that."

"I didn't say – stop it – I didn't say you could pierce me down there!"

Luisa had let her stand, but now was pushing against the back of her neck again, bending her over the back of the chair. She said something in Portuguese and Adriana moved to a desk and took something out. It was a length of soft black rope.

"Don't! You guys!" Kat protested as the rope was wrapped around her wrist.

"We want to see your good side, Norteamericano," Luisa taunted, holding her bent over the chair as Adriana pulled the rope around the right leg and then underneath to the left. Luisa held her left wrist down and Adriana tied the rope around that too, looping it around several times to hold her tight.

She passed the rope under the chair, then, and bound Kat's ankles to the rear legs.

"You guys!" she panted. "Don't!"

"Shut up or we'll spank your pink ass," Luisa said, giving her bottom a slap.

Then she slapped it anyway and Kat yelped at the stinging pain.

"Stop it! Let me go!" she cried.

Instead Adriana and Helena knelt behind her, examining her rings, fingering them lightly.

"That looks hot," Adriana said.

The words pleased Kat, despite her anger, and then she felt a soft mouth against her pussy, felt moist lips envelope her clit as fingers slid into her pussy.

"Don't!" she gasped, pulling and wriggling against the rope binding her.

The back of the chair was digging into her lower belly, and she was gasping weakly, her head upside down, the blood rushing to it. Then she yelped as Luisa gripped a fistful of blonde hair and yanked her head upwards so she was staring into the Black girl's groin.

"Lick me, baby," Luisa purred, pulling her face forward and grinding it into her pussy.

"Oh! Ungh! Don't! No!" Kat gasped.

A finger inside her was replaced by a second, pumping in and out as someone licked eagerly at her clit. She ached, and was oversensitive to any touch. Every lick and stroke made her pussy throb with both pleasure and pain, but the pleasure was overpowering the pain, the two melding into one hot, searing throbbing burn of excitement.

"Unggghh!" she groaned as her face was ground into Luisa's pussy.

"Lick me, slut," Luisa taunted. "Nasty little slut. Nasty little Norteamericano slave girl."

Kat gasped and moaned, and then began licking. She felt incredibly vulnerable and helpless with her bottom pushed up and her legs spread wide. She groaned and gasped and jerked as the girls behind lick, stroked, sucked and fingered her pussy, and yelped as they slapped her bare bottom.

Her face was already wet with the Black girl's pussy cream as her face was ground against her sex again and again while Luisa gasped "Lick me, bitch!"

The sexual heat blossomed higher and higher within her body, flooding her mind and taking away her inhibitions. The pleasure was all she cared about as her breasts were groped and her pussy mauled. She moaned dazedly as she licked at Luisa's pussy, feeling so sordid and nasty – and somehow reveling in that, being aroused by it.

She was going to come, and she didn't want to – but desperately did. She felt degraded, yet hot because of that degradation. Some part of her wallowed in her own abuse, and she gasped and moaned as her overheated body pulsed with wildfire sexual excitement driven ever higher.

It was so good, she thought dazedly, so good.

Her scalped ached, but it didn't matter. Luisa kept pulling on her hair and somehow, just like all the other aches, it just melded into the pleasure storm swirling inside her body and now her mind.

She wasn't even standing any more. She had sagged onto the back of the chair, which jammed up painfully into her lower belly, and her legs were limp where they were bound by the ankles to the chair. Her eyes were glassy as she licked at Luisa's pussy, and then the first of a series of orgasms hit her, and she jerked and twisted as convulsions wracked her aching body.

Her mind reeled as she writhed and moaned in the grip of the orgasm. A fever had taken her and she felt as though she were afire with the heat of sexual hunger and pleasure.

“Lick me, bitch! Lick me, whore!” Luisa gasped, grinding her pussy into her face.

She tried to lick, moaning dazedly, groaning as fingers dug into her breasts and squeezed them powerfully. Another orgasm hit her, and another, and she jerked and twisted and gurgled as her nervous system crackled with sexual electricity.

Luisa must have come, because she stumbled back, panting for breath. Kat moaned blearily, gripped by the soft afterglow of climax. The two girls behind eased off, discussing what to do, not touching her as much. She shook her head slowly and groaned, her eyes blinking weakly.

“L-Let me go,” she panted.

“We're not done with you, little slave girl,” Adriana said.

Luisa was suddenly beside her, on her knees, reaching in and fingering her nipple rings.

“Wha-what are you doing?” Kat whined.

No one answered her, but Helena giggled. Then she felt her clit ring pulled downwards.

“Let me goooooo,” she groaned.

“Never!”

Kat saw Luisa clipping a thin chain to one of her nipple rings, then to the second. Then her head was yanked up by the hair and she gasped as she was looking at Adriana standing before her, wearing a thick strap-on dildo. She pushed it forward into Kat's mouth before the blonde girl could react, and she gurgled weakly around it, trying to twist her head free.

“Suck my cock, bitch,” Adriana taunted.

Behind her, she felt a tongue circling her anus, and her eyes widened as she flinched and jerked at the sensations it was rousing.

She moaned around the thick dildo, her wrists pulling feebly against the ropes, then began to suck on it to ease the girl's hair pulling. She gasped aloud as she felt a vibrator purring against her clit, against the ring behind it. Her hips ground and jerked and she felt a hot surge of liquid heat through her veins even as someone's oiled finger slid into her ass.

She moaned and sucked, rolling her eyes upwards at Adriana as the girl moved her hips slowly in and out, leering down at her.

The finger in her ass pushed in and out, in and out as the vibrator stroked back and forth across her clit. Then something penetrated her pussy, more fingers she thought, three of them slowly pushing into her.

“Down your whore throat, Norteamericano,” Adriana said with a leer, forcing the dildo deeper and deeper.

Kat gurgled weakly and then gagged as the dildo pushed into her throat. She felt a ripple of excitement as it caressed her tonsils and slid down deep into her throat. Then her lips were wrapped around the base, her nose pressed against Adriana's pubic bone as the girl twisted her fingers in her hair.

Behind her, a second finger pushed into her ass, pumping in and out and twisting around even as

the other three pumped into her pussy and the vibrator tortured her clit.

Waves of heat and pleasure and excitement swept through her body, making her shudder and jerk and writhe in helpless heated response. She moaned and gurgled around the dildo in her throat as Adriana pumped it in and out, then slowly pulled it back out again and moved behind her.

The vibrator moved away, and then the fingers pulled out of her. A moment later something fat and slick pushed into her anus, slowly forcing it wider and wider, making her groan aloud as she was stretched open. She thought, at first, it was the dildo, but it wasn't, for it was too short and round. It slipped through into her anus and her sphincter sucked it in and closed behind it.

"Oww!" she gasped as she felt her nipples pulled. She saw Luisa fastening the chain which she had attached to her nipple rings to her clit ring, and the chain going taut.

Then she saw Adriana's legs behind her and felt the nose of the dildo pressing against her pussy.

"Gonna fuck you, bitch!" Adriana growled. "Gonna fuck your cunt!"

The dildo pushed into her, and despite how slick she was her pussy had to strain wide around it, but the feel of the thing sliding into her was delicious, and her body exulted in the deep, thick penetration as she shuddered and her eyes closed into slits.

"Ungh!" she cried as fingers pulled back on her hair.

Her head rose up and back, and her body went with it – at least as far as her bound wrists would allow. She felt the sudden pain in her nipples and clit as they were pulled and stretched.

She felt Adriana's hips grinding into her bottom, then a sharp slap on her buttocks.

"Nasty whore," Adriana sneered. "Gonna rape you, bitch!"

She slapped her bottom and again Kat yelped, and then again as she ground her hips into her and started pumping the dildo in and out.

"You like that, beetch! You like my cock!?" Adriana sneered.

"Ungh, ungh, ungh, ungh, ungh!" Kat gasped as the dildo pumped in and out harder and faster.

She hated that it was Adriana doing this to her, hated that her body was responding to it, that a fever of hunger and heat was sweeping over and around her.

"Ahg!" she gasped as Adriana slapped her bottom.

"Put!" Adriana growled, thrusting in deeply.

She pulled back on Kat's hair and again she cried out as her nipples strained and stretched, the nipple rings burning her like fire.

"Ungghh!" Kat cried as the girl thrust especially hard. "Ohh! Ung! Ahhh! Unnggh!"

Adriana was ramming the dildo into her hard now, her hips slamming against Kat's upraised bottom as she pistoned the plastic cock in and out again and again.

It was – degrading – humiliating – shameful – and yet Kat was swept up in a howling storm of sexual desire, of dark hunger. She grunted and cried out and moaned and jerked and writhed as the other girl rammed the dildo into her, but her body was flaming with hunger, and despite how little she wanted to reward the other girl she climaxed very violently, and very obviously, trembling and shaking and crying out in wondrous heat as the orgasm flooded her senses.

"Yeah! Yeah! Come for me, slut! Come for me, bitch!" Adriana cried, slapping her bottom again and again as she rammed the dildo into her.

Chapter Seven

Kat's skin was sun-bronzed by now, and she had no tan lines to display as she paraded her nearly nude body before the men standing and sitting alongside the entrance to the snack shop.

She and Adriana and Helena had been at the beach for an hour or so, and all three had been on the move much of that time, walking, strolling, dashing into the water from time to time to frolic and play, always under the watchful gaze of the legions of men who came there to girl watch.

She was wearing a tiny lycra thong, and nothing else, and it filled her with hunger to exhibit herself so nakedly before so many men. It still amazed her a little that walking around like this was acceptable in Brazil – or anywhere. She felt like a wild slut, and yet could still parade around like a cock-tease free of guilt. She could see the appreciation in their eyes, and her ego was stroked constantly. She knew just how firm her breasts were, and how hot they looked with the new nipple rings.

She had a fine body, a firm body, and a great ass, and she was almost intoxicated with the smug delight of being able to show it off as she was. All the men were staring! And she felt so hot and wild and sexy knowing how much they wanted her!

Everything seemed to be about sex down here, and she thought about it far more often than she ever had before. Of course, she was also constantly being mauled and groped and involved in the lewd lesbian games of her roommates, so how could it be otherwise?

But she wanted a man, a man with a big cock to just – take her!

Take her and use her! Ram his cock into her!

After another hour of being a major cock-tease and flirting with men who ranged from fourteen to fifty, she and the other girl went back to the school, had a brief bite to eat, then changed to go out to the discos.

She had somehow been persuaded to buy a black nylon lycra minidress which was wickedly short, barely covering her buttocks. It was also mesh at the sides, so, in effect, see through. A solid black panel went down the front from hem to bodice, and the top, a flat shelf design which cut across the middle of her breasts, was also black, with two thin straps sliding up over her shoulders to hold it in place. It came with a matching choker with a black rose at the side of her throat, and the whole effect was like barely wearing a towel – which was mesh at the sides, of course.

Helena and Adriana were both wearing short club dresses with deep cleavage, but she felt like her own dress was the sluttiest of the three. Yet she didn't look cheap in it. She looked stylish – and hot!

And it would be dark in the club anyway.

Still, she felt like an incredible cock tease when she and the girls stepped out onto the street and were picked up by Enrique.

Then they were at the dance club, and she was drinking, and all her inhibitions and fears and worries melted as she felt her skin come alive and threw herself into the music. She was soon dancing wildly with Raul, whose hands kept kneading her bottom through, and sometimes under the short hem of her dress.

He wasn't the only one, either. She was touched, fondled and groped wherever she moved in the crowded club. But that was not all that strange for Rio dance clubs, and while it had shocked her the first time she'd been to one she didn't really mind now.

In fact, she kind of liked it. She felt alive with sexual hunger and sensations, and laughed instead of cringing whenever a strange hand groped her bottom in the dark.

Was she drunk, she wondered. She hadn't really had that much to drink. But she felt like flying. She felt alive and wild and willing to dare anything.

In a dark corner, Raul tugged her top down to bare one breast, squeezed it, and then mouthed her ringed nipple, sucking and licking until she moaned and her legs got rubbery. His other hand slid between her legs, squeezing and rubbing her through her silky black thong, and she shuddered and felt her hips grind convulsively.

Then they were out into the night air and she was gasping dizzily, Raul's hand helping steady her. Enrique and Gabriel were there, as well, and the six of them piled into two cars and drove to someone's house – Enrique's, she thought, though didn't really take note of.

There was more drinking there, and more dancing, and she was on a couch with Raul, necking, their tongues sliding together as he cupped her breast and slid his fingers into her thong.

Helena was dancing, well, grinding herself into Gabriel, and Adriana had Enrique's cock out and was licking at it like it was an ice cream cone.

"You gonna swallow my cock, baby?" Enrique leered.

"You should ask Kat for that, she's better at it," Helena laughed, taunting Adriana.

Adriana scowled up at her. "Hey, fuck you, bitch!" she said.

Helena laughed in delight.

"I can suck cock better than you can, puta!"

"Can not!" Helena laughed.

"I can too! And better than the Norteamericano too!"

"We should have a contest," Gabriel said.

"I like that idea!" Enrique said.

"I like the idea of them all naked," Raul said, pushing down the front of Kat's dress to suck on her nipple.

Kat hadn't really been paying a lot of attention to the others. She melted against Raul as he tugged the tight, stretchy dress up and over her shoulders, leaving her bare but for her thong. Then the thong was gone, too and he was licking at her pussy. She shuddered and moaned and her legs spread wide as she rolled her head and arched her back.

"Fuck me!" she moaned. "Fuck me!"

He knelt on the floor next to the sofa and thrust into her, and she moaned and drew her knees back, gasping and grunting as his big cock pushed up and down her tight sex.

The other two were naked now, as well, and the three couples were fucking passionately, their gasps and moans and curses filling the air of the small living room.

And then Raul was collapsed over her, groaning, his cock softening inside her as she gulped in air. She was hot and sweaty and her mind was swimming in haze. Her thighs ached and she tried to ease her legs a little more together as Adriana bounced atop Enrique's cock and came.

But then the idea of the contest came back to the men. They were all lazily soft now, and the confused blonde girl found herself on her knees next to the other two.

"Let's make sure it's only their mouths they use," someone said.

She didn't understand that either, until someone crossed her wrists behind her back and tied them that way.

The other two girls were tied in the same way, and the three men stood before them, their limp cocks hanging free.

Side by side, the three girls licked and sucked at the cocks of the men before them, their wrists crossed and bound behind their backs. It took very little time for the three young men to get hard again, and three soft, pouting mouths slid up and down three glistening shafts as the girls demonstrated their oral expertise.

Kat felt lewd and sexy and slutty and wild, and sucked hungrily and excitedly, sliding her lips down to the base of Raul's cock and moaning around it as he combed his fingers through her blonde hair.

She didn't really care about any contest, and wasn't paying any real attention to what the other two girls were doing alongside her until the men abruptly shifted places.

She blinked her eyes fuzzily in confusion, not understanding as Enrique now stood before her and drew her mouth to his cock. She was hit by a sudden wall of denial. She didn't really know Enrique that well, and had never dated him. It simply went against everything she'd ever done to just – just suck his cock like that, a guy she'd never even dated, a guy who was fucking Adriana for God's sakes!

Raul was her man, Raul was her guy, her lover, and yet there he was with Helena's cock wrapped around his cock. That struck her as wrong, too!

But then Enrique pushed his cock into her mouth and she gurgled around it, rolling her eyes up, trying to pull back but unable to with the pressure of his hands on the back of her head.

"Suck me, baby," he breathed.

She sucked him automatically, but her mind was still filled with confusion and uncertainty. She didn't want to suck Enrique. She wanted to suck Raul! What - .

His cock pushed down into her throat and he groaned as he pulled her face forward, grinding her nose against his pubic bone. Her hands jerked feebly against the rope binding them and she moaned as a sudden surge of heat swept over her.

This was so slutty! This was so incredibly slutty!

He pulled back and then pumped in and out, fucking her mouth, fucking her throat. She gurgled around his cock, licking and sucking as she could, then gasped for breath as he pulled out.

And then they were shifting again and it was Gabriel before her. She gaped weakly, and then his cock was in her mouth and she was sucking it like a whore, feeling a swirling sense of confusion, mixed with embarrassment, indignation and dark excitement.

Her lips slid back and forth along Gabriel's cock as she licked and sucked and moaned in pleasure and heat and desire. And when Gabriel switched with Raul again she took him deep, bobbing up and down as he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled him in more firmly against his groin. Then it was Enrique again, and she groaned as he rubbed his cock over her face before pushing it into her mouth and down her throat.

And then, suddenly, she was bent over, Raul behind her, pulling her hips up. She grunted dizzily, her breasts pillowed against the floor, her wrists pulling against the ropes binding them together.

Adriana was on her left, in the same position, and Helena on her right, groaning as Gabriel thrust into her. Then she groaned herself as Raul mounted her, thrusting deep into her pussy. The three girls' bodies jerked to and fro as the men rode them, stiff, gleaming cocks thrusting wetly down into the silken depths of their young female bodies.

So good, Kat moaned to herself, so gooooooood.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she grunted softly.

But then Raul pulled out, and the men were shifting, and her eyes fluttered, her head rising as Gabriel moved behind her. That wasn't right! She wasn't Gabriel's girl! He should be - .

He pushed her head down and thrust into her, and while her mind squirmed with discomfort her body reveled in the deep penetration. She started to gasp and grunt as he rode her, faster and harder than Raul had, his cock slightly smaller but thicker as he pumped his hips against her upraised bottom.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she gasped.

And then he was pulling out, and Enrique was thrusting into her. She felt another dizzying wave of confusion and "not right" feelings, but then the heat swept over her as he began to pound into her and she grunted and moaned and shuddered to the hard thrusting of his cock and hips.

What was she becoming, she thought weakly.

Then the orgasm hit and she didn't think about anything but the wonderful pleasure and heat

roaring inside her. In the midst of it she realized, in a moment of almost clarity, that she didn't even know who was fucking her. Then she forgot to care.

* * *

Tension gripped Kat as she waited outside Senhora Tavares office. She had slept in, slept right past the alarm, and missed her first two classes. She had wakened in a sweaty heap, sore and smelling of sex, the foggy memories of the previous evening filling her with shock and confusion, with guilt and excitement. My God, she'd thought, I fucked three guys!

That Adriana and Helena could say the same was not altogether that important. They were Brazilians. They were sluts. They were probably used to doing insanely nasty things like that. Kat was from Idaho. People didn't do things like that in Idaho!

And now what? What was Senhora Tavares going to do to her for missing most of the morning? The woman was as perverted as her roommates, and she'd already made it clear that she felt she had a free hand to do just about anything to punish Kat that she felt in the mood to do.

Well, the hell with her. Let her strap her bottom. Kat could take it. She'd taken worse. And after all, it wasn't a big, terrible thing like last time. All she could punish her for was missing a couple of classes. That wouldn't justify a terrible punishment like before.

"Come in, Senhorita MacGregor," Tavares said.

Kat walked nervously past the heavy leather covered door, and felt it close tightly behind her. She stood straight in front of Tavares desk, heart thumping, trying to keep her face composed.

"So. You have missed two classes without adequate explanation," Tavares said, coming back around to stand behind the desk.

"I'm sorry, Senhora Tavares. I slept in," she said.

"Slept in, hmmm. And that is the only excuse you have to offer?"

"Yes, Senhora."

Tavares shook her head and then moved behind her and picked up a thin, meter long switch.

"Turn, bend, and grasp your legs. You know the requirements," Tavares said.

"Yes, Senhora," she gulped.

She bent double, sliding her arms around her legs as Tavares came behind her and flipped her short skirt up.

But then the woman stopped, and bent forward, and as Kat rolled her eyes sideways, following the movements of Tavares' hand she saw it pick something up off the floor beside her.

Oh shit, she thought, her stomach lurching.

"And what have we here?" Tavares demanded.

Kat closed her eyes.

"Stand up!"

Kat released her legs and stood up, pulling her jacket back into place, averting her eyes from the joint in Tavares' hands.

It had been in her jacket pocket. She'd had a little smoke before coming to school, in fact, as it helped with the hangover. She'd planned on having the other during lunch, but it had fallen out of her jacket when she'd bent over.

"What is this!?" Tavares demanded, holding it up before her nose.

"I-I don't know, Senhora," she gulped.

"You don't know!? It came out of your pocket!"

"I uhm, someone must have put it here, Senhora! I didn't know it was there!"

"Do you take me for a fool, girl!?"

That was not a question Kat wanted to answer.

"Do you know what this school's policy is on drugs!?"

It was instant expulsion, and calling the police. Of course she knew.

"I-It isn't mine, Senhora!" she protested weakly.

Tavares glowered at her, holding the joint up like it was poison. Then her eyes narrowed as they focused on Kat. "So. Again you have drastically violated this school's rules in a way which should cause you to be expelled, if not imprisoned! Should I summon your parents here to pick you up, Senhorita MacGregor!?"

"Please no, Senhora," she begged.

"Then, I suppose you will be asking me to punish you severely instead," the woman purred.

Kat swallowed. "Y-Yes, please, Senhora," she said, her voice quivering.

"I did not hear you. Ask me again, Senhorita."

"Please punish me, Senhora," Kat gulped.

"Again!"

"Please punish me, Senhora!"

"I do not know that there is a severe enough punishment for such a violation, Senhorita MacGregor," she growled.

Kat's face reddened and her stomach twisted. She thought about having sex with the woman, but blanched. And even if she offered – well, Tavares had not thus far shown an interest in having sex with her, only – only in hurting her. And shaming her.

"Strip," Tavares snapped.

As before, Kat found herself standing before Tavares, legs apart, hands behind her head, back arched to display herself – to shame herself as the woman smirked at her. Tavares circled her slowly. She had picked up a short strap somewhere. It was a foot and a half long, and perhaps an inch and a half thick. Kat tried to console herself that a strap was not such a terrible thing compared to some other things the one might use – like the cane.

Suddenly it cracked across her buttocks and she cried out at the stinging pain, thrown forward against the desk.

"Have you no discipline, MacGregor?" Tavares growled. "I do not wish you to move! Stand in position for your punishment!"

Trembling, Kat resumed her former position, and lurched forward as the woman immediately struck her bottom again. This time she managed to brace herself, however, gasping in pain at the burning in her bottom.

"Lets apart!"

Kat shifted her legs further apart, already panting.

Tavares moved slowly around her.

"We get a number of norteamericano girls here," she said.

She lashed out with the belt again, this time slicing it into the soft flesh of Kat's inner thigh. Again the blonde girl stumbled, but caught herself as Tavares continued to circle her.

"Some of them seem to believe that Brazil is a land of no morals, where they can behave as sluttishly as they choose," Tavares said.

The strap whipped down across Kat's back and she moaned and clenched her teeth at the pain and heat.

"They see the girls in their tiny swimsuits and believe that they should dress in the same fashion," Tavares continued.

Crack! The belt snapped in against Kat's belly, burning it to fire.

"But the casual ease and acceptance of such things which Brazilian girls are raised is not present in the Norteamericanos," Tavares said, cracking the belt across Kat's bottom. "The near nudity arouses them and inflames their minds. They start to abandon their inhibitions."

The belt sliced across Kat's shoulders.

"This begins a slippery slope where their morals fail one after another"

The belt sliced across Kat's hip, then her belly again.

"Soon they are giving themselves freely to any man who wants them."

The belt snapped down across her back, then as Tavares kept moving, arced up and then down across her breasts. Kat cried out, stumbling back a pace before catching herself, her hands coming up before her breasts.

“Chest out!” Tavares barked.

The belt lashed her bottom, then her inner thigh, then her belly.

“Of course, you seem to have taken it even further. You give yourself to any man or woman who wants you.”

Again the belt sliced viciously down across her up thrust breasts, and again Kat cried out in pain, her breasts flaring red and hot as she stumbled back with tears in her eyes.

“I can see you are weak,” Tavares said with a sneer. “So we shall have to assist you in holding your position. Go to the closet and open the door.”

Trembling, barely holding herself in check, Kat scurried to the closet door slid it aside. She saw nothing inside which told her what Tavares wanted.

“There propped against the wall. That heavy wooden base. Drag it out here, girl.”

The thing was about three feet square and propped against one wall. Kat grasped it and grunted at its weight, dragging it slowly out into the center of the room and then, under Tavares instruction, letting it fall flat. There was no markings on it save for a round hole in the center.

“Go and get the peg, there in the closet.”

Again Kat returned to the closet, not knowing what Tavares wanted.

“There, fool! There in the corner.”

The wooden “peg” as Tavares called it looked like a two foot long wooden club, but when Kat grabbed it she saw that it had a base, or rather, was not so much a straight club as T-shaped. She dragged it out, and then turned it over so the horizontal bars were upright.

“Screw it into the hole.”

The bottom of the “peg” had screw threads carved in it, and the nude girl placed it carefully into the hole and began to turn it in place until it was screwed firmly in place.

Tavares herself walked over to the closet, and then returned, the smirk on her face again. “The final piece,” she said, holding another club, a shorter one, Kat thought, mystified.

She returned to the base and screwed the shorter “club” into the top of the T-shaped post now in place, and stepped back. Kat thought, at first, she had built a cross. The Brazilians were very Catholic, after all. So perhaps – .”

“Come here.”

She took Kat’s arm and turned her. Kat saw she had another strap in her hands, and felt it sliding around her arms, drawing them back together.

“Oh! Wait! Oh! Please!” she gasped as her arms were drawn more painfully back behind her.

“You are weak, Macgregor,” Tavares sneered, tightening the strap still further.

It was drawn around Kat’s arms just above the elbows, and as Tavares drew the loop tighter Kat’s slender arms were forced further back, straining her shoulders, forcing them back painfully, and threatening to pop her arms free.

“Oh! Oww! You’re hurting me!” she cried.

Tavares snorted in disdain, then jerked the slim teenager forward against the “cross”

“Up! Up, slut!”

She pulled on Kat’s arm, and then on her hair as well, and Kat cried out as the woman maneuvered her in atop the cross. She gasped, now as she realized her intent, and remembered just how thick the cross was.

“I-It’s too big!” she blurted.

“I’m sure it will fit,” the woman purred.

“No! Please!”

She felt the rounded head of the cross jam against her shaven entryway, and was surprised to feel

that she was moist, even wet. The hard wooden cross ground against her soft sex, mashing the flesh up into her groin. She rose on the tips of her toes, but that only allowed Tavares to maneuver her directly over the thing, then push down on her arms and shoulders.

“I-I can’t! It won’t go!” she cried in sudden panic.

“It will – eventually.”

Chapter Eight

Tavares read the note through carefully, then scrawled her signature on the bottom and placed it into her out box. She reached for the next item and looked up, distracted by movement. Her lips turned slowly up into a small, tight smile as she saw the blonde girl wriggling, saw the anguished look on her sweating face, and felt a wave of satisfaction and no small arousal.

These young girls were all the same: no discipline. Well she had that in plenty, and could teach them that all their previous ideas of discipline were only pale shadows of what the real thing could mean.

The peg which was the main support beneath the cross-bar now holding most of her weight was extendable, and a little turning of a thick screw had raised her up enough that her toes were off the floor. Her ankles were now bound firmly to the bar below her, her weight firmly upon the narrow horizontal bars, the thick top-piece jammed a foot deep inside her heaving belly.

The girl was bedraggled, her skin glistening with sweat, her blonde hair matted and tangled. Her mouth was drawn wide around the ball gag Tavares had placed therein to silence her whining. She sat atop the seat of punishment as had many other girls over the years, and found it no more enjoyable.

Which was as it was supposed to be.

As Tavares watched her the slender blonde swayed in place, jerked, twitched and trembled, her tear-stained eyes imploring Tavares. Tavares looked back, steepling her fingers as she studied the girl. Tavares did not consider herself to be a lesbian, but there was something indefinably erotic about the sight of the girl, about her helplessness, and the outrageousness of her position. Tavares lusted after power, and she held the girl completely in her thrall.

That was far more enjoyable, far more exciting and satisfying than mere animal sex.

Tavares drew forth a folder from her in-box, opened it, and began to read, ignoring the girl. Her time of contemplation had barely begun, after all. The arrogant, little Norteamericano bitch needed quite a bit of it before she could even begin to see the error of her ways.

* * *

Kat gave a broken sob and shuddered at another wave of pain. How long would the woman keep her like this, she wondered frantically. Already it had been hours, it seemed, since somehow the woman had forced her down on the thick round top of the cross. She had been shocked that it had even fit inside her. It was almost as thick as a soda can! Her pussy lips had strained wider and wider, to the point she thought they would tear open. And then she had sank slowly, achingly down, inch after slow inch of the hard wood sliding up into her belly.

She did not think she'd ever had something jammed so deep inside her, and knew she had never had anything so thick inside her. Tavares had not stopped until Kat's tail bone had pressed down hard against the horizontal bar below her. And then, somehow she had raised the thing up still higher, until all her weight came down atop it. The pain in her belly had been terrible, and she had screamed and screamed until the woman had gagged her.

But she had not released her, and instead had bound her ankles in place and left her like that. Kat's own weight was jamming her down onto the round top of the cross, grinding her cervix, or whatever was in the bottom of her pussy against the remorseless wood. And while the cross-piece saved her from being completely impaled, supporting her weight and preventing her from sliding down until the thing

came out her very mouth, it too was causing her terrible pain.

The pressure against her tail bone, and the top of her pussy, was awful, as all her weight was on that narrow wedge of wood, and it was jammed into a most sensitive portion of her anatomy, one not designed to bear such pressure. She whimpered and swayed in place, head falling back as she gulped in air through her nose.

Oh God her belly ached! Her pussy was on fire! And now her groin and her tailbone were like sharp knives digging into her brain. The woman was crazy!

She sat in place, moaning and whimpering, wriggling and gasping and groaning, as Tavares all-but ignored her, working on her paperwork.

Finally, the woman stood up, her eyes set and filled with purpose as they alighted on Kat. She opened her drawer and drew out what Kat at first feared was a whip of some sort, but instead it was – a vibrator.

Kat whimpered, despite a wave of relief, as the woman turned the device on. At least it wouldn't hurt, she thought, as Tavares let the buzzing instrument gently stroke from side to side against the top of her sex.

The woman moved to stand beside her, then gripped her tangled blonde hair and slowly pulled it back, forcing her back to arch, forcing her weight to press back more harshly against her tailbone. She whimpered in pain, though the shift in weight did ease the pain on the soft meat of her pussy.

The vibrator stroked slowly across the sweating top of her sex, rubbing and buzzing against her clit. It moved slowly, back and forth, back and forth, went away, then pressed directly against her clit, and held there in place.

Tavares was correct about her inhibitions having faded away, almost all of them. She did not blanch at the thought of the woman using a vibrator on her, and instead, at the first hint of pleasure, flung herself eagerly at the sensations to try and distract herself from the pain.

Her body responded quite forcefully to the powerful vibrations, her clit burning with pleasure, the heat and hunger and arousal spreading out, pushing back the pain, distracting her mind and drawing her into a hot world of sensual need and hunger.

A part of her knew a sense of shame, but that really didn't seem to be very important at the moment. The pain had clawed at her for what felt like hours. The pleasure offered her a shield, a respite, and she clung to it eagerly, moaning at the mounting hunger, at the way her insides were spasming and quivering around the thick wooden shaft jammed up inside her.

Tavares drew the powerful vibrator away, sliding it up the glistening, sweating skin of her belly, up across her taut breasts, circling and probing at her aching nipples, which both hardened and throbbed in response.

Then it slid back down between her legs, and Kat couldn't keep her hips from bucking as it touched her clit, a powerful jolt of hunger and arousal flooding her dazed system as she moaned in pleasure and pain. The sensations became more and more powerful, and she felt her insides burning with a growing need. Her entire body crackled with sexual electricity now, so that she thought the hairs on her flesh must be standing on edge. She shuddered and trembled and moaned as Tavares ground the vibrator against her aching clit.

* * *

Tavares felt her insides beginning to squirm in sympathy, her own hunger rousing to powerful heights as the girl trembled beneath her touch. Almost, she thought, measuring coldly, calculating. The use of the vibrator was part of her own little attempt at controlling the libido of young girls. If they began to associate sexual pleasure with pain, then their desire would be pushed back, their minds shy away from lust.

It had worked before, and she saw no reason to think it would not work with the Norteamericano girl, who was clearly weak in both body and mind. She carefully brought the young woman to the edge of her peak, then eased back, put down the vibrator, and picked up the scourge.

Thin leather laces sliced down across the girl's breasts again and again and again, and Tavares felt a surge of hunger within herself at every blow, at the sight of the girl's proud young breasts shaking, the red lines appearing, the flush growing all across her chest. Five blows became six, and then a dozen, each bringing the stinging leather laces down across the girl's entire chest, snapping at nipples and tender tanned skin.

The girl would learn that pleasure brought pain, she thought smugly.

That she might learn the reverse was not something Tavares had ever considered.

* * *

Kat shuddered and arched at another stinging blow across her breasts. Twice now, the woman had massaged her clit with the vibrator, brought her to the edge of orgasm, then eased back and whipped her breasts instead. Her breasts were red and swollen now, and ultra sensitive to any touch. She cried out at every blow, the stinging heat biting and clawing at her dazed mind.

The first time the woman had done it the pain had shocked her out of her sexual hunger and lust and made her writhe and cry out for mercy.

But the second time had been – different. The second time her entire body had been quivering with sex heat, and her mind had been taken to a different place, a place where hunger and lust, bondage and pain were wrapped in a dark haze of lust and masochistic desire. Just as the girls had tied her up and given her pleasure, just as the boys had tied her up and mounted her, one after another, so too her mind embraced this new sexual game, or so she saw it, and saw herself as a tortured victim in a lewd dark game of erotic desire.

As the sensations grew more powerful, her nervous system overloaded with the power and she bucked and twisted, convulsions wracking her body as shockwaves of heat rolled over her. She had already experienced a dozen mini orgasms, and was on the edge of a massive meltdown when the woman stopped grinding the vibrator across her clitoris for the third time and once again began to whip her breasts.

Her body flinched and jerked again and again as the thin leather laces slashed down across her breasts and nipples, hot little jolts of pain, of heat, tearing through the maelstrom of sensations whirling within her. But the masochistic fog gripping her embraced the shocks, embraced the heat and drew it into herself. She jerked and shuddered as the laces whipped at her, and the orgasm began, her lower body grinding itself down against the post jammed against the top of her sex even as she twisted her insides against the hard pole impaling her.

Tavares, who saw her thrashing and squirming, her gurgling noises as pain, smilingly put down the flog and jammed the vibrator against the girl's sweating sex once more, and the top of Kat's head seemed to explode as the orgasm screamed through her body. She bucked and shook and convulsed as though in a fit, her eyes rolling back in her head as the intensity of the sensual storm washed over her.

There was no mistaking that, at least, though at first she could not believe it. She held the vibrator jammed against the writhing, twisting blonde girl's pussy as she screamed and screamed into her gag, and then with a final convulsive heave, arched back painfully and went limp, unconscious.

Tavares released her angrily. The girl clearly had no shame! Stronger measures were called for to break through a mind so set on embracing sexual hedonism under all circumstances. If the girl really found this sort of thing to be arousing there was little hope for her other than to drown her in it, to immerse her in what she regarded as "exciting" to the point where it was no longer any thrill at all.

She would need help, of course, but that presented no difficulty. There were several of the instructors who shared her preferences, and for that matter, any number of the male staff would be happy to help. Tavares did not like that idea much, but told herself the girl would be better off in the long run.

And besides that, a nasty little voice in her head whispered, this one can allow you to embrace the power in a way you dared not with any other. This girl could be used and abused, could be degraded and conquered in a way which made Tavares's insides squirm with dark hunger.

The sex abuse of the girl was almost beside the point. It was the abuse, the humiliation that Tavares enjoyed meting out. She did not otherwise care if she ever even touched the little blonde slut.

* * *

Kat woke slowly, groaning, her eyes fluttering. She had no idea where she was, only that she was uncomfortable, and that her chest... hurt.

Her wrists hurt, her back hurt. Everything – hurt. She stared, trying to understand. Where was she? What - .

She was alone, in a dark stone room. She was nude, though she could not see her body. She was laying on the cold floor, her head pushed through a hole in a polished wooden frame. The frame itself was perhaps a foot wide, and three times that long. It was like a board which had holes cut for her neck and wrists, a board which opened down the middle to allow her head and hands to be pushed through, then closed tightly.

She pulled experimentally at it, but her wrists were held tightly, and of course, she could not withdraw her head either.

“Ah, our little Norteamericano is awake,” Tavares’ voice purred.

Kat could not see her. She could not see anything behind her.

“On your knees, girl,” Tavares ordered.

Kat groaned weakly, and tried to gather herself up, to move. Then she gasped as the frame itself rose up. She gurgled as she felt the pressure against her throat, and was rapidly forced up onto her knees.

The frame did not rise straight up, however, but pulled up and back. It had been on its edge, but now it was turned onto its side as she stumbled back, lifting her head upright.

“Uhhh! Senhora! Senhora, please!” she gasped.

There were two chains set on opposite sides of the frame, holding it upright, with Kat’s head and hands stuck through. The frame would have allowed her to stand upright, but was not nearly high enough. Instead she was forced into a squatting position. She stared around, bewildered. She could now see Tavares, but still could not see her body, could not see below her.

“Stronger measures are needed for a girl so willful,” Tavares growled.

“But I-I’m not!” Kat gasped.

The two chains joined together above her and the single chain went up through a ring set overhead, then down to a crank on the wall. Tavares turned the crank slowly, and the frame slid lower, allowing Kat to squat lower as well.

Except that she encountered something below her and gasped, stopping.

“Lower, Senhorita,” Tavares purred. “Lower. You know you want them inside you.”

There were two hard – things underneath her, which Kat encountered when she sagged lower. Both felt very thick, and she moaned in denial as Tavares chuckled and moved over to kneel beside her.

“Your lessons will be painful, but well worth it. You will learn discipline and morality,” she said.

“Oh!” Kat gasped as she felt pressure below her.

“Down, slut,” Tavares growled.

Something was pulling at her pussy ring, the thick one through her labia, pulling her downwards against the thick round things underneath. Both jammed against her, and she could feel how slick and slippery they were as Tavares maneuvered her into the right position.

“Down,” she ordered.

The pressure on her pussy ring forced her down, and even as Tavares backed off the pressure stayed in place. As the woman stood up Kat could see that she held a thin chain in one hand, and as she pulled, the pull against her pussy ring intensified.

“Down, dog,” Tavares ordered. “Down!”

“No! No! They’re too big! Please, Senhora!”

“They’re not even as thick as the one you had orgasms on earlier!” Tavares said scornfully. “But

two now, two is even more interesting than one. Can you have orgasms on two large monsters, girl? Are you so lewd and perverse?"

Kat could not move her hips even a little aside. One the round, slippery things was jammed against her anus, the other against her pussy opening. And while they were not inside her, she was still jammed atop them, wedged in place, and with the pressure on her pussy ring, unable to move aside. The frame around her head and shoulders was not holding her up at all, and her legs were already screaming with the effort of holding herself up in such a difficult position, legs bent, squatting above the floor.

It was only a matter of time before the weakness of her legs and gravity forced her down onto the thick things below. Resist as she might Kat could feel her openings slowly giving way before the remorseless pressure, could feel both opening slowly spreading wider and wider.

Tavares lowered the frame a little more, ensure that it did not support her at all. Now it merely rested on her shoulders, and held her wrists in place beside her neck. She whimpered and moaned as her groin burned, as her muscles strained, her flesh spread and stretched. It hurt, and Tavares seemed to be simply watching, watching with interest, with excitement, with a kind of depraved fascination.

"Unggh! Oooh! Please! Please, Senhora! I promise to be good!"

"A promise made to be broken," Tavares scoffed.

"Ahhh!" she cried as both thick tubes slid into her body.

Now that she was spread wide enough she began to slowly sink lower, gravity and her trembling legs forcing her downwards inch by slow, aching, trembling inch. She gulped in air, her eyes bulging, moaning and whimpering in denial as she felt herself sinking down onto the thick things below her. She hadn't even seen them, and still couldn't, but they felt enormously thick.

"Ohhh!" she groaned as they pushed up into her belly.

It felt like she was being impaled!

"Only a third of the way inside. Much more to go," Tavares said with an evil smirk.

"No! Oh please! Ohhh! Ohhh!"

She continued to sink down, slowly, the ache and fullness inside her growing more and more terrible.

"Half way," Tavares said. "Such a pretty picture. It's so sad you cannot see it. I'm sure you would appreciate it even more than I. You love to be penetrated, after all, do you not, slut?"

"Nooooo!" Kat moaned.

"Is it not exciting?" Tavares arched an eyebrow. "Is it not stimulating, such wicked lewdness?"

Kat cried out as she sank several inches lower. The hard tubes, cocks, dildos, whatever they were, jammed deep into her pussy and anus, and she felt cramps roiling through her belly at the fierce pressure within her.

"Perhaps you would like a distraction," Tavares said. "And after all, it is not mere penetration which inflames the mind of a girl like you, it is the male organ itself."

She went to the door and opened it, said something in Portuguese, and then stepped aside.

Kat gasped as a man entered, his eyes filled with hunger and lust as he stared at her. But then another came in behind him, and a third. She moaned, trying to move, and completely unable to.

The men all opened their trousers, and she looked around, panicked, at three hard cocks pointing at her. The first man laughed, stepped forward, and pushed his cock into her mouth. She gurgled weakly and rolled her eyes up beseechingly, but there was nothing of pity there, only lust, as he reached down and gripped the back of her head, then plunged his cock deep into her throat.

He thrust in and out wildly, choking and gagging the helpless blonde girl. Laughing, he pulled back, and the man beside him thrust his cock into her mouth, twisting his fingers in her hair.

She groaned then cried out as she sank lower.

By some kind of unwritten agreement the men took turns, each thrusting his cock deep into her throat, pumping in and out several times, then giving way to the next. For long minutes they used her mouth and throat, each in turn, and then the three of them grinned at each other, and pumped their fists

on their slick, bulging red erections together, spitting out three streams of semen which splattered across her face, drenching her in sticky, slimy white.

They laughed and did up their trousers, then left the room, but four more came in after them, all with dark, smirking eyes. They looked like farmers, goat herders, men from the slums she had been warned to avoid. She whimpered as she stared around, sticky come trickling down her cheeks and forehead.

The first man thrust into her mouth and she gurgled weakly, gagging as he pushed into her throat.

As with the others, the four men took turns. She was growing groggy from the continual lack of air, her head aching, her body swaying. She groaned as she sank still lower, the frame now tight against her wrists and the underside of her jaw as it began to take more and more of her weight.

The four men pumped their fists on their cocks and sprayed her face with come, then, laughing and chuckling, speaking in Portuguese, they shuffled off.

Six more came in.

“Surely you are enjoying this, girl,” Tavares said from a corner where she sat comfortably. “Is it not arousing, exciting? Is it not thrilling?”

There was come in her eyes, in her nose, in her ears, and another man was raping her throat. Kat could hardly find that arousing, though Tavares might well have. Her head was being yanked from one side to the other, man after man forcing his cock down her throat, pumping eagerly.

It took much longer to get six men ready to erupt, but when they had done it they emptied themselves on her face as well, so that she was absolutely drenched in male come.

They trooped out, and ten more came in, gathering around her, laughing and jostling for position.

“Before I am done with you, girl, you will lose your fascination for male organs” Tavares growled.

She got up and turned the crank, and the frame began to pull harder and harder against Kat’s wrists, and the underside of her head. She whimpered and moaned as it raised her slowly up off the thick spikes of pain she had impaled herself on. The pressure against her skull and wrists was fierce, but the easing of the pain inside her made it more than worthwhile, and she felt a deep, dazing sense of relief.

With the frame helping support her weight she slowly straightened out of her squat, slowly rose up into a standing position, and then the men moved in front and back. Her pussy and anal muscles had been beaten down by the thick things she had been sitting on. Now the men had no difficulty sliding their stiff pricks up into her pussy and ass, grunting and thrusting as their hands fought for possession of her breasts.

The men formed two lines, one in front and one behind, and took turns raping and sodomizing her as Tavares looked on.

“Feel the pain, girl? There is no pleasure, only pain.”

The men continued, rutting and pawing at her like feral animals, until Kat’s strength wore away and she hung there by the stocks, gurgling weakly.

Tavares lowered her again, this time to the floor, and the stocks were removed, her wrists simply crossed and bound behind her. More men came in, eager, rough unwashed men from Rio’s ample slums licking their lips at the prospect of using a pretty blonde Norteamericano.

Their cocks thrust into her mouth and throat, rutted away at her pussy, and reamed out her bottom. None of the men were at all fastidious, and most followed the orders of the Senhora, when they could, spraying their seed across her face or chest or back. Some could not help themselves, however, shooting off inside her until she began to drip from the results.

Exhaustion finally took her into a merciful unconsciousness. Then she wakened, feeling far less pain, groaning as she looked up from the bed on which she lay. She felt shell-shocked, mind blasted, dazed. She was – clean – but sore everywhere, her muscles aching so that she could barely bring herself to even try to move.

The merest movement made her gasp and moan.

“Sleeping beauty is awake,” a familiar voice said.

She was in her own room, but not in her own bunk. She was in Luisa’s bed, and the girl looked down at her curiously.

“Tavares said we were to help you get over your fascination for bondage and depraved sex,” she said with a smirk. “I don’t think she knows you very well – and us even less. But we’re happy to please her.”

She stripped off her shorts and panties, then climbed onto the bed. Kat realized her wrists were bound to the corners, though this did not particularly surprise her.

Luisa straddled her head and settled her pussy down onto her mouth.

“Lick me, slut,” she breathed.

Kat moaned and licked.

“Me next,” she heard Adriana say.

“There’s a bunch of girls here who say Tavares sent them,” Helena called from the door.

“Have them line up after me.”

Kat felt her legs spread wide, and shuddered as a thick dildo was forced into her, then began to pump in and out.

Get over bondage and sex!? Her? Not her! Not now!

* * *

“So dear, how did you find Brazil,” her mother asked as they walked to the car.

Kat was dressed in a light summer dress, the hem well below her knees. She looked quite prim and proper.

“It was an interesting place,” she said.

Her throat was no longer gravelly, thankfully. It had even stopped hurting a few weeks back.

“I see you had time to get a nice tan.”

An all over tan, but there was no point in letting her mother know that.”

“The beaches there are marvelous,” she said.

Her mother frowned. “I’ve heard the girls down there don’t wear much on the beach.”

“Well, some of them,” Kat said. “But of course, the tourist beaches are different.

Not that she went to the tourist beaches, but the comment was safe enough.

“Didn’t meet any boys down there?”

“There were a few, but none I really liked,” she said.

“Well that’s just as well. We wouldn’t want you to get attached to some south American type. Now that you’re back here and ready for college you’ll probably meet someone quite nice.”

“I’m sure I will, mother,” she said primly.

They drove home, discussing the advantages of the weather in Rio, and Kat put her things away and chatted on the phone with a variety of friends and relatives.

Then she borrowed the car to go and visit a friend. Instead, however, she drove downtown. Even in Idaho there were people with a wide variety of lusts and hungers, and it didn’t take long for a lovely blonde to find them.

She found a middle aged man eager to plunge his cock into a tight young pussy, and satisfied him easily. But then it was her turn.

She stood naked, hands behind her head, legs well apart.

“Whip me,” she said with a shaky voice. “Whip my breasts! Whip me between the legs! Whip me!

The whip lashed across her breasts and she cried out in pleasure and pain, her mind drifting into that dark realm she had discovered down south. Nothing else was so wonderful, so darkly, dazedly wonderful, and no matter what the pain was, no matter how much of it she endured, she had become addicted to that dark realm. And nothing would ever persuade her to stay away again.

“Whip me!” she croaked, gasping, jerking, moaning as the whip struck. “Oh God yes! Yes! Ohhh! Yessss!”

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission

than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!