

REAR AWAKENINGS

Getting Deeper



HOPE RED

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By

Hope Red

Book two of the
Rear Awakenings Series

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Chloe had spent the weekend clothes shopping with her best friend, Hannah, a pixie in both hairstyle and cute angular face. The girl's big brown eyes gazed over all the bags they had accumulated for Chloe.

“How much do they pay you again?” she asked with a look of amazement on her face.

Chloe, eighteen years old and feeling gorgeous in a crop top and fishnet leggings, hadn't told Hannah how she'd earned the money she was now spending. She couldn't dream of explaining how she had made so much money on her trial week at the 'toy shop'. How could she say that she had allowed all her holes to be stuffed with dildos, plugs, strap-ons and fingers? That she had stuck her tongue deep into her boss's asshole, that she was called a 'buttslut' and 'asswhore' at work and that she had a 'Mistress'?

Should she tell Hannah how she loves the taste of butt whether her own or those of other girls? No, she couldn't tell her best friend or her mom, Emily, about anything she did at work. All she could do was lie about her weekdays to them. It was the only way she could carry on living her two very different lives.

Her blue-green eyes flicked out from under her light brown, long hair as she glanced nervously at Hannah.

She laughed, “It's enough for these and... a bite to eat”, she said mischievously.

“Again?” Hannah groaned, “You’ve been eating all weekend”.

This was true. Chloe had burned so many calories over the week that her body was craving energy to heal and repair the petite frame that had been used so thoroughly.

As they sat eating chicken salads in a swanky little café, customers and waiters, even the waitresses, glanced at the two young shoppers. Chloe felt their eyes pass over her creamy skin. It made her think of what she’d done and who she had become in just one week.

Did people see her differently? Could they see the dirty slut inside the sexy little clothes sitting there on a summer day?

She averted her eyes from Hannah and felt a pang of guilt. It quickly faded as she looked down at the shopping bags. Finally, I can afford to buy nice things for Mom and me.

Emily was home when she got back later that Sunday afternoon. Chloe dragged the bags through the front door of the house her mom rented.

“Hi Chloe sweetie!” her mom called from the lounge.

Chloe kicked off her heeled black trainers and walked through with the bags.

“Look at you”, Emily whistled.

“Those are sexy”, she admired the new clothes that Chloe wore.

“It’s a little different to your usual look. A bit more showy”, Emily considered.

Changing the subject, Chloe passed a couple of bags to her mom.

“I got you these. I am sure they’ll fit you.”

Emily pulled the tight dress and ripped jeans out of the bags.

“Wow, these are a bit on the hot side”, Emily said in a tone of appreciation but also slightly hesitant at the obviously expensive gifts.

“Are you sure you can afford these?” she asked.

“Of course, Mom”, Chloe replied confidently, “I am a working girl now”.

Chloe arrived ten minutes early to work at the warehouse building on the industrial estate. She excitedly looked up at the metal red door. She noticed a large shiny black Audi parked in the car park.

I haven't seen that there before, she thought.

It was parked next to Becky's little yellow battered Jeep and Eva's white sports car.

Chloe climbed the metal stairs. She was wearing a little pair of denim shorts that rode up into her pert, round butt as she moved and a tight white strappy vest top that exposed the shape of her sharp, little pink nipples and the outline of her perky breasts as they pushed the nipples up at a twenty degree angle. She hadn't cared as people on the bus had darted their eyes over them, some hungrily, others disapprovingly, as she walked down the aisle to a spare seat at the back. The Chloe of one week ago would have been mortified by accidentally exposing any of her intimate parts to strangers. The Chloe of today found it naughty and exciting to have them look at her like that. She held her heart-shaped chin high as she tapped in the door code and walked inside the dark corridor, hearing the heavy metal entrance spring and bang closed behind her.

She walked into the changing room and went straight to the locker with her name written onto a white sticker in marker pen. She moved back a step, a little stunned at what she saw.

There, hanging in the locker was exactly the same school uniform she had worn only a couple of weeks ago before the summer holidays except for a couple of obvious alterations. The same striped green and yellow tie, same dark green blazer with school crest, a white button blouse and grey pleated skirt. She pulled her shorts down to her feet and kicked them and the trainers off. She wriggled out of her vest top and set about wearing the uniform.

She soon realised it wasn't her old boring uniform in several obvious ways. She put on a tiny stretchy black elastine bikini bra that had been placed on the hanger under the blouse, no more than two triangles and stretchy string with shoulder straps. Next came the blouse. It was far tighter than the one she would have worn and didn't come down far enough to cover her hips. She buttoned it up to the collar and looped the tie underneath, tying it the way she had done every day for years. She straightened it and then, deciding to put the movement-restricting blazer on last, she pulled the skirt off the hanger. Something red and small dropped out from under the grey material. It was her best thong! The one that used to make her feel sexy and grown up before Eva had taken it off her.

She pulled the skirt up, its elastic waistband settling on her hips. It was far shorter than her own skirt, which was expected to be no more than one inch above her knees. This one was definitely breaking school rules. It only just covered her crotch and ass cheeks, revealing her silky, impeccable thighs. Knee high woollen socks sat inside the base of the locker along with a pair of four-inch Oxford lace shoes. She sat herself on the bench behind her, the cold feel of the wooden slats pressing into her pussy lips as they met the surface. She rolled the socks and peeled them onto her slim, shapely calves then carefully laced the shoes onto her feet, making sure they were able to securely support her five foot three inch frame. Chloe looked down at the thong on the floor.

I guess Eva wants me to wear it today or she wouldn't have put it in my locker, she thought.

She crouched down and placed one heel and then the other inside the thong straps and then slid it up under the pleated skirt, stretching it snugly into her ass crack, the elastic strap pulled up to her hips showing above the waist band of the skirt.

Chloe clicked in the shoes back to the locker and pulled out a makeup bag and a note, hand written, telling her to use it all. Inside she found a powdered

foundation, silver eye shadow, blusher, a silver eyeliner pen, black mascara and baby pink 'stay on' lipstick. She put this all on, applying the foundation liberally all over her face to give it that overdone look a self-conscious student might wear. She looked at herself critically as she pouted her pale lipstick lips to even it out. Her eyes shone blue, speckled and surrounded with green. They popped in the makeup and stood out, blazing sexily. Sticking to the look, she applied baby pink nail varnish to her fingers and pulled her hair band off her hair letting it fall over her shoulders before tying it into a low side platted pony tail that rested above her left breast. She found a cheap teen-branded perfume in the makeup bag and put plenty of it on her shirt and neck, spraying a dash on her skirt for good measure. Wow, Eva really needed the details to be correct for some reason. She put on a pair of studded gold earrings on that she had found in the makeup bag and put the blazer on, straining her shoulders in the tight, restrictive fit.

“Well, I guess this blazer is to make it look real but the fit doesn't have to be quite so realistic”, she mumbled grumpily.

It felt so pervy being all 'schoolgirled' up in the place where her asshole would regularly get gaped open by various devices and body parts. She left the locker room and walked, butt arched by the heels, swaying hips, clicking along to Eva's office door. She knocked and waited. Eva came to the door and immediately her eyes twinkled hungrily at what she saw before her.

“Come in, Chloe”, she said kindly.

“Thank you, Mistress”, Chloe replied as she walked in, remembering the required form of address.

“Today I have a special treat for you, Chloe dear. A chance to earn yourself... five hundred dollars for a couple of hours of fun”, she paused to emphasise the

amount.

“I have some friends that would like to meet your sweet ass”, she said gently grasping Chloe under the chin to point her eyes up towards Eva’s. Eva was taller than Chloe by several inches and had a rich pale honey complexion that contrasted against the tight, long, spandex black dress she wore which pressed against a physique that a gym instructor would be proud to have.

“They have come to fulfil a fantasy of theirs and they want you to play a role for them.”

Eva reached her head down and gently traced her tongue around Chloe’s right ear before whispering, “Would you do that for me, my little buttslut? Will you make their fantasies come true for your mistress?”

Chloe melted at the touch of Eva’s lips brushing her ear as she whispered and could only nod, not knowing quite what she was getting into but willingly submitted her body to Eva and her offer to earn so much.

“Follow me then, young lady”, she said in an authoritative tone.

She led Chloe to a door that she had never seen opened before. It was directly above the warehouse along the rear corridor. It was large and metal with a padlock latch that had been opened.

“Now remember Chloe, you’re a schoolgirl and they are your teachers. Play the

role well to get the money.” She opened the door and pushed Chloe inside.

“If they play too rough and try to fuck the life out of you, call out your safeword. What was it, ‘Cocoa’ or something? Of course, you understand that I will have to dock your pay for every one of them that doesn’t cum though”, Eva said behind her before closing the heavy door from the other side.

Chloe stared inside in amazement. Four middle-aged women in smart office clothes sat around a large room smoking cigarettes. The room was fascinating. It looked exactly like the staff room at her old school. She had been in it a few times over the years to carry books and boxes back for teachers. Every detail was there, down to marked work strewn out on low tables, the large leafed plant in the corner, the books about teaching literacy and numeracy on the shelves by the walls, even the coffee mugs and sink at the back. She shuffled a little closer to the ladies over the blue ribbed carpet. She looked them over as much as she could. Was she going to have to have sex with these strangers for the bonus Eva had offered her?

They were all in their forties, Chloe guessed, one a bit at the latter end, two midway and one younger, maybe just forty. That observation made Chloe feel a pang of nerves. They were older than her mom! She looked at each of them, trying to soak in as much information in the seconds before they looked up at her. The oldest had brown long hair with grey streaked into it at the sides. Her brown eyes set deep into a hard boned face. She had red lipstick on and wore a tight fitting pair of pinstriped trousers and a white ruffled blouse buttoned to her neck with black flat heels.

The second one seated along was a caramel skinned Hispanic woman with pouting red lips and high, round cheekbones. She had black short hair cut into a combed parting at the front. She looked about Chloe’s height but had a far shapelier figure by the look of the stretched pencil skirt and open blouse revealing an ample cleavage.

The third was a mocha, silky-skinned lady with jet-black straight long hair that bounced into curls at the ends and a model-like bone structure with strong shoulders. She also wore red lipstick and had some blue eye shadow on. She wore a tight red v-shaped top with grey suit trousers.

The youngest was light blonde and blue eyed, with her hair up in a bun. She had laughter lines on her face and a top lip that jutted out slightly over the lower one. She had a white tight blouse and long skirt that each hugged onto her large chest and butt.

None of them were conventionally beautiful, Chloe assessed, but each one of them had an aura of femininity and confidence that made Chloe feel hypnotized and frozen to the spot.

“Aaah, she has arrived for her punishment, finally”, the older woman said, putting out her cigarette and getting up. The others followed her lead and rose to their feet. They all stared lustfully at Chloe like a pack of wolves.

“So this is what all the fuss is about”, the Hispanic lady sneered, moving behind Chloe with the mocha lady in tow. The former lifted the back of Chloe’s skirt unceremoniously, revealing round cheeks that stuck out naturally and was accentuated by wearing the high-heeled shoes.

Chloe didn’t know what to do with her hands so she clasped the fingers of the left with the right one in front of her crotch. They were clammy and warm and she felt nervous and shy around these women she had never met before. Her head was bowed slightly now, not meeting the gazes of the two in front of her, her eyes staring down at her hands. The Hispanic lady addressed Chloe.

“I am ‘Miss A’ young lady and that is how you will address me if you wish to speak to me. ‘Miss B’ is my friend next to me and in front of you is ‘Miss C’ with the brown hair and pin stripe trousers. ‘Miss D’ is our blonde bombshell over there”.

Miss A talked as she pulled Chloe’s thong out of her crack and stretched it around her lower thighs.

“You’ve been a very naughty girl. What are we going to do to make sure you understand the consequences for your actions?” she asked as she crouched behind the ‘schoolgirl’, speaking into Chloe’s ear.

She spread Chloe’s pert cheeks and breathed in deeply.

“Heavenly”, she sighed. “No wonder you are so popular with all the boys at school”.

She placed her outstretched tongue flatly over Chloe’s anus and slid the rough surface hard over the hole. It felt like sandpaper against the soft, sensitive rim.

“So beautiful. It has barely any pucker... and the rim... it’s skin-coloured!” she exclaimed to the others. She walked around in front of Chloe.

“You are a blessed little thing aren’t you”, she said.

Then she pulled Chloe into her large red lips by the back of her neck and forced Chloe's lips to part. She scraped her tongue against Chloe's and smiled evilly. Two hands grabbed Chloe by her upper arms and spun her around.

Miss B took off her grey trousers and kicked off her shoes as Chloe watched, frozen. A black seven-inch strapon cock bounced up from a downward position to point at Chloe's belly. Chloe could see that the harness had an open crotch revealing pink pussy lips that stuck out between the straps. The straps went up and outwards under Miss B's butt at the back leaving an exposed ass and were connected to a thin waist strap around her lower back. She moved to Chloe and bent over, pulling the red thong down past her knees, lifting her legs firmly at the calves to release the lacy little lingerie. She balled it up and put her hand behind her butt. Her breath caught as she obviously stuffed Chloe's thong into her asshole, smiling and looking into the middle distance.

"I will have to confiscate this underwear as evidence. Don't worry you'll get it back later. It will be safe for now inside me", she purred.

"Now, come here and confess what you've been up to."

Miss B pulled Chloe onto her lap as she sat back down into a cushioned easy chair. Chloe's thighs straddled Miss B's lap and she could feel the silicone cock flattened down her pussy lips and perineum.

Miss B rocked Chloe's hips with her tightly gripping hands and stared widely at Chloe's face and lips. Chloe, looking at Miss B's chest and neck rather than meet the gaze, started to feel her pussy lips lubricate as they were rubbed against the dildo.

“We caught you giving the captain of the football team a blowjob in the toilets yesterday and we have heard rumours from other girls that you have been up to far worse with the prefects last week”, she went on, “you should be ashamed of yourself, you little slut”.

“As the school rules don’t cover such terrible unladylike acts we have had to come up with a special punishment to fit your crimes”, she said in character. “We have decided to use a sexual flooding therapy to create an aversion to future rule breaking. We agree that this is the most appropriate course of action. Should you partake in any more rule breaking in the future you can expect more of the same. As you love fucking so much, we are going to fuck you until you can’t take any more. Is that understood, young lady?”

Chloe responded in character, nervously excited, “Yes, miss”.

“Right, shall we begin?” she said lifting Chloe up by her hips like a feather and pushed the dildo into her pussy. Chloe bit her lower lip and allowed the silicone to slide on up several inches. Her thighs brushed on and off of broad mocha-toned hips as her knees and calves uncomfortably held her weight on the long, flat wooden arms of the chair. Miss B rhythmically fucked Chloe’s hips up and down onto the dildo at a slow, sexy pace for a few minutes until Chloe’s body, instinctively wanting gratification, took up the rhythm itself. The blazer was peeled back off Chloe’s shoulders by Miss B and fell on the floor to one side of her, her breasts in the tight blouse gently heaving as she moved and her arms hanging limply to her sides. Chloe started breathing, open-mouthed as she enjoyed the long, slow screw she was being given. She looked into the eyes of the person allowing her this pleasure, for the first time feeling relaxed enough. Miss B’s brown eyes were wide, soaking in every detail of Chloe’s body and how it reacted to having her smooth, tight pussy filled.

Miss B allowed Chloe a few minutes of sublime pleasure, letting the tingling sensations on her vagina walls flood her mind as she closed her eyes. Then she spoke.

“You fucked the prefects’ cocks like this, didn’t you girl? You sat them down on the toilet seats and rode their dirty shafts with your slutty pussy.”

Chloe was lost in the moment and didn’t respond, eyes closed and mouth parted. Miss B got Chloe’s attention by tearing three buttons apart on her white blouse, the top button and the two bottom ones still attaching the blouse around the girl’s torso. Her little bikini bra was stretched by the woman and pulled down under her pert breasts, springing them to attention even more than usual. The blouse framed her breasts, squeezing them out of the white material. Miss B clutched two pink, hard nipples and twisted. Chloe’s eyes shot open, showing her pain as she stared intensely into Miss B’s eyes which were smiling as the laughter lines on her face creased more obviously.

“You didn’t answer my question, bitch!” she shouted at Chloe’s face.

Chloe gulped and then gasped out, “Yes, Miss”.

“Yes Miss is right but tell me what you did”, she purred, still tugging at Chloe’s little nipples.

“Yes, Miss. I... I... oww, fucked the prefects’ dirty penises with my pussy”.

“So you admit one of your crimes, naughty girl. Time to make sure you don’t think about doing it again then”. Miss B released her grip on the nipples.

Chloe felt two hands grab her wrists and shove them in front of her breasts pressing them to one another as if in prayer. Two of the ladies’ right wrists were exposed from under their blouses as they bound her hands together with natural coloured hemp rope. They each had a tattoo. She glanced at Miss B’s wrist that was busily tracing along her body as she peeled the red top off of herself.

They all had the same tattoo, a heart shape with a line along the base of the arches and down the centre like a T. Each side of the T had the letters P, engraved. It looked exactly the same as Becky’s pubic design apart from the T divide. She didn’t have time to wonder what this meant right now but she found it strange and somehow really relevant.

She glanced left and right. Miss A and Miss C, the blonde, had taken off their lower clothing and footwear and both wore matching strap-ons to the one now inside her. Miss A had thick, round thighs that looked pock marked in places, a snake tattoo weaving down the outer part of the right thigh. Miss C had pale milky thighs that revealed pink veins through the surface. They weren’t as round as Miss A’s but were shapely and moved up to very broad hips.

Miss B pulled a push up bra away from her own chest to reveal large, round breasts with dark pink nipples. They rested above a belly that rippled with abdominal muscle. Broad, strong shoulders framed her body, either side of a long neck. The other two backed away as Miss B took a solid grasp of Chloe’s butt, pressing her towards her so that Chloe’s thighs started to wrap around Miss B’s waist.

Miss B pushed her weight forward and stood up, Chloe still firmly penetrated by

the strapon. She took a hand and wrapped Chloe's legs around her hips, feet dangling over long, heavy but firm butt cheeks. Chloe felt giddy at how easily she was being lifted by the woman, turned on by the show of strength, making her feel an instinctive desire to submit and please the powerful mistress. Her lower body clasped around Miss B as she walked forward to stand under a large fan on the ceiling, her bound hands resting on the woman's warm chest.

Miss D, the older of the ladies, pressed her body into Chloe's back. She could feel sharp nipples poking her skin and assumed she wore the same strapon as a silicone shaft was slapped against her ass. Miss D's nicotine breath wafted over Chloe as she spoke loudly near her right ear.

"My, my, look at that firm, teen ass. Miss B, would you do the honours, please, and open the way for me". Without pause or ceremony, Miss B split Chloe's ass cheeks so far apart she thought she might rip down the middle.

"I am sure half the school has taken this hole for a good ride. It may look tight but I am sure it will have no problem swallowing this dildo", she said smearing buttery lube from a tub held by Miss C.

She didn't lube up Chloe and, without hesitation, plunged the penis shape through the anus and slid it deep up her rectum forcing a breath out of Chloe's pink lips and making her wince her silver outlined eyes closed.

"Just like it was never meant to be empty!" Miss D remarked as she began to buttfuck the eighteen year old in time with Miss B who had started to screw Chloe's pussy making a wet smack as she pumped into it, Chloe's feet locking around the back to keep her legs over Miss B's waist. In contrast, Chloe's asshole gently made clicking noises, like a mouth chewing gum, as it ate up the silicone readily. Out of the corner of her left eye, Chloe could make out a

bouncing view of Miss A who stood, quickly rubbing a swollen clitoris through parted lips, her jaw locked, light brown eyes drinking in Chloe's body and the scene.

Miss C moved in close and, standing on a chair to the right of the double-penetrated girl, pulled Chloe's tied hands up high above her and looped a long piece of rope under the thick hemp cords binding the wrists. This was then looped over the centre of the fan and pulled tightly until Chloe's arms were fully stretched before knotting it firmly in place. Miss C's now exposed, large breasts bounced as she got off the chair and moved out of view.

Miss B and Miss D now had more room, with Chloe's arms and hands out of the way, and pressed their bodies firmly onto Chloe who still wore all the clothes she had arrived in, apart from the blazer and her thong, which was now being infused with the flavours of Miss D's asshole. Her blouse clung to her back and waist, her small breasts bouncing out of it as she was humped up and down. Her skirt was still on, the pleats at the front and back lifted by the two strapons and Miss B's grasping hands. She still wore the shoes and socks on her legs wrapped behind Miss B, and the tie hung around her neck but had been brushed over her shoulder. Sweat started to dampen the clothes, as the two bodies pressed into her forming heat from the fast, fluid movements. Droplets ran down Chloe's foundation covered face. Her breasts and thighs started to glisten as the two taller ladies, their breasts rubbing into her back and upper chest, smothered her body.

Miss B pressed Chloe's head back with her forehead and told her to open her mouth. She did so, obediently and the woman spat onto Chloe's tongue and then scooped it back out with her own three times before she said, "That dirty tongue of yours needs a good cleaning, doesn't it slut?"

Chloe nodded, not closing her mouth, as she hadn't been told she could. Miss D forced her tongue into Chloe's right ear, snaking it in deeply, making it wet before saying "You like having both holes filled don't you, you whore?"

“Answer her, buttslut”, Miss B sneered.

“I like having both my tight holes filled, Miss”, Chloe replied.

She actually had never had both holes fucked at the same time in her life. She had taken a double dildo but it hadn't been fucked into her by two middle-aged women. She felt full and satisfied but stretched and unable to focus on one sensation at a time.

Miss D reacted to the comment by gurgling lustily as her mouth watered and she lifted the skirt up high exposing the her stretched butt cheeks, clearly eyeing the strapon burying itself in and out of her asshole. Miss D increased the pummelling pace and was quickly matched by Miss B. Miss A was frigging herself faster and harder to Chloe's side.

Chloe started to moan, “aah, aah, aah...” in time with the inward motion.

After a few minutes she started to raise her voice into a constant wail as she came close to orgasm.

Miss B picked up on this as Chloe's body started to shake. She quickly released Chloe's butt cheeks, which sprang back to meet around Miss D's strapon. Miss B took Chloe's sock clad calves and peeled the legs from around her, pushing the legs towards the floor.

Chloe dangled from her wrists as her body fell and she gave out a yelp of shock. The strap-ons provided some small support as they pushed in deeper as the weight of Chloe's body rested on them. Oxford shoes swung helplessly a couple of inches above the floor as the two tallest women of the four pressed into her holes. Helpless, trapped, penetrated and her anus clenching instinctively at the shock, she came, moaning loudly through parted lips.

Miss C got up on the chair and cut the rope down with a pair of scissors. Chloe fell to the floor as the two mistresses pulled out of her, both strap-ons oozing with Chloe's juices and lube. The length of rope dangled in front of her as she caught her breath.

She looked up when she felt her eyes were back in focus. The four ladies were lined up in a row, their butts facing Chloe. She stared at the sight of the four ass cracks exposed and inviting and, surprising herself a little as she found her mouth start to water. She had seen more ass at once in gym changing rooms but this was different, the ladies these belonged to intended to have them worshipped... and they wanted it doing right then.

Miss A came and collected Chloe from the floor pulling the rope attached to her tied wrists so that Chloe was forced to walk on her knees to keep up. She moved back into place on the left of the line, the rope hand-leash held between her legs in front of her. Chloe stared at the caramel toned butt cheeks. They were big, round and pushed out backwards, dimpled with cellulite on the sides with a thick crease where her legs met the base of the butt. Miss A pulled the rope around and through her legs as she parted the large cheeks with her hands, shortening the distance for Chloe until she was inches from a brown rimmed, very puckered anus. It smelled rich but different to the other three assholes she had smelled in her life that didn't belong to her.

"Your mouth needs to be punished as much as your other holes, slut. We know how you love sucking cock but have you ever tossed their salad?" asked Miss A.

Chloe hadn't understood the phrase until Miss C opened her mouth for the first time and said in a high-pitched voice.

"I bet she does. She probably loves eating out their dirty man holes. Your tongue is just like a wash sponge for them, isn't it little slut?"

Chloe felt so humiliated at such a suggestion, getting caught up in the fantasy. She shook her head, her mouth scowling.

"Liar!" Miss B snapped. "Just for that you will eat each of our delicious lady buttocks until we allow you to stop."

Miss A wrapped the rope round her hand until Chloe's face was firmly pressed into her crack.

"Eat my shit hole out until it sparkles, little puta."

Chloe didn't know what a puta was but she did know how to eat ass out. She set about licking the brown rim, swirling her tongue over it, pressing her open lips down allowing saliva to fill the gap between the two orifices. Miss A's anus tasted bitter but interesting, like freshly brewed coffee. She felt Miss A's hips relax, clearly enjoying the 'schoolgirl' mouth pressed onto her anus. Chloe felt for the right moment and then pushed her tongue into the hole, sweeter than the rim but a little sickly rich like cheaply made chocolate bars. It didn't taste too bad but it was more the thought of what she was doing than the actual flavour that made it a turn on, unlike the deliciousness of Becky's and Eva's or her own

hole. Saliva washed over it and back into her mouth and throat as she fucked the brown rim apart and pushed her tongue deep into the hole.

She tongue fucked Miss A's asshole for about fifteen minutes until a sudden convulsion and deep groan left Miss A's body. Sweet cum juices mixed with sweat flooded onto Chloe's lower lip and chin, blending with foundation as it ran down her jaw and onto her pert breasts, the pink 'stay on' lipstick still covering her full, cute lips. Miss A released Chloe and passed the rope to Miss B.

Chloe was pulled into oral contact with Miss B's long, high ass. This hole was the same colour as the surrounding mocha skin and had a tight symmetrical pucker around the anus. Chloe's hands were pulled from in between Miss B's legs up in front of them.

"I think you should show me your handjob skills, cock lover". Chloe's hands were slid up and down by the rope leash until she understood what she was meant to do and gripped the silicone dick between tied hands, sliding up and down on the shaft, masturbating it as though it could feel the soft little palms stimulating it. Chloe got down to business at the back. She took long licks from Miss B's pussy lips, up the perineum and over the anus to the top of the crack then back down again. This was more like it. The flavour was earthy and sweet and tasted a bit like cookies. She enjoyed the long slurping motions, making Miss B's entire crack glisten damply with juices and saliva. She could feel Miss B gently grind her hips, the dildo swaying as she slid her hands up and down it firmly. She could feel her own sticky cum, still wet on the surface of the black silicone and used it to lubricate her palms as they moved. Feeling excited pleasure at knowing Miss B was getting turned on, Chloe, thighs spread and on her knees, rewarded herself by tightening and unclenching her anus, the winking sensation making her feel a warm ache rise into her belly and a desire for something to fill it again.

Chloe pushed her tongue into Miss B's hole, enjoying the taste as her tongue

sensed its way into the tunnel. She felt the tip of her lacy thong as she pushed in deeply, touching against it every time she rammed in her tongue.

Miss B soon came and, using her free hand, grabbed Chloe's hair and wiped her pussy over her lower face and nose before releasing her grip. She stepped a long leg over Chloe's hands and reached for a bottle of water from nearby, taking a long swig.

She angled Chloe's head back and ordered, "Drink. We can't have your mouth drying up and you need to swallow our tasty ass flavours into your tummy."

Chloe gulped a few large mouthfuls, before being jerked along by Miss C into position, almost choking on the last swallow and gasping to get her breath back.

Miss C's ass was large in comparison to her small frame. Waxy, milky skin, shone on the surface of the big cheeks that clenched into a tight crack. Miss C giggled girlishly and pulled at Chloe's tie rather than the hand rope. This meant that Chloe could place the bound hands on the carpet in front of her, propping herself up to face the hole. The down side was that she was being gently choked as Miss C pressed the tie into herself until it slid deeply into her pussy lips pulling it back and forth as Chloe's face was pressed in and out of the crack. Chloe found the hidden hole, light pink and tight. It tasted light and floral with a slightly salty pang of sweat as she pressed the tip of her tongue against it.

Miss C tugged at the tie as it slid, wedged inside her pussy lips. Chloe's head was pressed into the woman's ass every time she stretched the tie. The tie didn't cut off Chloe's breath but being pressed into the large ass meant that, as the tie slid backwards, she was quite grateful for some air to be able to enter her nose and mouth. Miss C quite literally fucked Chloe's head backwards and forwards into the ass crack, tongue out, pressing into the relaxing anus.

Miss C soon squealed, a little pig-like, and discarded the end of the tie, letting the soaking mass slap down between Chloe's breasts.

"Over here, little one", Miss D crowed.

Chloe crawled on her knees, tied hands out in front of her, providing some help with her balance but not much else in their current state.

Oh, this is different, Chloe thought as she stared at ass number four. This butt was shapely and curved nicely at the sides, the crack was quite wide and open and, having been strapped up in the harness, it stretched apart even further. The asshole needed no encouragement and gaped hungrily at Chloe, at least an inch open already. Chloe wondered how the gape had been made just as two hands, one smelling of ass reached around the back of her head and pressed her onto the hole. Caught off guard, Chloe scrambled to gulp some air down as Miss D pressed her cute nose deep into the open anus. Miss D hissed a tight little "aaa" in satisfaction, as she forced the nose into her like a key into a door lock. Chloe must have had the right key because the 'lock' opened up a little and enveloped her nose. Chloe smelled nothing but the sweet, rich tunnel deep into her sinuses. Unable to move her tightly gripped head, Chloe was forced to breathe from her mouth and took shallow little gulps of air as her lips brushed increasingly sticky pussy lips.

After about five minutes of this nose wedging, Miss D started to press Chloe's face firmly up and down, grating every bump and curve into the pink gaping tunnel. Her chin, lips, nose and forehead were rubbed against the gape aggressively.

“A slut as dirty as you needs to smell dirty so that everyone knows what you get up to. Then we’ll send you back to class with your own brand of asshole perfume to act as your calling card to all the other students. Tell me how you need to smell dirty.”

Chloe mumbled a mess of words as her mouth was rubbed over pussy lips and asshole.

“I can’t hear you”, Miss D jibed.

Chloe repeated the phrase, louder. This effected Miss D’s body as the muffled voice resonated through her and made her shudder gently. Chloe repeated the phrase again and again until, after about seven times, Miss D pressed Chloe’s mouth against her pussy and squirted cum down her exposed throat, dropping her head from her tight grip immediately after.

Miss A and Miss C looped a hand each under Chloe’s sweating arm pits and dragged her to the centre of the room, dropping her unceremoniously so that she bounced onto her bum. Sweating, face and mouth covered in the smell of multiple assholes, clothes wet with cum and hands tied, Chloe sat silently, triumphant. She couldn’t believe her achievement. Chloe had just made four women she had never met before orgasm one after the other purely by licking her tongue into their big butts. She had controlled the reactions of four middle-aged bodies with her mouth. I am an anal prodigy, she thought, impressed with herself.

She didn’t have much time to glory over her achievements when all four women pounced on her. The blouse was torn apart, and then completely ripped off her as eight hands pulled firmly in all directions. The bikini bra fell off at a mere tweak to the tied knot around her back but was ripped at the shoulder straps, possibly

just for the fun of it or to avoid figuring out how to get it over her bound hands. The tie was left on, pulled over the collar and around her neck as the blouse was shredded. The skirt was less aggressively removed, but still quite swiftly, as it shot from her hips and down her legs in a second. The socks and shoes remained untouched.

Her radiant, creamy body exposed, the women couldn't help it and forgot their role-play as they moved in as though hypnotized. They licked and kissed her body, gently devouring her breasts and butt cheeks, legs and back. Chloe wished this would go on forever. This was a taste of heaven she had never felt in her life as four lips and tongues traced all over her skin. The women were enjoying the taste of her youthful skin and sweat, Chloe could tell. It was as though they were drinking from the fountain of youth as they lapped and slurped lustfully. Things soon got a little more like the ravishing punishment she was supposed to be enduring when Miss A and B flipped her over onto her belly and, one of them, Chloe couldn't see which, sat on her upper back and reached down to spread her bum apart. One by one each of the women spent a good amount of time licking and eating out Chloe's asshole. This was definitely the opposite of punishment to Chloe. The woman on top was swapped around a couple of times as Chloe felt differing weights and butts on top of her. They couldn't stop commenting on how sinfully delicious and divine her young asshole was.

"I am never going to be able to eat a champagne truffle again without thinking of this hole", Miss C's voice was heard saying.

Chloe came easily at all the anal attention and had just finished creating a damp puddle on the carpet when she was hoisted up onto all fours or, more precisely, threes with the hands together. At exactly the same time her head was tilted up to face in front and her hips were grasped from behind. She received a synchronized penetration into her mouth from Miss C and from Miss A in her asshole. Both dildos slid straight in as far as they could go. The rectum won the prize for distance quite easily as Miss C pressed the wall at the back of Chloe's mouth with the tip, her lips pushed open to take in the girth.

“You should be a pro at this, little whore”, Miss B said into Chloe’s ear as she was skewered at both ends like a spit roast on knees and bound palms.

“All the dicks you’ve had in your mouth and ass, you should be able to deal with both at once.”

Chloe’s back glistened with sweat and curved so that her shoulders and butt arched up to meet the silicone phalluses. The soft inclining, line of her spine showed how her muscles were supporting her and led seductively to her lower back dimples. Her round, pert butt cheeks bounced with firm spring in them as Miss C pummelled them from behind. It felt good to have her mouth and anal sphincter working in tandem, sliding along mouthfuls of thick, black silicone as the two women worked in time with one another to skewer and release. It was just as pleasurable to have the dildos pull out, leaving only the tips in the respective holes, giving Chloe a moment of electrifying anticipation in waiting for the next deep penetration into both ends of her body. After a few minutes they both pulled out and moved over to where the other had stood.

Miss A explained. “It is quite obvious that a dirty bitch such as yourself cannot differentiate between her anus and her mouth and I would have to sympathise as I see the similarities. What one takes the other needs to take too.”

She plunged the ass infused dildo into Chloe’s mouth, which was hungrily received, as was the saliva-covered strapon by her rectum at the same time. Chloe sometimes felt she lived for her own taste and she felt her insides bubble with tingling joy. She was fucked for a few minutes, her pussy getting seriously wet as she thought of her current situation.

Miss B and D replaced the other two in the same set up of mouth and butt. Chloe noticed blonde hair behind Miss D's back and small, pale hands gripping the sides of the harness as Miss C lapped at D's asshole. Chloe could see Miss D was enjoying the attention as she peered up to see the woman's closed eyes and her upwardly curled, open lips. Behind her Miss B was moaning as though she was receiving the same attention but to Chloe it sounded like she was getting off on fucking her little teen bum.

B and D spent about the same amount of time spit roasting Chloe's eighteen-year-old body before the next position was revealed. Chloe was made to lie on her back with her hands behind her head on the floor. Miss B sat down firmly onto her mouth, Chloe's lips amazingly still painted baby pink. Miss A and C each took a heel of the oxford shoes and split. They pulled Chloe's body up so that her lower back was in the air and then they tilted her legs to the sides so that Chloe did an upside down full split. Her inner thighs ached as they were stretched out further than she had in years, her skin feeling taut and sore as her pussy and asshole was exposed. The whole thing was reminiscent of what Eva had done to her that day on her trial week in the bondage room down the corridor from the room she was in now.

Miss D plunged her strapon into Chloe's pussy and then her butt hole and alternated every few fucks. A and C had taken Chloe's four inch heels and pulled them firmly between their legs as they watched and kneaded their large breasts with their hands. Miss B rolled about on Chloe's face for a few minutes before lifting her body up and crouching down with her face over Chloe's. She stared down at the smelly-faced teen, looking into her half-closed, half-lost blue-green eyes. Miss B's own eyes were wide and searching, framed by her sweat-covered face, laughter lines tracing around them, the mocha skin shining. She lifted Chloe's head up with a hand under her neck so that the girl could see herself receive the deeply plunged dildo.

"Look at you, you are just the holes that you give so readily. You are just a dirty mouth, a pussy and an asshole." She squeezed Chloe's mouth hard, forcing it to

open. When it did, Miss B spat deep into the gaped throat.

“Say it Bitch! You are a dirty mouth”

“I am a dirty mouth” Chloe yelled in muffled pain at the squeezed mouth.

“You are a pussy!”

“I am a pussy, Miss.”

“You are just an asshole. Your name is asswhore!”

“I am just an asshole. My name is asswhore”, her mouth was spat into again.

“That’s right. Tell me, what are you? Repeat it as Miss D fucks your asshole. Miss D responded and ramped up the fucking of Chloe’s asshole to violent levels.

“I am an asswhore! Aaah, aah...I am an asswhore! ... Ooooh...I... am...a... a... ass...whore! Aaaaaah!” Chloe came again, this time very hard.

Emptied of silicone, her legs were released and her bum bumped again to the carpet. Panting, her breasts rose and fell where she lay. Her legs were parted and

knees up as she tried to cool her hot, sticky holes. She was allowed about thirty seconds before being hoisted up onto her heels by A and D. Taller D crouched to grip under Chloe's shoe and lift her leg up as if she was a ballet student being shown a position. The thigh was stretched up and up and then the knee joint was bent round and stretched until she was doing a standing split, one heel precariously on the floor, the other vertically held up in the air. Chloe lost balance in her torso and fell backwards only to be caught in the arms of Miss C.

"This is going to be a difficult position for you. You will need to hold on tight", Miss B said as she untied Chloe's hands and wrapped her aching, rope-marked wrists around Miss C's waist. This allowed Chloe to hold herself up horizontally and save herself from falling but it meant that her body twisted awkwardly at her stomach to bring her head and shoulders forwards. She held her own sore wrists with each of her hands locking her arms in a ring around the clammy hips of Miss C just above her harness, the strapon dildo erect and tapping at Chloe's face.

They lined up next to all her holes at once. Miss D moved in on Chloe's vagina and pushed into the slippery hole deeply at an angle that brushed against her clit as it went in. Miss A had no trouble with Chloe's asshole as it betrayed her, readily consuming the dildo as far as it would go as the two women pressed into the teen. Miss C completed the triple stuffing orally and shoved in aggressively and deep. It was all too much for Chloe's inexperienced body as she felt all her insides fill. A sense that she really was just a fuck toy to these women flashed in her mind. It was physically exhausting to be taking so much into all her fuck holes, let alone being made to perform vertical splits and hanging onto sweaty hips with her arms.

They fucked, pummelling in and out, not in harmony with one another like earlier but more randomly, aggressively, without rhythm. Tears fell from Chloe's eyes as the deep throating caused her gag reflex to kick in as the silicone tried to go down her neck. She wanted to cry out an animalistic release at the pummelling group fuck but the only noise that came out was a long

“MMMMMM!” as the dildo filled any chance of it escaping out.

Her vagina and asshole were pounded on, causing thighs and butt cheeks to spring back and forth. Chloe felt queasy and weak in her belly. The women laughed out evilly to one another. D and A encouraged each other on with fingers stimulating each other's holes. Miss C was being buttfucked by Miss B with her strapon and this only caused a more forceful mouth filling every time C's butt got filled. Chloe's eye makeup was giving way as tears travelled down her cheeks and dripped onto the floor. Miss C grabbed Chloe's tie pulling it upwards to choke her as if the torture wasn't complete enough. Chloe's eyes widened as air was cut off and she started to gurgle deep in her throat. She was close to passing out when she was released and all of them allowed her to settle on the floor in an exhausted, sniffing heap.

She couldn't move, too exhausted as they all moved in on her. What followed was a strapon orgy that involved all the dildo's swapping into and out of all of their holes and Chloe's. At one point Chloe was almost smothered under a writhing, fucking mass of sweat and flesh. She was then positioned in the centre of A and D lying sideways on the floor as they double penetrated her, they in turn being fucked by B and C sideways behind them respectively. Miss A licked at Chloe's face and neck, as did D from behind. They pressed their bodies close until Chloe squirmed, trying to stop from overheating. The women behind them pressed in too, causing all their bodies to bake against one another's heat. They all moaned together, the noise becoming loud and a powerful influence in Chloe's head, causing her to start to get sticky and wet yet again.

They slid out of Chloe and one another and used fingers in place of the silicone. They each removed their harnesses and pulled out the dildos. Chloe was made to lay flat on the carpet spread-eagle as they inserted a dildo deep into her ass and then into her vagina before making her hold another in her mouth. B and C got up onto her arms and A and D sat onto her thighs. They rubbed their pussy lips up and down her limbs, sliding on her soft skin until Chloe could feel clits graze over her body parts. They occasionally leant over and squeezed a nipple, slapped

some skin or grasped Chloe's throat and pulled cruelly at the knotted tie around her neck as they moaned louder and louder, sliding up and down on her, trapping her motionless under their combined weight. She felt her arms and legs go numb and her eyes closed tightly as her teeth started to grip onto the dildo like a bit.

Her body was burning up and she felt fevered sweat mottle her forehead just as the four women orgasmed loudly, their juices pouring onto Chloe's limbs. A few moments later, they lifted their butts off of her laughing at her grimacing expression. They took the dildo out of her mouth and placed it on her chest between her breasts. The one in her vagina was slid out and placed horizontally on her abdomen and the anal intruder was popped out and balanced on her belly, its warmth heating her tummy up.

Miss B stood over Chloe's face, a bare foot either side of her head. Chloe looked weakly up at Miss B's fingers as they rooted around in her asshole, slowly a soggy, smelly looking red lace thong was pulled out like a magician pulling a handkerchief from a hiding compartment.

Miss B balled it up tightly and crouched down over Chloe and spoke softly, "I think you've been taught a lesson, little asshole, I look forward to seeing you again for some more well-deserved punishment in the future".

She squeezed Chloe's mouth open with a clawing hand and pushed the ass-infused thong deep into her throat, causing Chloe to gag and choke. She glanced down at Chloe before rising and leaving the room with the other women, still naked, picking their clothes up as they left.

Chloe turned on her right side and coughed the strong tasting thong out of her mouth, spitting the last of it and its flavour out of her mouth as saliva webbed from her lips to the carpet. She curled into a ball, the three dildo's slipping down

next to her so that, as she drew her limbs in, she ended up unintentionally cradling them. Coughing, eyes closed, aching and exhausted, she hazily dozed for what seemed like fifteen minutes or so.

The next thing she felt was a soft hand gently lift her left arm into a soft cotton robe sleeve and then her torso was carefully lifted up under her right arm pit so that she came up to seated position. Her right arm was moved into the other sleeve and the robe was lifted over her shoulders. Chloe opened tired eyes a fraction, revealing watery blue-green with large black pupils. Becky nestled her chin onto Chloe's robed shoulder and looked back at her with sympathetic blue eyes.

"Let's get you up and out of here sweetie. Don't worry, I'll get you cleaned up", she said softly and put her forearms under Chloe's armpits, heaving her up onto her still heeled feet.

Becky placed her right arm around Chloe's waist and pulled Chloe's left arm over her shoulder and around her neck, her blonde hair brushed down her right side.

Becky walked Chloe across the room to the door but Chloe found herself stumbling as she moved. Becky opened the door and they made their way slowly along the corridors to the changing room.

Becky sat Chloe gently onto the bench and immediately stripped herself naked and got on her knees in front of Chloe. She gave the tie a disapproving look and untied it, holding it by her finger and thumb at a distance before tossing it to the floor, her mouth showing disgust. She unlaced the Oxford heels and slipped them off Chloe's feet and then slowly and gently peeled the socks off of her calves and feet so that her fingers tickled as they moved and a feeling of relief at

being out of the uniform waved over Chloe.

She placed her hands gently on Chloe's thighs and looked up, her pale blue eyes wide. She spoke through her pink lipstick lips.

"Let's get you washed. Think you can make it over to the shower?" she asked kindly.

Chloe nodded and, with Becky holding her hand, made her way over to the tiled area and placed her hands on the walls of the shower in front of her. Behind her, Becky rolled the robe off of her shoulders and placed it out of the way of the shower near a pile of folded thick towels. She turned the water on and let the hot, steaming shower run over Chloe's back and legs for a moment before mixing a mentholated body lotion into a puff then stroking it in circles onto the back of the sweat, cum and ass covered body.

Becky massaged the lather that formed from the lotion onto Chloe's skin. The menthol effect worked its way into her muscles, helping to release them and relief started to come to her aching legs.

Becky moved all over her body, scrubbing thoroughly but gently until the youthful skin shone cleanly again. She paid particular attention between Chloe's legs, making sure that all the attention it had received was cleaned away. Becky left the shower, her naked body dripping as she padded off to a locker. She got out a douche, a large squeezey ball with a nozzle on one end, and some mouthwash. She came back under the pouring, steaming water and gently tilted Chloe's head back.

“Anti-bacterial mouth wash. Don’t swallow”, she softly said into Chloe’s ear and placed a small filled lid onto her lips. Chloe opened and Becky tilted the lid, pouring the liquid. It tasted strong, like antiseptic but with a minty overtone. Chloe swilled it around and gargled for a couple of minutes before gently spitting it onto the shower floor.

On her knees behind Chloe, Becky inserted the full douche into the sore but still pretty ass. A warm, soothing, heavy liquid filled Chloe’s rectum. It felt nice and yet strange, the sensation was like burning and cooling at the same time as it filled deeply inside her. Becky reloaded the douche and squeezed the second filling into Chloe as well. Chloe felt full, like she needed to go. Becky walked around to Chloe’s front and started to rub her lower belly. She kissed Chloe’s lower lip and then the upper one and spoke softly, her forehead touching Chloe’s.

“Let it out, sweetie. Like you have to go. It’ll clean you up inside.”

Chloe would have followed any instruction Becky gave just then and knew that, even though it was a very personal thing, she had nothing to be embarrassed about with this cute blonde. She braced and bent her knees a little more. She pushed to release and made her sphincter open. The liquid flowed out from her anus, the occasional cute fart making Becky smile and giggle breathily. A final little rasping squeak of liquid signalled the end of the cascade and that Chloe was now empty and feeling cleaner inside.

Becky ushered Chloe to sit kneeling on the floor as the blonde girl, knees on the hard tiles, washed and massaged Chloe’s hair back to its soft and shiny self. Becky couldn’t resist a few neck kisses as she rinsed the hair in her hands and Chloe felt each one run shivers down her spine. Chloe was lost in the hot water and was more than a little disappointed when it was switched off. A large towel was brought and she was dried off, the towel soon replaced with a fresh robe that she managed to put on herself.

Becky walked over to the bench and tapped it for Chloe to get on it. She positioned Chloe on her hands and knees on the bench, her robed butt sticking up behind her. Becky dug into a tub of the soothing cream, like the one Eva had given her last week, and ran a hand up the bottom of the robe between Chloe's legs. She rubbed the cream over and into Chloe's pussy lips and left large amounts around her anus, squeezing a large smear into the hole ever so slightly using the tip of her index finger.

“Now, lets get you dressed” Becky said putting on a robe for herself. “Eva wants to see you for your reward.”

[A Date with Becky](#)

She counted the notes from under her mattress. One thousand dollars, some of the five hundred from yesterday added to the total. She kept the rest in her purse with her regular pay from last week. It felt good to have all this money, feeling the freedom and options it would bring her after the summer when she started university.

She lay back on her bed and closed her eyes. She was wearing a floral patterned cami top and matching shorts, her hand between her legs, idly stroking her pussy as she thought.

Chloe contemplated the previous day's events. She wondered about the tattoos all the ladies had on their wrists. All on the right side, Chloe remembered. She wondered about the symbol and what it could mean. Where had the ladies come from? Would she end up meeting them when she was shopping or going to a gym class with her mom? Her mind drifted to Eva. 'Mistress', as she insisted on being called had paid Chloe the agreed fee and told her to take Tuesday off and use plenty of the ointment.

It was now almost lunchtime, her mom had left hours ago, calling Chloe to get up and get to work as she left.

Chloe had managed a muffled response from under her duvet earlier when she'd called back, "Day off, Mom. They don't need me today."

Chloe's mind drifted to the shower cleaning. She thought of Becky and pictured

her tight body with her small breasts and cute little pink nipples... and that amazing round butt that was Becky's sexiest feature... apart from maybe those cute cat-like lips that bowed upwards naturally, framed in an oval, high cheek-boned face with piercingly intense pale blue eyes. She found that she was rubbing herself quite vigorously. She shook herself back to consciousness and pulled her hand away, trying to put Becky out of her mind.

"Hungry", she proclaimed loudly to herself and touched her rumbling tummy.

Chloe jumped off the bed and walked down the stairs to the kitchen. She made herself a tuna melt toastie and a mug of strong coffee, put the toastie on a plate and sat down at the kitchen table. She chomped on it, staring blankly in front of her into nothingness. Stretchy cheese pulled from her lips as she took a bite, enjoying the richness of the flavours and the crunching of the bread. It was filling a hole inside her and made her feel a little more human again. She glugged down the coffee thirstily, her lips pressed widely over the mug to avoid a spill. A little unladylike, she wiped her mouth with her forearm and let out a little chuckle to herself. She got up and wandered into the lounge, dropping bodily onto the sofa and mashed a cushion before placing it comfortably under her head. She flicked the remote and started watching a daytime chat show.

She stared at the screen but her mind wandered. She thought about how the strange situation at PP toys was both exciting and terrifying, how it had all gotten out of control and yet she had allowed it all to happen. A feeling that something deeper was hiding behind the events of the last eight days nagged at her.

Jenny, Chloe's mom's best friend had got her the job. She had never felt comfortable around her. Jenny never used to contact Emily after they had been friends at school and had only met up again in the gym about three years ago. Emily and Chloe had just finished a workout and were showering and changing in the locker room when they just bumped into Jenny who had just arrived as a

new member.

Her mind drifted to the tattoos. She was sure that she had seen a tattoo like that before but couldn't place where. She felt it was relevant and decided that she would try to find out more. Maybe Becky would know.

She pictured her and Becky sat together at lunch, Becky's cute little nose wrinkling when she laughed and how she made Chloe laugh more than anyone she knew. She thought of the caring looks and then drifted to the lips. The soft, sweet lips, she had kissed for an age that first day in the shower. Her mind ran along the girl's body, the smooth milky curves, the soft round butt cheeks, the smell and taste of her divine asshole.

Chloe's eyes, that had closed themselves as she dreamed and thought, opened sharply. She realised that she had been rubbing her pussy again and it had started to dampen her shorts.

I need to see Becky was the only thought left in her head.

She jumped up and bounded up the stairs.

I need to dress sexy, she decided.

She brushed through her new clothes in her wardrobe and decided on a white elastane side-shredded mini skirt that just covered her butt and a matching tight, white, off the shoulder crop top with long shredded sleeves that showed her

nipples off quite clearly and outlined her pert, round breasts, finishing just below them to reveal her abs and belly. She put on a red elastic tattoo choker and pinned her hair up, revealing her neck. Red lipstick and black eyeliner finished the simple but delicious look. She took a brand new white wetlook thong with a y-back waist from her dresser drawer and slipped it on up and under the miniskirt.

Chloe grabbed her phone and purse and placed it in a small black handbag with a long shoulder strap which she swung over one arm as she walked down the stairs. She found a pair of sunglasses on the sideboard in the hallway, it was after all mid-afternoon on a hot summer day and decided on her open black heels as she found her keys and scribbled a note for her mom to tell she was out with a girl from work and would message her later if she was going to be late.

Chloe sat on the metal stairs outside the PP toys warehouse. She had placed an old scarf she found in her handbag to protect the white skirt from the dusty, walked-on metal of the step. She waited. It must have been twenty minutes before the red heavy door behind her at the top of the stairs clunked open noisily as the bolt was pressed down and pushed out into the light. Becky walked out a little warily, as though unsure of what might be lurking in the sunny afternoon outside. She wore her yoga pants and top, her hair wet and tied up, just some pink lip-gloss that had obviously been put on hurriedly at the end of the day. She looked down at Chloe as she stood up and turned around on the step to smile widely up at her goal.

“Hi. Do you want to get something to eat together?” She asked straight out. No reasons or convincing. Just to the point. That’s how she felt when she was near Becky.

Becky paused a moment, as if considering something.

“Sure, I may have to stop off at home if that’s ok. I was going to yoga and I think

I need to put something a little more...well”, she pointed and circled a finger around Chloe’s body.

“Of course, you put something a little more...” she waved her hands over her own clothing and laughed “...and then we’ll get some food with our wine”, she said cutely.

They got into Becky’s battered Jeep. It wasn’t all that old, just well used and worn with numerous bumps and grazes on it, the yellow looking more brown than anything else. Inside was almost as bad. Chloe shifted empty water bottles and chewing gum wrappers with her shoes and had to move a makeup bag off the seat to sit down.

It didn’t take long to get to Becky’s. She lived in an apartment block with a ladies hair salon on the ground level. Chloe sat in the car and waited. Becky said she would only be five minutes. It actually took her more like twenty-five minutes but the resulting figure coming out of the apartment block glass doors showed the reason why. Becky was wearing a body-tight faux snakeskin dress with diamond shapes cut out of the side, which hinted at the possibility of no knickers but Chloe knew that would be risky in such a high hemline. She wore red strappy open heels and a red satin choker. Her hair was up, like Chloe’s, showing her neck, little straps reaching over her bare shoulders. She had pink eye shadow and blusher and a black line of eyeliner under her eyes and wore a similar red to Chloe’s on her lips but finished in a gloss. She smiled and ushered Chloe to get out of the Jeep.

“Come on. I know a great little Thai place around the corner. We can walk it from here.”

Chloe realised that this was probably Becky’s parking spot anyway and jumped

out to let Becky lock it. They walked around a corner and went about two blocks before they came to a glass-fronted restaurant with red candles lighting up the inside. It had about six tables, all of them full, and a row of plush red cushioned booths.

Becky exchanged a few words with the waitress who guided them to a booth. They sat down opposite one another. Chloe was quite aware of the attention that two beautiful scantily clad girls walking in had gotten from most of the people at the tables as they weaved past them. A week ago, she would have felt embarrassed and shy, now she couldn't give a damn.

She stared into Becky's pale shining eyes and spoke, "Wine! Shall we share a bottle? Do you like red?" She giggled.

Becky nodded in agreement, smiling, and ordered a large bottle of red wine and two oversized glasses. The waitress removed the cork and smiled kindly at Chloe, her cheeks blushing when Chloe looked up at her with her blue-green eyes. Becky poured the wine into the glasses until they were full and then picked up her glass.

"So, sweetie. Here's to you getting through your first week at work. I bet it wasn't what you were expecting, was it?"

Chloe didn't say anything but did take a big gulp of wine as Becky took a sip of hers.

"You never told me who recommended you to Eva originally. How did it happen?" Chloe asked curiously but apprehensive of the answer as though she

already knew.

“It...er... was Jenny Harper too. I’ve known her a long time, Eva too. They used to come round to see my mom. I had left home and, when I had turned eighteen, I started making some money dancing in clubs. That’s when Jenny found me again. She handed me a card and told me to see Eva about a job. I went for a trial and ever since then I have been a sex shop shelf stacker that earns more than a lawyer.”

The Thai waitress broke the conversation as she arrived to take their food order. Neither of them could concentrate on the menu, their thoughts in the secret world that they both shared experience of. They both ordered the first thing they could focus on and the waitress left, Chloe glancing her butt in her tight black skirt as she walked off. They both finished their glasses and this time Chloe re-filled the glasses.

“So does Jenny work for Eva?” she asked trying to make sense of the person she thought of still as Emily’s old friend.

“No, if anything it’s the other way round. From what I can tell Jenny is in charge of the whole sisterhood. Eva calls her mistress, if you can believe that from our bitch of a boss”, Becky said with a wry smile.

This information was like a bomb going off in Chloe’s head but she pressed on, taking a sip of wine in the hope that Becky would mirror her.

“Sisterhood?” Chloe asked.

“That’s what I call it. They call themselves Koloslatreians since Jenny took over. When I was nineteen, a lady fucked me that was, how can I put it, old and wise. She told me a little about them afterwards as we lay in her bed. She told me that it was an ancient society that had originated in Greece thousands of years ago and that it had continued for generations with a selected group of women in societies throughout the ages. Their symbol is the heart shaped tattoo they wear on their wrists. That’s how they recognise each other. But the symbol isn’t a heart, it’s actually an ancient depiction of the shape of a girl’s ass and back and the T shape represents it being penetrated. The P and P is a recent addition and it has another meaning than ‘PP toys’. It symbolizes the power they gain from the girls’ assholes. They worship some kind of female deity that they believe rewards them for what they do. I have even had to be a part of some of their ancient rituals but I really don’t want to talk or even think about them ever again.”

Becky drank down the second glass and Chloe followed her closely behind with her own glass.

“So you aren’t part of the sisterhood, Becky?” She asked, knowing the answer but wanting to be sure.

“No. I am too young to join anyway. There have been a couple of exceptions but you have to be at least thirty to become a ‘Mistress’ and that still depends on bloodlines and shit. I am just an asshole, an ‘asswhore’, I am there to be used by those with a tattoo... but at least I get paid for the privilege which I am sure, considering their long history, is only a recent addition”, Becky said plaintively.

“So are we the only two ‘Asswhores’?” Chloe asked, whispering on the asswhores.

“No there are quite a few. They can be found in various Koloslatreian businesses or workplaces, sometimes even in their homes. The Mistresses don’t distinguish between people like others do, they only see mistresses and assholes and all other relationships mean nothing in comparison. They are all under thirty of course, most of them are around our ages.”

The food arrived. Chloe didn’t feel hungry anymore but the fragrant aroma was tempting even for a lost appetite. She took a couple of bites and poured the rest of the wine into the two glasses. They didn’t speak much over the food, just commenting on how good it was and thanking the waitress when she came to check on them. Chloe found herself biting her lip as she watched the ass walk away again and pictured herself pulling the skirt down and licking the hole as the waitress gasped in pleasure.

She snapped back to a laughing Becky who had noticed the momentary lust in Chloe’s drunken eyes.

“I think we need to get our groove on, girl”, she said through a wide smile, “I know a great club near here where we can dance the night away”.

They split the bill, leaving a generous tip for the waitress. When she came over she thanked them gratefully and blushed, dark eyes fluttering under her lashes. Becky got up and gave the waitress a kiss on the cheek and gently squeezed her left butt cheek, Chloe copied the action on the right and enjoyed the firmness she felt in her hands, giggling as they saw the waitress drop her head shyly but smiling uncontrollably. They left the restaurant laughing and walking briskly arm in arm as heads turned to eye up the sexy creatures walking down the street.

The club doorman let both of them in without checking, surprising Chloe, had she changed so much in a week that she was now seen to be old enough for a club? Or did the doorman know Becky? Whatever, they were in. A dark open space with lights flashing from the ceiling and floors and booming dance music that fired up her hips.

They danced and drank, making the occasional trip to the toilet. Men hit on them both throughout the night, trying to dance with them and buying them drinks. They managed to brush them off without any issue until one slightly pushy guy had Becky cornered with an arm blocking the wall near the ladies toilets, trying to convince her to leave with him. Chloe had just picked up a couple of shots from the bar and was heading back over when she saw the predicament Becky was in. Without thinking she swept under the guys arm and kissed Becky open mouthed with her tongue fencing against Becky's reciprocating tongue. She pulled back and swigged the shot, passing Becky the other.

She turned on the spot and shouted, "Why are you hitting on my girlfriend, you bastard? Don't you believe a girl when she says she isn't interested in men? Trust me, there is nothing you could give her, that I couldn't give her better."

Stunned and nervous the guy backed off.

Chloe turned back to grin at Becky but was caught by two hands around her jaw as she was drawn into Becky's mouth. She received the most passionate kiss she had ever experienced in her life. As they gently pulled apart, a line of saliva breaking as the lips moved, Becky stared with half closed eyes into Chloe's.

"Let's go back to mine", She breathed. Chloe didn't need to think, she nodded without hesitation.

They staggered out of the club and into the street. The night air was fresh in comparison to the club but warmer as they held hands, walking with a purpose.

At the entrance to her block, Becky scanned a card against a metal panel and the glass door buzzed open. They walked into the open elevator and Becky pressed the eighth floor button, which lit up and shut the door. Chloe turned to Becky as they pressed in together, kissing passionately. Their hands ran over each other's backs and necks. Chloe could see their reflection in the mirrored walls of the elevator, intoxicated by drink and the curves of two young women's barely covered bodies, she was lost in the moment.

Ding. The doors opened. Reluctantly they stopped kissing. Becky's dress had ridden right up revealing a little black thong with clear plastic side straps. She pressed it back down over her shapely butt and took a key out of her bag. They walked down a corridor with a door on both sides and one on the end, opposite them. Becky led them both to the one on the right side. She tried to get the key into the lock but Chloe did her best to distract her. She gently nibbled at the exposed neck and rubbed her pelvis against Becky's butt, stroking fingernails down the milky soft skin in the open sides of the dress.

Becky failed twice but managed to get the key in on the third go and turned it, opening the wood effect door. In one motion, she pulled the key out, twirled in to the apartment holding Chloe around the hips with one hand and kicked the door closed behind her. She pressed Chloe's body against a wall and kissed her neck, moving her lips around to her jaw and chin without lifting them as she traced around the creamy skin. She placed a hand under Chloe's top and cupped one breast and then the other. Their thighs locked between each other's legs, skirt and dress riding up to reveal the black and the white thong.

They gently moved their bodies rhythmically over each other, circling their hips

to let their thighs stimulate both clitorises. Two pairs of red lips locked together as tongues swirled in their mouths. Becky broke to lift the top off of Chloe, springing her high, beckoning breasts. The little pink nipples pointed up at Becky's mouth, as if asking to be sucked. Chloe returned the favour, moving the dress straps off Becky's beautiful shoulders and peeled it down to reveal small, cute breasts. Becky kissed the full lips in front of her and pulled the dress down her thighs to fall into a bundle on the floor.

Still kissing passionately, Chloe was walked backwards, in the embrace, as Becky guided her to her bedroom. They both fell onto the bed with Becky on top. She pulled off Chloe's skirt underneath her, slipping it down the silky thighs and calves. Becky moved in on Chloe's mouth and kissed her passionately but lightly. It felt sweet and caring. Chloe had never been kissed with such feeling before and was touched by the way it made her feel. She felt loved, bonded, like she wanted to be inside Becky.

Becky gently kissed and sucked at Chloe's nipples for some time before kissing the soft skin between her breasts and then moved down open-mouth kissing the sweet flat belly and hips. Becky peeled off the white thong and pulled it away from Chloe, placing it by her on the bed. She parted Chloe's legs and tasted her pussy. She spent time licking and kissing the clit and pussy lips gently and attentively before flipping Chloe over onto her front. She let her own body trace softly up Chloe's back as she kissed and licked the nape of her neck for some time. Chloe moaned in pleasure and Becky traced kisses down Chloe's spine to the dimples on her lower back. She didn't part Chloe's ass cheeks but, instead, kissed her way into the hole by gently pressing her lips closer and closer over the pert, round cheeks.

Becky could taste the flawless skin as it was activated by the wetness of her mouth. It tasted heavenly and she wanted to kiss it forever. She had never felt like this before but she was sure that the naked eighteen year old on her bed was burrowing a place into her heart. She decided to respond to her passion instead and burrowed her face into the girl's butt and licked the delicious hole. She had

tasted it before but it still shocked her that this was by far the best ass she had ever tasted in her life and she had tasted a lot. She lapped up the sweet, intoxicating flavour.

So delicious! She had to hold herself back. She didn't want Chloe to think it was only about her ass...although it easily could have been if the rest of this girl wasn't just as cute.

Chloe returned the same moves, pulling the black thong off. She sat on Becky's round butt and traced her fingers over the older girl's back, feeling the smooth skin and muscles move under her touch, taking in the details of the few moles that dotted the shoulder blades. She traced her hands down Becky's back, gently stroking until she got to the strong curve at the top of her high butt cheeks. She moved her own bum down and traced her nails all over the beautiful half spheres; enjoying the shivers it was giving Becky as she tickled over her sensitive skin. She parted the cheeks gently and pressed a tongue and nose into the hole. She ate at the rim, enjoying the 'fresh from the oven' bakery taste. It reminded her of making brownies and made her feel at home and safe, like she never wanted to leave the crack of this cute, twenty two year old blonde girl she had only met last week. She snapped herself out of it. She didn't want Becky to feel they were still at work, even though she loved every second in the delicious hole.

They both came back up to the pillows and embraced, Chloe on top this time. They kissed each other, tongue and lips, tasting themselves on each other and enjoying it unreservedly. Chloe loved her own taste and, in the last few days, had found herself sticking a finger in her own ass just to lick it off or smell it.

They kissed and rubbed bodies, thighs pressing into wet pussy lips. The smells and tastes flooded Chloe's mind and she was lost in another world where only her and Becky existed. She couldn't quite place the feelings in her but she felt complete and whole, like Becky filled a gap in her heart. She realised something

she hadn't earlier in the heat of the passion. She wasn't fucking Becky; she was making love with her! This was the first time she had ever made 'love' to someone. All her two boyfriends wanted to do was to get in her and cum. That was definitely fucking. Tame and lack lustre, but still fucking. This was different. It felt as though their souls were making love as well as their bodies.

Becky lifted them both into a sitting position opposite one another. She pressed her pussy against Chloe's, their legs scissoring behind the other's body, their legs bent slightly. Using the bed as friction, Becky used her feet to anchor her legs and rolled her hips. The effect was a deep kissing of their pussies that rubbed and tingled against one another. Chloe joined the motion, rocking her hips into Becky's pelvis at the same time. They held each other around the hips and kissed on occasion when they felt like it but mostly just stared into one another's eyes. Nothing else existed as they watched the feelings enter the faces of the other, enjoying every tiny reaction. They built themselves to orgasm, moaning out loudly as their pussy juices mixed together as one. They sat for a long moment just looking at one another as they let their bodies calm down after climaxing. They laughed as they realised they still had their shoes on and pulled them hastily off. They fell back in the bed and kissed and fondled each other's body under the silky sheets before Becky kissed Chloe cutely on the nose and got out the bed, naked.

"Just need the loo, sweetie. Back in a moment", and walked into an en-suite on their right.

Chloe jumped out of bed and grabbed her bag that had dropped in the hallway. She took out her phone and, remembering, messaged her mom:

Had good night with work friend. She said I could have a sleep over. Just gossiping about the job and eating brownies. See u tomorrow evening x

Beep. A reply came quickly.

Was worried Chloe! It's really late. Glad you are ok, sweetie. Have a nice time with your new friend xxx

Phew, stopped her worrying, Chloe thought and clambered back under the sheets.

Becky came back and they lay, stroking each other's hair and pressing lips together for short, sweet kisses until they fell asleep.

Chloe slept right through and when she finally woke up wasn't for a moment sure who was spooning her naked body and had a hand on her left breast with a nose against the curve of her neck where it met the shoulder. She moved a little, feeling their mingled sweat as she let the skin on her back and butt breathe as she relaxed and remembered where she was.

"Morning Chloe", Becky said in a sleepy drawl.

Chloe turned and kissed the mouth that spoke to her.

"Morning", she said cheerily, her cheeks dimpling cutely.

"You help yourself to a shower and there's a new toothbrush in the cabinet you can use. I'll make us some breakfast and then I'll get ready", Becky said.

Chloe walked naked into the en-suite and got in the shower.

Breakfast was waiting for her when she had washed and dressed in her clothes from last night. Scrambled eggs with pepper, herbs and fried bread with some tomatoes chopped into slices as a garnish. All of it looked great and Chloe felt famished. Becky went to wash and change herself as Chloe ate. They had to hurry, as it was already eight when they had woken up. Becky had pulled on a blue long sleeved top and some pale blue jogger shorts. She wore a baseball cap and some flat white trainers. Chloe felt out of place in her sexy get up but knew she would have to change at work so didn't ask to borrow anything from Becky. They headed for the door. Becky stopped and turned to Chloe. They both spoke in unison, thanking each other for last night. They laughed and then kissed each other letting the lips linger as they moved their faces away from one another.

Heather

They both arrived at work with minutes to spare and ran up the stairs, entering the code on the door and walking swiftly into the changing room.

Becky and Chloe both opened their lockers and peered inside. Chloe had a raincoat, a mesh cami and suspender set, the usual six-inch heels and a bag with some toys and a strapon inside. She stripped herself naked and put on the black cami. It had half cups made from a thick band of black luxury lace and strapping that formed around the top of her breasts with a three-strap effect across the back and shoulder straps. The body was mesh and had a flexible black boning that ran from a lace v shape just under the bra cup down to the suspenders; the mesh stretched round to cover her lower back. She put on the lace topped opaque black stockings and a black y shaped thong, similar to the white one she had just taken off. She put on the black open platforms with a belt strap around the ankle.

Chloe decided on a heavy amount of makeup. First she pinned her hair up into a sophisticated bunched bun on the top of her head. Foundation put on, she decorated her eyes with mascara, blue eyeliner and silver to blue faded eye shadow. She brushed pink blusher heavily and dark grey-blue lip gloss.

Becky put on a tight double-breasted jacket in black polyester with buttons running down both sides to a pair of dull black skintight leggings with thigh high black leather boots with no noticeable heel.

She turned to face Chloe, "I've seen this set up quite a few times. I am your driver..."

She put on a black drivers hat “and you are...” she looked Chloe over “...going to be a gift or a first time for someone. Grab the bag and put on the raincoat while I check the details with Eva.”

She came back about five minutes later.

“Eva said this one pays three hundred. She thinks it shouldn’t be too taxing for you. She’s given me the address but we will have to leave straight away if we are to beat the traffic and get there on time.”

“Ok, Becky. Lead the way”, Chloe said as cheerfully as she could, nervous about what was waiting for her at the address they were travelling to.

They walked back outside and found a large black Audi parked hidden around the left hand side of the building. Becky clicked the back door open and held it for Chloe.

“If you please, miss”, she said with a grin.

Chloe smiled back, some of the tension leaving her as she got into the back seat covered in the long cream raincoat.

Becky got into the driver seat and reversed the shiny car out of the warehouse driveway and set off for the destination.

They drove for about thirty minutes. Chloe was able to stare out of the tinted back windows without anyone looking back at her looking like a made-up doll in a covering that would reveal seductive lingerie. They slowed down along a long avenue full of large houses set back behind long, large front gardens. Becky turned the car into a long driveway that fronted a large house with a pillared entrance and a double garage detached to one side.

Becky opened the back door and helped Chloe with her bag. She walked to the door and pressed the bell. After a small wait, a woman with bouncy long blonde hair wearing a white silk gown came to the door. She looked Becky and Chloe up and down with sharp blue eyes. She shook the sleeve of her gown and stroked her jaw line, revealing the tattoo. Becky immediately looked down and spoke.

“Mistress, your order is here.”

She gestured to Chloe, turning on the spot and headed back to the car. She looked back as Chloe watched her leave and mouthed the words “Safe word”, reminding Chloe that she always had a way out if she wasn’t okay with what was being done to her.

The blonde lady curled a finger beckoning Chloe to follow her inside. She was a couple of inches taller than Chloe but, without her wearing shoes and with the heels Chloe balanced on, she appeared to be shorter. She had a small waist made apparent by a silk belt that knotted the robe close to her shapely large butt and thighs. Chloe noticed that her skin was tanned to a latte tone when she caught sight of calves as the woman walked across marble tiles and went up a curved carpeted staircase with a wide white painted handrail.

They climbed to the top and moved down a hallway to the left with six doors. The woman knocked on one of them and called out “Heather? Are you ready,

dear?”

A muffled ‘Uh-huh’ came from inside and the blonde entered the room. Inside was a petite girl knelt on a large bed. She wore the same white silk gown but in a smaller size that revealed her legs above the knee. She had honey skin that shone under the light that was switched on above her. She had blonde hair, the same colour as the woman, but hers was cut into a short bob with a side-parted fringe. She looked around at Chloe, obvious nervousness filling the mascaraed dark brown eyes. Her diamond shaped face was set with a large, full mouth covered with a rich red lipstick. The girl’s makeup matched the woman’s - foundation, mascara and bright red lipstick.

“This is Heather.” She said pointing over at the girl. She addressed Heather, “This is a buttslut. She is going to help me teach you how to do all the things we talked about”. She removed the raincoat from around Chloe, revealing her lingerie-clad body. The girl’s eyes widened and her mouth opened slightly as if to speak but she didn’t. Chloe was guided onto the king-size bed with powder blue silk sheets. She knelt on the mattress behind Heather.

The woman walked to the foot of the bed to face Heather.

“Happy eighteenth birthday, darling!” She held Heather’s face in her hands and gave her a quick peck on the lips. She kept her hands around the girl’s jawline, stroking her chin with short nailed fingers. “And my gift to you is to open your eyes to the pleasures of the world you are about to become a part of”.

What the fuck!? Chloe’s head exploded but she showed very little of it on her face apart from a slight frown. This woman was going to ‘gift’ this girl, who had just turned eighteen, into to a world of debauched anal servitude. Chloe considered calling ‘Cocoa’ but then stopped herself. If she was the one to

‘introduce’ the girl then she could help her and be less aggressive than a mistress would be, as Eva had been to her. That, and a tiny spark of perverse fascination, held her mouth firmly closed for now.

“This slut is going to help me guide you through some of the basics. Remember, I will get you that bracelet you’ve been dreaming of if you manage all of this. You can stop it at any time with a word. What will it be?”

“Starlight”, Heather said sullenly glancing over at a photo of a pony on a dresser.

“Perfect. Now turn around Heather and introduce yourself properly to your tutor.”

Heather obediently turned on her knees to face Chloe. She couldn’t have been more than an inch over five feet, a petite little frame, wrapped in silk. Her face looked as though her entire world had just been flipped around. She clearly hadn’t expected to see Chloe and her eyes looked a little glassy and confused.

“Kiss her Heather, like you kiss your boyfriend, James.” The mistress instructed.

Hesitantly Heather leaned forward, Chloe helping her by meeting her halfway, and gave Chloe a kiss not dissimilar to the platonic one the girl had received moments ago.

“Not like that, you silly girl, like this”. The mistress moved along to the right side of the bed and rammed her lips against Chloe’s and opened her mouth wide

swirling her lips and tongue over Chloe's mouth greedily hard. She pulled her tongue out and turned her long face to Heather, her small harp shaped lips dripping with saliva. She nodded a head towards Chloe. Heather reached her face close to Chloe's. Heather was seriously cute. She had a long but small nose and round cheeks with a long angular jaw that met at a little flattened chin. She had a mole near her left ear and her dark brown eyes that shone out under her mascara were a sexy almond shape. Her mouth was wide and full and made the divot above it and the lines stand out, the corners of her mouth had tiny dimples.

She leaned in. Chloe wanted to kiss this girl now and she was the one to initiate the opening of their mouths. She gently caressed her open lips with hers and poked a tentative tongue to swirl at the tip of Heather's. Heather didn't reciprocate but she didn't pull away and allowed Chloe to push her tongue in deeper as the two mouths moved left and right over one another.

Satisfied at the kiss, Mistress said, "Ok. Heather, are you still wearing the thing I gave you earlier?"

Heather nodded, unhappy at the reminder of being given this 'thing'.

"Right then. It's time to take it out. Turn around and stick your butt up to the slut."

Heather turned to grab a rail at the foot of the bed and pushed her butt up behind her, kneeling on the blue sheets. Mistress moved back in front of Heather and reached over to the robe covering her back and legs and lifted it so that it came up over her butt. Chloe looked at the petite little round cheeks that parted naturally as there wasn't enough of them to cover the exposed holes. The pussy was a sweet straight slit with lips poking slightly up at the sides. The asshole was covered with the base of a blue silicone buttplug that pointed up at Chloe.

“Take it out like an asshole would”, Mistress commanded Chloe.

Chloe did as she was told and leaned forward to grip the base of the plug in her dark blue-grey lips. She felt Heather twitch in surprise at the touch of the lips but then eased again as the plug was slowly pulled out from her sweet tiny hole to reveal a near invisible, skin coloured rim. As the plug left her anus, Heather gave out an open mouthed moan and then breathed a sigh. Chloe held it in her mouth and could smell Heather on the plug. It was like the candy smells of a fairground sweet stall.

Mistress spoke, “Give it to me”. She held out an open palm.

Chloe placed the plug into her hand and moved back behind Heather, soaking in the exposed holes looking back at her.

Mistress took the plug and smelled it deeply.

“Mmm, like uncorking a fine wine for the first time”, she said dreamily.

She placed the plug in her robe pocket and sat down on an easy chair opposite the foot of the bed, crossing her shapely legs and pressing her hands together.

“Now for one of life’s greatest pleasures, Heather. Getting your asshole licked out by a cute girl. You can thank me for this when you orgasm.”

She snapped her fingers at Chloe and her face fell over the hole. She didn't need to be asked twice.

Remember, gentle. This girl probably hasn't even had sex before let alone a kinky tongue in her butthole.

She delicately kissed the outside of the hole getting the smell of the fairground sweet stall on her nose and mouth. She started to swirl a tongue over the rim and, within a minute, Heather had let out a deep "Oohh" as the pleasure took her.

"Yes, that's right darling. There is only your asshole and the tongue on it. Feel it as it takes you on a journey of ecstasy", Mistress encouraged from the easy chair looking at Heather's half closed eyes and open mouth.

Chloe rolled her lips up and down the anus for a minute before lapping a tongue against the entrance to the newly eighteen-year old's asshole. Then she went for it, gently pushing a tongue into the hole. It released for her surprisingly easily and she slid her tongue in deep.

"Aaahh", came a breathy gasp from the front of the body.

Chloe pressed her tongue in and out of Heather's anus, tasting candy apples. She held her tongue in and swirled around, feeling a natural wetness building. Her chin was noticing the results of her tonguing as Heather's pussy started to drip stickily. Chloe glanced over the small of the girl's back to the woman who was grinning back over, her eyes flitting from Heather's face to the heart shape her

butt made arched up away from Mistress. Chloe knew she could make Heather orgasm quite easily and went in for the strike. The girl made a “Haaa Haaaa uuh” noise as she orgasmed, possibly for the first time with another person.

Mid-orgasm, Mistress spoke.

“Now thank me, you little bitch. I have just shown you a way to more pleasure than you have ever felt before. Thank me!”

Heather was a little startled but her body was still shuddering with Chloe’s tongue still buried in her ass and, caught in the moment, she said shakily, “Th..Thank you, Ma’am”.

“What a good, sweet girl. I am pleased. Now it’s time for you to start making me proud. I want you to lick this girl’s cute asshole until you make her cum. You’ll enjoy the taste. I’ve heard it’s heavenly.”

Chloe blushed a little at the compliment and turned her back to Heather. She stretched the thong down around her lower thighs and put her elbows on the bed, which had the effect of parting her ass cheeks as it bounced up behind her.

Heather hesitated and Chloe looked over her shoulder to see a scowl on the girl’s face, as if unsure whether this was time to ‘safe word’ out. The Mistress walked up behind Heather and removed the silk robe the girl had been wearing to reveal the rest of her naked body. She had really small breasts with perfectly round light pink areolas surrounding little hard nipples. Mistress pulled the arms of the petite girl backwards and, using the silk belt from the robe, tied Heather’s hands tightly behind her back.

“I didn’t say it was optional, bitch”, she muttered into Heather’s ear.

“Now you’ll have to do it without your arms to hold you steady.” Heather looked defeated as she moved her face forward towards Chloe’s perfect butt. Heather clearly wasn’t sure about this and placed the tip of her tongue tentatively onto Chloe’s anus. She was obviously holding her breath, unable to taste or smell the asshole.

Chloe was more than a little insulted by this. It was quite clear that her hole and its taste was prized amongst mistresses. Who was this girl to literally turn her nose up? No, that was a mean thought and she shook herself. This girl is not a mistress and she certainly wasn’t an asshole yet. She was just an eighteen year old faced with a seriously bizarre situation. She must be so freaked out. On the other hand, if she just had a good taste, she might actually like it.

“Pathetic”, Mistress chided hurtfully. “You will learn to love it. It is in your blood. Lay down on your back. Now.”

Heather wriggled her body to lie down, her hands still tied quite securely behind her back.

Mistress addressed Chloe.

“Sit down on her face. Make her eat your butt out and don’t stop until you cum on her”.

Chloe hesitated but some kind of perverse pride inside her wanted Heather to appreciate how good her ass tasted. She pulled off the thong completely and placed her suspender and heel-clad youthful legs either side of Heather's face and knelt down over the girl's shoulders, pinning her down more. Chloe parted her butt cheeks and pressed herself onto Heather's squirming head. She trapped the girl's nose into her hole and pushed up and down over it, making Heather's mouth and nose alternate over her anus. Heather's body squirmed as though she was trying to get out from under Chloe but she soon calmed down. Chloe rubbed herself up and down on the girl for about a minute, until slowly she felt kisses starting to touch her buttock. She paused, allowing Heather time to find her own 'groove'. The girl started to kiss Chloe's anus longer and longer with parted lips brushing over the rim. A tongue went in and out of the opening hole and then back in again. Within moments, Heather had discovered the delicious taste. It was as though she was into all this for the first time and alternated between eating it out and pressing her nose into the hole with a passion that took Chloe by surprise.

Heather had never tasted anything like this. It was amazing and every tongue taste and deep sniff made her wetter and her insides tingle. She wanted this taste to fill her body and mind, hungrily feeling as though something was awakening within her and, from this moment, she wouldn't fight it.

Chloe was feeling the lust building in Heather. She was clearly having her ass worshipped by the girl and the flattery and glow it produced quickly turned into a bone shuddering orgasm and spurting cum that fell all over Heather's mouth and chin.

Chloe didn't want to get off this little blonde's face and she was quite sure Heather was content to be in her butt a while longer but Mistress spoke.

“Get off, slut. Do you think you’re here to sit around?”

Chloe rose reluctantly at Mistress’s order. The insides of her butt cheeks were now sweaty from being pressed onto the girl’s heated face. She knelt with her hands behind her back in a submissive pose. Mistress lifted Heather up on her knees by placing arms under her back and raising. She untied the silk binding, allowing Heather to rub her wrists, looking relieved at not being tied up anymore.

Mistress walked over to the canvas bag that Chloe had brought and unzipped it. She pulled out a number of bondage restraints and piled them on the bed along with an eight-inch metallic purple strapon in its harness.

Heather stared, her mouth open in fear, at the penis shaped dildo attached to the harness. She hardly noticed her Mistress attach black leather cuffs to her hands and a matching leather collar with the words ‘trainee slut’ embossed in metal around it as she was frozen to the spot. All the restraints were pulled tightly around the girl’s vibrant honey skin. Heather felt the collar pull tightly around her neck slightly restricting her breath and she broke her trance to look up, not really recognizing the person behind the cold blue eyes that glanced back, smiling wickedly. She attached a red rope on a hook around a circlet in the collar and pulled it around the white wooden rail that ran along the foot of the bed. She pulled it tightly making Heather’s chin almost touch the rail as she tied it off.

Mistress then took the girl’s thin arms and threaded red ropes through the cuff circlets, tying the ropes around the bed legs under the bed. Heather was on her knees but this wasn’t enough for Mistress. She took two thick thigh cuffs and strapped them around the girl’s small thighs pulling two red ropes from circlets on them up to her collar and locked them in. This meant that Heather couldn’t move out of the doggy position unless she wanted to choke herself and the complete set of restraints had bound her into the pose quite securely. Mistress took a ball gag out the bag and tied it around Heather’s face, pushing the ball

between her red lips.

“If you want out now, press an ear to the rail”, Mistress said. It was a move that was easy to perform in her position but not one that could be mistaken in the passion of the moment.

“Put the strapon on and fuck her virgin asshole until she loves it”, Mistress ordered Chloe.

Chloe had never worn a strapon. It was empowering as she put the harness on quickly, strapping it up and on securely. She looked down at her large rubber penis. Eight inches long and five inches in circumference, Chloe wouldn't have been able to take that a week ago and she would probably struggle now. What was Mistress thinking making Heather face this beast of a cock? She eyed the tight little anus pointing at her from between the petite, parted butt. She would have to loosen it up a bit first, she thought. She glanced into the bag and found a tube of anal lube. She reached over and pulled it out.

Heather's little arched back glinted with sweat as it angled up at the base and low to the bed at her shoulders.

Chloe moved on her knees close to the girl's fragrant butt parting. She could see the body quiver nervously. Chloe gently stroked the girl's butt cheeks and lower back with her palms and the quivering eased. Chloe decided she had to build the asshole up for the dildo with her fingers first and unscrewed the nozzle on the tube, squeezing some out onto a fingertip. She placed the lubed finger over Heather's anus and circled the rim, covering it. She squeezed more onto her right index finger and placed it over the sphincter, her other hand steadying the girl with a palm on the small of her back. She squeezed the finger all the way in, a gagged moan rising from the front. Gently, carefully, Chloe pulled the finger out

about half way and then pushed it back in, repeating the motion until she got into a steady rhythm in and out of Heather's tight buttole.

Chloe took a moment to look around the room as she fingered the hole. This was clearly Heather's bedroom. It was large, about four times larger than Chloe's bedroom. There were several riding rosettes stuck to the wall on her right. On the left was a collection of stuffed toys, two of them as large as the girl that owned them. At the end of the room, behind Mistress in the chair, there was a large bay window with white curtains now pulled open and tied back. A large white rocking horse with a red saddle and a black realistic mane and tail stood by the window, staring out onto the front drive. Chloe slotted her middle finger in next to the index finger without thinking and continued to view the room. Heather's hole was warm and now, thanks to the lube, slippery and pliant. There weren't any pictures of boy bands or male stars on the walls, which was a little odd for a girl her age. There was however a large photograph of Heather riding a horse in the tightest riding breeches possible. The angle was a close up of her from behind as she rode, her butt up in the air. The breeches left little to the imagination, clinging to her butt cheeks and burrowing deep into her wide crack. Three fingers in. The hole was becoming quite relaxed now and Chloe could feel Heather ever so gently pushing back. It was time.

Chloe gently slid her fingers out of Heather's anus and lubed up the eight inch strapon dildo. As she did, Mistress walked up and placed a hand over Chloe's ass crack and put her lips to Chloe's ear.

"You will fuck that little hole hard and deep or you won't get your bonus."

A finger dipped into Chloe's anus deeply, "Understood asshole? Now, put it right in."

The finger crackled stickily as it was removed and Mistress pulled the chair up close to the foot of the bed so that her knees were inches from Heather's chin. The robe Mistress was wearing had now fallen loose, the silk belt hanging from both sides to reveal small tanned breasts.

Chloe aimed the dildo against the tiny anus and pressed hard against the sphincter. It gave way but struggled to take even the tip of the five-inch circumference. Mistress glared at Chloe with her stern, blue eyes. Chloe pushed forward. The penis shaped dildo made a tunnel for itself where one its own size hadn't existed before inside the girl. Chloe pressed on until seven inches were deep inside. As she pushed, Heather gave out a deep howling moan, her eyes squeezed closed and two streams ran down the sides of her cheeks, down to her chin. Feeling her action had been cruel, but conflicted as a twinge of sadistic tingling wet her own pussy, Chloe pulled out about half way gently to relieve the girl a little. She allowed Heather to catch her breath as the girl panted, sweating. Then she gripped the girl's hips with her hands to brace and warn Heather that she was going to start. She pushed in again then pulled out slowly, repeating the motion over and over.

Heather whimpered softly, her eyes still closed, sweat beading her forehead and tears running down her cheeks. Mistress leaned in close, resting her elbows on her knees and cradling her own head in her hands. She could smell the sweat and tears on Heather.

"My poor, sweet little thing. Is that nasty big dildo opening out your tiny virgin asshole? It'll never be the same after this, believe me, Heather."

She addressed Chloe. "She needs it faster and harder, whore!"

Mistress laughed cruelly as Chloe pumped the dildo in and out of Heather faster.

Saliva started to drip out of Heather's ball-filled mouth as she whimpered plaintively.

"You are an anal slut, Heather. It is what you were born to become. Your hole was meant to be used like this. It is your true purpose in life. Embrace it. Let it happen and you will be rewarded like you never thought possible. Trust me, Heather, and make me proud." Mistress spoke into the girl's face, inches from her.

After about five minutes of hard, deep fucking from Chloe, Heather stopped sniffing. She gave a shuddering sigh and her eyes opened. She stared into her mistress's blue eyes. The dildo started to glide rather than squeeze in and Chloe found it far easier to penetrate Heather's rectum. Its walls relaxed to accommodate the fake cock, the lube now coating the girl's insides evenly. Wails changed to little rhythmic moans as the dildo went in and out. Mistress gazed intently into Heather's eyes, as though watching for a sign. After five more minutes of deep in and out, Mistress reached around the back of Heather's head and unbuckled the ball-gag strap. She held the straps close to the ball and pulled out the drool-covered rubber, placing it in her loosely hanging robe pocket. Drool ran down Heather's mouth and chin, as her mouth remained wide open. Moans were replaced with slow panting, in time with the assfucking she was receiving. Her eyes looked focused, but not on anything in front of her, as she concentrated on the sensations and how it made her feel. Her lips closed into a little snarl as she bit on her lower lip and her cheeks flushed.

"It's time to turn this bitch around", Mistress said up to Chloe. "Pull out."

As soon as she had pulled out the rubber penis, Mistress had unlatched the arm cuffs from the ropes.

“On your back”, Mistress ordered Heather.

With great difficulty, the ropes still tightly binding her thighs to her neck collar and that, in turn, still attached to the bed rail, the girl awkwardly turned onto her side then flipped herself over onto her back.

Mistress took her wrists and bound them back onto the rail so that her arms were now restrained up on either side of her in this position. She then took the thigh cuffs and unstrapped them from the top of Heather’s thighs and pulled them down to the bottom of them, just above her knees, before re-strapping it tightly. The ropes were removed and a twelve-inch bar with clasps on either end was threaded through the neck collar and then clasped onto the thigh cuffs. This caused Heather to grimace as her legs tried to pull away from her neck until she re-balanced and brought her butt up so that the anus pointed horizontally towards the head of the bed. Her knees touched her shoulders and her thighs pressed against the sides of her slim hips and waist, exposing a cute little belly button and the fact that the girl was fully waxed.

Heather’s pretty little anus was winking hungrily from beneath her, as Chloe was signalled to plunge back inside. In order to slide it in at this angle, Chloe needed to press her body down onto Heather’s lower body into a loose missionary position that brought the two girls face to face for the first time since they kissed. Heather’s face was dappled with sweat, saliva glistened on her long chin, the rich red lipstick still covering her lips but the mascara had run down the sides of her cheeks giving her a strangely sexy gothic look that turned Chloe on.

She pressed inside the girl, hearing the air rasp out to be replaced by sticky little pops and clicks, watching her give out a noiseless gasp and wanting to kiss those lips but fearing that might not be approved by Mistress. She pumped in and out slowly and rhythmically, allowing Heather to feel the sensations and have time to enjoy them. She got away with this for a couple of minutes before Mistress went in one of Heather’s drawers nearby and then sat on her knees behind Chloe.

“You are going too easy on this little bitch, buttslut. Harder! Faster!” Chloe felt a sharp sting across her left butt cheek.

“Aaa... Fuck”, Chloe swore in pain.

She tilted her head behind her to see Mistress holding a riding crop. It cracked down again on her silky skin.

“Aaahh”, she howled in pain.

“I said harder, asswhore! Did you hear me?”

Chloe replied quickly. “Yes Mistress. Harder Mistress”, and rammed the rubber cock as hard as she could.

Two more cracks of the crop came down on her “Faster...faster”, Chloe sped up to a frenzy as she pounded in and out of the asshole that had, until recently, been virgin territory.

For the first thirty or so poundings, Heather grimaced and squeezed her eyes shut. Then something changed and she opened her eyes. Her look changed to one resembling a mixture of confusion and relief but far cuter than either. Her eyebrows arched up at the middle, furrowing as the sides stayed down and her forehead creased, her mouth opened but only slightly to allow little groans of pleasure to fill the room. She looked into Chloe’s eyes intensely with a look that

resembled both thanks and surprise.

Mistress dropped the riding crop and knelt at the side of the bed, bringing her chin down close to Heather's left ear.

"You're enjoying this now, aren't you slut?"

Heather gasped a reply, "Yes ma'am".

"You love having this girl fill your little asshole with her large dildo, don't you? Tell me!"

"I... I... love h... having this girl fill my asshole", Heather stammered uncontrollably.

"You don't want her to stop fucking your sweet hole. It feels great, doesn't it? How does it feel?"

"It feels... aaah... great, ma'am."

"My name is Mistress not ma'am and you are nothing more than a little asshole! Now introduce us again, bitch", Mistress commanded.

“You are Mistress and... and... I am just an asshole, ooh.”

“That’s right, you little buttslut. Your hole now belongs to the Koloslatreians. You will be used by any of them whenever they want, bringing you untold pleasure and orgasms for years. You will make Mistress proud and give your asshole out for rewards and become a dirty little asswhore”

“I will, aaah, make you... you... proud Mistress”, Heather gasped, lost in the moment.

“And become a dirty little asswhore”, Mistress reminded.

“And be...oooo... come a dirty little ass... whore”

“Slut, spit into this new asswhore’s mouth”, She commanded Chloe.

Chloe formed saliva in her mouth then aimed it and spat. Heather, not aware of the dirty practice didn’t catch the spit and it fell onto her top lip before sliding down her left cheek.

“Again”, Mistress ordered. This time Heather caught it in her mouth and swallowed.

“Again”, Mistress repeated.

The spit fell onto Heather's tongue and she closed her mouth to gulp it down her throat. All the while, Chloe continued to fuck the girl's asshole deeply and quickly, noticing as Heather's focus shifted to the spit swallowing then back to the sensations of the dildo entering her.

"Thank this buttslut for feeding you, my asshole", Mistress smiled wickedly.

"Thank you", Heather said obediently.

"No. That's not the way. Thank her for feeding the little asshole with spit."

"Tha..."

"This asshole!"

"This asshole thanks you for...aaaa... aaaa... feeding it your spit, buttslut."

Chloe was surprised and impressed at how quickly Heather had got into being a sub, like she had been prepared for it. She glanced at Mistress. She had definitely been prepared for it.

"Please, ... er... Mistress? This asshole would like to experience an orgasm. I feel I am close", Heather asked.

“You need to make that happen yourself. Then Mistress will be satisfied with your progress”, Mistress replied.

The look in Heather’s dark brown eyes turned to passion as she stared longingly into Chloe’s eyes, as though begging for faster and harder thrusts. Just as Chloe was about to give the girl what she wanted, Mistress gripped Chloe’s shoulder pushing her out the blonde girl. Chloe looked down at the sticky dildo. Chloe could smell the sweetness rise from it and the now pinker looking hole that gaped up at her. Mistress untied Heather’s wrists then took off the bar and the thigh cuffs. Heather’s small breasts and thighs had blended their salty, sweet sweat together as it ran over her tight little tummy and into her belly button. Her honey skin shone, basted in sweat, under the light above the bed.

She still wore the wrist cuffs and the collar but apart from those tiny coverings she was totally naked still. Mistress ordered her to the head of the bed and was told to kneel there with her hands behind her back.

Chloe was made to lay down where Heather had. She felt the dampness of the material beneath her through her cami lingerie. The strapon flopped on to her crotch and belly as she lay there. The robe Mistress was wearing fell to the floor, revealing the small waist with the contrasting large butt and thighs that made her hips stick out so that her lower body made a bell-shaped silhouette that was mismatched by her small breasts and lean shoulders. The latte tan ran all over her body with no tan lines. Her pubes were blonde and trimmed and waxed into a v shape above her pussy. Her crotch was slightly rounded to match the voluptuous thighs.

Mistress greedily got up onto the bed and pressed her calves onto Chloe’s upper arms and shoulders, parting her legs and exposing her holes, inches over Chloe’s face. The asshole had a round pink pucker and, possibly due to the spread legs,

parted to reveal the dark tunnel inside. Her pussy was dripping wet and the lips were puffy and parted, revealing the soft pink inside.

“Get over here, asswhore and do what you do best. Ride this girl’s cock like you ride a horse. I want to see your hole take it as you move.”

Heather shuffled over and mounted up below the rubber penis, her back facing Mistress. Heather felt behind her for the dildo and lifted it up vertically with a small hand placed around the base. She raised her butt up over it and, with the other hand, placed the tip over her anus. She sat down onto it and a deep moan of satisfied completeness came out of the girl’s mouth from somewhere deep within her. Heather’s ass sucked up the whole eight inches so that her cheeks pressed down either side of the harness.

The view from where Mistress sat was breath taking. She could see the base of the dildo and the back of the asshole that had swallowed it up, the open ass crack and the heart shape of Heather’s butt cheeks as they sat on Chloe. Heather’s back was arched and her shoulders were back, her hands resting idly on Chloe’s hips slightly behind her.

Mistress sat back onto Chloe’s face, the asshole pressing onto Chloe’s lips.

“Ride that cock, darling. Ride it ‘til you cum all over this little whore-sy”, she encouraged Heather with an attempt at witty word play.

It was as though the niceness was too much for her and she ground her ass hard over Chloe’s face in a circular motion, making Chloe gasp for air as she was painted in Mistress’s flavours. She quickly stuck her tongue in the asshole to

calm Mistress into staying still. She ate the hole vigorously, getting a taste of candy apples with a richer twist almost like dried figs.

Fuck, she thought to herself as she licked deeply, I'm becoming a tasting critic for assholes!

Mistress was enjoying the anal attention and had steadied herself to get the best from the tongue fucking. Meanwhile Heather was bouncing up and down on the dildo from base to near the tip, sliding smoothly in rapid motions as though she was in a horse race. She made little blowing noises and had leant forward to get more leverage with her knees and because that was her natural position for going fast on a horse. Her asshole was even more visible at this angle, showing Mistress what her little hole could really do.

Mistress started to rub her wet pussy over Chloe's outstretched tongue, letting it run between her lips over her vagina and flicking against her clit before making it furrow along her pussy in the opposite direction and along the sweaty perineum, into her asshole and up to the end of the crack. Mistress repeated this long motion again and again, starting to moan in pleasure.

Heather was still slamming her butt up and down furiously, her back, shoulders and butt covered in sweat. She moved back to an upright position, her back straight and her head high as she started to moan with every inward penetration. Mistress leant over, moving to the small girl's ear, her hands on sweaty shoulders.

"Good girl. Now, cum for Mistress".

Heather pumped up and down until her moans became an almost constant “aaaa...aaaa...aaaa...”. Moments later she gave out a bellowing moan and her whole body shuddered. Chloe felt a gush of liquid fall from Heather onto her own pussy and thighs. At almost the same time, Mistress shuddered and squirts of liquid came out of her vagina onto Chloe’s mouth and lips.

Mistress immediately leaned forward and grabbed the base of the dildo.

“Get off the cock, asshole”, she gurgled, her mouth full of saliva. Heather’s asshole squelched as it slid off the rubber dildo, held straight by Mistress. Her anus released its grip, gaping widely as the girl moved to the pillows at the top of the bed. Mistress swooped straight onto the dildo and deep-throated as much of it as she could before she sucked and licked at it hungrily cleaning every last drop of Heather’s ass flavour covering the rubber. Mistress continued to be on Chloe’s face so Chloe continued to lick her asshole whilst it was there. After several minutes of zealous dildo licking, Mistress gave a deep satisfied sigh and rolled over to lay on the bed on her back, eyes closed with a big grin stretching her small mouth across her face. Everyone lay still for about ten minutes before Mistress rose and walked naked to the window. She knocked on the glass loudly with her knuckles and caught Becky’s attention from the car, signalling for her to come up.

Becky entered the room and bowed her head to Mistress. Silently she gathered the bag without replacing any of the contents and helped Chloe up to her heeled feet. She unstrapped the strapon and harness and placed it, with something resembling reverence, delicately onto the bed. She then picked up the thong Chloe had worn and handed it to Mistress and walked over to the raincoat. She lifted it up and draped it over Chloe’s shoulders before bowing her head again and leaving the room, guiding Chloe with an arm behind her on her butt.

When the car started and they had finally left the drive, Chloe spoke for the first time in a while.

“What the fuck Becky!?” she exploded “She made me fuck the girl’s asshole who, by the way, had just turned eighteen today! She just sat there and watched, speaking to the girl like a stranger and then sucked the life out of the strapon that had been up the girl’s butt. What the hell?”

“Chloe, honey, that’s what these women do. They initiate girls and they don’t care who it is. They follow their religion and gain powers from young women’s assholes, which is why she would gobble up the girl’s butt taste. She got you round to fuck the girl because she couldn’t and I am sure she still won’t, herself anyway.”

Chloe still looked confused and sullen.

“Chloe sweetie. It’s what they do”, Becky drawled soothingly. “If this girl was from a long line of them then her asshole will be a treasure trove of pleasure for her and, after the initial shock, she would have been in paradise all the way through. I bet she even had a natural inclination to the taste of butt. Although, the straightest frigid girl on the planet wouldn’t be able to resist your hole, babe.” Becky paused for a while and then spoke, as she recalled in her head. “She subbed easily when the mistress talked dirty to her, didn’t she?”

“Yes, that was surprising”, Chloe replied.

“Like I said, it’s in the blood and I have seen it quite a few times before.”

“You’ve done what I have just done”, Chloe said softly.

“Yes, I’ve done what happened today”, Becky said and fell silent.

Back at PP toys, the two girls met Eva just inside the corridor. She cut a sculpted figure, dressed in a tight leather corset with front fastenings and a pair of skin tight black wet look leggings finished off with black stilettos. A pair of tight black pearls, like a choker circled Eva’s neck offsetting her purple lip gloss and black eyeliner. Her dark brown hair had been bunched into an updo that elongate up above her ears.

She stood over Chloe and loosened the raincoat so that it fell to the sides revealing the cami and her open bald crotch. She moved her mouth down and kissed Chloe’s smeared lips.

“Mmm. Tastes like you did a thorough job, my little buttslut. I had a call saying what a good job you had done, so here’s your bonus.”

Eva pushed three hundred dollar notes down the lace bra part onto Chloe’s right breast and squeezed tightly before reaching back out. She turned to Becky and squeezed a hand into the back of the ridiculously tight chauffeur leggings and rubbed a finger over the blonde girl’s anus.

“I need you for something, asshole”, she said and gently bit Becky’s lower lip before looking wickedly at Chloe, searching for any reaction. Chloe didn’t indulge Eva.

“You can go straight home today, Chloe. Day off tomorrow, Becky will handle the warehouse. Then back for a big job on Friday. Wash and change and then leave.” She pulled her hand out of Becky’s leggings and sniffed a finger.

“Follow me, my ass slave”, she said breathily, walking towards her office at the end of the corridor.

“Yes, Mistress”, Becky muttered and followed.

Hannah's Problem

Emily arrived home late that evening, around eight o'clock.

"Hi, Hun", she called from the hallway, slipping off her flat work shoes. She walked swiftly into the lounge to see Chloe cuddled up in her dressing gown on the sofa.

"Hey, sweetie."

"Hi Mom", Chloe replied looking up from the TV. "How was your day?"

"Oh, it was fine, but I'm exhausted. I am going to run myself a bath and then get something to eat. Have you eaten, Chloe?"

"Yes, I got something when I got in", Chloe mumbled.

"Oh, sorry sweetie. I forget you work too now... my big girl... how was your day at work?" Emily asked cheerily as she inched towards the door.

"It was... er... interesting." Chloe replied then found a subject change, "I've been given tomorrow off. Thought I would spend some time at home with Hannah."

“That sounds nice dear, I am sure she misses having you about now you are busy with your new career”, Emily called back as she moved up the stairs.

“It’s not a career”, Chloe felt she had just lied. “It’s just a summer job until university starts”, she shouted so her mom could hear.

“Of course, Chloe. I know. I am just so proud of my big girl. I’ve been saving all your life so that we could afford the fees, remember?”

After about an hour, Emily returned to the lounge also dressed in a gown with a plate of toasted sandwiches and a mug of coffee.

“You want some?” She asked placing the plate under Chloe’s face.

“No thanks... ok, maybe just one.”

She bit into it. Tomato and cheese with some onions and herbs. It tasted great as she ate it down quickly, licking her oily fingers afterwards to clean them off.

“You look a bit down, sweetheart.” Emily observed with soft, green eyes, brushing her shoulder length, light brown hair back from her face.

“I know, let’s have a beauty session. I know that always cheers you up.”

“Maybe another night. Can we just sit and watch TV together and chat?”

“Ok, of course.” Chloe moved closer to Emily and snuggled under her arm, leaning against her side as they watched the screen.

Chloe woke up late the next morning; Emily had already left for work. She scratched her head and rose up off the sheets. She had got into bed in her robe, which had loosened in the night revealing her naked breasts as she rose up. She left it hanging, not bothering, as she walked bare foot to the bathroom.

After some breakfast and a glass of juice, the robe loose at her sides as she sat, she messaged Hannah.

‘Wanna come round Han? Can spend day 2geth.’

A reply came moments later – ‘Sure Clo’ then ‘b there at 2’

Chloe spent the morning cleaning the house in a little pair of red hotpants and a loose white cropped vest that whenever she crouched or bent over revealed her pert, perfectly proportioned breasts from the top and the cropped hem at her waist. She had worked up quite a sweat when she heard the doorbell ring. She put down the vacuum cleaner and walked to the door.

“Hello?” she called out.

“It’s me, Clo”, Hannah said from the other side.

Chloe opened the door and let her cute best friend through and into her house. “You look nice”, she said looking Hannah up and down. She wore a fitted denim jacket and matching skirt and a ribbed fitted body. Trainers off, Hannah set her big brown eyes onto Chloe.

“You’re a bit sweaty Clo”, she stated, laughing sweetly and brushing a hand down Chloe’s arm.

“Yeah, I better go shower before I catch a chill. You make yourself at home.” Chloe ran up the stairs, her sweaty cheeks swaying in the hotpants that she soon tugged off and chucked to the floor in the bathroom along with the vest top, getting into a steaming flow of water.

Wiping herself dry, Chloe walked into her room and jumped a little in surprise. Hannah was out of her denim jacket and skirt and was trying on Chloe’s little white skirt from her night with Becky. Chloe made no signs of awkwardness at being naked in front of her friend, after all they had changed together many times in the past, even though Chloe felt her kinky acts with other women had changed the way she felt people viewed her body. Hannah however didn’t seem to notice or made a very good show of not looking.

“What do you think?” Chloe asked of the skirt. “It fits you well.”

Chloe knew the girl’s body well. Hannah’s figure was similar to Chloe’s in frame

and size but her breasts were further apart on her chest, the little pink nipples pointing out to the sides slightly. Her butt was similar in length but flatter and wider than Chloe's and her back more muscular all held up by shapely, toned legs.

"I don't know Clo. It is a bit tight. Think it shows my butt off too much."

"That's the idea Han", Chloe said, chuckling. "Why don't you try the full outfit on?"

Hannah looked a little hesitant and then grinned mischievously, "Okay".

Chloe got the tight crop top and the tiny white y shaped thong out of a drawer.

Hannah unbuttoned her red, ribbed body from little metal buttons next to her perineum. She took it off over her head, her pixie cut brown hair ruffling and messing up as she did so. She took the top from Chloe with a little smirk and clumsily pulled it on and peeled it onto her chest. She was wearing a thick-strapped blue tanga and stared at the white thong like it was contraband. Chloe laughed reassuringly and pushed the thong towards Hannah's tummy, remembering with a twinge of embarrassment that faded quickly that it hadn't been washed since she wore it two nights ago. Hannah didn't notice but apprehensively pulled her tanga off and pulled the thong up, flossing it into her crack. A grin started to spread across her face.

"Wow Chloe, these feel really sexy on me. How do you walk round like this and be able to focus on anything?"

Chloe just laughed as Hannah blushed. “We haven’t finished yet, girl. Lets accessorize and then we’ll get some makeup on you.”

Twenty minute later Chloe stood behind Hannah, her hands on her friend’s shoulders in front of a full-length mirror on the wall of her room.

“Open your eyes”, she said softly.

Hannah gasped. She wore the outfit with a white lace choker and pink bangles. Her face was streaked with blusher and her eyes surrounded by silver shadow. Her lips were a pale blue gloss and blue eyeliner brought her wide eyes out even more.

“I... I look so sexy”, she stared down at her body, her belly button ring glinting silver in the mirror.

She turned left and right, mentally eating in the whole look.

“Wow... I didn’t think I would be caught dead looking like this... but it’s actually fun to wear, but not out in public obviously.”

Oh my dear Hannah, you have no idea. I would have felt similar about this get up a couple of weeks ago, Chloe thought.

“Can we do more, Clo? How about we give you a sexy makeover next?”

They both laughed and nodded. Chloe hugged the cute girl tightly. It was good to spend time with her.

They spent the next several hours changing and trying on clothes and putting on makeup. Chloe went down to make some food for them and brought a selection so that they had a kind of picnic from a tray on the floor of Chloe’s room, surrounded by strewn clothes and accessories. As they sat in their makeup, both wearing long sleeping shirts with cute rabbits on the front in pink and beige and nothing on underneath, Hannah looked up at Chloe.

“You really have a lot of beautiful new clothes, Clo. They must pay you really well at your new job”, she said curiously, looking for a response.

Chloe glanced back. She couldn’t hide the fact that she was earning so much to her friend.

“Yeah, I guess so. I mean they pay well depending on what you do”, she tried to shrug it off, taking a big bite of a banana to stop herself speaking.

“Then you must work really hard. I bet they are pleased to have someone like you there”, complimented Hannah.

Chloe just shrugged and smiled, mouth full.

“I wonder if they are looking for anyone else for the summer? Do you think you could ask for me? Maybe put in a good word?”

Chloe nearly choked on mashed banana.

“Er. No, I think they’re fully staffed. In fact I am sure of it. Sorry Hannah. Nothing for you there.”

Hannah looked really disappointed.

“Well if something comes up, be sure to let me know Chloe...please”, she mumbled.

She stood up, “Well, time to try another set, I think”.

Chloe packed up the food and water onto the tray and sat on the bed with her knees up and arms folded round them, watching Hannah who was trying on a black mesh, opaque boob tube and a black wet look scrunch booty shorts. Chloe watched her cute pixie friend looking like a mythical sexy little wood nymph, her butt cheeks sticking out the sides and bottom of the shorts as it scrunched in on her parted ass crack deeply. Her breasts and nipples clearly visible in the opaque tube that held them tightly in. Her pale blue lips made this usually innocent girl look as dirty and sexy as any girl Chloe had ever seen, including herself. Hannah looked at herself in the mirror, her lips parting slightly and one shapely calf coming up to the other knee to accentuate her hips. Chloe had made that pose the first time she ‘uniformed’ up at PP toys.

Just as she thought it might be time to stop the dress up game that had lasted several hours, Hannah's head dropped in front of the mirror and little sobs came from her mouth.

"Han! Whatever's wrong, honey?"

She ran over to the girl and turned her round. Tears were tracking down her cheeks, messing up the makeup. She gave her a big hug until the sobbing slowed to little sniffles.

"Let's get you out of these", Chloe said, gently pulling her top and shorts off of Hannah, quickly replacing it with the nightshirt with the bunny rabbits on, which just covered Hannah's butt down to the top of her thighs.

"Come over to the bed, sweetie", Chloe said kindly and guided Hannah by her hips to the bed and got her to sit down on one side, sitting down closely next to her and wrapping her hand around her friend. She caught the smell of the tears and, for a split second, was reminded of Heather and felt a quick rush of arousal hit her.

She quickly calmed herself and spoke, "Tell me, Han. What's bothering you? Is it the clothes, because you look great in them?"

"No Clo", Hannah sniffed, "It's not the clothes. They're all great. It's uni. I am meant to be starting with you in September but my parents haven't managed to pay the final set of fees. It's one thousand dollars and they can't even afford to give me money for equipment or clothes at the moment. They say that will have to wait 'til they gather the fees."

Chloe hugged her friend again.

“That’s why I thought a real job might help. I help out at the garage sometimes but business has been slow.”

Chloe didn’t say anything at the comment about a job.

“Hannah. Don’t worry, maybe I can help you out with the fees and you can always borrow any of my clothes even though they are a bit revealing.”

“Thanks Chloe, but I couldn’t take any money from you, and my parents would definitely be too proud to... but it’s good to know I have a great friend like you.” She reached round and kissed Chloe on her cheek and then put her head on Chloe’s shoulder. Chloe stroked her friend’s short dark brown hair with her hand, running fingers through the soft layers and then laid back on the bed, a pillow propping her head and upper back up. Hannah followed the hand that was soothing her and placed her head gently on Chloe’s lap, her face looking at Chloe’s feet. The rest of Hannah’s body snuggled up the side of the bed at a forty-five degree angle on Chloe’s left side, her bare little feet resting on the corner of the head of the bed at the side of the pillows. The Z shape that Hannah made with her body meant that her ass was lying on its side close to Chloe’s left arm. The nightshirt had ridden up to reveal everything.

Chloe continued to stroke Hannah’s hair but gently, without making a noise on the pillow, craned her head over to Hannah’s ass crack, unable to resist the urge. Something that had awoken in her mind now saw all women’s asses as objects of desire. She had noticed that on her journeys to work and when out and about how she would stare hungrily at sexy, round butts in tight jeans, shorts or

leggings. Curiosity stole her self-control and she breathed in around the ass crack deeply but silently. As cute and as sweet as she would have thought, the scent coming from Hannah was like pink marshmallow. A sudden rush of arousal made her want to push her tongue into the pink hole that she could clearly see, maybe a finger. She switched stroking hands so that her left hand was now free.

Stop! She shouted in her head. This is your best friend. You've known her half your life and you know she has never had anything done to her asshole ever. Hannah was a definite anal virgin. She had never been with another girl and had only ever had one serious boyfriend, which Chloe wasn't even really convinced Hannah had slept with and she had never dated anyone else long enough to go that far. Chloe looked at the cute butt one last time and pulled the nightshirt down over her best friend's cheeks, covering her up and moved her hand over Hannah's thigh.

Just then the door banged close. Chloe heard chatter downstairs. She made out her mom's voice giggling then a voice that made Chloe cringe. Jenny, Emily's best friend, spoke loudly then laughed.

The stairs thudded as someone bounced up them. Moments later a head stuck around the door to Chloe's bedroom. Chloe saw Jenny eyeing up the scene of the two girls laying on the bed in nightshirts, clothes all over the floor.

"My, my what have you girls been up to?" Jenny asked.

Chloe noticed her ogling Hannah's rear before scanning Chloe up and down her entire body.

Hannah lifted her head up and faced Jenny, “Just trying on some of Chloe’s clothes, Mrs Harper”, she replied sleepily.

“Oh, really? That is nice”, Jenny said in a slow drawl that was obviously humouring Hannah.

“I’ve told you hundreds of times Hannah Dolce, call me Jenny.”

Her brown eyes penetrated Chloe’s as she moved her attention to her. Chloe looked Jenny’s face over. It was long and rectangular with a long, Greek looking nose, fox-like eyes and strong, straight eyebrows. Her mouth looked permanently in between a snarl and a cruel smile and top teeth showed behind a thin bow-shaped top lip that contrasted the thick lower one. Long, curly, red-brown hair tussled down the sides of her face and onto toned shoulders.

“How’s the job going Chloe?” Jenny asked. “Eva tells me you are doing well.”

Chloe gulped. What did Jenny know? She knew some things, at least.

“It’s okay”, she replied shortly, her face burning, adrenaline coursing through her, fearing that her secret life could be exposed at any time. Jenny smiled and bored her eyes into Chloe’s.

“That’s good. I am sure you are enjoying every minute of it”, she smiled.

“Anyway, I’ll leave you girls alone. I just came to use the toilet. We’re going to the gym for a couple of hours. You two enjoy each other’s company and don’t get up to anything I wouldn’t do”, she chuckled and winked before slowly leaving and heading off to the bathroom.

Emily called up and repeated the fact that she and Jenny were off to the gym. Chloe responded, calling down then closed her bedroom door. Hannah pulled the duvet to one side and jumped into the bed, covering herself over.

“Come on Chloe, let’s cuddle and talk till we fall asleep, just like we used to do when we were younger.” The chance to go back to more innocent times for a while was appealing and Chloe jumped under the duvet without another thought.

Chloe awoke, opening her eyes at the same time as inhaling the sweet scent of sweat and skin. Morning light beamed in from the window. She was holding Hannah in a tight hug from behind, spooning her. Both girls’ nightgowns had ridden up in the hot summer night and the duvet had been thrown off the bed at some point. Chloe could feel the heat of Hannah’s intimate areas pressed against her own crotch, sweat from both bodies dampening the skin on Hannah’s butt. She moved her arm gently from under Hannah’s neck and reluctantly moved off her soft, hot body. She walked sleepily to the bathroom. She went to the toilet, washed her face and cleaned her teeth. She looked on the floor for the clothes she wore whilst cleaning yesterday. They would serve for getting to work. She found the loose crop top and took off the nightshirt to put it on. She looked down for the hotpants but they weren’t there.

That’s a little strange, Chloe thought. The occasional underwear goes missing at home every so often, that was normal, but not a pair of shorts. She walked back to her room, naked from the top of her tummy down. She rooted around on the floor bent over and found the black wet look scrunch booty shorts Hannah had worn the night before and put them on. She combed her hair into a centre parting, the two sides loose down around her shoulders.

Hannah lifted her head and raised her arms to stretch her entire body like a cat.

She smiled over at Chloe.

“Morning, Clo. You sleep well? I did”, she purred, her eyes half open against the sun flooding in from the window.

“Good morning, sweetie. Yeah, not bad, thanks. How about some breakfast? I need to leave for work so I hope you don’t mind if we don’t have too much time to hang out this morning.”

“No problem, Chloe. I’ll get dressed and come down to give you a hand.”

Chloe walked down to the kitchen and set up the coffee machine. She got some pancake mix and eggs out of the fridge and found a couple of frying pans. A few minutes later, Hannah walked into the kitchen looking a bit puzzled. Chloe handed her a mug of fresh coffee.

“What’s up Han?”

“I couldn’t find my tanga. I am sure it was on the floor by the bed”, Hannah said more confused than bothered.

“You can borrow one of my thongs if you like. You liked the white one didn’t you?” Chloe offered.

“Yeah, but not to actually wear outside! I would feel it flossing all up in there. It’d make me feel, well, naughty. No, it’s fine, I’ll be okay with the body ‘till I get back home.”

“Ok, Han. Your call but you do know that’s how you’re meant to feel in a thong like that”

Hannah’s cheeks flushed.

“Right, let’s make some breakfast!” was her only comment.

Chloe managed the pancakes and left the eggs to Hannah. Chloe could cook but she wasn’t as good as Hannah. She watched as her friend added herbs, salt and pepper to the eggs, expertly frying them by splashing oil over the top until they whitened perfectly. Chloe flipped her messy circles of pancake trying not to burn them and then quickly tossed them onto two plates when she felt they were acceptable. Hannah finished off the plates with the eggs and fetched them over to the table where Chloe had placed maple syrup and jam. They were soon tucking in, enjoying the meal and drinking down a second mug of coffee each.

Hannah hesitantly spoke up, clearing her throat, “Are you going to wear those shorts to work today, Chloe?”

Chloe spoke through a mouthful of egg and pancake, “Yeah, why do you ask Hannah?”

“Half your ass is sticking out of them!” she exclaimed.

“If you’ve got it, flaunt it. That’s what I say”, Chloe replied in slightly exaggerated confidence.

“That’s just it Clo. You don’t say things like that and you don’t dress like... like...well...slutty”, Hannah struggled to say.

Chloe looked down at the booty shorts. They felt good on her half exposed, firm butt cheeks.

“People change, Hannah”, she said flatly.

After breakfast she said goodbye to Hannah, a bit more shortly than usual and went to get her makeup bag from her room. Stopping to look in the mirror, she decided that maybe some thick stockings would help reduce the flesh ogling on the way to work. She put them on and the shorts back on top and then left for work.

Cheerless

In her locker, Chloe found a red and white cheerleader costume. It wasn't a sex costume. It was instead an actual outfit belonging to a team nearby. The skirt was red, pleated and really short. The vest top was long and covered the top of the skirt. It was tight fitting and had white stripes on the shoulders and the football teams initials in white on the front. A pair of white trainers kept in with the look and Chloe went with a natural pink lipstick and a strong dash of blusher. She put on mascara but left her eyes unpainted apart from that. A pair of red dance knickers had been placed in the locker so she put them on; a bit disappointed that they weren't as sexy as her new thongs back home.

She grabbed the pompoms that lay on the locker floor and jogged over to Eva's office. She knocked.

Eva came to the door looking as domineering as ever. She wore tight black leather trousers and a satin purple ribbed corset that made her toned breasts look they were about to burst out the top. Her arms were bare, lean and muscular, they looked as though they could deal with any wayward sub easily. Chloe looked up at the taller woman, waiting for her to speak first, as was required.

"Your next job is to provide some therapy to a mistress that needs you to play a role for her. It may not be easy but I am counting on you to do it well. With that in mind, your reward will be one thousand dollars for time with her. Becky is outside in the car. She will take you to and from the client's address. Don't let me down, asshole."

Eva circled Chloe menacingly, her stiletto heels clapping on the office carpet as she moved. Standing behind Chloe, she moved Chloe's hair to the right,

exposing her neck. She lifted the skirt and slid her hand down the red panties.

“Just remember, your asshole belongs to us...and Becky’s too” A finger slid into her anus. That was the first time Eva had said ‘us’ and Chloe realised she was getting deeper into this thing every day. Eva frigged her finger in and round in wide circles for a couple of minutes before sliding out the panties, letting the elastic waist twang back into place.

“Go”, she ordered.

“Yes, Mistress”, Chloe responded looking down.

She turned and left the office. As she closed the door, she took a sneak peek at Eva. The toned woman was standing there with her eyes closed, sucking on the finger that had just been inside Chloe’s butt with a look of deep satisfaction on her face.

Chloe jumped into the front passenger seat, surprising Becky. She leaned over and gave the startled blonde a passionate kiss before sitting back into the seat and putting her belt on.

“Good morning, sexy bum”, Chloe said, more happy than she thought she would be to be close to the nearest person in the world she had to a lover.

“You’re in a good mood, sweetie”, Becky replied. “This one must reward well.” She said and started the car.

It wasn't the bonus that had put Chloe in a good mood. Well, actually it was, but not for her. Walking down to the car, she realised that she could use the money to help Hannah out. If she could get through whatever this mistress had in store for her then she would be able to sort out her friend's problem.

They arrived about twenty minutes later at a bungalow on the edge of town. It was reasonable enough from the outside but had an unkempt, wild front garden that made the place look unwelcoming. Chloe walked up to the door with Becky, who pressed the bell. Becky wore her usual chauffeur uniform and Chloe, slightly behind her, was enjoying the rear view of the leggings that were designed to show every part of the wearer's crevice. She looked up suddenly as a woman opened the door.

An asian woman with short dark grey dyed hair and shaved sides looked back at her with a friendly, welcoming smile. Her face structure was strong and rectangular with a wide jaw and high cheekbones. Her lips were thin, almost boyish and complemented the small, slightly upturned nose. She had a lip ring through her lower lip and wore no makeup as far as Chloe could tell. Her body was muscular and broad and Chloe couldn't make out any fat on her upper half. She was wearing a high-necked one-piece bathing suit type of thing in red spandex with a high cut at the crotch. It made the woman look like a wrestler with those big biceps and toned thick thighs. She wasn't as tall as Chloe, possibly five foot two but she had globe shaped muscular D cup breasts restrained under the spandex.

"Come in. My goddess, aren't you pretty", she remarked in a higher tone of voice than Chloe had expected.

Becky bowed her head and returned to the car.

Chloe walked into the bungalow and was guided to her right into a large rectangular lounge with a solid wooden coffee table and a large leather sofa. There was a TV in the corner and various decorations on the walls, including several nudes of young women. If it wasn't blatantly obvious to her already, this woman was really into girls.

The mistress walked over to the sofa and sat down. Chloe stood facing her on the opposite side of the coffee table where a large round blue rug covered the carpet.

“So, would you like something to drink before we get started?” the woman asked.

“No thank you, Mistress”, Chloe said, customarily looking down when responding but relaxing at the woman's kind offer.

“Okay then. I am known as the ‘red rose’ but you will call me Mistress Q”, she said with hands on her thighs. “I would like you to show me some of your cheerleading skills, if you wouldn't mind. Show me some cheers and moves over there on the rug.”

Chloe thought for a moment, trying to remember the routine that she had used when she was in a squad three years ago for a short while before she became bored of the snide comments and bitchiness of the other girls. She broke into a set of moves, waving the pompoms and chanting:

“Go team! Go!

The other girls just blow

Come back to our locker room

And we'll put on a show.”

She did a high kick at the end and then managed the splits on the rug. She was quite pleased at the chant she had just made up on the spot adding a sexy twist.

Mistress Q was sitting forward watching Chloe intently. She had a hand in the side hem of the spandex crotch part, rubbing her pussy quickly.

“More”, she ordered.

Chloe did some more moves as she thought up more chants.

“C – L – A – S – S.

You can't spell class

Without some ass

Go team and play with class

And then we'll let you take our ass."

Every time she spoke Chloe exaggerated her lips as she spoke and moved and finished this chant by bending over, dropping her pompoms and putting one finger over her crack and her index finger from the other to her mouth that was now pouting and looking over her shoulder at Q.

Chloe was enjoying this. She maintained the pose, waiting for more instructions but Q didn't speak. Instead she gave out a snort like a bull and charged over to where Chloe stood.

Chloe was grabbed around the back of her neck and right thigh and slammed to the rug in a wrestling move. Dazed and startled, she instinctively tried to squirm but was restrained when Q sat her muscular body down on Chloe's torso holding her wrists to the floor with vice-like hands.

"You fucking gorgeous bitch!" Q growled at Chloe, drops of spit cascading from her mouth as the words poured out, "I only wanted to be your friend. You were so pretty. I used to watch you cheer as I wrestled."

Q pressed her face close to Chloe's so that their eyes met and their lips brushed one another's. Chloe started to quiver, nervous about what might happen next.

“... But you lured me into the changing rooms making me think you wanted to be with me. Then you let the squad humiliate and embarrass me for an hour. I’ve never got over that day... but I will now.”

She shifted her butt up to Chloe’s chin and sat her weight down so that her pussy pressed onto Chloe’s lips. She moved the spandex to one side and pressed her pussy over Chloe’s mouth.

“Mmm. I always dreamt of sitting on your pretty little face”, she purred.

Chloe thought that either this woman was mentally unstable or she was re-living a memory of someone from the past and was creating a fantasy from that. Chloe decided it was definitely both as she grinded her pussy down on Chloe’s mouth, pressing hard so that Chloe felt her jaw aching under the pressure. Q moaned loudly as she ground into the young girl’s face, her pussy becoming wet and slippery whilst her knees stapled Chloe’s arms to the rug. Chloe could see Mistress Q fondling her own breasts under the spandex as her hips circled and her eyes closed for a time. Then she looked down at the blue-green eyes of the face she was grinding on.

She moved off and pressed her butt back onto Chloe’s crotch. Chloe watched as the hands from the muscular arms grabbed at a chunk of cheerleader costume cleavage and tugged in opposite directions. Horrified by the strength of the woman, she scowled nervously as the top tore apart like tissue paper and her breasts were pressed through the torn hole. Q groped and squeezed the breasts together, twiddling the nipples with her thumb.

“What pretty little titties you have. I wonder if they’re sensitive?” she mused wickedly.

She let go of them and immediately Chloe tried to cover them instinctively with her arms. Q batted the arms out the way, pressing the wrists down to Chloe's sides with her hands, her face closing in on Chloe's pert little chest. Q grabbed the left nipple in her teeth and bit on it. Chloe squealed out in pain, trying to get her hands free but Q held her firmly in place and pulled her head back, stretching the nipple clamped firmly in her teeth.

Q released her jaws and licked Chloe's breasts wetly.

"Don't pretend you don't like it. I know you're a slut with all the wrestling boys. I bet you let them take you in your ass. Is that what you want from me? Do you want me to be a boy for you?"

Chloe didn't respond, frozen, but Q soon decided for her, flipping her bodily round by her waist in another wrestling move that slammed her down on her front on the floor.

"Do not move, slut. I will give you what you want."

She heard the strong bare feet stomp away and back, a holdall sports bag dropping to the side of her head. Q took out some hemp rope and placed Chloe's forearms next to each other behind her back, both at ninety degrees to the upper arms. They were bound tightly together, the bare skin burning as the ropes were pulled.

"I bet a cheerleader like you dreams of being taken by a big wrestler cock. That's

why you didn't notice me. Too busy staring at dicks in spandex and wanting them in you. Well, I can help you there."

A rustling noise and then some buckling noises came from behind Chloe and then she felt two hands grip her panties just next to her asshole. Ripping echoed the lounge as a hole was made in the back of the red panties that covered Chloe's butt to reveal her perfect little asshole. She heard spitting noises and then gasped as she was speared up the asshole by a strapon penis dildo. It felt similar in size to the one she had taken from Eva but the surprise and speed of the action knocked the air out of her lungs and she gasped to catch her breath as Q fucked away, pressing her body on top of Chloe, still wearing the wrestling costume.

"A hard cock going up your butt, that's what you want, isn't it slut? If I had one of those you'd have been my girl. I would have fucked your little hole every day for you."

Chloe started to sweat as the heat from Q and the friction of the assfucking made her body temperature rise. Her nipples grated up and down on the rug as her body was jolted each time she was roughly penetrated. The feeling in her ass shifted to dull pleasure and even her grazed nipples hurt really good, making her wet. Q slid out far too early for Chloe's liking. She slid down on top of the eighteen-year-old 'cheerleader' and moved her head down near Chloe's butt. She tore the panties to shreds and pulled them away from Chloe's crotch, tossing them across the room. There was silence for some moments as Q stared transfixed by the pert, firm round bottom covered in flawless, creamy skin.

They say music calms the wild beast, Chloe thought. Maybe my ass has the same affect.

Q pulled the cheeks apart and let them spring back several times before sinking

down and tasting the perfect little opening.

“Aaah”, she sighed, making a noise like she was having an orgasm as she greedily licked and tongued Chloe’s anus.

Chloe enjoyed the attention and orgasmed easily after about twenty minutes of non-stop ass eating, feeling as though Q had forgotten that anything apart from her hole existed. After ten more minutes, drowsily as if drunk, Q lifted her head and wiped her forearm over her mouth.

“I think its time for some payback for making me lick your hole like that, you bitch”, Q hissed.

Making you! Chloe thought. That must be part of the fantasy she was playing out in her head. Maybe it was something they really made her do when she was tricked by her crush. A finger went in to Chloe’s butt, thrusting in and out.

If this is payback, bring it on! She thought.

It was soon followed by a second and a third, stretching the anus out and Chloe felt close to cumming as she pretended to fight against her arm bindings. Then a fourth finger went in and Chloe felt the scales tip back from pleasure to pain. Q pushed in deeply and tried to get her left hand down to the knuckles inside Chloe’s helpless body.

“Aahhh”, Chloe groaned at the pressure placed on her anus to stretch. She

started to kick her legs but Q gathered them under her and sat on the back of Chloe's knees. Chloe was paralyzed through the restraints and the fingering and could hardly catch her breath as she felt Q try to squeeze the thumb in. Struggling to get any air out, Chloe lifted her head, her full pink lips wide open but unable to make a noise from her mouth, her brow beaded with sweat and furrowed in distress. Q squeezed and pushed her hand as far as it would go but she couldn't manage to get the thumb fully in with the rest of the digits and knuckles already stretching out the hole.

"It's no good", she said, "You aren't going to be ready for your punishment fuck if you can't gape more than that. I will need to stretch your hole out more first." She pulled her hand out, wiping the fingers on the skirt, then picked Chloe completely up over her shoulder and carried her over to the black leather sofa. She threw Chloe against the back of the three-seater so that her stomach hit the top and winded her. She was positioned by Q to kneel, her breasts and head hanging over behind the sofa and her knees on the seating cushions with her butt out behind her. The skirt was lifted and Q walked over to get something that was soon inserted into Chloe's open anus. It felt cold, made of metal, thin and cylindrical inside her. As far as Chloe could tell it felt about three inches deep.

Q knelt behind Chloe and started to move a lever handle the other side of the device. Slowly the cylindrical shape seemed to be splitting in half inside her asshole and was moving the walls and the sphincter out, stretching it. Q stopped when Chloe cried out and left her there on the sofa, arms tied and folded behind her.

Chloe was left there for what seemed like ages, the aching had started to dull as her asshole got used to the stretching when Q entered the room and walked behind the sofa to face Chloe. Completely naked apart from a massive strapon dildo and harness, Q surveyed the young girl hanging over the back of the sofa as sweat gleamed off her youthful back. Chloe looked up at the woman and the ridiculous cock. Q's breasts were round and orb-like held up with muscle and possibly a boob job. Her stomach was flat and strong with big slab-like

abdominal muscles. Her hips were small and man-like. The dildo was huge! At least twelve inches maybe more. It was black, thick and veiny and must have been about seven inches in circumference. Q was rubbing it with lube, her mistress tattoo on her right wrist visible as she slid up and down. A big, cruel grin spread her thin lips across her rectangular face.

“You’re gonna be sorry you ever humiliated me like that”, she was talking to Chloe but her eyes passed through her as though she was gazing at a ghost from her past.

She moved around behind Chloe and the device in her was cranked even more. Chloe spasmed and panted as her knees gave way under her, just managing to hold herself with her chest pressed on the top of the sofa. Q pressed a quick release and the device shrank to its original inserted girth. It fell out the gaping hole easily and Chloe could feel the wide space that had been made in her. It felt open and empty. She heard a click and Q walked around to Chloe’s face holding her phone up so the girl could see. The picture, thankfully, only showed the asshole and cheeks but Chloe’s jaw fell open when she saw how wide it was gaping.

“I am going to make this my screensaver. You see what kind of a girl you are. That’s your fuck hole inviting a big cock to fill it up. It wants it and I’m going to give it what it deserves.”

She walked back round to Chloe’s rear.

One thousand dollars to help Hannah, Chloe thought.

The huge tip touched the gape. It was still bigger than her ass had stretched so far. It would take everything she had just to get through this, she thought. The tip went in, stretching her anus out so far she thought it might tear. Her mouth opened into a silent scream as the cock was pushed in deeper. Her eyes were wide and she had gone pale. Cold sweat dripped down her face. Her insides were being re-arranged by this python as it slid up inside her bowels. She felt it pull out a little only to go back in and impale her deeper so that she couldn't move her now jelly-like legs for fear of making it worse.

Q laughed sadistically and said something but Chloe wasn't able to focus on the words. The dildo was partially pulled out and then rammed back in, making space where none existed before as Q tried to get in deeper, sweating and grunting at her own effort as she laughed. Chloe felt her rectum expand wide as the dildo made its way further in. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to enjoy the feeling as her eyes watered, drops falling onto the back of the sofa. Q hit about as far as was possible to go. Chloe wanted to see if she could orgasm like this but she could feel her mind starting to go foggy as her vision blurred, going white and starry. She started to try to moan in encouragement, her mouth dry and croaky, nothing came out. Q reared a little and pushed in hard. Chloe intended to say 'Fuck me!' but instead it just came out as noise along side the loud squelches her asshole was being made to make and she blacked out.

When she came round she was moving rhythmically up and down. She was being carried. She tried to open her eyes to see who was carrying her but the light was too much. She had been untied and a blanket was draped over her. Her asshole was really sore and ached as she was moved. She felt as though it was still gaped open as she felt cold air inside it. She was placed into the back of the car, laid down across the seats. The car started and she soon felt giddy movement as the car turned left and right.

She called out weakly, "Becky?" Becky slowed the car and stopped in a layby. She got out the front and moved around to the back. Chloe tried to sit up.

“Don’t move”, she said softly, moving the blanket back over Chloe, “You need to rest. You’ve been through some shit back there. That bitch of a mistress carried on fucking you with that evil thing long after you fainted. She was ranting on about how you deserved to be punished. She deserves fucking punishing.”

Chloe managed to open her eyes and gently cupped the side of Becky’s face with her hand. “It’s fine Becky. I was happy to do it. I enjoyed it and I am okay.”

“You are not okay. You are coming back to stay with me for the weekend. I am going to look after you. You can call home later and make an excuse. I’ll take you round to mine right now.”

“What about Eva?”

“Fuck Eva”, Becky replied. “I’ll explain to her what happened and I’ll get your bonus. I need to get you to mine.”

Chloe leaned up weakly and kissed Becky on the lips gently, “I love you, Becky”

Becky turned her head away from Chloe’s open hearted gaze, “I... I love you too.”

Thank you.

This story continues in

Serving The High Priestess