

Hailey's Walk on the Wild Side

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Smashwords edition

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen

Chapter One

When I met Damian I was out at a party my first year at university, and looking for fun and games. And nothing more. He wasn't my type, really, except physically. But there was a kind of raw, dark animal magnetism about him that turned me on.

Now if I'd been still in high school I would never have considered just going out with a guy for sex! That was a sure way to get a reputation as a slut. But I wasn't a high school girl anymore and wasn't living at home anymore.

I was an adult, and far from home, and knew very few people at school. So I felt free to... explore things. I wanted to experience some wild, exciting, thrilling things in life, the stuff I hadn't experienced up until that point. The things I hadn't dared to experiment with up until then.

Damian seemed like the dark type, the edgy type. He was tall and had a strong, lithe, swimmer's body. His black hair spilled across his forehead but didn't hide the intensity of his brown eyes. I wasn't sure until he kissed me, and I let him, and felt the incredible passion of his kiss! That passion curled my toes and made my nipples tingle!

So I went home with him. Why not? I was young and free, and there was no one around to gossip. I guess my first surprise was that he didn't live on campus. Though older students often lived in the apartments or houses around the edge of the university, or even further into the city.

We walked to his place, which he said was only a few blocks off-campus. And the walk kept being interrupted as he turned and pulled me in against him to kiss me. His kisses were the best I'd ever had! They left me breathless and had my pulse racing.

Of course, he got handsy, but it was dark and we were alone, and I knew I was going to sleep with him anyway. And his hands seemed to know what they were doing, just like his lips did. Of course, I was already super aroused. I hadn't had a lot of experience with sex, and I felt... empowered, just going for it like that.

Plus he was hot, and I was feeling wild and daring. So when his hands fondled my breasts I didn't complain. I let him. In fact, I had decided to let him do pretty much whatever he wanted. I wanted to see what hot, nasty sex was like.

At one point he pushed me up against a tree, his hand roughly pressed against my upper chest, just below my neck as his mouth crushed mine. I felt his other hand jerking up the hem of my short skirt and moaned, my eyes rolling around in case anyone was near.

His hand slid down into the front of my thong, and I shuddered, feeling a wild rush of heat mixed with anxiety. I mean, we were outside in the open on someone's lawn! But his fingers weren't rough, the way boys often were. They explored the line of my sex, then began to rub me there, rubbing softly, then harder.

The sensations and excitement burned within me, the fires spiraling higher as his lips crushed mine. The hand he had against my upper chest slid higher until the heel of his hand was barely touching my chest and his hand was around my throat. He wasn't squeezing hard, but he was squeezing even as his lips moved against mine.

I felt... helpless, overpowered. But instead of feeling afraid I was excited. After all, I was going to give him what he wanted, so it's not like I needed to fear him.

His fingers pressed more firmly, and the sensations burned hotter within my lower belly, my

muscles quivering so that my hips began to grind against him!

His fingers pulled up but only to yank my thong down!

I felt another rush of anxiety even as he pulled his lips from me, and I jerked my head from side to side, my eyes skimming over the cars parked by the side of the road, and the darkened yards around us even as my thong slid down past my knees.

Damian pulled away, but only long enough to bend over and grab it. He lifted one leg, then jerked the thong out, and a moment later I lifted the other foot, blushing furiously as he straightened up. I started to feel a jolt of uncertainty. Like, was he going to try and have sex here!? Here!? No way!

He dropped to his knees, lifting my skirt right up around my waist, and then to my shock, he leaned in to tongue my pussy!

Now up to this point in my life boys barely paid attention to my pussy except to rub it a little and then stick their cocks in me. They seemed to think oral sex was my job, not theirs. So now I was feeling his tongue sliding up and down the line of my sex. His thumbs peeled me open and he found my clitoris.

OMG! Holy shit! I cried out, then clamped my lips closed in case anyone should notice us! I gripped the tree behind me to keep me steady as his tongue swirled around and around my clit, then swept from side to side, faster and faster!

I was starting to literally tremble with the sexual pressure which was exploding inside me! Then he rose, dropping my skirt, licking and lightly chewing his way up my body. I was wearing a loose, light, tank top. He lifted it up just as he had my skirt, then his hands slid around behind me and he undid my bra.

I moaned, my eyes darting around again as he reached behind my neck and undid the other strap.

“D-Damian!” I moaned in a kind of protest.

He ignored it.

“Take your bra off,” he ordered.

It wasn't a request!

Almost trembling, I peeled the strap down my arm, over my hand, then did the same with the other one. He lifted my tank up and my breasts were bare to the world!

I've always been kind of proud of my breasts, to be honest. I've had boys tell me they're perfect. They're nice and big, but not too big to be firm. They're round and full, with small pink nipples which were hard as little pebbles right then.

His mouth went right at them! His lips closed around my left breast, his teeth digging in lightly as he began to suck. His tongue swirled around and around my nipple, then back and forth over it as his other hand rose to knead my right breast.

His right hand slid down my body and under my skirt, rubbing my pussy again!

This was so slutty of me! So wild and daring! Or at least, I thought it was. My pulse was racing, my heart pounding, and my whole body felt feverish with hunger and passion.

And then he pulled back, looking smug and relaxed.

“Let's go,” he said.

My legs felt rubbery, and I had a bra in my hand. I looked for my thong but he jerked me away.

“My thong!” I moaned.

“It's in my pocket.”

I pulled my tank top down and stuffed my bra into my purse, but he lifted the tank top up again, baring my breasts.

“Walk like this.”

“Are you crazy!?” I gasped, staring around us.

“You can pull it down if anyone comes near.”

“But –!”

“You have gorgeous tits. Why not show them off?”

He pulled me along, gripping my hand, and we walked further along the street, my breasts bare! Then he reached down and pulled my skirt up.

“Damian!” I squealed.

“I’ll let it drop if anyone comes near.”

He held my skirt up around my waist so I was practically walking naked down a quiet neighborhood street!

He stopped as we passed a car, roughly turned me around, and bent me over the hood.

Crack!

I yelped as he slapped my bottom. Then his hand was thrust between my thighs. I felt myself being penetrated. I was sopping wet by then, so it wasn’t difficult. On the other hand, I was tight and his thumb was not exactly tiny!

I shuddered and moaned, my bare breasts pressed against the warm hood of the car as his thumb pushed in all the way to the knuckle! His fingers started rubbing my clitoris as his thumb pumped in and out, and I felt the dark animal hunger growing more intense within me again! I knew an orgasm wasn’t far off!

Which kind of shocked me because I’d never had an orgasm except by masturbating.

“Are you gonna be my bitch tonight, Hailey?” he growled.

His thumb pulled out and he slapped my bottom again.

“Are you?”

“Ow! Yes!” I gasped.

His thumb pushed into me again, his fingers rubbing my clitoris, but then his other hand gripped a thick mass of my blonde hair and jerked it sharply back.

I cried out, startled, my scalp stinging.

“Say it. Tell me you’re my bitch,” he growled.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I gasped, his fingers rubbing hard and fast.

“Say it.”

“I-I’m your bitch!” I moaned.

He released me and then pulled me upright by the arm, jerking me along beside him.

Oh my God, this was so intense!

“Hold your skirt up. Both hands.”

Trembling, I obeyed, walking along with my skirt up around my waist, holding it in my hands, my pussy and ass and breasts completely naked to the world!

I felt his hand on my ass, squeezing and kneading it.

“Hot, sexy little bitch,” he said.

We turned a corner and walked up to an old Victorian house with a big balcony on the first and second floors. I started to lower the skirt and got another slap on the bottom.

“You lower the skirt when I tell you to, bitch,” he growled.

I gulped at the word, but then he gripped my hair, pulling my head up and back.

“Remember, you’re my bitch. Say it.”

“I-I’m your bitch!” I gasped.

I was starting to get a little anxious now, a little wary. I wanted hot, wicked sex but I was starting to worry about whether he might be a little much for me!

He pushed open the door. There was a narrow hallway with a closed door on the left, then another one at the end. There was also a set of stairs leading up, and he took that. I followed him to the second floor. There were two doors and he unlocked one and pulled me inside.

It was dark and the only light came from the light-bulb in the hall and the window I could see to the left. He spun me around and shoved me against the wall next to the door.

“Take your top off,” he ordered.

Again, it wasn’t a request.

I gulped and peeled my tank top up and off, then dropped it as his hand closed around my throat! This time he squeezed more as he leaned in to kiss me, and I moaned, grasping his wrist as he kissed me.

He eased back.

“Put your hands down,” he ordered.

Panting, I obeyed. His hand wasn't stopping me from breathing. It was just making it a bit harder.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch,” I moaned.

“Take your skirt off.”

I reached down, my fingers trembling, and undid my skirt, then let it drop around my ankles.

He closed the door and flicked on the light.

A light. It was an overhead light, and not bright. It spilled a harsh light down on the room. That was what it was, though bigger than a dorm room. It had a counter with a tiny fridge and a microwave against the right wall. It had no stove and just a few cupboards. There was a small round table next to it, half-covered in clothes and books.

The living room had a sofa against the far wall and a flat-screen TV on a small cabinet on the one I was pressed against. I didn't see a bed.

He spun me around to face the wall, then slapped my bottom again.

“Push your ass out at me. Spread your legs.”

Panting, heart pounding, I obeyed as his hand slid up and down my bare back, down to squeeze and slap my buttocks, then down further, his hand following the contours of my body until he was cupping my sex.

“Tell me you're my bitch, Hailey.”

“I'm... I'm your bitch!” I moaned.

His hand pulled back.

Crack!

I gasped.

“Bad girl,” he said. “Naughty girl.”

His hand was thrust between my thighs again, palming my sex. I felt a finger pushing up into me, then a second, thrusting up and down. His other hand gripped my hair and jerked it back, forcing my head way back.

“Put your hands against the wall!” he growled.

Whimpering, I obeyed, and he released my hair, his hand fondling my breast instead as his two middle fingers pushed up and down in my sopping pussy. Then his left hand slid down my front, his fingers finding my clitoris. At the same time, I felt his thumb pushing against my back opening.

“Oh! Please!”

His hand drew back and he slapped my ass sharply.

“You're my bitch. You already said so!” he growled.

Then his hand was back, his fingers pushing roughly up into my pussy, his thumb wriggling up into my bottom as his other hand rubbed my clitoris.

“You think I can't make you come right here, right now? You think I can't make you come on my fingers, bitch?”

I knew he could because I was almost there! I moaned, pushing my hips back further. My hands and arms were against the wall and now I bowed back, pressing my swollen breasts against it too, grinding and rubbing them against the hard surface as his fingers thrust up into my trembling body.

I was gulping in air, sweltering in the heat of my own body. And then the orgasm hit and I cried out, my hips bucking back, spasming, jerking convulsively as his fingers thrust up into me and rubbed my clitoris hard and fast.

The orgasm washed over me like a flood of liquid heat. I trembled and shook, my muscles

spasming as I lost myself in the wild, dark passion that was spilling through my body and mind. I didn't... scream, exactly, but my breaths were loud and ragged gasps and moans and grunts as my body flared with the kind of an orgasm I'd only ever heard about before.

“Hot little bitch,” he growled, leaning in and biting at the side of my neck.

He pulled back, leaving me there trembling, gasping, and practically ready to sink down to my knees. The afterglow of that incredible orgasm left me shell-shocked. Which was why I hardly even thought to object when he gripped my wrists and pulled them back down and then crossed them behind my back.

A moment later something dangled across them, then looped around them and tightened. My eyes fluttered and I felt an awareness as it closed more firmly. I felt it being wrapped around them again, and again, and I half turned my head.

“Wh-what are ... you doing?” I moaned.

“Whatever I want to. You're my bitch, remember?”

He was tying me up! OMG! I felt a fresh shock-wave run through me, and a bit of anxiety, but not a lot. I knew about bondage, of course, even if I'd never done it. And besides, what was he going to do to me I didn't want done? I'd come here for sex, after all.

He gripped my hair and I cried out as he jerked it back and held it tightly, then used it to march me across the floor to the sofa. He sat down, pulling me down to my knees before him.

His other hand fumbled at his pants, undoing them. He pushed them down and then off and pulled me in against him.

“Suck my cock, bitch!”

That was so... fucking outrageous! What a thing to say! Of course, I wasn't his girlfriend and this wasn't a date and he was... weird...edgy... rough! Which was what I had wanted, after all!

I moaned as his cock pushed into my mouth, sucking at once, sliding my lips down as I bent over. I felt my breasts pillowing out against the sofa as I slid further down his cock. Then his other hand pushed in and roughly groped my left breast.

I sucked as I bobbed up and down, my tongue licking at the underside. My head was kind of spinning. I was on my knees in some guy's room, a guy I'd barely met, sucking his cock. That was wild enough, but doing it with my hands tied, all helpless, that was incredible! I'd just had a fantastic orgasm but my body was heating up under the wild excitement gripping my mind.

The thing is, I'd always sucked cocks with the use of my hands before. Now I had no way to control how deep I went, or how fast. He was doing that with his grip on my hair. I was not surprised that he kept pushing me down, and braced myself.

I do know how to deep throat. I'm best at it when I'm really turned on, though. And I was really turned on! His cock pushed into my throat and I opened myself to it, closing my eyes and just taking it as it slid down my throat. I opened them again, staring at his shaft as it disappeared, and then my lips were wrapped around the base as he held me there.

“Yeah,” he moaned. “Swallow my cock, you bitch!”

I'd already done that and didn't have much to say, obviously. Not until he pulled me back by the hair and I could gulp in air.

He pulled me up by the hair, though, forcing me to kneel on the sofa, then straddle him. He positioned me right over his cock and rubbed it up and down along my sex. Then I sank down, groaning in elation as I felt his slick cock push up into my body!

“Ride me, bitch,” he ordered.

I did, gasping and moaning, riding up and down as he sucked and chewed and fondled my breasts. Then one of his hands went around my throat again, squeezing enough to make my eyes bulge. He didn't hold it for long, but kept doing it, squeezing enough to make me gasp and gurgle, then letting go as I rode his cock.

His other hand squeezed my breasts, or slid down to finger and rub my clitoris.

“Faster, bitch!”

I gurgled as he squeezed down around my throat, and rode faster. I rode up and down, up and down as he squeezed on my neck, and felt the dark heat and excitement rolling through me again. He was rubbing my clitoris harder and faster, and his fingers were wet with my own juices and my own saliva.

I came again, crying out, or trying to. He squeezed my throat, and that made my head throb, made me want to scream. And then I did. Why not? Nobody would hear. I let myself go, as if I was screaming at the top of my lungs. It seemed to make the orgasm more intense even though I made almost no noise.

I impaled myself again and again on his stiff cock, glorying in the pleasure and heat howling within me.

He chuckled as he watched me come, then pushed me roughly off him. He rolled away, jerking my legs off the sofa and positioning me leaning over it. Then he entered me from behind, his cock stabbing into me with hard, furiously fast strokes, his hips slapping my buttocks as he gripped my hair and jerked it up and back.

It didn't take him long to come like that, of course. But that hardly ended things. He stripped, then turned me, gripping my hair firmly as he had me suck and lick his balls, then lick his cock, then take it into my mouth and start working on it.

When he got hard he drove himself into my throat with determined thrusts, holding my lips jammed against his groin each time for long, heart-thumping seconds before letting me pull back. Then he roughly turned me around, bent me over the sofa again, and entered me from behind once more.

He was even rougher, this time. His hands slapped my buttocks, jerked on my hair, and groped my breasts as he drove himself into me. And all I could do was kneel there moaning and gasping and crying out as he used my body like... like I was his slut, his bitch!

And then I came for a third time. Three times when I'd never come with a boy before! I was intoxicated with the heat and pleasure and wild sexual passion! I didn't care if his hips were hitting me with bruising force. I didn't care if my scalp and breasts ached. I didn't care if I was sore inside.

The orgasms were overpowering, and that was all I cared about.

Chapter Two

You think I gave him my phone number? My real phone number? Uhm, yes! I felt a little guilty about it, though. He really wasn't my type. But boy, the sex was incredible! I wanted more of that! Was I being cruel by simply using him for sex? I wasn't sure, but I knew I wanted more.

I wasn't sure what to make about his roughness, or about being tied up. I knew I should have objected. But the thing was, those were part of why it had been so hot and nasty and exciting. No one had ever been so rough with me before. No one had ever manhandled me like that!

I knew I should object. I'm all in favor of equality and stuff. I mean, I would never have let any of the boyfriends I'd had so far treat me like that. Sex with them was always a mutual exploration, a partnership. But Damian was... like the boss guy and I was, as he said, his bitch.

As I said! He'd made me say it!

It was a good thing none of the people in my women's studies class knew! I could imagine what they'd think of my letting a guy treat me like that! The people in Sociology wouldn't have approved, either. And the people in Psychology would have suggested he was being 'controlling'. Which, of course, he was. I just didn't care.

It was too hot to care.

And besides, it was just a fling, nothing serious. I could do that now without anyone condemning me. Without anyone I knew even finding out. That was what was great about being away from home!

A few days later we went out again, going dancing. It was wicked and thrilling dancing in the mass of people, with him groping me continuously! We'd turn in different directions, or move closer to the walls so he could get away with wicked, wild things, like sliding his hand right into my top while we danced and squeezing my breast, or jamming his hand down my panties!

We went out into the parking lot and he roughly bent me over a car, ripped my thong off, and did me right there! OMG that was so intense! He pulled my hair, slapped my ass, and called me his bitch while his cock drilled me!

Then the next time we went out he tied me spreadeagled to his bed and licked me all over. He dripped candle wax on me as I writhed and twisted, and then fucked me so hard I was sore for days. But boy did I ever come!

The next date he gave me this leather choker to wear. Only it was kind of thick to be a choker, and it had a round ring on the front. He said it was a slave collar and I was his sex slave! Yikes! That was so exciting!

So a couple of weeks after I'd first met him we went to a club. I wore a midriff-baring tank top and low-slung jeans. And he insisted I wear the choker. Wearing it made me squirm more than a bit. People seeing it might wonder just what I was getting up to! I mean, it seemed awfully... well, sexual.

"Don't worry. No one will give it a second thought where we're going," he said.

"Where are we going?"

He just grinned and then maybe smirked a bit. We had to take the bus to get there since Damian didn't have much money. And I was kind of self-conscious wearing the choker with its dangly ring. But I was also feeling kind of cocky and smug and arrogant about being, like, this hot, sexy girl that people might think was into kinky and sophisticated stuff.

Anyway, what did it matter? I'd never see these people again anyway.

The club was in a basement. It had weird music, kind of electro-pop, and was crowded and poorly lit. The first thing that caught my eye was a girl wearing a halter top which was like made of mesh or something so it was completely see-through. That was a shock to me. But in fact, all the women were dressed really slutty!

“What kind of club is this?” I whispered.

“It's a bondage club.”

I gaped at him for I'd never even thought of such a thing, let alone thought I'd go to one!

“Too much for you, suburban girl? Want to run away?”

I sniffed derisively and he led me further into the club. I saw some people, men and women, wearing collars, and I realized now that they were a lot thicker than the choker I had on. Some of them had leather restraints around their wrists too. And some of those were locked together behind their backs.

I tried not to gape at everything like a tourist, but there were people leading other people around by leashes, and in the corner, a girl was bent over while a crowd watched a guy strap her bare ass!

Holy fuck!

I gasped as someone grabbed my ass in passing, but I wasn't sure who so didn't want to start trouble by telling Damian. We continued on, making our way through the crowds and we passed another table where a girl with her hands tied behind her back was sucking a guy's dick! Right in the open!

I was shocked, embarrassed, and yet also intrigued, in a dark, awed sort of way.

We continued on and then stopped at the sight of a completely naked woman who was standing in a corner. Her wrists and legs were chained up and out so she was kind of spreadeagled. Her whole head and face were covered in a black mask or hood. It didn't even have eye-holes!

I didn't see a mouth, either, at first, then as Damian pulled me in closer I saw there was like a black pad over her mouth and strapped behind her head as a gag. Her breasts were large and firm, and she had a big dildo sticking out of her ass and another one out of her pussy!

I was gaping, honestly. I was red-faced, shocked, and yet I felt this incredible interest in her. What did she feel like standing there with dozens of people watching!/? And how was she keeping those dildos from falling out? They were quite thick, and about two inches were sticking out of her. Maybe the one in her butt could be held in but how about the other one?

And then a tall woman with her hair pulled tightly back from her forehead swept a long, thin whip out and it cut across her back! I jerked in shock, even as she did the same. Her back arched and she kind of strained against the chains. I heard a kind of soft moan from behind the gag.

I couldn't take my eyes off her. I watched the whip cut across her back again, and then again, then hit lower. Each blow left a red line behind. Each blow caused her to arch and twist and writhe. It was super weird because she had no face so in a way she could just be... woman.

In other words, she could be me! I could see myself standing there! Imagine it was me standing there as the whip struck and my body arched.

Damian's hand was squeezing and kneading my buttocks as he watched, and I could feel how incredibly hard my nipples were under the tank top.

He pulled me around in front of him and pressed himself against my ass. Then his hands slid onto my belly, then up under the tank top. I had no bra on because he'd told me not to wear one, and I shuddered as his big hands folded around my throbbing breasts!

The woman swung the whip out again and again and it cut across the other woman's shapely bottom, leaving more lines there.

My heart was pounding as I watched, and then I gasped aloud as the whip swung in and curled around the chained woman's ribs to cut at her breasts!

“Ohmygod!” I gasped.

The woman twisted and writhed and cried out, though her cries were muffled. The whip sliced in

against her beautiful breasts again and again as she twisted and strained, and I felt a kind of wild animal heat threatening to consume me!

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

I stared, unable to take my eyes away, my mouth wide as the whip covered her breasts with thin red lines. Then it curved down across her hip and I felt another jolt as it snapped at her pussy!

My God!

And then another woman appeared. She was off to the side and she swung a shorter whip, but it too aimed at the chained woman's pussy. The one behind kept swinging her whip to curve around the chained woman's hip and bite at her sex while the one standing to the chained woman's left did the same from the other direction.

The whips struck again and again, and each time they did the woman's body trembled and shook, her hips jerking back violently. Then another woman started whipping her! This time they cut across her breasts again.

The chained woman began to howl, to scream, to wail as if she were going insane. But I knew right away her screams weren't of pain.

She was coming! She was coming like crazy!

And her hips weren't just jerking back each time the whips cut into her pussy. She was thrusting them up and forward to meet the next blow! It was like she was trying to fuck herself on the whips!

Her hips bucked violently, and her screams went on and on, muffled as they were.

I gasped as Damian pulled back on my hair.

"Maybe I'll whip you like that, baby," he whispered.

I shuddered at the thought.

The whipping stopped. The first woman, the tall one with the haughty look, moved forward and around in front of the chained, hooded woman. She slapped her face, then slapped one of her breasts! Then her hand dropped low and she began to rub her clitoris.

The faceless woman began to grind her hips against her, to grind them more and more frantically. And then she started to scream again! Her head thrashed and twisted and her back arched again and again as another massive orgasm took her. It seemed to go on and on and on, before she finally slumped, literally hanging by her wrists!

I felt... electric with sexual heat and passion. I moaned as Damian mauled my breasts, even though anyone who was across from us could have seen it. I mean his hands were up inside my tank top, and they were moving pretty freely!

But no one was over there except those women. And they were just a little busy!

Or so I thought. But as two of them began to unchain the hooded woman the first one, the tall, haughty one, turned and it seemed like she was looking right at me. Her eyebrow rose and she gave me a kind of amused look that made me flush even more than I already was.

The crowd was breaking up and I could hear some slapping going on off to the right. It sounded like a spanking.

"L-Let's go somewhere!" I gulped to Damian.

And then the tall woman walked over to us and stood right in front of me. I nearly had a freaking heart attack. Belatedly, I jerked Damian's hands down out of my tank top.

She looked at me in amusement again, then at Damian.

"Your little slave girl seems shy," she said.

"She's new to the scene," he replied. "Give me some time and she won't be."

She dropped her eyes to me again. "My name is Claudia. What's your name, little slave girl."

Slave girl!? That was so kinky and hot and... embarrassing!

"I'm... I'm not a slave girl," I blurted. "We're just... fooling around!"

She reached out and hooked a finger through the ring dangling from the choker, then tugged it up a little.

“I could make you a slave girl,” she purred.

Oh wow! Oh yikes!

“I'd like to see that,” Damian said excitedly.

I tried to elbow him. He'd suggested a few times how hot it would be to see me with another girl. Which was not a new suggestion. I mean, lots of guys were gaga over the idea. But given I'd only known him like a week and a half he'd certainly gone there faster than most of the boyfriends I'd had.

Then again, he wasn't a boyfriend, I reminded myself. He was more of a ... a fuck-buddy.

“I'm not into girls,” I gulped.

She snorted in amusement, then tugged harder on the ring, so that I rose instinctively up on the balls of my feet.

“Do you think I couldn't make you come like a whore, little girl?” she asked in another purr.

I gasped as Damian tugged on my hair again.

“She belongs to me,” he said.

The woman smiled and released the ring. “Not what she says,” she taunted, before turning and walking back to where the other two were dressing the faceless woman.

Damian pulled me away and I stared at them breathlessly until he turned me around and headed further into the crowd.

“Wow! These people are so kinky!” I gasped.

“And she wanted you,” he taunted. “She wanted to tie you up and whip your gorgeous body.”

“I don't like pain,” I said.

There were a series of doors along a corridor, most closed. One was open and he led me into a small room. And I mean small. It was little better than a large closet, maybe eight feet by eight.

“What is this?” I asked as he closed the door behind us.

“Somewhere.”

He took me into his arms and kissed me passionately, and I moaned as I pressed my body against him. He stepped back and peeled my tank top up and off, and I gasped, crossing my arms over my breasts.

“The door's locked, slave girl,” he taunted.

I gulped as he drew me forward, then gripped my wrists and lifted them up above my head. He pulled me further into the room, then looked up. I looked up too, to see there was a sort of belt hanging from a chain overhead. The belt was shaped like an '8' and he pushed my hands through the separate loops and then before I could object, jerked them tight around my wrists.

“Damian!” I gasped, twisting and staring around as I gugged at my wrists.

“Sex slave,” he taunted.

I shuddered as he kissed me savagely! His hands dug into my buttocks, then one came up my front to roughly squeeze my breast.

“Hot little bitch,” he panted.

“I'm –!”

I gasped as his hand circled my throat, choking off all my words – and air. I gasped, my mouth open like a fish as he looked down at me, his eyes hot.

“Sex slave,” he said again.

I felt a rush of dark heat as he eased his grip. He undid my jeans and jerked them and my thong down and then pulled them out from beneath my feet so hard my shoes were torn off.

I was completely naked! I was completely naked in a dark room in a sex club! I could hear the music and the sound of voices just outside the door!

Damian jerked back on my hair and his lips found my breast as his other hand slipped down between my thighs. His fingers rubbed at my already very wet pussy as he sucked and chewed on first one breast, then the other.

The heat was practically baking my mind! This was so fucking wild and hot! I shuddered as my

body flared with hunger and need.

“I'm gonna make you scream when you come,” he taunted.

I moaned helplessly. He'd been urging me to be louder and louder when he made me come, saying that if I repressed it I was diminishing the intensity of the orgasms. He wanted me to let myself go completely. But there was no way I was doing it here!

“The... the door isn't soundproof!” I moaned.

“That's right. Everyone will hear you.”

I shook my head frantically and he chuckled.

“You can't stop yourself from coming,” he said. “I'll make you come, bitch.”

He reached down into his coat pocket, though, and suddenly pulled something up. It was like a little black ball. He gripped my hair to tilt my head back, then pushed the ball against my mouth.

“You want to be quieter. Here's a gag for you.”

I moaned as he pressed it against my teeth, uncertain what to do, but the pressure forced my mouth wider, and then the ball pushed into my mouth. It pressed down against my tongue, and up against the roof of my mouth, and even against the inside of my teeth because it was too big for me to close my mouth around it.

I moaned as he drew two thin cords across my cheeks and buckled them behind my head.

“Now you can scream all you want... sex slave,” he taunted.

I moaned as he cupped my breasts and squeezed them hard, actually pulling up so that I was forced up onto the balls of my feet as my breasts throbbed!

“Too bad I don't have a whip,” he said. “I guess I'll just have to settle for using my cock to make you scream.”

And then there was a knock at the door! I gasped and squealed, twisting my body away so my back was to the door.

The door knocked again and he looked at it in irritation, then went to the door.

“It's occupied,” he said.

Whoever it was knocked again and he jerked the door open a few inches, standing in front of it.

I heard his voice, but couldn't make out what it said. And I heard another voice, also quite low. He backed up and to my horror let the door go wider. Someone came inside, and the door closed behind them! I had my stiff back pointed at the door, my head away so no one passing by could see my face. I turned my head a little and then gasped, my eyes going wide! It was her! It was Claudia! Oh, fuck!

Damian was counting some money as Claudia stepped over to me and gripped my arm. She turned me to face her and my face burned hotly.

“Lovely,” she said. “Just as lovely as I had suspected.”

She shifted her grip from my arm to my hair and pulled my head up so I couldn't stare at the floor anymore. I rolled my eyes away as she inspected me, my mind squirming wildly with embarrassment and... and... something dark and wild.

“Your... master... wants to see if I can make you scream,” she said in amusement. “And he says you've never been with a woman.”

She leaned in and put her lips next to my ear.

“I do love a challenge,” she whispered.

She moved behind me and I felt her hands on my shoulders, then felt them sliding slowly down, caressing my skin. She brushed my hair aside and then kissed me on the shoulder, then down lower as her hands caressed my back.

Her hands slid aside, stroking my ribs, then moved around me and rose to gently cup my breasts.

Oh wow! Oh, fuck!

Damian was watching excitedly, and that excited me, too, and also gave me some stability. I mean, yes I was with some strange woman, one a lot older than me, and tied up and helpless, but Damian was there.

Her fingers kind of squeezed and lifted my breasts, pressing them together as her lips moved forward off my shoulder and up along the side of my throat.

Her right hand slid down my body while her left kneaded my breast. It pushed down my belly and abdomen and then her middle fingers were pressed down against my sex, rubbing very gently.

“Sexy girl,” she purred.

Her fingers slid back up and then disappeared. They came back again, and this time they were slick as they rubbed my clitoris. She drew back and then abruptly spun me around so I was facing her. I jerked my eyes quickly away and she chuckled low in her throat.

Then she gripped my nipples between the pads of her thumbs and forefingers, rubbing them, stroking and rolling them. She pinched them and I yelped, then cried out as she stretched them up and out, forcing me up onto the balls of my feet just as Damian had done.

“Spread your legs,” she suddenly ordered.

I had been standing with my thighs squeezed tightly together, of course.

She pinched and twisted and I cried out.

“Spread your legs,” she ordered.

I jerked my feet apart and she smiled. She gripped my hair to force my head back, then bent and began to... to chew on my left breast! Her teeth bit into my soft skin again and again as her lips closed and she sucked rhythmically.

Her tongue was circling and sweeping across my tingling nipples as she made my breasts throb. Then she slid slowly down my body, licking and kissing and nibbling on my flesh all way down. When she got to my pussy she put her hands in against my thighs, forcing them wider.

Her tongue pushed out, and she began to lick me. And it didn't take long for me to realize that while Damian might be talented, this woman was way, way better! I mean, I was glaring at him, at first, as he watched excitedly, my eyes trying to warn him that he faced a lot of trouble when I got my clothes on and could talk!

But my eyes began to go glassy and glaze over as her tongue and lips sent a hot, sizzling, churning wave of pleasure up through my body. Her fingers pushed into me, pumping in and out, pressing forward against the front of my sex as she lapped at my clitoris.

Then her fingers drew back and her tongue pushed into me, sliding astonishingly far inside me to swirl and pump and dip before it came out and lapped at my clitoris again.

I could feel my willpower melting away, the rising heat drowning me in passion and lust and want and need as her tongue and lips made my hips spasm and jerk uncontrollably.

It didn't take long. The orgasm rushed over me and I cried out in helpless passion and pleasure, twisting and thrashing and bucking against her tongue and fingers. The orgasm was incredible! It felt like every muscle and nerve in my body was screaming in pleasure!

I shuddered and trembled as the strength of it faded. I was breathless, my mind dazed, my body still twitching in the afterglow.

She stood up, looking down at me, her eyes glinting. She reached behind my neck and undid the little strap holding the ball gag in place, and then pulled the gag from my mouth.

“You may call me... mistress, little slave girl,” she said.

Oh whoa!

Chapter Three

I dropped my eyes and she gripped my chin, forcing it up.

“Did you hear me?”

“Y-Yes!” I said, my voice squeaking.

She drew her hand back and slapped my cheek lightly, startling me.

“Yes mistress,” she growled. “Say it.”

I felt a little jolt of fear, but also a dark heat.

“Yes, Mistress!” I said nervously, my eyes flitting to Damian.

He was looking on excitedly, and I knew he wasn't going to interfere.

She looked down at my body, then cupped my breasts and squeezed them.

I gulped and looked away and she slapped my face!

“Hey!” I gasped.

“You have something to say, slut?”

I flinched at the word, then gasped as her hand slipped up around my neck. It was kind of familiar since Damian did it too, and that was weird. But it also instantly put my head in the same place it usually was when he did it, which was an acknowledgment that I was weak and he... and now she... could do anything they wanted to me.

Which meant I better not anger them!

“Tell me you're a slut,” she growled.

“I-I-I'm a s-slut!” I gasped as her hand squeezed harder.

She drew her hand back and slapped my face again.

“You forgot to say mistress. Try again.”

I was growing more anxious, a bit scared, but there was a strange dark heat growing, as well.

“I'm a slut, Mistress!” I said, my voice squeaking again.

She rubbed the tip of her index finger lightly along my lower lip.

“Again.”

I gulped anxiously. “I'm a slut, Mistress!”

She added a second finger, then pushed them slowly into my mouth.

“Close your lips, slut.”

I flinched at the word again but anxiously obeyed.

“Suck.”

I sucked on her fingers as they pushed deeper into my mouth.

“Lick.”

This was so fucking crazy! But I did it, licking at her fingers as she pumped them slowly in my mouth. My eyes kept dropping away from hers but every time I did she'd bring her other hand up and lightly slap my cheek.

“Look at me,” she growled.

I did, quivering on the inside, heart pounding as she pumped her fingers slowly in and out of my mouth. I sucked and licked at them instinctively as her eyes bored into mine. And as the seconds ticked away I felt this growing sense of... helplessness, of powerlessness, of defenselessness, of inferiority.

She slid her fingers out, then dropped her hand, rubbing my pussy, rubbing my clitoris with them.

Her other hand gripped my throat and squeezed.

“Again.”

“I'm a slut, Mistress!” I croaked.

Her fingers rubbed skilfully at my pussy and the raw sensations burned inside me.

“Tell me why you're a slut,” she ordered.

I stared at her helplessly.

“It's because you love cock, isn't it.”

I flushed and her hand released my neck and slapped my face, a little harder.

“Isn't it!?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cried.

“Then say it, slut!”

“I... I love cock!”

She slapped my cheek again.

“You forgot to call me mistress.”

“Yes... I... I love cock, Mistress!” I cried.

“You're a filthy little slut and you love cock, don't you?” she growled.

“Yes, Mistress!”

She slapped my face.

“Say it!”

“I'm a filthy little slut and I love cock, Mistress!” I cried.

My cheeks were starting to get hot and sore! My pulse was racing wildly!

She shifted her grip onto my hair, grabbing two fistfuls and jerking my head back to raise my chin, but then up to lift me onto the balls of my feet. Her lips came down against mine firmly, and then sort of melted against them. It was the softest, warmest, most incredible feeling!

Her lips moved softly against mine as my bare breasts pressed against her. She was wearing a green silk blouse with a brown leather vest over it. The vest zipped up the front but it intricately cut layers across its surface, as well as small silver chains.

My naked breasts were grinding against it as she kissed me, as her lips *devoured* me! I felt that sense of utter helplessness again at being tied up, and at her tight fists in my hair. But with it came this overwhelming sense of startled awe at just how incredibly erotic and sensual her kiss was! It was making my toes curl!

The feel of my hard nipples rubbing against her body, the ache in my scalp, and the tight leather around my wrists all combined as a background as I felt that sense of amazement growing. She was so incredible! And she was tall and strong and confident and knowledgeable and sophisticated and I... I was this stupid, helpless little girl.

I moaned into her mouth and let her lips do as they wanted to mine. I relaxed my muscles, surrendering without even thinking it. And even though she wasn't touching me except to kiss me and pull at my hair I felt an incredible rush of sexual energy as my pulse raced wildly.

She drew back and released my hair and I gulped in air.

“Tell me you want my cock inside you, slut.”

What?! What did she even mean!?! She didn't have a cock!?! Why would she –?

She slapped my breast! I was astonished! No one had ever slapped my breast! I gasped and tried to twist away as I felt the pain.

She caught my nipples between her fingernails and dug them in, pulling sharply up so that I cried out, forced up onto my toes.

“Do as you're ordered, slut!”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” I cried.

“That's not what I told you to say, slut. Tell me you want my cock inside you.”

“Please!” I cried, my nipples burning.

“Say it, slut.”

“I want your cock inside me, Mistress!” I cried.

She gripped my hair roughly and I cried out again, but then she brought her lips down on me once again and I whimpered and moaned as I felt that deep, possessive kiss once more.

Her free hand slid down and kneaded my breast, then slid down further, fingering my pussy.

She pulled her lips back.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

“P-Please fuck me, Mistress!” I moaned, rolling my eyes towards Damian, who was watching excitedly.

She jerked on my hair.

“Don't look at him. Look at me! Beg *me* to fuck you.”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!”

She released me and moved behind me.

Crack!

I cried out as she slapped my bottom – hard!

“Spread your legs, slut!”

Gasping, I obeyed.

“Push your little bubble butt back at me.”

Crack!

“Farther, slut!”

I cried out again, pushing my bottom back, rising onto the balls of my feet again!

She was doing something behind me. I rolled my eyes towards Damian again. He was watching her, too, but looked incredibly excited. He also had a big hard-on in his pants.

My pussy felt hot and swollen. I felt something press up against it, something cooler, thick, but covered in some kind of pattern of ridges or raised lines. It pushed forward and I stared down as what looked like a fat helmet-headed cock pushed out from between my thighs.

It was black, not the black of a black man, but the black of black leather. It wasn't made of leather, though. It felt too spongy and it wasn't smooth but had a texture that made me shudder as she played it back and forth against me. She pressed up harder, and the fat black head pushed between the lips of my sex, riding up and down between them.

“Beg me to fuck you,” she ordered.

“P-Please fuck me, Mistress!” I gulped.

It looked thick! The head was wide and the shaft not much more narrow. It was thicker than anything which had ever been pushed into me!

I moaned as I felt her shift the angle and the head pushed up. I felt the pressure against my opening, felt the pressure turn into a dull ache, and the ache grow as she pushed again and again, increasing and decreasing the pressure.

And then I felt it slowly ooze up inside me, riding a slick layer of my own juices! I felt an incredible rush as it stretched me so wide and began to push deeper! I felt an awe that this was happening, that I was doing something so wild and wicked! My body began to thrum with sexual pressure again.

Her hands slid up and down my sides, then around in front to cup and knead my breasts. They slid lower, gripping the insides of my thighs, pulling them back as she forced the thick... dildo, I guess... deeper into my aching belly.

I realized now that since she had both hands on me she couldn't be holding it. It must be attached to her body, like a strap-on dildo! I'd never seen a strap-on before. But the thought of her wearing one and fucking me like a boy sent another jarring pulse of heat through my body and mind.

I moaned helplessly as the thick black cock drove way up inside me. I shuddered and trembled as she began to pump it in and out in slow, steady movements.

“Tell me again that you love cock inside you, slut.”

God! Everything she said was so degrading and outrageous! And making me say it was even more degrading and outrageous! I didn't understand how it embarrassed and aroused me simultaneously!

“I- I love cock inside me, Mistress!” I moaned.

“Why?”

I had to think? My mind was too stunned to think!

She jerked back on my hair.

“Why, slut!?”

“Because... I'm a filthy little slut, Mistress!” I cried.

“Yes, you are.”

She released my hair, her hands descending to my hips again, pulling me back to meet her thrusts. And then there was a knock at the door!

I gasped, but there wasn't anything I could do as she continued to fuck me with long, slow strokes. Damian eased the door open, then drew back and let another woman through! Fuck!

I recognized her. She was one of the other women who had been whipping that hooded girl! Now she smirked at me, then dropped to her knees in front of me and began to lick my clitoris!

My mind squirmed with embarrassment and self-consciousness but her tongue felt incredible as it lapped at my clit!

This woman was younger, though older than me. She was wearing a very short, tight black leather skirt and a leather halter top which showed a lot of cleavage. Her hands rose to press against my thighs, and that let Claudia slide her hands up to knead my breasts again.

This was all so beyond me, so beyond my experiences or even fantasies! I didn't know what to do about it, how to cope! Claudia was so intimidating – and hot! And Damian was watching, and... and I was helpless!

And the feel of that big dildo pushing into me made me ached in a darkly erotic, delicious way that had me gasping and moaning with every thrust.

I was becoming feverish with the heat as the big cock thrust into me from behind and the girl kneeling before me licked my clitoris with a long, strong, skilled tongue. It was so unreal! And yet the pleasure and heat and arousal was undeniable.

The sexual pressure grew more and more powerful, and then Claudia jerked back on my hair, forcing my head back, and leaned in to kiss and lightly chew her way along the nape of my neck.

“Sex slave,” she purred.

I moaned.

She drove her hips in harder and I came, crying out, my hips bucking against the other woman as the orgasm exploded within my mind and body. It was even more powerful than the first one, and it felt as if my body was coming apart and my head might literally explode!

Claudia was driving her big cock into me so hard now it felt as if it was punching up against the front of my abdomen! I almost felt like it might tear completely through me and emerge somewhere near my belly button! That ached, of course, but the ache was just heat, and I was baking in the sexual heat.

“Filthy little slut,” she growled, biting into my earlobe.

My body felt as if it was boiling over with liquid heat, my skin crackling and my insides turning to mush – along with my brain!

Her hips began to slap against my buttocks even as the other girl licked harder at my clitoris, and my head bounced and twisted bonelessly as the sexual heat and hunger turned me into little more than a dazed sexual animal, grunting and gasping and crying out with every thrust of her cock.

I was aware of everything going on but not really processing it because I didn't care about most of it. I saw Damian move forward and kneel behind the girl who was licking my pussy. He unzipped her short skirt and it fell away completely, leaving her bare.

He jerked her hips back and then pulled his pants down.

A part of me waited for her to object. Wasn't she a lesbian like Claudia? But she seemed to not even notice. Even when he clearly entered her and his hips started to thrust she ignored him, licking at my clitoris instead.

As the orgasm faded I became more astonished at that. A part of me felt jealous. But he wasn't my boyfriend. And I was pretty sure this girl he was fucking didn't care about him. Besides, wasn't he letting another girl fuck me? Wasn't this fair?

That thick cock was still inside me, still moving, if not as strongly. The girl was still licking my clitoris. I was still sweltering in the heat. With all of that, it didn't seem to really matter what Damian was doing. My body was roiled and my mind was churning. I had lost control of both, and I was just sort of... floating along on the wild water hopping I didn't drown.

I was constantly amazed, constantly gasping at a new rush of sensation, at a new jolt of heat and excitement. I couldn't seem to process it all.

And then I came again, crying out as that big cock thrust up into me from behind with hard, powerful strokes.

I was losing my fucking mind!

Claudia was mauling my breasts as her hips slapped into my buttocks. The dildo was so deep inside me it really did feel like it was punching against the front of my abdomen. I even stared down as if thinking I should see it trying to push through.

Another orgasm tore my mind apart and I trembled and shook, twisting and thrashing as convulsions wracked my exhausted, overheated body.

Damian finished with the girl kneeling before him. I could tell from the look on his face. The girl herself didn't seem to care. She was focused solely on my pussy, not on hers. I noted it as he pulled his pants up and got up, grinning – leering.

And then he sauntered out of view. So I stopped noticing at all.

Claudia jerked back on my hair again.

“Are you a filthy little slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I gasped. “I'm a filthy little slut!”

“Are you my sex slave?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I moaned. “I'm your sex slave, Mistress!”

“Do you love my cock inside you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I love your cock inside me, Mistress!”

God help me, I did!

I was just starting, with the flickering reawakening of some of the higher-order parts of my brain, to realize that unlike Damian and every other man, she would never get soft! She would be hard as long as she wanted to!

How long was she going to fuck me!?

Enough to make me come yet again!

I was growing exhausted! My abdomen felt as if it had been churned to mush, and my brain wasn't much better. But finally, she stopped. I felt her shifting, drawing back. But the dildo stayed inside me somehow. And it was inside me, if only just. I mean, the base of it felt as if it were almost flush with the lips of my sex.

I groaned as the other girl stood up, and I didn't have to keep my butt pushed back or legs spread anymore. I eased a bit forward, which relaxed the leather things against my wrists overhead. Before me, the girl there was clipping an inch wide strap to the base of the dildo. She fed the strap up diagonally across my abdomen, over my hip, across my back, then around front again and down once more to clip to the same ring which I now noted was sticking out of the base of the dildo.

I groaned as she tightened it, and then gasped as Claudia pulled back on my hair and then pushed the ball-gag back into my mouth. She drew the strap behind me and buckled it, then used her finger to

comb my hair out from under the strap.

She and the other girl reached up and undid my wrists from the strap thing overhead. I groaned in relief at being able to lower my arms again at last. But they turned me and pressed my breasts into the wall as they lifted my wrists up behind my back. I realized for the first time that Damian wasn't even in the room and felt a quiver of uncertainty.

I felt softer leather going around my wrists and felt them locked together. Then Claudia pulled the choker off and tossed it to the floor. A moment later a real collar went around my neck and buckled firmly in place. I felt my wrists lifted up by the other girl, and then they were held in place just below my shoulder blades by some kind of strap or chain or something that was apparently attached to the rear of the collar.

Claudia wrapped a wide strap around my chest and the girl behind gripped it and pulled it around together behind me. I looked down as I was drawn back from the wall and saw the 'strap' was actually a kind of L-shaped thing that both pressed into my ribs and up against the underside of my breasts.

They lifted and supported them, but also kind of squeezed them up and out. Another strap went completely around the outside of my breasts, then crisscrossed at the center of my chest to go up over my shoulders and behind my neck. Then the girl picked up my stiletto-heeled shoes and put them on.

I was too confused, dazed, and uncertain to even question this, even if I hadn't been gagged. My breasts throbbed and felt swollen, and I stared down at how full they looked. Then I saw Claudia's hands. They were both holding little rubber-covered clips attached to chains. She opened the clips, let the jaws move in precisely so they framed my nipples between them, pressed them back a bit, and then let them close.

I squealed and jumped, or tried to, as my nipples burned hotly! The little chains were attached to a longer chain that Claudia held. The girl behind me pulled on her skirt, and then Claudia, to my shock, opened the door and headed out into the hall – pulling on the chain.

You really can't resist something like that. At least, not without some warning and determination, and I had neither. I squealed in pain and stumbled out of the door after her – out into the open, where people were!

Naked!

No, worse than naked! Much worse! I had this dildo very obviously inserted inside me, the base of it held tightly just within my naked sex! And I had my breasts squeezed up and out so... so obscenely! And I was gagged and collared and... and it was like being an utter whore in front of a bunch of strangers!

I dropped my head, staring at the floor, staring at the shoes and legs as the chains drew me remorselessly forward, tugging and stretching out my aching nipples! The other girl was following along behind me as Claudia led me right through the crowd! I was utterly, utterly stunned and mortified!

Then we were at a back door, and she was pulling me through into a dark alley. Thank God! There was no one around! There was, however, a black SUV there, a big Cadillac Escalade. Claudia opened the rear door and handed the chain to a woman there, who tugged on it. I had little choice but to bend over and climb inside!

They put me in the middle. Then the girl there and the other one spread my legs wide and somehow strapped them that way. Another strap went across my chest between my breasts and the seat back tilted back.

Claudia got into the front passenger seat. The girl who had been in the little room with me got into the driver's seat. Another woman climbed in on my right and I recognized her as one of the ones who had been whipping the hooded girl. The one on my left was a mystery, except she had big breasts.

They closed the doors and the car started forward.

Chapter Four

I was starting to get more than anxious. I was starting to get scared when Claudia turned and looked at me.

“Your boyfriend rented you to us for the night,” she said.

I gaped at her.

“We spoke earlier. He thinks you're worth a lot of money. He intends to turn you into a stripper and maybe even a prostitute.”

I continued to gape at her! First, because Damian wasn't my boyfriend and it felt odd to hear him described as such. Second, because that was so fucking outrageous! If he really thought that then we were through regardless of how good the sex was!

“Personally, I think you're just a very pretty, naive, relatively innocent little college girl who is looking to have a little fun and explore her sexuality,” she said. “So I intend to help you with that and have fun in the bargain.”

That was, to be honest, a huge relief! She was so stern she was kind of scary. So her casual understanding of what I was doing with Damian made me think she wouldn't do anything too... too... nasty! Although pulling me naked through a crowd of people was shocking on its own!

“I find that most young girls know little about sex,” she said. “Most don't know how to pleasure their own bodies, much less how to persuade men to do it for them. I mean, if you've never had good sex how can you tell that the clod you're with isn't giving it to you?”

As she spoke the women on either side of me were caressing my body, their hands stroking gently up and down against my inner thighs, gently kneading my breasts, and lightly stroking my still-swollen clitoris.

Damian was no clod, I thought, though I couldn't say it. But he had sure been head and shoulders above the rest of them. The idea he had rented me to this woman, though, was outrageous. Letting her into that room was a violation of trust on its own, though I had to admit it had quickly turned into something incredibly thrilling.

But leaving me alone with these women!? That wasn't something I was going to forgive. Even if her story that he wanted me to be a stripper was true. Damian could want whatever he wanted, but I wasn't his bitch, even if he made me say otherwise. But I was going to have to find another hot guy to teach me about sex, that was for sure.

Not that these women didn't seem intent on doing that on their own!

“For tonight, you're our sex slave,” Claudia said in amusement. “That seems to be a fantasy you're interested in exploring anyway.”

The woman on my right, a short-haired redhead, slipped down onto the floor on her knees and then leaned forward between my spread thighs. I gulped as her tongue pushed out and she began to lightly lick my clitoris.

Her tongue was long and agile, and it twisted and swooped, slid, and turned. She would lick rapidly from side to side, then up and down. Then she'd press her lips in more firmly and suck rhythmically for long seconds before pulling back and licking again.

There was simply no way of ignoring that!

Then she eased back. She gripped my thighs to jerk them forward a bit more so I was slumped

down in the seat more. Then she undid the strap and eased the dildo slowly out of me.

“Dripping wet,” she said in satisfaction.

I blushed hotly.

She pulled it free, then pressed her lips against me, her tongue thrusting inside, twisting and turning as she sucked and licked. The girl on my left leaned over me, her mouth sucking and licking on my nipple as her hand kneaded my other breast.

“Being a sex slave can be an enjoyable experience for a young girl,” Claudia said. “No pressure. No need to figure out what to do, or what to say. All you need to do is obey whatever instruction you're given.”

The two women in back unstrapped my legs, then lifted them up and back so my feet were raised up above the backrest. They then strapped my ankles back like that.

God, this was so... obscene! I was basically sitting on my tailbone with my buttocks fully lifted up and spread wide. And the woman kneeling before me took what looked like an egg with a narrow tip and pressed it again my back opening! The egg glistened wetly, and it felt slick as she twisted and turned it as she pressed against my wrinkled back passage.

I tried shaking my head, but everyone was looking down as I felt the thing pushing slowly into my ass. It got wider and wider as it spread me wider, and I moaned as it slid deeper. Then it was entirely inside me. But no, almost entirely. It was on a kind of stem, and that on a small round base. The base remained on the outside as my sphincter closed around the base.

It ached oddly, and it added to my sense of being... I don't know, like a helpless sex toy for other people, but then the girl picked up another dildo and pressed that against my pussy. This was a little thicker than the other, but she slid it into me fairly easily. It had a base that rose up on the top side, and she jammed that against my body, even though I could see it wouldn't go in.

The thing started to buzz, to vibrate, and I gasped, my body jerking against the straps.

“Don't worry, little sex slave, it's only a vibrator,” Claudia said in amusement.

I'd never tried a vibrator. In fact, I'd never tried any sex toys. The idea of ordering one had come to me a time or two, but there was simply nowhere around my house I could have kept it and been certain no one would have come across it. The thought of my mother or brother discovering a big dildo or vibrator was too horrifying to even contemplate! So I hadn't.

And, of course, living in a dorm room I shared with other women also made that far too risky an idea. Besides, I hadn't been all that interested in sex.

I moaned as she gripped the base and sort of twisted and ground it against me. The vibrations were doing strange things to my nerve endings. And she wasn't just slowly grinding it against me. Every few seconds she pulled it back to pump the big 'cock' up and down inside me. Then she'd bury it, except for that base, which she ground against my clit.

I gasped as the one sitting beside me jerked back on my hair and chewed her way up along my neck to my ear.

“We're going to make you come like a whore. Won't that be nice, little sex slave?” she purred.

Remember I was in a car driving down the road! Naked! Completely at the mercy of four women I didn't even know! I could hardly believe Damian had just let them take me away like this!

It was as if I had been kidnapped by perverted lesbians! Except, I wasn't really afraid of them. It was like when I'd started going out with Damian. What was there to fear when I was going to give him what he wanted? And with these women, well, they'd already taken what they wanted, hadn't they? So all they could do was... more of that. And it was hard to be afraid of more incredible orgasms!

It was still fucking outrageous, though!

The vibrations were having more and more effect. That and how the woman was fucking me with the thing, and all the rest of it. I felt much less confident around them, though, without Damian, and much more anxious and self-conscious. I didn't want to come in front of them all! There were four of them! Maybe if it was just Claudia...

But the woman between my legs was intent on making me come, and my determination to resist was diminishing as the sensations heated up my body.

I was moaning helplessly already, jerking and twitching and pulling against the straps, feeling the wild, crackling waves of pleasure sweeping up through my body.

The woman kneeling before me halted. She eased the vibrator out of me and then rose up. She was, I saw, now wearing the strap-on dildo she'd pulled out of me. She inserted it again, then began to fuck me hard and fast. She gripped my hair and jerked it back as she chewed her way up along the nape of my neck, but all I cared about was the hard 'cock' pounding into my aching pussy!

At least, that was all I cared about until the one beside me pushed a hand in and began to roughly rub my clitoris. I exploded a few seconds after that, with a huge wave of pleasure swamping my mind and sweeping away all anxieties and cares.

I wallowed in the passion and heat of that orgasm, trembling and shaking as the woman leaning in against me pounded her cock into me with hard, furious strokes. Her hips were slapping against my buttocks and thighs as she also roughly fondled my breasts, and I just lay there helpless and gasping and crying out and reveling in that tremendous flood of pleasure.

She laughed and pulled back as I sagged dazedly, then removed the strap-on as the other one pushed the vibrator back into me.

I cried out in complaint, my pussy too sensitive, but she ignored me, jamming it deep. The first one slid back onto the seat and now the other woman knelt before me. She eased the vibrator halfway out and then began to lick and suck on my clitoris as my muscles spasmed and jerked.

"Sex with women can last a lot longer than sex with men, little sex slave," Claudia said in amusement. "We don't ever get soft, after all."

The one licking my pussy soon had me jerking and writhing and twisting in helpless passion. Then she put on the strap-on and fucked me to another powerful orgasm.

My pussy was getting sore, but God I was getting so overwhelmed by all the passion and pleasure!

They slid the vibrator back into me, turned off, thankfully, then strapped it in place before letting my legs down. The car pulled into a garage and the door closed behind it. There were two other cars in the garage, one a sports car and the other a long Mercedes. I was pulled out of the car, still tied as I had been, and led into a house.

It was a very large house, a very rich house, the kind of house I'd never been in before, in fact. The three women whose names I didn't even know disappeared, leaving me with Claudia, and she turned and roughly pushed me against a wall, her hand sliding up to squeeze my throat.

"Remember, little sex girl," she said, "We're going to make this a fantasy night for you. The fantasy of being a sex slave. You may never get another chance to experience the freedom of slavery like this, so I suggest you pay attention."

I frowned at her in confusion and she smiled as if reading my mind.

"Yes, bondage is freedom, slavery is freedom, submission is freedom. It lifts your inhibitions and means you don't have to care about anything other than obedience."

She fingered my nipple.

"You don't have to say things to reassure my male ego. You don't have to wonder what you should do next to please me. You don't have to care about what I'll think of you tomorrow, or whether I'll tell all my friends what a slut you are. All you have to do is experience the passion and excitement of being a slave girl."

She drew me into a large living room. It had white sofas, or rather, white sectionals over a very soft gray rug. She removed the leather harness, freeing my breasts, and then unchained and unlinked the wrist restraints, freeing my hands.

But then she reached over and picked up a long, thin stick – which immediately raised my anxiety level. There was a sort of flap of soft leather at its tip and she rubbed that lightly against my breasts.

"On your knees, slave!" she growled in a stern voice.

I gulped and dropped to my knees. But at the same time, her voice was reassuring rather than scary. Because it was so different from what she had been using. I got that it was, like, just an act, you know? Or at least, I thought it was.

“Drop down onto all fours,” she ordered.

I did that too, flushing, and feeling my pulse rate picking up.

“Remember, sex slave, obedience is good,” she said.

Sex slave! God, this was wild!

She bent over and brushed my hair back, then did something with the back of the collar. A moment later she straightened and I realized she'd attached a leash to the collar! I was like, oh wow, oh, fucking freaky!

“Now crawl, little sex slave, crawl next to your mistress like the little bitch in heat you are,” she ordered.

Ohmygod this was perverted!

I flushed as I crawled along on the leash, heart thumping wildly. She led me to the far wall, then made me turn and crawl back again! I'm sure my eyes were pretty wide because this was so wicked!

“Sit back on your heels,” she said. “put your hands behind your head, arch your back, and spread your legs wide.”

I obeyed, feeling a dark flood of excitement as I posed for her and she rubbed the tip of the crop against my hard nipples.

“On all fours,” she said.

I fell forward onto my hands and knees and crawled across the room beside her, then back again.

“Stop. Face down on the floor. Keep your little bottom high.”

I felt another jolt as I let my breasts pillow out against the rug.

“Arms outstretched before you,” she ordered, tapping my buttocks with the crop.

She walked slowly around me, then back again.

“Knees further forward,” she barked, bringing the crop down harder against my butt.

I gasped and shuffled my knees forward.

Crack! The thing hit again.

“More. Tuck your belly in against your thighs. Raise that tight ass of yours high like a proper sex slave.”

Crack!

“Spread your knees to the sides. Make it obvious you're inviting a man to come and mount you like the hot little bitch in heat you are.”

I winced each time the thin little stick hit. It stung! But I quickly did as she ordered, and felt wilder and sluttier as I did. Then, as I knelt like that, the vibrator turned on. I flinched and moaned, but I held my position otherwise.

“You love big cocks inside you, remember, slut?” she said.

She put her foot up on my bottom. “All sex slaves do.”

She took her foot off and I trembled, the vibrator seeming to make my insides quiver and shake.

“I don't even know your name,” she said suddenly, as if amused. “But it doesn't matter. Names are for people. You're not a person. You're a thing, a slave, something owned by others, a possession used for sex.”

She drew her foot down and brought the crop down against my buttocks again.

Crack!

“A thing,” she said. “A sexual object. Not a person.”

I moaned helplessly.

And then two of the women came into the room. Gasping, I reflexively started to rise, only to have Claudia put her foot down on my back just between my shoulder blades.

“No one told you to move, slave,” she barked.

Crack!

I gasped and resumed my position, astonishment sweeping away my embarrassment.

I recognized one of the women as the driver of the car. But the other... yes, she'd been in the back and had fucked me. But now she was mostly naked. Mostly. She wore thigh-high black stockings and a similar sort of glove which went up to her shoulders. She had six-inch stiletto shoes on, and a metal collar around her neck. She had matching metal restraints around her wrists and ankles.

I recognized her body, at once from the full breasts, not to mention the thin whip marks which crisscrossed them and which also cut across her abdomen and were focused between her thighs.

But she had no hair at all on her head! It was perfectly shaven! She had bright red lipstick, mascara darkening her eyebrows, and eyeliner. She was all made up, but... naked! It was clear she was a 'slave girl' but she didn't seem cowed. She seemed arrogant as she stood there in her nudity, despite the other woman holding a leash that led to her collar.

Claudia barked a word and the woman drew her hands back behind her head, arching her back. Claudia swung the crop down and the woman winced as it cut across the center of her right breast, then again, then again. But she didn't move.

I gaped at the sight of her, staring at her full breast with wide eyes.

"This slave girl knows that pain is nothing compared to pleasure," Claudia said.

Holy fuck!

I gasped at a pull on the leash attached to my collar.

"On your heels, slut. Hands behind your head."

I obeyed, overwhelmed by what I was seeing. Not to mention experiencing! The vibrator was still buzzing as I watched the bald woman drop to all fours and crawl gracefully on the end of her leash. I was quite sure I hadn't been nearly so graceful. She crawled like a proud cat!

At another word, she dropped to her face like I'd been, with her bottom raised high. Then she rolled over, feet on the floor, knees spread wide.

The other woman tossed a big dildo on her stomach and the collared woman took it and inserted it into her shaven pussy, driving it deep, pumping it in and out while she rubbed her clitoris with the fingers of her other hand.

Claudia stopped her by stepping forward and bringing the front of her boot down against the base of the dildo. She let more weight down and forced the dildo deep into the bald girl's body. And even though the girl gasped in apparent pain she only dropped her arms to the sides, and never tried to close her thighs or grab the woman's foot!

"What are you?" Claudia asked.

"I'm a sex slave, Mistress!" the girl moaned.

"Who owns this body, slave?"

"You do, Mistress!" she cried, gulping in air as Claudia ground her foot against the base of the fat dildo.

Claudia suddenly jerked on the leash attached to my collar and I fell forward, putting my hands and arms out to support myself. She pulled on the leash and I crawled forward so that I was between the bald woman's spread legs.

"It's time to teach you how to please a woman, slave," she said.

I gulped and stared at the girl's naked sex. It was... extremely clean and neat. I thought she must have had hair removal done to get it so perfect.

"We've been teaching you since I walked into that little room. Now you can show us how much of that lesson you've absorbed."

She bent over and undid the strap holding the ball gag in, then pulled it free.

I worked my jaw, red-faced, anxious, and uncertain. But refusing barely entered my mind. They'd all licked me, after all. How could I refuse to do the same in turn?

At least, that was how I felt.

Crack!

I winced at the sharp blow to my bottom.

“Get to it, slut!”

I lowered myself to my elbows and then, licking my lips nervously, leaned in and hesitantly licked my way up along her tight, neat little pussy. That went well enough, so I did it again, then again, then I licked harder, and then... I reached out and touched her.

The other woman was putting on a strap-on dildo and moving behind me as Claudia stood over me.

I gently opened the bald girl's sex, stared at her clitoris, then leaned in and licked it.

I felt a wave of unreality, a sense of disbelief I was doing this, then continued, remembering what Claudia and the others had done to me earlier.

Crack!

I gasped at the sharp stinging blow.

“Lick harder, slut!”

I licked harder!

I mean, I know she had no real authority over me, that none of them did. And I wasn't even tied up or anything. But ... it *felt* like she had authority! So I obeyed, licking harder even as I felt hands on my buttocks. I felt fingers pulling against the thing they'd pushed into my ass. I felt the pressure as it was pulled back.

It came free, and almost instantly something else was pushed into me back there.

Crack!

“Keep licking, slave!” Claudia growled.

Gasping, I licked harder, trying to remember how they'd licked me, working my tongue from side to side, then around in circles. I tentatively pressed my lips against her clit and sucked the way she'd done to me, and was rewarded by her hips jerking up.

Meanwhile, something long and slick and round was pushing deeper into my ass!

Claudia knelt beside me, then she and the woman behind me pulled my arms up and back behind me and locked the restraints together. Claudia gripped my hair and jammed my face in against the bald woman's pussy, while roughly squeezing my breast.

“Lick harder, slut! Use your lower lip to press up against your tongue! Move it faster!”

She kneaded my breast as she guided my tongue. Meanwhile, the woman behind started to fuck me with the strap-on dildo! To fuck me in the *ass*! Holy Jesus! The cock was plunging down deep into my abdomen with every stroke even as the vibrator filled me and buzzed powerfully! The sensations flooding through my nervous system were new and overwhelming!

“Make this slut come! Do it!” Claudia growled at me.

I shuddered and moaned and did my best, licking hard as I felt the other woman's hand reach forward to cup and squeeze my right breast even as Claudia squeezed the left.

“Make her come or I'll whip your pussy the same way I did hers,” Claudia growled at me. “Would you like that? Would you like to be chained and whipped, you filthy slave?!”

I moaned in fear at the thought, despite it being the most erotic thing I'd ever seen in my life! I licked harder and faster, even though my tongue was starting to ache. My body was rocked by the blows of her hips slapping against my raised buttocks. The big dildo she was using was *spearing* deep into my belly with every stroke. And the vibrator kept buzzing away inside me and against my clitoris.

I was drowning in sensation, in pleasure, and dark sexual excitement. My body thrilled to the flood of heat as the two women mauled my breasts and Claudia kept reminding me I was nothing but a sex slave! A sex slave! The idea, the image, the fantasy, was burning me up from the inside.

I came before the bald girl, my mind melting down and then my body jerking and twisting and rutting back against the cock being driven into me so hard and fast!

Somehow I kept licking, though, as if it had become pure instinct. Convulsions wracked my body as my mind swam, and I felt the orgasm soar, then slowly fade away. Only the pull at my scalp kept me

licking hard, then, as I felt the dildo sliding out of my ass.

The vibrator was pulled out of me, too, and then the three of them moved me forward. I felt myself penetrated again, but my hair was being pulled so I couldn't tell what it was. It was long and thick, though, and it slid up inside me as they positioned me atop the bald girl.

Her legs bent and spread wide as I straddled her lower body, and my hair was released, at last, letting me drop my eyes and see that a long... very long... dildo had been pushed into me. It was over a foot and a half in length, maybe more, and had a cock-head at the opposite end too. I saw Claudia pushing that into the bald girl, and then sinking it deep as hands on my hips guided me down.

I shuddered as I took the sex toy up high, and so did the bald girl. Then I was pushed forward and her hands gripped my breasts as she started to work her hips up against mine. With the long, double-headed dildo buried in our pussies my soft flesh ground against hers.

The woman behind pushed her dildo back up into my ass, then!

My head swam again with astonishment at what I was doing, but no one was giving me the opportunity to pause and absorb it all. I gasped and groaned and shuddered as my pussy rubbed against the bald girl, as the big dildo twisted inside me and the other one pumped in and out of my ass.

It didn't take long to come yet again. I was in a feverish heat which Claudia seemed intent on keeping bubbling and boiling as long as possible. My insides ached as rarely used muscles spasmed violently again and again.

Chapter Five

You would think all those orgasms and all that sex would have drained my need for more. But this was all so new and shocking for me. I'd never had sex which was anything more than... sex. I mean, until I met Damian sex lasted a few minutes. He was the first one to introduce me to kinky stuff, to sexual games which could thrill and arouse me even before he touched me.

But even he hadn't carried things this far. I'd had sex with four different women in one evening, all of them strangers! First off, just having sex with one woman, just ordinary old, run-of-the-mill lesbian sex would have been a shock. But I'd done it with four!

And I still was, in a way. Claudia had produced the same black stockings and gloves the bald girl wore and put them on me. Then she strapped my arms together behind my back so tightly my shoulders ached. My elbows weren't quite touching – the way they were with the bald girl – but they'd pulled them back as far as they could.

Sara was the short-haired redhead of maybe thirty who had first fucked me in the back of the car. She wore a kind of summer dress which was both cute and sexy. Hannah was in her mid-thirties, taller, with dirty blonde hair and a thin, lithe body. She wore a long black skirt and a plaid shirt. Claudia had changed into an ankle-length green dress that set off her eyes.

The three of them sat on the sofa. The bald girl and I knelt on the floor before them side by side wearing nothing but the gloves and stockings. And collars, of course. If she had a name I didn't hear it. She was only called Slave. She seemed a few years older than me.

She knelt calmly, as if she did it all the time, legs spread wide. Her nipples and clitoral hood were pierced. The rings piercing her nipples were the size of quarters, dangling down from big pink buttons which seemed to never soften.

I knew now how the dildo stayed inside her. It was inside her now, along with a matching one in her bottom. And in mine. The dildos in our asses had bulges a couple of inches above the base, where the shaft of the dildos bulged wide to keep them inside our bodies. The ones in our pussies did not. Vaginas were not tightly closed by muscles intended to keep things inside. So instead they'd driven quite thick dildos high into her bellies. These had little air hoses attached to a hand pump, and they squeezed the pump to make the dildos get thicker and thicker and – achingly thicker!

The mouth of my sex stretched wide around the one inside me, my lips taut and aching, my clitoris swollen.

Claudia was questioning me on my entire sex life prior to meeting her. She had the crop thing in her hand, as did the other two looking on. She hadn't hit me with the shaft. But there was a softer, flat tip and she smacked the sides of my breasts, or sometimes my nipples whenever I hesitated or failed to answer properly.

We'd passed over my experiences before Damian fairly quickly given there wasn't a lot to say about them. I'd slept with three guys before him and none of the events had been particularly exciting or pleasurable. The first had been messy and painful, the second merely painful. The third had been... okay, after a few tries, though nothing to write home about.

She was asking a lot of questions about Damian, though. Like exactly what he'd done and exactly what I'd thought of it and exactly how I'd reacted and why. Which was... embarrassing. I mean, you wouldn't think so given I was kneeling here naked with a dildo sticking out of me and that all of them

had already fucked me. But I still barely knew them!

“Tell us what excited you about Damian? Was it his big cock inside you?” she asked.

“I.. he was... different,” I said warily.

I winced as she slapped the tip of the crop down against my right nipple.

“How different?”

“He... was rougher.”

“So you like being treated roughly, do you, slut?” Hannah demanded.

“No! I just –“?

I gasped as she slapped at the side of my right breast with the tip of her crop.

“Did you forget my name, Slut?”

“Mistress Hannah,” I gulped.

“Continue, Slut,” Claudia said.

“He knew how to use his fingers. He wasn't rough like other boys.”

“By that you mean when he rubbed your pussy, is that it, Slut?” Sara demanded.

“Yes, Mistress Sara,” I gulped. “And when he squeezed my breasts.”

“And what else?”

“He knew how to kiss really well,” I said, remembering. “And he licked... he performed oral sex on me. No guy had ever done that before.”

“Why not? Didn't you ever ask them to?”

I shook my head and then winced as Hannah and Sara took the opportunity to lean forward and swing the tip of their crops against the sides of my breasts.

“Don't nod, Slut. Answer aloud,” Claudia said.

“No, I never asked them to, Mistress!”

“Why not?”

“Because... because... I don't know.”

“Because you're a timid little cis girl who didn't think sex was for anything but pleasuring the boy who stuck his cock in you,” Hannah said.

Truth to tell, she was right.

“Continue, Slut,” Claudia said.

It was weird how they just used that as, like, my name! It was like all they called the bald girl sitting silently beside me was Slave.

“He did stuff... outside, which I thought was really... hot,” I gulped.

“Like what, Slut?”

“Like... like lifting my skirt up and my top, and doing me in a parking lot and... stuff that I never did before.”

“And what did you think when he called you his sex slave?”

“I thought that was... kinky and hot and sexy,” I gulped.

I winced at another blow to my breast.

“Mistress!” I gasped.

“And what about when he tied you up, Slut?”

“I thought that was hot and kinky, too, Mistress Hannah,” I said.

“Do you like being tied up, Slut?” Sara asked.

I flushed a little.

“Uhm –.”

I gasped as Claudia brought the tip of her crop down against my nipple.

“Don't say uhm or like. Speak clearly, Slut. Enunciate.”

“It was exciting, Mistress!” I gulped

“You were watching Slave girl being whipped back at the club. What did you think of that?”

I gulped, not turning to look at her. It had been wildly erotic and had really turned me on.

"I thought she was extremely beautiful and sexy, Mistress," I said.

"And were you excited watching her being whipped?"

I hesitated and then gasped as all three of them hit my breasts with their crops.

"Yes, Mistress!" I cried.

"And yet you're a cis girl who had never had sex with girls," Hannah said. "So when you watched her you must have identified with her, not with us. You saw yourself standing there naked being whipped, didn't you, Slut?"

I licked my lips nervously.

"Yes, Mistress Hannah. But I don't like pain!"

"A little pain combined with a lot of pleasure can be more than worth the bargain," Sara said.

"I'm hungry," Sara said.

She got up and walked past us, then turned.

"On your faces, bitches," she said, looking at Slave and me.

Slave turned and lowered her breasts to the floor. I turned and did the same.

"Come, bitches," she said over her shoulder as she walked out of the room.

The bald girl – Slave – pushed herself forward on her knees, with her full breasts rubbing against the rug as she followed. I gasped, hesitating, which got me a sharp blow from the shaft of the crop across my raised bottom. I lurched forward, my hard nipples rubbing against the rug as my knees worked. I took much of the weight on my shoulders, but my breasts still ground against the rug as I awkwardly followed the other two.

Blushing furiously, I gasped as the other two rose behind me, following.

This was soooo degrading!

But that just turned me on since Damian. I pushed myself forward, my shoulders – and breasts – rubbing against the rug, and then the smooth floor as I followed them down the hall and then into the kitchen. The other two followed.

"Kneel, bitches," Sara said, pointing at the floor by the wall.

This was so sick!

I rose up and sat back on my heels next to Slave as Sara threw a bag of something into the microwave. Hannah and Claudia pulled chairs out from the kitchen table and Sara soon joined her.

"Are you a good, obedient slut?" Hannah demanded, looking at me.

"Yes, Mistress Hannah," I gulped.

There was a sound, and then a familiar smell from the microwave.

"Do you think Damian's oral sex skills were as good as ours?" Sara asked.

"No, Mistress Sara," I said without hesitation.

He had been good only in comparison to the nothing I'd gotten before.

"Slave," Claudia said, "Lick Slut's clitoris."

Slave rose off her heels instantly, moved forward a little, then turned around to face me before dropping her upper body low. Since I was sitting on my heels, my clitoris was only a couple of inches off the floor. So she bent forward as she and I had before, her breasts to the floor as she started to lick me.

The mouth of my sex was aching because of how widely it was stretched around the big dildo. My clitoris was sensitive and swollen, and it reacted immediately to the feel of her tongue.

"Tell me you're a filthy little slut," Claudia ordered.

"I'm a filthy little slut, Mistress Claudia," I gasped.

This was all so far above anything I had ever imagined doing! My pulse was racing and my heart pounding again. The three of them were just sitting there looking at me, looking down their noses at me. They were all dressed and looking haughty. And here I was naked, with dildos stuffed up inside myself while this bald girl's tongue sent dark, swirling rushes of sexual energy up through my abdomen.

How had I even gotten here!? And did it matter, given how my blood was starting to boil again? This sick game of theirs was shocking and nasty and scalding!

“Tell me you're a slut animal,” Hannah said.

“I'm a slut animal, Mistress Hannah!” I gulped.

“Tell me you're a slut slave,” Sara ordered.

“I'm a slut slave, Mistress Sara!” I moaned.

My hips were already starting to push forward against the bald girl's lapping tongue.

“Tell me you're a –.”

The microwave pinged and she stopped, got up, and went to it, pulling out a bag of popcorn. She opened it and poured it into a bowl, then brought that back to sit down.

Meanwhile, I just knelt there, moaning, as the bald girl continued to lick my pussy. At least until Claudia ordered her up and back onto her knees.

That left me tingling and throbbing down there, of course, and my body thrumming with sexual pressure and heat. I watched the three of them pluck popcorn from the bowl and eat it.

“Open your mouth, Slave,” Hannah said.

The bald girl opened her mouth wide, and Hannah tossed a piece of popcorn into it. The bald girl closed her lips and chewed.

“Open your mouth, Slut,” Sara ordered.

I opened my mouth wide and she tossed a piece of popcorn into it. I chewed and ate it as the three of them continued to pull warm popcorn from the bowl and eat it.

“So, Slut, you were going to tell us how much you like being tied up,” Claudia said.

She tossed another piece of popcorn to Slave, as I thought of her, who already had her mouth wide.

“I'm not –.”

I halted as Hannah tossed a piece of popcorn at my mouth. But I was speaking rather than sitting there with my mouth wide open so it bounced off and fell to the floor.

“Clumsy slut,” she said. “Lick it up.”

I blinked, then rose off my heels, backed up a bit, and then leaned way over to delicately lick the piece of popcorn off the floor. I was just starting to rise when Sara tossed another piece that bounced off my shoulder. I shuffled forward again and licked it off the floor, starting to feel a strange, twisted sense of outraged heat.

The three of them began to throw pieces of popcorn at me, then, laughing as they bounced off my breasts or back or head. I had to scramble around on the floor and lick them up, one piece at a time. At first I did it on my knees but then Claudia put her foot against my raised bottom and shoved hard so I fell forward onto my belly.

“Crawl around on your belly, you nasty little slut slave,” she ordered.

Moaning, I had to do just that, wriggling across the floor on my belly to lick each piece up as they tossed them at me. Again I felt that tremendous sense of being degraded. And again, for some dark reason that made me burn hotter and hotter.

My breasts ached and throbbed from rolling around on the hard floor on them, and my body was soon feverish with excitement and heat.

Claudia got up from the table and wrapped my long hair around her fist, then yanked on it. That hurt but I scrambled up onto my knees, then out the door as she walked back into the living room, using my hair like a leash, making me awkwardly knee-walk after her.

My knees were sure glad to get back on the rug!

She sat down on a wide, upholstered chair and lifted her legs up and apart, splaying them, slouching as she draped them across the arms of the chair. She pulled me in by the hair as she lifted her skirt and directed my mouth to her pussy.

I cried out at a sharp, stinging blow across my buttocks.

“Spread your legs, slut,” Hannah ordered. “Always keep them spread wide and your ass raised

high.”

I yelped and obeyed as I started to lick Claudia's pussy.

Hannah and Sara knelt beside me, and I felt one of them gripping the dildo in my pussy. Then I heard the sound of the pump being squeezed as more air was pumped into the dildo. I moaned weakly as it got wider still, but someone was rubbing my clitoris at the same time so it was kind of a trade-off.

I sucked on Claudia's clitoris then swept my tongue around and around it as I heard the pump being squeezed again and again and the dildo inside me stretched me still wider. Then I heard the vibrator and felt it pressing against my clitoris.

I was starting to lose my mind. Again. My hips were grinding helplessly back at the vibrator even as the dildo stretched my pussy painfully wide.

“Fucking slut,” Hannah said.

“Filthy slut,” Claudia said.

“Dirty slut,” Sara echoed.

I felt the dildo in my ass pulling back, the fat round lump stretching me wide, then sliding out of my body.

“Nasty slut,” Hannah added.

The vibrator ground against my clitoris. The dildo pushed back into my ass and pumped in and out.

“Lick me harder, Slut,” Claudia said in a purring voice.

I felt the dildo suddenly deflate. It was pulled out of me, then fingers pushed into my pussy instead. There were a lot of them, turning and twisting and straining the mouth of my sex. They seemed to be slippery, too, though I couldn't turn to look. They pushed deeper, stretching my opening.

Crack!

A hand slapped my bottom. Then another, then another. Hands roughly squeezed my throbbing breasts.

And all I could do was focus as much as I could on licking Claudia's pussy. She had control of me and jammed my face repeatedly against her sex, which was wet and hot, rubbing my face against her so that I was sure my skin was all glistening.

“Slut,” she taunted me.

Crack!

I moaned at the twisting, stretching pressure against my pussy. But my hips also rolled and ground against the vibrator. And then there was a harsh pressure and it began to ease, just a little. Her fingers pushed deeper into my pussy, turning and twisting.

Hands shifted between slapping my breasts and roughly squeezing them. All except the one pushing higher inside me. I didn't understand how the fingers could go so high, given I was feverish with heat and not exactly functioning at top mental speed. Not until her entire hand had passed into my body and the lips of my sex closed around her wrist.

I wasn't even sure who it was. But I was suddenly jolted by the realization that a whole hand was up inside my abdomen! I stopped licking, my eyes going wide, and tried to twist my head around. I couldn't, though, and Claudia quickly yanked back on my hair and pushed my face down against her pussy.

“Lick me, Slut slave.”

Crack!

“Dirty slave slut,” Hannah taunted.

I whimpered and moaned as the vibrator ground faster and harder against my clitoris.

“Lick my pussy, you little bitch animal,” Claudia growled.

I cried out as she slapped my breast, and redoubled my efforts.

But my mind was focusing more and more attention on the hand pushing up inside me! I was astounded by that, by the idea as much as the feeling of it. I felt the fingers drawing back into her fist, and then the fist slowly turning and twisting inside me before pushing deeper.

“We're gonna fist-fuck you until you scream, Slut,” Sara said.

It ached! It was too big! I was stretched too wide! But my mind was drowning in heat as it began to move in and out, and a dark, wild fever took control of me. I cried out again and again as she shoved her fist deeper, then drew back. And then a monster orgasm almost took the top of my head off! I shook violently, twisting and writhing against their grasp as the orgasm grew more and more intense.

It didn't matter how sore I was. My hips began to thrust back uncontrollably as I cried out again and again. It was Hannah's fist, I had come to realize, and she was pushing it forward to meet every backward thrust of my hips so that her fist moved in and out faster and faster.

My cries rose to a scream, a long wail of animal passion and pleasure that literally took my breath away. Everything else sank into unimportance compared to the sensation of having a whole fist and wrist inside me. Even the hands roughly groping, squeezing, and slapping my breasts and the vibrator grinding against my clitoris.

The fist twisted and turned, churning my insides to a froth as it pumped in and out, as my hips rode my pussy back against it, as the sensations tore my mind apart and my body spasmed uncontrollably.

It took a while to recover from it enough to start licking Claudia's pussy again, even with her pinching my nipples and tugging on my hair. Especially since the hand kept moving in and out, twisting and turning from side to side. And the vibrator kept rubbing against me. And they kept kneading my breasts.

I had another monster orgasm, then a third, before I succeeded in licking Claudia to a climax.

I was pretty dazed by then, and hardly even aware of who I was anymore. All this wild, dark, endless steamy sex was affecting my mind in ways I didn't even begin to understand.

Chapter Six

I'd never had so much sex. Sex had never gone on so long! And I'd never had so many powerful orgasms! I know that college is a time to gain experiences, and that was sure an incredible one. But it left me shell-shocked and confused and with a wild array of emotions and thoughts.

One of those was a kind of appalled disbelief I'd gone through it. Another was a sense of awe and wonder that I'd gone through it. It was a wild, shocking, thrilling experience. But thank GOD no one I knew would ever find out about it!

It had certainly been a massive introduction to lesbian sex. Or, at least, girl-on-girl sex. I was more than a little interested in learning more about that. Though perhaps in a tamer, quieter, more controlled way, maybe with another girl my age who was just playing around.

I didn't feel like a slut, exactly, for what I'd done. I did feel I'd done something incredibly slutty, though. But I wasn't ashamed of it. Exactly. I was confused, more than anything. I hadn't imagined I could feel such intense heat and pleasure with girls. But when I thought back over it, it wasn't their bodies that had excited me. It was the way they treated me. It was my own body and the outrageous things they did to me.

So I didn't think I was a lesbian, or even necessarily bisexual, so much as just having been overwhelmed by their dark, kinky games. But what was it about those wicked games which had excited me so much? That I couldn't figure out.

But boy, what a night! Sex with four other girls! And kinky sex at that! Wow! Every time my mind replayed one or another of the things which had happened I felt a jolt, and my nipples got hard.

I went back to school the next day, and focused on my studies, or tried to. But what had happened was always in the background, even as several days of studies and lectures passed. Damian called, but I wouldn't answer or return his calls.

I found myself looking at porn in the evenings, when I could do so without worrying about being caught, especially the lesbian and bondage stuff. I also found myself masturbating more, especially at night in my bed alone in my room. And when I did my mind was full of images and memories of what I'd done.

I was walking back from class on Friday when a car pulled over beside me. It was Damian.

"Hey, slave girl," he said.

I scowled at him but kept walking. "I thought you didn't have the money for a car," I said.

"I didn't. I bought it with the money Claudia paid me to rent your body."

I stopped, astonished. "How much money did she give you!?" I demanded.

He smirked back. "Enough."

I stared at him, outraged. "And why should you get the money anyway? What did you do?"

"I let her use my bitch."

"I'm not your bitch, Damian. I never was," I snapped, walking faster.

Of all the gall!

Of course, he just made the car move a little faster.

"Come on, get in."

"Go fuck yourself."

"I got you for that."

"Not anymore!" And then, giving in to impulse. "Just how much did she pay you that you could

buy a fucking car?"

Okay, it wasn't a very good car, or a new car. Even I could tell that. But it ran.

"A thousand bucks."

"A thousand bucks!?! For my body!"

"Only for the evening. I woulda charged way more if I was selling it to her."

I stared at him in outrage again.

"You... pimp!"

He shrugged and grinned, and I marched on.

A thousand dollars was a lot of money! I could sure use a thousand dollars! If she was paying a thousand dollars to have sex with me I should have gotten the money!

And, of course, the thought someone would pay a thousand dollars for an evening of sex with me was both flattering and... intriguing. I mean, if I could get that every night I'd be a millionaire! Just for having sex! And the sex had been incredible! The thought of being paid to do that was... well, certainly interesting!

Oh yes, yes, I know that would be prostitution. No way was I going to be a hooker. On the other hand, the thought of being some kind of sophisticated, high-level call girl dropping in on billionaires was kind of wild... as a fantasy, anyway.

"Get in the car," he said.

"Why should I?"

"So I can fuck you."

"No, thanks. I'm only into women now. You taught me the errors of my ways."

"Bitch."

"Bastard."

I was walking alongside a treed park. There was no one around because it was kind of dark and rain threatened any minute. I could hear the rumbling in the dark clouds overhead. I turned off into the park because he couldn't drive alongside me then, giving him the finger before I turned my back on him.

He stopped and got out of the car, then trotted after me. I ignored him.

I wasn't afraid of him or anything. He gripped my hair from behind and brought me to a halt.

"Damian!" I gasped, reaching up and back to grab at his hand as he forced my head back.

"You're still my bitch," he said, squeezing my breast.

He pulled me back against a large tree, and I yelped in surprise when it hit my back and head. Then he leaned in against me, his heavy body pressing me against the hard wood. His right hand pushed right down the front of my loose pants, and into my thong. And his fingers were just as skillful as they had been the first time they'd done that.

But I was indignant and mad at him. I grabbed at his wrist, though of course, didn't have the strength to pull his hand out. And I couldn't talk because his lips crushed mine and I couldn't pull them away as he leaned into me and held my hair.

His fingers really were... talented.

And he really did know how to kiss really well.

And I remembered that I didn't need to be his girlfriend, that he didn't need to be my boyfriend, that we didn't need to have any sort of real relationship for me to have tremendous orgasms at his hands. After all, he'd already given me a number of them.

I didn't have to *like* him, in other words.

Plus that same dark sense of thrilled awakening which had taken control of me the first time he'd used me so roughly began to sweep through my body. My nipples were hard and tingling, my breasts swollen and throbbing with sensation and I could feel the building heat between my legs as his fingers rubbed my clit.

He finally let go of my hair and shifted his left hand to my throat.

“Bastard!” I gasped.

“Yeah, so? Take off your fucking clothes,” he growled.

I gasped at the order, my eyes rolling first one side, then the other.

“Someone will see!”

“Yeah, me. No one else is around.”

He pulled his fingers out of my pants and gripped my wrists, jerking them up and back and pinning them against the tree high overhead. Then he peeled my sweatshirt up my body, ignoring my complaints, pulling it up over my head and up along my arms. I tried to grab it with my hands but he simply yanked it away and tossed it on the ground.

He shoved my pants and panties down and I felt a wild rush of anxiety – and heat. I twisted my head anxiously from side to side, staring around wildly, but there was no one here. And it was starting to rain, though softly. The tree overhead kept us dry, though.

On the outside.

He undid my bra and peeled that off too, and then grabbed me by the neck again, squeezing. I grabbed his wrist but it was useless. He was way stronger than me.

“Put your hands up high against the tree. Keep them there.”

He squeezed harder and my eyes bulged, and after a moment I raised my hands up high and put them against the tree.

“Tell me you're my bitch,” he growled, easing his grip.

“I-I'm... I'm your bitch!” I gasped, hardly able to breathe.

He put his foot down between my legs, on where my thong and pants were pooled around my ankles.

“Raise your right foot.”

I moaned and obeyed, and pulled my foot out of the pants. But it popped my shoe off when I did it. Then I had to pull my other foot up in a similar way. He kicked them out of the way, along with my shoes, and I was stark naked in the park right on campus!

“Spread your legs!”

I moaned and obeyed.

“Don't fucking move, bitch.”

He sank down to his knees and pushed his face in between my thighs and I felt another rush of dark thrilled heat as his tongue licked at my pussy. I looked left, and right, and left and right, standing still, back against the rough bark, hands overhead, as he peeled the lips of my sex apart and his tongue licked rapidly at my clit.

He might not have been as good as those... those professional lesbian types who'd been with Claudia, but he was still good enough to make my body crackle with sexual electricity. My legs started to wobble and my back arched as my eyes began to close. The waves of heat rolling over me were beginning to suffuse my mind in a delicious hunger and passion.

He stood up abruptly, whipping his belt out of his pant loops. He doubled it up and leaned in, his long arm shooting out so his big hand could press against my wrists overhead.

“Did you call me a bastard?” he asked.

He slapped the doubled-up belt against my breasts sharply enough to sting, and I cried out.

“Huh?”

“I-I... you... you – Ow!”

He slapped the doubled-up belt against my left breast, then slapped harder.

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch!” I cried.,

“Arch your back more.”

I did and winced as the doubled-up belt slapped against my breasts again and again. It wasn't like he was swinging it hard, but it did sting. And more. It was outrageous. It really was, and it was the kind

of outrage that made my blood burn and set my body on fire.

“Oh! Please!” I gasped.

“Say please sir.”

“Please, sir!” I moaned.

“Spread your legs wider, bitch.”

I gasped and did and he dropped his hand low, then slapped the doubled-up belt up between my thighs to hit my pussy.

“Ow!”

I jerked my thighs together.

“Spread your legs, bitch!” he growled.

I moaned and obeyed. It didn't sting that much, after all.

He swept it up against my naked pussy again and again and again as I flinched and gasped and moaned in dazed pain – and heat.

“Turn around, bitch!”

Gladly! I turned and he pushed my soft breasts against the hard, rough bark of the tree as it began to rain harder.

“Push your ass out at me!”

I did, and he swung the doubled-up belt against me. It hit considerably harder than it had hit my breasts or pussy, and I cried out. But I kept in place, gasping and jerking, my breasts grinding into the rough bark, as he swung the belt down against my buttocks several more times.

“You need to learn to do what you're told, bitch,” he said.

He put the tongue of the belt through the buckle, then dropped it over my head and jerked it tightly around my throat. I gurgled, my hands dropping, fingers trying to loosen it as my eyes bulged. But he swung me around and shoved me down onto my knees.

“On all fours!” he barked, letting the loop loosen.

I gasped and gulped in air as I fell onto my hands and knees. Then I was forced to crawl along as he pulled on the belt. That reminded me of crawling with Claudia, which had been an incredibly hot, even searing experience, and I shuddered in memory, my pussy spasming.

“M-My clothes!” I gasped, trying to turn my head.

“You don't need clothes. You look better naked.”

“But – .”

“I have your cell phone and wallet.”

“But – .”

He jerked on the belt and I stumbled and scurried forward on all fours, crawling over the grass, my breasts wobbling below me as I turned my head to stare around me.

He led me back to the sidewalk, to the street, to his car! He opened the rear door and then dragged me in, closing the door behind me as I fell forward onto the rear floor. By the time I had climbed up off the floor he had already gotten in and the car lurched forward.

I sat up, then gasped and dropped low as we passed someone standing by a building.

“I can't ride around naked!” I cried.

“I bought you an outfit. It's back there on the seat.”

I stared around anxiously. There were two pieces of thin cloth sitting on the seat. One was gray and looked sort of like a tube top. The other, which was a kind of dull brown was little more than a square of t-shirt fabric with a couple of strings at the four corners. Which meant it had to be the top.

Well, anything was better than nothing! I pulled that on and pressed it against my chest, then reached behind me and tied first one set of strings, then the other. Which wasn't easy while laying down!

I picked up the other thing, the thing that I'd first thought was a tube top, and stuck my legs into it, then pulled it up until it was settled around my hips. Even keeping it really, really low on my hips it

was the shortest skirt I'd ever worn. It was like, a micro-miniskirt, and it barely covered my buttocks! It was tied together at the hips, but the two sides didn't completely meet, leaving a thin line of flesh visible.

“This is too small!” I protested.

“It's fine for you. It will keep you from getting arrested for indecent exposure, and that's all that matters.”

“I don't even have any shoes!”

“Back there on the floor.”

Of course, the shoes were six-inch stilettos.

But at least I was... dressed... now, after a fashion.

“What are you doing? Where are we going!?” I demanded, finally able to stare around us.

“Going dancing.”

“I'm not going anywhere in this! I might not get arrested but it's... it's ridiculous!”

The top was tight across my chest, and like I said, it was made of t-shirt cotton, and just about as thick. Which meant not only were my stiff nipples easily visible but so were the areolas around them. And really, the shape of my breasts pressed against the thin cotton.

As for the 'skirt', if you could call it that. Given I had no panties, if I bent over even a little someone would see my naked pussy.

“Damian! I'm not dancing in this... in these... scraps of clothing!”

“Why? You shy, all of a sudden? Hey, you got a great fuckin' body.”

“It's not a matter of being shy it's – !”

The car pulled abruptly over to the curb. He pulled the key out and opened his door.

“Come on.”

“Forget it!”

He simply went around the rear, opened the rear door, and pulled me out. At that point, it was either follow him or walk around in the open in the outrageously revealing outfit!

He guided me through a doorway and down a flight of stairs, then into a thankfully dark club. It didn't seem to be a bondage club, like the other one. This one was just a bar, tables, and people dancing. And like I said, it was dimly lit, except for flashing lights, so I was awfully relieved.

I was self-conscious about the short skirt and kept trying to tug it a bit lower, but it was so low on top that I had to be careful of it exposing my buttocks! To my surprise, Damian took me straight onto the dance floor. Again, this was a bit of a relief, because everyone was standing so close together they wouldn't be able to see anything below the waist anyway unless they dropped their heads to look directly.

Besides, the other dancers were mostly looking at each other.

It still made me nervous when he started sliding his hand down my butt and then pulling me in against him as we danced. He lifted the skirt up repeatedly, and only the darkness and the fact people were close together kept others from noticing.

But they did keep others from noticing, so it was kind of wicked and hot and daring, being exposed like that, at least a little, right in a room filled with strangers! Besides, I wasn't quite as inhibited as I had been before my visit to that sex club. A pile of people had seen me completely naked with dildos sticking out of my body! And then I'd been naked in front of four strange women while doing degrading and humiliating things!

Having my bare butt exposed wasn't that big a deal.

And it wasn't like there weren't people making out here and there along the walls, or touching each other on the dance floor. So in that sense, it was no big deal. It was even kind of exciting as his hands glided over my body.

And then a blonde girl slid between the other dancers jostling and bumping on the dance floor and decided to dance with me and Damian. He was behind me at that point, kind of grinding himself into

my ass with his hands on my hips. The blonde, who was pretty buxom and wearing a daringly low-cut dress moved in in front of me.

It took me several seconds to recognize her. First, because she wasn't naked. Second, because she had hair – a wig... It was the slave girl!

I gasped, and she leaned in, her hands sliding through my hair to kiss me. She kissed me like Claudia had, with that determined passion that had her lips melting against mine. Damian was pressing in against me, and I could feel he had an erection as he ground it against my buttocks.

But he was almost irrelevant as the slave girl's lips molded to mine and seemed to try to feed on me! I moaned into her mouth as her lips moved slickly and warmly against mine, gasping as Damian's hands slid up my front and into the top to cup my bare breasts.

The other dancers moved around us as Slave just stood there ravishing my mouth and Damian kneaded my breasts beneath the little tank top and ground himself against my ass. Then she drew me back through the dancers to the wall.

I felt her hand slide in under the tiny skirt and begin to rub my pussy as she continued kissing me. Damian was kissing and sucking and chewing on the back and side of my neck as he continued to fondle my breasts.

My mind was spinning with heat and passion and emotions, with reluctance and anxiety, with fear of discovery, but also with a crackling sexual electricity at how... daring and wild and hot this all was.

The sound of the music and the pounding beat made it impossible for anyone to hear anything. The darkness, flashing lights, and the fact everyone was basically looking at each other as they danced made it unlikely anyone would be watching.

She was wearing a very short dress with a high slit. She turned me, putting my back to the wall, then pushed down on my shoulders. I could already see Damian's hands were on her breasts now as she spread her legs and lifted her skirt.

OMG! The idea of... of doing this here was shocking and wild!

She gripped my hair and pulled my face in against her pussy, and I started to lick. She spread her legs and I saw Damian's cock pushing up between her thighs. Then he pushed into her pussy from behind as I licked her clitoris. It reminded me of the other day when Claudia had fucked me like this while Slave had licked me!

But that was in a private little room not in public!

I consoled myself with not being naked, with simply kneeling there where no one could possibly see me since Slave and Damian were in front of me. I licked excitedly at her clitoris as I saw Damian's big cock stretching her pussy wide and sliding up inside her.

This was so wild and intense!

Damian fucked her hard as I licked, his hands pulling the front of her dress down so her breasts spilled out against his hands. Her hips were shuddering from the blows of his hitting her from behind, but I could raise my hands to hold her steady as my tongue licked her clitoris – and sometimes Damian's cock.

Even though no one was touching me I felt incredibly aroused. This was one of the wildest things I'd ever done – because it was in public! Of course, the thought of that was terrifying, but since no one could see me, I felt protected from exposure. Besides, Slave was the one with her skirt up and her top down!

It didn't take Damian long to come. I only knew he did because his cock slid out of her and he disappeared. Slave had a firm hold on my hair, though, and was grinding her pussy into my face, so I kept licking until she began to jam her sex against me hard and fast and then trembled and cried out in pleasure – a sound I could hear even over the pounding music.

Chapter Seven

“Where are we going?”

“Somewhere.”

I glared at her. “That's not very informative.”

“Slaves don't need to know anything but what they are ordered to do.”

“I'm not a slave. You are.”

“But you want to be.”

“I do not!” I said indignantly.

“Why? Is your life so wonderful?”

“I'm not going to shave all my hair off and be someone's... slave,” I said.

“Mistress Claudia is wealthy. She lives in a large, comfortable house with a big pool and a lovely garden. She eats fine foods and goes to the best restaurants. She travels the world; Paris, Rome, London, Tokyo. And I get to enjoy all of this without paying anything.”

“You have to fuck her.”

“That is not exactly a payment given how determined she is to make the act pleasurable to me.”

I hesitated. “Did you really enjoy getting your pussy whipped back at that club?”

“It was... indescribable,” she said, her eyes seeming to go somewhere else. “It didn't hurt much. There was heat and pressure, yes, but my body was on fire anyway from being displayed like that.”

“So, like, you're an exhibitionist.”

“All beautiful women are, including yourself.”

“I am not!”

“Of course you are. But you're inhibited, shy, embarrassed, determined to maintain your dignity and status. None of that concerns me. So my orgasms are more intense, and plentiful.”

We were driving somewhere in a black Porsche.

“Did you pay Damian to rent me again?” I asked suspiciously.

She smiled in amusement. “The money which will sway a man like Damian is a pittance to my mistress.”

“You didn't answer the question.”

“You aren't my mistress.”

“You're kind of uppity for a slave girl, aren't you?”

“I'm merely answering truthfully.”

Suddenly she swerved left across the other lane and into an alley. I hadn't had any time to see what the buildings were, except one looked like an old theater of some kind. She stopped next to a steel door and got out.

“Is Claudia here?” I asked warily.

“Yes.”

I followed her inside, my heart beating faster, wondering what Claudia had in mind, and wondering why I was going along with it. Doing that wicked, wild stuff in the disco had turned me on, which was why I'd agreed to go with her. But the drive here had given me time to get nervous.

Still, the memory of those incredible orgasms and that wild, nasty lesbian sex kept me going. Yes, it had been outrageous at times, but it was so kinky hot I wanted to experience more of that.

The building we entered didn't look like much. We were in a narrow hall with cinder block walls painted an ugly lime green, and cheap linoleum tiles on the floor. The lights overhead were single fluorescent tubes with no covers, so the light was harsh and white.

We walked up a short flight of stairs, turned a corner, and continued down another corridor. She opened one half of a pair of big steel doors and led me into a strange room with a wooden floor and a high ceiling. I didn't even know how high because it wasn't very well-lit.

There was no furniture. There were boxes along one wall. The other wall was covered by a curtain. The only light was an odd, narrow light overhead that pointed at a strange sort of frame in the center of the floor.

“Take off your clothes.”

“No way!”

She eyed me, then simply slipped the strings of her dress over her shoulders and let the whole thing fall to the floor. She stepped out naked, then slid her arms around me and kissed me the way she had before, with that incredible melting lip thing that immediately had my heart beating faster.

Her hands slid up and down my back but I hesitated in what to do with mine. I mean, I still didn't think of myself as gay or anything, or even necessarily bi. It wasn't that I didn't think female bodies were attractive or that her skin wasn't soft. I guess I was just confused.

I gasped as her hands easily undid the clasp of my tiny skirt and it fell away! Her hands kneaded my buttocks as she continued to ravish my lips with her own, and my arousal began to deepen. My top fell away, leaving me naked, and the feel of her warm, soft flesh pressing against mine heated me up further.

Claudia arrived, then, and I gasped, flushing, flushed, gulping in air. She took over from Slave, and then it was her lips crushing mine!

Slave moved back. When she came up behind me again she slid her arms around my waist, then up under my breasts. I felt something pressing against me, something being drawn back along my ribs on both sides, and then tied behind my back to tighten it. I didn't know what and I couldn't check because Claudia held my hair and her lips continued to feed at my mouth.

I felt my wrists being drawn back behind me, then lifted up high together. I moaned as my arms were stretched, as my hands were raised up high along my spine. Then I felt them being tied in place. I tried to pull my lips back but Claudia held me in place as my wrists were tied up beneath my shoulder blades.

The rope, which it turned out to be, went around my arms and drew them slowly back closer together, raising my hands higher as I groaned again. Claudia stepped back and Slave passed the rope around my body. Claudia took it and I stared down stupidly as she pulled it across my chest, right beneath my breasts, just like the first loop, then curved it up along the outside of my right breast.

She fed it across the top of my breasts, then down across the outside of my left breast. Another loop and several more curved around my breasts, pulling in against the base, squeezing them together, as well as out in an obscenely visible way.

I was about to say something but Claudia pushed a ball-gag into my mouth, and I shuddered at this new indication of how helpless I was to affect what was going to happen. I couldn't even protest!

They led me across to the frame. It had a pair of upright wooden beams. The first was about six feet tall, and the other no more than a foot above the floor. Between the two, at a steep angle, was a kind of padded bar. They had me straddle the bar so that it pressed up against my very warm, tender, moist pussy.

Claudia took what looked like a plastic egg cup and pressed it against the center of my right breast. It was attached to a narrow hose, and as it melded against my skin it stayed in place by suction, for the hose was apparently pulling in air from the cup. Another one went against my other breast, over my nipple.

Meanwhile, Slave was pushing something thick against my pussy. I shuddered as I was penetrated.

It was some kind of vibrator, already buzzing. It stretched me wide, and she slid it deep, so deep it felt like it was almost buried. Almost, but not quite.

Another pushed into my ass, one of those with the swollen bulb near the bottom so it would stay in place.

“Slut,” Claudia said teasingly.

I moaned helplessly and then gasped as Slave gave her a strap. It was a wide strap about two feet long. Make that four feet. It was bent in half. Not bent like you would a normal belt. It was perfectly folded flat.

“Sluts need to be punished for being so... slutty,” Claudia said with an arched eyebrow.

Slave brought a step stool over beside me and climbed it, then drew down a thick rope. The end was tied in a noose and she slipped it over my neck and then settled it firmly down around my throat!

And all I could do was moan!

It wasn't tight enough to stop me from breathing or anything, but it seemed awfully menacing and threatening! It certainly added a dark edge to whatever she had planned.

The little cups pressed to the center of my breasts began to suck harder, and in a rhythmic way against the tiny, tingling nipples caught within them. The vibrator buzzed harder, and I shuddered and moaned.

Without even thinking, I was beginning to kind of grind my pussy against the diagonal bar I was straddling. I didn't know what the surface was but it felt wonderful against my naked sex, especially against my swollen clitoris.

The light overhead suddenly got brighter, and I blinked, squinting as it lit me up.

“Slut,” Claudia said.

She swung the strap and I yelped as it cracked against my buttocks. It didn't hit hard, though it did sting, and it sent my hips lurching forward, riding up along the padded bar. That not only put pressure against the base of the vibrator they'd shoved inside me but ground my clitoris directly against the padded bar!

I had already been gently grinding against it, and did so even more eagerly as Claudia drew her arm back and then swung it again.

“Slut!” she cried.

The strap hit my bottom stingingly, but the pain wasn't nearly as intense as the rush of heat and pleasure as my clit ground against the bar.

Meanwhile, those cup things were sucking on my nipples, and the vibrator was buzzing wildly.

Fuuuuuck! This was so kinky, so dirty and perverted and hot!

My hips began to grind faster. Of course, the bar wasn't flat, but angled up. So I had to kind of rise up on the balls of my feet to rub myself against it, making my back arch each time.

The heat and passion grew more powerful, and a dark sexual fever was settling upon me.

“Slut!”

Crack!

I shuddered as my pussy ground against the bar.

“Slut!”

Crack!

Suddenly the big curtain on my left slid aside. On the other side, was... rows of theater seats in a half-circle facing the stage. I was on a stage. And there were dozens of women sitting in the audience watching!

I was thunderstruck! I didn't react at all, at first, in complete shock.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

The strap was hitting harder, stinging more, and distracting me from the fact there was an audience

watching me. In fact, it was more than distracting. Pain was a lot more important than embarrassment.

The blows from the strap sent my hips jerking forward, sent me jerking forward, which rode my pussy up along the narrow, padded bar. That not only put pressure on the base of the vibrator but ground my clitoris over the soft, leathery fabric. It was also jerking my head against the noose around my neck, which made the latter pull in tight so that my eyes bulged with every blow!

All of that made it possible for the presence of an audience to fade into the background.

The strap hurt! It stung sharply, and burned! I cried out at every blow, frustration, more than pain, bringing me near to tears because there was nothing I could do about it! My bottom was soon a fiery red as I shuddered and moaned and gulped in air around the ball-gag. At least when the rope wasn't strangling me!

But there was a limit on how hot my buttocks could get, and then endorphins cut in and the blows seemed to lower the sharpness, the sting. And then they stopped altogether as she lowered the strap and came up behind me.

"Nasty little cis girl," she taunted. "You know you need to be punished for being such a cock-loving slut."

She stepped up closer behind me, her hand curving around my body and cupping my taut breasts to gently squeeze them.

The relief at not feeling those blows spread more through my mind than my body and caused a deep easing of the stress the strapping had been causing me.

"Such a dirty girl," Claudia purred as she kneaded my breasts.

I felt her fingers at the base of the dildo in my ass. It slid slowly down out of me and dropped to the floor. But then it slid back up inside me. Only it wasn't the same one, obviously. It began to move in and out, up and down, as her body pressed in more firmly against me from behind.

It didn't take a genius to realize she had donned some kind of strap-on and was fucking me in the ass. She was doing it gently, but each time she buried it inside me her hips pushed against my throbbing buttocks and sent my pussy grinding up along the bar.

The sharp pain had gone, though my ass still throbbed hotly, but it had gotten me through the shock I would have otherwise felt at having an audience. Now I simply accepted that dozens of women were watching and that was that. It was discomfiting, embarrassing, but not debilitating.

And as my pussy rubbed back and forth along the softly padded bar and the vibrator buzzed within me and my nipples tingled from the sucking little tubes a dark heat began to spread through my body.

I was dazed and a little light-headed, but the sensations rippling through my body began to have an impact. The relief in my mind from the lack of strapping also let me accept the audience, even as my mind embraced the pleasure, if only to play it off against the pain.

Claudia's lips moved along my throat and she bit into the soft flesh.

"Whore," she whispered.

She nibbled up along my earlobe.

"Slut."

She pumped her hips faster, grinding my sex along the bar harder.

"Sex slave," she taunted.

I trembled and moaned helplessly, the heat rising higher and growing hotter. Now the presence of the audience began to take on a wicked, wild sense of the outrageous, of the breathless kinky kind of fantasy I'd been only imagining since meeting her.

All those people watching me! Like this! With Claudia sodomizing me with her strap-on! God!

The heat grew into the kind of fever she had produced in me before, and I lost myself to it. My hips began to grind up and down against the surface of their own accord. The sensations redoubled, and then the orgasm tore up through my body.

I cried out in animal heat and pleasure, Claudia's hips slapping against my buttocks harder and faster as her fingers dug in harder against my breasts.

“Slut!” she taunted.

I was! And I didn't care!

I gurgled as she reached up and jerked on the rope, tightening it around my throat. I couldn't breathe, but didn't care about that either. Convulsions were wracking my body as a monster orgasm tore through it, and it went on and on and on as if my body could shake itself apart.

I reveled in the pleasure, and nothing else mattered as I rode it gleefully, my skull exploding with the power of it and taking me up into a place where nothing else around me mattered.

And that included the audience.

I practically lost consciousness, but she loosened the thing before that, then took it off entirely. That was practically the only thing holding me on my feet aside from the narrow bar I was straddling.

Slave showed up, then, naked, bald, wearing the same stiletto heels, thigh-high black stockings, collar, and shoulder-length gloves as I'd seen on her before. The two of them pulled me back from the frame and put me on my knees closer to the edge of the stage.

Slave knelt beside me, gripping my hair, and pulling it down and forward as Claudia stood before me. Then she undid the little strap which held the ball-gag in place and drew it out of my mouth.

I was still gripped by the soft, afterglow of the tremendous orgasm, and still gulping in air. I didn't feel the energy to do anything, and certainly had no idea what to *say*, especially in front of all these women! Talking would have been too embarrassing.

I felt Slave pull the vibrator out. Her fingers pushed into me in its place, slick and slender and soft.

“Teaching sluts the error of their ways is difficult work,” Claudia said from above me. “I'm sure you appreciate the effort I put in and wish to thank me for that effort.”

I had no idea what she meant. Much of my attention was occupied by the renewed awareness of all those women watching, and also by Slave's fingers, which were pushing into me harder, and stretching me open wide. She had at least three inside me and looked like she was going for four.

At the same time, I felt her rubbing my clitoris, which was swollen and hyper-sensitive both from rubbing up and down against whatever that fabric was on the bar, and from the way the vibrator had been buzzing away at it.

Her fingers, slick and warm as they were, felt much better than either of those things. Meanwhile, her fingers were pushing in and out in a twisty, turny way, twisting to the right as she thrust in and to the left as she pulled them out. She pushed them in hard, stretching my opening and making it ache.

“Of course, if you're not willing to show suitable gratitude, it might be your round little bottom could use further discipline,” Claudia said.

That caught my attention fully! I might not be able to quite think straight just then but I certainly knew I didn't want more strapping!

I gasped and grunted from the increasing force of Slave's fingers pushing against me, and then I knew what she was doing, and gasped, my eyes widening. After all, I'd been fisted before, in that club, in the little room!

“Lick, slut,” Slave said softly.

Lick?! Lick what!?

And then I knew. For the only thing close enough, with my chin against the floor, was Claudia's foot, with its narrow, pointed toe inches from my lips.

How outrageous! But the alternative was being strapped again so I had no difficulty making the decision! I moaned and raised my chin, easing forward and licked at her foot.

A moment later I felt the wide part of Slave's hand slowly slip through my straining pussy opening, and then it slid deeper, so that the lips of my sex closed around her wrist.

Oh my God! Not again! Oh my God!

Claudia now had a thin riding cop in her hand and leaned over, slapping the tip against my wrinkled back opening.

I gasped, licking harder, my tongue lapping up and down along her black shoe even as Slave

pushed her hand deeper into my quivering belly. Her fingers pulled in to form a fist, and that fist began to move slowly up and down the narrow, stretchy, aching tunnel of my pussy. The fingers of her other hand were skilfully rubbing my clitoris, and I was slowly losing my mind.

Claudia shifted one foot for the other and I licked that one as my body began to rock backward and forward on my knees. Slave's fist was moving up and down faster, and my body was thrumming with a growing sexual tension that did not take long to explode.

I tried to suppress the sign of orgasm, to keep my voice low even as it raged through my body and mind. But the longer I was here on stage like this the more my inhibitions were disappearing. So I don't think anyone failed to note it.

They certainly didn't fail to notice the second. Claudia stepped back and had one of her minions come forward, the redhead, Sara, who was as naked as Slave and I. She sat down before me, wound my hair around her fist, and drew my mouth in against her pussy as she spread her legs wide.

“Lick me, slut!” she said in a loud, ringing voice.

Dazed, full of passion, heat, and lust, I obeyed at once, licking her pussy as Slave continued to pump and twist her fist inside me and now turned on the vibrator again and ground it against my clitoris.

I came again, shaking violently, crying out all the air in my lungs, heedless of who was watching. The orgasm seemed to go on and on, but when it finally faded Sara jerked on my hair again, guiding me back to her pussy, and I resumed licking.

Until the next shattering orgasm, which did not take long. Nor the next.

Chapter Eight

I was in a cage. It was probably meant for a big dog, but it worked fine for me, since the little gate was locked. They'd removed the rope from my body, freeing my arms at least, and then had me crawl in, where I collapsed gratefully. They then rolled me off the stage to much applause.

I didn't care. I was perfectly content to have the opportunity to relax in peace and quiet and figure out what had happened and what was happening and what, if anything, I ought to do.

The cage was rolled down the narrow hall and then out into the alley. Instead of the Porsche, there was a big SUV there, and they lifted the cage up and put it in the back, closed the hatch, then drove away with me.

I wasn't gagged or anything but I didn't have anything to say. I was still... processing, gripped by a sense of dazed incomprehension, of awe and wonderment.

What was I supposed to say anyway? Was I supposed to shout out to them, demand they let me go? Naked? In the street? I figured we were going back to Claudia's house and that was fine.

God, that had been such a shock! And I was still recovering from it all, both emotional and physical. I was aching inside again. The tenderness of my buttocks was pretty much nothing. My nipples were still swollen, the areolas puffed out from the suction. I felt... drained.

The car drove back to Claudia's and they pulled the cage out and rolled it inside, with me inside it. Then they rolled the cage into an empty room and left, closing the door.

"Slutty little animal," Claudia taunted before leaving.

Whatever.

I groaned and rolled over, looking down the length of my body. That wasn't hard since the cage wasn't large enough to straighten my legs out. Even with my knees high, my feet flat, my toes were pressed against the bars on one side while my head pressed against them on the other.

My shoulders ached from having my arms drawn back so tightly for so long. I worked them gingerly, then reached a finger down to lightly rub along the lips of my sex. I still felt very tender and thus very sensitive there. These women were certainly perverts!

So outrageous had everything been so far that my being naked in a cage hadn't even struck me as particularly wrong or degrading.

Then Hannah and Sara came into the room.

"Well, if it isn't the dirty girl," Hannah said.

"Yes, we need to clean you up, dirty girl," Sara added.

I gulped, feeling my pulse rate pick up. I sat up, as best I could in the cage as they came over to it. And then I felt another of those strange little waves of unreality. I was naked, sitting in a cage while these two women were standing over me, fully dressed. Could anything be a more powerful symbol of just how low, how degrading this was?

Yet I felt no embarrassment at that, nor resentment. I felt wariness, but also a strange kind of tingling sense of anticipation. Without them doing a thing, I felt a renewed sense of how deeply kinky and thrilling this was, to be in a cage naked like this, to be... like a slave girl.

Hannah had a chain in hand and let it drop so I could see it was a choke chain. The kind of leash used on willful dogs.

"We're going to open the door and you're going to crawl out and put this around your neck, slave

slut. Then we're going to take you to the bathroom and get you clean. Won't that be nice?"

"You guys are so sick," I said, half accusing, half in awe.

"You want another strapping, slut?"

"No," I gulped.

"No what?"

"Uhm, no, Mistress Hannah."

Sara opened the door and I bent forward, lowering myself so my forearms were flat on the floor as I slid out. Sara blocked me from going further.

"Put the leash on, Slut."

It was dark and weird how they used that as a name instead of an insult or accusation. I gulped and gripped it in my hand, pulling it over my head and sliding it down under my chin. Then I crawled the rest of the way out as Hannah pulled it tight around my neck. It wasn't tight enough to interfere with my breathing, though, as she led me – crawling – after them across the room.

They stopped, and Sara squatted, tugged my hair back, and pushed a ball-gag into my mouth. I winced, but didn't resist as she drew the strap behind me and buckled it.

This was so sick!

I crawled out into the hall, then down it to the massive bathroom. It was gorgeous, glittery, and bright, like nothing I'd ever seen in person. I didn't at all mind the idea of getting cleaned up since what I'd been doing was awfully sweaty!

Of course, I had no say in how I cleaned up. In fact, they insisted on treating me like some kind of animal, like a dog, a bitch, who had to be washed by a human.

Intimately.

I'd never used a bidet before, nor a douche, nor had an enema. I had no choice, though. And that was all incredibly humiliating. It also brought home to me that I was being treated like an animal, quite casually so, and that in turn was... shockingly arousing.

After that I was led, crawling, into a huge shower enclosure to have my hair shampooed and my body soaped up and washed. Then I was dried, my hair styled... oddly. They gave me bangs, which I don't usually do, and also gathered up my hair in two thick bunches on the sides of my head.

A butt-plug was inserted into my ass, but it wasn't just a butt-plug. It had a tail attached which hung down between my thighs! They put a pair of ears on my head, attached to a thin wire which they brushed my hair over. Thick, furry sleeves went up my arms to the shoulders with foamy paws over my hands, and similar ones went over my feet, attached to sort of boots that went up to my thighs, but were soft and furry.

Then came the collar, the ankle and wrist restraints to keep the gloves and boots from coming off, and then the leash attached to the collar.

An animal! A bitch animal!

Sick! Sick! Sick! Sick! And incredibly, breathtakingly hot!

"Remember, bitches don't talk unless told to," Hannah said.

She had a thin, flexible black stick – a riding crop, I now knew – and she brought it down across my bottom with a short little swing that made me yelp in pain.

"Every word you speak, you get one hit," she warned.

She tugged on the leash and I crawled out of the room and up the hall, my chest tight, my mind filled with... heat, but also confusion and a wild uncertainty. I mean, I knew this was just too much, and was, in a way, appalled by it, but I was thrilled, too, because it was so outrageous and kinky and hot.

As I crawled, the tail danced down behind me, brushing against my thighs and adding to just how freaky sick this was.

I was led to the dining room, where Claudia sat. There was another woman there, a stranger and I blushed. But I'd been seen in more compromising circumstances than this by a lot of women recently, so it wasn't like I was horrified anymore.

“Kneel and present yourself, Bitch,” Claudia ordered.

I flushed but knew what she wanted. I rose up on my knees, spreading them wide and drawing my hands up and back behind my neck, pulling my elbows back and thrusting out my breasts.

The new woman was black, with very short hair and a narrow face.

“A lovely blank canvas,” she said.

I had no idea what that meant, and it wasn't explained.

“Open your mouth, Bitch,” Claudia ordered.

I squirmed mentally but obeyed and she tossed something into my mouth, a piece of... meat? I closed my mouth and chewed on it. Yes, meat, tasty. I realized I was hungry, then.

Hannah and Sara sat down and they began to eat. And then Sara tossed a piece of meat at me which hit the floor behind me. They all four stared at me and I flushed again, feeling my chest tighten further. I knew what they wanted.

I turned, dropping to my hands and knees, then my forearms and knees, lowering my chest so that my nipples pressed against the floor as I licked the piece of meat up. It had been popcorn the other day. Now it was bits of meat!

And that was how I ate, crawling along the floor, or sometimes catching them in my open mouth, as the four seated, dressed human women ate, chatted, and tossed pieces of meat my way as if I was some kind of animal – a bitch dog!

It was, of course, utterly degrading, and desperately exciting at the same time.

Afterward, the Black woman, whose name was Zammphyn, took my leash and jerked on it, and I uncertainly followed her out of the room – crawling, of course. We went up the hall and into another room.

She had me get onto a low table and kneel on all fours as she sat on a low stool beside me. She had paint brushes and paints on a side table and began to paint my body. I'd heard of body painting before, of course, but still felt baffled about what she was doing.

She was painting me a dark brown color, but it wasn't straight brown. It seemed to be waves of sorts, though she slapped my bottom whenever I turned my head too much to try to see.

“You'll see what it looks like later,” she said.

She painted my back, my ribs and hips, and legs above the furry socks. She painted my ass around the tail, then up my hips and ribs on the other side. She had me sit back on my heels and then painted my chest and belly and abdomen, and then painted my neck and even my face!

Finally, she got a sort of ball gag, and tapped my head.

“Open your mouth, bitch,” she said.

I flushed but obeyed as she pushed it in. She slid the strap behind me, then brushed my hair to cover it. But then she had another piece. This was some sort of narrow brown cup which she placed over my nose and mouth. It attached to the ball-gag somehow.

Finally, she had me crawl down off the table, and led me over to a mirror.

I had been painted to look like a dog! I was a brown dog, with wavy fur running along my body which matched the look of the furry socks and gloves. The cup thing basically made my lower face project forward like that of a dog, complete with a pink nose.

This was fucking insane! I was astonished, and stared in disbelief. But my mind didn't do more than spin around wildly. It certainly didn't tell me what, if anything, I ought to do about this. A part of me was freaked out, but another part was thrilled.

I looked like a dog! Well, not really, but very much like one anyway!

“Crawl, little bitch,” she ordered, tugging on the leash.

I crawled back up the hall and into the living room where the other three – and two more women waited. I flushed again, my mind churning, as they all laughed and clapped and expressed their appreciation to Zammphyn.

I was kind of in shock. My mind was frozen in confusion and uncertainty. But damn, this was as

dark and dirty as anything I'd ever imagined, and then some!

I had wanted to experience more about sex, and boy was I ever!

I wasn't entirely comfortable with it, though. I continued to be anxious about just how perverted this was, and how much further it had gone than I had ever thought would be my limit. I couldn't talk, though, to complain, and there were six of them and I felt kind of intimidated.

Not to mention it *did* arouse me, for some dark reason. And a part of me seemed to enjoy being looked at like this, being able to flaunt my naked body in the most sexual way possible without suffering any consequences.

When Zammphyn gave Claudia the leash she pulled me in against her and slid her hand in under the tail. Her fingers found my sex and plunged into me easily, for I was, despite my misgivings, quite wet. Then she did that thing with her fingers and thumb which soon had me thrumming with sexual heat, despite my audience.

And the more of that I felt the less my inhibitions or pride mattered.

They were talking about how hot and sexy and beautiful I looked, after all, and why wouldn't I enjoy that? Yes, they were calling me Bitch and Animal, but that was just part of the kinky game they were playing – that I was playing – sort of.

Claudia pulled her fingers out of me and pushed something else up into my pussy which began to vibrate. It had a kind of bendy part, like a clip, which slipped up across the top of my sex and pressed in against my clitoris. And vibrated.

She dropped the tail and had me go and kneel on all fours in the middle of the room between where they all sat, and not move. That wasn't really possible for long. I was already aroused, and even as they watched me, smirking and giggling and enjoying my discomfort, my hips began to jerk and spasm and grind back as the vibrator buzzed.

“What should we call her now that she's a bitch animal?” Hannah asked.

“Fifi?” Sara suggested.

“That's kind of old-fashioned, isn't it? Not to mention pretentious,” Claudia said.

“Why not simply keep it simple, like Princess or something,” one of the new women said.

“She already has a big ego.”

“Well all the modern dog names are just people names,” Zammphyn said.

“How about just calling her Dog?”

“That suggests she's ugly, and she's beautiful.”

“We could just call her Bitch, like we've been doing.”

“But that suggests someone who complains and argues a lot. Not what we want.”

“How about just Slut. We've been calling her that anyway.”

“We shall call her Puppy,” Claudia said.

“And breed her with other animals,” one of the women said in amusement.

“Of course.”

Claudia took the crop and ran it over my back and down over my buttocks, then slapped my bottom sharply.

“Face on the floor, Puppy,” she ordered. “Legs apart. Now don't move.”

Moaning, I obeyed, my arms outstretched, my bottom high and knees apart. I heard some from behind me and female giggling. I flushed, knowing another woman was there. My tail was lifted up, and the vibrator was tugged free of me. A moment later something soft and warm pushed against my moist opening and began to force its way in.

It was big! I moaned as it stretched me wider, then began to push through the mouth of my sex. It felt like another big dildo, except it was quite warm and... it felt... different. I heard heavy panting coming from behind me like someone had run a long distance. Then big arms slid around my chest, pushing under it to grip my breasts.

There was a dog face over my shoulder I could see from my peripheral vision. Startled, I tried to

rise, twisting my head, and saw a painted face behind me, with a dog muzzle painted on.

Only it was a very male face!

The big hands on my breasts were male, and the big dildo thrusting deeper into me with every stroke was a real cock!

My initial shock and horror – that it might have actually been an animal – had given way to tremendous relief that while it was kinky and sick it wasn't THAT kinky and sick. But I still felt a sense of rising outrage that some guy I'd never met or even talked to was fucking me!

While half a dozen women watched excitedly.

My thoughts of rebellion began to fade, melting away as heat scorched my mind. I moaned helplessly as his fingers roughly kneaded my breasts. His right hand squeezing my left breast and his left my right, so that his arms crushed my chest against him.

His male body was pressed to my back as he drove his thick cock into me with hard, frenzied strokes, pounding the nose against the back wall of my pussy! Again came that wave of dark wonderment at how kinky and nasty and hot this was, and it flooded my body with a rising passion as his big cock used me with furious strokes.

Like I was an animal. Like we were both animals!

And that was exactly what I was. I felt myself sinking into the role with a degree of horror and excitement, shuddering and moaning as he rode me, as he mounted me and rode me like a ... bitch in heat! His cock plunged into the center of my belly, the head punching achingly against the back wall of my sex as his hips slapped against my buttocks.

He didn't have the same kind of mask as me. His mouth was open and available, and he used it, growling as he bit into the nape of my neck, his jaws closing down as he sucked and licked and chewed at my soft skin!

“Puppy seems to be enjoying her bone,” one of the women said to laughter.

I part of me sort of got that these lesbians were doing this as another way to degrade me. They were taking a degree of satisfaction in it quite aside from the excitement of watching something sick and hot and sexual. But I didn't care. If they thought taking a big cock was a disgrace, which, being lesbians, they almost certainly did, I felt no such thought.

It just reminded me how much better a cock was than the dildos they'd been using.

The big male atop me was still growling and chewing and biting at me as his fingers mauled my breasts. His heavy body pressed against me as his cock punched into my pussy again and again.

I felt totally owned by him, totally his bitch, felt some kind of instinctive surrender to his powerful make need as he hammered me with a savage lust of his own.

My mind was sinking into a dark oblivion, into the animal instincts they were trying to bring out in me, caring for nothing but the passion and lust and heat and pleasure. I didn't even think to try to hide my orgasm as it came, and howled my pleasure and passion through the gag as my hips bucked back against him.

God, it was wonderful! Total fulfillment! I was practically panting myself with the heat enveloping my mind and the sizzling pleasure filling my body! I could have just knelt like that forever being pounded!

The orgasm blew my mind away, wiping it clean for what felt like most of a minute. All I could do was tremble and shake and rut back against his plunging cock as the pleasure tore through me.

“I'm not sure Slut wouldn't have been the best name,” I heard one of the women say.

“Or maybe Fuck-toy,” another voice added.

Were they annoyed at me having such a huge orgasm because a man was fucking me? Well, fuck them. I didn't care.

And he didn't either. He kept pumping. God, his cock was so big! I shuddered and moaned and trembled and shook as he continued to ride me, continued to pound me, continued to use me like a bitch in heat.

Another orgasm followed, then another.

It seemed like as my inhibitions faded and they involved me in more and more outrageous sexual games my orgasms came more easily, lasted longer, and were more intense.

I wasn't going to complain!

I was bleary-eyed and dazed from the intensity of the ongoing heat and the stunning force of the orgasms. I didn't care about anything else.

Which was why, when the guy pulled back and then another mounted me, I didn't even complain. I only realized, belatedly, it was a different guy after his cock was buried in my pussy and his body came down atop mine. His coloring was different.

But he was already rutting away and I was already shuddering and moaning and gasping in heat.

And then another 'dog' crawled around in front of me and rose on his knees. He unclipped the muzzle thing and pulled it off me, tossing it away, then undid the strap and pulled the ball-gag free. His cock was big and hard as he rubbed it against my dazed face. Moments later, he drove it into my open mouth, and soon, straight down my throat.

And I mean straight. He gripped my hair to raise my head up and back and drove himself into me to the balls, grinding himself against me as I trembled and shook to the hammering thrusts of the man... or beast... behind me.

He raised my head up while kneeling on my arms to pin them to the floor, then fucked my mouth and throat with long, slow strokes. Damian had made me much better at deep throating. But this would have been a lot harder if my mind wasn't already aflame. As it was I gurgled wetly and became light-headed from lack of oxygen.

I didn't care about that, though. I only cared about the passion, the heat, the pleasure!

And another orgasm!

Chapter Nine

I spent all weekend naked, pretending to be a dog. Well, a dog that got lots of sex. It was a bizarre experience. But the strangest thing about it was that I began to kind of feel like I really was some kind of animal. I crawled naked while everyone else walked around wearing clothes. I didn't talk. And I didn't have any hands.

I also had to do anything I was ordered to do, instantly.

I slept in a cage, and I ate on the floor. I even chased balls and dog bone toys tossed across the room and 'fetched' them back to drop into the hands of whoever threw it.

I 'barked' on command, sitting up on my knees, holding my paws down, and begging like that, and I responded to the name Puppy.

If you'd suggested I do something like this only days ago I'd have thought you were out of your mind and called you a lot of names, starting with 'pervert'. But no one had asked my opinion, and it had just happened, and I'd been wrapped with a dark, seething hunger and passion and been unable to resist.

But all that had had a profound effect on my mind. I looked back on it with a sense of wonderment and awe, though I winced at some of the memories.

No one at school knew about it, though. It felt odd, but I dressed up and went to classes the same as I always did, spoke and was spoken to, acted normal and... human.

I wondered who those guys had been they'd recruited to fuck me. Were they into being painted up like dogs? Or were they just willing to tolerate anything to get to fuck me? Knowing how horny guys were, the latter seemed just as likely as the former.

Damian didn't show up or try to call, and I wondered why. But it meant I spent a whole week as normal, boring me. That didn't mean I'd forgotten that shocking weekend, nor that I didn't feel different. I felt way more sexual, sexier, and less restrained about it. Which meant I wore sexier clothes to classes. Oh, not slutty. I didn't own anything slutty. Unless you counted the slutty skirt and tube top Damian had made me wear and those had disappeared.

But I was sure less shy about showing myself off. And less restrained about being seen as sexy.

I even ordered a few outfits that were borderline slutty, though I wasn't sure even then if I would wear them. I mean, I still wanted people at school to respect me as uhm... a smart, dignified person.

I just wasn't sure that was all I was now.

Claudia's big house became the place where inhibitions didn't matter, though. The next weekend I went back. This time they had me act like a cat, drawing whiskers on my face and painting my nose and around my eyes. They did my hair in a wild mane, hiding the wire which held the pointy cat ears up. I wore the same furry gloves and socks.

There were only women, this time, as they trained my oral sex skills on them while tugging on my hair and leash. While on my knees. With a big dildo up my ass and the vibrator in my pussy.

Instead of into the cage, they hung me by my ankles Friday night and I slept – if you can call it that – like that. Although with a vibrator starting and stopping intermittently I got very little sleep.

On Saturday I was strapped until my bottom burned for saying “Fuck” accidentally. Since pussies, like puppies, weren't supposed to talk.

I had to masturbate in front of a half dozen women, using my fingers as well as dildos while they watched. That was dark and nasty and I came violently.

And such was the state of mind they'd instilled in me that when I was led, crawling, into the living room and there was a man there sitting on the big, overstuffed chair, I only blushed. And when they made me crawl over to him, rise up, and suck his cock, I did that too.

He was easily old enough to be my father. He wore a dark suit, and I sucked his cock, then crawled up to straddle him and rode his cock while he sucked and chewed on my breasts.

And I came. Because it was so outrageous.

I had no idea who he was, nor did I care. I was doing what I was told to do, and that was plenty of reason.

He disappeared and I was led into another room to be hog-tied (with the vibrator buzzing) and suffer through half a dozen orgasms as my body ached and strained. After that, I got to crawl around Claudia and Hannah, lick their shoes, rub my shoulder against them like I was a cat, and then, of course, perform oral sex on them.

Then I got to stand up as Claudia played music and I had to give a lap dance to Sara. Hannah stood nearby with the crop in hand, and every time she 'corrected' me she'd reach out and smack the side of my breast, or my nipple, or my bottom with it.

Sara strapped a big dildo to herself, and then I had to grind myself against that before sliding down off the chair onto my knees and licking and sucking it. And of course, then I had to straddle her, sink my pussy down on it, and ride it as if it were a real cock.

Hannah continued to smack me with the crop every time I talked, or every time she said something to correct me like "Show more enthusiasm, Pussy." Or "Roll your hips more, Pussy." Sara, meanwhile, exchanged long, soul-searing kisses with me, and pinched my nipples every time I failed to live up to her kissing standards.

After that, they gave me clothes to wear only so I could practice doing strip-teases. And then, of course, the strip-teases ended in lap dances, this time on Hannah. I didn't know what it was all in aid of but it was kind of exciting, and I was eager to learn how to be sexier.

Being sexier had become kind of an obsession to me. I was really excited at being this... this creature of sex, this uninhibited sexual animal who everyone lusted after. I mean, being a boring college girl was... boring. Being a wild, sexual creature was exciting.

I practiced my deep throating, and masturbated in front of them, then ate on the floor again, with them tossing food at me.

In the afternoon they brought me to a room that had an actual stripper pole, and I got to practice on that. It was a lot harder than it looked, though, because it required a lot of arm and shoulder strength which I didn't really have. So then Claudia had me start doing exercises to build up my muscles and tone my body more.

I wasn't surprised when Hannah fit my wrists into thick leather restraints which were attached to a wide metal bar. I didn't know why she was doing it, but I was often tied up in various ways. I wasn't surprised when she had me kneel on all fours, either, or when she worked a thick dildo up into my pussy.

I was a bit confused when she locked my ankle restraints to another long metal pole, not sure what I was going to be able to do like that.

"Get up, Pussy," she ordered.

She gripped my hair and I gasped, lurching up awkwardly to my feet as she raised me. Claudia showed up and gripped the center of the bar between my wrists, lifting it up above my head. There was a chain dangling there, and she attached the bar to it.

Hannah brought over another bar. It had some kind of screw in the middle which allowed the bar to extend longer. She put the end against the base of the dildo, or actually into it. The base seemed to be hollow. She slid it in, and then brought the other end of the bar down to the middle of the bar between my ankles, and somehow attached it there. Then she turned the screw to extend the thing.

I felt nothing, at first, then felt the pressure as the bar pushed up more against the dildo and

jammed it deeper. I couldn't complain, of course, since she'd put a ball-gag into my mouth first.

The chain attached to the upper bar pulled and I was lifted right off the floor to dangle there by my wrists! Hannah squatted and attached a short chain to the center of the lower bar, and then clipped that to the floor. But the upper chain kept pulling until my wrists were aching, despite the thick padding on the restraints, and my body was stretched out tautly.

Of course, the dildo turned out to be a vibrator and started to shake. Then they left me alone.

It was... strange! My wrists ached, and my arms and shoulders were throbbing. I also had to work to breathe for some reason which I didn't quite grasp. I couldn't simply hang there from my wrists because I couldn't breathe that way. I had to use the muscles in my arms to kind of pull myself up a teeny bit just to breathe in.

Which began to get tiring.

But being hung up like that was exciting and hot and nasty. And the vibrator buzzed inside me, making my lower body throb in tune to it. I felt myself sinking into the darkly erotic sense of being a slave girl or something, of being a helpless prisoner, of being a sweet, helpless, noble, tortured victim of cruel perverts.

The door opened, and I turned my head to see a woman there. I flushed, for I'd never seen her before, and jerked my head away. She came over and I felt her hand sliding slowly up and down my back, then around my ribs to cup and squeeze my already taut breast.

She was taller than me, but on the other hand, I was hanging several inches above the floor. On the third hand, my ankles were wide apart so that sort of brought me down to the height I would have been if I was just standing there.

I gasped as she started to chew at my neck, to chew and suck her way up along the nape of my neck and under my ear.

"Sex slave," she whispered.

I moaned helplessly.

One of her hands slid down my belly and abdomen, rubbing at my clitoris and I felt pulsing rushes of sensation which made it impossible to keep still. Her hands drew back, and a moment later a silk scarf swept around my head, pulled in against my eyes, and was tied back behind my head, blindfolding me.

Then the whipping began.

It was a very light whipping, at first. A thin line of pain across my back from something flexible and lightweight. It stung a little. But then it came again and again. It snapped down against my back from my shoulder blades down to my hips. Then it began to curl across my ribs to bite stingingly at my breasts, first one side, then the other.

I moaned and trembled as the sudden little jolts of pain hit me. They were instantaneous, like little electrical shocks, but left lines of heat behind. My breasts began to throb and heat up, my nipples aching! Blow after blow landed across my chest as I strained against the restraints and cried out in pain.

Then they shifted downward, slicing into my lower chest and belly, curling around my waist, then cutting into my buttocks to send my hips jerking forward.

I felt fingers at the tail which was attached to the butt-plug. They pulled it out, and then a big dildo slid up into me. I felt her body pressed against my back as she sodomized me, and her hands caressed my breasts, then slid down to rub my clitoris.

I wasn't a big fan of being sodomized but this was so much better than the whip I felt waves of relief. And her fingers were skilled as they stroked my clitoris, especially with the vibrator buzzing inside me. It didn't take long before I forgot the heat of pain and was gripped by the heat of pleasure and passion again.

And then the orgasm hit, tearing through my body like sheet lightning, making me tremble and shake and twist and writhe in place as she drove her big cock up into my belly again and again.

She replaced the tail and then, I guess, left.

I hung there panting and moaning for long minutes, wondering what would come next, or if I would be released now. Then I heard movement behind me. And then the whip cut across my back again! I cried out, startled, then moaned as the blows continued to fall. My back heated up faster, this time, and began to ache more.

I strained and twisted and whimpered helplessly as the whip moved downward. It began to cut into my buttocks with hard, steady blows that made me cry out much louder. They stung! Then the whip began to curl across my ribs again, snapping at my breasts harder, making me squeal and pull frantically at the restraints.

The whip slid downward, snapping at my belly and abdomen, then further down, cutting diagonally down across my hips and slicing into the soft flesh of my inner thighs and aiming at my pussy! I pulled even harder against the restraints, but couldn't do a thing, of course.

I felt the thin whip cut down into my pussy, even striking glancing blows at my clitoris! The bar and dildo kept it from really hitting me properly, but it still shocked me that anyone would whip me there!

The tail was pulled out of me and another dildo was thrust up inside. Only it wasn't a dildo. It didn't take me long to realize it was a real cock. That it had been a man whipping me. I felt his big, rough hands on my sore breasts, then sliding down to finger my clitoris.

I was shocked, at first, but then felt myself sinking into a dark, animal hunger. The cock in my ass felt ... I don't know. It wasn't like it felt so much better just that knowing it was real, that it was a man fucking me made things so much more deliciously nasty and erotic.

I gasped at a hand pulling at my hair.

“Slave bitch,” a male voice growled into my ear.

Fuuuck! This was so sick!

His hips slapped against my sore buttocks as he drove his cock up into me, and his fingers rubbed expertly at my clitoris to drive me into another wild orgasm.

And then he was gone.

My arms and shoulders were getting more and more tired, and I was getting kind of exhausted hanging like that. But then another person came in and the whipping continued. But just as the whip started to slice across my back someone began to lick my swollen clitoris. So clearly there were two people there.

Hands slid up my body to fondle my breasts as the whip cracked down on my back and buttocks, probably from the same person licking me. Which meant a girl, for the hands were small and soft.

The hands slid back down, though, and then the whip cut across my breasts as someone gripped my hips and licked and sucked passionately at my clitoris.

The contrary sensations were intense, but of course, I was drawn much more to the pleasure than the pain, for it seemed to help shield me from it. Then the tongue pulled back, and the whip curled across my hips to snap at my pussy. But the single whip turned into two. They took turns, one snapping across my right hip and the other across my leg, both aiming at my pussy!

My tender skin began to burn and throb and I thrashed helplessly in place. Then they stopped and the man thrust his cock up into my ass while the women licked me to two orgasms

I was dazed, my mind fluttering, when I felt the lower bar ease its pressure on my ankles. Then it began to lift up, raising my ankles up and then over my shoulders. Then the other bar was lowered.

And then I was in the same position, but hanging upside down.

I hung like that for a while before I heard sounds. Then someone was doing something with the dildo/vibrator. The pressure eased and it pulled up out of me. A cock slid into me in its place. The tail was pulled from my bottom and another cock slid into me there. They were both real, I was sure, as they fucked me in tandem.

I had no idea who those cocks belonged to!

And when someone pressed a vibrator against my swollen clitoris it didn't matter. I still came like

an insane person, writhing and shaking and trembling and howling behind the gag.

At some point I was lowered to the floor, then carried and set down on some kind of bed. My wrists were locked together behind me, and my legs spread wide apart, and then strapped down. Another strap or rope or something was attached to the wrist restraints, pulling down towards the foot of the bed.

And then someone with great oral skills went to town on my pussy. They added in a dildo and vibrator, their fingers, and eventually, fisting me. I don't know how many times I came, but lots.

And the next day I was back at school.

There were a lot of thin red and pink lines on my body when I went home, but they'd almost entirely faded by the next day. My skin felt tender, though.

I tried to figure out why I was going to Claudia's house. I was doing stuff that I shouldn't be doing, and letting them and others do stuff to me I shouldn't be allowing. I knew that. It was... the thing was that I was out of control when I was there. I had no control over what happened.

But that was part of why it was so thrilling. Because it was unpredictable, shocking, but out of my control. And that was also partly why I didn't feel as guilty over acting like such a slut there as I probably should have. Because hey, it wasn't my decision! They were in charge. I was just... the slave girl!

The next couple of weekends were similar, with dancing and stripping and lap dances, and a lot of wild, kinky, slutty sex. The whippings happened, but not as bad as that first one. I was bent over the back of a chair, legs spread, arms bound to the arms, clips pulling down on my aching nipples while two men I didn't even know took me in the mouth and pussy.

Then I was hung upside down with my legs spread and flogged all over before being driven half out of my mind with vibrators, tongues, and dildos. The next weekend I did my stripper routine, including swinging around the pole (not that I was that good at it) in front of two strange men. The next weekend it was four! And of course, I had to give each of them a lap dance after, followed by sucking and riding them.

The following weekend I did it in front of women. I also had to give them lap dances, though obviously they had to be different, slower, and more erotic. But I still wound up on my knees between their legs performing oral sex on them.

The following weekend there were ten men in the room! I didn't get a chance to give them each a lap dance. They closed around me and gang-banged me! I had a cock in my mouth, one in my pussy, and one in my ass with another in each of my hands. And this went on for what felt like hours!

Then I was spanked by Claudia for being a slut.

Needless to say, my entire attitude about sex had undergone a massive change. There was almost nothing that embarrassed me anymore. I had done so many wild things, showed my body off, and had sex with so many strangers that I had lost pretty much all my inhibitions. Especially about being an object of sexual desire.

I *liked* being an object of sexual desire. It made me feel powerful and important. Not to mention it was way more exciting than anything else in my life.

And there was no one to shame me about it! Oh I know, Claudia and the girls called me a slut and stuff, but that was just part of the kinky sex game we were playing. I was playing a role, just like Slave.

But like I said, it did leak into my 'real' life, into who I was, because it changed how I saw myself. I wore lingerie all the time now, not just underwear. My clothes were sexier, as sexy as I thought I could get away with without drawing open disapproval from other girls at school – not to mention teachers. And I flirted a lot more than I ever had before, with both boys and girls.

But not with Damian. I found him boring now, just too ordinary.

And then Claudia handed me a small envelope one Sunday, with gold lettering on it. It was an invitation from a sorority house to pledge to them. I honestly hadn't given the sororities any thought when I'd arrived at college. And I was surprised, to say the least.

“You have an interview Tuesday,” she said.

“Uh, why?”

“Because I recommended you,” she said. “They have much better rooms than those awful dorms.”

“Well, I don't know – .”

“They're very exclusive,” she said. “And they're very good at finding high-paying positions for graduates, and summer placements for students.”

So I showed up for the interview, dressed carefully to look like an intelligent, professional young woman of studious nature and abilities.

The girls who interviewed me were both beautiful, both blonde, and both seniors several years older than me. They were in sleek dresses and high heels, and the office they interviewed me in was decorated in French provincial antiques.

And that was where the 'interview' went off the rails.

“You will call me, Sister Ashley. This is sister Emily,” the blonde in the blue dress said.

Then she picked up something from the desk and walked around in front of me, and suddenly I realized it was a riding crop! She thrust it up against my chin.

“Hands behind your neck, Slut!” she barked.

Gasping, I obeyed almost instinctively.

“Why are you wearing clothes?” Sister Emily demanded.

I blinked uncertainly.

“Strip,” Sister Ashley ordered.

I was dumbfounded for a few seconds, but then recalled that this was something Claudia had set up so... yeah, I shouldn't have been surprised. Still, I blushed as I stripped. I mean, it was one thing to do this sort of thing at her place with a bunch of... well... adults. It was different around other students like me!

But I'd gotten used to taking orders like this and despite my self-consciousness, my heart was racing and I was starting to feel that familiar thrum of excitement.

Soon I was completely naked, legs apart, hands behind my neck, back arched as the two looked me over.

“Nice tits, slut,” Ashley said, slapping my already hard nipples with the flat tip of her crop.

“Nice ass,” Emily said, slashing another crop across my buttocks stingingly.

I gasped and flinched but didn't move.

“So, you want to be a pledge for our sorority, do you, slut?” Ashley said.

“The girls here come from the finest families in America,” Emily said.

I gasped as Ashley thrust her crop between my thighs and let the thin shaft push up between the lips of my sex, then began to rub it up and down, angled so that it rubbed my clitoris.

“You are clearly not one of those,” Ashley said.

“Yes, you're just a little slut,” Emily growled behind me.

The tip of her crop began to slap at the side of my right breast.

“Still, we can make use of you,” Ashley said. “As long as you're prepared to learn discipline, and serve your pledge period with obedience and a proper degree of submission.”

Needless to say, the interview continued with me on my knees eating her pussy while Emily fucked me from behind with a strap-on.

My pledge period would last a year, they said. During that time I would wear nothing around the sorority house except for an outfit that consisted of a gold collar and restraints, a small bra made of silk that perfectly outlined my breasts even while leaving them half bare, a chain belt, and a G-string, along with a kind of lace loincloth which hung to my ankles.

And I would be everyone's bitch.

But that was okay. I was getting more and more frustrated during the long weeks without the kinky sex at Claudia's. Now I could live the life all week! There were only ten sisters, and I had to satisfy

them sexually any time they wanted. They also seemed to think it a challenge to make me come as often and as powerfully as they could, using every kind of sex toy they could buy.

And they had a lot of money!

But they also felt the need to keep reminding me I was their slave girl. They had some pretty inventive ways to tie me up, too.

Not to mention some perverted parties.

The first party I 'attended' they put a hood over my face, covering it completely. I was put on a table against the wall. Naked. My legs were forced back under my arms so that the backs of my knees were pressed into my armpits. Then my arms were drawn back together behind me and tied there. My ankles were lifted up and tied in place against the wall, and a big dildo and vibrator were stuffed into me.

I don't know how many men decided to make use of my body during the party, but it was pretty constant. Fortunately, these were college guys and had the same eagerness I had come to identify in young men. They were so excited they came pretty quickly, in other words. Of course, that also meant they squeezed my breasts like sponges, so they were aching for days after.

The second party I attended had me on another table, this time with my legs forced wide and tied down, my arms tied together under me and my head hanging upside down on the other side of the table. But again, my face was protected by the hood, so none of them could see who the 'slut' was they made use of. I almost choked on all the cock that went down my throat, though!

The girls weren't as good with whips and flogs and straps as Claudia, but used me to learn, and I was certainly quick to obey before long, to avoid their eager experiments with punishing me!

My summer job, that first summer, was to work as the admin assistant for a top CEO. That involved having sex with him, his friends, and a number of customers.

The summer job paid me a hundred thousand dollars for 'working' from May to August.

Yikes!

Needless to say, I stayed with the sorority, and I'm looking forward to the kind of job I'll get full-time when I graduate.

Whether that job will have much to do with my schooling, as opposed to my 'training' is doubtful, but I really don't care. For this kind of money and for this kind of excitement, I'll do just about anything. And if that makes me a slut for real, well, I'm good with that.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent

chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!