

On The Island

By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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

Chapter One

There are few clocks in the guest rooms. Time was almost an irrelevancy on the island. That was one of the charms of staying here, how the place seemed to be outside the hustle and bustle, the stress and pressures of the world outside. Isola Sabbia, which translated to something like the Island of Sand, was off the coast of Italy, and almost in a world of its own.

It was a tiny island, but big enough for four dozen separate little bungalow residences for the hotel's guests. There was a small rise in the center, a hill, but not much of one. It helped hide the bungalows from each other, for they were located along the water's edge.

The cost of staying in one was astronomical. This was not a place for the regular holiday crowd. This was a place where the well-heeled came to de-stress and relax and forget about the world for a few days or weeks.

The 'hotel' itself, was on the rise in the center. It was where I'd come to work, after being hired by Don Angelo, who had met me working in a Four Seasons Hotel in London. He had seemed charming, and flirty, and rich. What wasn't to like? The chance to come and live in Italy for a few months or maybe a year?

The pictures of the bungalows were fabulous! God, they were and are beautiful and luxurious! They're right on the water, with wraparound decks and glass floors that look down into the blue water below.

No one has to clean them of course, nor cook their own food or do their own laundry. The rich don't do stuff like that. That's taken care of up on the hill by people like me. You know, regular people. Not that I do laundry. I'm a guest facilitator, one of the people who interacts with the guests.

That means I'll bring them food or drinks or whatever else they want, answer questions, take orders and deal with problems that come up. Most of the guests, wherever they are from, can speak English, which was why Don Angelo wanted people who could speak English. I also speak French and Spanish, though, which was another reason he hired me.

I don't kid myself that my looks weren't part of the deal, though. My looks are always part of the deal. That's something you get used to. Whether you like it or not is beside the point. Men will hire me for my looks, sometimes even if I'm not as good a candidate as someone else.

That doesn't make me feel good, of course, but I try not to let it bother me. It is one of the benefits I get which helps counteract the bad side of being ... attractive. The bad side is how people, mostly I mean men, will look at me everywhere I go, like hungry dogs staring at meat.

And they'll chat you up all the time, intruding into your personal space, whether you're buying groceries or just going to or from work. They see you, they want you, and the more forward (and less well-mannered) will just interrupt whatever you're doing to try and get your number.

Sometimes a polite shake of the head is enough. Sometimes it's not. I've had men trot along next to me along the pavement for blocks trying to convince me to give them my name, phone number or address! Like, go the fuck away already!

And sometimes, no matter how polite you are, these men don't take rejection well, and will cast loud, obscene and insulting insults your way, as if outraged that you didn't find their presentation sufficiently of interest to grant them an extended visit.

I must be a 'dyke' or a 'man hater', and definitely I was a 'bitch', and, seemingly out of step with that sort of thing, I was also certainly a 'whore' and a 'slut'. It is tiresome, sometimes embarrassing, sometimes frightening.

That being said, I don't feel sorry for myself for being born beautiful, or with nice hair or a great body. I like being appreciated, like the way some men look at me, the polite ones, like being appreciated, and have always been welcomed by both men and women, at least in part, because people seem to like attractive people.

Don't ask me why! I never had any problem making lots of girlfriends, and I sure have never had any problem finding a boyfriend. Though finding one which is worth keeping is another story.

My name is Hannah, by the way, and I'm from northwest London.

*

“You're kidding!”

Carmela was not kidding. She glared at me as I stood there holding up the bathing suit. I'd just gotten there, and she'd just shown me to the little room where I'd be sleeping while I worked there. There were a number of blue and red bikinis in the drawer, which they'd ordered, in my size. Blue and red were the colors the hotel used.

The bikinis were tiny! The backs were G-strings, not even thongs!

“Thees hees Eetalia, Eenglish Ghirl,” she said with a sniff. “If you are shy ghirl you should just going back home!”

Carmela was short and slim and thirty-something and Not A Nice Person. She had a square face with beady eyes and was in charge of the half dozen female employees, most, like me, young and temporary. Her English was poor to middling, and she she looked at me and everything else suspiciously.

I had been looking forward to the new job with a great deal of anticipation for some time. The train ride to Italy had been delightful, and then I'd reached the coast, and taken the boat for the trip out to the island. Everything had gone perfectly, and the island was gorgeous, and then..

Well, I thought, staring at the two tiny pieces of fabric. It was Italy. I mean, lots of girls went topless when they came south to the beaches. But this was, Carmela had just informed me, to be my daily 'uniform' while I worked there!

I protested. I went to Gianni, who was the day manager, and he just shrugged. That was the uniform, and all the 'girls' wore it, and that was that. My alternative was to leave, but of course, if I did I'd have to pay them back for the cost of the ticket. That was in the contract I'd signed, he pointed out unsympathetically.

And, of course, I'd have to pay my own way home, where I'd now be unemployed! I agonized over the decision, then put on the bikini and agonized some more! The cups covered barely less than half my breasts! I had to check the little label to assure myself it was the right size!

They covered my nipples, then stretched sideways for several inches, but the fabric ended just after starting to curve around the sides of each breast. That left, in essence, the sides of my breasts bare, along with the inner half of each!

The bottom was... very, very short. It consisted of a string which sat very low on my hips, and a tiny piece of fabric, little more than a narrow inverted triangle down the front, which started perhaps an inch above the top of my sex!

It slid in between my legs where, just past my sex, it turned into a finger wide strip running up between my buttocks to the rear of the string around my waist. I'd never worn anything half so revealing in public! I didn't even own lingerie this revealing!

My breasts are full and heavy. Granted, I work out a lot, and I'm barely nineteen, so they don't sag much at all. That's pretty good given their size. But I've always had a love-hate relationship with them. Sometimes I feel smug and coy at the attention they get, but most of the time I get irritated at men staring at them, and do my best not to emphasize them.

It's not like I'm huge, but I'm a slender girl, and my breasts are – not small. They're full and round and C cups. I looked like... a nymphet in the tiny bikini! It was a quality top, and it supported the girls okay, but I'd still be very visibly wobbling wherever I went, and that meant men were going to be staring at them even more wherever I went.

As for the bikini bottom. Well, if I had any hair at all down there I'd have to shave it off, that was for sure. I'd never seen a bikini bottom so tiny! Wearing this all the time, was going to practically be like walking around naked!

But it's Italy, I told myself, the land of lazy sun and heat and water. Lots of girls go topless and quite a few go naked. Of course, that's at the beach, not while working in a hotel! Yes, I'd be trotting about from bungalow to bungalow, out in the sun a lot, but I'd also be in the house on the hill dealing with customers there.

I decided I would just have to try it. There wasn't any real alternative. And the other girls would be wearing the same sort of thing, right?

So, terrifically self-conscious, I left my little room and made my way down the narrow hall of the staff section, then down the tiled back stairs, and down another little hall. Then, bracing myself, cringing mentally, I pushed open the door and stepped out into the main hall.

Of course, everyone looked at me as I walked by, especially the men! I was wearing nothing but the two little scraps of fabric and the blocky, high heeled sandals they'd given me. My breasts felt practically naked! My bottom actually was naked!

I headed over to the desk, where I saw another girl dressed in the same suit smiling at a guest as she leaned over and showed him a map. She was blonde and big breasted and her breasts were just so... out there! I was sure he was staring at them not the map!

The blonde finished up with the middle aged customer, who looked at me, dropped his eyes, and smiled. I smiled feebly back and he turned away.

“Got to improve your smile,” the blonde said with a big smile.

I flushed a bit. “Pardon?”

“I'm Ashley. And Carmela will slap your bare ass if she catches you failing to smile at the customers.”

I stared at her in surprise. Surely she didn't mean that literally?! Then again, maybe she did!

“Uhm, okay.”

“You'll get used to the suit very quickly,” she said with a little smirk. “We all do.”

“It's ... tiny!” I exclaimed.

She nodded. “Yep. We're eye candy, just like the hotel, just like the water and beaches, and blue sky. Everything has to be beautiful and appealing to the eye, the ear and the taste. That's what Luis says anyway.”

“They might as well make us go naked!” I blurted.

“Don't give them ideas,” she replied with a laugh. “Just remember to smile a lot and be friendly, no matter what anyone says or does. Carmela has a very fast hand and a very old fashioned idea about how to make sure girls behave.”

“She slaps my ass I'll slap hers,” I said darkly.

Ashley laughed. “I'd love to see that! But that would be the end of you, dear. She's a tough bird.”

*

It was hot but we girls weren't allowed to tie our hair back. It had to hang loosely, and it had to stay long. I was a little nervous the first time I was sent down to one of the bungalows in the tiny bikini, but Ashley had been right about how quickly I'd gotten used to wearing it.

Even a few hours around the lobby, being seen by mostly staff, though also the occasional visitor, had eased the worst of my embarrassment and self-consciousness. It helped that the other girls I saw were dressed in an identical tiny bikini, of course.

I still wasn't sure, at that point, whether I should leave. This was, after all, awfully damned sexist, and I was against that on general principles. But even a few hours into my stint as a bikini-clad eye candy girl I was already feeling a strange sense of ... freedom.

I know that sounds odd, but it's like... I was doing something I had never allowed myself to do before, showing off my body, a lot of it! And since it was an order and all the other girls were dressed the same way, I could do that without worrying about any sort of public condemnation. I mean, there would be no sneers that I was dressing like a slut, that I wanted attention.

And I was starting to feel this sense of... egotism. I had never considered myself to be an exhibitionist, by any means. But now I was walking around like this sex doll hotty, with half my tits hanging out, not to mention my bare bottom, and after my initial embarrassment I was starting to feel a sense of pride in my body and my looks and my... well, sexiness.

Guys kept seeing me, and their eyes kept sliding up and down my body, and while a part of me squirmed, thinking I should be covering things, another part me basked in the open admiration and approval.

They all wanted me! Yeah, because I was hot! Because I was sexy! I was half naked and their eyes raced over my body, and yet, I was in uniform. I wasn't doing anything slutty or being a show off or anything! So there was nothing to feel guilty over.

I mean, I knew full well how I and my girlfriends would have looked at a girl wearing this kind of a bathing suit on any beach in the UK. Sneers would have been on our faces and we'd have thought she was a slut and a show off, desperate for men.

But now it was like I had a pass on that. This was my 'uniform', and I'd already expressed my unhappiness over it, so I was, I guess you could say, covered.

I got to prance around being a cock tease without anyone blaming me for it.

It was ... exhilarating! I'd never felt free to show off my body before! And I'd especially been self-conscious about my breasts. And now, in just a few hours, all of that had kind of been swept away!

Well, not *all* of it.

I was still self-conscious about being practically naked, if not quite as much as I had been. It's more like my self-consciousness was being masked by a kind of secret sense of awe and glee that I was able to walk around like this without anyone calling me names!

And, I admit, there was a kind of a sense of sexuality to it, as well. As I said, I wasn't an exhibitionist, but I was starting to feel like one. I was starting to feel deliciously slutty, and basking in my ability to show off without punishment.

There was a certain level of arousal which came with that, too. I was not a girl who was normally aroused very easily. I'd only had two boyfriends I'd slept with and neither had been anything to write home about in terms of the physical pleasure of the sex.

And my parents conservative nature and the way they'd raised me had made me feel that sex was kind of dirty and something to be kept hidden and severely restricted. Nudity, or any level of nudity, was akin to that, and vaguely nasty and dirty.

But now people, men, strangers, were looking at my body, which was practically naked, everywhere I went! It made my chest tight, and put butterflies in my lower stomach. It also made me feel very 'in the mood', which was, as I say, quite unusual for me!

And it was worse that I was inside a building! I mean, if I was outside at the shore or on a beach, well, but I wasn't! I was moving about behind the counter, and upstairs to see Luis or Carmen or Angelo or Franco on this or that errand, and being seen by visitors and other staff from the kitchen or wherever.

And then I got my first order to go down to one of the bungalows. It was for a Mister Vincent who had ordered a couple of beer and some fries. The tray was given to me in the kitchen, where the chef, Andre, and several others were working to get ready for dinner in a couple of hours.

It felt weird, frankly, going in there in my tiny bikini while they were all clad in long white aprons and trousers, reinforcing my self-conscious sense I was practically naked.

They didn't hide their interest in my body, either, though no one was exactly ogling me. They all sure looked me up and down, though, as Piero, one of his helpers, gave me a tray with a big bowl of chips – fries, that is, and I retreated back to the bar for the beers.

Then I made my way to the bar and Andre put a couple of beers with glasses on the tray. I carried it outside into the sun, blinking my eyes and wishing I'd thought to get my sunglasses out. I made my way down the path, one of many, towards the far corner of the little island, and towards Bungalow 22.

The bungalows were half on shore, half offshore, on kind of pylons, with decks circling the ocean side. I knocked on the front door, then knocked again.

“Around the side,” a female voice called.

I blinked in confusion, turned my head, then started around the house on the wraparound deck. I went around to the rear, and the breathtaking view of the water, then flushed as I saw a naked woman laying back comfortably on a reclined lounge chair.

“Beer and fries, ma'am,” I said, smiling cheerily.

“Just put them on the table, hon,” she said, in a distinctly American accent.

“Yes, ma'am.”

There was nothing particularly unusual about people laying by the shore naked, of course. It had just taken me a bit by surprise. She was probably a dozen years older than me, with dyed blonde hair and big, but clearly fake breasts.

I had just leaned over to set the tray on the table between her reclined chair and another when a naked man came out of the bungalow. I gulped but smiled cheerily. Again, there was nothing unusual about this sort of thing, or so I told myself.

I mean, I wasn't one to regularly go to those sorts of beaches, especially since it costs money to go to the south of France, Spain or Italy, but I had nothing against it, morally speaking. It just felt a bit weird with just the three of us together, and me hardly wearing anything either.

“You're new,” he said, looking at me frankly.

He had short, dark hair and was much older than the blonde, deep into his forties anyway, with a bit of a middle aged belly. His penis hung below him flaccidly, though I did my best not to notice it!

“Yes, sir! I just started working,” I said.

“British, huh? Might have known from the pale skin. You'll tan soon, baby,” he said with a grin, his eyes eyeing my breasts.

“I'm sure I shall, sir!” I said, with as much enthusiasm as I could fake.

Ashley, and another girl, Sofia, an Italian girl, had been demonstrating that level of smiling enthusiasm to me up at the hotel.

“Want to join us, baby?” he asked with a leer.

“I'm sorry, sir,” I said apologetically. “I must get back to the hotel and continue working.”

He sat down and picked up a chip, then popped it into his mouth.

“Pity. A girl with a face and body like yours has better things to do than chores.”

He took twenty euro note from a wallet on the table, folded it in four and leaned forward, then before I realized his intent, had thrust it into my left bra cup as he winked at me.

“Th-thank you, sir!” I gulped, somewhat outraged at the same time as being delighted at the money. Twenty euros for trotting down the path with a couple of beer!

“Just remember to move fast any time I call up for anything,” he said with a grin.

“Of course, sir!” I assured him, smiling.

I turned, knowing his eyes were on my bare bottom, as I made my way back along the deck and around the corner. I peered down to my bra and pulled the euro note out, examining it and shaking my head. Twenty euros for that!?

I wasn't exactly raised in poverty but my family has never been rich, either. We lived in a tiny row-house in southwest London. My dad drove a bus for the city, while my mum was a secretary. Money was not something you got easily nor threw away.

Imagine stuffing it into my little bra! The man certainly had little in the way of tact or sophistication! Then again, he was an American, and his girlfriend or wife was clearly one married for her looks and body.

I went back up to the hotel, and was sent to work in the little restaurant as we approached dinner. That too felt weird. I mean, given we were in a restaurant shouldn't we have worn something other than the little bikinis?

But the three other girls there wore the same.

The restaurant wasn't big, for the hotel only had about seventy or so guests, and many of them would eat in their bungalows. That meant you had to hurry in and out, back down the paths with food and drinks, then hurrying back up, and waiting on tables if that was needed.

"It really depends on where they want to eat," Ashley said. "When they come in, take their orders and wait on them. If they call in, take their orders, and run it down to them."

"And always smile, smile, smile," said Sofia.

"Even if they grab your ass," added Annick, the petite French girl.

"Especially if they grab your ass!" Ashley said with a giggle.

I blinked at that but well, whatever.

It did get rather busy, what with the time it took to run food down to the bungalows. I was hurrying another tray outside when I almost ran into Carmen.

"Stop!" she ordered.

She glared at me, then brushed her fingers through my bangs, and took out a small comb to quickly untangle a knot.

"You must always look very pretty for the guests!" she snapped.

And then she slapped my bottom sharply!

"Go!"

I yelped, but hurried down the path, turning to glower at her briefly. Of all the nerve!

But the client, another couple, gave me a ten euro tip, so I was quite content. In fact, I had already made fifty euros just through the beginning of mealtime! Could every day possibly be like this!?

I trotted back up to the hotel and into the restaurant. I saw a guest alone at a table beckoning, and hurried over, smile firmly affixed to my face.

"Yes, sir! How may I help you?" I asked.

"This table is dirty," he said. "Clean it."

It didn't look dirty to me, and I blinked at it uncertainly, but you don't argue with guests.

"Yes, sir. I'll get a rag at once!" I promised.

I hurried back to the counter and asked Emilio for a rag.

He smiled and shook his head.

"We don't clean tables with rags, dear girl," he said.

He gave me a clean white cloth, more like a hand towel than a rag. The top half was hot and damp, the bottom half dry. I went back with a squirt bottle of soap and squirted it onto the table, then began to quickly sweep the wet part of the cloth across it as he watched.

Not the table, me. He was watching my breasts as I leaned over and scrubbed the table!

I noticed, of course. I mean, he wasn't being discrete, and I blushed, but I didn't say anything, just smiled and scrubbed quickly. Of course, that made my breasts wobble even more! Which I'm sure he appreciated!

I used the dry part of the cloth to dry the table and straightened up.

"Is that sufficient, sir?" I asked, smiling my best.

"That will do."

“Are you ready to order, sir?”

“Yes. I'll have filet de boeuf, with extra mushrooms.”

“Yes, sir!” I said.

I turned to go and felt his hand along my backside before I had managed to get completely clear. Pervert!

I went back to the counter to Emilio.

“Old pervert,” I grumbled.

Emilio grinned. “Be nice to him. Monsieur Dubois is a very good tipper.”

I had another order to run down to a bungalow, which I did fairly quickly, and got a five euro tip, then went back up to the restaurant to wait on a couple before picking up yet another order for the bungalows. This was one I couldn't carry all together, so Sofia came with me.

There were two couples in the bungalow, and we both got ten euro tips as we departed.

“God, you can make a lot of money in this place!” I exclaimed.

“Why do you think we like it here, silly?” Sofia asked with a grin.

I carried Dubois' steak over to him and settled it carefully in place, aware he was looking at my breasts as I leaned over, then gulped as his hand caressed my buttocks. I ignored it but hurried, then smiled and stepped back.

“Is there anything more I can get you at this time, Monsieur Dubois?” I asked in French.

“Later, girl,” he said.

I moved away, and back to the counter.

“Does he always grope girls?” I asked Ashley.

“Oh that's nothing. That's just a little touch. Wait till you meet Senior Juarez. That one will grab your tits and squeeze like they're plush toys.”

“Doesn't anyone... say anything?” I demanded.

“Yes, we say thank you, sir, and collect our tips,” she said. “You make trouble and Carmen will be on your ass. Literally. Don't do as you're told and you're out the door and headed back home. Treat the guests like royalty is the watch word. And you don't slap the king for squeezing your ass.”

“Not when he gives you a fifty euro tip,” Sofia said, passing by.

“Who gives a fifty euro tip!?” I exclaimed.

“Dubois if you are nice to him,” Ashley said with a grin.

“But... isn't there something... wrong with letting people grope you for tips?”

She rolled her eyes at me and shook her head with a smile.

“What a little virgin,” she said, heading off to a customer.

I frowned after her.

Chapter Two

Dubois did indeed give me a fifty euro tip! I made well over a hundred euros just during dinner! The next morning I made another thirty for breakfast and fifty during lunch! That didn't even count the forty euros I made between breakfast and dinner!

This place was a gold mine! These rich people gave tips like nothing I'd ever seen in my life! I'd made over two hundred euros in tips in less than twenty four hours! I was stunned! Of course, I had to share it, giving twenty percent to the staff who didn't interact directly with the clients – like Carmela, but that was still a lot of money for one day!

Dinner was another gold mine, and I was feeling elated as I mentally counted up all my money that evening! Then I got a call – in Spanish – from number nine bungalow for a couple of bottles of beer. It wasn't just any old beer, of course. It was Jacobsen Vintage No. 1, which sold for 250 Euros apiece!

My jaw dropped in disbelief when Alphonso told me the price, but then I just shook my head. The world of the uber rich was quite a different place!

I headed down there with a tray. It was dark now, but there were small, recessed lights along the sides of the paths.

I was ... cheerful, without having to act by then, delighted at the money and wanting even more. I was also a lot less sensitive, too, about what I was wearing, and whether men were ogling me. I had almost taken on a 'if you got it, flaunt it' attitude, like the rest of the girls evidenced.

I knocked cheerily.

“Room service, sir!” I called in Spanish.

“Come in,” sounded faintly through the door, also in Spanish.

I pushed it in without a second thought, carrying the tray through the hall and then a very luxuriously appointed living room with a huge glass wall looking out onto the Mediterranean. There was a raised round fire pit in the center of a conversation circle, with a small pond around it.

The lighting in the room was on low, coming from dimmed pot lights along the walls. But it was more than adequate to see the man and woman there, both forty-something, enjoying soft music.

The large sliding doors in the glass wall had been pulled aside to admit the soft sea air and they were obviously relaxing and enjoying it.

I came forward and set the tray down on the low table between them. That, of course, meant bending way over, and the man was certainly admiring that view as the firelight made my skin glow.

“Two bottles of Jacobsen Vintage No. 1, senior and seniora!” I said in a perky voice.

I took them off the tray, then the fine glasses for them.

“Pour for us, my dear,” the woman said in a lazy voice.

“Of course, seniora,” I said.

The twelve ounce bottles were stoppered with corks, much like wine. I did not, of course, have a corkscrew, but I had been given a tour of an empty bungalow and shown where certain objects were kept should I need them. One of those was a corkscrew, kept in the small kitchenette, top right drawer.

I went into the kitchen, which, though small had a floor of polished dark wood and counters of Italian marble. I slid open the drawer and smiled as I reached in for the corkscrew. That in hand, I went back to the living room, for I'd been told to open wine (and beer must count) in front of the guests.

The woman was standing when I arrived back. She was wearing a bathing suit, a black bikini, though not nearly as revealing as mine. She was in good shape for someone who was forty or over, with dark hair and a trim waist.

“So this is the most expensive beer in the world, is it?” she asked incuriously.

“If not, then almost, senora,” I replied, also in Spanish.

I picked up one of the beer as the man watched me. It was a twelve ounce bottle, and nicely chilled. So I did not want to put it against my nearly bare chest to support it. The woman seemed to sense my hesitation after I had peeled off the aluminum.

“Let me help you, senorita,” she said with a smile.

I nodded gratefully but to my surprise she moved behind me instead of to my side, and her arms came around me to grasp the bottle. I felt a jolt of surprise as her body pressed in firmly against mine from behind, and a bit of uncertain nervousness as she held the bottle properly positioned.

I used one hand on the neck as I guided the corkscrew into the center of the cork, feeling the warmth of her body pressing against me. My pulse rate shot up, let me tell you! The man was looking on intently, and I turned the screw to twist the sharp corkscrew into the cork, my chest getting tighter and tighter as she pulled herself in even closer against me!

I felt her breath warm against the back of my neck, then against the side of my neck! Her lips brushed my skin, and I flinched, but was wildly uncertain what to do or how to respond, so... didn't! I worked the lever of the corkscrew as I felt her lips lightly kissing the nape of my neck!

I drew the cork slowly out, my heart beating faster and faster and picked up one of the short stemmed glasses, tilting it as I began to pour. The woman released the bottle to me, but her hands then slid in around me, stroking my abdomen and belly!

What was I supposed to do about this!?

I mean, by now I knew the hotel didn't exactly mind its guests taking certain liberties with the staff, within reason, at least. And was she doing any worse than what Dubois had done earlier? Not really, but this was in a bungalow with her presumed husband looking on!

Of course, I had played such games before in bars, with boys watching and getting turned on by me and my girlfriends pretending to kiss and make out a little. That was usually under the influence of much cheaper beer than I was holding in my hands, of course!

But this wasn't a boy. He was over forty, and she looked to be around that age, too! And I was in a small, quiet, darkened living room alone with them!

I poured the beer, gulping anxiously as her hands stroked my belly and lower chest, then set the glass and bottle down. I picked up the other bottle, and she gamely gripped it and held it in her hands, her arms still around me, her body pressed against me, as I removed the cork from that bottle, as well.

I began to pour, and her hands slid onto my body again, this time moving up to cup my breast and gently caress them through the suit!

And here's the thing... even as anxious as I was, as much as my mind was spinning, trying to figure out how to react, if at all, I was starting to get... hot! I mean, this beautiful room, the Mediterranean right outside, the dim lighting and soft music, and this handsome couple here... it was all very... exotic!

“S-Senora!” I gulped.

“Such a pretty girl,” she murmured, chewing up along the underside of my earlobe.

Her right hand slid off my breast and down my body, and then her soft fingers dipped into the small crotch of my bikini bottom, almost immediately stroking across my clitoris and down the line of my sex!

I felt a jolt, a hot, wild jolt of sexual electricity, combined a moment later by a flush of embarrassment! Her other hand slipped into the right cup of my bra, pushing it back, baring it save for the fact her hand was covering me!

“S-Senora!” I gasped in something that I hoped was a protest.

I had the three quarter full glass in one hand and the bottle in the other, and was at a loss what to do! I felt her fingers rubbing insistently against my clitoris now as her teeth nibbled at my earlobe, and the sudden explosion of raw, dark heat rushing up through my body was alarming and as well as adding to my desperate state of confusion.

Then to add to the wild turmoil in my mind the man got up then and came around the fire. He looked down at me with dark, smoldering gaze, then abruptly sank to his knees in front of me! His fingers gripped the thin strings of the bikini bottoms and tugged them down!

“Senor!” I exclaimed, my hands jerking.

The beer cost two hundred and fifty euros a bottle! That was something that never left my mind!

His wife's fingers abandoned my sex and slid up to cup my other breast as the senor leaned in and licked his way up along me! I squealed and jerked, spilling a little beer, but he didn't stop, his hands seizing my naked thighs and parting them further as his mouth caught hold of me! His breath was hot against my naked sex, and then his tongue slipped upward, wagging and then stroking across my now swollen clitoris!

“Por favor!” I gasped desperately. “Por favor!”

He gripped my buttocks tightly, locking me against him as his tongue began to lick me with quick, fast strokes that had me muscles spasming in helpless reaction!

I was overwhelmed by it all, by the shock of what had happened so suddenly, by the dark eroticism, by the confusion of how to react, what to do, by the embarrassment, by the wild rush of sensation and heat!

The heat grew horribly intense! It became an all-consuming thing which rapidly drained away any ability I might have had to resist, to refuse, to say no. My hips began to spasm in his grasp as the raw, wild sexual pleasure pulsed within me!

I felt the string of my bra going, and another jolt hit me. I was naked!

The man rose, that dark look still in his eyes, and took the beer from my hands, setting it on the table. I almost instinctively tried to turn away but the woman gripped my arms, drawing them in to my sides and pinning them there as he leaned in, his hand thrusting in between my legs.

He said nothing. Nor did she. I let out a helpless cry of reaction as I felt his finger push into me, felt, with a sense of embarrassment, just how wet I was, and then felt my legs tremble as his finger, then fingers, pushed up inside me.

His thumb pressed against my slick clitoris and rubbed hard and fast, and I cried out again, twisting in her grasp, arching, gulping in air, a dark flush of heat spreading up the front of my chest and over my face.

He leaned in to chew his way along the left side of my throat, as the woman leaned in to do the same on the right! I felt her breasts pressing against my bare back, and realized she'd removed her own bra now. Her breasts were bare!

What was I going to do!?

And did it even matter with the way the crackling sexual electricity was ripping up and down through my body?

He gripped one of my arms and she released it, taking the other, and they led me, stumbling and gasping, around the conversation pit and into the bedroom!

“I-I-I can't...!”

They guided me onto a large, high bed, ignoring my dazed, stuttering objections, pushing me down on my back and grasping my wrists. They pulled them to the corners and I gaped, twisting my head up and to the left as I saw straps going around them and pulling tightly!

Wha – !?

They pulled my ankles down and apart, and strapped them to the lower corners before I could even work my sputtering mind into how to object!

Then the woman crawled in between my legs, beginning to lick me! I squeaked, pulling against the restraints, but of course, to no avail! Her fingers slid into me, deeper than his had been, pushing up against the front wall of my abdomen as her tongue stroked across my engorged clitoris!

The man climbed into bed, and I flushed as he ran his hands over my breasts, kneading them softly. He leaned in and closed his mouth against the center of my left breast, his teeth digging in softly, his lips closing firmly, his tongue sweeping across my nipple as he sucked!

I felt a sense of wild, raw disbelief! How had I ever allowed things to get this far in the first place!? I didn't even know their names!

What could I do now? Nothing! It was too late! The time to have made a firm stand and refused was passed!

There was a measure of... relief in that, in that I could stop wildly thinking about what to do, since I could do nothing.

And then the man rose up on his knee and tugged his pants down. I gasped as his cock sprang free, hard and thick and long! And it was pointed right at my face!

He leaned in, his big hand sliding under my head, tilting it up and towards him, and I reluctantly let my lips part as his cock pushed into my mouth. I moaned around it, rolling my eyes up at him helplessly, starting to suck now, to move my tongue.

I mean, what else could I do at that point!?

I gasped and my hips jerked as the woman added a third finger to the two inside me, stretching me wider! They were sliding deep, stroking me, pumping in and out in slow, steady motions as her tongue moved steadily against my clitoris.

The heat was building up again, a raw, wild, trembling thing, filled with the same stress and shock as my mind. I let it melt away some of my inhibitions, let myself feel a sense of wonder not at how this had happened, but that it was happening.

God, this was so... kinky and wild and... and sordid and way, way beyond anything I'd ever contemplated to date! What was more, my body was filled with an incredible sense of sexual pressure, as if left alone I would just tremble and gulp in air anyway due to the heat within!

I gurgled as the man pushed his cock deeper into my mouth, sucking anxiously, helpless to control the depth with my wrists being bound. I had never been tied up before, and this was an entirely novel experience!

I had also never had sex with a couple, or with a woman! And I was about to have an orgasm, which was also not something I had ever done with another person, not even one performing oral sex on me!

Heat raced over my body like crackling electricity, and then as her fingers pumped harder and faster the orgasm welled up from the pit of my belly and exploded, spreading out through my body in an instant. I cried out, back arching, straining against the straps as my hips bucked violently up against her tongue and fingers!

My head twisted up and back sharply, and in that instant, as I cried out in pleasure, he leaned forward and drove his cock straight down my throat!

I was too wild with the intense release of pleasure to react much, or care, except to feel a sense of wonder that his cock was actually deep in my throat! I wasn't afraid of it, and it didn't make me gag. It felt odd, full, the pressure unfamiliar, and of course, I couldn't breath. But then, I wasn't breathing anyway.

My body strained wildly, trembling as the sexual energy crackled and tore through my nervous system, my hips grinding and rolling against her as I sobbed in dazed ecstasy! I'd never had an orgasm anywhere like this intense!

He pulled back, his long, slick cock sliding up, up, up my throat, and then out, so that I gasped dazedly and gulped in air. He drew back and I felt the woman moving up my body, straddling my hips,

then my chest, then there she was above me, sliding forward, her knees framing my head as she sat on the top of my chest.

Her sex, as naked as mine, lay just above my open, panting mouth! She brought it closer as I felt the man shifting around and getting between my legs, then felt his cock pushing into me! I moaned low in my throat as he stretched me and filled me, pushing deeper and deeper as the woman pressed her sex down on my mouth!

I did nothing, at first, laying there stunned in the afterglow of that monster orgasm! I felt his thighs against mine, his belly against me, heavy and male as he dropped forward over my body. Then his head and shoulders appeared over her left hip as she gripped my hair and leaned in.

I gasped as she tugged at my hair on either side of my head, twisting it. Her eyes were demanding and I began to lick wildly, without skill or knowledge. Well, I knew where her clitoris was, and so I licked at that.

The man began to thrust into me with long, deep strokes. He was the biggest guy I'd ever had inside me by far, and I gasped and moaned in astonishment at the sudden spiral of heat. It was like... like every time he pushed into me he forced this deep, pulsing ball of liquid heat into my belly!

He was slick with the saliva which had come from my mouth, from my throat, and the sensation as he pulled back and pushed forward was shockingly erotic and exciting! I gasped and cried out as the woman tugged at my hair again to redirect my attention away from what was inside me to what was pressed against my mouth.

I licked harder and faster, but she jerked on my hair again and eased back.

“You are not a dog, girl,” she said sternly. “Long, slow licks first, then sideways strokes. Alter your pattern.”

I obeyed. What else could I do? She began to instruct me in how to perform oral sex on a woman, or at least, on her, and I submitted without thought of refusal. Meanwhile her man was thrusting into me with longer, harder strokes as he watched over her hip!

I felt his hand on my breast, kneading and caressing it as he thrust his hips into me, and again felt that dazed wonder at what was happening and how it had come to pass!

But the dark, crackling sexual heat was rising again, shockingly quickly given I'd just had an incredible orgasm! That too was bewildering. I thought an orgasm was the end of sex? But apparently not!

I strained against the straps, moaning and gasping, chest heaving as I licked her and he fucked me, and then I was caught up helplessly in another storm of sensations, another powerful orgasm tearing through my body and mind so that I cried out in a long, undulating wail of pleasure!

Chapter Three

I was a little late returning to the hotel. Not as late as I had thought, at first. I'd only been gone a bit less than an hour. I was shaken, though, still dazed, sore inside, and a bit, well, shell shocked! And folded up in the tiny crotch of my bikini bottom was a 500 euro note.

A tip, my stuttering mind tried to say. Money for being a prostitute, another part cried.

I was, of course, not in a very fit state for explaining why I'd been gone so long. Worse, it was Carmela who greeted me as I returned, glaring suspiciously.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"I-I... had to... help them with... uhm, something!" I gulped.

Her beady eyes narrowed and she grabbed my arm in a surprisingly powerful grip and jerked me forward, down the hall and into her small office, then closed the door hard behind me and turned fierce eyes on me.

"What were you doing?"

My mouth opened and closed as my still flustered mind tried to come up with a reasonable explanation.

"No tip?" she demanded, staring at my empty hands.

Then she stared at my breasts. It was obvious in an instant nothing was in those little cups. She dropped her eyes, and then her hand reached down and gripped the front of my bottom, jerking it forward to reveal the folded up 500 euro note.

"Puttana!?" she exclaimed.

Which meant whore, basically.

It was hard to be indignant about that since, to be honest, I kind of felt like one! My face flushed, and then she grabbed me behind the neck and jerked me forward, shoving me against the edge of her desk! I squeaked in alarm and was forced down across the desk.

"Do you think we run bordello here?" she demanded.

"I-I-I didn't do anything!" I cried helplessly.

She jerked down the bikini bottom so the euro note fell to the floor, then bent to pick it up. I started to rise and her hand slapped my bottom with a stinging blow!

"Ow!"

She grabbed my hair and shoved my face down against the desk.

"Do not move, puttana!"

I moaned as she unfolded the bill, but did as she ordered, mind squirming helplessly.

"What is this for?" she demanded, holding it before my eyes.

What was I supposed to say!?

"A-A tip, senora!"

Crack! Her hand slapped against my bottom and I yelped in pain.

"A tip! For what?"

She jerked open the top desk drawer and took out a small folded up belt. It was perhaps a foot long, given how tightly folded in two it was, and perhaps two inches wide. She drew her small arm back and swung it down, and the belt cracked down across my upraised bottom with a sharp explosion of pain!

“Ow!” I cried.

I started to rise but her hand shoved down on the back of my neck again.

Crack!

“Do you think you should not be punished for this, puttana?” she demanded.

Crack!

It was kind of hard for me to disagree, to be honest, which added to my confusion. I mean, my mind was kind of shocky to start, and wasn't up to complicated thoughts. But I knew I'd done wrong and knew that most places would fire a girl for fucking the guests like that while on duty.

Most places? Any place!

Crack!

“Oh! Oh please!”

Crack!

“Please, senora!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I wasn't fighting her. I lay with my breasts pillowed out against the desk, moaning and crying out, but made no effort to stand or turn away. I deserved to be punished, after all, and was now very much afraid of being fired! Obeying her seemed to hold out the only possibility of not being on a train headed home tomorrow.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You think you can cheat me out of my share?” she demanded.

I moaned, gasping, yelping as the belt cracked across my bottom, then cried out as her hand suddenly shot between my thighs and cupped my bare sex!

“You share your tips as well as this, puttana!” she growled.

And then, shocking me even more, she dropped suddenly to her knees behind me and her mouth enveloped my sex! It wasn't tentative or hesitant, either! Her slim hands forced my thighs apart, gripping them firmly as her mouth closed against me and then it was like... like she was going to devour me!

I was so shocked I didn't react except perhaps that my mouth and eyes went about as wide as they could get! And then my mind, still in a state of dazed uncertainty, got caught up in what to do. Should I object? Well, this was way better than being strapped! So actually it was a relief! Did I want her to stop and then resume strapping my bottom? Fuck, no!

Almost as much of a shock was the feel of her tongue thrusting in between the lips of my sex, and pushing what felt like impossibly deep inside me! Did she have the tongue of a snake!? My eyes bulged as her tongue drove so high, twisting and turning, pumping and stroking against me!

Her lips were pressed against mine, and her hands, which were now pressed against the inside of my thighs right next to my crotch, holding them apart, had the thumbs up against my clitoris and were rubbing it between them!

I had only had my first introduction to real oral sex from the receiving side less than an hour earlier! And I had fallen instantly and helplessly in love with it! But that woman down there was a ham-fisted amateur compared to Carmela!

I was overwhelmed by the explosive sensations which began to flood up through my body even before her fingers and tongue switched places. Now her lips closed on my clitoris, sucking rhythmically while still seeming able to twist her tongue against me!

And her fingers thrust straight up into my pussy!

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” I gasped, eyes bulging.

She was not gentle, and her fingers ached, and stretched me, but... there was a wild, fierce passion in what she was doing, and my insides began to burn!

I tried to straighten up and she rose and grabbed my hair roughly, forcing me to bend over again!

“Do not move, puttana!” she ordered, slapping my bottom stingingly.

She had three long fingers inside me and I squealed as I felt a fourth – no, her thumb, pressing against my back passage! It was slick with something, and pushed into me fairly easily after she slapped my bottom a couple of times!

“You will report every tip you receive, yes!?” she demanded, slapping my bottom again as her fingers and thumb thrust into me!

“Yes! Yes!” I cried.

Crack!

“And if you fuck the guests we our share, yes!?”

Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

Crack! Crack!

“Yes?”

“Yes, yes!”

Her fingers pumped and twisted inside me and then she brought her other hand in under me and her fingers began to roughly move against my clitoris, rubbing rapidly from side to side as I squirmed and yelped and moaned in helpless, flustered heat!

A wild, raw sexual hunger and pressure built within me, and I shuddered and sobbed as the sensations swept through my mind like a hurricane! My hips began to jerk and spasm back against her as she thrust savagely into me with her slender fingers! My mind was.. melting under that heat!

Very abruptly, she pulled her fingers from my sex and gripped my arms, jerking them up and back behind my back, then crossing them there. A moment later I felt something twine around one wrist, then the other, then the first, and cinch tightly.

I cried out as she gripped my hair and jerked me upright, then forced me down onto my knees before her.

“I will take my share of the tip now, puttana,” she said with a growl.

She pulled her skirt up and pulled my face in against her pussy!

I was less shocked than I would have been given what had just happened to me in Bungalow Nine. But even so, I couldn't help once again feeling a sense of shock and disbelief as I found myself naked on my knees with my hands tied behind my back and my face jammed into Carmela's pussy!

My response was almost immediate, however. As she jerked on my hair I began to lick her! Well, my insides were flush with heat and a strange, dark churning sexual passion, and she was, in a way, treating me the same as the Senora had in Bungalow Nine, so I responded.

“This is just the start of the season, Puttana,” she growled. “You will find the demands for your... services... rising as the weeks pass, and your tips rising with them. Lick harder, puttana.”

I licked her frantically as she twisted her fingers in my hair, and her hips began to grind against me as she purred like a satisfied cat, but a big one, like a tiger. When she came she shuddered and jammed my face into her groin, but didn't make much noise.

She sighed and then moved back, but kept her fist in my hair so that, yelping in pain, I had to scramble forward on my knees to follow her. She sneered down at me as she sat down, then dragged me up across her lap by the hair!

“You will learn to be a nice girl, yes? You will not give nasty looks no more, no?”

Crack! Her hand slapped across my still-sore bottom.

“Ow! Oh! Please!” I moaned.

Crack! Crack!

“You will smile and be obedient, yes?”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“I will! I will!” I cried.

She chuckled throatily, then I gasped as her fingers pushed into me again, no, it was her thumb, thrusting into me to the knuckle as she brought her fingers up against my clitoris and began to stroke and rub and squeeze me between her thumb and fingers!

Crack! Crack!

“You will treat Carmela with respect, si?”

Crack! Crack!

“I will!” I cried as her hand slapped sharply against my bottom.

“Spread your legs, slut.”

Moaning, I obeyed as her thumb rubbed against the front wall of my sex, against her fingers rubbing up against me from the outside. A dark rush of heat swept through me as my head began to throb from being upside down on the other side of the chair.

Crack!

“You will not be bad girl no more, no?”

Crack!

“You will be good girl, si?”

Crack!

“I-I will!” I gasped.

“Say it.”

Crack! Crack!

“I’ll be a good girl!” I moaned.

Her hand was making my bottom sting and burn again, but her fingers in my pussy were making me burn even more as the wild, raw sexuality and dark kinky passion of what was happening swept through my mind.

I was still shell-shocked from what had happened in the bungalow, after all, and was gobsmacked by yet another heavy blow to my world view and inhibitions.

When I came, it was with her hand slapping stinging against my bottom, the sharp little stings acting like the snap and crackle of a raging bonfire within me!

*

I was... subdued, I guess you might say. Wide eyed and still mentally unbalanced by the events of the evening. I had this image of myself, you see, and what was proper and acceptable behavior, and both had been shattered.

Well, my self-image had been undergoing change since I'd gotten here, from a fairly normal, maybe even modest English girl, to one who felt a sense of ego satisfaction and even sexual pleasure from showing off my nearly naked body.

Or the freedom to show off my nearly naked body. Maybe that had been something I'd always wanted to do but felt too... inhibited. Everyone had always told me what a great body I had, after all, and how pretty I was. But it was required by society that I act modest and self-effacing and I not dress to, well, flaunt what I had.

Only those rules didn't apply here. And another rule which didn't seem to apply was sexual monogamy. I wasn't the only girl who went to a bungalow on a brief error who came back some time later looking flushed and bedraggled.

Nobody was talking about it, but I could sense some anxiety, uneasiness and shock in the other girls too!

Two of the new girls quit and left the next day, though neither said anything about why. That was all right, in a sense. I'd thought we were overstaffed, and wondered at it. Then again, rich people didn't like to wait for anything, so I had thought that was the reason. When they wanted something they wanted it now, and weren't too happy if you were busy attending to someone else.

Ashley was fine, but this wasn't Ashley's first year, so I tried to sound her out about what the heck was expected of us and what was ahead. She just smirked and smiled.

“You'll enjoy yourself here and make a ton of money provided you just go with the flow,” she said.

“What does that mean? Where is the flow going?”

She laughed. “Wherever the guests want it to. They're rich people and used to getting their way.”

“Does that mean sleeping with half naked hotel staff?”

She smiled and shrugged. “I'm sure lots of guests at lots of hotels would like that.”

“What about the hotel here?”

“The hotel wants whatever keeps the guests happy.”

“What about Carmela?”

She snorted. “Carmela wants whatever makes her money and satisfies her power tripping.”

“Her what?”

“I think she enjoys being in charge of us almost as much as she does the money. Just suck up and you'll be fine.”

I waited on tables during breakfast. Monsieur Dubois was there, and his hand caressed my bottom every time I came near his table. That didn't seem to be as much of a shock as it had the other day, given what had followed it.

He wasn't the only one to touch me, though. A man from Bungalow Twenty Seven basically slipped his hand right between my legs as I was putting food on his table and gently caressed me through the bottom of my swimsuit! It was so... casual, and he acted not the least bit hesitant or uncertain in what he was doing!

There were several errands to run during the morning, taking things down to different Bungalows. I was tipped nicely but not touched or anything. The same went for lunch, part of which I worked at the restaurant and part of which was spent running food to people.

The afternoon went much the same way, except that Carmela called me a lazy slut and told me to clean the tables, and slapped my ass sharply to get me moving. I resented her tone, not to mention the slap, but the money was adding up, and it was hard to argue with that.

Through the rest of the day I got occasional slaps or pawing, but nothing really alarming, and I started to think maybe that incident with the Spanish couple had just been an occasional thing. Which was a relief! I mean, I hadn't come here to be a ... a prostitute!

The next day was much the same, except that the hotel changed out 'uniform' to make it even smaller! You'd wonder how they could make a G-string bikini with small cups smaller, well, they did it by getting rid of the cups!

Again, topless bathing was not exactly unknown on the Med. More than half of girls did it, after all, even if I hadn't ever. But we weren't just trotting along beaches and paths, but inside restaurants and houses.

The 'uniform' they laid out was sort of, uhm, hard to describe. The bottom was sort of a loincloth, the brownish leather strap was high on the hips, then curved downward and ran into a double row of what looked like seashells. Below and around them was a curtain of thin leather strips dangling down, short on the sides, longer in the middle.

It actually covered more than the G-string it replaced, though of course, the dangly lengths of rough leather, each between a quarter inch and a half inch wide, which were meant to look natural, could flip and flop and part as you moved. You were essentially naked down there if they fell away from you!

The top was just large pasties decorated like Roman legionnaire shields that were attached to thick, glittery beads which went up over your shoulders. They needed the beads for support because they were too big and heavy to be normal pasties. They covered the center of my breasts and were about ten times the size of my nipples.

You had to use a little skin glue to stick them in place. And there was a little, uhm, kind of rubber clamp which squeezed down around your nipples to help hold them in place. It didn't squeeze really hard, but you could still feel it!

Along with these came a large, multiple strand necklaces with lots of beads and shells which covered my upper chest almost to my breasts, then long, matching earrings full of beads and shells which hung past my shoulders. Around my wrists were thick metal bracelets, again made to seem sort of antique with old fashioned designs cut into them. More slender ankle bracelets went around my ankles.

I think the theme was a sort of barbaric slave girl thing in memory of when Rome ruled the world, and I wouldn't have considered wearing it in public for a second had I not had the previous several days of experience prancing around in the tiny G-string and tiny bra cups.

And Ashley came to fetch me, and she was wearing the same thing.

"I can't go out wearing this!" I blurted.

"Course you can. I did last summer. It's no big deal. Don't tell me you've never sunbathed topless."

"Sunbathing is different!"

She shrugged. "We spend a lot of time running around out in the sun, and the weather's going to be hot and sunny for the next few days so you're going to find people at the beaches. And they need drinks a lot."

I was still agonizing over it, but she grabbed my arm and kind of dragged me out into the hall, where we met Sofia, who was dressed in the same outfit. They led me downstairs, and I started to feel at least a little less self-conscious since they had the same stuff on.

That got worse during breakfast, though, the way the men leered at my nearly bare breasts!

At the same time, though, I was feeling that same sort of exhibitionist excitement, the shocked delight of being outrageously undressed without anyone being able to say I was a slut and showing off. I mean, all the girls wore the same thing and it wasn't like I had asked for this as a uniform!

As with appearing in the G-string, the first hour or so was the worst, then I kind of got used to it. I felt less embarrassed and ... well, more cheeky and kind of breathless with walking around like that. Ashley was right in that there were a number of calls to the beaches around the island, where none of the female guests were wearing any more than I, and several were wearing less.

That also eased any sense of shame or self-consciousness.

But I got more casual stroking, squeezing and slaps on my bare bottom now, and the odd hand sliding up under the thin hanging strips of the loin cloth too! I also got a few strokes to my bare breasts which left my nipples throbbing!

Yes, this was turning me on! I know that seems incredible but it was! Once I'd gotten over the worst of my embarrassment I felt a tremendous sense of shameless pride in the looks I got, and the tips, and even the occasional caresses and gropes as long as they weren't rough about it.

It was also kind of kinky and flirty that now we were supposed to call the guests 'master' and 'mistress' instead of sir or madam.

The thing about the pasties that weren't really pasties, though, was that the way the little rubber clamp squeezed my nipples as I moved quickly became an issue. The pasties were also glued to my breasts, and attached by those strings of beads which went over my shoulders.

As I moved, my breasts moved. I'm not a flat chested girl. The pasties would have moved with them easily, but the little bead strings did not since they went over my shoulders and behind my neck. That meant that as my breasts moved the beaded strings kind of hindered the pasties from moving with them, which meant that the little rubber clamps kept tugging on my nipples!

At first I thought of this as an irritating design flaw, and that was what they were doing, irritating my nipples. I didn't want to mention it to anyone, but eventually did to Ashley.

"These stupid things kind of pull at your nipples," I whispered.

She shrugged and nodded. "Yeah, but they feel so good when you take em off," she replied with a strange grin.

Each of the bungalows had its own little beach, which was about fifteen meters long, and separated from the next beach by brush, trees and giant stones. This guaranteed each of them privacy, especially since the island was almost completely round.

When I carried a tray with a margarita down to the beach next to Bungalow Four I found there a naked man laying on a towel, and licked my lips a bit nervously, giving a quick look around.

“Your drink, master,” I said, my voice holding a bit of a quaver.

Saying that in the restaurant was one thing, saying it to people in their bungalow another, saying it to a single man alone and naked, well, that was something to make my chest tighten!

He grinned at me and indicated I should put it down on the very low table right next to his shoulder. I had to drop to my knees to do that, but took the drink off the tray and placed it on the table, then picked up the empty glass.

“Oil me up, slave girl,” he said, casually.

I blinked and my face, I know, flushed as I stared at him. He indicated the oil and I stared at it, then at him, my mind suddenly kind of stuttering and uncertain once again.

“Well?” he demanded, his voice becoming cross.

“Y-Yes, sir! I mean, master!” I gulped, snatching up the bottle.

Of course my heart was beating rapidly now and my pulse was racing, but I thought, well, I can just oil up his chest and shoulders and he'd do the rest!

I poured some oil onto his chest, and then, put my trembling hand on it and began to spread it around. He wasn't very old, probably in his thirties, and had gone in for the fashion of shaving your chest, thank God! I'm not sure what I'd have done if it was some old geezer with a hairy chest!

Even as it was I was awfully tense as my hand spread it as clinically as I could, until he grabbed my wrist.

“Not so fast, slave girl,” he said.

I gulped and slowed down, spreading the oil over his upper chest and shoulders, which, I had to admit, were pretty good ones. He was not a skinny man. And as I spread the oil slowly lower I could feel the musculature over his belly even as I avoided looking too much lower.

I spread it down as far as I was going to, and then curved around to the side of his hip, but he took my wrist suddenly, smiling lazily up at me, and guided it slowly back onto his belly and then down until my oiled hand slid right over his penis!

I felt an incredible jolt pass through me! And he continued to hold my hand there, except had it rubbing up and down. He closed my hand around him gently and I could feel his cock pulsing as it rapidly hardened in my hand!

I was gripped by a sense of shocked uncertainty mixed with a strange dark sense of almost ... well, fascination. I don't know why I didn't just squeal and jump up but I let him guide my hand up and down on his now stiff cock, squeezing my fingers around it!

“You've got two hands girl. Use them.”

He drew my other hand in and up against his balls and then released them both. I froze momentarily, then continued, eyes wide, to caress his erection with one oiled hand as the other massaged his testicles!

“Faster,” he said.

I pumped my hand faster on his cock, squeezing it more, and extended my thumb the way I knew to do when you give guys hand jobs. The feel of his slick hard cock was making my insides squirm even more than the sight of it, and I felt myself starting to pulse with a sense of lust that I had only ever felt the other day with the Spanish couple.

I gasped as he reached up lazily and began to caress my nearly bare breast, cupping and fondling it, squeezing it, then sliding a hand down my body and in under the leather strips. Again I gasped, another shock rolling through me, as his now oily fingers rubbed my clitoris!

The raw heat which had been swirling inside me exploded in intensity, and I leaned in more, shifting my knees apart as the heat burned within my body and mind! I gasped as one of his fingers pushed up inside me, gulping in air as I pumped his cock.

“This oil is edible, slave girl,” he said.

I had no idea what he meant, at first, given my mind was flustered and dazed. But he reached a long arm up, his hand catching some of my hair, and tugged it down, forcing me to bend more. And then more, and then my mouth was right over his cock.

I shuddered, my lips parting as I slid them over the head, then began to suck and bob up and down right there on the beach, right out in the open, with this stranger caressing my breasts and pumping a finger in my pussy!

His hand pushed down on my head and... and his cock was so slick with the strawberry tasting oil that it just popped right into my throat and slid down it until my lips were wrapped right around the base! I was so astonished, and in such a state of heat and passion that I only gagged a little!

He eased up on my head and I slid slowly up, gurgling now, gagging a little more, eyes glassy as inch after inch of him slid out of my mouth until with a cough, it popped free into my mouth.

“Suck my balls, slave girl,” he said lazily.

Coughing and gasping, I obeyed, pumping his cock, lifting it up and back against his stomach as I licked at then sucked on his balls. I guided the head back into my mouth and sucked strongly, bobbing up and down as I massaged his balls and squeezed the base of his cock, and somewhat to my disappointment and somewhat to my relief, he exploded in my mouth before we could do anything more.

“Maybe I'll call you back tonight, slave girl,” he said with a smile.

Chapter Four

I departed, with a hundred euro tip, my insides pulsing with such heat I almost wanted to ask him for ... well, something to finish me off!

But then I started to feel a sense of anxiety. Was I supposed to, well, report the uhm, big tip to Carmela? Because then I'd have to ... you know! I mean, if I got a hundred euro tip that would be as much as telling her that I had, uhm, messed around with him, and I didn't want to do that!

And besides, sharing regular tips was one thing, but it wasn't like *she* had given anyone a blow job! Why should she get to share in that!?

I hadn't been gone that long, after all! Surely she wouldn't notice. Anyway, 100 euros wasn't that huge a tip. I'd gotten 50 from Dubois twice now, after all. Of course, I shared those...

I did feel kind of tingly and nasty for having given him a blow job, though. Again, I didn't even know the man! My mind continued to shy away from the thought the tip had anything to do with it, either. I hadn't given him a blow job in expectation of a tip but because, well... because he'd asked for it!

I realize how silly that sounds, but given the sexual atmosphere of the place, the way I was dressed, and the way things had been going, given the mood I was in, well... it had seemed like I almost had to! Of course, the fact I'd been in a pretty randy mood to begin with had an effect, as well.

And I was even worse after that, at least for a while. The way he had groped and fingered me left me feeling very breathless and in need of relief. Unfortunately, I had to rush to get back before I was missed, and then there were other chores to do, other guests in need of drinks and snacks and other things.

And I was still running around more or less topless, which continued to make that hot little lava pit in my lower belly thrum and churn. My nipples were aching, too, from the way the pasty things pulled against the beads as I moved around.

I wondered if that guy, whose name I had taken the time to learn was Monsieur Larousse, would ask for me again later. Of course, if he did that then they'd know! Maybe some other girl would be sent instead if he called...

It was all very confusing, and very troubling. I wasn't normally one to engage in casual sex. Then again, most of the reasons why I didn't seemed to not really be present at the hotel.

*

I was coming back from Bungalow Thirty-One later on when I literally ran into Luis. He was this big, rough looking groundskeeper who I had seen around. He cut the grass and did minor repairs, mostly. He was tall, broad shouldered, and had long hair. In fact, he was a very hairy man, very Italian. His face was broad, his eyes dull, and he made me feel uncomfortable whenever he stared at me.

Of course, he stared at all the girls, with this strange look of, I don't know, suspicion, maybe, or maybe a disapproving scowl. Maybe he was religious, I didn't really know and I didn't really care. But on this occasion I was trotting up along a winding path and literally ran into him.

I bounced back, of course. It was like hitting a wall of hot, hairy flesh. I bounced back and fell on my ass amid some brush just off the side of the path, with my legs spread and the little strips of leather which made up my loincloth flying up to completely bare me!

I gasped and quickly jerked my legs together, picking myself up, red-faced, or at least, I started to. He reached down with these huge hands and gripped my upper arms and simply lifted me right up into the air. I don't mean onto my feet but right into the air so my feet were dangling some inches above the ground!

He stared at me as he held me there quite casually, his arms extended, then set me down on my feet. I gulped and nodded my thanks, then hurried past him.

"That man is weird," I said as I got into the restaurant.

"What man isn't?" Sofia sniffed.

"I mean Luis."

"Oh, him. Yes, he never talks. There's something wrong with him."

"He seems able to communicate with Carmela," Nicole said.

"What do you mean?"

"He's her spy, you know."

I frowned, wondering how a man cutting grass could be anyone's spy, but then again I supposed if he moved around all over the place he would see a lot, especially here.

"She sends him to fetch girls when she wants them too," Sofia says. "It's like he's her enforcer."

"In more ways than one," Ashley said, passing by.

"What does that mean?"

Ashley had already disappeared through the kitchen door, and Sofia shrugged and turned away.

I was still kind of horny, had been for much of the day, and got a call another call to the bar for drinks. I took them down to Bungalow Twelve, then returned. The trip down the path and up had tugged my nipples against the little round pasty things again, and they were throbbing!

"These outfits are stupid!" I said crossly to Gianni as I passed before the lobby counter.

He raised his eyebrows. "You think so?"

"They're... sexist!"

He shrugged.

"And... and they uhm... hurt!"

I blushed as I said, it and he raised his eyebrows again. Then he beckoned me to come around the counter. I bit my lower lip, then moved around the counter and he took my arm and led me into the small back office.

"You have been complaining about the uniforms since you arrived," he said sternly.

"Well... well what girl wouldn't!?" I exclaimed.

"You look quite attractive in that, and the guests like it."

"I bet they do!" I sniffed. "I don't see you in pasties."

"If that was what the guests liked that would be what I would be wearing. This is all about giving service and creating an atmosphere."

"Like Sodom and Gomorrah," I muttered.

"Preferably without the salt. And how does your outfit hurt exactly?"

I blushed and rolled my eyes.

"Well?"

"Well... you might know uhm, girls need some... uhm, support, you know," I said, blushing further.

He looked frankly at my breasts.

"They seem to be self-supporting," he said dryly.

"Oh, ha ha," I said sarcastically. "They're real, you know."

I took some pride in that.

"Yes, so?"

"So... real breasts move when a girl does!" I blurted.

"Yes, so?"

"So these... these ... things are locked in place!" I said, red faced.

He shrugged.

“To my nipples!” I said.

“Ah. Your nipples are being damaged, you think?” he asked with a smile.

“Forget it!”

I started to go but he took my arm and pulled me back.

“You have reported a possible health issue to the day manager, so it is required that I investigate further,” he said primly.

He cupped one of my breasts, and I gasped. Then he gripped the pasty and peeled it up and off. I yelped as the little rubber clip pulled at my nipple, but then it was off and my nipple, after a sudden sharp increase in the ache, began to feel a sense of soothing relief.

“Your nipple appears unharmed,” he said.

I was blushing even more hotly as he stared at my now naked breast.

Before I could react he had peeled the other pasty off my other breast!

“If the uniform is hurting your nipples then I could give you permission to go without,” he said.

He cupped both breasts, and I felt a rush of heat along with a new sense of embarrassment and anxiety. Then his thumbs began to lightly brush my very, very hard and swollen nipples, and I gasped with the sudden rush of sensation.

“You have very attractive nipples,” he said. “We would not want to damage them unduly.”

He pulled the beads off my neck and nodded safely.

“Yes, you can go without the top from now on.”

“That wasn't what I was asking!” I cried. “I can't go around topless.”

The pasty things hadn't been much coverage but they at least covered the center of my breasts!

“You have very excellent breasts,” he said. “Very firm. The guests will not complain.”

“Well, duh! Of course they won't complain!”

“Lower your voice,” he said sternly, closing his fingers in against my nipples to pinch them.

I gasped, grasping his wrists, and his face became more stern, raising his hands somewhat and pinching in harder against my nipples.

“Ow! Ow! Don't!”

“Lower your hands!” he said sternly.

Moaning, I obeyed, dropping my hands to my sides. He was still pinching my nipples, and tugging them up, but he eased the pressure.

“You are an insolent girl,” he said. “Carmela has to spend considerable time each summer breaking in new girls so that they are properly respectful towards authority.”

He eased his grip further and I moaned in relief, sinking back onto my heels. He started rolling my swollen nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers, though as he frowned down at me.

“Clearly she has work yet to do with you,” he continued.

“I didn't do anything!” I exclaimed. “I was just complaining about this stupid slave costume is all!”

“Disrespectful,” he said, shaking his head.

He reached into the top drawer of his desk and took out a foot long silver chain, like a thick necklace, only it had a large loop at either end made of twisted wire covered in plastic or something. He casually released my right nipple, then placed the loop in against it. Since the nipple was very hard and swollen that was quite easy.

He pressed in against the base of the little loop and then pulled on the chain, and the loop quickly cinched in tight at the base of my nipple!

“Hey! Oh! Ow! Don't!” I gasped.

“Shh,” he barked.

He placed the other loop around my other nipple, and did the same thing, pulling it in tight so it squeezed in around the base of my nipple! Then he released the chain and it hung there in a lazy half moon hanging from my nipples!

“This will make an adequate substitute for the other you do not like,” he said.

“I can't... you can't... !”

I gripped the chain, and my fingers went to the loops, trying to figure out how to open them.

“Don't fool with it,” he said, slapping my hand to knock it away.

Then he took my arm and marched me out of the office.

“Back to work!” he ordered.

Crack!

I yelped and jumped forward at the sharp slap to my bare bottom!

“But... but...!”

Ashley was passing by and smirked to see me.

“Complained about the pasties, didn't you,” she said in amusement as she continued by.

I gaped at her, blushing, raising my hands to cup and hide my breasts, but that wasn't something I could continue all day!

Salvatore the bartender snapped his fingers, beckoning me over there impatiently, and Gianni pointed. There really wasn't anything for it but to go over there and take the tray from him to take down to the beach attached to Bungalow Forty!

As I made my way gingerly down the path, carrying the tray, I stared down at my naked breasts in something like disbelief. I mean, sure lots of the women guests were topless or even nude, but I wasn't a guest! And this chain thing... !

It was, in some ways, the same as the other things. My breasts moved as I walked, and the chain rode my nipples, kind of weighing on them and pulling on them as I moved! It wasn't as sharp an ache as the clamps on the pasties, but it was a constant weight!

And I was topless! In public! Maybe Ashley and Sofia had experienced sunbathing topless, but I never had! Granted, I wasn't wearing much less than I had been with those pasty things, but now you could see my nipples, sort of bulging out around the thin wire!

There were two people on the beach, both naked. I blushed again. All this nudity! I carried the tray over and knelt beside the low table in the sand, then took the drinks off and slid them onto the table, picking up the empties.

“Doesn't that hurt?” the woman asked, eyeing my nipple chain.

I flushed. “Uhm, no, uhm, mistress,” I gulped.

It didn't hurt. It did sort of ache, though.

“Really?”

She reached over casually and slipped her fingers under the chain then lifted it up and towards her so she could look at it closer. Of course, this made me squeal and stumble forward as the chain tugged on my nipples! I dropped the empties into the sand as she half pulled me up onto the chair she was laying in and examined the chain.

“I would think it would hurt,” she said as her husband chuckled in amusement from behind me.

Of course, being pulled forward like that meant I was leaning forward with my back to him so I knew he'd have a marvelous view of my naked sex!

“P-Please, mistress!” I gulped, reaching for the chain and tugging it lightly.

I sucked in a breath of air as I felt his hand between my legs, cupping my sex and rubbing me there.

“Are you being impertinent, slave girl?” she asked in amusement.

“No, mistress!” I exclaimed.

I felt his hand leave my sex and then grab my arms, pulling them back together behind me. A moment later he did something with the bracelets and let go. The bracelets remained locked together!

I stared at her, my eyes wide, and she stared back, smiling in amusement as her husband jerked my legs further apart. I gasped as I felt his cock brushing against my inner thigh, and then it pushed at the entrance to my sex!

He, of course, was nicely oiled up, and I... I had been in a strange state of simmering sexual heat for the entire day, and was warm and moist.

“But... I... please... you... Oh!” I moaned as I felt his cock pushing into me.

“Such a pretty little slave girl,” she said in a low purring voice.

I felt his cock pushing deeper and deeper into my quivering belly as she she stared intently at my face.

“She's nice and tight,” he said.

“Just the way you like them, dear,” she replied.

“Oh! Oh please!” I gasped, as he started to stroke in and out.

This had happened so stunningly fast!

His body pressed down on me from above as his arms came around me. His hands came up to cup my breasts and squeeze them as his wife continued to hold firmly to the chain between my nipples! She smiled and combed her fingers through my hair as her husband thrust in and out and leaned in to chew hungrily along the nape of my neck.

His hips ground against my buttocks then drew back to thrust into me sharp and fast!

My body jerked and shook as I gasped for breath, and I cried out as she reached in between my legs to calmly stroke her fingers against my clitoris!

I was in a flustered, swirling, churning emotional mess of confusion again! But my body reveled in the hard, deep penetration and the way he was thrusting in and out! And while my nipples ached as she held the chain taut my breasts throbbed in his hands!

My mouth opened and closed soundlessly as I gurgled and moaned and gasped at the wild, raw, carnal attack, and then the sexual heat roared up like a dam had broken inside me, growing more and more intense with every passing second until I was crying out in shocked pleasure at every thrust!

The woman was rubbing harder against my clitoris now, still staring into my face, smirking as her husband rode me and dug his fingers into my breasts. I couldn't hide the orgasm from her when it arrived, for it swept my mind away and my eyes rolled back in my head as my hips bucked back desperately!

Chapter Five

The tip from the couple in Bungalow Forty was five hundred euros! I was delighted but also aghast at the amount. If I didn't tell Carmelo she'd really be pissed at me! But telling her would mean... you know, telling her! I mean, I didn't want to tell her I'd had sex with some guest, right out of the blue!

I was actually kind of indignant about the sex. I mean, he hadn't even asked! Of all the nerve! Who did they think I was, anyway, that they could just... you know... use me like that!?

I felt my indignation was a bit lame in that I'd had an orgasm and all, and was kind of delighted about the tip, so I remained in a state of anxious confusion and uncertainty about what was going on in this place, and what the hell I was doing.

I kept quiet about it, which, it turned out, as not a good idea. I ran several more errands, none of them involving sex, and then when I was heading down a narrow hall between the kitchen and the main lobby I ran into Luis. Well, this time I didn't run into him *literally*, but there he was in front of me.

I tried to aside aside to let him past but he grabbed me by the upper arm and pulled me with him. "Hey! What – !? Let go! Luis!"

He ignored me, marching me up the stairs and down the hall to where I could see Carmela waiting. I gulped, feeling both a sense of relief that Luis wasn't dragging me off to his cave or wherever it was he lived, and also anxiety at seeing the glare on Carmela's face.

She pointed into a room and Luis marched me in, then shoved me onto a chair.

"Hey! What are you doing!?" I demanded.

They both ignored me. Luis took these heavy black leather straps and swept them around my ankles! They closed tightly with Velcro straps, so it only took a few seconds, Then he pulled me to my feet, turned me around and drew my arms back behind my back.

Just as the couple from Bungalow Forty had done, he clipped the bracelets together, locking my wrists behind my back. Then he picked me up and sat me on the windowsill, which was open.

"I think I told you before about cheating on me, girl!" Carmela growled.

I gaped at her, then yelped as Luis shoved a kind of, ball, into my mouth! I gaped at him instead, astonished to find this expanding puffy ball filling my mouth as he strapped it behind my head! Was he crazy!? Were they both crazy!?

Then he shoved me so I fell out the window!

I squealed wildly as I found myself tilting backward and then falling upside down! I didn't fall far, mind you, but I did fall out the window, and then found myself being lowered on a pair of chains until I was hanging with my head just a couple of feet above the grass below!

The sun had set but the white stone of the building was still warm against my shoulders, back and buttocks as I stared wildly around me. The world looked very odd from my upside down perspective in the dim dusk, but I knew I was on the side of the building away from the entrances.

And that was where I hung for quite some time! At first my head began to throb, to pound, as the blood rushed to it, but that seemed to fade away after a few minutes. I was still dangling down the side of the wall, though, body stretched out above me. And there was absolutely nothing I could do!

Oh I could turn my head from side to side, and temporarily kind of raise my head and shoulders. But gravity always pulled me down and my wrists were firmly locked together behind me. I wasn't

afraid or anything, since if I fell it would only be a couple of feet into the brush, but I was fairly certain I was being punished because Carmela knew about what I'd done.

But what kind of a weird punishment was this!? Of course, it was better than that strapping she'd given me...

And then, after I'd hung there for about twenty minutes there was a rustle in the grass and Carmela appeared.

“So, Putanna, you have tried to cheat me again,” she said.

I shook my head anxiously and she snorted in disdain, then held up something I feared was the strap. Only... it didn't look like the strap. It was a thin handled thing with a bunch of foot long strips of leather attached, and Carmela swung it overhand and brought it down right on my pussy!

I squealed and twisted and writhed at the sudden sharp stinging blow! The thing wasn't heavy, and the leather strips were quite thin, but that meant they stung when they hit somewhere sensitive. And they were sure hitting somewhere sensitive!

“You must learn to obey, puttana,” she said, swinging it down again.

I didn't react as violently the second time, having taken the measure of the thing now. It didn't hurt that much, after all. I flinched and gasped, trying to pull my legs closer together, but failing. The chains attached to my ankles held them well apart.

“You must learn to share, slut,” she said, swinging it again, and then again.

I yelped and winced and flinched and jerked as the little flog swung down against my sex. It wasn't a part of my anatomy I was used to being hit! And even if the little leather strips were thin, and light, weighing about as much as a bootlace or shoelace, they still stung! And there were a lot of them!

And after hitting me between the legs a dozen times she lowered her aim and brought them down across my abdomen, then my belly, and then my breasts!

And like my pussy, my breasts and belly were quite sensitive, so the thin laces cutting across the soft surface of my skin made me yelp and cry out, jerking and twisting in futile response. She swung the flog a couple of dozen times, striking me all across the front of my body and making me frantic as I yelled and cried out and jerked convulsively.

Then with a snort of disdain, she turned and left me hanging there.

I felt grateful at first, relieved she'd gone. My skin felt sore, and a bit raw, though I couldn't see any marks on myself in the dim light of the rising moon. I continued to hang there, though, for quite some time, and began to fear she was going to keep me here all night!

Then she returned, and flogged me again! Just as before, she brought the little whip thing down against my breasts and belly and in between my legs, smirking as she made me twist and yelp and bounce and shake. Then she went away again!

I was feeling kind of frazzled, to put it mildly, gasping and panting, sweating, pulse racing, and my skin sore – at least for a few minutes. The pain faded, though, and I felt less wild, but still anxious. How long was I going to hang like this!? I was more than willing to cut her in on my tip! But I couldn't even offer it to her with my mouth gagged!

I hung there for some time, and believe it or not, began to doze off! You wouldn't think that would be possible, but it was quiet save for the sound of waves washing ashore below. And I was perfectly still, just... hanging there.

Still, maybe it's not so much I dozed off, as in fell asleep, as that I fell into a kind of state of sluggish stupor after an hour or so of hanging there.

Then she returned and flogged me again! Fuck! That sure woke me up! I squealed and twisted and cried out into the gag as she brought the little laces snapping down across my pussy and breasts and belly!

“I will give you something you seem to need so well, puttana,” she growled as she finished.

I didn't care! I was just relieved she had finished!

I couldn't see very well what she was doing but I felt a sudden pressure against my sex! I gasped, and tried to jerk my legs together, but of course, could not, as something hard and... slippery, twisted and pushed at my opening. I moaned as it forced aside the lips of my sex and entered my body, then slid determinedly deeper!

I felt a wave of disbelief, of a 'this can't be happening' sense, but the thick whatever-it-was pushed deeper and deeper, straining the lips of my sex and stretching out the narrow tunnel leading up... now down... into my body!

I heard her chuckling as she pumped the thing slowly in and out, twisting and turning it as she worked it deeper.

“This is what girls like you always need, puttana, something long and thick and hard inside you!”

I felt something slip across the top of my sex, pressing firmly against my flesh right over my clitoris, and then the thing began to quiver, to buzz, to... vibrate.

She left me there like that, with this thick... thing stuffed deep into my pussy, held in place by a spring loaded clip which had slipped across the top of my sex and was pressing against my clitoris – and vibrating!

Wonderment gripped me for a few minutes. Was she insane, the bitch!? After a little longer I began to feel a sense of dizziness, along with a sort of woe-is-me victim mentality, feeling sorry for myself. And then... and then I began to feel a thrumming heat inside my belly.

I was stuffed full by the the long, hard vibrator, and the sensation of being stuffed full had always, in my mind, especially of late, meant hot, delicious sex. The vibrator, of course, helped with that, as did the kinky nature of my hanging upside down naked outside.

I have to admit I did nothing to resist the sensation. I let the sexual heat and passion spread through my body with a welcome for both the distraction and the pleasure. It was a wicked, anxious sense of welcome, but I was alone, so I didn't have to hide the wanton passions rising inside me.

A soft, dull heat spread all through me, and it intensified, tightening my chest as a simmering, then crackling sexual tension began to grip me. My breathing became more ragged and my muscles began to spasm as I writhed and trembled slowly against the wall, dangling helplessly in the moonlight.

The heat was like a drug, and my mind began to thrum in tune with my body, need and hunger filling me as I started to feel a wild sense of thrilled excitement at how dark and kinky and nasty this all was. And why not? I was far from home, where sneering judgment about morality would have worried me. And ever since I'd gotten here my inhibitions had been melting away.

I climaxed, crying out, twisting and jerking convulsively, my head thrashing as the sexual energy tore through me. I'd never had an orgasm while hanging upside down before. It was extremely... disorienting! The world was not only upside down but dark, after all, and my mind was spinning wildly!

It seemed to take quite a while for my body to stop jerking and shaking, and I continued to twitch and jerk for some time afterward, though not as much. The buzzing pressed against my clitoris felt overpowering and uncomfortable, and disturbed the state of languor I'd otherwise feel after an orgasm. But then my body began to twist those sensations into a renewed state of heat, hunger and need, and I started to tremble with rising lust once again!

As the heat rose my hips began to grind and jerk, bucking helplessly against nothing. I had this desperate need for the thing inside me to move, to be locked in place against something hard so I could grind myself against it, so I could slide up and down on it!

That I couldn't do it was intensely frustrating!

Even so, another climax tore through me, and my head whipped in and out as I swung to the violent spasms and twitching of my muscles. It's harder to arch your back while hanging by your ankles upside down but I managed it a number of times!

Then I hung there dazedly, gasping, chest heaving, moaning into the gag as the world seemed to turn slowly around me. Maybe it was just my eyes which were turning and rolling!

God!

I felt another wave of disbelief at my predicament. My friends in London would be astounded had they realized what sorts of kinky experiences I was undergoing down here in Italy!

That thought kind of made me feel a bit jubilant, to be honest. They all thought of me as this boring girl who didn't do anything crazy and wouldn't get wildly drunk and pub crawl. And here I was involved in this dark, nasty, wickedly kinky stuff they could only ever imagine!

The heat began to creep up on me again, and I literally shook my head in amazement. I'd never felt a vibrator before, it was true, but I would never have imagined I could feel orgasm after orgasm like this no matter what the circumstances!

And my body was going through the same sense of discomfort which then blurred and morphed into a thrumming, crackling heat as before! The... thing pressing against my clitoris was relentless, and my insides were being churned into a frothing, overheated stew!

And then Carmela returned, and I moaned, sudden tension gripping me. Was I going to get flogged again!? Was she going to realize how hot I was and sneer at me for being a filthy slut!? Then I felt a real jolt as I realized the person moving through the bush wasn't Carmela. It was Luis!

He chuckled throatily, sounding like a gorilla, and reached out to touch the vibrator. I squealed as he pulled it up out of my body and the vibrations stopped. For a moment I felt quite empty. Then his fingers, two huge fingers, thrust into me, pumping in and out!

I was sopping wet, of course, and part of me was horrified that this big... ape was pawing and touching me! But I have to say my body reveled in the penetration of something warm, something which moved in and out, and when his thumb began to stroke across my clitoris my squeals became helpless cries of pleasure!

The pad of his thumb was large and rough, but it was warm and I was wet, and as it rubbed me my body began to tremble and shake in helpless need! Then came the shocking sound of his zipper going down. I'm sure my eyes bulged as I looked up along his body, what I could see of it in the shadow since the moon was behind him, and saw him draw out a huge erection!

I shook my head frantically but he drew his fingers out of me and then pushed his big cock down, spreading me achingly wide as he forced it inside me! I arched and shook, pulling my wrists against the bracelets locking them behind me, but I could do nothing to resist as he pushed deeper and deeper!

And then the raw, wild heat began to surge! I was thunderstruck, of course, that this big, hideous, rough, dullard was going to fuck me, but my body burned with delight which soon began to inflame my mind, as well!

I was still shocked, astonished, horrified, in part, but the animal heat and passion swept over me and I cried out again and again as he forced himself deeper and deeper! He gripped my thighs, thrusting down, forcing himself ever deeper as my body flared with shocked need!

OhmyGod! It was so good! It was beyond good! It was stunningly exciting! Every deep thrust made me cry out into the gag as a wave of sensation and pleasure rippled through my already trembling body!

I'd never had sex with so little participation by myself! I could neither move nor speak! All I could do was hang there while he plunged into me again and again! And this left my mind free to focus entirely on the feeling of my body as he pumped in and out, on the dark, thrumming heat filling my mind and the soaring heat and passion gripping me!

And there was this weird, twisted sense of freedom with the gag thing filling my mouth! I mean, I'm a reserved person, so in most respects I would not want to make much noise, especially, you know, the sounds of pleasure. But the gag muffled that so deeply I was able to release my hold on myself.

That meant I didn't have to lend any part of my mind to restraining a single thing about my reaction, and my cries of pleasure grew into virtual screams and sobs as he rammed himself into me with hard, powerful strokes and another orgasm tore through my body and mind!

I really felt as if I was on drugs or something! My mind was spinning and these incredible bursts of crackling sexual electricity were rolling up and down my spine! Hanging by my ankles it was easy to see myself as flying, as tumbling with boneless grace through lights and colors and rushing waves of pleasure!

I was numbed, eyes glazed over, by the time he finished and left me there, still hanging limply. I moaned dazedly, panting and trembling for some time. But still hanging by my ankles.

Another twenty minutes later I thought it must be Carmela, but it was him again. I moaned dazedly, but he simply gripped my ankles, then unchained them, one by one. He lowered me to the ground, letting my head and shoulders down fairly smoothly before simply dropping the rest of me.

I gasped as my body fell heavily to the grass, but right away he was behind me, undoing the leather straps from my ankles. He matter-of-factly removed the ball gag from my mouth, then unclipped the bracelets which had been binding my wrists together behind my back.

He gathered my hair up into his fist and gave an impatient tug. I gasped as I slid along the ground, quickly twisting around to get my hands and knees under me. I pushed myself up, trying to get to my feet, but he tugged again, and I sprawled forward onto hands and knees.

I had to scramble forward as he continued along, holding my hair as though it were some kind of leash! I crawled rapidly through the brush and grass as he walked back around the side of the hotel and up to one of the service doors.

And there, ahead of me, I saw Carmela standing by the door, glowering. I gulped and felt embarrassment and anxiety sweep through me, but I couldn't slow down or back away. Luis was plodding through the grass and my hair was firmly gripped in his fist!

He led me up to Carmela and stopped, and she scowled down at me.

“You no hide special tips again, puttana,” she growled. “or punishment will be very more stronger!”

She gestured to Luis, who released my hair, and I jumped to my feet, eyes wide.

She sniffed and went back inside. I stared at them, then stared around me, still more than slightly dazed. I was naked outside! I hurried in after them, turning in the other direction of course, hurrying upstairs to the staff sleeping quarters and my tiny room!

Chapter Six

I admit to not being the bravest girl in the world. I found Carmela to be extremely... intimidating. I had even before I'd discovered the giant Luis was her hatchet man. I considered leaving the next day, but never seriously.

You see, while I was intimidated by Carmela I wasn't exactly afraid of her. I mean, yes, she'd punished me a couple of times, but the punishments were... well, breathlessly kinky, nasty, and imbued with this dark thrill of lust, heat and pleasure – despite the pain.

I was sore from how hard Luis had used me, but the dark thrill of it had been scalding, and that colored my memories. I was indignant and angry but also somewhat awed at what I'd gone through. I didn't look back at it in horror but wonder.

That didn't mean I wanted more of it but... well... the anxiety of something more happening wasn't enough to overcome the strange new thrill of what I was doing, not to mention all the money I was making.

When I got to the staff room I found the other girls were all 'dressed' like I was now. I mean, the pasties were gone and they had those chain things attached to their nipples. I didn't have anything, which Carmela noticed right away, of course, with her spiteful little glower.

She produced one, and ignored my suggestion I put it on. She put it on instead, and I had to stand there, wincing and blushing and gasping as the other girls pretended to ignore us.

And then there was a new 'necklace' to replace the many stringed ones we'd been wearing. Except it wasn't a necklace. Carmela called it a choker, a pretty choker.

It was a collar!

I mean, it might not have been obvious, like those studded leather ones you see on the internet, but there was no doubt about what it was. It was metal, about two inches wide, and covered in ornate decorative lines drawn of flowers and leaves.

And there were thick rings in the front and back!

And then there was our number. We were each given a number – for efficiency. Carmela said the guests didn't want to waste time remembering our names. So we had a large tag dangling from the front of our collars with our number on it, and from then on we would only be referred to by both guests and staff by that number.

I was 'Six'. And Six became, in effect, my name. It would be "Six, the roast is read," or "Six, take this down to Bungalow Nine," or "Go and tell Marco I want to see him, Six."

Sofia and Ashley took it in stride. In fact, the only ones who were kind of wide-eyed at it were the new girls like me and Selena. We ate breakfast and then started out to set up for the guests breakfast. Carmela stopped me, though, jerking back on my arm.

"Not you, Six," she growled.

I felt my pulse rate pick up as she jerked me back into the room and slapped my bottom.

"What!?" I exclaimed.

"I have a special addition to your uniform," she said.

She opened a cupboard and took out a ... well.. I wouldn't know what to call it! I didn't know what to call it then, either! I didn't even realize what it even was to look at it!

It was a hard metal belt which went around the waist. It could only be adjusted in that the buckle could clip the opposite side at different places. From the back of the belt came a hard, narrow band of metal which went straight down and curved forward and up. There was a round metal ball attached to it near the bottom of the curve, and then a longer, rounded metal tube attached to the end.

I stared at it blankly, never having seen anything remotely like it.

Carmela jerked sharply on the hair spilling down my back.

“Head back, legs apart, hands behind your neck, Six!” she snapped.

Gasping, I obeyed, still completely mystified until she slid the belt around my waist! Then I felt a shock of recognition mixed with disbelief and embarrassment. Along with it came the family sense of confusion about what, if anything I should do!

I felt the round ball pushing against my back passage! I moaned helplessly, my mind swirling and churning with indecision as it slowly sank into me. The metal probe at the end of the curving metal bar pushed up against my sex, then into it as she gripped the underside and pushed. I felt it slide deep inside me as the ball was sucked into my bottom.

The flat metal was now firmly pressed against my sex, curving back over my tailbone and up between my buttocks to the rear of the metal belt. Carmela then buckled the belt snugly around my waist, and removed the loincloth thing.

“Now go!” she ordered, slapping my ass!

My hands jerked off my neck as I stumbled forward, and the first thing I did was drop my eyes to stare below me! The flat curved metal which came in from behind me rose up just enough to cover my sex and was held flat there. You couldn't tell there was a, well, a dildo on the underside.

But at the same time it left the rest of me naked. There was nothing at all between the top of my sex and the belt, and so I felt even more naked than I had the other day.

“I can't go outside like this!” I wailed.

“Of course you can, puttana,” she said.

And it wasn't like I had a choice! So once again I was red-faced and self-conscious as I went out into the dining room, and my mind squirmed even more as I brought breakfast down to the people in their bungalows.

The first bungalow I went to the man took the tray with thanks, then pushed me down onto my knees and took his cock out of his trousers! Without even asking he gripped my hair and pushed it against my face and... I opened my mouth, even though I didn't really want to, and let him push himself inside!

It was done so astonishingly casually! And there was this calm attitude of his as though this was simply part of our normal room service routine!

All he wanted was a quick blow job, and then I hurried back upstairs with my hundred euro tip. I made six more trips to bungalows with breakfast, giving two more men oral sex along the way. It was quick, easy, and all told I made almost four hundred euros over breakfast!

Minus the share the other staff got, of course.

I told myself, with some small shreds of comfort, that at least all I was doing was giving blow jobs. The metal belt thing that Carmela had attached to me couldn't be removed, you see! At least, not by me! It required a key to unhinge the lower, curving part with the dildo and butt-plug thing from the waist belt, and I didn't have one!

That meant nobody else could even ask me for real sex, I thought.

Foolish me!

Around mid-morning I was sent down to the deck on Bungalow Twenty-seven with a tray of colas and bowls of chips and pretzels. There were two Russian couples in Bungalow Twenty-Seven. That meant the women were young and cute and largely naked, and the men middle aged and wearing speedos.

I smiled ingratiatingly, and set the tray down, then started to take the glasses of it. They were all speaking Russian, apparently in good humor, one of the men got up and came around to me, grinning. He said something to the rest, not to me, and so I ignored him, taking the remainder of the glasses and bowls off the tray.

The funny thing was that as I removed the last bowl I saw a small key on the tray. I stared at it in confusion.

Just then the Russian guy drew my arms back behind my back and locked the bracelets together! I gasped, eyes widening, as he led me over to the side of the deck and then lifted my arms sharply up behind me!

I squealed in surprise, forced to bend over at the waist as he raised my arms up high. When he let them go my arms stayed where they were, and I craned my neck awkwardly back to see that the 'bracelets' had been clipped to a chain dangling from the porch roof!

Crack!

I yelped at the slap to my bottom, but it was drowned out in the coarse laughter which followed.

The man picked up the key and then I felt his fingers against the small of my back. A moment later the lower portion of the belt separated, and he pulled it away, revealing the dildo and butt-plug sliding out of my body – to more coarse laughter!

My face burned hotly as I moaned in embarrassment! I didn't know what I was supposed to do, or what I could do! I wasn't able to move away or straighten up, and now I felt his fingers caressing my sex, and pushing into me!

After my initial embarrassment with the belt and my naked breasts I had begun to feel that dark, helpless heat again, which had been with me all morning, especially with the metal penetrating my body. So I was already moist on the inside even if you didn't take into effect the lube Carmela had put on both of the things she'd shoved up inside me.

One of the women strolled forward in her thong, holding what looked like a foot long stainless steel hook! The end wasn't sharp, but rounded, though, and she passed it to the man, then began to gather my hair up in her fingers.

The four of them were talking back and forth, but in Russian, which I didn't understand. All I could do was stand there bent over, gasping and yelping as I was pawed and touched and then... then the hook was pushed into my bottom!

The woman with my hair in her hands pulled it up and back as I felt the metal sinking into me, and then felt the hook curve up across my tailbone and go up my spine about eight inches or so. I raised my head with the pressure being put on my hair, and she combed it back again, holding it straight back along my back as she and the man did something with it.

When she took her hands away my hair stayed where it was, tied in some way to the hook they had shoved into my bottom! I could feel the pressure of the hook against my tailbone now whenever I tried to move my head forward!

The man, still chatting jovially with the others, moved around in front of me, pulled his speedo down, and thrust his erection right into my open mouth!

Of course it was open! I mean, my hair was being pulled back behind me. My scalp ached, and the ache was getting sharper because it was very hard to hold my head up like this the way my body was bent over! That meant more and more of the weight of my head was falling on my hair!

I moaned helplessly as the man pumped slowly in and out, then yelped as someone slapped my bottom sharply.

I wasn't sure what they said which accompanied the slap but I closed my lips tighter around the man's cock and started sucking and licking!

I felt lips against my clitoris, then, and gasped aloud as soft, female hands squeezed my buttocks! Someone was licking me hard, and it didn't feel like the other man! In the meantime, the man in front of me thrust himself straight down my throat!

I gurgled helplessly, unable to get away at all, or even shift myself with the way my body was positioned and hair tied back! I felt fingers sliding into me from behind, but that was almost irrelevant compared to the big cock in my throat!

Luckily, I was starting to get good at controlling my gag response to having a cock shoved down my throat! It still made my stomach twist and my eyes burn, at first, despite the position being just about perfect for it.

And it was that position which began to loosen up the protests from my throat, to ease on the gag response, as his slick, warm cock began to push up and down in my mouth and throat. In fact, I felt myself becoming startled at how easily I was handling it, at how relaxed my gag reflex now was as his thick cock moved up and down!

That let me focus more attention on the fingers sliding in and out of my pussy from behind, though of course, I could see nothing of what was happening back there, and the lips sucking rhythmically on my clitoris!

And then there was the mind blowing shock of being naked and involved in sex with FOUR people, all strangers! You can't get much more obscenely displayed then bent over with your legs spread, and there were three people behind me!

I gurgled dazedly around the cock in my throat as it slid slowly back to pop free, saliva pouring over my lower lip as he pulled free and rubbed himself over my face. My jaw was wide open as I gulped in air, gasping for breath, moaning weakly as he moved away from me.

The other man moved forward and pushed his cock into my mouth. A moment later the girl stopped sucking and fingering me and I felt the first man's slick, saliva coated cock pushing into my body.

This was so ... perverted!

I gulped down the second man's cock as he pushed himself deep, deep into my mouth and down my throat, until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft. The other man sank to the balls in my pussy and began to slowly work his way in and out as hands – I had no idea whose – groped and fondled my breasts.

I was gripped by a seething haze of dark, almost masochistic sexual heat now as the two men used my body. No words were exchanged – with me, at least. They spoke among themselves, and the two women, I sensed, had moved up alongside me to see better. One even held a camera!

I moaned dazedly, gurgling around the cock of the man pumping in my mouth and throat as my body shuddered to the increasing strength of the hips slapping against my buttocks. I stared into the lower belly of the man before me as he pumped in and out, my eyes crossing as they dropped to his slick shaft pushing into my mouth.

I felt fingers between my legs, on my clitoris. I had no idea who they belonged to, nor cared, really. I shuddered as they pressed against me, as they pushed up and in and back against my swollen little button, the muscles in my hips spasming and jerking reflexively as I felt the heat rising within me once again.

I was growing more and more dazed and light headed as the man thrusting into my throat grew more frantic, making it harder to breath. But there was nothing I could do, not even protest! I was a... an object, without will or voice, to be used by the guests in the same way as a piece of furniture.

My mind swam, and then the orgasm tore through me like a sudden storm, a hammering against my already dazed senses that left my mind spinning as my body jerked and shook and trembled between the men using it.

I don't know if they even noticed. The man thrusting into me from behind was slapping sharply against my hips, which made my body jerk and shake, and the one in front of me had hold of my ears as he thrust into me again and again, burying himself to the balls in my mouth.

Fortunately, this one, at least, finished quickly, or I might have fainted, and, given the way I was tied, dislocated my arms!

He pulled out, leaving me gasping and sucking in deep breaths of air as my body continued to be rocked by the hard blows of the other man's hips against my upraised buttocks. Then one of the women stepped before me, giggling, and gripped my ears to grind her sex against my face.

She leaned forward, and I got the impression she was kissing the man behind me. I saw one of his hands move forward and fondle her breast as she ground my face into her, and I started dazedly licking, almost out of instinct.

There was more Russian babbling, and they halted. My wrists were unlocked, or rather, unlinked from the chain holding them up, and my hair was unbound from the ... the hook thing in my bottom. I all-but collapsed to my knees as they dragged me over next to a recliner, and the woman quickly jumped into it.

She sprawled low, slouching down and spreading her legs wide as she gripped my hair and dragged me in and forward to push my face against her sex once again.

The other man knelt behind me, only now I felt his cock pushing into my back passage. Fortunately, it was somewhat prepared by the rounded hook thing, as he sank into me fairly deep, and with little patience for letting me adjust.

I moaned helplessly as she twisted her fingers in my hair, and began to lick at her clitoris again as the man's cock pushed insistently deeper and he began to pump in and out. Hands roughly groped my breasts, but who they belonged to didn't really matter to my fuzzy mind as I concentrated on pleasing the woman twisting my hair.

The man behind me was almost irrelevant as he pumped, even when he pushed deep enough for his hips to start slapping against my buttocks. Sometimes it ached when he pushed deep, though, cramps rippling through my belly, but that always eased as he drew back again for another thrust.

I licked hard at the woman's clitoris, panting and gasping as the two used me. The orgasm had further dazed me, and I was almost an automaton as I licked, but they didn't seem to notice. They continued to shout and laugh and joke with each other in slurred Russian.

The man came, which was something of a relief, and eased back on his heels to watch, but the other woman moved in and thrust a big dildo into my pussy and started pumping it in and out as she fingered my clitoris. After some shouts in Russian she laughed and moved directly behind me, holding the base of the dildo against herself as she fucked me with it and slapped my bottom repeatedly.

Then the woman in the chair came, and the first man replaced her, so that I could suck and lick his balls and cock and get him hard again. Instead of fucking me, however, they pushed me on my back and the second woman knelt over me. I had to lick her clitoris as the man fucked her from behind, to a great deal of pleasure on her behalf given how loud she was.

*

I staggered out of there with a thousand euro tip, ten hundred euro notes stuffed into the front of the metal belt as they attached the rest of the thing, locked it, and sent me back up to the hotel. I was still so overwhelmed by it all that I kind of collapsed onto the path halfway up, still panting and trying to get my mind back in order.

I mean, I'd seen a lot of my inhibitions melt away under the hot Italian sun in a shockingly short time, but the Russians had been something else again! It had been like an orgy, with me as the focus, and I'd never imagined taking part in anything remotely like it!

I thought again about leaving, but the idea was remote, somehow. I mean, I was making so much money, and the sheer, raw carnal experience of what I was taking part in was a dark and shocking thrill ride, the kind I'd never have volunteered for but now couldn't quite bring myself to end.

And then Luis showed up! He said nothing, of course. He simply grabbed me by the hair as he walked by, and I cried out as I was yanked backwards onto my back, dragged along the dirt for several feet until I could scramble around and get my hands and knees under me!

Then I crawled frantically along beside him as he pulled me up the rest of the way and over to the door where Carmela sat. She gave me a flinty eyed look as he released me and continued inside.

“You filthy,” she said, then smirked. “You are filthy whore, Six.”

She stood up and grabbed my hair in turn, and I cried out once more as she pulled me to my feet. She slapped my bottom sharply, then unlocked the lower part of the metal belt. The euros dropped out and she picked them up, sniffing and nodding her head in satisfaction.

“Good for some theeng,” she said, handing me back my share.

She slapped my bottom again. “Go clean you body, whore! And come back quick quick!”

I scurried away, upstairs to my room, hardly aware that I was entirely nude now, without even the metal covering up my sex. A shower sounded like a good idea to me anyway. I did it quickly, brushed out and dried my hair and then, by then somewhat back to what passed for normal, reluctantly hurried back to where Carmela waited.

She looked me over, and I flushed a bit, given she was at a height, from her seat, with my naked sex. She reached up and let her fingers stroke across it.

“Good. Keep soft,” she said. “Guests like.”

She stood up, the other part of the belt in hand, and fastened it to the back of the one around my waist, then locked it in place. She slapped my bottom again and sent me back into the hotel to wait my next order.

Chapter Seven

It was still my job to fetch and carry for the guests, to deliver meals, drinks and snacks, or anything else they needed or wanted, as well as waiting on them when they came into the restaurant, but the pretense this was anything like a normal serving job had rapidly faded away. The sexual element had risen, in turn, including the kinky part of it, the bondage 'slave girl' part.

By the next day I didn't even have the belt to wear around. I, and the other girls, was down to the collar, wrist and ankle bracelets, the nipple chain, and nothing else. That morning we were also told we must be more respectful to the others who worked at the hotel, and always address them as 'master' and 'mistress' the same way we did the guests, now.

I brought breakfast for five of the bungalows, performing oral sex for the residents of all five, and also having sex with the residents in two. But that brought me almost a thousand more euros.

After the morning rush, however, Selena, one of the other new girls, and I were ordered up to Carmela's office, to stand there side by side as she glowered at us. Since she had a thin switch in hand we were both fairly anxious.

"You not smile for guests, Six!" she ranted.

Crack! The switch cut across my buttocks!

"Ow!" I yelped.

"You not standing straight, Nine!"

Crack! It struck Selena's bottom and the pert brunette yelped and jerked upright.

"Head up, arms back!"

Crack! The switch bit into my bottom!

I gasped, standing rigid, shoulders back and chest out!

"Always back straight!" she growled, swinging the switch down across Selena's bottom.

She moved in front of me, glowering.

"Smile, Six!"

"Legs spread! Hands behind neck!"

Selena and I quickly stood as she wanted, arching our backs as she let the switch roughly slide over our nipples and tap lightly, but menacingly against our breasts.

"Puttanass," she sneered.

She opened the desk drawer and I gulped as I recognized what she took out from the other night. It was a thick dildo, with a spring clip on the bottom like a large ball point pen. That would be the thing she'd pushed into me! She had one in each hand and stood there before us two anxious girls, glaring at us.

Then she pressed the noses of the vibrators against our opening and slid them into our bodies, slowly, pumping in and out, twisting and turning, daring us with our eyes to object as we stood rigidly in place, backs arched!

When the clips slid up above the top of our pussies, over our clitoris' she turned the two things on, and I felt the vibrations as raw sensation flooding into my lower body!

"Animals," she growled. "You are animals! Beasts! She swung the switch down across my bottom, and then Selena's.

She snorted, then picked up the phone and spit out a stream of high speed Italian. I could partially understand since I was fairly good at Spanish, and it sounded like she was calling for Ashley. Meanwhile, Selena and I stood with legs parted, hands behind our necks, backs arched, the vibrators purring and buzzing inside us and around our clitoris'

Ashley knocked and hurried in.

"Smile, Three!"

The blonde girl instantly smiled enthusiastically, as if she were delighted.

Crack! The switch cut into Selena's bottom.

"Please her sex, Three," she growled.

"Of course, Mistress Carmela!" Ashley said with the same delight in her voice as was on her face.

She instantly trotted forward and knelt before Selena, then gripped her hips and began to lick. I gulped anxiously as I watched, as I eyed Carmela watching with satisfaction, and as I watched how quickly and happily Ashley seemed to be in her response. The American girl was filled with apparent enthusiasm as she set about obeying Carmela's orders.

Selena's face was red, at first, though I was sure that, like me, she'd already had at least some introduction to pleasing females, or being pleased by them. She stood rigidly in position at first, as Ashley's tongue and lips worked on her clitoris. The flush on her face deepened, though, and spread down her chest as the blonde girl continued.

The 'clip' which slipped up past the line of her sex was hollow, just as mine was, exposing the clitoris. It was made of two very slender bars which pressed into the soft flesh of her groin on either side of it, and then a crossbar above. The effect was to press in against her flesh which made the clitoris swell out fairly obviously even as those bars buzzed and vibrated.

The Italian girl's hips were soon quivering and trembling as her chest rose and fell more rapidly.

"Stop. Do the other one now."

"Yes, Mistress!" Ashley said with evident delight.

She quickly crawled between my legs, and I yelped as the switch cut across my bottom.

"Legs spread wider, Six!"

I quickly jerked my legs into the same position as Selena, who hadn't moved since Ashley had shifted over to me, and I bit my lower lip as I felt Ashley's tongue lapping at my clitoris, then her lips starting to massage and suck on my clitoris! This was so bizarre! But at the same time, watching her performing on Selena had turned me on despite myself, and now the dark heat was starting to swirl and churn inside me!

And then the door opened and Luis came in. I gurgled helplessly, but when Carmela drew her arm back I stiffened into the proper position again as he stood stolidly, doing nothing, his face showing nothing.

"Stop. Three, go to Luis and beg him to allow you to please him."

With hardly any hesitation, Ashley crawled over to Luis, still showing a face filled with eagerness.

"May I serve you, master?" she asked happiness.

Luis just looked at her.

"Please may I serve you, master?" she asked.

She slid forward, lowering her upper body almost to the floor, and I gaped as she began to lick at the top of his shoes!

"Please may this slave girl serve your body, master?" she whined, licking at his shoes and then rubbing her cheeks against his ankle! She rubbed her cheek like she was a cat, slowly sliding up his body until she could rub herself against his groin.

"Can this worthless sex slave please you, master?" she whined, rolling her eyes upward.

"Stop. Back on knees."

I gasped as Carmela lowered the switch and let it stroke ungently across my swollen clitoris as the vibrator purred.

“You will now beg Luis, puta,” she growled. “You will do as the blonde slut did.”

She let the switch saw over my exposed clitoris, her voice low and intense and threatening. “You will show how eager you are to service his body.”

“Go!”

Crack!

I yelped and threw myself forward and down, my mind awash in dark heat as well as indignation and anxiety. Memories of the hard deep thrusts into my belly from the previous night filled my mind as the vibrator buzzed!

“I-I...”

Crack!

“Oh!

“Please may I serve you, m -- ?”

Crack! “Smile, puttana!”

“Ow!”

“Please may I serve you, master!” I blurted, smiling.

Crack!

“Smile! Happy, Six! Happy!”

“Please may I serve you, master!” I begged.

Then I dropped my head desperately, hoping to avoid another sharp stinging blow, and began to lick at his shoes as Ashley had done!

I tried to keep my eyes alive with eagerness, and my lips drawn back in a smile as I begged, as I licked, as I rubbed my face against his legs and then his groin. I could both see and feel how erect he was as I did so, and my heart and pulse were both racing as the vibrator purred.

I thought my clitoris must be incredibly swollen!

But as aroused as I was I was also somewhat repulsed, and... angry, indignant at being so... degraded. Yet at the same time, the very outrageousness of what I was doing added to the dark, wicked, kinky thrill of it as my nipples burned and my insides churned!

“Now you, Nine!”

Selena had to do the same now, kneeling before Luis and begging him, licking his shoes, then rubbing her face up against his groin as I knelt and spread my legs and put my hands behind my neck with my back arched. Carmela came over to me and ordered me to put my hands behind my back, then locked the bracelets together. She went over to Selena, jerked her hands down and back and locked them in place, as well.

“Both of you,” she ordered.

I threw myself forward onto my belly beside Selina, begging him and licking at his shoes as she did the same, and he smiled finally, then undid his jeans and dropped them. His cock sprang up, thick and hard and long, and both of us gasped, though I had kind of seen it, and even felt it the other night!

He reached down and his big hands gripped our nipple chains, then pulled, forcing us up quickly.

I saw Ashley hurry over before Carmela and kneel as Selena started to lick at Luis’ balls. I took his cock into my mouth, marveling at how thick it was as I sucked on the head, then began to bob up and down. With our hands bound we could do little more but suck and lick as he tugged on our nipple chains to make our nipples sting and burn!

Behind us, Ashley was licking Carmela as she watched us.

I moaned as my lips slid down the thick shaft, and Luis shifted his grip to our hair, pulling Selena’s face in harder against his balls, and then somehow forcing my straining lips all the way down the length of his monster cock!

I gurgled helplessly with that thick hot, hard length of flesh filling my throat, but he held me easily as Selena sucked his balls. Then he drew back slowly, and it was her turn to somehow swallow his meat as I desperately licked and sucked on his balls.

“Lick harder, slut,” Carmela growled, swinging the switch down on Ashley’s back.

She watched us licking and sucking and bobbing with a dark, feral look in her eyes, then stopped us. Luis sat down on an old, wooden, straight backed chair. Carmela pulled the vibrator out of Selina’s pussy and put it into Ashley.

“Ride him, Nine,” he ordered Selena. “Put his big cock in your whore belly!”

Moaning and trembling, she straddled his chair and he held his thick shaft up. She gasped as the head pressed against her, but then sank down, yelping a bit as he stretched her. She sank down slowly, gasping and moaning, rising, then falling, taking him in bit by bit until Carmela lost patience, pushed Ashley away, and began to bring the switch down across her bottom.

She yelped but sank down faster, taking him deeper, until her buttocks were firmly against his thighs, then began to ride up and down on his fat cock as Carmela dragged Ashley in front of her again and the blonde girl resumed licking.

Selina wasn’t acting, so far as I could see, as she began to rapidly heat up. Her cries became louder and louder, shifting from pain to pleasure, her eyes starting to lose focus as she impaled herself on that giant cock again and again!

When her cries rose to screams and her movement began desperately, his hands gripped her buttocks and jerked her up and down even harder, and she threw her head up and back, spasming repeatedly as the orgasm tore through her.

I looked on, appalled and... and burning hot! And then it was my turn, as Carmela took the vibrator out of me and ordered me to ride him. I did so eagerly, while trying not to show it. That got me more blows from the switch.

“Smile, slut!”

I yelped and obeyed, gasping and moaning in turn as I rode his cock, leaning into him as he gripped the nipple chain and pulled me in hard so he could chew and bite at my breasts!

Crack! The switch cut across my ass!

“Ride heem like whore!” Carmela ordered. “Ride heem like Heengleesh whore!”

I did just that, I’m afraid, any care about how I was seen, any worry about pride fading away under the shocking avalanche of outrageous heat and crackling sexual electricity! It hurt every time I sank all the way down, but I didn’t care! If anything, the pain added, somehow, to the dark, wild pleasure!

His cock was a burning spike that drove deep into my belly every time I let myself drop down, but the wild, dark rush of sensation and writhing dark excitement had set a feverish need loose in my mind. I didn’t care about anything but satisfying the lust which burned like a deep, desperate addiction within me!

I screamed as I came, as he bit at my breast, as his fingers sank painfully deep in my ass and my entire lower body spasmed around his pulsing shaft! I felt like nothing so much as a creature of wild sexuality and hunger, and the orgasm flooded through my mind with bliss, with joy, with something like nirvana!

How could anything ever be better!?

*

Of course, afterward, I felt that shell-shocked sensation once again, that *I can’t believe I did that* rush of guilt, astonishment and disbelief.

Selena was something like I was, while Ashley was fairly relaxed about the whole thing.

“I can’t believe we did that,” I finally said in a near whisper.

Ashley shrugged.

I stared at her in disbelief. “This is your second year?!”

“Uh huh. You get used to it.”

I stared at her again. “But... why are you... ?”

She snorted in amusement. “Unless you’re rich, medical students tend to graduate owing about two hundred thousand dollars. Did you know that?”

I shook my head slowly.

“I’m going to graduate owing nothing. In fact, I’ll have a nice, tidy savings account. Where else do you think we could make more than a thousand dollars a day, honey?”

“But...”

“And there’s something else. I like being young and beautiful and sexy,” she said in a lower, and less determined voice. “I like how hot my body is and how men react to me and... that won’t always be the case. This place is not just somewhere I can make a lot of money. It’s like this wild, nasty holiday sex camp, for us, not just the guests. We can do things here we wouldn’t ever dare do in real life. We can experience being a sexual object, and experience every kind of wild, nasty sex here which our friends back home will only ever have fantasies about.”

She gave me a defiant look. “How many orgasms have you had just in the last few days, Six?”

I dropped my eyes.

“Exactly,” she said. “Don’t tell me this is all some horrible sexual exploitation thing and you haven’t enjoyed it.”

“Not... all of it,” I said, embarrassed.

“What job or what relationship or what anything have you ever done that you enjoyed all of? Some of the guests are jerks, but most aren’t, and when I’m working twelve hour shifts in a hospital I’ll remember what a wild fucking time I had here. I’ll remember it all my life, when I’m middle aged, and when I’m old and gray and in an old folks home. I’ll remember what wild things I did here!”

We parted as I had an order to run some colas and snacks down to a bungalow, but I considered what she’d said. Yes, the money was fabulous, but that wasn’t why I hadn’t run away. She had verbalized much of the thoughts which had been swirling, unformed, through my mind.

This was a place where I could experience all the wild, kinky, darkly thrilling sexual fantasies I’d ever had, without any ill-consequences, without anyone I knew, friends, family, or potential employers, ever knowing or even suspecting. I would never have another chance, another experience like this to see what raw, unadulterated sex and sexuality was like!

Why shouldn’t I enjoy it before I... grew up?

Chapter Eight

I spent the remainder of the day serving the guests, in *all* their needs. And every time I did, more of my inhibitions melted away. Things which should have seemed shocking, if not astounding, began to seem almost routine and ordinary.

What was not routine and ordinary was that evening when Carmela drew me into the empty dining room and held up a ball with a leather strap. I immediately felt a shock of anxiety as I saw it, recognizing the thing she'd pushed into my mouth the other day.

“Open mouth, Six.”

I obeyed, getting more nervous as she pushed the ball fully into my mouth. It pressed down on my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth, and prevented me from closing my mouth afterward as she drew the straps across the corners of my mouth and back behind me.

Then came the blindfold. I felt my anxieties mount as she placed the leather blindfold over my eyes, then led me further into the room. She had me step up onto something perhaps a foot off the floor, then spread my legs. I felt my wrists lifted up and out to either side, and then strapped in place. My ankles were strapped in place too.

Then the vibrator was pushed up into me, though not turned on, and a moment later, what felt like a large butt-plug went up my bottom. A moment later I felt something at my right ear, then something pushed into it. It felt very much like an ear bud, like the kind I had on my Ipod. A second went into my other ear, and then music started playing, orchestra music, classical music. I was a bit bewildered about why, but then realized I could no longer hear anything else which was happening around me.

And that was it for long minutes. I just stood there helpless, not knowing what was going on, or what I might be being punished for! I must have stood there like that for at least twenty minutes or more, listening to the orchestra music, and feeling the strange dark sexuality of being naked and bound out in the open like I was.

Suddenly, I felt a hand on my bottom. It caressed my buttocks slowly and lightly, following the contours of my body, then slid slowly up my back, zig-zagging from side to side until it was up behind my hair. It was definitely a female hand, soft and small. I didn't think it was Carmela, though.

It turned and gripped my hair and forced my head back sharply, so that I cried out in startled pain.

The hand held my head back, which of course, made my back arch, and another hand slid in beneath my right breast. It caressed the underside of my breast, then slid up across it, kneading lightly, the thumb stroking across my already erect nipple.

The hand slid down my body, zig-zagging again, until it reached my swollen clitoris, framed by the thin metal bars of the clip holding the vibrator inside me. I felt fingers stroking me there, and then the vibrator was turned on and began to buzz.

My hair was released, thankfully, and I gasped as I drew my head forward once more. That hand slid down my spine, caressing my upper, then lower back, then onto my buttocks. I winced slightly at a slap, then the hand slid in to grip the dildo and pulled it slowly down, before pushing it up again.

The other hand was still stroking its fingers across my clitoris as the vibrator buzzed, and I felt the slow, bubbling heat rise within myself even as my mind cast about trying to understand what was going on. Was this Carmela, or was she sitting there watching for her own perverted amusement, while one of the other girls acted?

I felt lips on the back of my neck, and a hand slid around my ribs to cup and knead my left breast. Then I felt the hand on my sex withdraw, and instead felt a hand on each hip as someone began to lick me there. I moaned softly, with two of them now touching me, again wondering if one was Carmela, and who the other might be!

Whoever it was, it was dark, kinky and perverted! It was outrageous, and that turned me on as much as the physical sensations, perhaps more. Though the physical sensations were mounting as the vibrator continued to buzz and someone's tongue licked me rapidly.

Someone was kissing his or her way down my spine, then back up again and along the nape of my neck. Definitely female, I thought, especially given the hand sliding over my body and kneading my breasts and bottom.

I felt my hips spasm weakly, then again, moaning into the gag as the tongue licking me and the vibrator buzzing against me made my insides churn with greater strength and heat. I felt fingers slowly drawing the butt plug out of my ass, but almost at once a thick, long dildo was pushed into me.

The dildo was shoved deep into my ass, twisting from side to side, jammed up painfully high as I moaned into the gag. Then it was left there, and the hand and lips left me. The other person licking my clitoris continued to do so.

And suddenly I felt a sharp stinging blow, a very light blow, but stinging nonetheless, like a sudden electrical shock, like a static electricity shock, against my bottom! I yelled, my hips jerking forward, but the sting was an instantaneous thing, and, like an electrical shock, gone a moment later.

Only it came again after a few seconds, a thin, flexible length of some sort of cord or thong snapping down against my soft flesh. I gasped, not as taken by surprise, but flinching. A few seconds later it came again, a little higher, and then again, across my shoulder blades! That startled me, and I gasped, jerking against the restraints. It felt like something... very long, like a whip!. It was lightweight, yet it stung where it landed!

It snapped down across my bottom again, then against my lower back, then my bottom again. The stings were no worse, but repeated blows were starting to make my skin tender, leaving behind a low heat which was deepening with each blow.

The tongue was still licking at my clitoris, and the pain from the blows was minor enough to be little more than a distraction against the thrumming heat within me. But the idea that I was, in effect, being whipped, even in play, was ... enthralling! I felt a wild rush of shocked indignation and wonder, and the heat gripping me grew more intense!

God! This was so nasty and kinky and perverted!

I could see nothing, and hear nothing but the classical music. Thought I fancied that each blow made a kind of sound as it hit me, traveling through my body, rather than through the air. It was a very sharp, high pitched sound, like *thwick!*

Thwick! Thwick! Thwick!

I moaned, my hips grinding helplessly against the tongue licking me now, against the vibrations coming from the machine inside me and pressed around my swollen clitoris. My mind was bathed in dark lust and wicked excitement as the sensations became more intense, as I began to writhe and pull and strain against the restraints!

Then the thin, long whip, or whatever it was, swept down against my back, and curled around my ribs on the right, and snapped against the side of my right breast! I cried out at that unexpected blow, though again, the thing being used was light of weight. It stung, though, and my breasts were swollen and tender!

Again it struck, this time curling around my left, snapping at my left breast, then my right, then my left! As before, the sting was sharp, but quickly done. Only my breasts were a good deal more sensitive than my bottom!

Still, despite the more intense stings, I felt an even darker rush of sexual energy fueled by how outrageous it was that someone was striking my breasts!

The next blow curled completely around me, hardly striking my back at all, then snapped directly across both breasts! I cried out into the gag, straining against the straps, arching and twisting at the double shock! I felt a rising sense of anxiety and worry about how much worse this might get, even as my lower body pulsed with heat and my mind was awash in dark lust and desire!

The blows continued, and my breasts became more tender. I felt them growing warm, aching as the whip fell upon them repeatedly! Then there was an interlude, a hesitation, where no fresh blows fell. Suddenly, my hair was jerked roughly back and down, and I cried out, my head forced back, my back arched.

A hand was on the dildo which had been stuffed up my bottom, twisting and turning it, then withdrawing it. I felt momentarily vacant, then felt something else pressing against me. It slid in, warm, thick and slick with something. I moaned, knowing by now the difference in the feel of a real cock and a dildo. This was real!

It pushed achingly deep, and I felt thick, coarse pubic hair grinding into my buttocks as whoever it was buried himself in my thrumming belly! I felt a large mouth against the nape of my neck, then teeth biting me.

Thwick! The whip cut across my breasts! Thwick!

Whoever he was, he pulled back, then pushed in, pulled back, then pushed in, using longer and longer strokes while he continued to hold my hair back sharply. Whoever was licking me redoubled her efforts as my hips moved in and out in time to his strokes!

Thwick! Thwick! Thwick!

The whip cut across my upper chest and breasts, the sting worse now because my skin was more tender. The cock fucking my ass moved harder, so that the man's hips began to slap into me. The girl licking me held my hips tightly, her mouth pressed against me as she licked and sucked at my clitoris!

It's hard to explain my state of mind during all this! Wildly thrilled and wildly anxious at the same time, mixed with a powerful throbbing pleasure interspersed with sharp, stinging pain! I also felt a tremendous sense of uncertainty about what was happening and who was doing it!

The blows landing on my breasts halted, and large, male hands rose to envelope my throbbing breasts, squeezing and roughly kneading them. The thrusting slowed, then he buried himself in my bottom and ground himself against me as fingers undid the strap of the gag and pulled the ball out of my mouth.

A moment later the earbuds were pulled from my ears.

"Number Six," a male voice said.

I didn't recognize the voice! Could it be Luis?!

Fingers gripped my swollen nipples and pinched them, drawing them outward, even as other hands continued to squeeze my breasts from underneath.

"Beg me to use you, Number Six," the man ordered.

God! This was filthy! I knew my face was already flushed, but if it hadn't, well, it would have reddened then! It wasn't like his words were unfamiliar. In fact, Carmela had said much the same only the other day! But this was a male voice and one I didn't recognize.

"Oh! Please!" I cried as my nipples were twisted cruelly.

"Please who? Please master, is that not what you are trying to say, slave girl?"

"Please, master!" I cried.

He released my nipples, then stroked them with his fingers.

"Beg me to use your body, slave number Six," he ordered.

His hand was suddenly around my neck, squeezing, though not at all tight.

"Beg me to use your body, Six," he purred.

"Please use my body, master!" I cried.

The girl was still licking at my clitoris, but he was standing, or seemed to be, almost right up against me!

“Do you want my cock inside you, slave number six?” he demanded.

“Y-Yes, master!” I gasped.

“Say it!” he ordered, pinching my nipples again.

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

He stopped pinching my nipples.

“And what about the cock already inside you, slave girl?” he demanded. “Does it feel good high in your belly?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I moaned weakly.

This was all so fucking bizarre!

“It is a big cock in your ass, is it not?”

“Y-yes, master!” I moaned.

“Beg him to fuck you. Beg for it, Slave Number Six.”

“Please fuck me, master!” I gasped.

“Beg him to fuck your ass, slave.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I cried dazedly.

The cock in my bottom began to pump in and out again, using long, slow strokes.

I felt fingers on my clitoris now instead of a tongue. They rubbed faster and harder, and were rougher than the tongue. I shuddered and moaned, then gurgled as a large hand closed around my throat.

“Come for me, slave girl,” he purred. “Come hard while you are sodomized. Come for me, slave.”

I gurgled as the man using me thrust harder, slapping his hips against my bottom harder and harder. The fingers on my clitoris were rubbing faster and I was... writhing and twisting and straining and jerking, muscles spasms erupting within me as my mind was battered and bruised by the rush of sensations and dark outrage!

“Come for me, Slave Number Six,” he ordered.

And so I did, wildly, shockingly, sobbing and then crying out, convulsions wracking my body as I thrashed in the grip of the straps, crying out all the air in my lungs as the orgasm swept through me and sent my battered mind tumbling end over end!

His fingers were rubbing me so hard it almost hurt! But I couldn't get enough of it, grinding myself frantically against them as I sobbed out in pleasure while the man behind me thrust in harder and faster! I felt as though actual physical forces were battering my body, throwing it back and forth as the seething explosions of pleasure ran through my body!

The hand around my throat wasn't choking me exactly. It was squeezing up and in, more against the blood vessels, I think, than my throat. But the effect was the same in that my head was throbbing and pulsing, and somehow this acted to make the pleasure seem even more intense!

When the pleasure finally faded I collapsed, or tried to, only to find the straps around my wrists more than adequate to keep me in position as the guy sodomizing me continued to thrust in hard and fast. Then he halted and I heard.... Applause! It was like... like a couple of dozen people clapping their hands together!

I was too dazed to quite process it at first. But only as the astonishing force of the orgasm faded did my mind begin to function on anything like a level to understand that there must be a lot of people there. Stranger! Watching this! Watching me!

I felt a building sense of shock and embarrassment even as something was adjusted in the straps holding my wrists. The tension slackened, and my arms began to drop. The hands which had been cupping my breasts slid down and gripped my thighs, then I was lowered to my knees. My new position made the straps attached to my wrists taut once again, holding them up and apart.

“You are going to please me, slave girl,” the same male voice said. “Or suffer proper punishment.”

The man behind me was still stiff and hard and buried in my ass. His hands slid up to cup and knead my breasts again, and I felt a tongue on my clitoris again! I shuddered weakly, almost wanting to

shake my head in astonishment at the depths of dark perversion here. I gasped in pain instead as a hand grasped my hair and tilted my head up.

“You will please your master, Slave Six,” he growled.

I felt a cock against my lips, sliding around and around them, almost like... like a lipstick, you know, only much thicker. My mouth was wide open, of course, with the way he was holding my hair. He pushed forward, then, the head sliding onto my tongue, then sliding along it, deeper and deeper into my mouth.

“Serve your master, Slave Six,” he ordered.

Moaning around his cock, I closed my lips, starting to suck and lick, but I was limited in what I could do simply because I couldn't really move. He had all the control.

I reminded myself there were perhaps dozens of people watching, feeling a constant rippling sense of shock at that, even as the man behind me started to slowly stroke in and out of my ass once again!

The man in my mouth, or I presumed it was him, gathered my hair up, large fingers combing and lifting it up into a mass above my head, then his cock began to pump slowly in and out of my mouth. I could move my head even less now, and was little more than a receptacle as he pushed deep, the head entering my throat!

I gurgled weakly, choking slightly as he pushed deeper. He held himself still for a few long seconds, then pushed deeper still, until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft and he was grinding himself against me!

The person licking my clitoris was making her tongue sweep from side to side, then up and down, and pausing to suck on my throbbing clitoris. The vibrator was still buzzing, and my breasts ached as the big hands mauled them! All of this, and the watching people, had my mind on edge, incredulous and bewildered, but still feeling a resurgent sense of dark heat and hunger!

The man behind me was chewing on the nape of my neck as he kneaded my breasts. His big thumbs were brushing across my aching nipples again and again as the girl sucked on my clitoris and the vibrator buzzed.

My mind was frantic with the enormity of it all, with the impossibility of it all, with the shocking outrageousness of it all, and with the dark, crackling heat of the forbidden and perverted! And I could do nothing, really, but absorb whatever physical sensations swept through me. I thought I must be going mad!

The man in my throat pulled back slowly, and drew himself out, leaving me gasping and panting for breath as the spit-wet cock rolled around my lips and over my cheeks. He pushed into my mouth again and I tried dazedly to suck, but it wasn't really necessary. He thrust deep into my throat once again, then, holding tightly to my hair, pumped in and out.

Another orgasm swept over me, and I subbed in helpless pleasure, thrashing and trembling and shaking there as the three of them drove me insane with perverted pleasure! The orgasm hammered my mind back to a state of wonder-struck exhaustion.

I was being unstrapped... but didn't know by who or why. Had the two men using me finished? Had they come? I didn't know.

“On hands and knees, Slave Number Six,” the voice said.

I moaned, falling over obediently or maybe out of necessity when the straps were no longer holding my arms up. I felt a pull at the collar around my neck, and shuffled forward on hands and knees, crawling along the floor as the pull continued, punch-drunk.

A hand grasped my hair and pulled it up and forward. I gasped, feeling knees, legs, a chair before me as I was pulled into someone's lap. Then there was a cock at my mouth and sliding into it. I moaned around it as my head was pushed down, but began to suck and lick.

I had more freedom of movement now, and my hands were free as well. I slid them down around the base of the shaft, almost instinctively, massaging his balls as my head began to bob up and down.

Pressure against my head forced my lips down all the way and I took him into my throat, aware as I did that he was... smaller than he had been. Or a different man.

I sucked and bobbed and licked for a little over a minute before I felt him coming in my mouth. I swallowed and licked and squeezed until he softened and I was pulled away, again by the collar. Again I had to crawl along the floor until I was pulled up by the hair into someone else's lap to perform oral sex on him in turn.

After that came a third man, and then a woman. Something sharp, but heavier than what had struck me before, something like a strap, snapped across my bottom whenever I was too slow or showed less energy at my task than someone thought I ought to.

Except that while I was performing oral sex on the woman someone knelt and entered me from behind, thrusting hard and fast. I had no idea who. I didn't even know what woman I was licking!

After that the pull on the collar forced me back and then stopped this time without pulling me into anyone's lap.

"Face and chest against the floor, Slave Six," the same man ordered.

Panting dazedly, I lowered my upper body to the floor.

Crack! Something, a strap, hit my bottom!

"Bottom high, Slave Six! Tuck in your belly tight against your thighs!

Crack!

"Tighter, Slave Six!"

I moaned and adjusted myself as best I could.

Crack!

"Arms stretched out to either side! Now spread your knees to the sides!"

I obeyed, gasping, moaning as a foot came down on the back of my neck to pin me down harder.

"Arms to the sides! Hands flat against the floor!"

Again I obeyed, and the foot came off my neck.

"Maintain that position, Slave Girl Six."

This was, again, too wild, too astonishingly dirty, kinky and perverted, to be believed! And yet it was happening! To me!! And people were sitting around watching! God!

Fingers stroked along the line of my sex, then sank slowly into my body as I knelt there, panting and moaning low in my throat. They pushed deep, pumping in and out, then pulled out and slid over my clitoris, caressing it.

"Who wants to make use of this slut?" the voice called. "The cost is one euro. Form a line, please."

My eyes widened behind the blindfold! I almost yanked it off, but... I didn't want to see who was there! Somehow, that would have made things even more horribly embarrassing! As it was, the embarrassment had a dark, glittering sexual edge to it. But if I had to actually see rows of smirking faces I was sure I'd die!

Someone mounted me and started thrusting in and out with hard, eager strokes. I had no idea who, and I suppose it didn't matter. All I had to do was keep still in this awkward, uncomfortable position, with my spine sharply bent and my chin forced up and back.

I gasped and grunted as I felt his hands on my hips and his hips slapping against my buttocks. I could hear people talking around us, though not close, a murmur of voices in all directions as I knelt on the floor and my body was rocked by the blows of the man using me.

When he was done another took his place, then another, and I was gripped by how totally unreal this was, and completely bewildered about what to do, other than kneel in place as I'd been ordered.

After the third one had taken me my wrists were lifted up and back together, and then locked in place. I was then rolled over onto my back and my legs lifted up and back as another man thrust himself into me. While he was doing that someone gripped my head and tilted it up and back, then slid his cock down into my open mouth.

It was all becoming a strange blur of sensations in my mind, especially since I couldn't see or do anything about it. Then I was pulled to my feet and there was an auction. I heard voices bidding on me, then there was a pull against the collar around my neck, and I was led off somewhere.

I had no idea where we were going. All I could do was follow the pull of the collar, and then I felt the warm, human air of the outside against my skin, and the dirt under my bare feet as I was led outside.

No one said anything. I had no idea who was pulling me along! Should I have asked? What do you say in such a circumstance!? I was led downhill, then onto a dock, then in somewhere, a bungalow, I presumed, as I felt hardwood under my feet and the cooler, dryer air of an air conditioned building.

I gasped as my hair was pulled up and back, and then felt a mouth at my neck, felt it chewing, licking, sucking, and making its way down onto my breasts. I moaned as that mouth sucked and licked and bit at my breasts, holding my head back so my back was sharply arched.

I felt the pull on my hair forcing me down onto my knees, and then there was a cock at my lips. I sighed as it slid into my mouth, and I started to suck and lick. Whoever it was they weren't holding my hair tightly as the other man had, and I began to bob up and down, taking him deep into my throat.

He still said nothing. I had no clue as to who I was even with!

He pushed in and out slowly, until he came in my mouth. He pulled back, then, and raised me to my feet by pulling at my hair, then guided me across the floor. We went into another room and then I heard water being turned on. He guided me into a shower – I felt the tiles underfoot, and then warm water sprayed against my chest, soaking me.

A soapy hand soon followed, the water turned on as he soaped me up from neck to knee, his hand sliding across my body everywhere, but naturally focusing on my breasts, my bottom and between my legs. His fingers massaged my clitoris, and slid back and forth between the lips of my sex.

I wanted to say something, but ... what!? And by then, well, with his being so silent, it felt strange to even think of speaking.

He rinsed me off, then dried me. I felt myself being led by the collar again, out of the bathroom, down a hall, to... where, I couldn't say.

I gasped as he lifted me up, then threw me! But I landed on the bed, unharmed. I felt large hands at my thighs, pulling them apart, and then his tongue was licking up and down along the inside of my thighs, his fingers stroking my sex.

I blinked up at the ceiling, or at least, at the inside of the black scarf across my eyes, as his fingers and tongue explored my sex. At least here, I thought, there wasn't an audience. I was still more than slightly astounded that all that stuff had happened with perhaps dozens of strangers watching!

Who was I? What was I? What kind of a person? I was kind of lost within my own mind, completely unable to figure out what I should have done or should be doing other than passively laying there on my bound arms as someone performed oral sex on me.

Like I said, I had developed a great deal of enthusiasm for being on the receiving end of someone else's tongue since coming here, and the man whose fingers were pushing up inside me and whose tongue was lapping at my clitoris, obviously knew what he was doing.

Nor was he in any great hurry. Well, he'd bought me, or rented me, I suppose, so he had me for the night. I was his human sex toy, and he could play with me as much as he wanted and pretty much any way he wanted. I had little say in the matter.

Admittedly, if I had, lying there comfortably while a tongue licked at my clitoris was fairly high on the list of ways to pass the remainder of the evening.

At first, it seemed tentative oral sex. His tongue licked slowly, and kept shifting pressure, speed and direction. His fingers dipped within me, stroked and caressed me, and then pushed further as I lay there. Sometimes it felt good, but mostly it didn't. And then... and then it felt really good!

It was like he'd tried fourteen different ways to lick me, then, perhaps saw which I responded to, and narrowed it down to two or three. My pulse began to beat faster as the sexual heat began to thrum

within my lower belly once again. My breathing came faster and my chest tightened as his hands roamed my body.

One hand focused mainly on my sex, fingers pushing into me, turning and twisting, pumping in and out. The other hand slid up and down along my hip and belly, up across my chest, and over my breasts, to stroke and knead them.

His tongue, meanwhile, licked with varying pressure, shifting and turning as a flush spread down my body. I felt the sexual pressure building up inside me until it was like a charge of electricity, filling me, practically making my hair stand on end!

I felt his hands lifting my legs up and pressing them back, felt those hands slide down behind my knees, then slide further down onto my ankles. The weight pushing down on my ankles grew heavier as they went back across my shoulders, and rocked me back on the bed, raising my bottom up.

I felt his cock, hard again, apparently, probing at my entrance. It found the right angle, and pushed down, spreading me open and then sliding down into my moist, overheated pussy with a long, slow thrust that filled me up.

And then he was thrusting into me, using long, deep strokes. They weren't hard, at first, but they grew rapidly harder, until his hips were slapping bruisingly against my upturned buttocks as he forced the backs of my feet firmly down on the bed above my head.

Given the sexual pressure he'd already built up inside me it didn't take long before I was coming powerfully, doing my best not to cry out, but then losing control of myself as the sensual explosion tore through my body and mind.

He continued to hammer my body for long minutes, skewering me, pounding me beneath him, my body folded up and crushed in two, feeling boneless and liquid as his steel hard cock plunged down into my belly again and again and again!

He'd already come once, so I guess he had more endurance now. My wobbly, battered mind was still just floating on the sensual high of the aftermath of the orgasm when my body started to thrum and pulse with renewed heat. Then another orgasm hit me, though it wasn't quite as powerful as the first. It had barely passed, though, when a third orgasm, then a fourth swept over me, leaving me moaning, panting and dazed.

He pulled back abruptly, letting my legs drop to the bed, then flipped me onto my belly and pulled my hips into the air. He entered me from behind, and I moaned helplessly into the bedspread as he rode me, his cock thrusting high, the nose punching against what felt like the back wall of my sex!

Until he finished. And I only knew that when he pulled out, leaving me as I was, at least, for a while. I could feel him when he got out of bed, and then again when he climbed back in. His hands gripped me and pulled me across his lap, and he slapped my bottom sharply.

I felt something pressing against my entrance, and what turned out to be a vibrator slid into me. This was sort of like the one they'd used on me before except it had no clip. Instead it had a small branch near the bottom which he ground against my clitoris as it buzzed frantically.

A dildo slid into my bottom and pushed deep, giving me cramps, then he ground and pumped the vibrator in my pussy as he slapped my bottom. The slapping was light and occasional, at first, but it got harder and faster, turning into a hard spanking that set my bottom on fire!

By then, of course, my insides were on fire, too. The vibrator he was using had direct contact with my clitoris, and he was rubbing the little branch thing back and forth against me, as well! The pain in my bottom mounted, or maybe it was just the burning! But I was starting to sob when the orgasm hit!

Chapter Nine

What a wild and shocking night that had been! I slept with my eyes still blindfolded, and my hands locked together behind my back. In the morning, he had sex with me again, then, still without a word being said, he led me back up to the hotel, and then left me there with Carmela.

I didn't even know who it was, at first. I was pushed to my knees and my mouth guided onto a woman's sex, so I began to lick her. It seemed almost... automatic, by that point. When I was done, or when she was done, she pulled me to my feet and pulled the blindfold off. I blinked my eyes rapidly in the light and she slapped my ass and called me a lazy slut and ordered me to get back to work.

The hotel kept a sort of account for us girls. I mean, what were we supposed to do otherwise? Keep putting hundreds and then thousands of Euros in a drawer in our little rooms? We could see it on a little cell phone app – though of course we had to leave the phones in our rooms when working.

I noticed later that day that five thousand Euros had been added to mine!

That day was, I guess, what passed for normal. I ran around serving – and servicing – the guests, both running errands and using my body, or letting them use my body, however they wished. I had even less inhibitions than I'd had before, and wondered if I would have any left by the end of the summer – presuming I stayed that long.

But my mind was in a state of strange hazy uncertainty. I was jumpy and anxious, but at the same time, not the least embarrassed about my being naked, nor the slightest put off when someone wanted sex or some sort of sexual service.

I mean that I treated a request for oral sex with all the casual acceptance as a request for extra towels in the master en-suite bathroom. It was just a part of the job, and my naked body was just – a uniform, sort of.

It was amazing, really, how quickly my head had been turned around and my attitude adjusted to the circumstances on the island. It was like the island was a whole other universe, with different rules that made what happened anywhere else unimportant.

Carmela had a little strap, now, that she carried around, and swung at our bottoms whenever she felt the need to do so – which was often! The swing of the strap accompanied every order if she could get in range, from “Clean that table, slut!” to “go and fetch an order of fries for bungalow Twenty two, slut” to “Brush your hair, slut!”.

She expected instant obedience to her orders, and the strap reinforced our desire to jump whenever she said to do something. And we better be smiling eagerly when we jumped or we'd get another sharp, stinging snap of her wrist!

The rules also changed about us girls hanging around and chatting whenever there wasn't anything to do. Like as we waited for people to come into the dining room for breakfast, where we would stand around near the counter. Now we had to kneel in a row along the wall, legs spread wide, arms back, and head way back so we were practically looking up at the ceiling!

Then, when someone came in, Diego, the restaurant manager, would call our name... I mean our number, and we would stand up and go over to wait on them. And we better do it quick and eagerly too! Me and Nine were the slowest while the older girls, like Three, who had been there last year, and even the year before, seemed to adapt very quickly.

After breakfast there was a quiet time where the guests relaxed and didn't really want a lot. Usually we used that time for cleaning, only now we had to do it on all fours, for some reason. I thought it was awfully inefficient compared to the mops we used to use, but starting that day we girls were all down on all fours in the dining room and then the front entrance hall, scrubbing with buckets.

We had orders that if any guest walked in we were to stop immediately, get up and back on our heels, spread our knees wide, put our arms behind us, and stare up at the ceiling until they either passed on by or told us they wanted something. And we were not to talk without being spoken to, either to guests or staff!

When Four and I were caught talking while scrubbing we were both taken up to the Attic and our wrists shackled together with thick, padded leather restraints above our heads. Then, breast to breast and face to face, with alligator clips binding our sore tongues together, we got strapped by Carmela until our bottoms were red!

"No talking, sluts!" she said, every time she brought the strap down on my bottom or Three's.

In mid-afternoon, Three and I were sent down to Bungalow Six, there to do a kind of dance together, a lesbian dance which wound up in lesbian six, while the old man there watched us. Then we were ordered to crawl to him and perform oral sex on him together.

Then, later in the afternoon I was dispatched to Bungalow Nineteen to give the single male occupant a massage, which included a hand job, then a blow job, then straddling him and riding him to orgasm – both of us orgasming, actually.

After dinner I went to Bungalow Thirty Two and had sex with a couple there, and after returning to the main house and showering, then went to Bungalow Twenty Five and had sex with the couple there!

There were, of course, other errands to run in between these, and they too brought tips, though the tips were not nearly so large.

As the evening wore into night some of the guests gathered at the dining room, where there were drinks, of course, and entertainment. The entertainment tonight was Three, as a matter of fact. Unlike me, the other day, she was not blindfolded, but she was hanging spread-eagled upside down.

Luis used a long handled flog, swinging it down between her legs repeatedly. The flog wasn't made up of thick, or heavy leather thongs but they did turn the skin around her crotch and buttocks a bright pink. When applied to her breasts and back the pink was more like red.

I was waiting on tables while he did this, and by the time he was using his enormous cock on her I was on my knees giving oral sex to one of the guests. The guest didn't finish in my mouth, but instead went up to sodomize Ashley, I mean, Three, while I moved on to another guest.

A lot of men took her like that, while she dangled upside down, looking kind of dazed, but she seemed no worse for wear the next morning when we gathered for breakfast.

The days wore on like that, one running into another. I was the 'entertainment' for the night at the restaurant about once every ten days or so, and the entertainment was always different – and painful, and yet darkly, thrillingly pleasurable, as well.

I had rapidly become acclimated to the sexual role and culture expected of me, as I said, but that didn't mean I wasn't surprised, at times, or that I didn't get punished. It didn't take much for punishment at the hotel. Failing to smile, or failing to look or act eager or show enthusiasm would certainly bring some kind of punishment.

If a guest complained about anything, of course, the punishment was much more severe! So you really tried to make the guests happy! One that was not happy was a tall, skinny Englishman who actually looked and acted gay, to me. In fact, he might well have been. He certainly didn't like me. He used my throat very roughly, to the point I was gasping and light-headed and dizzy, with saliva drooling over my lower lip!

Then he sodomized me quite hard, and slapped my bottom and breasts and pulled on my hair as he did it! On top of that he complained to Carmela about my lack of enthusiasm! That got me a trip to the attic for one of Carmela's gleeful punishments.

It was hot in the attic. That, of course, was why it was used for punishment. The heat drains energy from you, slowly but surely, it exhausts your body, which then saps your mind, melting your resistance.

The hotter it is outside, the worse it is in the attic. And perhaps as part of the punishment, she likes to place you so you can look out the window onto the waters of the Mediterranean, washing gently ashore below you.

That was what I was looking at.

The window wasn't close. It was perhaps twenty feet away. But that was close enough to see the waves, and they were so desperately enticing given how hot I was.

Luis and Carmela had brought me here, raised my arms, tied my wrists in place, then left.

So I stood on wobbling, aching ankles, the ropes around my bound wrists preventing me from putting my heels to the floor below. I had the choice of trying to support myself at least in part, by balancing precariously on the balls of my feet, or letting some, most or all of my weight come down on my wrists.

None of that was appealing. My wrists hurt, my arms hurt, my shoulders ached, but my ankles ached the most. And I was sweating as I stood there, my mouth open like a fish, gasping for breath in the still, humid, overheated air.

It was like a sauna in there!

My hair was damp, tangled, and some of it matted against my forehead – the downside of having thick bangs now. Nor could I reach up to brush it away, as was my habit, not with my wrists encased in thick rope high above my head.

My full breasts were taut against my chest given the pressure on my body, and I could see the small dimples and beads of sweat on them, some trickling ever so slowly down my tanned body to the floor below.

My mouth was dry as I panted like a tired dog, and my head hung down as the energy slowly seeped out of me. How long had I been there? A half hour? An hour? It was hard to measure time there in the attic.

I groaned weakly, drawing my head up and back, pressing it back against my sweaty arms. It felt so... heavy! I forced it back between my arms briefly, but that was even more uncomfortable, and I pulled it forward again.

My wrists were really aching now, as were my arms. More of my weight had come down on them as my ankles had weakened. Standing on the balls of your feet is fine if you've got high heels on, but you can't do it very long with bare feet!

I was almost grateful when I heard the sound of Luis coming up the stairs. Almost, but not quite. I felt my stomach tense as he appeared, and yes, he had the belt with him. I cringed a bit, as I saw the meter long belt dangling from his big fist. It was three inches wide and doubled up.

He smiled thinly as he saw me, and I twisted my head away, clamping my lips tight as my breathing picked up, along with my pulse rate.

Crack!

I had a moment's notice, the quick movement sensed out of my peripheral vision. Then the belt swung down across my bare buttocks with stinging force! I cried out in pain, thrown forward off my feet to swing briefly in the air before my scrambling toes caught at the floor.

I had thought I was hot before!

Crack!

The belt struck again, and I howled, my hips bucking violently forward to again pull me off my feet briefly!

Crack!

I barely managed to get my feet back on the floor when the third blow came!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I yelled and cried out again and again as the blows came down across my bare bottom! But there was nothing I could do about it! My backside was perfectly positioned as I stood there on the balls of my feet, and the belt swung in and across to smack them both with hard, stinging blows that send the sharp edged pain resonating through my body!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt seemed to hit harder than its weight would allow for. As the inner belt struck my bottom, the outer belt struck the inner an instant later, extending the length of the sharp stinging pain the blow delivered!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The sudden sharp pain was intense, and threw my hips forward again and again, so that my legs kicked and flailed helplessly as I was briefly pulled off my feet.

Crack!

I screamed, head flung back, as the thick belt snapped across my burning bottom again!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I sobbed helplessly, breathlessly, at the intensity of the pain. My bottom throbbed with heat, and every fresh blow sent another razor edged blow of pain through my scalding skin. I hardly cared any more how much of my weight was dangling from my wrists.

Crack!

I moaned dazedly, mostly hanging by my wrists now, panting for breath, sweating profusely.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I flinched and jerked at each blow, gasping, whimpering, but the sharpness of the pain had... not exactly faded, more like gotten numbed by the throbbing heat, dulled, so that I felt the blows more as impact and less as pain. Each successive blow felt duller, though my bottom was on fire.

Luis came around front of me, and I gasped as he gripped my tangled hair and jerked my head up and back. I blinked teary eyes through the sweat trickling off my forehead, gasping weakly as he looked at me. I saw his dark smile, then his lips crushed mine in a savage kiss.

I moaned, again feeling a sense of relief, but I knew this marked the end of the real pain. I let my eyes close as he roughly kissed his way down my back, gasping and wincing as his teeth closed on the soft flesh of my breasts so he could suck and lick at my nipples.

He slid lower, dropping to his knees before me, his tongue and lips sliding downward, his teeth nibbling at my belly, my abdomen. Then his tongue licked hungrily up the line of my sex. I groaned low in my throat, then gasped as his hairy forearms forced my thighs apart, forcing me onto the tips of my toes now as his mouth closed over my sex.

His tongue pushed into me, deep into me, impossibly long, writhing and twisting like a warm, slick snake as I shuddered helplessly. His upper lip rubbed against my clitoris and he sucked fiercely.

I had blinked away the tears, but the sweat was still flowing freely as I closed my eyes, head back, moaning as his tongue twisted and pumped inside me, then slid up and across my clit. He lapped at me hard and fast, then, his tongue swirling and circling, stroking and caressing.

There was nothing slow or delicate about it. He was rough, fast, eager, passionate, and the sensations grew so rapidly, and so intensely, that it was almost painful as I whimpered and moaned. His mouth was... devouring me, and my lower belly began to thrum with a rising storm of raw sensation.

He was an animal! A wild, hairy man with broad shoulders who spoke no English – or French – or Spanish, an uneducated man with huge muscles, no more sophisticated in his outlook on life than his many times removed ancestors.

But that didn't seem to matter to the sensitivity of my swollen clitoris, or the churning heat which began to grip my body. His big thumbs pushed into me, stretching me even before he pulled them sideways, opening me up.

I moaned at that stretching, gasping, gulping in air as his tongue flicked in and out of the mouth of my sex, circling and caressing, then plunging up inside me. His thumbs slid higher, too, forcing aside the walls of my sex as his tongue dipped and darted wildly.

He chuckled low in his throat, a thick, rumbling sound, then his tongue rose up and began to sweep across my clitoris once more. His thumbs pulled back, but only to let his middle and index fingers slide up deep.

I gurgled weakly, the opening to my sex stretched again as he licked rapidly across my clitoris. I could feel those long, thick fingers rubbing against the front wall of my sex, rubbing, rubbing, pumping incessantly, as my insides churned and bubbled.

The flow of heat passed up my spine and into my brain, like alcohol, like a narcotic, and my mind began to swirl and pulse with rising arousal and need. As if a fever was taking hold, my higher order thoughts faded away into a low, animal hunger, turning me into a panting bitch in heat.

It didn't matter that I thought of him as this ignorant, crude menial. In fact, now, in my animal state, that appealed to me, the raw, wild, machismo of the man, his physical strength and power and willingness to use both.

A dark, ragged lust ran through my mind, a desperate hunger and need as his fingers thrust crudely inside me and his tongue licked wildly at my swollen clitoris. His fingers moved easily now, for I was sopping wet, and my body arched and twisted as pleasure crackled up and down through my torso.

He pulled free of me, rising up, and I gasped dazedly as I stared at him. He smiled again, just as fiercely as before, jerking his dirty jeans down, and his cock sprang up, enormous, thick, hard, and pointing at me like a weapon.

He swung a big arm over my hip, his hand clasping me between the buttocks as he pulled my groin forward. With his other hand, he held his thick spear of flesh, and pressed it into me. I cried out weakly, groaning as I felt the head forced through the mouth of my sex.

Then he quickly gripped my thighs just below the buttocks, jerking my legs up and apart as he thrust up inside me. I cried out in a mixture of pain and wildfire pleasure, but the pain faded into a dull thing while the dark pleasure exploded!

I felt so... full, so stretched, so wonderfully stretched! I felt his thick spear pushing deeper and deeper inside me, stretching the elastic walls of my sex as I sobbed with dark heat! Then he was thrusting, his hips working in and out hard and fast as he jerked on my thighs to pull me in against each thrust.

It was a giant slick log of flesh impaling me with a glorious feeling of being possessed, being owned, being used, being pounded, being fucked! I cried out again and again as he drove himself up into me, my body trembling like a tuning fork, and then the orgasm tore through me, an explosive force that shattered my mind!

My head jerked back as violent spasms tore through my body, back arching again and again as my hips sought to fling me forward against his impaling cock! I cried out in animal pleasure, drunk on the flood-tide of sensation which was sending my mind spinning like a cork!

My hips kept spasming as he drove himself into me, as he forced that monster cock achingly deep up inside me with hard, brutal thrusts that hurt – hurt wonderfully! I would ache tomorrow, as I always did! But God, it was worth it! It was worth it!

Almost all my focus was on the feel of that long, thick shaft driving up and down inside me! But I could feel his hairy arms against my hips, his big hands on my thighs, his crinkly pubic hair every time he jammed himself into me to the balls.

Both of us were sweating and panting. It was so.. raw and wild and animalistic! I shuddered, my head jerking and bobbing as I gulped in air. But the orgasm, having passed, did not sweep away the heat and hunger. It grew again, needing another relief valve.

I sobbed dazedly, head hanging over his shoulder as I felt his teeth biting into the nape of my neck. My lower body swung in and out as his hands jerked me against him for every thrust, and I felt a wild rush of desperate heat every time he buried himself in my quivering, burning depths.

Another orgasm tore through me, my body twisting and convulsing as my muscles spasmed and nerve endings overheated, crackling like live wires as he thrust even harder! I was at the end of my endurance, but didn't care. Nothing mattered but that deep, burning pleasure!

*

The summer is long on the coast of Italy. Of course, it never actually gets cold there, but the guests at the Island had little interest in bathing in temperatures which were, at best, tepid, so fled for warmer climes during the winter.

That was when we 'slaves' got to go home, taking with us the astonishing money we had made during the summer. I had made over one hundred thousand euros! It was a shocking amount of money for a hotel clerk! And it was money I could not possibly explain to anyone if I tried. So I hid how much I'd made, and heavily censored the stories of what working there had been like.

The experience had changed me, of course. I hadn't worn clothing in months, and was used to being, in effect, an obedient sex slave for all the guests, and no few of the staff. I was also, not to put too fine a point on it, used to sexual gratification on a daily basis. I was used to having multiple orgasms every day, and sex with multiple parties.

I was intelligent enough to realize that wouldn't work back home. Not only would I get a reputation but I'd probably get some kind of disease. All the guests, and all the staff at Isola Sabbia had to be cleared medically before they ever went there, after all. That wasn't the case with men I'd meet in London.

But I found myself to be almost addicted to the sexual atmosphere, the sexual lifestyle and permissiveness. And it was very hard to give that up. So I found work in a strip club back in London. There was no actual sex, but the atmosphere was certainly rife with sexual tension and heat and hunger.

There was no sex, and saying no was hard, at first, but amazingly, I actually made almost as much money as I had in Italy! You could make Three hundred pounds for an hour dancing in a VIP room with some drunken sot! And it happened regularly!

Needless to say, my economic circumstances took a rapid upswing after that. With what I'd made in Italy and what I was making stripping, I was soon able to actually buy my own place. And I didn't need to go back to Italy either.

But I did. The atmosphere, the raw, animal heat and sexual submission and domination were simply too enthralling for me. So when the next spring came around I eagerly headed south to be a slave girl again!

I wondered if I would be Six again, or if my number would be higher this time...

End

*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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