

# **Robin's Dominant Roommates**

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Smashwords edition

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

## Chapter One

When you get assigned a dorm room, especially in your first year, you have little choice about it or your roommates. You fill out a questionnaire about what you like and don't like and they supposedly try to match you with others who share your interests. Sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't.

I'm not sure how I wound up being matched with Lin and Fan. They were both Chinese foreign students studying computers in the US. Neither was over five feet tall. Neither was into sports or any other extra-curricular activities. I am tall, blonde, athletic, and taking Business. I love sports and dancing and yoga and pole dancing (which is a great exercise and does NOT mean stripping!)

When I was anticipating college I spent some time thinking about who my roommates might be, idly fantasizing about making lifelong friends, going to parties together, and doing all kinds of things about exploring life and growing up. So when I realized my two roommates were most unlikely to do any of that with me and would be going home to China afterward, I was very disappointed.

The word 'roommate' is a bit of a misnomer. What we shared was a suite. It had three small bedrooms, a central room with desks to study and chairs to relax and watch TV, and, just off it, a small bathroom.

Lin and Fan seemed pleasant enough and were quite pert and peppy in their behavior. They were pretty girls, with long dark hair and round faces. But they had little interest in anything beyond studying to get super high grades. They certainly weren't going to be accompanying me to frosh parties or the like.

It was just a couple of days after we'd moved in when I began to wonder about their sexuality. It was early and I wanted to have a shower, get dressed, and head out, but one of them was already in the shower. Or so I thought. Then I heard what sounded like a giggle, and then soft voices. I realized both of them were in there. And it sounded like they were both in the shower at the same time.

Together.

Not that there's uh, anything wrong with that, of course. I'm modern and tolerant and all that sort of stuff. And it wasn't like I haven't, you know, fooled around a little with girlfriends, even if we hadn't gotten all that far beyond kissing and a little fondling.

I had thought Chinese girls would be a lot more conservative, though. And they sure dressed conservatively.

I went back to my room and waited for them to finish. And tried to pretend I hadn't noticed anything. But, maybe because of that, I began to wonder about the way they looked at me sometimes. Like when Fan gave a quick rap on my door, then opened it as I was changing. She kind of gaped at me so that I covered my bare breasts with my arms.

"So sorry!" she said, drawing back.

Then she paused and pushed back in. "You have big breasts!"

"Uh... okay?" I said in confusion.

It was true they were both, by American standards, kind of petite. And I was tall. But my breasts were... okay, not small, but not really... big, exactly. I mean, yes, I'm kind of proud of my breasts. They're thirty-six-Cups and nicely round. But that's not what I'd call 'big', really.

I mean, they're nice and firm and don't uhm, jiggle that much, nor sag. I guess I think of big breasts as D cups or even higher. But then, I suppose Chinese girls are just a lot smaller, on average.

“They are very beautiful!” she said, then giggled and closed the door.

I chalked that up to different cultures and life experiences and moved on. But I also had that niggling doubt about whether she was into girls.

Anyway, them sharing a shower became a regular thing in the morning, which I studiously ignored. I was more into my classes, then, because they were still new, and I had my first assignments due.

And then one morning I was just closing the door to the bathroom. I had gotten in first when there was a rapid knocking at the door.

“I’m about to have a shower,” I said.

The rapping continued.

“Haley? Hello. Can I have a shower?”

I questioned both her hearing and her command of the language. Both had heavy accents, by the way. I was naked, and opened the door a crack to better communicate.

“I’m just having a shower now,” I said to Li.

“Me too!”

“Uh, after I’m done.”

“Why wait? We both girls! In China, we shower together to save water!”

I felt a momentary sense of enlightenment then. A kind of ‘oh, so that’s it’ kind of thought, but she pushed the door open at the same time, grinning at me brightly.

“Prenty room!” she said.

“Uh... Wait!”

We don’t have a bathtub. We have a shower where the bathtub probably was long years ago. And Fan was already taking off her robe. I had already turned on the water so she just stepped into the shower, leaving me with a sense of indignation at her jumping the line, so to speak. And also I had the sudden anxiety of what to do.

Did I just put on my robe and go away and let her have her shower first? That seemed really, really wimpy. I mean, imagine being pulled out of the shower by someone who steps in front of you! But on the other hand showering with another girl, one I hardly knew, wasn’t something I wanted to do either. Especially with some doubts about her sexuality.

“Come! Hurry!”

I scowled but, filled with indecision, I didn’t resist when she leaned out, grabbed my wrist, and pulled me into the shower. Then it was just extreme discomfort and self-consciousness as she soaped herself up and I kind of moved against the back wall for want of anything else to do. My face felt very hot and I was sure it was red.

She turned and cocked her head to one side.

“You do hair while I do body then do reverse,” she said, apparently relating how her and Fan did things.

“Or I show you how to save soap,” she said, giving me a bit of a coy look.

I looked back without understanding and she giggled then grabbed my arm and pulled me away from the wall, moving behind me. I gasped as I felt her body pressing against me, her small breasts pressing into my back!

“Use soap twice!” she said in amusement.

“Uh, uh, I uh...”

“How we do in China!”

I mean, I’d had lots of lectures throughout high school and in our introduction to college about respecting other cultures and diversity and tolerance and all sorts of other similar things. And that had me momentarily frozen with indecision even as she rubbed her body, including her breasts, of course, against me.

That wasn’t the only reason my mind locked up, though. The feel of her warm, soapy body pressing against mine combined with my former suspicion sent a sudden raw jolt of sensuality and uncertain

heat through my body. The feel of warm, soapy skin against warm soapy skin is one of life's most pleasurable tactile feelings, and I was wildly uncertain about what to do.

“We get clean and save water and soap!” she said brightly.

Her soapy hands were moving up and down my arms as she rubbed against me, then up onto my shoulders. I was kind of stupidly standing there unsure of what to do and what to think and how to react and frozen up by my anxieties and the sudden rush of confused heat.

My mind was spinning wildly, telling me she didn't really mean anything sexual by this. That I didn't know how girls behaved in China, didn't know their culture or whatever. I sure didn't want to insult her by shoving her away in some kind of homophobic fear.

“I-I... I... it's o-okay! I can... I can... soap myself!” I stuttered.

Her giggles continued, and her breasts were rubbing up and down against my back. Meanwhile, her arms slid down against my hips and I had to shoot a hand down to cover my crotch in case she moved her hand there! My other arm was across my breasts as her hands rubbed my belly and lower chest.

She wasn't moving slowly, seductively, or sensuously. She was moving briskly, just routinely soaping up a body that wasn't hers. Or so it seemed. And so I was still wildly confused about how to respond.

“Two makes faster work!” she said.

Her hands soaped up my buttocks and I gasped and instinctively spun around to find her grinning up at me. She thrust the soap at me. “Here!”

I had little choice but to take it, and so remove my arm from my breasts, which drew her eyes immediately.

“You have lovely big breasts!” she said.

I gulped, feeling a fresh flush of embarrassment.

She ran her soapy hands over her breasts.

“Mine not so big! You like?”

How do you answer a question like that!?

“Uhm, uh, they're uh, nice!” I gulped.

“Soap up! Soap up!” she exclaimed.

And her hand moved forward and rubbed firmly against my right breast. I felt another wild jolt at this. I was still incredibly uncertain about whether this was sexual or not even as I hurriedly soaped up my own breasts and turned away.

She pressed herself against my back again, sending another jolt against me, rubbing her body against mine even as I hurriedly (very hurriedly) soaped up my breasts and then slid the soap down between my legs.

“Clean, clean!” she said.

She slid around me and I backed away, and reached for the shower faucet, and turned it on again. The water poured over us and she hurriedly rinsed herself off then moved aside to let me rinse myself off too. I was so glad this was over, but still wildly confused, embarrassed, and uncertain!

The uncertainty ended when she turned and pressed her body against me, giving me another happy grin, and then kissed me. It wasn't a quick, chaste kiss, either. It was a full-on, extended kiss which made my heart, adrenaline, and pulse rate all shoot up.

“You very pretty,” she said softly.

“Uh... I'm... I'm not...”

She kissed me again, her hands reaching up to grip my hair. I gasped as she kind of pulled my head back, and I reached up myself to grab her wrist.

“Li!” I gasped. “That hurts!”

“So sorry,” she said, but her lips were already tracing in along the nape of my neck under my ear.

And reaching up had exposed my breasts so that her other hand could caress them freely and her fingers could rub my already very hard nipples. Then her mouth dropped to my breast and I gasped

aloud.

“Li!” I gasped.

Her mouth was sucking rhythmically on the center of my breast as her teeth kind of dug into the soft pale flesh and lightly chewed! Her tongue was sweeping back and forth across my erect nipple, which sparkled and crackled with life and heat and energy!

Some of that seemed to wash out into my breasts, then slide down my spine so that my lower belly, particularly my pussy, began to throb excitedly.

I managed to pry her hand off my hair and looked down to find her mouth fairly devouring my breast, which ached hotly, deliciously.

“Li! I'm... we're... this... this isn't...”

I didn't know what to say, what to do. The heat was sudden and debilitating. My breasts were pulsing with excitement.

Her other hand slid between my legs and her fingers unerringly found my clitoris and began to rub from side to side.

I cried out, my hips jerking convulsively.

“I... don't!” I gasped.

She laughed. “I show you how Chinese girls do it.”

And suddenly she was on her knees before me, her small hands forcing my legs wider as she licked up the center of my pussy! Her fingers spread the lips of my sex, and then her lips were sucking on my clitoris the way they had been on my nipple.

My will was ... melting as the heat rose. My uncertainty and anxieties were being brushed aside by the raging conflagration she was rousing from my body. I leaned back against the wall, gasping, moaning softly as her tongue began to work on my clitoris.

Her hands slid up my body to cup and fondle my breasts, her thumbs stroking my nipples as she overpowered my mind. I lay my head back, moaning low in my throat as she sucked and licked and drove me up towards a sudden blistering explosion of pleasure.

The orgasm made me jerk back, at first, grinding my buttocks against the tiled wall. Then my hips began to buck uncontrollably as she drew her hands down again to grasp my thighs, her tongue licking wildly at my clitoris so that the howl of pleasure went on and on and on, surging with every hard, fast lick!

And then she stood up, grinned again, kissed me, and turned off the water.

“Must go or be late!”

She slid the door open and stepped out of the shower, grabbed her towel, and quickly toweled off, then left the bathroom naked.

I stood propped against the wall, still trying to figure out what had happened, my body still twitching from the wild rush of sensation and heat.

Holy fuck, I thought dazedly.

I got out, closed the bathroom door, and dried myself off, including my hair, then put on my robe and dashed back to my room, closing and locking the door.

Holy fuck!

I stared at myself in the mirror of my dresser, then got my hairdryer and went through the motions of drying my shoulder-length hair.

Fuck! What had just happened!?

Li hadn't acted like she'd done anything other than playful... sport. Was this something Chinese girls did a lot in China!? Because I'd never heard of it! And how was I supposed to react to this? What did it change? Should I ask for different roommates?

Why? It wasn't like it had hurt. It wasn't like I needed to be ashamed of anything. What girl didn't have a little lesbian fling while in college anyway? And there was nothing wrong with it. It had been incredibly wild and hot and exciting and pleasurable.

I was a bit disgruntled that she'd basically taken complete charge of me and done it with basically no part for me to play other than just standing there like a department store dummy. I wondered if she thought I was some kind of shy, prudish provincial girl or something.

And was this going to lead to more? I mean, not just wild morning sex in the shower but... but more?

Because while I was somewhat... curious about girls, I was still very much into boys. Girls might be interesting for... play sex, but not romance. I wondered if she felt the same way? She'd acted that way. It would be weird and embarrassing if some Chinese girl fell in love with me and then got upset when I didn't reciprocate.

I had to hurry to dress and get off to my own class, which didn't leave me a lot of time for introspection. But during class, my mind kept returning to it, and again squirming away from how... passive I'd been. If we were going to have some play sex I needed to actually take part!

Mind you, I had no experience with oral sex. Not with girls anyway. And I had very little experience receiving it, either, to be honest. I mean, guys kind of tried, because they were sort of expected to, but you could tell their hearts weren't into it. I was hoping I'd meet more sophisticated guys here at college.

And, yes, hoping to experiment some more with sex. I was aware my limited experiences with guys who themselves had limited experience was not exactly the best guide for what to expect.

So why not experiment with Li? The first experience had sure been... wild. With more warning, I could learn a lot about a lot of things. I think what was really nagging at me was that she had taken such charge. If she'd been a boy I'd have accepted that easily, especially if 'he' had known what he was doing. Because, like I said, I was aware I was far from being expert.

But a girl, especially a small girl, especially a small, foreign girl, treating me like some ignorant, virginal farm girl or something was a bit galling. Then again, she obviously knew a lot more than I did about sex!

I would need to read up on how girls had sex so I wasn't caught by surprise and could participate more fully next time. Presuming there was a next time. And the more I thought about it, the more I wanted there to be a next time. Hopefully soon!

It wasn't going to be that evening, though. Both of them studied hard and were working on some sort of project on the computer. I couldn't really understand because they mostly spoke to each other in Mandarin. I wondered if it might be a good idea to learn some of that.

But, since they were busy I went into my room and studied some, then did some social media, some Netflix, and then went to bed.

## Chapter Two

I had not locked my bedroom door. Why would I? I was not quite asleep when it opened and then closed again. I blinked sleepy eyes, then there was a shadow overhead, and teeth gleamed whitely just before she leaned in and kissed me.

I was awake very quickly! And after a bit of startled confusion, started to kiss her back as she tugged the sheets and covers back from me. I was wearing a button-down men's shirt which had belonged to my last boyfriend. It was thin and soft, and I felt her hand on my breast through it.

That sent a rush of heat through my body as she gripped my hair again to force my head to one side, then chewed her way down the nape of my neck and in under my ear.

“L-Li!” I gasped.

Her other hand was already undoing the buttons! I felt it slip inside and knead my bare breast, then she giggled – oddly – differently – and reached up to my hair with her other hand too.

I had again instinctively raised my hand to grab at her fingers in my hair. Now she seized my wrist and pressed it back against the bed just above my head. I was confused as I felt something soft wrapped around it go tight.

“Wh-what are... you... doing?” I gasped as she forced my other hand up next to the first.

I wasn't actively resisting, and by the time I started to she'd straddled my chest, then slid up higher so her legs could pin my arms down.

She was tying my wrists to the headboard!

“Li!”

She giggled again and moved back, and I found my wrists tied in place.

“You know nothing. Let me show,” she whispered.

She unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and spread it open, then leaned in and began to tongue and lick and suck on first one nipple, then the other!

Her lips and tongue worked slowly down my belly and she spread my legs wide, then began to lick my pussy again as she had in the shower! I moaned helplessly, tugging at my wrists with a strange sense of disbelief, excitement, and relief.

Relief because if I was tied up I couldn't do anything to reveal my ignorance. Though it sounded like she already knew that.

She forced my knees quite wide, so the tendons in my inner thighs ached, and her tongue moved swiftly and powerfully as it licked at my clitoris. The heat within me was soaring and my body was already starting to writhe and grind against her licking tongue!

Oh my God, she was so good! I lay my head back against my bound arms, my mouth gaping as I gulped in air. My entire body seemed to be crackling with sexual heat and excitement. The pressure was building up within me so that I trembled and my muscles began to spasm.

I felt her fingers pushing into me for the first time, first one small finger, then a second, sliding up along the inside of my sex, pumping slowly in and out while pressing upward. The passion and hunger within me grew more intense and I felt myself becoming feverish with the heat.

She drew back, and I could only see her as a shadowy figure until she reached for the bedside light and it snapped on.

I blinked my eyes in the light even as she turned and pressed my knee over to the side. She had

what looked like a long black scarf in her hands and she wrapped it around my leg just above the knee, then slipped over to the side of the bed and tied the scarf to the side rail.

She slipped back onto the bed and I finally got a good look at her. Good enough to see that it wasn't Li, it was Fan! I gasped, alarmed at first, then embarrassed and confused.

Meanwhile, she tied a second long black scarf to my other leg, pulled it wide, and tied it to the other rail. She was wearing a nightshirt, and peeled it up over her head, then fell forward atop me. I gasped as she gripped my hair again, then her lips were on mine, hungry, filled with passion and need as she kissed me!

Her small breasts pressed into mine, rubbing against me as she kissed me.

Did it matter that it was Fan instead of Li?! Did it!? I was confused. Because it sure should have, but on the other hand, why? I would feel more comfortable with Li given what we'd already done in the shower, but Fan had been licking me nearly to the edge of oblivion before I even realized it was her.

Now she was laying atop me like a guy would, her soft flesh rubbing against me as her lips feasted on mine.

And... and I was all tied up and helpless! What the hell!?

She pulled back, kissing her way along my throat and down onto my breasts. She kneaded and massaged them as she licked, sucked, and chewed at my nipples and the center of my breasts. They were soon throbbing again and I was losing my concern that it was she and not Li there.

She licked her way back down between my legs and I moaned as the heat swirled and churned up within me. Her tongue was amazing! And her fingers were pumping in and out of my now very wet, overheated pussy!

She drew back and picked up a small jar of something. She gave me a smirk as she opened it and spread it over her fingers. Then she slid them down between my legs. They were now very slippery as they caressed the line of my sex before pushing into me.

The added slipperiness really added to the pleasure as her fingers pumped in and out. Her thumb rubbed against my clitoris, and my body began to grind and roll and twist before her.

"You blonde girl. You come big, big," she said. "Blonde girls love sex. Blonde girls make big scream."

I was not going to scream. Was she crazy! But I was sure finding it hard not to make a lot of noise! I was whimpering and moaning and the heat was flaring up and down my body as her fingers thrust in and out and her thumb ground against my clitoris.

Her other hand kneaded my breasts and pinched and rolled my nipples. Then she added a third finger, thrusting them in and out.

My back arched and I cried out weakly, then again, my hips rolling and bucking against her as a massive orgasm tore through me! I writhed in its grip, wallowing in the rapture as intense pleasure howled like a hurricane through my body and mind.

"Come, blonde girl! Come for me!" she growled.

I couldn't speak, couldn't think, could only tremble and shake and strain against the scarves, my hips jerking violently, my buttocks rising up above the bed as she drove me nearly out of my mind.

I sank down with a gasp, moaning, and she eased her fingers out of me, then into her mouth, licking and sucking on them.

"Blonde girls are very responsive," she said.

She giggled then leaned in, sucking and licking on my breasts, then licking downward again. Soon she was once again licking at my clitoris, but softly, gently, as her fingers thrust slowly in and out of my pussy.

I groaned, not knowing what to say, and having nothing I could do even if I wanted to. I just lay there as she licked and sucked and my body began to heat up again with surprising speed.

She stopped abruptly, leaving me gasping, then got out of bed and reached down to step into something. For a moment I thought she was putting her underwear on, which was strange since... well,

she hadn't finished. I hadn't finished!

But when she pulled it up and turned around I saw that it was a kind of harness made of black straps. And attached to it was a big, realistic looking dildo!

“You like my cock?” she asked in amusement, pumping her small hand on it. “It like you too. See how hard it is for a blonde girl?”

She was kneeling on the bed as she said that. She spread her knees wide, leaned in and rubbed the head up and down against my sex, then leaned in more. I shuddered as the head of the cock pushed into the mouth of my sex, feeling the ache of that pressure, then the slow-spreading apart as it slid into my body.

She eased lower, pushing her hips against me and the dildo slid deeper. I gulped in air as I felt the thickness of it pushing deep into my abdomen and her body settled atop mine.

“I fuck you good, blonde girl,” she whispered.

She gripped my hair again, jerking my head back as she kissed her way up along my throat, then along the nape of my neck. Her lips came down on mine once more and her hips began to roll and grind.

I cried out as she forced the last inch of the dildo into my belly, jamming it against what felt like the very bottom of my pussy!

“You be my slut!” she whispered, pulling her lips back. “You be my bitch!”

She kissed me again, and her hips began to rise and fall, rise and fall, in a smooth, liquid movement that pumped the thick dildo inside me. The heat gripping me rose to scalding levels as I kissed her back. The sexual pressure inside me was so powerful I was trembling. I moaned helplessly, my mind overcome by the passion and lust and pleasure as she began to thrust even harder.

Another orgasm shattered my already dazed mind. I cried out, my head jerking back as the orgasm lashed my senses and swamped them with pleasure. My muscles worked frantically, trying to thrust my hips up against that plunging dildo. But with the way my knees were tied down and apart that just made the tendons in my inner thighs ache all the more.

My back arched as my wrists tugged against the scarf binding them, and I shuddered and whimpered as her hips thrust harder, the dildo making a soft wet sound as it plunged into my sopping pussy.

“You come good,” she exclaimed, jerking on my hair and then chewing on my throat.

I couldn't think, couldn't speak. My hips were trembling and spasming as the dildo continued to thrust down into me with hard, fast strokes. I was riding a high like I'd rarely felt in my life, wallowing in the pleasure as it flooded through me, hoping it would never end.

It went on for... I don't know... almost a minute! It was stupendous! I was intoxicated, feverish! And all the while there was that hard, steady, fast, thrust of her 'cock' into my spasming, trembling, burning pussy!

And then as it slowly began to fade my door opened and the other one came in. I could barely remember her name, could hardly think.

“Hey! That my blonde girl!” she protested indignantly.

“She my bitch now,” Fan said.

“I fuck her first!”

“I fuck her best,” Fan said, smirking.

“I fuck her better!”

“I make her come two times so far.”

“Pha! I can make her come many times!”

I was starting to come down from my high, and starting to feel a sense of confusion and embarrassment as the girl atop me – Fan, I remembered – pulled back. I saw Li turn and leave the room.

“She jealous,” Fan said, running her hands over my breasts and rolling the nipples.

Li returned, clutching something that looked like a narrow tube with a rounded tip. She peeled her nightshirt up and off, and then, naked, she knelt next to the single bed I was lying on.

The narrow tube began to buzz as she extended her arm and rubbed it up and down my pussy. Then she reached over with her other hand, spreading the lips of my sex and pressing it directly against my clitoris.

Obviously, it was a vibrator, and given how overheated I'd been, and how sensitive my nerve endings now were, it had an immediate, overpowering impact.

“Oh! Oh! Please!” I cried.

The sensation was too powerful.

She ground it gently against my clitoris as she and Fan spoke in Mandarin. Fan leaned in and slid the dildo into me once again, scooting her hips forward. She started to pump it slowly in and out as Li rubbed the vibrator against me and reached up to massage one of my breasts. Fan took the other breast in hand and they had a discussion of some kind, probably about my breasts.

I strained against the scarfs for the buzzing vibrator just felt too overpowering, and was making me very uncomfortable.

“It's too... strong!” I whimpered.

“Shush. Blonde girls love vibrator,” Li said.

She and Fan exchanged more words, and Fan drew back and climbed off the bed. Li took her place, taking the vibrator away, much to my relief. But then her tongue started in on me. The contrast was immense. Her tongue felt soooooo good compared to the vibrator!

Fan removed the dildo from the harness she was wearing, and then leaned in and pushed it into me. She and Fan drove it so deep it ached. It was almost buried inside me, though, with just the base remaining to hold me open.

Li licked at my clitoris, her tongue constantly in motion, changing directions often. Her lips moved in to suck rhythmically on my clitoris every little while too! Fan leaned over me and started to suck and chew on my nipples and breasts again, sending sharp little pulses of heat and pleasure through my breasts.

My body was heating up furiously, and I felt myself falling back into that feverish sense of dazed heat, hunger, and need as I tried to roll my hips up against her.

She eased back, rising on her knees, then scooted forward, and her body slid atop mine. She kissed me passionately, as Fan had done, her breasts pressing against mine. More importantly, her lower body was jammed against me, and as she ground and rubbed and rolled her hips it kept pressing against the base of the dildo.

Meanwhile, fingers were rubbing at my clitoris, probably Fan's, and I began to buck and tremble and shake as a third orgasm tore through me. I cried out, my voice swallowed by Fan as she ground herself harder and faster. She had shifted her hips a little to one side so her thigh was rubbing and pressing directly against me, and she moved it rapidly up and down as a strange, delicious sort of ache combined with an explosive rush of pleasure to drive me out of my mind!

“You are my horny blonde girl!” she said with a giggle.

“She is my horny blonde girl!”

“I see her first. I fuck her first.”

“She is my bitch.”

“Pha!”

They both went off into a torrent of Mandarin as I tried to catch my breath. Then Fan rose off me and the two of them untied my legs.

I groaned as the pressure receded and I was able to draw my thighs closer together, but if I thought things were ending I was mistaken.

“Roll over, blonde girl,” Fan said.

She and Li rolled me onto my belly.

*Crack!* I felt a sharp slap on my bottom.

“Bottom up in air!”

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I whined.

I raised myself up onto my knees but got another slap.

*Crack!*

“Higher, blonde girl.”

Several hands gripped me, and I felt like I was being kind of pushed from behind, my hips and thighs forced forward even as my bottom was raised high. This caused my abdomen to push in closer to my thighs, my back arching as my breasts pressed into the mattress.

They had not untied the scarves from my legs but only from the bed. Now they spread my knees to the sides, and then tied them there again. My mind was in a state of dazed, shell-shocked confusion from the incredible orgasm or I'd probably have inquired more about ... why.

Maybe I would have even protested.

Li left the room even as I felt Fan click on the vibrator again. I moaned as she ran it gently up and down my sex, then began to grind it against my clitoris. My hips bucked and jerked and spasmed, but with my legs tied in place and my wrists still tied to the headboard, I couldn't really move.

“Oh! Please!” I gasped. “Please!”

“You like very much soon,” she said.

Li returned, with her own harness, and an even bigger dildo sticking out of it! I shuddered as she knelt behind me and rubbed it up and down against my pussy.

“I fuck you good, blonde girl!” she promised.

I gasped and groaned as the pressure made me ache! She ground the thing against me, then slowly, slowly forced me open enough for it to start to push inside.

“I-It's... too... too big!” I moaned.

They both snorted disdainfully.

“You big blonde girl!” Fan said.

“No cock too big for you!” Li said behind me.

She slowly forced the thick cock deeper, and only the way Fan was rubbing the vibrator against my hypersensitive clitoris distracted me from the deep ache as it stretched me so wide. But as my body seemed to adjust the ache diminished, and she was able to start moving her hips in and out, fucking me!

I felt fingers combing through my hair, then cried out as it was pulled sharply back, forcing my head up and back.

“Oh! Oh please!” I cried.

*Crack!* Fan slapped my bottom sharply.

“You come for me again, blonde girl!”

“You sexy blonde girl,” Fan said as she leaned over the bed. “We make you our bitch!”

“Ohmygod!” I gasped as the thing pushed even deeper.

*Crack!*

“Dirty girl!” Li said from behind me.

Her hips worked steadily in and out as Fan ground the vibrator against me. I felt like I was drowning in a dark, wild, wicked sexual adventure like nothing I'd ever experienced. Which I was! The sensations they were raising in my body were powerful and were like a drug, turning my mind to mush.

I couldn't protest. I couldn't think straight. All I could do was gasp and moan and grunt and cry out as Li fucked me harder and harder, and forced the dildo so deep she was finally able to jam her hips against my upraised buttocks.

“I fuck you crazy!” she said, leaning over me.

The bed began to shake as her hips began to hit me with force, and my mind slowly dissolved under the heat and overpowered sensations. My eyes became glassy and largely unseeing as I moaned and shuddered and grunted and then exploded into still another monster orgasm.

That big 'cock' inside me felt... incredible! I'd never had anything that big inside me! The feel of it pumping in and out, spearing deep inside me, was shockingly erotic and exciting! And now the vibrator, instead of just making me feel overpowering and uncomfortable sensations were making my clitoris burn like never before.

I began to cry out, my voice rising louder as the intensity of the pleasure rose. Fan clamped her hand over my mouth as my inhibitions faded and my voice rose to something like a scream. Li smacked my bottom repeatedly as her hips thrust the dildo into me, and my mind collapsed to mush as the orgasm rampaged through my body.

## Chapter Three

I ached all over. The muscles in my abdomen ached from such strong, repeated spasming. And I ached inside from the hard thrusting of Li's dildo. I hardly paid attention to what they were doing as they untied my wrists.

But they drew them back behind my back and then crossed them firmly before wrapping the scarf around them again while communicating with each other in Mandarin.

I moaned exhaustedly. I was out of breath. I'd hardly been able to breathe as the orgasm had battered me. Not because of Fan's hand but simply because breathing might have interrupted the orgasm. And I hadn't been willing to do that.

All right, I'm not the most experienced girl, sexually, but it wasn't like I haven't been masturbating. And nothing I'd ever experienced in the way of pleasure had come close to the orgasms Fan and Li had given me.

Now Fan was climbing into bed in front of me, sitting back against the headboard, kind of slouching as she drew her knees back and spread them apart. She gripped my hair and wound it around her fist, then tugged.

“Now you show me your tongue, blonde girl,” she said.

I wasn't especially interested in licking the pussy before me. But I felt... obligated, to say the least. I mean, I don't think there are any circumstances where someone can give you multiple orgasms, incredible orgasms, and then you can say “Uhm, no, thanks. I'm good,” rather than try to return the favor.

I was also feeling intimidated by them. Obviously, they were way, way more knowledgeable about sex than me! Who would have guessed a pair of Chinese girls would be such kinky sluts!?! And then there was the whole bondage thing. I knew what it was, but I'd never experimented with it. I didn't quite understand it or why they wanted to tie me up.

But it did add to the weird sense of... I'm not sure what, something like being their bitch like they were joking about. I kind of felt like their bitch! And I didn't even have any thought to resist that, or that it was wrong.

I was kind of self-conscious, though, and suddenly anxious about revealing the depths of my ignorance.

Fan wasn't giving me much time to think about it, though, not with the way she was pulling my hair. I licked tentatively up and down the neat line of her sex, and she reached down and spread herself open. I blushed and my mind squirmed, but I began to lick her clitoris as I felt fingers at my own sex.

Li was pushing her big dildo back inside me again, and I moaned helplessly as it filled me to overflowing!

This was sick! It was so sick! It was so intense! It was so outrageous! My mind was skittering like fall leaves blown along the ground, not knowing what to think or how to react to all this. Since it couldn't make any decisions that left just going along and doing as I was told.

Ohmygod, that thing was so thick!

I gasped and moaned as she pushed harder, but Fan kept tugging on my hair to urge me on, and I licked harder at her clitoris as the two talked to each other above me.

“I am your mistress,” Fan said loftily. “Please your mistress, blonde girl!”

Wow, this was kinky!

I winced as she tugged on my hair, licking harder, gasping and panting as Li began to pump in and out behind me. God, that cock... dildo... felt incredible as it moved inside me!

My wrists twisted against the scarf, and my legs pulled against the others. It felt... weird having sex tied up. It felt... it made me feel utterly helpless, but not in a scary way. Well, maybe a little scary. But mostly it just felt like an intense, out-of-control experience. And if it was out of my control then... I didn't have to spend any thought about what to do, did I? All I had to do was whatever I was told.

There was something comforting and relaxing about that.

I cried out as Fan pulled my head up and back more sharply.

“Look. See?” she said.

She had her tongue pressed against her lower lip, and was making her mouth move up and down. I understood, of course. When she lowered my chin I began to lick harder, using my lower lip to help push against my tongue.

Li was finally getting the last inch of her big cock into me and was now starting to move her hips in and out with more authority, slapping my buttocks now and then.

I felt her sheath the big cock inside me. Then I felt.. a finger, a slippery finger, against my back opening.

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” I gasped.

Fan jerked my mouth back down against her pussy.

“Bitch do as she is told!” she exclaimed.

“Your body belong to mistress,” Li said behind me.

Her finger wriggled into me, pumping slowly in and out as I licked at Fan. I felt a second finger join the first, and my mind churned with mostly emotional discomfort. I'd never done anything anal before, nor ever had any ambition to try.

Her fingers pulled out and something else pushed into me. It was narrow but then got thicker and thicker, spreading me wider. I gasped in pain, then cried out at a sharp, stinging slap to the bottom. That seemed to serve as a distraction as she pushed something into me.

It got thicker then it suddenly got thin. It wasn't very long. My body seemed to suck it down inside, but not far, for there was a part of it which remained on the outside.

“We get you ready for when your ass be used,” Li said.

“Pretty ass blonde girl,” Fan said.

“Men like to use pretty ass,” Li said.

“We let them use your pretty ass for money,” Fan taunted.

*Crack!*

“Nice round ass. Bring plenty money,” Li said.

This was so sick! And intense!

I licked at Fan, hard and fast, as Li fucked me from behind. My mind began to sink into a strange, dark, bubbling torpor as heat rolled up through my body. How had this happened? I felt momentarily bewildered. Then I lost the fragment of thought, felt it fading away as the sensations began to overpower my mind once again.

I felt a surge of satisfaction and excitement as Fan began to respond to my tongue. I winced, though, as her fingers tightened in my hair and she jammed my mouth in harder.

“Dirty blonde girl,” she moaned. “Lick mistress hard!”

I did my best, and she let out a series of soft little cries of pleasure as she arched back, her hands forcing my face down and grinding it against her as she came.

The two exchanged more words as I moaned dazedly, then traded places. Fan donned the harness that Li stepped out of, keeping the big cock inside me. Then Li sat before me, winding my hair around her fist and pulling my mouth down against her.

“Lick mistress, blonde girl,” she ordered.

Fan began to thrust into me from behind and I shuddered and obeyed. Then she reached under me,

holding the vibrator, extending her reach under my hip, the buzzing tip sliding down my abdomen until it was able to start rubbing against my clitoris.

I lost my mind again soon after that.

\*

They both giggled and chatted in Mandarin as they left my bedroom, closing the door behind. They had untied my legs, but not my wrists. I collapsed onto the bed, gulping in air, then rolled onto my side, first, then onto my back.

Wow!

I mean... wow!

That had just happened! How the hell...? I was amazed and awed at that incredible sexual experience, which was easily the most intense of my life. Nothing even remotely approached it.

I had never come more than once in my life. I mean, don't they call it the climax because once you have it you're done? Oh, sure, I'd kind of heard that some girls could have multiple orgasms. But I'd never tried to make myself come multiple times, and no guy had been able to make me come even once.

I started worrying about whether I was gay, then. But no, I was pretty sure I wasn't. Those two kinky girls had just known how to make a girl come. Which wasn't really surprising. They never got 'soft' and were nice and big... They also knew what to do with their fingers and tongues and mouths. And, on top of that, had more patience.

Amazing as it was, though, to have just had a lesbian sexual experience of such magnitude – with two girls and not just one, there was also their kinky bondage stuff. Which... was still going on, given my wrists were tied together underneath me.

I sat up, annoyed they'd left me tied up.

I swung my wrists to one side of my body, twisting my head around to try and see them, and pulled against the scarf. But they were firmly tied. I would be damned if I had to go out to those two and ask them to pretty-please untie me.

I stood up and went to the dresser, looking at myself in the mirror. God! I looked totally fucked out. I turned my back to it and peered over my shoulder, trying to examine how the scarf was tied. It was a scarf, not rope, and obviously meant to be untied again. The knots were clean, and I thought that if I pulled on a particular part it would untie the knot.

Of course, I couldn't do that since my wrists were tied firmly together.

I finally had an idea. I went to the desk and got a long, newly sharpened pencil (they were all fairly new). I held it awkwardly in one hand, then turned to the side, watching in the mirror as I directed the pointy part up and gently pried at the knot. It didn't come up easily, but it did come up, and I was able to untie the scarf and pull my hands free.

Ha!

I went to my bedroom door and locked it, then considered what to do next. Well, the first thing was to pull that thing out of my butt! They'd put it in earlier, and I had seen a coin-shaped base pressed against the outside of my body in the mirror. I tugged slowly at it, bending forward, spreading my legs, and slowly tugging it out of my ass.

God! What a pair of little perverts!

The most obvious next thing was to go back to bed. I wasn't going to get a lot of sleep as it was, given how much I'd already missed. The thought of sleeping around those two kinky sluts made me nervous. But surely they'd already done as much as they wanted to tonight and needed to get to sleep themselves.

I put the nightshirt back on and got back into bed, warily eyeing the door as I turned off the light. What to do about them tomorrow was a question I couldn't easily resolve. The sex had been fantastic! But the way it had come about left me feeling ... well, there was a Chinese thing about losing face... I had definitely lost face!

I wondered if they were even now giggling and snickering about what a cheap slut I was, and how easily they had taken control of me and made me come. That made me feel resentful and wanting to find a way to equalize our relationship again. I just wasn't sure how that could be done.

I mean, it wasn't like I wasn't interested in further... experiments. But being used like some cheap whore made me feel... well, like a cheap whore! And it wasn't something I was used to.

Eventually, I fell asleep, but woke up far too early and feeling cranky. But I also woke up to a flood of memory of what I'd done, what we'd done, and the raw carnal nature of it left me almost gaping. God, that had been so wild and incredible!

I wasn't really up to facing them – having lost so much face, so to speak. I had no idea what I would say. 'Hey, thanks for tying me up and fucking my brains out,' was out of the question. I was sure I would blush furiously the moment I saw either of them.

Which left the problem of the shower. I couldn't wait for them to finish. They had a habit of getting up early and then studying for half an hour or so before leaving for class. So either I went first or I had a shower while they were outside in the outer room.

Neither had a lot of appeal, given how self-conscious I suddenly felt.

I went to the door and listened intently, then eased it open. There was no sign of either of them and their doors were closed. I considered just not having a shower, but after that hot, sweaty sex, not to mention them pulling on my hair, well, no, I had to have a shower and style my hair.

I grabbed my towel from the hook on the back of the door and then silently stepped outside, went to the bathroom, closed the door silently and locked it, and then, quick as I could, turned on the shower. I slipped off my nightshirt, glanced at myself in the mirror, and then stepped into the shower.

This was going to be a very fast shower!

I started with shampoo, then quickly rinsed. I grabbed the soap and soaped up as briskly as I could, and then let out a little scream as the shower door slid aside. It occurred to me then that the bathroom lock was one of those internal doors which could be opened by sticking a pin or something else long and narrow through the little hole in the outer doorknob. It was more for privacy than security – much like my bedroom door!

“Good morning, Blonde girl!” Fan said.

She was already naked and stepped into the shower before I could respond.

I backed up, face reddening.

“I'm... I'm just finishing!” I gulped.

Then Li showed up and pushed in as well.

“I'll just get out!” I said.

“Must get all clean!” Fan said happily.

“Such pretty blonde hair!” Li echoed, sliding her fingers through my wet hair.

“I'm already done. I just have to rinse off!”

“Pretty, pretty blonde hair!” Fan said as she poured shampoo over it.

“No, no! I already shampooed it!” I exclaimed.

Then I had to close my eyes for she'd used a lot of shampoo and it was trickling down around my face as I felt her hands starting to scrub my hair.

“Fan! Li! I-I'm already... finished!” I squeaked.

I felt someone's hands on my breasts, kneading and massaging them, then a hand down between my legs. I yelped and backed against the wall as soapy fingers began to rapidly stroke my clitoris.

“I-I... you... you guys I... have to get... I have to go to class!” I exclaimed.

“Start day off with good fucking. Make for happy day!” one of them said.

Four hands were sliding over my body, and their own bodies were pressing against me, pinning me into the corner as they giggled. Then the water came on, and they pulled me forward under it. It washed down over my head and body as their hands continued to glide over me and their small breasts pushed against me.

I ran my hands over my face and hair and opened my eyes as Li looked at me with bright eyes, holding a squeeze bottle.

“Good for skin!” she said, squirting a stream of some cool white jell onto my chest.

She ran the stream down my body as Fan began to spread the cream over my breasts. It was... slippery, as slippery as soap, and when Li's fingers spread it down between my legs, then pushed up into me.

I gasped, stumbling back against the wall, but she followed, giggling, and then dropping to her knees. Fan kissed me hard on the lips, her hand sliding up into my hair and pulling it sharply back.

“Ow! Hey! Fan!” I cried.

I reached up and back, grabbing at the hand in my hair and she giggled and shifted her grip to my wrist.

“Fan!”

She pulled my hair back even more, and then trapped my other wrist and somehow quickly wrapped my wet hair around both to pin them in place. Then she bent and began to suck and chew and *bite* at my breasts and nipples!

“Oh! Ow! Not so hard!” I moaned.

Li was licking energetically, her tongue sweeping up across my clitoris again and again as her fingers spread the lips of my sex. I shuddered and moaned as her fingers pushed up into me, one, then two, then three, thrusting in and out as she began to suck rhythmically at my clitoris.

My desire, my will to push back, to resist what they were doing, was being swept away by a rising torrent of pleasure and excitement. This was all so wild and daring and... outrageous and... and hot! And the sensations Li was sending up through my lower belly were growing more intense by the second!

Fan had her teeth in the soft pale flesh of my breast surrounding my nipple and was chewing at me as she sucked rhythmically. Her tongue was swirling and stroking at my erect nipple even as her free hand was kneading my other breast and rolling and plucking at the nipple.

These two were crazy! But I was rapidly overwhelmed by the dark, thrilling passion of it all.

“Oh! Don't! Not so.. much!” I moaned as Li drove her fingers deeper.

I felt so... achingly stretched! Her fingers were twisting and turning as they pumped in and out, and given how slick and oily they were with that stuff she'd poured over me the feeling was incredible. But even so, I felt achingly stretched, and I couldn't see how many fingers she had inside me.

The heat, the sexual pressure gripping my body grew more and more powerful, so powerful nothing else really mattered, including aches and pains like that. And then the orgasm rushed up out of the depths of my body and made me cry out in wildfire pleasure, my buttocks slapping against the wall as I tried to jam myself into her face.

They both giggled and talked in amused voices to each other in Mandarin.

Li rose and then both of them gripped my arms and pushed.

“Down on knees, blonde girl,” one said.

My knees were rubbery by then anyway. I half collapsed onto them, gasping and trembling, ignoring what they were doing, which involved my wrists. I felt them wrapping something around them, something much thinner and harder than any scarf. It felt like... like a bootlace, or something similar, some kind of thin leather cord.

My wrists were down behind my head, wrapped in hair. They pulled them down more sharply, then wrapped the cord around my neck several times, tightening it to the point I gasped.

“Oh! Wait!” I gasped as the cord dug into my neck.

They chatted away at each other, and one of them slid fingers along the cord around my neck, then it was loosened a bit. It was still firm around my throat, though, as Li stepped before me.

“Please your mistress, blonde girl.”

I flushed, remembering something like that from last night. Kinky little bitch!

She pulled my mouth against her and I reluctantly began to lick, especially when she started tugging on my hair.

Fan knelt beside me, pushing her hand between my thighs.

“Spread legs,” she said.

Then she pinched my thigh until I yelped and jerked my knees apart.

“Wider.”

I spread my knees wider and her fingers began to stroke up and down against my pussy.

“You our bitch,” she teased, her mouth next to my ear.

Her fingers were steadily stroking my pussy as she talked. Her fingers began to push into me as Li pulled more sharply on my hair.

“Lick harder, Blonde girl,” she said sternly.

I licked harder, moaning as Fan fingered me and kneaded my breast.

I tugged on my wrists but they were firmly tied, which kept my wrists behind my head and my elbows up and back. That left me helpless as the two used me as... well, their bitch! There was something wickedly exciting about that, even with the indignation it was causing me.

I licked energetically at her as Fan's fingers began to excite me again.

“Dirty girl,” Fan purred. “You our dirty blonde girl.”

Li was grinding herself into my mouth as I licked, pulling harder on my hair.

I moaned even as she gasped for pleasure.

She started moaning something in Chinese, and Fan replied in the same language. I had no idea what it was but I was encouraged that I seemed to be exciting her.

“Spread legs wide,” Fan said, pinching my nipple.

I yelped and obeyed.

I was starting to really feel a dark wild sense of carnal hunger. It wasn't so much because of what Li or Fan were doing, but more because of what was happening. I mean, I was tied up on my knees licking a girl's pussy and acting like her... bitch! That was outrageously hot!

Fan's stroking, fondling, thrusting fingers just added to that.

I made Li come, which was... satisfying. Then she and Fan traded places.

“Why you not wear butt-plug?” Li demanded.

“I... I took it out,” I gulped.

“I tell you wear all time. You have pretty ass. We fuck your ass!”

“I... don't do that kind of thing!” I gulped.

She pinched my nipple and I yelped.

“You are sex slave. We decide what you do.”

Sex slave!? Oh wow! That was so nasty and hot!

“You have nice, tight, pretty ass. We give you to many men to fuck you in ass.”

“Lick, Blonde girl,” Fan ordered.

I moaned and licked as Li got out of the shower. She returned a minute later and knelt behind me. I felt pressure on my bottom and gasped as she slowly pushed the butt-plug back into it.

“You wear always!” she said sternly.

“Lick, slut!” Fan demanded, tugging on my hair.

I gasped and licked, while Li ran her hands over my body, squeezing and fondling my breasts and fingering my pussy. I licked until my jaw began to ache, and managed to make Fan come. They rinsed us all off but didn't untie me. Then, giggling, they got out of the shower and dried themselves off.

“A-Are you going to untie me?” I gulped anxiously.

“Of course!”

They dried me off, then made me kneel there while they went to their bedrooms. I heard blow dryers going as they dried their hair, and tried to pry my hands free of the cord thing. I stood up and stared at myself and saw that it was indeed some kind of leather cord, like a bootlace but... not.

“You guys!” I called. “I have to get ready for class!”

They returned, all dressed, scowling at me.

“You bad girl,” Li said sternly.

“Yes. You not kneel. You take out butt-plug.”

“You guys!” I whined.

They gripped my elbows and pulled me from the room, taking me to Li's room. Fan combed my hair out from under where my wrists were held, and away from the cord, and then she and Li brushed it as they worked a hairdryer on me.

I was ... confused.

“I can do it!” I blurted.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Not speak. Bad girl,” Fan chided.

“Oh come on!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Not speak, bad girl!”

They turned me and bent me over the desk.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Spread legs wide.”

“You our bitch.”

“I am not!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

I felt fingers at my sex, then I was penetrated by something... a dildo, a slippery one. I moaned and gasped, my hips squirming, heat rising rapidly as the thing pumped in and out. It started to vibrate and I shuddered as fingers rubbed my clitoris rapidly.

“Dirty blonde girl,” Fan teased.

“Blonde sex slave!” Li taunted.

I yelped as the vibrator pushed deeper. It was big and thick and made me thrum with sexual energy!

“We fuck you good, Blonde girl!”

I groaned as the tip was jammed deep inside me. They pinned my thighs to the desk, and then one of them picked up some tape from somewhere. The sound as she tore a strip off was obvious. Then some masking tape was pressed over my mouth!

*Crack!*

I yelped in pain as something hit my bottom. It wasn't a small hand. It was some kind of thin strap!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“You be good little slave girl or you be punished!” Fan said sternly.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Obey Chinese mistress!” Li said, then giggled.

I was twisting and writhing and moaning, my hips working hard to try and pull away, but of course, I couldn't. Then the blows stopped and one of them began licking and sucking on my clitoris as the vibrator pumped in and out.

My bottom was hot and sore, but the heat inside was much more intense, and soon my hips were grinding and rolling back for quite another reason as the dark sexual pressure rose and spread within me.

“Come for us, blonde girl. Come for mistress.

I did, powerfully, crying out as the pleasure exploded within me, my cries muffled by the tape as my body trembled and shook violently.

## Chapter Four

I was breathless and annoyed. My bottom was hot and sore! I was indignant. And being ignored as the two of them giggled to themselves and left for classes. I had to hurry. I hesitated, reaching back and feeling the base of the butt-plug. Fan had said she would check when I got back from class. She had fewer classes than me today and said she was coming home early to be there when I returned.

I didn't want another strapping. Also, to be honest, the idea of going to class with this thing inside me was kind of... nasty and hot. I didn't have enough time to think it through, so just got dressed and took off for class.

It was... weirdly uncomfortable all day, and never let me forget for long about the kinky stuff I'd been doing. That kept pulling my mind back to it, which kept filling me with a dark, thrilled sense of sexual excitement and adventure – and also consternation at, well, as they put it, being treated like their bitch.

I mean, sure they giggled and were joking when they said it, but they were still kind of, well, at least playing at it. Tying me up, and then strapping my butt was outrageous. But my butt didn't hurt after a few minutes.

Still, they were treating me with a sort of casual confidence in being able to do whatever they wanted to me, and that was making me feel indignant.

I couldn't help wondering what they'd do next!

Saying I had a pretty ass and they were going to let lots of guys fuck me there was obviously just teasing, but it was squirmy hot, kinky teasing. Especially given they'd ordered me to wear the butt-plug to be ready for it!

I felt kind of out of control in this kinky game. There were two of them and only one of me. And they obviously had a lot more experience with this sort of thing. That confused me. I'd read up on China after I had realized who my roommates would be. It had pretty strongly suggested girls from China were meek, virginal, and conservative about sexuality.

That sure didn't describe Li and Fan!

They must have been friends where they came from. I didn't see how two such kinky girls into perverted lesbian bondage could have wound up together in one room. I mean, this was China! They must be awfully rare. I had read you could go to jail for ten years for writing pornography there! So it wasn't like China was a very liberal place about sex.

I did my best to focus on my classes, and succeeded, at times. I did feel weirdly kinky, though, sitting in classes with this butt-plug thing up inside me. I mean, who does that!? This was so perverted! Imagine if I had to go to the hospital or something and they found this inside me! Yikes!

Walking around was just as bad. I felt kinky and... almost like, well, I was hiding something from all my classmates and everyone I passed. As if I wasn't the person I appeared. I mean, I looked *normal!* And given the sorts of kinky stuff I was doing, and this thing in my butt, I wasn't feeling normal!

There were some girls there who seemed to be obvious lesbians, given their hair and dress, and I wondered if this was the sort of thing they all did. I mean, I was pretty ignorant about that sort of thing. Sex and sexuality had not been a huge item for study in my life thus far.

Then again, neither of my roommates looked like they were lesbians. Maybe because they lived in China they had to hide that sort of thing.

I had worn a long skirt, rather than pants because I was afraid the little round base would be noticeable in pants. Especially if I had to bend over or something. But I was still paranoid about someone somehow noticing it. Imagine if I was back in high school and had to do gym class or something. Yikes!

I had been crazy to wear this thing! I should not have gone along with their silly game and threats to 'spank' me. Geeze! But now that I had I couldn't take it out. I'd have to wash it before putting it anywhere, like in my purse, and I sure wasn't going to do that in a public bathroom! Nor could I just throw it away. It must cost something, and it didn't belong to me.

I simply had to put up with it. I was determined to remove it as soon as I got back to my dorm, though. The base was the size of a coin but was soft. Still, it was very noticeable every time I sat down. And all through classes I kept shifting my position because of it. It simply felt... weird!

I was relieved when the end of my last class approached, but I also felt a kind of anxiety mixed with a dark sense of anticipation about what would happen with Li and Fan that evening. Maybe nothing. Or maybe they'd continue their weird, kinky sex game. Strangely, I wasn't sure whether I wanted them to or not. I mean, yes I was annoyed and indignant about it, but it was also exciting and hot.

I mean, having three-way lesbian sex was intriguing, but this bondage stuff was... scary. And it was scary both because I had no control and because it seemed far more kinky and edgy than just simple lesbian games.

I figured I had some time, though. This was Friday and usually I got home before them on Friday. I didn't have their schedule, but I thought Li had a later class than me. So unless Fan did come early like she said I could go home, change and... I don't know, study a bit, maybe, relax, prepare for whatever they had planned...

I was still wary when I unlocked the door, but the place did seem empty, and I went in, closed and locked it behind me. I felt a sense of relief at the chance to get my bearings and went to my room to change.

I had removed my top and dress before I noticed the stuff on the desk. They hadn't been there when I had left. One of the girls must have come back at some point and put them there. Maybe Fan really had come home early!

There were five round, black, studded leather bands. The big one had a large O-ring dangling from one side. The other smaller ones all had small clips and rings. The big one was... fairly obviously... a collar. This was bondage stuff! And if the big one went around my neck the smaller ones went around my wrists – and ankles!

I kind of stood there and gaped at them, feeling a strange hot flush go up my spine. My chest got tight and I felt kind of breathless for clearly they were meant for me. The girls had tied me up with scarves and some sort of leather cord before, but this...this was like... I don't know, like serious stuff!

It was also seriously erotic thinking about myself wearing them! Wow!

I licked my lips nervously as I picked up the collar to examine it. The leather was thick and soft, and it buckled much like a dog collar. I slipped it around my throat and buckled it behind me. Then I stared at myself in the mirror, feeling a rush of something dark and exciting.

I picked up one of the others and slipped it around my right wrist, buckling it, then put one around my left before going back and looking at myself in the mirror. My heart was beating much more rapidly as I stared at myself. I reached back and undid my bra, then slipped it off and stared at myself again.

Slave girl! God, this was hot and kinky!

There sure wasn't any doubt now that the girls intended to continue with this kinky game!

I hesitated, then slipped off my panties. I went back to the desk and put the other bands around my ankles, then went back and looked at myself in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. I got that 'wow' feeling again, turning and posing again and again.

I cupped my breasts, which were already throbbing softly, my nipples hard and tingly.

Sex slave!

I let my hands slide up through my hair and arched my back.

This was so sick!

I was aroused enough to strongly want to masturbate. I slid my fingers down along my pussy and rubbed myself for a few seconds, feeling the sensations ripple up through my belly. But the thought of them coming home and finding me masturbating, especially in this thing, was just too cringy.

I reached for the band on my left wrist to unbuckle it, then frowned as the buckle refused to come loose. I tried the right wrist but that wouldn't pull out either. I had a WTF moment and went to the window where there was more light and held them up to peer more closely.

There was what looked like a tiny keyhole on the clasps! I stared at it, then reached up and back to undo the collar, only to find the same thing. I went back to the mirror, turning the collar around so I could stare at the strap which pushed into the clasp and there was a similar tiny keyhole.

I gasped in alarm. I couldn't get them off! I hurried back to the desk, looking for a tiny key but found nothing. I dropped to my knees next to the desk, searching anxiously along the floor for one but couldn't feel or find it. I was stuck in this stuff until Li and Fan came home!

Which should not be long, really, but I didn't want to meet them wearing this! I wanted to meet them acting calm and casual and kind of holding up a hand to discuss just what we might or might not be doing. I mean, I wanted some kind of uhm, buy-in, like we were equals! That was going to be hard to do wearing this stuff!

God! I needed to put something on so at least I wouldn't look like a naked... sex slave! I hurriedly pulled on a pair of long sweatpants which had loose legs to hide the bands around my ankles, then went to the closet and yanked down a similar top. No, no, it wasn't good enough! I needed... a turtleneck to hide the collar!

I jerked the drawer of my dresser open, hurriedly searching for the one turtleneck I had, even though I knew it wouldn't hide the collar. The collar was too thick. They'd know I had it on underneath! But what other choice did I have!?

And then I heard them in the outer room! I gasped and squeaked as I stared at the door, then quickly started to yank the turtleneck on.

There was a knock at the door.

"Blonde girl! You lock your mistress out!?" one of them said.

Oh shit!

"You get spankee spankee!"

"Open door, blonde girl! You our beetch!"

Shit!

I licked my lips nervously, brushed my bangs back, and then put a stern look on my face as I unlocked and opened the door.

They were both there, both smiling up at me, and their smiles turned up higher when they noticed the bulge under the turtleneck.

"You find presents, Blonde girl?" Fan asked.

"You guys are perverts," I said accusingly.

"You too!" Li said in amusement.

She reached up and tugged down the collar of the turtleneck to reveal the other collar beneath.

"Where's the key?" I demanded.

They both giggled.

"That is for mistress, not slave girl."

"Take off clothes! We want to see!"

"About that," I said, straightening my shoulders. "I think we should talk about some of this stuff and uh, some of the... uh, like... some... I mean, the way you're doing stuff without... without asking or - hey!."

Fan was lifting my sweater up and as I moved to push her hands back Li tugged my sweatpants down so they fell around my ankles.

“Hey! You guys!” I exclaimed.

“We not guys!” Fan said.

Li gave me a push which, with the sweatpants around my ankles, caused me to stumble against Fan, who caught me even as Li tugged the sweatpants off. Fan then tugged my sweater up over my head and shoulders and pulled it off as I straightened.

“Look, Fan,” I gulped, “I want – .”

“We buy you more things!” Li said.

“Uh... what – .”

“Come, come!”

They both grabbed an arm and pulled me across the floor to Li's bedroom. I had no idea what they were doing but was already feeling flustered and aroused. There was a bare spot on the wall which confused me, at first. These aren't big rooms and so much empty wall seemed odd until I realized they'd pushed the dresser up against the closet.

There had been pictures on the wall, too, now that I remembered. Now there were just bare hooks. I did a double-take on the hooks, though, for they seemed a lot bigger than necessary, and were rings instead of hooks.

“What are – ?”

They rushed me to the wall and then pulled my wrists back behind me and before I could think to oppose them they had locked them together!

“Hey!”

I jerked against them as they pulled back, giggling. But I now found myself with my wrists locked together behind my back in the leather bands. And my breathing was already getting ragged as my pulse raced.

“You guys! Wait! I'm not... I mean... we need to... to talk about... stuff!” I gulped.

“Of course!” Fan said.

Then she took out a big dildo! It was too long, I thought, then I realized that the base was a suction cup. What –?

They took my arms and turned me around, pressing my back against the stone wall. I squealed at how cold it was and they bent me forward, gripping my arms and forcing them up until I was bent way over. Then I felt fingers tugging the butt-plug out. That made my face, already flushed, heat up a lot more!

“Oh! Wait! I can do that!” I exclaimed.

They ignored me and eased the butt-plug out, then pressed the dildo against me. I yelped as I felt the head push into me fairly easily. It slid several inches deep before my sphincter clamped down on it!

“You like! No fear!” Li said.

They pushed the suction cup at the base against the wall, then pushed me back and straightened me up, and I moaned and gasped as I felt the thick dildo push up into my bottom! They were both smaller and lighter than me but I had no leverage even if I could make up my mind to actually resist in any substantial way.

And I couldn't!

“Oh! Oh! Wait! It's too deep!” I cried.

“Blonde girl can take any size cock,” Li said confidently.

“Any hole, any size,” Fan added.

Before I realized what they were doing my wrists were freed. They pulled them down as they lifted me up, but then raised them up high against the wall and out to either side, locking them to the rings there.

I shuddered as I tugged them against the rings and felt how solid they were!

The two Chinese girls squatted, gripped an ankle each, and pulled them apart. That did two things. It forced me lower, it pulled my wrists more tightly against the rings above, and it slid me down further on the dildo. All of these were distracting as they clipped a short chain to the rings on the ankle bands, then drew them out to fasten them to hooks at the base of the wall.

This left me spreadeagled against the wall, wrists, and ankles locked tightly in place, and my lower body pushed out as I sought to avoid impaling myself on the dildo! Li, however, was pushing on my hips, and so I was being forced back, the dildo pushing deeper into my ass!

Then Fan gripped my hair and tugged it back sharply. I yelped and my head came back as my mouth opened in a cry of complaint. At that instant, she pushed something against my lips and into my mouth. It was... a ball! And I almost immediately realized it was a ball-gag! I'd seen pictures on the internet!

I felt another wild jolt of dark heat, hunger, and excitement, mixed with anxiety, as she pushed it fully inside me and then drew a pair of thin straps across my cheeks and behind my head to lock it in place.

“Slave girl no need talk,” Fan said, smirking.

“Use tongue for other things when needed,” Li added.

With my legs spread wide, I was almost as on their level. Both of them leaned in, their hands kneading and caressing my breasts, rolling my nipples, and kissing and nibbling up down along my shoulders and the opposite sides of my throat.

Fingers slid down between my legs, rubbing and stroking me, then Li moved back and returned with a large dildo and a squeeze bottle. She squeezed something – lubricant I supposed – onto the thing and then began push it into me.

I moaned and shuddered, dumbstruck by all this sudden dark bondage and sex. I mean, what we'd already done was wild enough but this... the collar and restraints, and being locked to a wall was just... just so *out there!*

The dildo up inside me was almost buried in my belly, now, causing me to have not only a very full sensation but cramps deep inside. I wanted to ease forward but she was pressing me back with one hand as she worked the dildo deeper into my pussy. She was also licking at my clitoris while Fan played with my breasts.

“Big boob blonde girl!” she said with a giggle.

She drew back and then returned with something, no, with two small cords, almost strings. She stuck her tongue out at me and then tied a loop in one, slipped the loop over my very, very hard left nipple, then tugged it tight.

I squealed in pain as my nipple began to burn, but she only giggled some more, then did the same to my other nipple! My body pulled and strained at the restraints holding me to the wall but I couldn't move at all! Fan took the ends of the small cords and lifted them up towards my mouth!

“We make your nipples nice and hot,” she said.

She tied each cord to the cord on either side of the ball in my mouth, then drew back again to look at me with approval.

The burning heat as the cords had tightened was fading into a duller ache. And she'd distracted me from what Li was doing as she fed that big cock way up inside my abdomen. It was starting to ache, too, though not in the same way as the other one. But she kept pushing harder, trying to feed every last inch inside me as her tongue licked eagerly at my clitoris.

Fan produced another little cord, and knelt beside her, and they tied it to the base of the dildo somehow, then pulled it up and back and tacked it to the wall just under the other dildo. Then the two of them moved back and stared at me with a look of excitement and fascination.

Li turned around and came up with something which looked like a microphone on a handle. Except it was white and plastic and had no little holes for the microphone.

She knelt before me again, and thrust the base of the thing between my thighs, then twisted and

turned it until it was somehow fixed to the wall. She tilted it upward so the narrow 'handle' was pressed against the lips of my sex while the bulbous top was pressed lightly against the top of my sex.

It had an electrical cord which she fed into an extension cord, and the thing started to vibrate. This was a lot more powerful vibrator than they'd used on me the other day, and I was already thrumming with sexual tension and heat. The sudden vibrations made me jerk violently, and I shuddered as I looked down at it.

These two were so... perverted!

And then they left the room and closed the door behind them!

## Chapter Five

I shuddered as the vibrations began to make my clitoris tremble and quiver. Li had succeeded in forcing the entire dildo up inside me so that the base was resting just within the lips of my sex. The handle of the vibrator was pressed against it, making the whole length of the cock up inside me vibrate. Though not as powerful as the round part pressed against my clitoris!

My hips began to grind and roll and jerk as my body reacted. A wild, churning flood of sensations crackled up through my nervous system as my heart pounded furiously. My mind was quickly overcome by the heat and swept into a fever of lust, passion, and need. My hips bucked frantically up against the vibrator as the pleasure roiled my mind.

My head rolled back, and I winced as the cords tugged at my nipples. But that little double spark of stinging couldn't really impact the powerful waves of pleasure and lust pouring through me. I writhed in the grip of an intoxicating howl of sensation, drunk on the passion, moaning helplessly as I wallowed in it.

The door opened and the girls came back in. I halted, gasping, panting, chest heaving. They smirked as they looked at me and my body began to tremble, then my hips began to grind helplessly again.

"Blonde girls are dirty girls," Li said.

Fan opened a drawer and took a... a thing out. It wasn't very big or long. It had what looked like a short plastic handle which was almost too small even for a small hand. It had dozens of thin fronds or laces attached that might have been leather but looked to be rubber. The whole thing, from the tip of the handle to the end of the laces was probably ten inches or so.

"Blonde girls are bad girls," she cooed.

"Bad girls must be punished," Fan said.

Now she had one too, only hers was red.

I moaned as they separated, one going to my right, the other my left. Then they raised their hands and first Fan, then Li, swung the little things at my breasts! The first blows made me jerk back, or try to, but didn't hurt. But they began to strike faster and harder. The little fronds were tiny and virtually weightless, but there were dozens, and as they swung faster they began to sting and make my flesh feel tender and hot.

I moaned and gasped, staring at them in amazement. My breasts began to heat up and my body began to twist harder, arching, and straining to pull away. My nipples burned more as they pulled against the cords faster and harder.

The two giggled and spoke to each other in Mandarin, and swung the little whips or flogs or whatever they were down across my breasts, and lower chest, and then my belly, too! Li focused on sweeping hers up against the underside of my breasts while Fan swung hers harder, against my abdomen and belly.

Fan then focused on the outside sides of my breasts as Li touched the round vibrator thing and pressed it up harder against me. She brought hers straight down against the center of my breasts.

"Dirty blonde girl!" she taunted.

"Nasty blonde girl!" Fan said as she swung her little flog repeatedly against my breasts.

"Slutty blonde girl!" Li said, eyes bright and hungry.

“Sex slave!” Fan exclaimed happily.

Fan eased back and then leaned in to carefully untie the knot in the cord around my right nipple. Li did the same to my left, and the sharp, stinging ache began to fade.

Fan had brought a glass in. She turned and picked it up, plucked an ice cube from it, and held the glass for Li, who plucked another. Then the two of them pressed the ice cubes against my nipples! For a second, the relief from the hot ache was wonderful. But then the icy cold began to penetrate, and as they rubbed them around my nipples, the cubes began to melt, and small droplets of water began to trickle down my breasts.

They didn't do this long, before taking the cubes away, then, as one, they leaned in and took the center of each breast into their mouths and began to gently suck and lick. Their mouths were warm and soft and their tongues felt wonderful as they took the cold and discomfort and made my nipples tingle and throb with pleasure.

I once again felt a sense of being on an out-of-control ride down a churning whitewater river, but rather than fight it I simply surrendered. Moaning, my hips ground against the vibrator again as my nipples felt the most incredible pleasure I think I've ever felt from them. Their lips were spreading wide, then sucking and drawing in, then spreading wide again, while their tongues swept back and forth over my nipples.

An incredible orgasm erupted within me, and my nipples felt as if they were on fire as the passion and lust and heat exploded through my nervous system. My hips bucked wildly, fucking myself on the dildo in my ass while I ground myself against the vibrator. My insides felt as though they were being churned into mush.

My head twisted and thrashed and my back arched violently as the two of them feasted on my breasts, their teeth nibbling and chewing as they sucked rhythmically. The orgasm, like all the ones I'd had with them, just seemed to go on and on, far longer than the ones I'd had with myself, pleasure and excitement swamping my mind.

Fan slid down my body as the orgasm faded, then reached between my thighs, untying the dildo and pushing the vibrator back. The dildo began to move inside me as her tongue met my quivering clitoris. The contrast between her wonderful, soft, warm, moist tongue, and the purring machine vibrations was astonishing.

I shuddered and gasped and moaned, my hips rolling up towards her tongue.

Li undid the strap holding the gag in and then eased it out of my mouth. She slid her tongue back and forth along my lower lip, then leaned in and kissed me passionately. I moaned into her mouth, almost too dazed to respond.

She drew back and then turned away, coming back with a strange little black device. It had a handle, a foot-long tube, and then a slim flat rectangle of leather on the tip. The whole thing was probably a foot and a half long. And it looked very much like some sort of punishment device.

When she began to rub the leather tip up and down against my erect nipples, I knew that was exactly what it was.

“Tell me you are my bitch, blonde girl,” she cooed.

I was still breathing raggedly, but I eyed the thing uncertainly.

“I-I'm... your... your bitch,” I gulped.

She slapped the tip down against the underside of my breast and I yelped. That had stung! It wasn't heavy or anything, and only two and a half or three inches long and maybe one wide. But that was enough.

“You forget to say mistress, bad girl,” she said, pouting.

She rained little slaps on the underside of my right breast as I gasped and moaned.

“Say again.”

“I'm... I'm your bitch, Mistress!” I gulped.

“Much better, blonde girl,” she said.

She slid the leather tip up across the center of my breast, rubbing it against my nipple.

“You are my big boob blonde girl,” she said in amusement.

She kissed me again and I moaned and also winced at how hard Fan was fucking me with the dildo.

“Say it, blonde girl.”

“I'm your... your big boob blonde girl, Mistress,” I gulped.

“Dirty blonde girl,” she said, rolling my left nipple between thumb and forefinger.

Fan slid the dildo out of me, let the nose rub up and down the line of my sex, then pushed it back in deep. She pulled it out again as Li kissed me once more, her lips hot and moist against mine as she rolled my nipple.

“Slutty blonde girl,” she said softly as she eased back.

I could feel Fan sliding several fingers into me, pumping them in and out as we kissed. Then Li pulled her lips back and traced the leather tip over my breasts.

“You must learn to obey mistress,” she said sternly.

She slapped the thing several times against my right nipple, making me wince and gasp, then did the same against my left. At the same time, Fan was jamming her fingers into me hard, making the mouth of my sex ache and strain around them. She was also licking hard and fast at my clitoris, which was producing quite a different rush of sensation into my confused, dazed body.

“Blonde girls love big cocks. Do you love big cocks, blonde girl?” Li asked.

She slapped the thing harder against my nipple and I cried out.

“Do you?”

She slapped it hard again and again I cried out.

“Oh! Please!”

“Do you, bad girl?” she demanded sternly.

“Ow! Yes, Mistress!” I cried.

She started rubbing my nipple with the leather thing instead of hitting it.

“Say it. Say it, blonde girl.”

“I-I love... big cocks, Mistress!” I gasped.

I gasped at a sudden increase in the pain from between my legs and tried to jerk my eyes down, but Li suddenly brought her left hand up under my chin and slapped my nipple sharply several times.

“Tell me you want big cock inside you, blonde girl,” she ordered. “Speak!”

“Oh! I...I-I want big cock inside me, Mistress!” I exclaimed. “Oh!”

I suddenly realized why I felt like I was being so stretched, why the mouth of my sex strained and ached, as Fan's knuckles slid through and her whole hand pushed up inside me! Li released my chin and I dropped my head, staring in astonishment at the sight of the mouth of my sex wrapped around Fan's wrist.

Oh my God!

I could feel her whole hand inside me! It wasn't a big hand, and her wrist was probably more slender than the dildo she'd been using on me. But it was a hand! A whole hand! And it was inside me!

“Big cock girl,” Li taunted. “You love big cock inside you.”

I was starting to hyperventilate as Fan slowly turned her hand one way, then the other, then drew her fingers in together into the palm of her hand. She pulled the vibrator off the wall and pressed the round head against my clitoris as she slowly turned her fist then began to push it deeper.

I stared down at the straining lips of my sex as her wrist moved through them and I felt her fist pushing high into my abdomen. The sensation, the sight, and the knowledge were all so shocking I felt utter astonishment. But with that astonishment was a dark, appalled kind of excitement.

“Dirty blonde,” Li said.

“Filthy blonde,” Fan echoed.

“Nasty blonde,” Li added.

“Slutty blonde,” Fan said.

“We make you come again, blonde slut,” Li said.

She kissed me roughly, passionately, her hand kneading my breast as Fan rotated her fist then pushed deeper still. The lips of my sex were sliding down over her forearm now as my body began to tremble and shake with a skyrocketing level of passion and raw animal lust.

“Come for your Chinese mistress, blonde girl,” Li said.

And so I did, crying out, again and again, so loudly she had to clamp a hand over my mouth as Fan slowly began to pump her fist up and down inside me.

My mind and body dissolved under a train of multiple orgasms, twisting, writhing, bucking, and straining against the restraints as Fan's fist pumped faster and the vibrator ground against me and Li sucked and chewed at one breast and roughly kneaded the other.

Orgasm after orgasm paraded through my body as my mind dissolved to a dark animal hunger that seemed insatiable. I was in the grip of a fever-heat and intoxicated with the overwhelming flood of sensation.

When it finally faded for good I was barely conscious. They unlocked me from the wall and I collapsed to my knees, whereupon my wrists were locked together behind me. Then they stripped and prodded me to start licking, which, of course, I did.

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It being Friday night they weren't as determined to study. They ordered Chinese food, and then we had dinner – sort of. Li and Fan were fully dressed. I remained naked, collared, and bound. They had also stuffed a big dildo up my pussy and another up my bottom.

The one in my bottom had like a fat round donut an inch or two from the base which acted to keep it inside me. The one in my pussy was attached to the one in my bottom so neither fell out as I knelt in front of the coffee table.

Li and Fan ate from several boxes, using chopsticks. Li had the riding crop, or so she called it, in hand, and wasn't shy about using it if I slouched or closed my knees instead of keeping them wide.

Every now and then one or the other would hold something out before me with the chopsticks, and I would have to open my mouth wide while they placed it inside. I didn't know what any of it was and they refused to tell me. In fact, Li used the flat tip of the crop on my breasts whenever I spoke without being spoken to.

They sat on either end of the sofa, so that each time one held up her chopsticks I had to rise off my bottom, kind of knee-walk over around the coffee table, then lean in and open my mouth wide to take whatever they were giving. Then I had to knee-walk back to sit on my heels in front of the table.

While they ate they either talked in Mandarin or spoke in English about me. Their words were not serious (I didn't think!) but designed to outrage me.

“How much do you think we get for blonde sex slave?” Li asked.

“Much money if trained properly,” Fan replied.

“Maybe we sell to pimp and she go on street,” Li said.

“No, no, more money if sell to Arabs. She go live in harem.”

“You like go live in harem, blonde girl?” Li asked. “You fuck fuck all time and be whipped if bad.”

“N-No, Mistress,” I gulped.

“Hmph. She think she too good for harem.”

“We bring her back to China, sell to rich man. They like blonde slut who come all time.”

“She like big cocks. Sell to rich man in Africa.”

I knee-walked over and accepted another piece of something, not knowing what it was until I began to chew.

This was all so... dark and wicked and sick that it was making my mind squirm with heat as well as indignation. These two were talking so casually of selling me like a sex slave to people around the world! I knew they were just teasing me but the mental images were outrageous and scalding! That was

why I wasn't protesting. Well, that and the crop slapping my nipples.

"We sell to highest bidder. Take to slave auction. She go out on stage and men bid for her big boobs."

Fan got up and moved behind me. I gasped as she pulled back on my hair, forcing my head back.

"How much am I bid for pretty big boob blonde slut?" she called, as if there were an audience.

Li said something and Fan reached down and unclipped the restraints from each other, but she kept a grip on my right wrist and lifted it up and then back behind my neck and locked it to the back of the collar. I didn't resist. I was too... confused, bewildered by the dark, crackling excitement. I let her lock my wrists to the back of the collar and then arched my back on command.

"Dirty girl," Li taunted.

She slapped the tip of the crop against the center of my right breast several times, stinging my nipple, then hit the left.

"Say you are dirty girl," she ordered.

"I-I'm a dirty girl... mistress!" I gasped.

She took something with her chopsticks and held it out before me.

I opened my mouth, blinking anxiously.

"Wider, blonde girl," she said. "Open mouth wide!"

I opened my mouth wider and she slipped the food into it, then withdrew the chopsticks. I chewed, not liking the taste, whatever it was.

"Dirty blonde girl," she said.

"Nasty blonde girl," Fan added.

"Slutty blonde girl," Li said, slapping the center of my breast again.

I squirmed and moaned in pain.

"Arch back!" she said sternly. "Arch back hard!"

Gulping, I arched my back more and winced and moaned as she slapped both nipples repeatedly.

"You like boy to come suck and bite your nipples, don't you, blonde girl," she sniffed.

"She so dirty!" Fan said.

"She love big cock inside her," Li said, nodding.

Fan snapped her fingers and I knee-walked over, arched my back, tilted my head back, and opened my mouth wide for her to drop food into.

"We find you many boys to fuck you, Blonde girl," she said. "You like that?"

"Many, many men," Li said.

There was a knock on the door and I gasped in shock, twisting my head to stare at the door to the hall, then starting to scramble to my feet to get to my bedroom. Fan grabbed me by the collar, though.

"You stay on knees!" she demanded. "Spread legs wide, bad girl!"

She stood up and reached across the table for the crop while Li got up and went to the door. She called through it in Mandarin, and someone replied, someone female, also in Mandarin. She opened the door a crack and I heard whispering as Fan slapped at my inner thighs with the crop, forcing me to spread them wide.

"Elbows back!"

I gulped, heart pounding wildly, and obeyed as she gripped my hair.

"Bad girl," she chided. "We punish you big time!"

Then the door opened and another Chinese girl came in! My face flashed red and I jerked my thighs closed, trying to twist my body away.

Fan held my hair firmly, however, as Li closed the door and led the other girl in. The girl stared at me in something like fascination as I squirmed to turn away.

"Fan!" I whined.

The three talked in Mandarin, laughing. Then Fan jerked upon my hair and I cried out in pain, scrambling up to my feet.

“Elbows back,” Li ordered.

She took the crop from Fan, who held my hair and slapped sharply against the insides of my arms until I jerked my elbows back.

“Legs spread!”

She slapped at my thighs hard enough to make them sting and I yelped and spread my legs wide apart. Then the three talked in Mandarin as they looked at me. The new girl had shorter hair than Li and Fan, but had the same softly rounded face. She was more buxom than them, though, but not as big as me.

She reached out and ran her hand over my left breast and my mind squirmed. It squirmed even more as she looked down to see the big dildo sticking out between the straining lips of my sex and giggled.

It was on my mind to demand I be released. I was very, very close to it, out of sheer humiliation! Then the new girl slid her fingers into her mouth, then down against my pussy, rubbing at my clitoris.

“Pretty blonde girl,” she said. “Need big cock inside you.”

“Many big cock,” Fan said. “She love big cock.”

Fan moved around in front of me and to the side, though she still held my hair, and then she and Li leaned in and began to suck and lick at my breasts. The new girl, meanwhile, dropped to her knees before me and started to lick my pussy!

Oh my God! Were they all like this!?

I felt lost again, dazed, as if I'd shifted to a new universe where this sort of thing was the norm. On the other hand, if it was the norm, and not at all shocking, then it wasn't nearly so embarrassing. And my mind certainly welcomed that idea!

Hands were kneading both my breasts and both my buttocks as the girl before me licked and sucked at my clitoris. She unfastened the dildo in my pussy from the one in my bottom and began to pump it in and out.

Beset by all these sensations atop the simmering dark heat which had been gripping me since I'd put on the collar and restraints, I felt myself sinking into acceptance of the dark role they had assigned me – as their sex slave! Why not!? It wasn't real, and it was a thrilling game of intense and outrageous passion and pleasure!

My nipples throbbed and burned as they sucked and licked and even chewed at them. My chest was heaving, my pulse racing and my heart pounding as the three of them worked me over. And then, despite the frantic uncertainty in my mind, an orgasm tore up through my body and made me cry out in a long, undulating wail of pleasure which was abruptly closed off by Fan gripping my throat and squeezing.

## Chapter Six

They led me back into Li's room and Fan and Li undid my wrist restraints, then locked them together behind me again, this time with my arms straight. They lifted my bound wrists up high to make me bend over at a ninety-degree angle. Fan and the other girl tied ropes to the ankle restraints and made me spread my legs, then tied them to rings they'd attached to the walls on either side.

Li got up on a chair as Fan and the other girl tied a rope to the rings in the wrist restraints and then lifted it up above to feed it through a ring they'd screwed into the ceiling. Meanwhile, the new girl combed my hair back with her fingers, did it up in a rough braid, and then pulled, forcing my head up and back so that I was looking straight ahead.

Somehow or other she tied it to the base of the dildo stuffed deep in my bottom, and I gasped as I felt the pressure on it when she released my hair and my head started to fall forward.

"We teach you much, blonde girl," Fan said.

"We make you proper sex slave," Li added.

"Look how her breasts hang, like udders," the new girl said.

They all giggled and kneaded my breasts as they hung below me.

Then Li put a large bowl underneath me, underneath where my mouth was anyway.

The new girl stripped and put on the big strap-on Fan had used on me already, and pulled the other one out of my pussy. She forced the new one into me and I shuddered and moaned as she started to thrust in and out. Li stood beside me and held a vibrator up under my abdomen, rubbing the tip against my clitoris as Fan took another dildo and rubbed it against my face.

"Nasty blonde girl need cock," she teased.

"Lotsa cock!" Li said.

"She got tight pussy," the one fucking me said.

Fan pushed the dildo into my mouth and pumped it in and out.

"You suck real good, Blonde girl," she ordered.

I moaned dazedly as she pumped it slowly in and out.

"Suck cock!"

She moved back, then picked up the crop and returned. She started to slap the flat leather tip against the side of my left breast as she slid the dildo back into my mouth.

"Suck cock, Blonde girl!"

I gasped and yelped and started to suck. She pumped it slowly in and out of my mouth.

"Dirty, nasty blonde girl," she taunted.

She pushed it deeper and I gagged as the head nearly went into my throat.

"Dirty blonde girl need to deep throat cock," she said.

I shuddered and moaned. The girl behind me was fucking me hard, and Li was rubbing the vibrator against my clitoris. This was all taking on a strange air of unreality which had my mind adrift from anything resembling proper common sense. Not to mention inhibitions!

"Swallow cock, blonde girl," Fan ordered.

She pushed the helmet headed dildo deep into my throat and I choked and gagged, saliva pouring over my lower lip and down into the bowl below. I couldn't back up, though. I couldn't even close my mouth properly because of the strain of my hair pulling on my scalp – and the skin which wrapped

around my face.

“Swallow big cock, blonde girl,” Fan said. “You be deep throat queen!”

She pulled the thing back and I coughed repeatedly, gasping for breath.

“I-I... can't!” I gasped.

“Of course you can! You blonde girl! Blonde girls all whores!”

She pushed it back into my mouth and down my throat and I once again coughed and choked and gagged as I tried to twist my head around and away.

“Swallow! Swallow!” she ordered, slapping at the side of my breast with the crop.

“Swallow!” Fan exclaimed.

“Swallow!” the girl behind me added.

“Swallow! Swallow! Swallow!” they chanted.

Someone pinched my nipple painfully, and I shuddered and moaned as she all-but buried the dildo in my throat, then pulled it slowly back out. I coughed violently and gulped in air, light-headed as she rubbed the spit-wet cockhead over my face.

“Dumb blonde girl. All blonde girls swallow cock.”

“All blonde girls dumb,” the new girl said.

“Swallow! Swallow! Swallow!” they all chanted as the cock was shoved down my throat again.

“It seemed... easier that time, and as they continued it seemed to get easier still. I was dazed, slack-jawed, light-headed as she used another dildo, this one thicker and much longer. This was a double-headed dildo, twenty inches long and somewhat more flexible. She pumped it up and down in my throat as I trembled and shook, pulling it out repeatedly only to shove it back down my throat almost to the other cock-head.

I stopped gagging and didn't so much choke as gurgle wetly. I still drooled a ton, though, which fell into the bowl below. But less and less as they continued. Fan began to explain how to breathe even with the cock in my throat, telling me to relax my throat and breath around it. That was easier said than done, but I eventually succeeded, at least partially.

They let me down and put me on my knees on Li's bed, then had me lick her pussy as the new girl continued to fuck me from behind. I was in a haze through it, but with the vibrator grinding away at my clitoris I came again, then again as I licked Fan, then again as I licked the new girl.

Fan came a second time by rolling me onto my back and sliding her pussy in against mine. She put one half of the double-headed dildo inside herself and the other half in me, then she ground our pussies together until she came. Li then did something similar, except she simply sat atop me, since the double-headed cock could bend, and ground herself against me that way.

Finally, they got dressed and returned to the center room, taking me along. I knelt, sitting on my heels, naked, as usual, while the three of them chatted in Mandarin and watched Chinese language TV.

I had the ball-gag in my mouth, and my wrists were locked to the back of the collar again. I also had the two dildos inside me and had to keep my knees wide and elbows and head back.

After a while, there was another knock at the door and another Chinese girl came in. I blanched and moaned but held my position as Li picked up the crop and rubbed the tip against my breasts in a threatening manner.

The four sat around chatting, often looking at me, giggling, relaxed. It was a perfectly normal gathering in a dorm room, except for me, of course.

Li moved behind me and undid the ball gag and Fan brought out the double-headed dildo. They tilted my head way back, then slid the dildo down through my open mouth and into my throat, holding it by just the tip as she slid it up and down, up and down in my mouth and throat while the new girl watched with interest.

She pulled it out and they put the ball gag back on as I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air. Then they sat down again, continuing their chat.

Li slapped the crop against my breast.

“Elbows back, slave!”

I winced and obeyed.

They started to giggle louder, their voices rising as if discussing some delightful new thing. Since they were looking at me often I started to get more nervous about what that could be.

It felt very strange not knowing what anyone was saying. It felt very strange being naked around four fully clothed girls. Especially with my legs spread and back arched and dildos sticking out of me. It felt... degrading, but in a dark, wild, sick, erotic way.

They all got up, and Li disappeared into her bedroom, then came out with a long, thin strap. Fan pulled me to my feet by tugging on my hair. Li brought the strap in against me and I saw there was a metal clip on the end. She attached it to the O-ring on the collar, and I realized it was a leash!

One of the new girls slipped into the hall. Then the second did. Li stood at the door, holding it. Then Fan tugged on the leash, leading me to the door. I could feel the shock run through me as I realized they meant to take me out into the hall! I immediately tried to pull in the other way, but Fan and Li yanked me forward and before I knew it I was outside in the hall!

Stark naked! With dildos sticking out of me!

The two were between me and the door and closed it behind them then headed down the hall. What could I do other than go along? Any fuss, any noise might cause people in the other rooms to open their doors to see what was going on!

Fan tugged on the leash, leading me down the hall to the stairs, then into the stairway. I felt a bit of relief, at least, as the door closed behind us.

Li slapped at the side of my breast with the crop.

“Head back, elbows back, Blonde girl!” she said in a hoarse whisper.

I shuddered and obeyed. She gripped my arm as Fan tugged me to the stairs, and I padded down the stone steps barefoot and naked. Fortunately, we were only on the second floor.

One of the new girls was at the door and she opened it and they led me outside into the night! Fortunately, this door gave onto grass and trees behind the dorm building. But it still felt insane to be walking outside naked!

Walking at all was hard with the dildos sticking out of me. They ground against my buttocks and inner thighs, and I had to walk with my legs kind of wider than normal. The four surrounded me, with Fan in the lead holding the leash and Li behind, ready to smack my bottom or the sides of my breasts if I failed to keep my head and elbows back.

I stared around me, wild-eyed, seeing the lights from the nearby buildings, hearing traffic in the distance. The four girls all whispered, and there seemed no one around in the dark, but I was terrified of being discovered like this.

Then we emerged from the lightly treed grass into a parking lot. I cringed because of the overhead light, but one of the new girls rushed ahead and unlocked the trunk of a car and the other three led me there, my feet padding across the pavement until we reached the trunk. They bent me forward and then lifted my lower half into the trunk then closed it above me.

I blinked in the darkness, astonished, confused, wildly anxious as I felt them getting into the car, then the engine go on. I heard them talking as the car started to move, and I wondered where the fuck we were going as I considered all the angry things I was going to say to Li and Fan when this was over!

The car didn't go very far. I mean, I didn't have a clock or anything, but it seemed to me to be less than ten minutes before it pulled into what sounded very much like a garage. The engine stopped and the car rocked and I heard the sound of a garage door going down.

Then the trunk opened and I was looking into three smiling faces.

They reached in and pulled me out and I carefully climbed out of the trunk as Fan took the leash again and led me across the floor to a door. Li had the crop, as usual, and the other girl opened the door and held it as they led me inside a house of some kind.

We rounded a corner which led around a staircase leading up, and then they pulled me into a wide

living room where one of the new girls stood next to a Chinese woman. And I say woman deliberately. There was no mistaking her for a girl! It was hard for me to tell with Asians but she definitely didn't seem to be in her twenties. She might have even been in her forties, I suppose!

I flushed red again with embarrassment, but there was little I could do as they led me in and made me stand before them, legs apart, back arched, elbows back while she looked me up and down.

Self-conscious does not even *begin* to describe how I felt! It was humiliating!

There were now five fully clothed Asian women around me, three of them strangers, while I stood there naked with dildos protruding from my pussy and ass!

The Chinese woman didn't seem surprised. She simply walked slowly around me, looking me up and down with interest. She reached in and gripped my right nipple between thumb and forefinger, rolling and stroking it for a few seconds, then dropped her fingers down to rub my clitoris.

She asked questions (from her tone) which they answered and which I did not understand.

She combed her fingers gently through my hair and leaned in to examine it more closely, making me think she was checking to see if it was dyed.

I moaned and then yelped as the thin rod of the crop and not just the soft leather pad cut across my buttocks.

“Elbows back, head up!” Lin snapped.

I moaned and obeyed as the woman slid her fingers down between my legs again, tracing my sex where it gripped the dildo.

My mind was a wild, confused haze. This was mortifying, but there was also something dark and wild and carnal and sensuous about it, as if the game the girls were playing was being moved to a whole other level of reality!

Not that I felt it was *real*, of course! Don't be silly! It was just more realistic! And with that came anxiety and embarrassment but also a shocking level of arousal. I mean, this whole scene was so erotic, so exotic, so intense!

But it also made me squirm with embarrassment and discomfort to be naked like this in front of a strange woman! An older woman!

All these girls, in fact!

The woman moved back and sat down on a very old fashioned sofa, almost an antique. One of the new girls got her a drink of wine while Fan jerked on the leash and pulled me down to my knees. She made me knee-walk over in front of the woman, then she and Li pushed down on my neck and back to force my chin to the floor.

They positioned me with my throbbing breasts pillowed out against the soft carpet and my bottom raised high. They detached the dildo in my pussy from the one in my bottom and started to pump it in and out. Fingers stroked my clitoris, and there was a lot of conversation in Mandarin.

One of the new girls left, then returned with another dildo, a big one, with straps. She giggled and pulled it on, though she was still dressed. The woman said something and the girl peeled her dress up and off, then was as naked as me.

She fastened the dildo, then the other was pulled from me and the new girl thrust her big cock into my overheated pussy and sank it deep.

Very deep!

I cried out, half rising, only to be shoved back into place as she began thrusting hard and fast almost at once. She used me roughly, punching that big cock deep into my belly with hard strokes. She would jam it in to the hilt and then grind her pelvis against me as if trying to somehow force even more inside!

Meanwhile, my hair was pulled up and back by someone and fingers stroked my clitoris.

The girl's hips slapped against mine and the big dildo speared me and it was all just so fucking wild and intense and outrageous that my body began to burn again. I mean, it had been simmering and bubbling with heat even as I was led across the grass naked. But now it flared up hotter and hotter.

I'd never considered myself an exhibitionist. But having an audience, particularly this beautiful, older, sophisticated woman watching me being... being ridden like a bitch in heat... was doing crazy things to my mind!

I was sinking into that sexual fever again, my pulse racing, my limbs trembling and shaking with the sexual pressure inside me. I moaned and gasped and grunted and cried out at the hard thrusts, the hard blows to my buttocks.

My body was jerking to and fro as she hammered her hips against me and then yanked back on my hips. My swollen breasts were grinding against the carpet, my nipples crackling and burning.

The orgasm flared. It flared and flared, higher and hotter with every passing second. I trembled and shook, my hips instinctively rutting back against the hard cock punching into me. I cried out in dazed pleasure and passion, my head twisting and thrashing against whoever held my hair as my muscles spasmed wildly.

I twisted and writhed and bucked as they held onto me, as fingers rubbed hard at my clitoris and that big cock drilled deep into my belly. The pleasure was overwhelming, and I reveled in it, my vision going hazy as all my attention turned inward to the raging heat and lust and wonder.

That... cock... was sooo big.... sooo thick... sooo wonderful! It filled me to overflowing, and I ground and bucked my hips back against it in a state of something like rapture.

Finally, the pleasure faded. My hips gave a final series of bucking, jerking movements, then went still as I sagged on the floor.

There was laughter and amused voices around me but I paid them little attention as I sank into the languorous afterglow of the incredible orgasm. Hands slid over my body and through my hair, then I was pulled up and back onto my knees as the dildo slid out of me. I was still kind of twitching from the echo of that wild climax, and moaned as fingers stroked my clitoris and the other dildo was tugged out from my bottom.

And then the two new girls rolled a... a... well... a wooden horse into the room. I mean, not exactly a horse. But that's what it was. It had a very realistic carved horse head and neck on the front. But that was stuck to a sort of, well. Its body was like the peaked roof of a small doghouse sitting on legs which projected out to the sides like the legs of a sawhorse.

It also had a tail stuck on the rear, a high, carved tail. On top of the peaked 'roof' was a black leather saddle, I guess, though it was flat against the wood. And then down below the four slanted pieces of polished wood on each side were metal stirrups, sort of, which went out to the sides.

I had noooo idea what the hell this thing was for.

They led me over to it, though, and then lifted up my left leg – high! Several of them turned me around and slid my leg up over the top of the 'body' of the horse, and then lifted me up across so I was straddling it. Riding it, so to speak. My pussy was pressed down against the peak, and my thighs were laying down along the angled sides.

The girls swarmed over me. One on either side fit my ankles into the 'stirrups', not my feet, and then strapped them in place. Another was combing her fingers through my hair to braid it again while a fourth had these strange little clips. These were plastic or rubber clipped and she squeezed my right breast to make my hard nipple stick out more, then put the teeth of the clip over my nipple and let it close.

I yowled and twisted and jerked, but that accomplished nothing. She quickly put another clip on my other nipple even as the girl playing with my hair pulled it back to force my head back. Then the clips, which had chains attached, were pulled forward, stretching my nipples, and attached to a ring set in the back of the horse head. My hair, meanwhile, was tied to the tail.

There was a bulge in the leather pad atop the horse, and it was jammed against the front of my sex. It started to vibrate now as the girls finished securing me and moved back.

The woman looked on coolly, amused, interested.

I moaned helplessly, confused, bewildered. My pussy was starting to ache from the pressure, but it

was also starting to throb with excitement and heat from both the vibrator and... the whole wild, kinky situation.

One of the new girls moved up and caressed the underside of my right breast as she stared at the stretched out nipple and said something in an amazed voice. Only... I suddenly realized she wasn't one of the new girls at all. I mean, not one of the girls who had come to the dorm. This was a different girl entirely!

I moaned, and looked around, counting. Sure enough, there were now five Chinese girls my age here, plus the woman!

This one gave my breast a gentle, but firm squeeze then reached down and rubbed her fingers against my body where it was jammed against the peaked top of the horse before giggling and moving away.

My tailbone was starting to ache. I mean, it's not like I have much there to cover it when I was sitting, straddling the peak of some hard object. That ache was sharp, jagged, and caused me to want to lean forward. But that pulled at my hair and forced me to arch back more.

It also jammed my pussy against that vibrating lump at the front and eased the pull on my nipples.

Another of the girls ran her hand gently up and down my abdomen and belly, then up my lower chest to caress the underside of my breast.

There was constant chatter among them, but I could understand none of it. My bubbling, churning arousal was deepening, but I was still terribly self-conscious and anxious and confused.

I mean, what the fuck!

It was very weird, too, being, like, the minority. Just me and six Chinese girls whose language I didn't understand. And not just the minority, either, but apparently, the subject of everyone's amusement and lust and... contempt? Or was that just an act? No, I thought that was an act. This was a kinky game and they were playing a role, right?

And yet it was so easy to fall into this strange, dark mindset, an almost masochistic sense of heat and passion at being their 'prisoner', their 'sex slave', their plaything and... bitch!

My pussy was getting very warm and sensitive and sore from supporting my weight on the narrow peak of the wooden horse. My nipples were throbbing, too, but the sharpness of the pain had faded.

Two girls moved up alongside me and removed the clips from my nipples. I felt a sense of relief, at first, then a sharp, sharp pain! The pain faded slowly as they gently caressed my nipples. Then they both leaned forward together and each took the center of my breasts into their mouths. Their tongues licked gently at my throbbing, aching nipples and they sucked softly, but with growing strength.

I felt myself swirling, twisting in the wind – only the wind was a wild rush of sensation – feeling that sense of unreality again, lost to the heat. I began to jerk and grind myself against that buzzing lump, that vibrator, using the leverage of my legs, which were locked in place in the stirrups.

I was growing more breathless, more desperate as the pressure mounted. I was aware of all those eyes watching, and of how...degrading this was. But for some reason that just thrilled me more, in a wild, weird, masochistic way.

My own abuse was arousing me. Being the centerpiece of this disgraceful, degrading, outrageous act aroused me. All those eyes on me aroused me.

The orgasm lashed my mind as my body bucked and thrashed and shook, and I felt my mind melting away as I embraced the hurricane of pleasure, of ecstasy engulfing me.

## Chapter Seven

The orgasm left me shell-shocked again, and physically drained. But my body was still thrumming with heat. And my pussy ached terribly. I moaned, sucking in air around the ball, and moaning it out again. My nipples were throbbing, hypersensitive! My breasts felt hot and swollen.

There was more discussion among them. And one of the girls left, then returned with a little box, quickly plugging it in and setting it on the floor in front of the 'horse'. She drew two thin plastic tubes up and through a ring at the top of the horse's head – the same ring which had held the chains of the nipple clips.

Each of the thin plastic tubes ended in what looked like a small cup, like an egg-cup. I heard a hissing sound and then she and another girl placed them directly against the center of both breasts. They locked tightly at once for there was suction coming through the tubes!

Another of the girls had brought a step-stool and now stood on it next to me. She had attached a chain to a ring in the back of my collar, the same one holding the leather wrist restraints. Now she fed it up to a small chain attached to an eye-hole in the ceiling.

The suction cups were sucking rhythmically now, like in a steady series of pulses. Coincidentally or not they were the same pulses coming from the vibrator thing I was pressed against.

Another girl was turning a crank down low in the body of the thing I was sitting atop. I felt the metal 'stirrups' which held my ankles pushing out and up, which spread my legs more and put more weight down directly on the top of the narrow horse.

And my pussy!

And then the horse began to move! I hadn't realized it was plugged into the wall, nor that it had any sort of machinery inside other than the vibrator. Apparently, it did. It was moving much like a toy horse at a shopping center would, the kind children ride, sort of grinding forward and back, up and down in a slow, gentle way.

It was so bizarre!

But the heat was twisting and shifting within me, and all those girls were looking at me, chatting about me, watching me! Then I saw the older woman stand up. She said something and one of the girls hurried to a corner of the room and brought back a larger version of that little flog thing Li and Fan had used on my breasts earlier.

I moaned helplessly as she moved behind me and off to the side. She swung her arm out and the flog swept through the air, the dozens of thin laces cutting into the soft, tender flesh of my back. None were very heavy, and she hadn't swung that hard, but even so, it was startling and stinging, and it darkened the already wild, kinky game further!

I yelped through the gag at the dozens of little stings which landed across my back, then again, then again. My back arched away from every blow, my body writhing and straining against the stirrups and chains holding me.

One of the girls ahead of me and to the side had her hand down her pants and was rubbing herself as she watched excitedly.

I cried out again, the blow harsher, my back arching as my nipples throbbed, my pussy jammed up against the vibrator. Again and again, the flog landed against my back, up and down, down and up.

She stopped and Li gave her one of the smaller flogs, perhaps even one she'd used on my breasts

earlier. The older woman began to whip them in against my ribs, especially higher, so the thin laces would slap and sting the side of my breast!

She shifted to the other side and did the same, as I shuddered and moaned and writhed at the pain to breasts which were always sensitive and were now swollen and throbbing.

Suddenly she stopped, seizing my hair and roughly yanking my head back. She said something, and the suction cups were pulled off my nipples, which were even more swollen and sensitive than before. Two mouths closed over them, sucking and licking furiously as the older woman chewed her way up along the underside of my neck.

“Whore,” she whispered as she chewed at my earlobe.

I came again. This time, weirdly, it almost felt like my breasts were the center of the orgasm rather than my pussy! They felt like they were exploding with sensation! The two girls were roughly squeezing and mashing their fingers into them even as they hungrily sucked and chewed and licked at them.

I'd never felt my breasts burn and throb so powerfully, or my nipples crackle with such intense pleasure! The orgasm flooded my mind with wonder, and my thinking processes dissolved into rapture. I trembled and shook, bucking and twisting as my muscles spasmed again and again.

I realized several of them were holding up cell phones, probably taking a video. But I can't say I really thought much about it – or anything – in the face of the passion, lust, and pleasure engulfing me.

I sagged, as it faded, only held up by the chain locked to the collar. Several of the girls undid the chain, then, and even unlinked my wrists from the collar so they fell to my sides. Others were undoing the 'stirrups'. Dazed, I brought my hands up against my breasts, moaning low in my throat.

My nipples and areolas were incredibly hard and puffy and sensitive!

Many hands pulled me down off the horse, down to my knees, and then pushed me to all fours. The older woman took the leash and jerked on it as someone hit my bottom with a short, sharp blow from the crop. I yelped and stumbled forward, gasping, moaning, as all the girls stood to either side, looking down at me.

The woman led me, crawling, across the room, then out into a hall and up the hall to what turned out to be a large bedroom.

*Crawling!*

I was dazed but not entirely without conscious thought. I was aware that crawling like this on a leash was deeply degrading, or ought to be. But if anything I found myself bewildered and even slightly aroused by it. It didn't occur to me to protest, much less refuse.

I crawled across a rug to a large, four-poster bed, and she patted the bed. I rose and climbed into it, and she pushed me, arranging me spreadeagled. Soon ropes were bound to the rings in the ankle and wrist restraints and pulled quite tight, my legs wide apart.

She closed the door and then stripped. Naked, she had a very nice body as she climbed onto the bed. She smiled at me, then held up a dildo.

I moaned and closed my eyes. I'd had enough of sex, to be honest.

She slid it into me, deep, basically burying it. But this dildo had a hose and a little squeeze bulb at the base, and she began to pump the little round squeeze bulb. As she did, the dildo inside me thickened. I was mildly astonished, at first. I'd never heard of such a thing.

She kept pumping the little bulb the thing kept thickening, and I began to ache and moan. She stopped, then crawled up my body to straddle my upper chest.

“Blonde girls are created to give sexual pleasure to others,” she said. “They have no other purpose in life.”

Then she slapped my face, startling and briefly stunning me.

“Obey your mistress, Blonde girl,” she said.

She slapped the other side of my face and I gasped, moaning.

She reached down, then, pushing her fingers behind my head and undoing the strap holding the gag

in place. She pulled the gag out of my mouth and I worked my jaw for the first time in what felt like forever.

Then she slid forward and lowered her pussy over my mouth.

“Please your mistress, slave,” she ordered.

I moaned at the kinky words. I'd heard them before, of course, from Fan and Li, but they sounded even more darkly thrilling, dangerous, and realistic coming from her.

I began to lick her clit as she ground her pussy against my mouth.

She gathered in my hair and I licked harder even as she started to tug.

She eased her pussy up.

“Are you my sex slave, Blonde girl?” she purred.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I moaned weakly.

She slapped my face.

“Say it, slut!”

“I'm your sex slave, Mistress!”

I didn't like this face slapping stuff at all! I almost wanted to protest! But saying what she wanted me to say was a better guarantee and it satisfied her faster. She pushed her pussy back against my mouth, then reached her hands back and, I realized, pumped the bulb again so that the dildo thickened inside me.

I shuddered, aching, but focusing my attention on licking her, not wanting to be slapped again!

Being used by this woman, in fact, was taking the game kind of far! It was one thing to play around with Li and Fan, who were my roommates and harmless. It was another to add their friends who were other college girls. But bringing in a grown woman, especially one who slapped my face, was making the game more realistic, but in a darker, more anxious way.

For the first time, I felt a twinge of anxiety about just how seriously she was taking this. I mean, to me and I'd thought, to Li and Fan, this was just a little fun and games. Yes, it was sick and perverted, but it was hot and sexy, so worth it.

But she might be twice my age! Who knows what strange thoughts she had!?

Or what she'd do!

This flitted through my mind, but I still licked as earnestly as I could. She was intimidating in her stern manner. Not to mention her willingness to inflict pain!

With short, stern words she guided me in exactly how she wished to be pleased, tugging on my hair at times, and at other times reaching back and pumping the bulb to make the dildo even thicker! It was already so thick it made me feel utterly, utterly full!

Finally, she began to really grind her pussy against my lips, hard and fast, and her breathing became ragged, interspersed with moans and gasps of pleasure. I hoped that meant she was coming, though obviously she was much less... vocal than I was when I came.

She sighed and climbed off me and I groaned for a long few seconds, then raised my eyes, staring down between my breasts. I gasped at how thick the dildo was! It looked like it was thicker than Fan's arm when she'd shoved her fist inside me!

She climbed back into bed and knelt between my legs, then dropped low, licking her way up and down my thighs, getting closer and closer to where the lips of my sex strained wide around the achingly thick dildo.

I was sore there to begin with, from sitting – riding – on that horse thing. Now the big dildo felt like it was the biggest object which had ever been put inside me! She leaned in and began to ever so delicately lick my swollen clitoris.

I gasped and shuddered at each lick. I was so super, super sensitive now! She let her tongue gently circle my clit, then sweep over it as her hands slid up and down my body. When her tongue began to lick harder it felt as if every lick was producing a tremendous wave of pleasure sensation to sweep up through my body.

She licked harder and she licked faster. At one point she halted, raising her head and looking at me. "I make you come like whore," she said.

Then she did just that.

My orgasm was not a matter of moans and gasps. I had lost my inhibitions about that, lost my self-control. The orgasm hammered into me and I screamed as she licked so hard and fast the waves were like one steady blast of hurricane-force heat.

She climbed off the bed and casually got dressed, then sat on the edge of the bed and gripped my chin firmly.

"Tell me you are blonde whore."

"I-I-I'm... a ... a blonde whore... Mistress!" I moaned.

She snorted and drew her hand back, then stood up and left the room.

I groaned, closing my eyes, then staring around me. What the –.

My thinking processes were short-circuited when the door opened and another girl came in, one of the ones who had shown up at the dorm. She smirked at me, stripped, then straddled my mouth and sank her pussy down.

I sighed and began licking. It wasn't like I had a choice. Or... or ... thought about having a choice anyway. I managed to make her come more quickly than I had the older woman. Then she moved between my legs. She pumped the bulb experimentally, examined the dildo, then did something. The dildo then deflated.

I groaned in relief, but it was short-lived. She pushed her hand inside me. She held her fingers together, twisting and turning her hand and it slid up inside me much more easily than Fan's had. Then, like Fan, she pulled her fingers into a fist, pushed it deeper, and began to turn it from side to side.

She started to lick me, then pulled out a vibrator and started grinding that against me.

Her fist moved in and out, in and out, and my mind was once again intoxicated by it all. I came again, twice, violently twisting and writhing in place before she pulled her hand back, dressed and left.

Another of the strange girls came in. She also stripped. She had that double-headed twenty-inch dildo and inserted it inside herself. Then she inserted the other side in me and spent some time atop me, kissing me, mashing our breasts together, and grinding her pussy against me.

She pulled out, holding the half of the dildo that was inside her in place. Then she moved around to the head of the bed, kneeling above my head. She tilted my head back and pushed the other half of the dildo into my open mouth, then slid it fully down my throat, until her pussy was jammed against my mouth.

"Lick, slut!" she ordered.

I gurgled weakly, and she reached forward and began to twist my sensitive nipples.

"Lick your mistress, Slave."

I trembled and tried my best to obey. The way she was positioned, I could just get my tongue pushed out under the dildo so she could grind her clitoris against my tongue. Just barely.

She snorted and pulled the thing out of my mouth, then moved around again and fucked me with it. I was too exhausted to come again, though, both mentally and physically, so she just straddled my mouth and had me lick her to an orgasm.

After her I lay there for about twenty minutes, trying to recover. Then the older woman came. She unchained me and attached the leash before pulling on it. I slid off the bed and onto all fours, and she led me, crawling again, out of the room and down a hall. This time we wound up in a room which had only one thing in it – a large cage.

She led me to it and I crawled through the door. Then she closed and locked it.

She stood up and looked down at me, then smiled coyly.

"Enjoy your sex fantasy weekend, Blonde girl," she said.

She turned and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Sex fantasy weekend!? What!? Bizarre!

I felt anxiety rise again, but I was so happy to have some time alone, at last, some time to think, to recover my bearings, that I just lay there and closed my eyes. I wasn't sure what time it was. But I was mentally and physically exhausted and quickly fell asleep.

I woke up slowly, feeling groggy and aching all over. At first, I was confused, then it all came flooding back. I groaned and sat up, staring through the bars, then at the bars. I examined the door but it seemed locked. There was a large flat screen sitting on a low stand at the opposite side of the cage. I wondered if they meant to keep me here and that was my entertainment?

I'm in a fucking cage.

I'm IN a fucking CAGE!

How freaking weird!

I felt anxiety rise again. What if they were kidnapping me and were going to turn me into some kind of white slave and ship me back to China!? The idea seemed wildly improbable, but what did I know about these things!?

I mean, playing at being a sex slave was one thing, but I had no desire to be one!

Sex fantasy weekend? That was what I remembered the woman saying. I felt indignant. I hadn't signed up for any sex fantasy weekend! On the other hand, that was a lot better than thinking I was going to be put on a ship or plane and shipped to China...

All the things I'd done earlier swept through my head in astonishing clarity. Had I done all that just this evening!? It was so intense, so outrageous, so perverted!

I reached down and cupped my breasts gently. My nipples in particular felt sore, hot, and swollen, along with the areolas. And there were teeth marks around them! Fuck!

My fingers slid down to my pussy. That ached even more, inside and out! Not only had I straddled that horse thing but I'd been fisted! And fucked hard by big, thick dildos!

Fuck!

I gently brushed my fingers along the line of my sex, groaning. The cage wasn't large enough for me to lay down in. I lay back, though, flat. I had to raise my knees and spread them apart until they were propped against the bars on either side. Keeping my legs open made my aching pussy feel better.

Gently stroking it felt good too.

I hadn't planned to masturbate. But thinking of the outrageous things I'd done combined with gently stroking to heat my body up. I kept it gentle, mostly, but I could not, of course, stop myself rubbing harder and faster as my arousal deepened and my passion grew.

As the pleasure took me I moaned low in my throat and eased two fingers of my left hand into my warm, moist body as my right stroked against my clitoris.

And then, suddenly, the TV across from me came on. It was bright, crystal clear, and showed me as if it were a mirror. It was looking right into my spread legs and my fingers and my face...

I gasped in shock and stopped abruptly, closing my legs. I was not a porn star! I remember about the girls with their phones, then, and cringed, wondering what videos and pictures they might have taken of me.

And then I didn't have to wonder. The scene on the TV changed to Li's bedroom. And there I was locked to the wall as she licked and fisted me and I came, screaming, or trying to.

I watched with wide eyes, hand against my mouth, horrified, to some extent. What would happen if this got out!? It was the most graphic, pornographic video imaginable! The audio was perhaps even worse for how obvious my pleasure was!

Where had that camera been!? I hadn't seen it! It must have been just sitting on the dresser across from me!

But though I felt a wild anxiety I was also shocked by the sight of myself, of myself writhing in pleasure, of myself crying out in orgasm, of myself with a girl's whole fucking fist moving inside me! Holy shit! It was the most erotic, arousing thing I'd ever seen in my life! The skin of my face was hot but there was a thrumming, throbbing pressure down low in my belly, too!

Then came other scenes; me licking Fan's pussy, Li fucking me from behind with a strap-on, me on the horse, me naked and kneeling, eating from their fingers, me saying the most cringe-worthy things about myself, me crawling on a leash, me screaming as I came and came and came.

My mind was... frazzled seeing all this. I kept thinking about what would happen if these videos got out and people who knew me saw them. But I also found them enthralling in how hot, how erotic I looked! It was like I was a porn star! A super hot porn star! I'd never seen my body move like that before!

Then came a scene with me on the bed, with that other girl fisting me. Jesus God! I stared at her hand disappearing inside me, and at my body arching and twisting in passion with my mouth open. My fingers dropped to my pussy and began to helplessly rub my clitoris as I watched myself being fisted!

I stared at myself, moaning, my body rapidly filling with an intense sexual pressure as my fingers rubbed my clitoris. I squeezed my breasts and then thrust three fingers into my wet pussy, pumping them in and out as I masturbated.

And then the door to the room opened. I gasped and jerked my hands away as the older woman came in. She was dressed in a short leather skirt, a white blouse with a high collar, and a leather jacket and she strolled across the floor to the cage, her high heels clicking on the wood.

"You obey or be punish, Blonde girl," she said. "Blonde girls are made for only one thing, and that is sex."

She had the crop in hand and slapped it against the bars as her eyes narrowed.

She bent and unlocked the door.

"Crawl out, sit in heels legs spread wide, back arched, hands behind neck."

I obeyed, already breathing heavily, my body still tense with sexual heat. Sitting on my heels and arching my back before just accentuated the total sexuality of what was happening, of my position, of her superiority and dominance.

She thrust the crop down, bringing the tip under my chin to lift it up further.

"Tell me you are filthy slut," she growled.

"I-I... I'm ... a filthy slut... mistress!" I gulped.

"Louder."

"I'm a filthy slut, Mistress!"

"Lean back against the cage, slut, and put your arms back across the top."

I gulped anxiously but obeyed. Sitting on my heels the top of the cage came to about my shoulder blades. I brought my arms back and arched back across the cage as I watched her anxiously. She leaned over, and then clipped the restraints to the bars.

She went to the corner and came back with a big dildo, which she rubbed up and down against my sex before pushing it up inside me. Not easily. It was quite thick. I was quite wet, though, and she twisted and turned it as she slowly worked it deeper and deeper.

"Say you like big cock in your pussy," she ordered.

I gasped and squeaked as she slapped the soft, leather tip of the crop against my right breast.

"I like... big cocks in my pussy, Mistress!" I cried.

*Slap!* The thing snapped in against my nipple again with a stinging blow.

"Spread legs wider!"

I yelped and spread my knees as wide as I could.

"Dirty blonde sex slave. You love cock. Say you love cock."

"I love cock, Mistress!" I moaned as she shoved the dildo deeper.

*Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

She brought the tip of the crop down against first one nipple, then the other, then the first, again and again as I moaned and trembled and twisted helplessly.

"Louder, slut!"

"I love cock, Mistress!"

*Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“Louder, whore.”

“I love cock, Mistress!”

*Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“Louder, slave.”

“I love cock, Mistress!”

“Then you show me, Blonde girl.”

## Chapter Eight

She unclipped my wrists and I moaned, cupping my hot, sore breasts for a moment as I straightened.

“Ride cock, blonde girl,” she ordered. “Rub pussy and ride cock.”

I gulped, staring at the crop, then at her, then down at the dildo half buried in my pussy. I sank down further, gasping as it pushed deeper. Then I awkwardly brought my fingers down, shuddering as they made contact with my swollen, hypersensitive clitoris. I began to rub it as I rode up down on the dildo, moaning and gasping as she watched.

Dark heat spread through my body. I mean, I was masturbating in front of her!

I rode up and down, forcing myself further and further as my body heated up again, as the dark, outrageous nature of what I was doing made me burn with excitement. I was going to come while she watched!

“Stop!”

I halted, chest heaving.

“On face, on floor, Bottom raised high, legs spread.”

I moaned and raised myself off the cock, then threw myself forward, my breasts pillowing out against the floor. I drew my knees forward as much as I could, raising my bottom high, and then spread my knees.

*Crack!*

I winced as the crop cut across my buttocks.

“Arms out to sides!”

I obeyed instantly, moaning as she pressed the tip of the crop down between my legs and rubbed it against me.

“Dirty girl. Blonde slut. Tell me you want big cock inside you, Blonde girl.”

“I-I w-want a big cock inside me, Mistress!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Louder.”

*Crack!*

“I want a big cock inside me, Mistress!”

*Crack!*

“Louder, slut.”

“I want a big cock inside me, Mistress!”

I felt her hands on my buttocks, but... something was wrong. I didn't put a lot of thought into it, though. The TV monitor came on and showed me in this exact same position as another girl fucked me with a strap on. I stared at it, moaning, as I felt the dildo rubbing up and down against the sopping opening to my sex. Then it pushed into me, spreading the lips of my sex and sinking into my throbbing pussy!

I shuddered as it filled me up so gloriously. I felt her hands gripping my thighs – surprisingly large hands, pulling me back so my thighs were flat against her. Then she started to fuck me good and hard, her hips slapping against my buttocks and making my body shudder to the impact.

“Tell me you love cock, Blonde girl,” she ordered from behind me.

“I love cock, Mistress!” I moaned.

“Again!”

“I love cock, Mistress!”

She walked forward alongside me and I gasped and started to turn my head. But someone gripped my hair from behind and jerked sharply on it, making me cry out at the pain to my scalp and holding my face forward.

“Tell me you love cock, Blonde girl.”

“I-I love cock, Mistress!” I moaned.

I didn't know who had come in behind her. I assumed one of the other girls, but somehow or other I was feeling rising doubts about that. The dildo inside me felt... different. I'd had a lot of them in the last few days, and this one felt... warmer, more realistic, more... more real!

I heard a girlish giggle behind me and felt a sense of relief, for I had just started to have the suspicion it might be a man!

Then my arms were gripped and pulled back behind my back to be clipped together there. The hand gripped my hair again, and the thrusting got even harder. A moment later one of the other girls walked forward alongside me, then knelt and put her hand in under my abdomen. I felt her fingers searching out my clitoris and finding it.

“Dirty girl,” the older woman said. “Are you grateful for big cock?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I gasped breathlessly.

“Show me how grateful.”

She put her foot forward and the hand gripping my hair lowered it, pressing my lips against the top of her shoe.

“Lick, slave.”

WTF?! I moaned, my mind churning at this astonishing new wicked idea. Then I cried out as my bottom was slapped and my hair jerked.

“Lick.”

I moaned and licked her shoe.

A wild twisting rush of dark hunger swept through me at what I was doing, for again it was adding to the wild, nasty realism of this wicked game! I licked her shoe as one of the girls rubbed my clitoris and another rode me.

Except... again I had a strange, swirling doubt. This was the most realistic dildo I'd ever felt! And those hands were large! They gripped my bound wrists now in a firm grip, as well as my hair.

“Tell you love cock,” the woman ordered.

“I-I l-love cock, Mistress!” I gasped, still licking her shoe.

“Again, slut.”

“I love cock, Mistress!” I moaned.

She snorted and another person walked forward. There could be no doubt this time. It was a man! It was an Asian man, somewhere in his twenties, but much older than me. He was naked, and not at all slender like most Asian men. He was, in fact, very muscular.

He knelt before me as the woman moved aside and I gaped at him and his very hard cock as it pointed right at my face.

I was swept with a fresh wave of humiliation as the girl beside me giggled. But I had no idea whatsoever of what to do or say or how to respond. I was stunned as he took my hair from whoever was behind me, then guided his cock to my mouth.

I gasped as he pushed it through my open lips and it slid along my tongue.

“Suck,” she ordered.

Moaning, I did so, even as the person behind – and I was now almost sure it was another man – pulled more sharply on my wrists. That, in turn, pulled on my shoulders, raising my body up off the floor so that my breasts hung free.

A large male hand fondled and groped one, and the guy before me reached forward and took the other in his hand. Then he pushed his cock deeper, plunging it into my throat!

That, of course, distracted me from everything else! I gurgled and gasped weakly as his cock slid deeper and deeper until my lips were pressed firmly around the base, pressed against his groin! He pushed even harder, grinding himself against me as if trying to somehow push even his body into my mouth!

The one behind me did the same, burying his cock in my pussy and then grinding hard against me as if he could somehow force himself even deeper!

The older woman knelt on the other side of me, reaching in to fondle my breast and pluck at the nipple.

“Blonde girls are for to give pleasure with their bodies,” she cooed.

I whimpered and moaned and gagged slightly around the cock in my throat. Then it pulled slowly out, drawing free so that I could gulp in air.

My body jerked in and out as the man behind hammered himself against me, my breasts wobbling as the older woman and the girl on my other side fondled them.

“Sex slave,” the girl next to me taunted.

The orgasm tore through me and I cried out weakly, my voice rising until the guy in front of me shoved his cock down my throat again and started to pump in and out. I rutted back against the one fucking me, convulsions wracking my body as my brain was sent into tumbling confusion by the overload of sensations.

It went on and on, rising and falling, as a stream of multiple orgasms ripped through me and sent my mind into flailing disorder. The two men used me roughly, but they knew what they were doing. Especially with the other two to help.

They turned me around and I got my first glimpse of the guy who had fucked me, though my eyes were kind of glassy. He was older and bald. It didn't matter, though, as he pushed himself into my mouth and down my throat. Then the other guy started thrusting into me hard and fast and my mind dissolved again.

*I don't know any of these people!* a part of me whimpered in confusion and anxiety, in embarrassment and distress. But the heat and raw, animal lust continued to drown any higher order of consciousness.

The men finished with me, and then the older woman snapped the leash to the front of the collar again. My wrists were unlocked, and she jerked sharply on the leash so that I had to crawl across the floor. I was still in a dark haze, stunned by the introduction of men into this dark, wicked little game of play sex between girls.

And yet, here's the thing. I'm not gay! I'm simply not. Yes, experimenting and play sex were fun, but it was men who turned me on, not women. Oh yes, I'd been wildly turned on by this... this game that they played, sure. The dark, obscene fantasy of being their sex slave was deliciously exciting and incredibly hot!

But the idea of being a sex slave to men was much more... intense!

As a fantasy, of course!

I crawled up the hall, not even talking, because I didn't know what to say, or even what I ought to be doing. She opened another door, and there was something I recognized there. It was a stripper pole! We didn't call it that during pole dance classes, of course. The teacher got very annoyed whenever anyone slipped up there!

But there was a pole there, and a padded chair about six feet away. A man sat on that bench, another Asian man. This one was very good looking, in a rakish sort of way, with a very nice haircut and intense eyes. I flushed red under those eyes and jerked mine away, blushing furiously.

The woman pulled me to my feet, then removed the leash from my collar. She walked over to the man and said something, then handed him the crop. Then she turned and left, closing the door behind

her.

My heart was pounding like a drum! I dropped my eyes to the floor, wildly uncertain, self-conscious, and embarrassed!

He reached to a table next to the chair and music started to play.

“Dance for me, Blonde Girl.”

OMG!

“Go to the pole,” he barked, pointing with the crop.

I gulped and shuffled over, clutching it between my fingers.

“Dance.”

What do I do!? What could I do!?

I started to kind of... roll my hips as I clutched the pole, terribly embarrassed and confused.

He slapped the crop against the chair.

“Dance!”

I yelped and then began to roll my hips more, my body undulating. I belatedly remembered some of the moves from pole dance class and started to perform them. I swung around the pole, then climbed it, clutched it between my thighs, and dropped my upper torso down to hang upside down.

This was so insane!

I swung around the pole, the moves kind of automatic. Though I'd never performed them naked with a man watching!

But... I had fantasized about doing so many, many, many times. If I'd had a pole at home I would have found a way...

Now those old fantasies were coming to life – sort of – and I felt that dark, feverish sense of sexuality creeping over me again. I mean, it had been sex, sex, sex, outrageous sex, kinky sex, all evening and now... was it still the other night or was it morning? I didn't even know!

But I had been utterly immersed in sex with strangers for hours and hours. And the sex had been incredible!

That took a lot of the sharpest edge off my embarrassment. And as I grew more confident I danced more freely, incorporating more moves, showing off a bit. I started feeling a sense of incredible pride in how hot and sexy my body was as this sexy guy watched me.

Yes, this was soooo slutty! But given what I'd already done that didn't seem to matter.

He cocked his finger at me and I felt another sharp, psychic jolt. I hesitated, then padded slowly forward. He took my wrist and pulled me closer, and I knew what he wanted. Another psychic jolt swept through me as I knelt on the chair, then straddled him. I sank down, grinding myself against him as he ran his hands up my body, cupping and squeezing my breasts.

Heat gushed into my chest and I shuddered, grasping his shoulders so I could grind myself against what felt like a growing erection inside his pants. I rolled my hips and ground myself against him as he kneaded my breast. Then he pushed me back, back, back, but held my hand. I slid back off and onto my knees on the floor. He pulled me back in and I ran my hands over his crotch, feeling his erection.

He brought my hands to his belt and undid the buckle. He had me undo the clasp on his pants, pull the zipper down, then tug his pants down as he raised up a little. They slid down and his cock sprang up hard and thick.

“Pleasure your master, slave girl,” he said.

I shuddered, taking his cock in my hands, then licking up and down. I mouthed the head, sucking hungrily, then slid my lips down, bobbing up and down, further and further until I could take him all the way down my throat.

He pulled me up and I gasped, gulping in air as he jerked me up onto the chair. I straddled him, sinking down atop his cock this time, then riding up and down as he sucked and chewed at my breasts.

The head inside me was scalding. I rode him with more and more passion and need, whimpering and whining and moaning and crying out as I impaled myself on his slick cock again and again.

Suddenly his hand came up and gripped my throat, just above the collar. I gasped, my eyes bulging, and my hands grabbed at his wrist.

“Hands down!” he barked.

Moaning, my chest starting to burn, my head starting to pound, I dropped my wrists to my sides.

“What do you call me, sex slave?” he demanded.

He eased his grip and I gulped in air, staring at him. He tightened his grip again. My hands jerked up then dropped as he stared at me.

“What do you call me, slut?”

I moaned as he eased his grip.

“M-Master!”

He nodded.

“Ride.”

I rode his cock, moaning and gasping as he alternately tightened and loosened his grip, my arms staying at my sides. He let his other hand drop low, rubbing my clitoris as I rode him, and the sensations redoubled, the lust and animal need turning to a wild, desperate howl.

His hand closed again.

“Beg me to let you come, Blonde girl.”

I gurgled as he held me in place, my mouth opening and closing as I tried to breathe.

“Beg.”

He loosened his grip and I gulped in air.

“Please may I come, Master!?” I gasped.

“Louder, slut,” he said, rubbing my clitoris.

“Please may I come, Master!” I moaned.

“Yes.”

I moaned and rode him, the pleasure tearing through me and sweeping aside everything other than my animal side. I came as I rode him, as I bounced atop him, crying out at first, then not, as his hand closed around my throat. I continued to ride up and down with feverish need even as my head pounded from lack of oxygen and my chest burned. All I cared about was the hurricane of pleasure!

He pulled me forward sharply, bringing my lips down against his, and I gasped and moaned into his mouth as he kissed me passionately. Then he shoved me back just as roughly.

“Hands down!” he barked.

My hands had risen as we'd kissed, pressing against his chest. I dropped them and he jerked me forward by the neck once more, kissing me, and loosening his grip so I could breathe. His other hand was still rubbing my clitoris, and the heat was still threatening to fry my mind as I rode up and down his thick, slick cock.

I was lost in a world of rapture, glorying in the pleasure, in the throbbing heat of my breasts and the deep, wonderful feel of his cock every time I slid down it, of his fingers rubbing my clitoris and the feeling of being his prisoner, his possession, his slave girl!

A sex slave!

## Chapter Nine

There was very little time to think, to regain my mental balance, to make calm decisions about what the hell was going on, and how much of it I should be tolerating. It was as if the darkly thrilling 'role' of sex slave was real, in a way, and I couldn't tear myself free of it.

Five minutes later I was crawling down a hall on a leash led by the older Chinese woman, into a bathroom, where she made me hold still as she washed me. She even gave me an enema, sat me on a bidet, and brushed my teeth!

I wasn't allowed to speak, but was still so dazed and stunned I didn't know what to say anyway. She found another pair of leather bands, and fit them around my arms halfway between my elbows and shoulders. Then she fed a chain from the back of the collar to the wrist bands. It had a ring in the middle, and she fit a second chain between the new bands on my upper arms, passing it through that ring and drawing my arms back more sharply.

She pushed a butt-plug into me, inserted a ball-gag, then led me back up the hall into the front room. All the girls were gone. Now the three men who had already fucked me were sitting there – along with a fourth!

I was sat down on the bald man's lap. He had me sit astride him, then jerked back on my hair to force my head back. His other hand roamed my body, caressing my breasts, squeezing them lightly, rolling my nipples, then sliding down between my legs to rub my clitoris.

He and the others were talking, but, much like with the girls, I had no idea what they were saying except it was clearly about me.

He slapped my legs so that I spread them apart, and his fingers twisted and turned as they pushed into me. I moaned around the ball-gag as my scalp ached. I couldn't even see what he was doing because of how far back he had pulled my hair. I looked up at the ceiling, seeing some of the others out of my peripheral vision.

I saw his face, briefly, as it descended to my chest. Then I felt his mouth on my breasts, on my nipples, sucking and licking and chewing as his fingers pumped in and out of me.

It didn't seem to matter how weary I was. Yes, I'd been drowned in sex since... since... well, since I'd gotten out of class. But now it was men! Men! I was in a room with four of them, completely naked and helpless! Like... a sex slave!

I shuddered as he pushed more fingers into me. They slid up and down, twisting and turning as they pushed in, then pulled out. His thumb was rubbing at my clitoris as he chewed his way across my breasts. A wild animal heat, and a sense of something like wonder at what I was taking part in grew within me.

I also felt more anxious. I mean, before it was girlish games. This was men! This was... real! And I knew just what the hunger and lust men felt was like, having experienced it already in my life.

He pulled my head forward again, far forward, kind of throwing me forward onto my belly on the sofa he sat. Except there was another man sitting further to his right, and that man grabbed me and drew me along so I was face down across his lap.

His fingers pried at the butt-plug, and he said something which made the others laugh. Then his hand came down on my bottom with a sharp slap.

I gasped, then gasped again, starting to wriggle as his hand slapped down again and again.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

It was like he was spanking me! No, he *was* spanking me!

He roughly pushed my leg apart and I felt his fingers pushing into my pussy, pumping in and out. He was rougher than the first man had been and I moaned in discomfort around the gag, then gasped at another sharp slap.

I felt something pushing into me, then, which was not fingers. It was a dildo of some kind. It was large and thick, and it twisted and turned from side to side, pumping in and out as he worked it deeper. Then he started to spank me again, turning my bottom a hot, dark red!

He stopped that and pulled the dildo out, then pushed something even thicker into me. I groaned and my hips jerked as the pressure mounted. It was something very thick! The pressure against my already sore pussy mounted, making it ache. Then the pressure managed to force me open enough for it to slide inside.

It didn't go in easily, despite how wet I was. There were words exchanged and it pulled out. Someone tossed some kind of plastic squeeze bottle to him, and after a few seconds, it pushed against me again. This time it felt cool with some kind of slippery jell. He forced it slowly into my body, making me ache from the thickness, then slapped my bottom again!

I felt him drawing something up between my buttocks, like... some kind of leather cord. He also drew cords up my abdomen on either side. He pulled them around my hips and then around behind me to meet with the one going up behind me and tightened them sharply. It was like... straps attached to the dildo!

Then he pushed me off him and pointed to one of the other men across from him. That man leered at me and gestured and I nervously looked down to see a couple of inches of the base of a very thick dildo protruding from between the taut lips of my sex. I gulped and knee-walked across to the other sofa, and he gripped my hair and half yanked me up over his lap!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I moaned and squirmed as he slapped my already red bottom, and cried out as he gripped the base of the dildo and tried to push it in deeper. His hands roughly fondled my breasts, and then he pushed me off his lap onto my knees on the floor again. He undid the strap holding the ball-gag in and pulled that out, then unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out.

I sucked and licked him, bobbing up and down as he tightly gripped my hair and fondled my breast. The guy beside him slapped my bottom sharply and hands jerked my legs apart before another hand pressed against the base of the dildo and fingers rubbed my clitoris.

What was I doing!? Why was I allowing this!? Why wasn't I protesting!? Those thoughts occurred to me, but weakly. The strange wild sense of dark arousal and lust was still thrumming within me. And this was still a wicked, thrilling game, one even more intense than I had thought!

I gasped as I felt a vibrator pushed against my clitoris. It ground against me there, back and forth, back and forth as my lips were forced down to the base of the cock I was sucking. Hands from either side were forcefully kneading my breasts as the conversation continued around me.

The guy pulled me up by the hair and I gasped dazedly. He said something, to laughter from the others, then shoved my mouth down on his cock again. Meanwhile, the man behind me undid the strap, pulling the dildo out of me. A moment later his cock thrust into me and his hips began to slap against my buttocks.

I didn't even know who it was!

My body shook and shuddered as he fucked me, but the guy I was sucking kept my lips down on his cock until I started to get light-headed. He pulled up and all I could do was gulp in air as he gripped my arm and hair and pulled me up onto his lap.

I straddled him and sank down on his cock, then began to ride up and down. The sofa he was on was not pressed against a wall, and a man came up behind it, reaching for my hair and jerking me forward over his shoulder. Then his cock was in my mouth, pumping in and out.

I felt fingers at the butt-plug, felt it pulled free, then another man was kneeling behind me, and his cock was sliding up into my ass. It was all so intense, so shocking, so appalling, so wicked and nasty and... hot!

The cock behind me thrust deep into my ass, and I could feel it and the one inside me almost touching as they pumped in and out. The guy I was straddling was sucking and chewing at my nipple as the guy standing behind the sofa reached out and fondled the other one while he pumped his cock in my mouth and throat.

The orgasm swept me into its embrace in a slow, almost steady way until I was trembling and shaking. Then it suddenly exploded higher, and I screamed – almost silently – around the cock in my throat. I trembled and shook and writhed between them as they laughed and thrust their cocks into my body.

Their hands were all over me, their bodies crushing me between them, their laughter in my ears as the orgasm carried me along like a raft on a raging, frothing river.

\*

I was starting to wonder, starting to wearily worry.

That woman had said something about a fantasy weekend. This could certainly be such a thing. A very dark fantasy, mind you.

But I was becoming exhausted, and caring so much about fantasies or fun or pleasure. In fact, the greatest pleasure occupying my mind was the thought of climbing into bed – alone – and falling asleep. I wasn't sure what time it was, but there was daylight beyond the curtains.

I'd started this wild, incredible sexual experience when it was daylight at school. I'd gone right through the night, had sex with... how many people? I'd slept an hour or two in the cage. Maybe. That wasn't enough.

Now I was standing in the attic, legs apart, arms up and apart, my wrists and ankles attached to chains so that I couldn't really move much. I had the ball-gag back inside me, as well as the butt-plug, and the big dildo which had to be strapped in place.

The lights were out in the attic, so I was in shadow, but I could see fairly clearly because of the light coming through the curtains. I looked... normal, though a touch stretched out because of my wrists being held up and out.

I wondered what they intended to do next. The thought made me nervous. What were they trying to do? Just have fun with me? Or maybe turn me into a *real* sex slave!?

Suddenly a pot light snapped on overhead, lighting me up so brightly I closed my eyes, then squinted until my eyes got used to the brightness. I heard footsteps on the stairs, then the woman appeared. She moved behind me and pushed a wheeled cart forward and around in front of me.

I looked down at it anxiously. It had a brown box and a small plastic container, which she slowly opened. I blinked in confusion, and no small anxiety. It had... pins? Needles?

She took a slender needle from it. It was about three inches long, and half of that was a sort of yellow handle she gripped between her fingers. I felt fear starting to rise, but then realized just how thin and small these were. They were.. acupuncture needles.

I've never had acupuncture but I know people who have and they all say the needles are so hair-thin you barely feel them. Which was a good thing because she cupped my right breast and then pressed the needles right into my breast a little to the side of my nipple!

I tensed up, but all I really felt was a little tickle. The needle stayed in place, though, as she got another and pushed that into my breast on the other side of my nipple. Soon she had them pushed into my breasts on all four sides of both nipples. There was no pain involved, and I was kind of fascinated, despite how tired I was, wondering what she was doing.

Then she pushed one directly into my nipple! Right straight in! I gasped and my nipple kind of tingled, but it still didn't hurt. She stuck another one into the center of my other nipple, and I stared down in baffled uncertainty.

She pushed acupuncture needles into the front of my body just below my ribs, then ran a line of them down the center of my body until she pushed one right into my clitoris!

She opened the box, then and took out some kind of electronic machine. She plugged it into the wall. Then took a series of thin wires from it and connected them to the needles. She turned the machine on and adjusted it, and I braced myself for something... forceful.

Instead, all I felt was a kind of low-frequency vibration, like a humming. I felt it mostly on the needles in my nipples and the one in my clitoris. She leaned in and whispered in my ear.

“Ancient and secret Chinese method to make great pleasure,” she said, chewing lightly on my ear.

She drew back and smiled. “Machine is new. It stimulates nerve endings and muscles. Together they are... most useful.”

Then she left.

I stared down at the needles. The sight of the ones stuck in the center of my nipples were particularly shocking to see. But they didn't hurt, any more than the one sticking into my clitoris. I did squirm a bit, both mentally and physically, to see them. But the vibrations were pretty low powered compared to those vibrators they'd used on me.

I just stood there. There wasn't anything else I could do. My legs and back were getting stiff and my feet sore.

I can't say I was getting bored. The whole situation was too insane for that. But my mind was starting to go blank. My chin began to sink. I swayed a little but was always brought up short by the chains attached to the wrist restraints.

A man appeared, then. I'd never seen him before. I had no idea who he was. Except he was Asian and older. He examined me as I dropped my chin in discomfort and embarrassment. He reached for my hair and jerked my head up and back, and I cried out at the ache to my scalp.

He smiled and cupped my breast, squeezing it, then dropped my hair and moved behind me. I felt the butt plug being tugged out, and after a long moment, it came free and clattered on the floor. His cock pushed up into me, then, thrusting deep. I gasped as I felt his naked hips against my buttocks.

His hands gripped my hips, pulling me back, grinding himself against me. Then he started to thrust in and out with short, sharp motions. He gripped my hair again, jerking my head up and back so that I was staring up at the light above me.

His cock worked in and out, in and out, his hips slapping against my body as I gasped and moaned around the gag. Then I felt fingers at my nipples, slowly tugging the acupuncture needles out. A moment later I felt a mouth at each nipple, sucking and licking and chewing on the surrounding flesh.

I felt fingers tugging the needles out of me, going down my body until even the one in my clitoris was removed. Then a tongue started in on me there too. I shuddered and moaned helplessly, the cock driving into my bottom relentlessly while a tongue licked hungrily at my pussy and fingers pushed up inside me.

I don't know if the sensations were increased in my nipples and clitoris, but they were sure as hell intense as those hungry tongues licked hard and fast! The sensations swept into my body and overloaded my nervous system as multiple hands roamed my body.

I again felt as if I was in a different world, a different universe, the unreality of it allowing me to completely sink into the dark fantasy and wallow in the pleasure and heat. Even if my body was exhausted those sensations were still churning violently, and the orgasm swept me into its embrace yet again as I cried out all the air in my lungs, sucked more in desperately, and cried it all out a second time, then a third, then a fourth.

\*

I woke in the cage. I was simply too exhausted to absorb any more sex. I had no idea what time it was, or even what day it was, though I thought, after some effort, it must be Saturday, and since it was dark, Saturday evening or night or early Sunday morning.

I was, of course, still naked. I hadn't been naked so long since... possibly ever. I mean, who stays

naked for more than twenty-four hours? Maybe nudists, I suppose. But definitely not me.

I felt sore in multiple places, including inside myself, from all the hard fucking. My nipples were erect and felt sore and tender. They also felt hypersensitive. My pussy kind of ached too, inside and out. I stared out through the bars and wondered what was happening, and whether I ought to protest and demand an end to it.

I was... anxious about just how real this was becoming. I mean, a dark, wicked sexual game was all very well. But what if I was the only one who considered it a game? And yet, if they really were 'white slavers' or something like that, they'd ignore my demands to be let out anyway. Thus making that demand was a... scary thing to do.

Because what if they said no!?

I didn't think that would happen but... what if it did!?

And if it was just a game, and I demanded it end, that would be like, well, making a big scene and losing face and showing them I wasn't mature and sophisticated enough to take part in kinky games. So that was kind of scary too.

So either way, I lost! So best not to make a fuss.

Which was why, when one of the Asian men I vaguely recalled came for me I bowed my head meekly. He opened the cage door and I awkwardly crawled out. Which wasn't easy since my wrists were locked together behind me, as were the bands around my upper arms. I had to sort of slither out on my belly and side.

He pulled me to my knees, took out his cock, and casually rubbed it over my face. It hardened quickly, and he thrust it into my mouth as he gripped my hair.

I began to suck at once, licking and sucking as he pumped it in and out. It wasn't long before he pushed himself into my throat, though, burying every last inch. He held me there firmly for long seconds, then pulled out and started to fuck my mouth and throat.

It was the sheer... casual way he did it which sent a dark shudder through my mind. As if he owned me. As if I really were a sex slave!

I gurgled and gasped and choked a little as he fucked my mouth and throat, but it didn't take him very long to come. Then he just as casually pulled out, did up his pants, and dragged me to my feet by the hair. He led me down the stairs, then into a bedroom. Another man was sitting on the edge of the bed, and they talked (in Mandarin). The second man laughed, and he took my hair, guiding my mouth to his cock.

I bent forward, sucking and licking his cock as he fondled my breast, and before long he came in my mouth, as well. Then he pulled on his pants and took me down a hall and into another room. This one was more or less empty but had a small platform about the size of a coffee table, but sturdy, and a bit higher. It also had a kind of wooden bar as thick as a baseball bat which rose up from one side in the middle, went straight across, and came down on the other.

He had me climb onto the thing with my knees on one edge and my back – well, more like my arms since they were still locked behind me, up against the underside of the bar thing. In short order, my knees were tied to the corners at one end, and other ropes bound my arms to the bar overhead.

He gathered my hair together into a rough tail and tied it with some sort of cord, then pulled that back sharply. He pulled the butt-plug out of me and inserted something else, something metal, and with a hook shape, sort of like an umbrella handle. Then he tied my hair to this.

He took out some thin rope, then began to tie it around the base of my breasts, ignoring my gasp as he tightened the loops against my ribs, making my breasts stand out tautly. My nipples were incredibly hard!

A moment later a blindfold went over my eyes

I knelt like that, supported in part by the ropes binding my arms up, moaning softly, until voices appeared in the room, male voices. Many of them. I flushed hotly, wondering how many men were there, how many were staring at me! The voices rose, and there was ribald laughter. Then hands began

to fondle me.

A cock pushed into me, which I had no difficulty taking because I was incredibly moist and hot. Another pushed into my open mouth and began to fuck my mouth and then my throat. Fingers kneaded my breasts and pinched, rolled, and stroked my nipples. Fingers rubbed my clitoris, then a vibrator played against it.

I couldn't understand a word that was said but it was clear there were a number of men there, and certainly more than four.

From time to time a cock pulled out of my mouth or pussy, then pushed back in again. It took me a while to figure out these were different men. I wasn't exactly thinking straight. Orgasm after orgasm swept through my nervous system to overawe my mind.

I have no idea how long it lasted or how many men took me. I was in a state approaching dazed delirium, mind blasted by the heat and outrageous rush of sensation. Eventually, though, I understood I was being gang-banged. That was a thought I'd had before, not exactly a fantasy but more of a ... what would it be like.

And now I was being gang-banged. I had not imagined it would be like this. But then I had not imagined before that I would be tied up during it. At least no one expected me to make small-talk!

Eventually, it stopped, and I was untied, then made to crawl somewhere. I still had the blindfold on. It didn't occur to me to remove it. We went into a bathroom. That was obvious from the sound of running water. There I was cleaned again, like before, inside and out, hair shampooed, dried, and brushed out.

They had to take the blindfold off for that, and it turned out to be two of the girls. Had I seen them before? I wasn't sure.

After cleaning me they popped the ball-gag back in my mouth and put the collar and restraints back on. Then went back to that same room. The frame thing was gone. Instead, the older Chinese woman was there, with her riding crop.

"Kneel. Hands behind head, back arched!" she barked.

I obeyed, looking nervously at the crop.

Many more such orders followed, requiring me to kneel on all fours, or to lay on my back with my knees spread wide, or to stand and clutch my ankles, or to kneel with my breasts on the floor and my bottom up and legs apart. Every order was followed with a stinging little blow from the crop if I failed to perform it instantly.

She attached the leash to the front of the collar and led me back and forth with it, making me crawl. Then she had me stand, hands behind head, back arched, elbows back, and made me walk back and forth behind her on the leash. Then it was back to posing my body in various positions.

I was ravenously hungry, but I couldn't exactly ask for food. But eventually, she set down a bowl of something which smelled very good, next to a bowl of water. She thrust a big dildo into me, which turned out to be a vibrator. It had a little hook at the base which pressed against my clitoris, and straps which held it inside.

Then, with my wrists back behind me and locked to the back of the collar with a chain, she had me kneel, my breasts pressed to the floor, and pulled the gag out so I could lick her shoes. Once I'd done that she put the bowls on the floor in front of me so I could eat and drink. Then it was back to the positions, gag back in place.

The vibrator had an immediate effect, and the muscles in my lower belly began to spasm and clench, spasm and clench. But it wasn't quite powerful enough to drive me over the edge without some additional sensation. Pumping it a few times would have done it, or grinding it so the vibrator at the base rubbed against me. But neither happened.

She raised me to my feet and brushed my hair, then pulled the vibrator from me and led me by the leash (hands behind head) out of the room and up the hall. We entered another room and I gulped as I saw half a dozen middle-aged Asian men sitting there on a row of chairs.

The woman had me walk back and forth in front of them several times while she spoke to them in Mandarin. She had me bend over, with my bottom to them, and clutch my ankles. Then I got on the floor, drawing my knees up and back and spreading them.

The men all looked at me carefully.

The woman ordered me to masturbate, next, which shocked some part of me. But I was so used to obeying I did it, and given the condition of my body and mind the masturbation became real very quickly, so quickly it shocked me.

I lay on the floor with half a dozen strange men looking on and masturbated to a powerful climax! Then I was made to crawl back and forth on the leash before sitting on my heels, knees spread, hands behind head.

They called out things to her, and it became clear after a short time they were bidding on me.

I felt a jolt of anxiety. Was this really some kind of slave thing!? Was she selling me!? Was I about to become a slave for real!? Maybe taken forcibly back to China or something to be a slave girl forever!?

What was I to do!?

Apparently one of them one won, and she gave him the leash. He grinned and led me out of the room, my hands still behind my neck. We went to a bedroom where I sucked his cock, then I knelt on the edge of the bed while he fucked me. With that done my arms were bound behind me and I was gagged and blindfolded again.

I felt something like a big sheet thrown over me which covered me from head to toe. Then hands gripped my arms and led me out into the garage and into the back of a vehicle, a van perhaps. It started up and drove me away, my heart pounding wildly with fear we were going to an airport or something!

The van stopped and the hands took my arms and led me out, then up a path, barefoot, and in through doors. We rode up in an elevator, then went down another hall and through another door.

The sheet was taken off and I realized I was back in my dorm room, with Li and Fan smirking at me.

“Our little blonde sex slave is back,” Fan said in amusement.

“And ready to serve her mistresses,” Li added.

They pushed me to my knees and took the gag off, and I was so relieved I didn't say a thing, just licked them one at a time until they came. They untied me, taking off the collar and restraints too, and then, giggling, went back to studying.

I had a shower, then went to my room and sat on the bed, my mind adrift. What was I to do now? Put on clothes? That felt... odd, somehow, as if I had gotten used to being naked and wanted to continue. What the hell had happened the last couple of days? How many people had I had sex with?

How many orgasms had I had!?

And how many videos of me were out there!?

The experience hadn't lasted that long but it had been so wild and intense it was hard to get back to normal, dull routine.

Study? Economics? Seriously? How could I do that?

My mind had been electric when I was sold at auction! Now it was impossible to just settle back into being an ordinary student. I wasn't ordinary anymore! I had been changed in a very short time.

Li and Fan were busy studying and had no interest in anything else. That left me at a loss. It occurred to me I didn't even have a dildo. I wondered if I could borrow one of theirs. I put clothes on, but it felt weird. I went on social media to see what I'd missed, but nothing there was remotely as exciting and thrilling as what I'd gone through.

Everything was boring!

I tried to focus on stuff. I went to class next day and dutifully jotted down notes, but my mind kept drifting. Li and Fan got home but again were too busy studying to want to do anything sexual and largely ignored me. I felt frustrated.

Finally, several days later Li ordered me to strip. Then had me put on a kind of ... harness of straps and rings. The straps squeezed in around the base of my breasts, though not as tightly as the ropes had on the weekend. They crisscrossed my body and went down between my legs and up between my buttocks.

That part of the harness had two metal dildos. One went up my pussy, the other my ass, and the harness held them in place. As I was to quickly discover, a remote control could deliver a little electrical jolt to the one in my butt, and also turn the one in my pussy into a vibrator.

I was to please them sexually, as well as do any chores they needed done. That included fetching drinks or snacks, books, or items of clothing. I helped them dress and undress, bathed with them, and made food for them. The only time I wasn't gagged was when I was performing oral sex on one or the other.

The slightest hesitation or error brought a short, sharp jolt inside my abdomen which always made me squeal in pain. It never lasted more than an instant, though, and was akin to the kind of shocks you get when you touch something metal while wearing a wool sweater.

Still, I quickly learned to obey instantly!

The vibrator kept me constantly wet, and they could masturbate me to orgasm in seconds.

After a few weeks, Lin took me to a place which turned out to be a kind of bondage club for Asian women. I acted as a ... server... there, in every sense of the word. Just as with the girls I brought food and drink, cleaned tables, and licked pussies.

Sometimes they spanked me, fucked me with dildos, or flogged or even whipped me.

I worked there every Friday evening. On Saturday evenings I worked at a similar club for men, which included a stripper pole and lap dances.

Then during the week I went back to classes and returned to the dorm to shed my clothes and become their sex slave.

It is, as you can imagine, a strange life, but one filled with excitement, thrills, heat, passion, and many, many orgasms.

I suggested to Fan that I learn Mandarin but she shrugged it off as a waste of time. "Your purpose is to bring people sexual pleasure. The only thing your mouth is needed for is that. No one wants to hear your words."

Then she gagged me again.

Outrageous! Yes, but darkly thrilling and incredibly hot too!

Pretending to be a sex slave is intensely exciting! I can't help wondering, though, with thoughts that are bordering on obsession, what it would be like for real! Fan is hinting that come summer I might find out, that a trip to China for a longer and more extensive 'fantasy game' could be arranged.

The thought scares and thrills me.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

**Molly's Black Master** (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Out of Uniform**

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur** (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Owned by My Best Friend's Family!**

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **Nigger's Girl**

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

### **The Penthouse**

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!