

Sloane's Sinful Roommate

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Smashwords edition

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

Chapter One

Sloane Whitman-Cooper had been raised by parents who believed that the foremost attribute of a lady was her dignity and demeanor. In furtherance of this, she'd been enrolled in ballet and piano lessons quite early in life. She'd gone to the finest schools to teach her how a young lady ought to act and to inform her of the things young ladies ought to know.

She'd taken fashion lessons to teach her how to best apply her makeup and do her hair, as well as how to walk and pose, and what clothing types and colors best accentuated her figure without appearing crass or obvious.

The results were that as she entered Harvard University she gave every appearance of being a perfect example of the intelligent, dignified, superior specimen of upper-class British femininity at its finest. She was the epitome of class, style, and dignity.

She expected, because she had always gotten superior marks at school, to breeze through university. This was especially so as she'd made the mistake of letting her father persuade her that going to an American university would contribute a valuable degree of knowledge and experience which would see her in good stead in the future.

She hadn't realized she'd be staying in a slum, of course. Having visited her older sister at her dorm room at Oxford a few years earlier she had expected something similar. The dorms at Oxford were luxurious and spacious, as well as nicely decorated as befitted the children of the British elite. They were also single rooms.

Her first unpleasant surprise came when she'd opened the door (her boxes having already been sent ahead) and discovered not one, but two beds in her small, spartan (in her judgment) room. That the second bed was not intended for occasional guests was evident by the fact it had already been made up and there were clearly someone else's possessions on that side of the room.

Sloane did not consider herself to be a snob, but she was used to a certain luxury, her parents being quite well-off, as it were. The double room was certainly considerably smaller than her room at home in the lovely eighteenth-century manor in which her family lived.

Nor had she ever shared a room with anyone. Nor did she desire to do so now. After some dealings over the phone with the clearly harried person at the Housing department, she came away frustrated to learn that freshmen were given little choice in such things. The better accommodation in single rooms was largely reserved for graduate and post-graduate students, as well as senior undergraduates.

It was an unpleasant experience to realize that she was now, as a first-year student, considered to be a person of low status and importance.

It being far too late to withdraw and apply at Oxford or Cambridge, she steeled herself to try and deal with the situation as it was and unpacked. She was in the midst of doing that when her roommate showed up.

Sloane was a quiet, soft-spoken girl who wore her perfectly coiffed and cut brown hair just shy of shoulder length. She wore fashionable, but understated dresses, blouses, tops, and blazers, as well as fashionable flats and high-heeled shoes.

The girl who literally exploded into the room, shocking Sloane to the extent she yelped and fell onto her bed was the antithesis of all of this. She wore low-riding, drawstring athletic trousers which were quite tight, and a short, blue tank-top with a pair of oranges strategically placed on the front. She

was thus displaying an alarming amount of belly well down her abdomen.

The blonde girl literally threw herself onto her bed, drawing the trousers tight enough across her bottom to leave Sloane in no doubt whatever that she wore a thong beneath, and reached for a drawer on the headboard. Yanking it open, she drew out a small leather bag, then scrambled back up and jumped off the bed.

Apparently noticing Sloane, she gave her a brief wave, said something like “Hey!” and then ran out of the room again, her long hair bouncing across her back as she went.

Her immediate thought as she sat up was a bemused wonderment about just what on Earth was going on. Her next was a sense of realization that the blonde creature who had run in and out of the room was likely her 'roommate'. The prospect of spending a lot of time with such a creature struck her as challenging, to say the least.

She returned to making her bed and putting things away, turning towards the bathroom to place her toiletries – and discovering there wasn't one. The private bedrooms at Oxford certainly had them! Apparently not here, though.

Why on Earth did I come here to this horrible place, she thought in astonishment.

The blonde bounced back into the room – somewhat literally as she was a buxom girl, and absent-mindedly swung the door shut behind her before once again throwing herself onto her bed.

“Hi,” she said.

“How do you do?” Sloane replied, holding out her hand.

The blonde blinked at her hand, then sat forward and shook it.

“I'm Tiffany.”

“And so you are,” Sloane said.

She couldn't help herself.

“Huh?”

“I'm Sloan Whitman-Cooper,” she said.

“English, huh?”

“Yes.”

“So what do you think of this palatial luxury, Sloane?” she asked, sitting back on her bed.

“It's uhm, somewhat... Spartan,” she said.

“Is that what you Brits call understated disapproval?”

Sloane was surprised at the girl's command of the language and raised her estimation of her intelligence.

“Merely a brief and accurate summary.”

“It's a dump,” Tiffany said. “How much money do you have?”

“Excuse me?”

“I've been checking rentals. It's a little late in the season, but if we dump this place we should be able to afford a reasonably nice two-bedroom apartment. The rents aren't cheap, but Harvard charges twenty grand for room and board, and I'm betting that for forty grand we can do a hell of a lot better, even if we have to buy our own groceries.”

“Uhm, would they let us out of the er... agreement so late?”

“There's a clause in the contract which says they have to if they can't accommodate our needs. We just make sure this room doesn't accommodate our special needs.”

“What special needs?”

“Claustrophobia? It doesn't matter. We can make shit up. Say the noise of people in the hallways scares us because we have PTSD or something. I'm good at making stuff up. We can get out of this place and into a nice two-bedroom just off-campus. They don't really care as their supply always exceeds the demand for some reason.”

“Er, well... I uhm, I'd have to see this uhm, other apartment.”

“You think it'd be worse than this? It'll have a bathroom and two bedrooms, plus a kitchen and

living room. Here.”

She spun around and grabbed a tablet then motioned Sloane over. The blonde girl then showed her a group of apartments she'd saved which were for rent nearby, and while they were certainly not up to her manor house they were far superior to this.

Tiffany spoke fast and determinedly, and Sloane found her uncertainties overpowered by the girl's sheer determination. In short order, Tiffany had contacted several landlords to view their apartments, and then all-but dragooned Sloane into accompanying her.

“We don't have a lot of time. Classes start in a few days,” she said. “I want this done with before then.”

Sloane certainly agreed. But keeping up with the girl left her somewhat breathless. She seemed to be filled with energy. Her speech, movements, and actions were all rush, rush, rush. She was a little uncertain of her outfit, however.

“Uhm, are you going to go... dressed like that?”

“What's wrong with the way I'm dressed?” Tiffany asked, gazing down herself all the way to her blue and white sneakers.

She looked at Sloane and snorted. “Sexual power, honey. We have it so I see no reason not to use it.”

“Er... well...”

Tiffany dragged her out of the dorm and hurried her across the campus. Sloane found it difficult to keep up, clad, as she was, in high heels. She was doubting the wisdom of this even as the blonde girl hurried her along.

“So where are you from?” Tiffany asked.

“Reading, or rather, just north of Reading. That's sort of westish from London.”

“I'm from Buffalo. That's a shithole north of New York City. But I moved to New York a couple of years ago to make money.”

That confused Sloane.

“What do you er, do in New York?”

“Whatever pays. Here we are.”

They walked up to a low-rise building and she rang the bell.

“This is a basement apartment. I don't think I want to live in a basement but it's on the way to others so I figured we might as well look.”

Sloane agreed with her about basements. In her experience basements were dark, dreary, and cold.

This one, however, was none of those. There were large window wells to let in light through the reasonably large windows. The two bedrooms were a nice size. The ceiling wasn't low. And there was a beautiful bathroom with a separate walk-in shower and two sinks.

The living room was large, and there was a gas fireplace in the corner which worked. And the kitchen had stainless steel appliances, including a dishwasher. The unit also had a washer and dryer.

“It's almost fucking perfect except it's a basement,” Sloane said as they left.

“It was quite large and comfortable, yes.”

“Let's look at some others. Right now even if it's a basement it's better than that fucking dorm room.”

Sloane decided that her first meeting with the girl was an inopportune time to point out that obscenity was not ladylike. But she would certainly let her know in future... tactfully.

They went to several more apartments, all of them well above ground. None, however, were as large as the basement, nor had been as recently renovated.

“It's also closer to campus,” Sloane said.

“How do we furnish it?”

“Oh, there's lots of used furniture shops in town. This is a college town, after all. We've left it late so will have to pay a bit more, but you wouldn't be here if you were poor. You're not poor, are you?”

You're not on a scholarship?"

"Uhm, no to both questions."

"Good. I hate poor people."

Sloane looked at her askance.

"I used to be poor. I don't intend to be poor again."

"Uhm, oh."

This left her confused. How was she affording to come to Harvard? What had she done in New York to earn enough funds? She couldn't be very much older than Sloane.

"Are you on a scholarship?" she asked uncertainly.

"Not exactly."

She hustled Sloane back to the basement apartment and they quickly signed the lease. She rented a van, and while Sloane returned to the dorm to pack up Tiffany bought basic furniture at several used furniture shops.

She was somewhat annoyed that, without discussion, Tiffany selected the larger 'master bedroom' for herself, but she supposed it had been her idea. And even the smaller room was almost as large as the dorm room. And she'd have it to herself.

Sloane filled out the forms for them to withdraw from the dorm, and browbeat whoever she was dealing with on the phone, and then in person, to force them through and get their money refunded.

The bed Tiffany had purchased for her was a double, consisting of an old iron frame with metal springs. And no mattress.

"Yeah, that bed had a mattress with unexplained stains on the underside. I figured you'd like one without."

Sloane shuddered.

"I found one at another store. They'll deliver it later."

"Sleeping on someone else's discarded mattress does not appeal to me," Sloane said.

Tiffany shrugged. "That's what you get at the dorms. And if you go to a hotel or B&B you're not sleeping on a fresh mattress, you know. You're lucky if they even clean the bedding."

"You have a lot of unpleasant thoughts."

"Oh, that's not unpleasant. That's just realistic. Though some people don't like my realism."

More used furniture arrived, and they had it placed in the living room, then went to a dollar store to get some cheap kitchen utensils before stopping off at a grocery store for food.

Sloane found herself exhausted, both physically and mentally, by the pace the blonde girl set. It was so far beyond her own calm, careful, deliberate method of dealing with the world that she couldn't quite cope.

Still, there was no doubt the blonde was smart and self-sufficient. She overcame all objections with her imperious attitude, be it that of the landlord, the stores they shopped at, or Sloane herself. She was like some force of nature, and Sloane found herself watching the girl with a kind of confused awe.

"So what are you taking at school?" she asked.

"Business, mostly. But with a bunch of other stuff thrown in. Wouldn't want to appear ignorant when discussing things with the upper crust, now would I?"

"Don't look at me. I'm not the upper crust, just the er, upper-middle crust."

"Well, the place is mostly livable, at least, though we're going to have to pick up more stuff over the next week. But at least we can go to class on Monday and have a place to study, eat and sleep."

"Yes. You've done an amazing job, really."

"I'm an amazing person."

"So you are," Sloane said with a smile.

"It's hard to be humble when you're perfect in every way."

"I ... uhm?"

"That's an American country song. Or was once upon a time. Oh Lord, it's hard to be humble, when

you're perfect in every way. I can't wait to look in the mirror, cuz I get better looking each day. Not familiar?"

"Um, no."

"Well, it was kind of a joke song way back upon a time. One of my older... friends played it for me."

"How old are you? If you don't mind my asking."

"Almost twenty. And you?"

"Eighteen."

"So neither of us is allowed to drink. But we can have all the sex we want."

"Er, quite."

"American laws are strange around drinking. I saw this comedian once who talked about how an eighteen-year-old girl could be a porn star and get ten loads of come in her face, but she couldn't have a drink afterward cuz she was considered too young."

Sloane's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Well, I thought it was funny."

"Er..."

"Quite," Tiffany said.

*

Even though she at least had her own room, she was still sharing an apartment with the blonde girl, whose manner of dress continued to be quite... informal by Sloane's standards. Her own choice of nightwear, for example, was a white, mulberry silk nightgown with matching robe. It was delicate, stylish, and modest, descending to just above her knees. It was lacy around the high bodice and had lovely black flower tracings along the sleeves of the robe.

Tiffany wore a pair of short boxer shorts and a sleeveless orange tank top which looked cut off just below her breasts. The tank top did not so much cling to her as hang loosely like a short curtain, its hem dangling a few inches below her breasts.

Not a shy girl, Sloane deduced. But then, she'd figured that out a few days earlier. They'd had to spend two nights at the dorm together, and Tiffany had demonstrated no hesitation in stripping naked right in front of her. Sloane had at least turned her back and tried to dress and undress behind something if she could do so without being obvious.

She did not think of herself as shy or prudish, but compared to the blonde, well, she was certainly less extroverted about many things.

Those two days had demonstrated to her that Tiffany was surprisingly fit. She wasn't muscular, exactly, but there were certainly muscles on her arms and legs, not to mention just below the surface of her flat belly and abdomen. Sloane was envious, though unsure if that was something a proper lady ought to aspire to have.

The blonde was also hairless below the neck in a way that suggested to Sloane that this was not a product of any of the irritating and sometimes painful efforts she and most girls had to make in the way of shaving, waxing, and the like. It wasn't as if she'd stared, of course, but the blonde had a light complexion and her vaginal region was as utterly smooth and bare as if she'd never had hair there.

That was not the sort of thing Sloane felt comfortable discussing, of course (or even seeing), so could not ask. She suspected the girl had had something professionally done. And was envious and curious at the same time. She'd at least like to get her legs done so she didn't have to keep shaving them every day of her life!

And that presented an opportunity for asking her without directly mentioning unmentionable things.

"You uhm, certainly have long legs in those," she observed as the blonde girl bent over in front of her manipulating something in the back of the television.

In fact, she could see the bottom of her buttocks as the shorts strained across them.

Tiffany straightened up and blew a puff of air through the hair which had fallen across her face.

“Hmm? Oh, well, I think they're probably about the same size as yours, just more... visible.”

Sloane snorted. She was curled up on the sofa, her legs under her.

“You have a very light complexion. Do you have to shave them often?”

“Don't shave them at all. Got my hair lasered away a year and a half back. Saves so much time and effort. You really should have a go.”

“Isn't that painful?”

“Naww. You feel the heat but nothing awful. It feels a little weird the higher up they go, of course. When you're sitting there with your legs spread and they're working on your pussy, well.”

Sloane felt her face color.”

“I uhm, had in mind just the uhm, legs,” she said.

“Might as well get everything while they're down there,” Tiffany said with a shrug. “Guys don't like hair on their tongue.”

Sloane felt a jolt and colored even more. She was simply not used to such casual... personal discussions with girls she barely knew!”

“And it helps persuade them to put more effort into it,” the blonde continued with no hint of embarrassment. “You kind of have to teach them, though, unless they're older.”

She ran a hand through her ridiculously thick hair.

“The worst part is that the better looking they are, the worse they are in bed.”

“Er... why?” Sloane asked, curious despite herself.

“Girls go gaga over handsome men, so they want to impress them, and when they have sex, they want them to have a good time, right? Which means they're not likely to complain that they're not doing it right. Instead, they fake orgasms and tell them they were wonderful, and the stupid guy carries on in the same way until he runs into someone like me.”

“And you, uhm, set them straight?” Sloane asked, fascinated.

“If I can. Some of them get all pissy about it. You know, they think they've had lots of compliments from girls so it must be me. Well, no, sorry, those girls were just lying about it, and you're really bad in bed.”

Sloane's eyes widened.

“Do you really tell them that?”

“Well, I try to be tactful. Guys have so much ego bound up with their dicks, you know. They only want to hear you moan and groan and tell them how wonderful they are. But they almost never are. Wonderful, that is. Most guys are just not very good in bed. Not their fault, the poor dears. No one taught them, you see. I blame the girls they had sex with who smiled and told them they were amazing.”

“Uhm, I don't want to make it sound like... that is, you talk as if, well, you've had a lot of... uhm... experience?”

“Why shouldn't I? It's not like I don't have the opportunity. Every guy in every class I've been in wanted to fuck me. Well, except the gay guys. You too, I'm sure. Guys are horny bastards and we look like we look. You have nice tits. What are you a, a thirty-eight D?”

Sloane colored again but saw no tactful way of telling the girl it was none of her business. And they were going to be roommates so she'd inevitably find out just from seeing her underwear.

“C,” she said.

“Yeah? You look bigger. But maybe it's just because you have a slim chest. Anyway, every guy wants us in bed. Why not? They always have quick, easy orgasms, and get to see us naked and touch us all over. What's not to like for them?”

“For us, well, yeah, not so much. We have to cope with their egos, their having orgasms before us, and their lack of interest in foreplay. Not to mention you never know if they're any good before you try them out. A guy knows what he's getting with us. For us, they're a brown paper bag until we unwrap

them and see if they work properly.”

“Well, a girl could be, er, bad in bed too.”

“Guys don't have much in the way of requirements to have an orgasm. You just have to be present. Preferably conscious but that's not necessary. We, on the other hand, require someone who knows what he's doing, and most of them don't. I swear sometimes I think I should just stick with girls.”

Sloane gulped.

“What? You haven't experimented? Haven't played around?” Tiffany asked with a grin. “Hey, you're only young once, Sloane. This is the time to explore stuff like that, not when you're married with children back at the manor and looking to experiment with the Butler.”

“We don't have a butler,” Sloane said with a frown. “I told you I'm not rich, just well off.”

“Uh-huh. Well, girls can teach you just how bad boys are in bed. Especially in the oral sex department. They certainly schooled me. Ha. I haven't let a boy off easily since.”

Chapter Two

It was difficult for Sloane to not think of the blonde girl as, well, a slut. She knew she was being unfair. Tiffany had been born in a different place with a different culture and values. She had been raised differently, in a different milieu where girls were more sexually active. And clearly, among less sophisticated people. It was certainly not for Sloane to judge her.

And in some respects, she envied her. Her own sexual explorations had always been bound in very careful precautions lest she get a reputation. One had to walk a fine line between being overly-generous with one's favors, and being too stingy. She wanted neither a reputation as a prude nor one as a tramp. But if one or the other she had been careful to err on the side of prudishness.

She had experimented with boys a few times. She thought she was reasonably capable at oral sex, as distasteful as that task was, and had engaged in full sex twice with one boy, and three times with another. Both of them had been boyfriends, not mere dates. And none of those experiences had been particularly memorable.

Or even very pleasurable.

Tiffany's talk of experimenting with girls had also struck her as fascinating. She had had tentative explorations herself with her girlfriends, though they had been limited to simple experiments in kissing. She had considered what sex with a girl would be like for some time. But she hadn't been willing to explore the idea with any of her friends lest, well, word get out.

She had always worried about getting a reputation, with girls or boys. But it occurred to her that at the moment that was not something she really needed to worry about. She was thousands of kilometers from home and anyone she knew. She could do almost anything here and no one would find out.

So it was impossible not to at least consider whether she might get the opportunity to explore things with Tiffany. The girl treated sex quite casually, clearly had a lot of knowledge, and seemed open to almost anything. Sloane had no idea how to approach her on the subject, however. But she would be alert to possibilities or suggestions on the blonde's part.

Aside from sex, their relationship as roommates had some kinks to be worked out. They liked completely different music, for example. As well as different television shows. They also had different tastes in food, with Tiffany eating junk food most of the time while Sloane preferred salads and a variety of meals cooked from scratch.

They made their own meals, at first – if you could call microwaving a TV dinner 'making', which was what Tiffany invariably did. Sloane decided that the girl could benefit from healthy eating, and from her own more educated palate. She attempted to educate the blonde about the benefits to her body of eating healthier food and even tried to teach her how to cook.

Tiffany would eat food that Sloane cooked, but left to her own devices she'd simply microwave something.

“All right,” Sloane finally said in annoyance. “I give up. You're simply lazy.”

“Finally figured that out, huh?” Tiffany sniffed.

“I will make our meals and you... uhm...”

She was about to suggest Tiffany could do the cleaning, or at least clean the bathroom, but the girl's standards were considerably lower than Sloane in that department. Nor could she suggest she get the groceries, for the same situation prevailed there.”

“Help you with your homework?” Tiffany asked with a smirk.

Sloane snorted disdainfully. Tiffany rarely did homework.

“You... when I tell you to do something, do it.”

Sloane's eyebrows rose. “Like be your bitch?”

“I mean like ... like if I tell you to take out the garbage or... or uhm, change the sheets on my bed or dust things, then you do it. But I have to approve the job you do.”

“You saying I'm a slob?”

“Yes!”

“Whatever. Just make sure you make real food, not rabbit food. I'm not having a salad for dinner.”

“You are a very strange girl. Are you sure you're not a boy at heart?”

“If I am I'm a gay boy. But they're supposed to be pretty good at cooking and cleaning, so probably not. I mean, I like cock, but I'm not prissy about cleaning stuff. What? You're blushing again. You blush a lot. Have you ever noticed that?”

“I do not! You're simply... outrageous!”

“I am? All I said was I like cock. Don't you like cock?”

Sloane glowered and walked away, and Tiffany laughed.

“Maybe you're not getting the right kind,” Tiffany called after her. “I have one you can borrow if you like!”

Sloane colored further and closed the door to her bedroom behind her. It was so difficult getting used to just how brazen the blonde girl was about subjects which were supposed to be personal and private and not discussed with others!

Perhaps it was partly her own fault. She was not one to complain, after all. She was taught to calmly accept things and simply show no reaction. But while that might be sufficient in casual encounters it failed when you were living with someone who insisted on being, well... crude.

It wasn't that Tiffany was a bad person, though. She had simply been raised that way. So Sloane told herself she mustn't judge her. But perhaps it would be best to educate her on how to more properly comport herself around people of taste and refinement.

It was, in fact, her responsibility. The girl would be working with people with more style and culture than those she grew up with. Presuming she graduated and got a decent job. Someone ought to teach her how to behave properly.

Having decided on this she left her room and turned as she heard loud rock music spring up from behind Tiffany's bedroom door. She hesitated, then marched to the door and knocked. There was no answer, so she knocked again, and called out. But the music was far too loud. She would have to also inform the girl she was playing the music too loud too often.

Tiffany might be a year and a half older but it was clear to Sloane that she would have to be the grownup, for the girl was obviously immature and irresponsible.

She turned the knob and pushed the door open, then stopped, startled, her jaw-dropping.

Tiffany was... swinging around a pole. Sloane hadn't been aware the girl had put a pole in her big master bedroom. It was, she realized with some astonishment, a stripper pole! A series of realizations popped into her mind as she recalled that pole dancing had become something like a daring fashion among some women. It was alleged to be marvelous for working almost every muscle group, and fun to boot.

Tiffany, when Sloane opened the door, was hanging upside down, clutching the pole between her thighs as she grasped it lower down with her hands. She was facing away from the door, her body arched out from the pole.

That's probably really good for your thighs as well as arms, Sloane thought almost absently.

As she watched, the girl threw her arms forward and up, and was able to actually sit up to grab the pole above where her thighs clutched it.

She must have strong stomach muscles, she thought enviously.

The blonde pulled herself up higher as she let her legs fall away, her hands near the ceiling. Then she dropped a foot, throwing a leg out so her body spun around. It continued to spin as she slid lower and lower until she was on the floor, looking at Sloane.

“What?” she yelled.

“Er...”

Tiffany muted the sound with a small remote which had apparently been tucked into her thong.

“What?” she asked again.

“I... When did you get that put in?!”

Tiffany glanced over her shoulder.

“A couple of days ago. It's very good exercise.”

“I uhm, yes, I heard that. I mean, I heard it was good exercise.”

“Want to try?” Tiffany asked.

“Oh no! I mean, I wouldn't be able to do that sort of thing! I mean, climb up a pole!”

“Not at first, but you start out slow and build up muscles as you go.”

“Oh, I uhm... I don't know that – .”

Tiffany marched forward, grabbed her wrist, and pulled the girl over to the pole.

“Tiffany! I-I couldn't.”

Tiffany blew a raspberry at her and set her hands on the pole, then turned on the music, but turned it low.

“Just hold the pole and roll your hips from side to side.”

Sloane colored.

“It works your muscle group.”

“That would be indecent,” she grumbled.

“Only if a boy was behind you. Do it.”

She slapped Sloane's bottom and the brunette yelped and her hips jerked sharply.

“Lean forward, roll your hips slowly. Think of it as a stretching exercise.”

Tiffany moved up to stand alongside her, and Sloane, blushing, rolled her hips from side to side in time to the music. Her face was hot, for this was certainly an unseemly way to exercise, but there was something deliciously... naughty about it, too.

“Now I want you to jump and catch the pole as high as you can.”

“Uhm, I don't think – .”

“Just jump and hold on.”

Sloane tried, but she didn't jump very high, and her fingers quickly slid down the pole.

“You're not really dressed for this,” Tiffany said. “Do you have a pair of shorts?”

“Well, no. I mean, I heard it was very cool in Massachusetts most of the time.”

“Well, you could do it in your undies.”

“I don't think so!”

“Shy?” Tiffany asked with a smirk.

“Certainly not! It's just... well...”

“I've seen you in your underwear. I promise not to lust after you if you don't want me to.”

Sloane glared at her and snorted. “I am not worried about you lusting after me,” she said sternly. “I simply don't want to get them all... sweaty.”

“You don't wear underwear when you do yoga?”

“Of course I do!”

Tiffany gave her a look and Sloane scowled at her.

“Very well,” she snapped, stalking off to her room.

The fact was that as far as she was concerned there was 'underwear' and there was 'lingerie'. Underwear was to be worn casually almost all the time. Lingerie was for special occasions, as in when she expected someone else to see her in it. That didn't happen very often. She could just imagine the

reaction from Tiffany if she wore her normal bra and panties. It would probably be a smirk and some teasing about 'granny panties'.

Her underwear were perfectly respectable cotton bikini panties. But she hadn't purchased them with any thought about how attractive they were since no one was going to see them. She was wearing them right now, in fact, and she was not about to give the little blonde snit the satisfaction of smirking at them!

At the same time, appearing in sexy lingerie for pole dancing was simply too provocative. She did, however, have a pair of bathing suits. She liked to swim and the school had a large indoor pool which was often open to students when events and practices weren't taking place. She hadn't gotten the time for it yet but had intended to.

Nor was she going to wear her more modest one-piece. She would wear the black bikini with the adjustable bottom. It could give either full coverage, or, with a little adjustment to the side strings, could be pulled into a more cheeky version. She adjusted it now because she was sure Tiffany would expect her in something much more modest.

She would show the blonde she wasn't a prude!

The thought of Tiffany perhaps becoming... interested in her was a soft purring one at the back of her mind. She was still quite intrigued by the idea.

She marched back into her room to find Tiffany spinning around the pole with astonishing grace and speed, and felt impressed despite herself.

Tiffany dropped down and motioned her over.

"Try jumping up and clutching it with your thighs as well as your hands," she said.

Sloane did so and was able to hold on.

"Can you climb up a bit?"

"I-I don't think so!" she gasped.

"Try jumping higher."

She did so and was able to hold on, then slid down at Tiffany's direction. She swung around the pole in one direction, then, using the other arm, swung around the other way. It didn't take very long before her arms and legs were both sore.

"It's something you have to work up to," Tiffany said. "You have to build up the muscle groups in thighs, biceps, hands, wrists, and stomach."

"You make it sound like I don't have any muscles," Sloane grumbled.

"You have girly muscles," Tiffany said, grinning.

"Well, I am a girl!"

"Clearly," Tiffany said, briefly poking her finger into the center of Sloane's right breast.

"Tiffany!"

"Sloane!"

"You really must learn more about the... proprieties of how to behave around... around..."

"Classy people?"

"I was going to say refined."

"You saying I'm not refined?"

"You are an uncouth commoner," Sloane said with exaggerated snobbishness.

"Oh well. I'll just have to rely on my looks and body."

She leaped up quite high, grasping the pole almost at the ceiling, then, clinging to it with her thighs, let her upper body fall back and upside down to look at Sloane with her hair dangling beneath her.

"Bet you can't do this."

"No, I couldn't," Sloane admitted.

Tiffany slid down to the floor, then let her legs drop down behind her and straightened up.

"All right, grab the pole, stripper-girl, and work your thigh muscles."

"I don't – ."

Crack!

She gasped at the slap to her bottom.

"Grab the pole, wench."

Glaring, she did so.

"Now squat. Use your grip on the pole to slow you as you slide down. No, not like that. Rise up on the balls of your feet. Now slide down until your butt hits your heels. Aaaand back up. And back down."

"My legs are starting to ache."

"Use your arm muscles more."

"They ache too!"

"Weakling," Tiffany teased.

She grinned and moved around to the other side of the pole.

"Down, stripper-girl."

"I'm not a stripper girl," Sloane grumbled.

"That's for sure. You'd have no top if you were and you'd be squeezing your breasts together around the pole as you moved."

Sloane stared at her, open-mouthed, and blushed again.

"That's... perverted!"

"No, just suggestive. Strippers aren't perverted. They're teasers. They tempt and taunt men and get them all worked up but then don't give them anything but the view."

"You seem to know a deal about the profession," Sloane said with raised eyebrows.

"Do I?"

She stepped forward and gripped the pole.

"You grip the pole lower, with your hands at neck level. That lets you squeeze your arms in against the sides of your breasts so you squeeze them together around the pole as you slide down."

Sloane blushed again as she saw the blonde doing it, her own full breasts mashed up around the pole as she gave her a coy, flirtatious look.

"Well, I don't think I need to do that to get exercise," she said.

"No, but it's fun and might be useful at some future time with a boy."

"Only if I have a stripper pole in my bedroom!"

"Or a bedpost. You don't have a big four-poster bed at the manor house?"

She did, in fact, but scowled.

"Maybe you intend to be a stripper someday!"

"I have higher ambitions. Besides, you have to deal with a pretty grubby clientele. Although there are upscale clubs. But even there the management is sleazy."

She winked and then whipped off her tank top to bare her breasts. She slid her shorts down and off, to reveal a G-string underneath. Then she jumped up and grasped the pole, twirling and sliding and arching back as Sloane stood back, impressed by both her athletic ability and how... erotic she looked.

Tiffany slid back to earth and advanced on her, grasping her shoulders and pushing back into a chair. Sloane sat down abruptly as the blonde continued to dance before her, grinding her hips, sliding her fingers up through her long blonde hair, and letting her fingers slide down across her full breasts.

"How much do you think the men would pay to get a lap-dance from me in London?"

"I... I wouldn't know!"

Tiffany straddled her and the chair and leaned in, gripping her shoulders again, sliding her body down to grind her buttocks along her thighs.

"Tiffany!"

"Hey, Mister, would you like a lap-dance?" Tiffany purred. "Just ten dollars a song."

"Is that what they charge?"

“Some places it's twenty. Or so I hear.”

She leaned in and brought her breasts sliding up with her erect nipples just barely missing Sloane's face as she arched up and then back again in time to the music.

Sloane gulped, her pulse starting to race.

“A hot stripper in a good club can make over a thousand bucks a night,” Tiffany said.

She let her hands slide off Sloane's shoulders as she continued to grind herself down against her, and Sloane felt her heart beating faster and faster. Tiffany had admitted to having had sex with girls before, after all. And the girl was clearly not particularly selective when it came to who she had sex with. Might she be looking to do so with Sloane!?

Sloane felt the suspicion rising, along with her pulse rate. But she didn't know how to react. If she didn't object then Tiffany might turn out to be just joking and would taunt her over it. On the other hand, what if she was really interested in something!?

“Got any money, Mister?” she purred as she slid her lips in under Sloane's ear.

“N-Not on me!” Sloane gulped.

Tiffany's hands slid down Sloane's arms, then along her ribs. The blonde leaned in and kissed her, then, startling Sloane, who blinked in surprise. She pulled her head aside and Tiffany giggled, then slid her hands up again, and through Sloane's hair. Then she kissed her again, this time holding her in place as her warm lips slid in against her.

She was... very good, Sloane was forced to admit, as the girl kissed her harder. But her mind continued to spin with uncertainty. Should she go along with it as if it was a gag, kiss back? What!? She was far from certain she wanted to do anything... sexual with Tiffany! But on the other hand, the idea was intriguing!

But Tiffany was probably only joking!

But what if she wasn't!?

She kissed back half-heartedly, experimentally, wanting to ensure she could make the case she was just going along with the blonde's game. Of course, she wasn't interested in Tiffany that way! Of course not!

But Tiffany's kiss was becoming more... passionate, and her bare breasts were pressing against Sloane's breasts as her fingers slid firmly through Sloane's hair. Sloane had no idea what to do with her own hands, other than resting them on Tiffany's bare shoulders.

The blonde's skin was warm and very, very soft, she noted.

Very soft indeed.

The kiss was so good her body began to respond to it without her conscious thought, kissing back with more intensity herself. Her swirling, churning thoughts belatedly joined in, not wanting the blonde to think she couldn't kiss or something!

Her heart was beating rapidly as she felt Tiffany's fingers sliding down onto her shoulders again, and down her back. Then her bikini top gave way. She felt it loosening and gasped, trying to pull back and grab it, but Tiffany had already yanked it free with a laugh.

Blushing, Sloane clamped her arms across her breasts, but then Tiffany leaned in again, pressing her breasts against Sloane's arms and hands as she resumed kissing her.

Sloane's pulse raced. She was becoming more and more convinced that Tiffany wasn't playing! That she really was trying to... intending to... to ... do something!

The feel of Tiffany's warm breasts mashed against the backs of her hands and her lower arms was also darkly erotic and was rousing something deep inside her. But still, her mind spun. If she kept her arms here Tiffany would think she was some kind of prude!

She reluctantly, anxiously, excitedly slid her arms aside, and raised her hands to Tiffany's shoulders. She shuddered as her bare breasts pressed firmly into Tiffany's, feeling a wild jolt of excitement and sexual energy at the sensation.

Tiffany eased back, then, a grin on her face, and Sloane gulped, anxiously awaiting the girl

taunting her. But instead, Tiffany eased back off the chair, gripping Sloane's arms and pulling her forward.

“To the pole, stripper girl!” she teased.

She pulled Sloane in and then pressed her against the pole, raising her arms up.

“Press your arms against the sides of your breasts and squeeze them around the pole.”

Heart thumping, face hot, Sloane did so and felt her nipples tingle as she slid slowly down a little, then up once more.

“This is dirty,” she gulped.

“This is fun,” Tiffany responded.

She pressed into her from behind and Sloane gulped and turned around. Tiffany gripped her wrists and raised them up above her head and placed her hands on the pole again.

“Stripper girl,” she teased. “Can you imagine being on a stage and dancing around a pole while hundreds of men watch.”

“C-Certainly not!” Sloane gulped.

But she could. The idea was utterly outrageous but wickedly exciting.

Tiffany snorted and moved behind her and the pole.

“Look out at your audience, give them a coy look and arch your back. Show them the goods they came to see.”

“You're so slutty,” Sloane gulped.

But she did as Tiffany told her. At least until she felt something odd up around her wrists. Something... furry?

She glanced up and tried to pull away, but Tiffany was holding one of her wrists and the other... had something furry around it!

“Tiffany!”

In an instant, Tiffany had attached a pair of furry pink handcuffs to her wrists and locked them together behind the pole!

Chapter Three

Tiffany grinned at her, eyes dancing, as Sloan tugged at her wrists, and stared up at them.

“You t-take these off!”

“Why would I do that now that I've got you as a prisoner?” Tiffany asked in a purring voice.

She kissed her again, passionately, pressing her breasts firmly into her bare back and rubbing them up and down. Sloane felt her chest tightening to the point she could hardly breathe. She gasped as Tiffany gripped her hair roughly, tilting her head over to one side, then leaned in to suck and chew on the nape of her neck.

“Tiffany!”

“Yes, stripper girl?”

“D-don't call me that!”

“Live a little, Sloane,” she teased.

She kissed her on the lips again, her soft breasts pillowed out against Sloane as her hands slid down her sides then up to mash her breasts together around the pole. They pushed against her buttocks so that Sloane's groin was pressing in more firmly into the narrow pole.

“Have you ever given anyone a lap-dance, Sloane?” she asked.

“I-I... no.”

“Did you ever strip for a boy?”

She had removed her clothing, but not in a way intended to arouse her paramour, but Sloane didn't say that.

“I'm not as... as brazen as you!”

“Brazen? Is that another way of saying slutty?”

“Yes!” Sloane exclaimed.

Tiffany snorted and drew back, then turned the British girl around. She cupped her breasts, then gripped Sloane's stiff, hard nipples between her fingers and squeezed firmly.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Tiffany!” Sloane yelped.

Tiffany grinned and pulled her nipples up and forward so that Sloane's back arched sharply.

“Ow! Stop! Let go!”

“Say please.”

“Please!”

Tiffany released her nipples and Sloane gasped as she fell back against the pole again.

“How dare you say I'm slutty?” she asked.

Then she kissed her again, mashing her breasts against Sloane's. Her fingers slid down Sloane's back, then her thumbs hooked into the side straps of her bikini bottom and tugged it down.

Sloane squealed and clamped her thighs together as Tiffany laughed at her, then bent and yanked the bottoms down further, then out from under her.

“Tiffany!”

“You have something to say, prisoner?”

She pressed her body in against Sloane again and kissed her roughly, jerking back on her hair. Then her mouth slid down and she took the center of Sloane's left breast into it, sucking rhythmically as her teeth dug gently into the surrounding flesh.

Sloane gasped, pulling at the handcuffs and wildly uncertain about what to do even as her body began to thrum with a powerful sense of sexual electricity.

Tiffany's fingers kneaded Sloane's breasts as she shifted her lips from one to the other, and all Sloane could do was stand there and gasp and yelp and squeal.

Her breasts were starting to throb, though, and her nipples were burning hot as the blonde sucked and licked at them!

Tiffany slid lower, dropping to her knees, and rained little kisses and light nibbling bites on Sloane's lower chest, her belly, and then her abdomen. Her strong hands pushed between Sloane's trembling thighs and yanked them apart as heat flooded Sloane's face.

Her lips moved lower and lower, and then her tongue came out and licked a long, full, languorous lick up the center of Sloane's naked sex!

“Oh my God! Tiffany!”

“Call me... mistress, Slave girl,” Tiffany said teasingly.

She let her tongue slide up along the narrow line of Sloane's sex again, licking harder. Then again, and again as Sloane's heart pounded so wildly it felt like a drum!

Tiffany's thumbs pressed against the tight line of her pussy and peeled open her lips, then her mouth moved in against Sloane's swollen clitoris. She sucked gently, then harder as Sloane trembled and shook, a tremendous flood of sensation and emotion sweeping through her.

Her hips began to roll and spasm as rippling waves of pleasure swept up through her body. She felt a sense of tremendous physical tension as she gulped in air. She didn't know what to say! And there was nothing she could do...

And then, much to her disappointment, Tiffany stopped licking and slid up her body. She moaned as the girl pressed her breasts into her own, mashing and rubbing them as her lips crushed Sloane's. This time Sloane kissed back without hesitation, moaning into the blonde's mouth as Tiffany slid her fingers through her hair.

Sloane moaned as the blonde drew back a bit, smirking, then jerked on her brown hair.

“Call me... mistress,” Tiffany purred.

Sloane moaned weakly, then let out a small cry as Tiffany slid her thigh in between her own legs and began to grind it up against Sloane's sodden sex.

The blonde girl leaned in to chew along the nape of her neck, pulling her head back further by the hair, chewing on her earlobe.

“Say... mistress,” she whispered.

She drew back and released Sloane's hair, but then caught her nipples again, pinching and pulling up and out.

“Ow! Ow! Mistress! Mistress!” Sloane gasped.

Tiffany smirked, then cupped the brunette's breasts, lifting and squeezing them together.

“Vhat a lovely leettle sex slave ve have here,” she said in an exaggerated foreign accent of some kind. “Ve shall sell her on de auction block for much moneeee.”

Her hand slid down Sloane's body and in between her trembling thighs, and Sloane cried out as she felt fingers probing, then thrusting up inside her.

“But first, ve must train her in obeediannce,” Tiffany said.

Two fingers curved up and into Sloane's tight, elastic sheathe, sliding up to the knuckles as Tiffany brought her thumb up against her clitoris and rubbed it rapidly from side to side.

“Would you like to come, little sex slave?” she asked in a low voice, dropping the accent.

Heat enveloped Sloane's mind and her chest heaved as a kind of sexual fever grew within her. She couldn't keep her body from moving, her hips from spasming and jerking and grinding against the blonde girl's fingers.

She gasped as Tiffany jerked back on her hair.

“Ow!”

“Would you like to come, little slave girl?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

“Say yes mistress,” Tiffany demanded.

Which was outrageous but Sloane was wildly aroused by this dark, nasty game the blonde girl had dragged her into. She gasped as Tiffany growled and closed her jaws on the center of Sloane's throat, biting in firmly but gently.

“Beg mistress to make you come, slave girl,” the blonde said, drawing back.

“Please make me come...., M-Mistress!” Sloane moaned.

Tiffany snickered, then dropped low. A third finger squirmed up inside Sloane's pussy as the blonde began to lick hard and fast at her clitoris. The liquid heat flooding up inside her grew more powerful and she felt her muscles tensing and releasing and spasming.

Then the orgasm swept her up in its embrace, and it was... intense. It was not the delicious rush of pleasure which came from masturbation. It was a shock-wave which went on and on and on as if it would shake her body apart from the inside. Her muscles spasmed uncontrollably, and her body twisted and writhed as her hips bucked violently against the blonde's fingers and tongue.

She cried out, a long, gurgling, animal undulation of pleasure until all the breath left her body. Yet the orgasm continued, and she sucked in air only to cry it out again as the blonde continued to lick voraciously at her, as her fingers continued to plunge in and out of her body.

The metal part of the furry cuffs around her wrists clanked and clicked against the metal pole as her upper body twisted and arched and jerked in helpless pleasure, and she gulped in air in ragged, dazed gasps as the orgasm seemed to go on and on!

When it finally eased she fell back against the pole with a moan, eyes closing as she almost lost her balance. Only her cuffed wrists kept her in place as Tiffany's fingers slid out of her body and the blonde stood up.

Sloane opened her eyes as the blonde slid her fingers into her mouth and sucked, giving her a smug look.

“Did you like that, little slave girl?” she asked as her hands slid up and cupped Sloane's breasts.

She released them, then moved away. Sloane tried to catch her breathe, and figure out what had just happened. She was hampered by still being aroused, her body still thrumming with sexual excitement and tension.

Tiffany appeared again, only she'd removed her G-string and instead wore a strange-looking set of straps which held a long, thick, curving... penis jutting out between her legs!

Sloane gaped at it and felt her mind squirming with discomfort even as it felt a raw burst of anticipation and excitement.

“Wh-what are you going to do?” she gulped.

Tiffany pumped her hand up and down the length of the dildo attached to her.

“Fuck you,” she said.

It wasn't an insult but an answer.

“W-wait!” Sloane squeaked.

Tiffany grabbed her arm and roughly turned her around to face the pole, then slapped her bare bottom stingingly.

“Ow!”

“Push your hips back, sex slave.”

“Tiffany!”

Crack!

“Ow! Stop that!”

“Obey your mistress, sex slave.”

“I'm not a sex – .” *Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Hips back, slave.”

Tiffany jerked back on her hips and Sloane felt a wild roiling sense of uncertainty. A dark, excited part of her wanted to see what this would feel like. But her sense of dignity and decorum thought otherwise!

Crack!

“Oww! Stop it!”

Crack!

“Spread your legs, slave!”

Crack!

“Ow! That stings!”

Crack!

“Spread em!”

Moaning, gasping, Sloane obeyed, shifting her legs apart as she pushed her bottom back. She felt the head of the dildo rubbing up and down the sopping entrance to her pussy, then pushing against her. The pressure mounted and she felt an aching sense as the head of the 'cock' pushed remorselessly against her.

Then it forced its way through and she let out a squeak and a yelp and then a shuddering moan as it pushed slowly up into her overheated belly.

“I'm going to fuck your brains out, slave girl,” Tiffany said from behind her.

The dildo was thick and it was long and it pushed wickedly, wonderfully deep inside her! Sloane hadn't felt something quite this big in... forever! It ached deliciously as Tiffany pumped her hips and sent it sliding up and down inside her.

This was so slutty and outrageous! She could hardly believe she was allowing it to happen! Yet the heat was growing by leaps and bounds. And then Tiffany's hips slapped against her buttocks and she shuddered as the girl's strong hands gripped her hips and jerked them further back.

“You love my cock, don't you, slave girl?” Tiffany growled.

Sloane wanted to say no, but was rapidly coming to the conclusion that she really did! The feel of the cock was very realistic, and the 'head' was plunging so deep inside her it ached just enough to send a dark tide of thrilling heat through her mind.

Her breasts wobbled and swung below her as Tiffany fucked her, and the blonde girl brought her arms around her, her hands mashing and squeezing Sloane's breasts as her own were mashed against the brunette's back.

Sloane had never had sex this... nasty with a boy before. And she'd never imagined having it with a girl! And yet there was something so wonderfully wild and carnal and overpowering about it! Every time the big cock drove high into her belly she felt an intense pulse of pleasure in both body and mind.

She gasped as Tiffany bit into the side of her throat.

“Tell me you love my cock, Slave,” she ordered.

Sloane only moaned, until Tiffany jerked back on her hair.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Don't!” she moaned.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave girl.”

“I love your cock!”

“Tell me you love it inside your body.”

“I-I... I love your cock inside my body!” she moaned.

Tiffany jerked on her hair. “You forgot to say mistress!”

“Mistress!” Sloane cried.

Tiffany's hands slid down her body, mashing her breasts, then fingering her clitoris as the blonde continued to thrust into her from behind. Sloane shuddered and moaned as her body and mind grew more and more heated.

And then Tiffany stopped. She held the dildo inside Sloane's trembling body but detached it from

her own.

“Turn around, slave.”

She pulled Sloane around and pushed down on her shoulder.

“On your knees, slave!”

Sloane shuddered and half fell to her knees as Tiffany slid down to her own before her. The blonde gripped the base of the dildo, her palm pressing against it as her thumb rubbed Sloane's clitoris.

“Sit on your heels, Slave! Spread them wide!”

Sloane gasped as Tiffany did something to the base of the dildo, then slid it down a bit. She looked down and saw the blonde had attached a short base to it, one with a suction cup which she attached to the floor.

“Spread your thighs wider, slut,” Tiffany growled.

Sloane gasped at the word, but it brought her more heat than indignation, even as Tiffany pressed her hands against the insides of Sloane's knees and forced them wider.

“Down further, slut!”

She pressed down on the top of Sloane's thighs and the brunette squeaked as she was forced down harder on the dildo, which thrust up high inside her!

Tiffany got up and moved away again, going over to her bedside table. She returned with a tube which narrowed at its tip, then squatted before her and turned it on. She pressed the narrow tip against the top of Sloane's sex, and the brunette gasped and jerked.

It was a vibrator!

“Oh! Oh! Don't! Please!” she squeaked.

“Why?”

“It's too... too... much!”

“You just have to get used to it,” Tiffany said, rubbing it from side to side.

“Oh! Please! Tiffany!”

“Mistress. Say mistress.”

The word was dark and outrageous and it roused a strange sense of delicious carnal excitement in Sloane to use it.

“Mistress!” she gasped.

“Say please mistress,” Tiffany taunted her, rubbing it around in circles against her clitoris.

“Please, Mistress!” Tiffany gasped.

Tiffany eased the vibrator back, her fingers rubbing Sloane's clitoris instead.

Sloane gasped and bucked against her.

“Ride that cock, Slave!” Tiffany ordered.

“Or else.”

She pressed the vibrator against her again and Sloane yelped, then rose up and sank down, rose up and sank down.

Tiffany pulled the vibrator back and rubbed her clitoris as Sloane felt a sense of... alarm at how slutty and outrageous she was acting! She shouldn't be doing this in front of the blonde girl! And yet the feel of the hard 'cock' plunging up through the folds of her sex and deep into her abdomen brought a jolt of pleasure every time she felt it.

This was sick! This was appallingly undignified! She was riding up and down on a dildo while the blonde watched her do it!

And yet she couldn't stop! She was becoming more and more aroused as the blonde's fingers stroked her clitoris, and as she herself rode the dildo. In fact, as self-conscious as she felt having Tiffany watching her there was also a wild, dark hunger growing within her.

Tiffany pressed the vibrator against her again, and Sloane squealed, her hips grinding helplessly, her legs working as she rode up and down on the dildo.

“Beg me to make you come, slave.”

Tiffany pinched Sloane's nipples.

“Oh! Please! Please, Mistress!” she gasped.

“Would you like to have another orgasm, Slave?”

“Yes! Yess!” she moaned.

“Beg me to let you come.”

Which was ridiculous, but Tiffany pulled the vibrator away and didn't touch her.

“Please let me come, Mistress!” Sloane gasped breathlessly.

But Tiffany pressed down on her shoulders, forcing the brunette all the way down on the dildo and stopping her from moving up again. She kissed her hard, her lips devouring Sloane as the brunette trembled against her.

Then she rose up and gathered in Sloane's hair. She'd removed the straps from her body and now shifted her feet apart on the floor, pulling tight on the gasping, panting, moaning brunette's hair and drawing her mouth in against her sex.

“Service your mistress, slave girl,” Tiffany growled.

Sloane stared at the blonde's naked sex, filled with lust and heat, but also uncertainty and anxiety. She had never performed oral sex on a girl before. She understood the basics, of course, and she'd just been given a crash course in how good it felt.

“Ugh!” she gasped as Tiffany jerked on her hair.

“Now, Slave,” she growled.

This is highly unsanitary, she thought, flustered.

But she licked up the line of the girl's sex, then licked again. She felt a bit squeamish about it but didn't see how she could refuse given that the blonde had already done it to her. But now she felt a sense of anxiety. She clearly wouldn't be nearly as good as Tiffany was!

She gasped as her hair was twisted again. She clearly had no choice in the matter!

She licked harder, her tongue pushing against the top of the girl's sex, forcing its way between the taut lips. She pressed her lips in experimentally, forcing aside the lips of Tiffany's sex so she could lick directly at her clitoris.

Her initial reluctance became fascination as heat continued to roll up her body. She could feel the thick dildo inside her, and ground herself against it, riding up and down in short little arks as she licked and sucked.

Tiffany jerked back on her hair and she cried out. Then the blonde brought her other hand in against Sloane's throat, squeezing softly.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” Tiffany growled.

Sloane shuddered.

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

Tiffany pulled her mouth back against her sex and Sloane licked excitedly.

This was so wicked, perverted, kinky, and exciting!

She licked and sucked at Tiffany's clitoris as the blonde tugged and twisted her hair, and then felt a wild rush of victory as the blonde jammed her pussy in harder and began to gasp for breath! She was making Tiffany come! That gave her a tremendous sense of accomplishment!

Tiffany drew back and combed her fingers through Sloane's hair.

“Good slave girl,” she said.

Sloane felt absurdly happy at pleasing her.

Chapter Four

Tiffany moved behind her again, then returned with a pair of thin straps.

“Rise up a bit, Slave,” she ordered.

Sloane slid her pussy up the dildo with a shudder. Then she watched, spellbound, as Tiffany slid the straps around her legs just above her knees.

“Sink down again, Slave.”

Tiffany slid down with a groan of pleasure, while Tiffany pulled one of the straps out to the side, forcing Sloane's knee further out. She attached the strap to a ring she'd set in the wall, then scuttled across in front of the brunette and pulled the other strap, forcing Sloane's other legs wider.

“Oh! Oh! Not so wide!” Sloane squeaked.

Tiffany turned and smirked at her. “You need to learn how to spread your legs wide, Sloane.”

She fastened the other strap to a ring set into the leg of her bed, then got up and went to her dresser and came back with what looked like a ball and black shoelaces. But there was more in her hands. She pushed the ball against Sloane's mouth.

“Open your mouth, Slave!” she growled.

Sloane gasped, but obeyed, feeling another dark rush of heat as she realized it was a ball gag the girl was pushing into her mouth. A moment later, though, she felt a sense of consternation, for now she wouldn't be able to say a word, to complain, or make demands!

Still, it felt darkly sexual as the blonde fastened the straps around her cheeks and behind her head.

Next, the blonde picked up two little clips, alligator clips with leather covers.

She grinned at Sloane and waggled her eyebrows, then opened the clips and framed the brunette's incredibly hard nipples between them. Sloane gasped, her eyes widening as the jaws closed and she felt pressure, then more pressure, then a lot of pressure as her nipples burned!

She squealed and shook her head wildly, trying to protest around the ball gag, but Tiffany only smirked. She took the thin 'shoelaces' and fastened them to the clips around Sloane's nipples, then drew them downward. The 'shoelaces' were elastic cords, and Tiffany drew them together and attached them to the suction plug of the dildo.

Then she got the vibrator, turned it on, and began to rub it against Sloane's clitoris.

“You're a sexy slave girl, Sloane,” she teased. “All helpless and at my mercy. I can do anything to you I want!”

She ran her hand up under Sloane's breast and squeezed it.

“I can *molest* you however I like,” she taunted.

Sloane shuddered. Her nipples were still on fire, but the pain had shifted to a dull, throbbing ache. And now the sensations the vibrator was rousing were overtaking that and pushing it into the background. It felt incredibly erotic and exciting to be so... so full!

She didn't really understand why Tiffany had tied her like this, other than to be kinky, but for some reason, that was darkly thrilling. Her wrists were still locked to the stripper bar behind her. Her abdomen ached from the thickness and depth of the dildo she'd sank herself down on, and she had to fight the urge to ride up and down on it.

This was so far beyond the wickedest thing she'd ever done it wasn't even in the same galaxy!

Tiffany got up and moved behind her, gathering up her hair again, then... pulled.

Sloane moaned into the gag as the pull on her scalp worsened, and pushed herself up off her heels, rising up to ease the pain. Of course, that also slid her pussy up the dildo. What it also did was make the elastic cords tied to the nipple clips pull harder so they stung more!

Tiffany eased her pull on her hair and Sloane shuddered as she slid downward. The ache in her nipples faded as she felt the thick dildo pushing high inside her.

“Dirty girl,” Tiffany teased.

She pulled again and Sloane yelped as she rose up. Then when the blonde eased her pull she sank back down again, gasping in pleasure.

“You love the feeling of a big hard cock pushing up inside you, Slave girl,” Tiffany teased.

She pulled on her hair again and Sloane rose up, then sank back down again. She released her hair and knelt beside her, picking up the vibrator again, and rubbing it back and forth against Sloane's clitoris.

Sloane cried out, her hips grinding helplessly.

“Slut!” Tiffany whispered, her lips right next to the brunette's ear. “Cock lover! Tramp! Whore!”

Sloane whimpered and gasped, her hips grinding feverishly as the sensations built up inside her. She rose up a little, just an inch, then sank down. She rose up two inches and sank down, then three. It stung her nipples to rise up, but the reward was being able to sink down. And that felt soooo intense!

Her breathing became ragged around the ball-gag as she rose up and down, riding the dildo while Tiffany ground the vibrator against her clitoris.

Suddenly, Tiffany turned off the vibrator and moved away. She went over to her desk while Sloane panted and gasped and continued to ride up and down on the big toy cock.

Then the blonde was back, kneeling beside her and undoing the strap holding the ball in her mouth. Tiffany moaned a protest as the blonde pulled the gag out and pressed down on her shoulder to stop her from riding the big dildo.

“Nasty, naughty little sex slave,” Tiffany said. “Who said you could masturbate on that big cock? Hmm? I don't recall giving you permission.”

Which was ridiculous and unfair given she'd pulled on Sloane's hair to begin with!

The blonde had a plastic ruler in her hand. It was one of those thin, flexible ones made of see-through plastic. Sloane had no idea what she intended to measure even as she pressed the tip flat against the underside of her breast and rubbed it.

“Would you like me to give you permission to come, slave girl?” she asked, rubbing her nipple with the ruler.

“You're weird!” Sloane gasped.

“How impertinent you are!” Tiffany gasped as if outraged. “Sex slaves need to show more respect for their mistress!”

She removed the clips from her hard nipples and Sloane hissed as they throbbed powerfully again. But then Tiffany brought the little ruler down.

“I'm not a – ow!” Sloane gasped.

Sloane slapped the little ruler down against the center of her breast, against her nipple

“Bad sex slave!” Tiffany said.

She slapped her already aching nipple again, and again.

“Ow! Oh! Don't! Tiffany!” Sloane squealed.

“Sex slaves have to be tortured when they show a lack of respect,” Tiffany said.

She slapped her nipple several more times, then slapped the other one as Sloane writhed and twisted helplessly.

“Such naughty little nipples, all hard and erect,” Tiffany said.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

“Oh! Ow! Please!”

“You forgot to say mistress, you bad girl.”

She slapped her other nipple.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

“Ow! Oh! Please, Mistress!” Sloane cried.

“Are your nipples sore, sex slave?”

“Yes!”

Slap-slap-slap-slap!

“You forgot to say mistress, you disrespectful slave.”

“Ow! Mistress!”

“Now, would you like to ride this big cock?” Sloane asked, rubbing her clitoris.

Sloane hesitated. Surely this was already so degrading she had to put some kind of a stop to it! But Tiffany's fingers made her hips pulse and spasm with the wild, roiling heat inside her. She started to rise only to have Tiffany slap her nipples with the ruler.

“You have to ask permission first, slave,” Tiffany said.

“Ow! Yes! Please, Mistress!” Sloane gasped.

“Say please may I ride this big cock mistress,” Tiffany demanded.

“Th-that's too... dirty!” Sloane moaned.

Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!

“Ow! Oh! Please, Mistress!”

“Beg me to ride this big cock.”

“Please may I ride this big cock, Mistress!?” Sloane gasped.

“You may, slave slut.”

Sloane shuddered but rode up and then down, and then up, and then down. Her nipples were throbbing and burning but riding up the dildo no longer made them worse. And then Tiffany pressed the vibrator against her clitoris and rubbed it from side to side.

The orgasm tore through her, making her cry out, then rose in intensity so that she arched back, banging her head against the bar, feverishly riding up and down on the dildo as she the pleasure rampaged through her body and swamped her mind with something close to rapture!

What did pride or dignity matter compared to pleasure this powerful!

She rode up and down, sinking herself the full length of the dildo, heedless of the ache inside, her head twisting and rolling as the orgasm crackled through her like lightning.

And through it all she rode the dildo, crying out in wanton pleasure every time she sank down and it forced its way up through the tight, elastic walls of her sex.

“Sex slave!” Tiffany taunted her.

Sloane didn't care. All that mattered was the pleasure. She rode the dildo breathlessly, gripped by a deep, all-encompassing need that pushed all other concerns into the background. Her thighs ached but she didn't care, forcing them to raise her up again and again as the orgasm continued to crackle through her body.

Tiffany giggled.

“Such a responsive little sex slave. I guess all you repressed types are just looking to explode.”

She removed the straps from Sloane's legs as the brunette sank down, gasping for air, then undid the fluffy pink handcuffs, as well.

Sloane pulled herself up off the dildo, already starting to feel qualms about degrading herself in front of the blonde. She hardly knew the girl, after all!

“We're not done yet, slave girl,” Tiffany said.

She wrapped the strap she'd had around Sloane's leg around her right wrist, then pulled it behind Sloane's back and drew the left in, as well.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Sloane gasped.

“Whatever I want to. You're my sex slave, after all.”

“I-I am not! Don't be silly!”

Tiffany pulled her over to her bed.

“Get in and lay on your back.”

Sloane nervously complied and Tiffany climbed into the bed.

“Spread your legs wide.”

She did so, starting to blush uneasily even as Tiffany bent over between her thighs. But the blonde gripped the strap which held her wrists together, then pulled it down to the bottom of the bed and then over the side.

“What are you doing?!” she exclaimed.

“Didn't I already answer this?”

She took the other strap and slipped it around Sloane's ankle, then got a third and attached it to that and tossed the bundled up straps under her bed. She went around to the other side and pulled it up, then gripped Sloane's other ankle and pulled it back and apart.

“Oh! Not so wide!” Sloane cried.

“You're forgetting your manners, slave girl. You have to address me as Mistress.”

“Tiffany!”

“Or Mistress Tiffany,” I suppose.

Tiffany was pulling the strap tighter and tighter so that both of Sloane's ankles were stretched out painfully far to either side.

“By the time I'm done with you, slave, you'll be able to have these legs flat out to the sides on the bed,” Tiffany said. “Not today, but soon.”

They were wide apart now, Sloane thought. The tendons in her inner thighs stung sharply as they were stretched out.

Tiffany pushed the dildo deep into her pussy again, then began to lick her clitoris.

Sloane could hardly complain about that, but marveled that the blonde thought she could arouse her and make her climax yet again. Then she marveled even more as her body began to respond! Her chest began to rise and fall rapidly as she gulped in air, and she felt rippling waves of pleasure sweeping up her body.

Tiffany backed off, but only to put on the straps again, the things which allowed her to attach the base of the dildo to her body. She did so and then slid down to lay atop the helpless brunette.

“I'm going to fuck your brains out again, Slave,” she said.

She gripped Sloane's hair roughly and the brunette cried out as she jerked her head back then began to rain kisses and bites along the nape of her neck. At the same time, the blonde's hips were gently grinding and rolling, pumping the dildo in the deepest depths of her pussy as she ground herself against her.

“Dirty slave girl,” she said, kissing her roughly.

Bizarre it might have been, as far as Sloane was concerned, but she couldn't deny the wild, raw heat rolling over her as the blonde used the strap-on. The feel of her soft, warm flesh rubbing against her, of her breasts pillowed out against Sloane's, was another delicious source of excitement as the blonde girl's hips moved faster and faster.

“Beg me to fuck you,” she ordered, her face inches above Sloane's.

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

Tiffany thrust into her harder and faster as her mouth ravaged the helpless brunette. Sloane had never been kissed so... thoroughly before! She moaned into the other girl's mouth, kissing back as well as she could as Tiffany drove her cock into her aching pussy harder still, making her gasp and cry out.

But she stopped, suddenly and raised her body up and back. She detached the dildo, shoving it in deep, then slid the straps off and crawled forward until she was straddling Sloane's head.

“Please your mistress, slut,” she growled.

She pressed her warm, soft, moist pussy down against Sloane's mouth while gathering her hair into her hands on either side of her head.

Sloane gasped and started to lick. It wasn't like she had a choice, after all! And she did have a somewhat better idea of how to perform this task now as Tiffany held her pussy directly over her mouth and tugged softly on her hair.

“You're my little sex toy, Sloane,” Tiffany growled. “So we have to make sure you learn to do things right. Got to exercise your cute little pink tongue, teach you how to stretch it out.”

Sloane kept licking, swirling her tongue around, mashing her lips against Tiffany's pussy, sucking on her clitoris as the blonde continued to gently grind herself down. Once again, she was able to give the blonde an orgasm, much to her delight. Then Tiffany donned the straps again, lay down on her, crushed her lips with her own, and fucked Sloane into another powerful orgasm.

She didn't untie her, however. Instead, she carefully pressed the tip of the vibrator against her clitoris and used an elastic cord to tie it firmly in place, leaving her like that as she left the room.

Sloane was left wondering how things had gotten to this point and what, if anything, she should or even could do about it. Especially given she was gagged again.

This was soooo undignified! So degrading! And to be degraded like this by... Tiffany! It wasn't that she didn't like the blonde but she considered her rather unsophisticated and uncultured. Having to call her mistress and being completely at her mercy were appalling!

And yet despite the orgasms she'd already had, her helpless, bound position, the big dildo inside her, and the vibrator buzzing against her clitoris were able to keep her in a simmering state of sexual arousal.

The tendons in her thighs continued to ache. She wondered if she'd ever be able to close her legs again!

Meanwhile, she felt her muscles clenching and spasming. She felt an instinctive urge to thrust her hips upward against the 'cock' inside her, but wasn't able to. She was near orgasm, but knew it would be weak without someone touching her, grinding the vibrator against her, fucking her, something!

She felt a burst of excitement as Tiffany returned. The girl sat on the bed and had a little jar of cream in one hand and an odd little device in the other. The other thing was stainless steel. It was only a few inches long, narrow at the tip, then widening before suddenly narrowing to end on a slim stem attached to a round base.

Tiffany grinned at her as she pressed the tip into the jar, then pulled it out and to Sloane's surprise, pressed it against her back opening. Her eyes widened and she shook her head rapidly, but Tiffany wasn't looking at her.

She moaned as she felt the thing pushing into her, twisting and turning, slowly widening as it forced her sphincter open.

“This is a butt-plug,” Tiffany said. “You will wear it at all times so that if I choose to fuck you in the ass with my big cock I can do it easily. Or maybe I'll find a boy to do it instead. I bet you'd like that, you nasty little sex slave.”

The thing pushed down, then drew back, pushed down, then drew back, but slowly forced its way into Sloane's bottom even as the blonde began to grind the vibrator against her clitoris.

The sudden explosive increase in sensations drove the sense of dignity and pride out of her mind and Sloane cried out as the orgasm swept over her. The feel of the... plug, sliding into her ass and then being swallowed down to the base only added to that rush of dark pleasure, and she arched and twisted and cried out again and again.

“Sex slave!” Tiffany said, sticking her tongue out at her. “Slut!”

Chapter Five

Sloane's relationship with Tiffany was... problematic. To say the least.

Now that the blonde girl had established her dominance in terms of sex and sexuality she insisted on maintaining it. This irked Sloane because she felt the girl was a product of poor breeding and education and her social inferior. On the other hand, there was no doubt about which of them was physically stronger.

Since that first... incident, Tiffany had insisted she learn more about pole dancing. This didn't really bother Sloane. She knew it was good exercise, even if it did make her muscles awfully sore for now. She knew it would tone her body up nicely if she persisted. And it was kind of sexy and fun.

But Tiffany also insisted she practice being a stripper! Which involved putting on certain kinds of clothes and dancing to music as Tiffany watched, stripping naked, and then giving the blonde girl a lap-dance which usually ended with her riding up and down on a dildo the blonde either wore or held.

Which was also all well and good, since she invariably had an exciting time and had an orgasm to boot.

But the blonde was not the least reluctant to slap her bottom, or twist her nipples, or tug on her hair, or do other things to force her compliance with the least order she was given, whether that had anything to do with sex or not!

More and more, though, whatever they did in the apartment involved sex of some kind. For Tiffany clearly enjoyed her game of domination and submission. And since Sloane found much of it to be scaldingly hot and exciting, she couldn't really work up much determination to oppose her.

Tiffany had decided that Sloane would wear nothing around the apartment but a black G-string, a bondage collar, and leather restraints around her wrists and ankles. And it didn't matter if she was doing homework or watching TV or on her knees licking Tiffany's pussy.

Her resistance to Tiffany's order had gotten her a painful spanking! Which she resented! Even though the girl had spent some time in between slapping her sore, overheated bottom to finger her pussy and drive her to the edge of orgasm – repeatedly.

Every time she was ready to come, though, a series of sharp, stinging slaps to her bottom pushed the orgasm back until her body was thrumming with heat and sexual tension even as her buttocks were throbbing with heat and pain.

Tiffany then put her face down on the floor, her breasts crushed against the tiles, her hips raised high as the blonde rode her hard and fast with a strap-on dildo. She used her body roughly, ramming the dildo into her spasming pussy, slapping her already-sore buttocks, and yanking on her hair. And she'd drive Sloane into a screaming orgasm that almost made her lose consciousness.

Being done like that, so powerfully, so... so savagely, did something to her mind. In a way, it made her think of Tiffany kind of as if she were a man. Perhaps it was some sort of instinctive thing, but when adding in the spanking, she was hesitant to argue or disagree with the blonde girl.

Nor was it the only time Tiffany rode her like that. She seemed to find the position superior and... educational for Sloane. And certainly Sloane was made breathless by the mere act of posing herself so... so obscenely and helplessly, of making of her body an offering to be used and ridden like some kind of beast!

It was horrible! And enthralling! It was embarrassing and wickedly thrilling. It was demeaning and

yet empowering. Somehow, in letting herself go, in letting Tiffany take charge, tie her up, pose her body, use her as she chose to, Sloane felt a sense of freedom from her own inhibitions and the demands of dignity and pride she'd been raised with. She didn't quite understand it but it was very freeing somehow.

But... Tiffany... abused her privilege, Sloane thought. Instead of keeping her bossiness to just when they were doing the kinky sex game she did it all the time. Sloane resented this but wasn't at all sure what to do about it. She found the blonde girl intimidating, at least on a physical level. And it did little good to point out to her that Sloane was more educated and sophisticated when all that was canceled out by muscles which let the blonde girl spank her if she felt like it!

At the moment, Tiffany was sitting in the living room watching *The Bachelor*, a noxious television show Sloane couldn't imagine anyone of culture having the least interest in. Certainly, *she* didn't! When she'd pointed this out Tiffany had put a ball-gag into Sloane's mouth and pushed her back against the wall just behind her upholstered chair.

Now Sloane was standing against the chair, her wrist restraints pulled up and back behind her and hooked to an O-ring Tiffany had screwed into the wall. She had a dildo in her bottom which was made to be something like a much longer butt-plug in that it had a much wider part near the base, then ended abruptly save for a stem and base.

She had found wearing butt-plugs to be an obscene experience, to begin with, and having that extended to the long, thick dildo was even more discomforting. But she also had a long, thick vibrator pushed up into her sex which had a little branch near the base. That branch curved up and in so that it pressed firmly against her clitoris.

To hold it inside, firmly inside, Tiffany had drawn a pair of thin cords diagonally up Sloane's abdomen and over her hips to fasten together behind her. Then she'd turned on the vibrator and sat down to watch *The Bachelor*.

Sloane fumed for she wanted to neither see nor hear the idiotic reality show. She also fumed because it was more evidence of Tiffany's lack of culture and low upbringing. She ought to be in her room studying! Instead, she was being forced to watch this idiotic show. What was worse she had to do it while squirming against the wall as the vibrator buzzed against her.

Tiffany had quickly discovered that Sloane was extremely responsive to vibrators, and had taken considerable delight in using them to tease her body and mind. The vibrator made the muscles in her hips spasm and want to buck forward, yet there was nothing she could do to help further arouse herself except, perhaps, by slapping her buttocks against the wall.

And how degrading would *that* be!?

She didn't need the bloody ignorant blonde girl to turn around and laugh at her while she did it! Which she would! That would simply be too much!

So she stood in place, her nipples tingling wildly, her breasts throbbing and swollen, trying to discretely rub her thighs together without Tiffany noticing. She was growing increasingly frustrated as the minutes ticked away, both with having to endure the awful, brain-dead show, and endure the constant vibrations which made her body want to thrash and twist and buck violently.

Finally, the show ended, and Tiffany yawned and stood up. She turned and smirked at Sloane, who glowered back at her, then came over to stand before her.

"And how is my little house slut doing?" she taunted.

She ran a hand up under Sloane's breast, squeezing it firmly, and the brunette fought not to moan helplessly.

"I bet you want to come, you dirty girl. I bet you're dripping wet."

Tiffany reached down to the vibrator, but to Sloane's intense disappointment she only undid the cord holding it in place and then slid it down and out of her body. She pushed a pair of fingers into Sloane, in its stead, then drew them out with a grin and popped them into her mouth.

"Mmmm, tasty," she said.

She reached up behind Sloane and unclipped the restraints from the O-ring, then brought her wrists forward and pulled her away from the wall.

Sloane felt the heat beating at her as she stumbled forward after the blonde.

“Kneel, slave-slut.”

She moaned and knelt obediently.

“Sit on your heels, slave-whore.”

She flushed and obeyed.

“Spread your legs wider, slave-bitch.”

Tiffany held firmly to a chunk of the brunette's hair as she forced her head back further and further, until she fell back onto her back on the floor.

“Feet flat on the floor, knees spread wide, Sex-slave.”

Sloane obeyed, panting, moaning softly.

Tiffany grinned, releasing her hair and wrists, which, while still locked together, were now free to be pulled forward. Tiffany sat down again, then took something from the seat next to her and tossed it onto Sloane's belly.

“For you, cock-lover. Slide that into your pussy and masturbate while I watch.”

Sloane froze, eyes widening. Tiffany insisted on degrading her with these awful and yet darkly thrilling insults, and used her in a variety of demeaning positions. But this seemed surely to be too out there, too sick, too outrageous!

“Shy?” the blonde taunted.

She slid forward and picked up the dildo, then pushed it against Sloane's swollen pussy. The brunette gasped, grabbing at her wrists as the pressure grew more intense, even painful. It was a very thick dildo! But then it forced aside the lips of her sex and she cried out weakly as the dildo slid into her body.

Tiffany grabbed her wrists and then placed her hands firmly on the dildo.

“Do it!” she ordered.

Sloane whimpered, then slowly pushed the dildo deeper. And deeper!

She ached as the thick, realistically shaped cock stretched her wide, but it felt so darkly exciting as she pushed it deeper she couldn't stop herself. Her body began to burn as her breathing grew more ragged, and she began to pump the cock in and out as she rubbed her clitoris.

Tiffany moved back and sat down, and that made Sloane cringe. For when the blonde was there beside her it was like... like she was a part of what was happening. But now that she was sitting back on the chair watching then it was nothing but Sloane by herself... masturbating! While the blonde watched in amusement!

Her body, however, was too primed, her mind sodden with arousal. She shuddered and moaned, drawing her knees back as she pumped the dildo in and out and frantically rubbed her clitoris.

She knew full well how demeaning this was, how nasty and wicked and outrageous. And yet somehow that triggered some dark, animal side of her which wallowed in being sexually humiliated! She spread her legs wider, her knees rising and falling as she thrust the dildo deep into her trembling body, and waves of dark heat swept over her and made her feverish with need.

The orgasm hit her, exploded within her. She screamed, her back arching, her hips bucking up frantically as she thrust the dildo into herself with painful force and speed. The orgasm was a storm, a hurricane of sensation which sent her battered mind tumbling end over end.

Her body crackled with sexual pleasure, her nerve endings snapping and burning as she deliberately debased herself in front of the blonde. She wallowed in her own shocking, shameful behavior. The pleasure tore at her for long, long seconds, as she writhed and bucked and thrashed in helpless paroxysms of ecstasy.

And then she went limp, her chest heaving as she closed her eyes, moaning helplessly

“What a slut you are, Sloane!” Tiffany said in false amazement. “What a total whore you are!”

I am, Sloane thought dazedly.

“I think you should be punished for being such a slut,” Tiffany said sternly.

I should be, Sloane thought.

“Come here, you filthy little sex slave,” Tiffany growled. “And don't let that dildo fall out.”

Panting for breath, Sloane rolled onto her side, then pushed herself onto her hands and knees. She turned around and crawled awkwardly to Tiffany, her wrist restraints still fastened together.

“Sit back on your heels, knees spread wide.”

Sloane pushed herself back onto her heels, reaching down to hold the thick dildo in place, though it didn't show much sign of sliding out given how tight it was. Once she was settled on her heels the base of the dildo was pressing against the rug she drew her hands away.

“Hands behind your neck, slut!”

Sloane did as she ordered.

“Elbows back!”

Sloane gulped as Tiffany drew out something from under the chair. It had a foot-long leather-wrapped handle, a two-foot-long pencil-thin black shaft, and at the tip, a two-inch-long soft leather flap of some kind.

“Nasty little slave slut,” Tiffany purred.

She let the flat tip rub back and forth across Sloane's swollen nipples, and Sloane gulped anxiously, starting to understand the girl's intent. She had used that plastic ruler on her nipples before, after all.

Tiffany let the soft leather slide across her breast, then down her chest and in between her legs, rubbing it against her clitoris.

“Such a bad girl!” she said in mock amazement. “Clearly you're not cultured and civilized enough to be around refined people like me.”

She slid the tip back up her body and then started to slap lightly at her right breast as Sloane winced and held her position.

“Dirty girls like you need to be punished,” Tiffany said. “They need to be disciplined.”

She rained sharp, rapid little slaps all across Sloane's breast, except for the nipple, then across her other breast.

“There's no place in this apartment for such whorish behavior,” she said piously.

She rained more blows across her breasts as Sloane gasped and whimpered, her breasts turning pink under the repeated slaps. Then Tiffany started in on her nipples, which soon began to burn.

“Elbows back, slave!”

She flinched and obeyed and Tiffany rained harder blows on her nipples.

“You're going to have to make this up to me, Slut-Slave,” Tiffany said.

She drew back and draped her legs across the arms of the upholstered chair, pulling her skirt up.

“Get to work, slut!”

Grateful that Tiffany had stopped slapping her aching breasts, Sloane quickly drew her hands forward and leaned over between the blonde girl's thighs. Tiffany undid the strap and pulled the ball-gag out, then bunched up Sloane's hair in her fist as the brunette started to lick.

“Are you sorry for being a filthy little slut animal?” Tiffany demanded.

“Yes, Mistress!” Sloane gasped as her hair was pulled back. “I'm sorry for being a filthy little slut animal!”

Tiffany jammed her face in against her pussy again and she resumed licking.

This is so degrading! she thought dazedly.

Her breasts were hot and sore, but they throbbed as Tiffany caressed and kneaded them. She licked and sucked on the blonde's clitoris, interrupted a number of times by her hair being pulled so that she could confess to her own wickedness, and then, once she'd given Tiffany an orgasm, was placed back against the wall in exactly the same position while Tiffany turned on *The Bachelorette*.

There she fumed – and squirmed – as the vibrator buzzed, and she fought not to drool around the

ball-gag in her mouth.

And then there was a knock at the door.

She gasped and her head jerked around to stare at the door, which was well-within view of her! She turned to stare at Tiffany as the blonde got up and sauntered across the room. Her pulse raced as the girl opened the door a little ways and spoke to someone.

“Oh, I have to sign for it? Well, okay, bring it in,” she said.

Sloane's eyes grew enormous as the blonde girl let the door go wide and backed up so that someone carrying a box could come inside!

She gasped in disbelief as she saw another blonde woman holding the box, then dropped her chin to her chest, refusing to look as her face burned hotly.

Yet Tiffany didn't stop at opening the door wide. She led the woman right inside so she could set her box down on the dining room table not ten feet from where she was standing naked against the wall!

“What's your friend up to?” she heard the blonde ask.

“Hmm? Who? Oh here.” Tiffany laughed. “She's not my friend! She's my sex slave!”

Sloane wondered if it was possible to die of humiliation!

“Really? She doesn't look like a lesbian,” she heard the woman say, her voice coming closer.

“Oh, she's not a lesbian,” Tiffany said. “She's just a slut who loves cock and pussy and everything else so much she can't control herself.”

The woman was standing right in front of her now! Sloane stared down at the floor, horrified.

“She sure has a nice body,” the other woman said.

“Oh yeah. She's built to be a sex slave.”

“I wouldn't mind having a sex slave. Is she for sale?”

“How much would you pay?”

“That depends on how good she is.”

“Well, I've only started training her, you know. She needs a lot more beatings and punishment before she obeys properly and shows the proper degree of respect.”

“Won't she run away when you beat her?”

“Oh no. She's far too much of a slut. She loves being abused and comes like crazy.”

“That's hard to believe.”

“Well, for a real woman, but not for a total slave-slut like her.”

The woman reached up and started to fondle Sloane's breasts!

Sloane was stunned! But she still refused to lift her eyes off the floor!

“Her skin is very soft,” the woman said. “I love her breasts.”

“Everyone loves her breasts. I rent her out for five dollars an hour to men every night.”

Sloane gasped indignantly. As if she would ever allow such a thing! And five dollars indeed! Men would crawl on their knees for the chance to touch her!

“Do you think I could make her come?”

“Of course! Anyone can. I'm thinking of getting a German Shepherd to satisfy her. She's insatiable, you know.”

The hand kneading her breast slid down her body and fingers began to deftly rub her clitoris. Then another hand pushed up under her jaw and forced her head up and back so that she was staring into the amused face of the blonde delivery-woman.

She had no uniform, Sloane noted even as her eyes sought to evade the other woman.

And she was certainly acting strangely to what should have been a shocking sight of a naked girl chained to the wall!

She flicked her eyes back for a moment and was more sure as she saw the blonde and Tiffany exchange smirks. This was no delivery woman! This was some friend of Tiffany's!

“Lovely nipples,” the woman said.

“Aren't they?”

Tiffany came up to stand beside her, and the two of them fondled both Sloane's breasts while the stranger continued to rub her clitoris.

Then the two of them bent over and took the center of both her breasts into their mouths at the same time.

Sloane gasped, eyes widening, as the two blondes sucked and licked at her nipples as their teeth chewed softly on her full breasts.

The stranger then slid down to her knees, her hands forcing Sloane's thighs apart. She tugged the branch of the vibrator aside and began to lick her clitoris while Tiffany continued to suck and chew on her nipple!

I'm losing my mind! Sloane thought wildly.

Tiffany raised her head and smirked at her.

“This is Hannah. Hannah taught me everything I know about eating pussy,” she said.

She leaned in and began to mouth her other breast, as Sloane trembled and panted and moaned helplessly.

There was something dreadfully wrong about having some strange woman licking her pussy! Yet she felt a tremendous rush of relief, for now, instead of being 'exposed' as some kind of kinky, perverted slut before a stranger, it turned out the stranger was a kinky, perverted slut, too!

And her taking part, with Tiffany, in pleasuring Sloane also made her a part of everything, rather than simply an observer, like Tiffany had been when she'd watched her masturbate.

There was a kind of intimacy now between them which allowed her to relax and feel far less in the way of embarrassment. Though she still squirmed mentally, horribly self-conscious.

That began to fade as Hannah continued. She was... very good with her tongue, which was stronger, swifter, and longer than Tiffany's. Sloane found her eyes widening repeatedly as powerful little bursts of sensation swept up through her body.

Those sensations were like consuming alcohol. The more she felt, the more dazed her mind was, until it was intoxicated with a dark, heady sense of thrilled sexual hunger, passion, and need.

“She needs a cock,” Tiffany said.

“She's got a cock inside her,” Hannah replied.

“No, no, she needs to be fucked. Hard.”

“Oh, well, I can do that.”

The two blondes roughly spun the breathless brunette around and jerked her hips back.

Crack!

“Nasty little sex slave!” Tiffany exclaimed.

Crack!

“Filthy slut!” Hannah cried.

Crack!

“Spread your legs wide, dirty girl!”

Crack!

“Raise your ass, whore!”

Sloane shuddered as Hannah pulled the vibrator out, then drove a thick dildo up deep inside her. It quickly became apparent it was the strap-on as Hannah thrust into her hard and fast. She gasped in pain as the woman yanked back on her hair and leaned in to chew her way along the nape of her neck.

“Slave slut!” she growled.

Tiffany had taken the vibrator and now slid it in under Sloane's hip, letting the tip grind against her clitoris as Hannah's big cock slid in and out between the aching, straining lips of her sex. She leaned in, kneading one of Sloane's breasts as Hannah gripped the other.

“Slave whore!” she taunted, chewing on her earlobe.

“Slave bitch!” Hannah purred, biting into her throat on the other side.

“Such an animal!” Tiffany said in mock indignation.

“A filthy little animal that loves cock,” Hannah said.

“Sex slave!” Tiffany whispered into her ear.

“Slave animal!” Hannah whispered into her other ear.

It was all too much for Sloane, and she cried out again and again as the big dildo thrust up into her belly, then screamed in a wild, undulating howl of animal pleasure as the orgasm swept her up and shook her like a dog with a rat in its jaws.

The feeling of the big cock spearing up hard inside her again and again, sent a flood of liquid heat through her body as she trembled and shook and her hips spasmed violently back to meet each thrust.

“Come for us, slave bitch!” Tiffany growled.

“Come for your mistresses, Slave slut!” Hannah echoed.

Chapter Six

Hannah moved in with them, though just for a 'visit'. Sloane wasn't entirely sure of whether she wanted this, but felt a bit timid about objecting as it might seem rude. But she expected her to share Tiffany's bedroom and instead, the two blondes moved her into Sloane's room.

“But – .”

“You can sleep with me, sex slave,” Tiffany said.

And indeed she did. Except that Tiffany insisted on having her do so with the leather restraints on, and her wrists chained to the headboard. The blonde would also waken her at any time of the night by moistening her finger and rubbing Sloane's clitoris until her body started to heat up, even in her sleep.

When she wakened the blonde would rub much harder, her fingers thrusting into her as she bent to suck and chew on her nipples. Thus Sloane would awake to a state of fiery arousal before she even knew what was happening, and then be driven into orgasm.

The second night she had to sleep with the dildo inside her, and the cords up over her hips to hold it in place. That led to a lot of tossing and turning in her sleep, and very erotic dreams.

Sloane made the food now for all three of them, yet she wasn't permitted to eat it at the table.

It felt very strange making food while naked, collared, and with the restraints around her wrists and ankles. But it felt even stranger to do so with a ball-gag in her mouth. But then to top it off Tiffany pushed the plate aside which she'd set for herself.

“Slaves don't get to sit at the table,” she said.

“Tiffany,” Sloane whined.

“What did you call me?”

“Mistress Tiffany!” Sloane said quickly.

“She needs a whipping,” Hannah said.

“She certainly needs to be taught her place,” Tiffany growled. “And her place is on her knees.”

She spun Sloane around and locked her restraints together behind her, then pushed her down to sit on her heels. She then locked her ankle restraints together and moreover locked them to her wrist restraints.

“Knees spread wide!” she barked.

Sloane licked her lips but obeyed, and Tiffany sat down, then cut a piece of steak and held it out to Sloane between her fingers.

“For you, Slave.”

Sloane felt her pulse rate picking up as she leaned in and awkwardly took it from Tiffany's fingers. Every time she thought this dark, outrageous game had bottomed out Tiffany seemed to find a new path downward into more outrageous things.

The vibrator buried in her pussy started to buzz and she gasped, her hips flinching. She knew it was controlled by an app on Tiffany and Hannah's phones, but never had any warning when it was going to start vibrating.

“Say thank you for feeding me,” Tiffany said.

“Thank you for feeding me, Mistress,” Sloane said.

I made the food, a part of her thought resentfully.

But the vibrator made her want to squirm and was heating up her blood once again. She leaned in

to take another piece from Tiffany's fingers and chewed it as the two blondes talked about people they knew.

"Here, slut," Hannah said.

She held out a piece of meat, and Sloane awkwardly tried to shift closer. With her wrists locked to her ankles, though, it was hard to move, and she wound up falling over onto her side.

"Hurry up, slut!"

Panting, she wriggled closer on her side, and Hannah tossed the piece of meat at her head. It missed and hit the floor.

"Lick that up, slut."

"I-I... I'm... this.."

"Do it!"

Moaning, Sloane licked the piece of meat off the floor, feeling shocked at herself, but also a dark rush of eroticism which made her hips grind helplessly.

"Come here, you filthy little animal," Tiffany ordered.

Gasping, still chewing, Sloane managed to turn her body around, and then wriggle back towards Tiffany, who threw another piece on the floor. From there she wriggled back and forth between the two blondes as they taunted her and threw pieces of meat on the floor for her to lick up.

She came twice while doing it, jamming her bare heels against the base of the vibrator and against the mouth of her pussy and trembling and shaking on the floor as the heat overwhelmed her and blew out her mind.

"Slave slut!"

"Sex toy!"

"Fuck animal!"

"Sex slave!"

Tiffany got up and got a glass of milk, then poured more into a bowl and set it on the floor for Sloane.

"Don't use your hands," she warned, pointing her finger. "Slave animals don't have hands."

And so she drank from the bowl with just her lips, while her breasts pressed into the floor and her bottom was high and legs wide.

It was a desperately obscene and degrading position, and it sent a wall of heat through her.

The darker the kinky sex game got the more scalding it seemed to become for her.

After dinner, Tiffany decided that the floor of the kitchen now needed to be cleaned because of the many pieces of steak having been thrown on it. But Sloane needed to do it on her hands and knees with a sponge, not with a mop. And before she did it the gag was put back in her mouth and then Hannah clipped a pair of small weights to her nipples which made them burn.

"If you take those off you'll be whipped!" she warned.

Sloane scrubbed the floor while on her hands and knees, her nipples aching and burning as the weights swung and pulled on her nipples. By the time she finished her nipples were on fire, but her body still thrummed with arousal.

"Did you do a good job, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Tiffany," she said, looking up at her.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Mistress Tiffany," she gulped uncertainly.

"Show me."

Sloane looked up at her in confusion.

Tiffany bent over and pointed at the floor near her feet.

"Is this clean?"

"Yes, Mistress Tiffany!"

"Then prove it. Let me see you lick the floor."

“Do it, slut!” Hannah ordered.

Sloane gulped anxiously and then hesitantly lowered her lips to the floor.

This is sick! This is insane! she thought dazedly, but she bent further and licked the floor.

“No, slut, long, firm licks,” Tiffany ordered.

Whimpering with confused heat, Sloane licked her tongue up along the floor again and again as the two blondes stood over her.

Tiffany bent and snapped a leash to the collar around Sloane's neck and tugged her after her as she left the room. Panting, flushed, Sloane crawled after her into the living room, where Tiffany sat down on the sofa and then spread her legs. She pulled her short nightshirt up and tugged on the leash until Sloane was licking her.

Sloane felt the cords on the dildo loosened as Hannah knelt behind her. Then the other blonde started to pump it in and out as she leaned forward. Her hands slid under Sloane and mashed her breasts together, then removed the clips.

At first, her nipples burned like fire, but then they eased into a strange, pins and needles sensation. Hannah began to knead her breasts continuously, then slid her fingers and thumbs up and started to roll and massage her now swollen, hyper-sensitive nipples. The sensations seemed to explode, and Sloane cried out, trembling and moaning.

Tiffany shoved her head down and her face back into her pussy while Hannah continued to thrust into her from behind and massage her nipples. Within a minute she was shaking and trembling through an orgasm which seemed to flow first from her nipples before drawing in the wild heat and sensation from her pussy.

Her hips bucked back uncontrollably as she sobbed for breath, her muscles spasming as the orgasm rampaged through her nervous system.

“Sex slave!” Tiffany exclaimed.

“Sex slave!” Hannah echoed.

Tiffany pushed her head back and produced an absurdly long dildo, or so the dazed brunette thought. But it was a double-headed dildo, and she fed half of it up into her own overheated pussy, then lay down on the sofa. Hannah pulled Tiffany to her stumbling feet and had her straddle Tiffany, then she sank down onto the dildo.

She moaned, leaning forward as Tiffany kneaded her breasts, and then the two of them ground their pussies together around the flexible dildo which penetrated both of them. Hannah, meanwhile, knelt on the sofa behind Sloane and pulled the dildo out of her ass, then worked the strap-on inside her.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Ohmygod! Ohmygod! Ohmygod!” Sloane cried as the dildo slid deeper and began to pump in and out.

The two blondes laughed as she began to shake and tremble and ride the dildo linking her to Tiffany with frantic motions. Orgasm after orgasm tore through her as Tiffany and Hannah mauled her body and pummeled her insides with the two artificial cocks.

After that Tiffany led her by the leash, crawling, into her bedroom, where something new had been added. There was a cage there, one suitable for a large dog, with a mattress on the floor and a furry throw atop it.

“Inside, slave animal.”

Panting, dazed, Sloane crawled into the cage and Tiffany locked the door behind her, then left.

What am I doing? Sloane thought wonderingly.

She groaned and lay on her back, though her head was pressed against the bars on that side and her feet, even with her knees raised, against the other. *This is the sickest sex in the world! How is it I'm getting so incredibly hot because of it!?*

She fingered her still-aching nipples and moaned. They felt so sore and yet also so good when rubbed and massaged.

These bitches will turn me into as big as slut as they are, she thought, staring through the bars of

the cage. *I'm in a bloody cage! What in the hell am I doing!?*

It was restful, though. She had to admit that much. There was nothing in her body and no gag in her mouth, and her wrists and ankles weren't bound together. She could relax and try to get her mind to work again.

Try.

It kept buzzing back and forth between her intellect and her emotions, between her knowing this was sick and depraved and her body churning excitedly at everything she did with the two blonde girls.

When Tiffany came in to get something she licked her lips and sat up.

"Mistress Tiffany!?"

Tiffany looked at her.

"I uhm, I have to study for a law test, Mistress Tiffany," she said anxiously.

"You have a book?"

"Uhm, yes, on my desk."

"What's it called?"

Sloane told her and Tiffany fetched the book, then slipped it through the bars and left.

So Sloane had little alternative but to curl up on her side in the cage and read.

Later, she begged Tiffany for her notebook and pencil and took notes. She spent a good two hours in the cage studying quietly before Tiffany came and got her. As before, she clipped a leash to her collar and made Sloane crawl.

Crawling made her feel very squirmy inside. It was outrageous and degrading and shocking and wicked and sick, sick, sick! And her body burned with a dark, helpless heat as she did it.

Tiffany led her into her own bedroom, now being used by Hannah. Hannah stood there wearing thigh-high black PVC leather boots with stiletto heels and sporting a strap-on dildo.

"Do you like my cock, slave girl?" Hannah asked.

"Yes, Mistress Hannah," she said uncertainly.

"You didn't thank Mistress Hannah for fucking you so well earlier, slave girl," Tiffany said sternly.

"Thank you for fucking me, Mistress Hannah," Sloane said.

Tiffany now had that long, riding crop she had briefly demonstrated the use of earlier. She slapped the tip lightly against Sloane's cheek, then bent forward and slapped lightly at her breasts.

"She fucked you in the ass, too. Wasn't that nice of her?"

"Yes, Mistress Tiffany!"

"Thank her for fucking you in the ass."

"Thank you for fucking me in the ass, Mistress Hannah!"

"I think you should show her more sincerity, slave girl. I think you should show just how grateful you are when your mistress fucks you with a big cock."

She drew back and then pointed at the floor with the crop.

"On your face, slave!"

Sloane gulped and dropped forward onto her chest, her hips raised high and her belly drawn in tightly.

She gasped as the shaft of the crop slapped down stingingly on her bare buttocks.

"Legs spread wide!"

She shifted her knees wide as she felt her heartbeat quickening.

"You see those shiny boots Mistress Hannah is wearing, slave girl?"

"Yes, Mistress Tiffany," she said breathlessly.

"They need cleaning. Start licking."

Oh my god, Sloane thought, feeling a wave of heat sweep through her.

Hannah brought her foot forward until the pointy toe was pressed against Sloane's lips and the brunette grasped her ankles and began to lick.

"Long licks, slut!" Tiffany ordered, bringing the crop whistling down across her upraised bottom.

Sloane cried out and licked harder.

“Show your mistress how much you love her, slave bitch,” Tiffany growled.

The crop cut across her buttocks again and Sloane yelped, licking harder still.

She felt the dildo pushing into her bottom again, the one with the big bulge near the base that ached until it slipped fully inside. Then the vibrator pushed into her, with the cords going over her hips.

“Don't forget the toe. Take it into your mouth, slut.”

Hannah raised the front of her boot and after a moment, the breathless brunette slid her lips over it, then gasped as Hannah pushed her foot forward. The tip was quite narrow, but of course, it widened quickly until her lips were straining and aching.

“Lick it, slave bitch!”

Crack!

Moaning, she tried.

“You know, we haven't trained her oral skills for men yet,” Hannah said. “I mean, we might want to rent her body out to make money or something. She should know what to do.”

“That's an idea. Although what man of distinction would want to pay money to have sex with a filthy little animal like this?”

“Drunken sailors, maybe? We could probably get a dollar apiece from them.”

Hannah pulled her foot back, much to Sloane's relief, and Tiffany jerked on the leash, pulling her back up onto all fours. She had her crawl up the hall and into the utility room, then lay on her belly. She and Hannah drew her wrists and ankles back together behind her and locked them together, then attached them to a chain.

The two blondes pulled on the chain, and Sloane felt her wrists and ankles lifted up, and then up more and more. She squealed as her body left the floor. And then she was hanging there helplessly, with her breasts hanging below her.

Hannah drew her hair back into a braid and pulled on it to lift her head up and back, and Tiffany pushed one end of the double-headed dildo into her open mouth.

“Show me what you can do, slut,” she ordered.

Sloane sucked and licked, gasping, gurgling, and moaning.

“This thing has pussy juice all over it,” Tiffany said. “Yours on one half and mine on the other.”

“Which one do you think she's licking and sucking?” Hannah asked in amusement.

“She's going to get both before she's done.”

Sloane thought she meant the dildo would be turned around at some point, but suddenly Hannah jerked back sharply on her hair as Tiffany pushed the thing forward. She gurgled as the head pushed into her throat and kept going.

“Every sex slave has to know how to deep throat,” Tiffany said.

“Swallow that cock, slave!” Hannah barked, squeezing one of her breasts.

Inch after inch of the soft green dildo slid through Sloane's lips until the head had pushed all the way down her throat and Tiffany was holding the tip with her fingers.

“She's got nineteen inches,” Tiffany said, pleased.

Sloane was coughing and gasping and choking, her head pounding and chest burning. Only the sudden shock had stopped her from gagging more violently and throwing up on the floor.

But now she found her lack of breathing ability far more important than the dull ache in her throat or the sense of wanting to gag.

“Hungry little slut beast,” Tiffany said.

She pulled the long length of the dildo slowly up Sloane's throat, and as the head came out so too did a flood of saliva as she coughed violently.

“Not bad for a first attempt, slave girl.”

“She's clearly a natural slut with these big tits,” Hannah said, squeezing one hard.

Sloane gulped in air, gasping, and then her hair was yanked again as Tiffany pushed the dildo back

into her mouth. She had no time to object as the head pushed into her throat and slid all the way down again.

“We'll make you a champion cock sucker in no time,” Hannah said.

Again and again, Tiffany shoved the big dildo down her throat, until Sloane became dazed and her muscles used to it. The blonde girl was able to pump the long dildo in and out freely after that, while Sloane gurgled, eyes glassy.

“See how easy you swallow cock, slave?” Tiffany said.

“We can set her up at the college fair in a booth. She can deliver blow-jobs for a nickel, and deep throat blow-jobs for a dime.”

“Oh, surely more than that. You need to take some marketing classes about proper price setting.”

The two laughed and pumped the dildo in and out, and Sloane gurgled dazedly.

Chapter Seven

The cage became her 'room'. She studied there when she wasn't doing chores and the blondes didn't have a particular interest in teasing or using her body. Multiple times every evening she had to 'pose' for one or the other as they held the riding crop menacingly. That involved shifting into various positions, often obscene and degrading. And any hesitation or imperfection brought the crop whistling down across her buttocks or the tip slapping at her nipples.

One evening she was laying on the wide, square coffee table, not so much on her back as on her shoulders. She was, of course, naked. She was always naked at home. Her feet were flat on the surface, knees raised and spread wide. Her body below the shoulders was raised up into the air, and her hands clutched the stiletto heels of the shoes she wore.

The table was not wide enough for all of her body. Her feet were at the edge nearest to where Tiffany and Hannah sat while her shoulders were at the other. That, of course, meant her head hung over the far side upside down.

She had a vibrator pushed into her pussy, a new one that was thick, but shorter than the other. It was able to be almost completely buried in her sex. Almost. The tip held the lips of her sex apart. It had a thin branch right at the base which curved up and across her clitoris. But this base, unlike the other, was not solid but hollow. It was a round, hollow ring that encircled her swollen clitoris without touching it.

That left the soft leather tip of the riding crop able to rub across it, or even lightly slap it. Though it slapped at her thighs and wrinkled back opening much more often.

"How many hundreds of men have you fucked, slave?" Hannah demanded.

"T-Two, Mistress Hannah!" she moaned.

The tip slapped sharply against her thigh.

"You mean two hundred, yes?" she demanded.

Crack! Crack!

"Isn't that right, slut?"

"Yes, Mistress!"

"So how many men have you fucked, slave?"

"Two hundred, Mistress Hannah!"

"What a slut you are!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress!" she moaned.

"How long have you been a prostitute?" she heard Tiffany demand?

Sloane hesitated. "I... I don't know, Mistress!"

Crack! Crack!

She cried out as the tip of the crop slapped down lightly against her clitoris.

"Lying slut!"

"A year, Mistress!"

"That's more like it. I'm sure that means she's fucked a lot more than two hundred men, though," she said.

"You're right. She lied to me!"

Hannah reached over and slapped the tip of the crop down against Sloane's breasts with hard, fast

blows that made her moan and tremble.

“Probably ten a day anyway,” Tiffany said. “So you've fucked more like four thousand men, isn't that right, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” she cried.

“You love cock, don't you, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress! I love cock, Mistress,” she moaned.

Tiffany came around to the other side of the table and knelt down, the twenty-inch, double-headed dildo in her hand. She fed it into Sloane's open mouth and the brunette gurgled as it pushed through her throat.

“I love seeing the bulge in her throat as it goes down,” she said.

“Dirty slut slave,” Hannah said, slapping at her nipples again.

But then, as the trembling brunette gurgled around the slowly pumping dildo she felt Hannah starting to lick her swollen clitoris. The combination of that soft, warm, set, skillful tongue and the vibrator, not to mention this whole dark, scalding scene, soon had her gasping and moaning in heat.

Then Hannah came around to the other side of the table, too, and knelt down, crop in hand.

“Filthy slave girl,” she said. “Your body belongs to us. We can do anything we want to it. Isn't that true?”

“Ye-Yes, Mistress Hannah!” Sloane gasped when Tiffany drew the dildo out of her mouth.

She felt confusion sweeping over her. For Tiffany was still licking her clitoris. Yet obviously she couldn't be! Which meant someone else was in the apartment she hadn't seen or heard!

Lips sucked hungrily on her clitoris as hands kneaded her buttocks and she gurgled helplessly, hips bucking upward.

Hannah slapped at her nipples with the tip of the crop as Tiffany thrust the dildo back down her throat and pumped it in and out.

“Yes, she certainly is a whore,” Hannah sighed. “Isn't that right, Andrea?”

“Definitely,” a woman's voice said from between her legs.

Sloane shuddered and moaned as the lips returned to sucking on her clitoris.

Hannah moved around to the other side and after a few seconds, the sucking halted. She felt the vibrator being tugged out of her body, then something thicker pushing against her.

“She's a fuck-hungry little slut,” Hannah said. “You should fuck her hard, Andrea!”

“I intend to,” the other woman's voice said.

Sloane yelped and moaned around the pumping dildo as Hannah slapped harder at her nipples. She felt the thick dildo pushed into her and then hands gripped her hips as it thrust deep and began to pump in and out. She felt the vibrator rubbing against her clitoris at the same time, and her entire body began to shake and tremble.

“Come for us, whore,” Hannah growled.

“Come for your mistresses, slut,” Tiffany said, pulling the dildo out of her throat.

“Fuck her harder,” Hannah said.

The dildo thrust into her with fast, powerful strokes as Sloane began to lose her mind. Her hips began to drop back to the table, and the crop struck her breasts harder.

“Lift your pussy up, slave!” Hannah exclaimed.

Gasping, moaning, she obeyed, and strong hands gripped her hips as the dildo thrust into her.

“Whore!” Hannah said.

“Slave girl,” Tiffany added.

Sloane came, screaming, though her voice was muffled as Tiffany thrust the dildo deep into her throat. Her head felt like it was going to explode as her fingers clung desperately to her heels and her hips jerked and shook, and then she collapsed, gasping, dazed.

Andrea turned out to be a black woman with very short hair. She was fully clothed and wore the harness around her hips with a big dildo sticking out from it.

“Lazy slut,” she said.

The three women roughly rolled her onto her belly, then sharp, stinging blows from the crop forced her to jerk her bottom up high as her wrists were pulled together behind her back and locked in place. The vibrator pushed back into her pussy and began to thrum as fingers rubbed her swollen clitoris. Then the big dildo pushed into her ass.

“Tell me you're a sex slave,” Tiffany ordered, gripping her hair and jerking her head back.

“I-I'm a sex slave, Mistress!” she gasped dazedly.

“Who owns your body, slut?”

“You do, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Beg Mistress Andrea to fuck you in the ass, slut.”

She jerked sharply on Sloane's hair and the brunette cried out in pain.

“Do it, Slave!”

“Please fuck me in the ass, Mistress Andrea!” Sloane cried.

The dildo slid deep and began to pump in and out. Each deep thrust was like a punch in the belly – from the inside – and Sloane gasped and moaned and cried out, her voice muffled as Tiffany thrust the dildo back into her throat and pumped it in and out.

Fingers continued to rub her clitoris as the vibrator purred, and her mind swirled and churned with the dark, shocking eroticism of what was happening to her.

Sex slave! The very notion was absurd, sick, even laughable. And yet, it was also wildly erotic. Her, a sex slave! A sex slave to these... ignorant, low-class women! Her body used roughly and cruelly by them as she was heaped with scorn and abuse!

It was a very dark, but glittering sexual fantasy that had caught at parts of her thinking she had barely known existed. The contrast between her carefully created and protected image as a woman of dignity and intelligence, of modesty and restraint, could not be greater! And so it was like an escape from all of that!

It was a way to free herself – in this far corner of the world, well away from family and peers – of the necessity of being someone she found boring while giving in to all her darker, wilder fantasies.

A sex slave! The idea was wild and insane and... thrilling!

She felt herself sinking into that persona, into being a sex slave, an uninhibited slut who gave free rein to all her baser instincts and ignored all the conventions and standards she had long imposed upon herself.

She grunted dazedly every time the big cock drove into her bottom, every time Andrea's hips slapped against her buttocks, eyes glassy as Tiffany pulled the dildo out, letting her gulp in air.

“Slave bitch,” the blonde whispered.

Sloane shuddered and then came again.

*

She was still more than slightly shell-shocked as they pulled her off the table. Andrea attached a leash to her collar and had her crawl up and down next to her while giving her orders as if she was some kind of... animal!

“Heel!” she would snap, jerking on the leash to pull her in tight next to her.

“Sit,” she'd order.

Hannah walked behind with the crop to ensure Sloane was inspired to quick obedience so she sat down quickly on her heels.

“Kneel.”

She rose on her knees.

“Beg.”

Her mind squirmed as she brought her arms up against her breasts, then let her hands dangle like a dog begging.”

The crop hit the side of her breast anyway and she winced.

“Why isn't your tongue lolling out like a good bitch?” Hannah demanded.

Sloane gulped and let her tongue push out over her lower lip as the two women snickered at her. This was utterly humiliating and degrading, and yet somehow she felt a dark rush of heat.

Sex slave! she thought excitedly.

“Present yourself.”

She sat back quickly onto her heels, spreading her knees wide, and brought her hands behind her neck as she arched her back.

“Nasty little fuck-pet,” Hannah said, rubbing her hard nipples with the tip of the crop.

It was particularly shameful to be doing this in front of Andrea, for she didn't know the woman at all. She was a complete stranger! And yet Sloane was crawling naked on a leash the girl held!

I'm such a slut! she thought wonderingly.

The vibrator was still inside her and still buzzing, making her nerve endings twitch and quiver.

Each of the other girls took turns 'walking' her about and giving her orders to obey. Then Andrea sat on the sofa, pulled her pants off, and spread her legs while Tiffany tugged on the leash and led Sloane up to it.

“Service her,” Tiffany ordered.

Gulping, blushing, Sloane crawled up to the sofa, rose, and leaned in, then began to lick the black girl's pussy.

“Big titties on this girl,” Andrea said, reaching for one and fondling it.

“That's how you know she's a slut,” Hannah said.

“I think you know she's a slut because she acts like one,” Tiffany said with a sniff.

Tiffany wasn't exactly small in the chest herself.

“I think inside every good girl is a slut waiting to get out,” Andrea said.

“You might be right. Not having ever been a good girl, I couldn't say,” Tiffany replied.

Sloane licked the black girl to orgasm, then they had her crawl back to Tiffany's room. There she put on clothes, but only long enough to strip them off as the other three played music and had her do a stripper routine for them.

She got a number of stinging blows across her bottom from the crop as she danced, and as she spun around the pole, as they gave her 'advice' on how to do better.

Then she gave each of them lap dances, which meant grinding herself against their laps and the dildos they held there, then riding up and down on those dildos.

Despite her sense of awkwardness and self-consciousness, she came several times.

She made dinner for four afterward, then knelt, her wrists and ankles cuffed together as the three fully clothed girls ate and chatted and gossiped and occasionally threw a piece of food on the floor for her to lick up.

Afterward, she cleaned up, then cleaned the floor, on all fours, as before. Though this time she had no nipple clips.

The other three were all fully clothed and watched TV as she cleaned. They all came in to inspect how good a job she'd done, however. Which meant she had to lick the floor in several places while they stood over her, each of them holding a riding crop!

“You missed a spot,” Tiffany said, pointing the riding crop straight down at her feet.

Another wave of dark, shameful excitement gripped Sloane as she crawled over, lowered her upper body, and began to lick at her feet.

The crop snapped down across her buttocks.

“Keep your ass high and legs spread, slave,” Hannah said.

She shifted quickly as she continued licking.

“And here,” Hannah said, pointing at her own feet.

Sloane shifted sideways and began to lick her feet, and then Andrea's as the three rained abuse on her.

With that done she changed the sheets on the beds and did the laundry while the other three went back to watching TV. Then she went back to her cage, crawled in, and studied for an hour.

Tiffany came in and locked the cage, and then undressed for bed before turning out the light.

Sloane lay in the dark, emotionally drained, confused, and aching in various parts of her body. But she was able to sleep despite all that. And in the morning, after Tiffany let her out and she licked her mistress to orgasm she went to have a shower with Hannah. They kissed passionately, their breasts sliding soapily together as Hannah brought her thigh in between Sloane's and brought each other to orgasm.

Then she got dressed and went to class.

It almost felt strange wearing clothes as she put on her old, familiar persona as a dignified, intelligent, upper-class British girl. She almost felt as if she was pretending it, especially since Tiffany had insisted she wear a butt-plug to class!

The blonde girl had also presented her with a new vibrator. This one was shorter and much more narrow than anything she'd used before. It was rather the size of a magic marker, though with the same sort of hollow clip which folded up across the top of her sex to surround her clitoris.

She could feel it now as she walked, though it wasn't doing anything. It made her nervous, though, despite the two blondes not having any classes with her, or even any classes in the same buildings. She was in pre-law and was taking a number of legal preparatory courses. Tiffany was in general liberal arts while Hannah worked in one of the school cafeterias.

They were both so... crude and low class, she thought plaintively. It was shameful for her to be ceding control over herself to such as them. If there was to be some sort of dominance and submission relationship she was the natural person to be the dominant!

Of course, a more cultured girl like herself would never even have considered such a perverted game. It was far too degrading. And she ought to have refused it when Tiffany started in on it. But things had sort of crept along, getting more and more outrageous. And she'd gone along with it, riding a sea of breathless, shattering orgasms as her inhibitions were smashed down again and again.

Thank God she was far from home and no one she knew would ever know of the demeaning things she'd involved herself in!

She took her seat in the auditorium-style room where Introduction to Law was held, among over a hundred other would-be lawyers in the semi-circle which faced the blackboard down below. She was neither up high nor down low. She neither hid, not pushed herself to the front. The middle had always been her choice, and... slightly off to the side.

The professor showed up and began his lecture and she, like so many others, recorded it with her laptop computer while taking notes at the same time. She was only halfway through the lecture when the vibrator inside her suddenly activated. She had no idea what caused it to but its sudden vibrations made her gasp and clamp her thighs together.

Her eyes rolled from side to side as she looked anxiously for any sign anyone else around could hear the low buzzing. But no one was paying attention to her. She relaxed a little, cursing under her breath at Tiffany, and then tried to focus on the lecture.

It was a two-hour class, though, and the vibrator began to have an impact on her body. She had to keep fighting the unconscious urge to drop her hands to her lap to rub her clitoris, which throbbed excitedly. Her nipples were hard within the cups of her bra, and her lower body began to pulse with heat.

She squirmed and then stopped, squirmed, and then realized she was, and stopped. Continually. Her breathing became harsher, but she was able to control herself, for the most part. She vowed to remove the thing right after class, though.

After class, she made her way to the bathroom, found an empty stall, and pulled her skirt up and panties down, then tried to get the vibrator out of her body.

The thicker, heavier vibrators Tiffany had put inside her had been kept in place by cords which

went up across her hips and around behind her. This was so lightweight, though, that all it had was a thin silver chain. But it went straight up her abdomen to just below her belly button before splitting to either side and going around her waist.

And it would not fit over her hips. It would not stretch at all. And she couldn't seem to figure out how it was attached at the small of her back. There was some sort of clip but she couldn't see it and couldn't feel it well enough to undo it!

There was no choice but to go to her next class still wearing the thing.

This was soooo aggravating!

Her next class was worse. The vibrations made her squirm and rub her thighs together, and the class was smaller so that she feared being noticed more. It was like having a constant itch that couldn't be scratched. Except that itch was making her clitoris throb and burn and shooting heat up through her body!

She had to leave to use the bathroom in hopes of finding it relatively empty between classes. There, feeling incredibly slutty, she pulled up her skirt and rubbed her clitoris helplessly, shuddering, her hips jerking and spasming against her fingers as she arched back across the back of the toilet tank.

She jammed her mouth in against the inside of her elbow as she came, the orgasm making her cry out loud despite her best efforts at keeping silent. It set her body to jerking and trembling, and even after it faded her muscles twitched and crackled with sexual electricity.

She used damp paper towels to rub her face, which was flushed and overheated, then went back to class, hoping the batteries would soon drain away.

Finally, at lunch, she walked across campus to a little store where they sold tools and bought a small pair of pliers. She went into another bathroom and was able to use them to cut the chain around her waist, and then slide the vibrator out of her body.

Then she had to masturbate again.

She was going to give Tiffany a piece of her mind when she got home! That was for sure!

Chapter Eight

Giving Tiffany a piece of her mind hadn't worked well. The blonde girl, both blonde girls, were indignant that she'd cut the chain of the vibrator. Sloane found herself on the defensive and tried to explain why it was necessary even as Hannah kept slapping her bottom and Tiffany kept glaring at her.

"She definitely needs to be severely punished," Tiffany said.

"I do not!" Sloane exclaimed.

The two blondes grabbed her and quickly tore her clothes off, though, then put the leather restraints around her ankles and wrists and the collar around her throat. The ball-gag silenced her protests, and they marched her into Tiffany's room, where she discovered the blonde had screwed an O-ring to the wall and another to the high bedpost of her bed.

Tiffany and Hannah attached cords to her wrist restraints and then pulled them up and apart, tying the cords to the O-rings in the wall on her right and the high bedpost on her left. Then they pulled her feet apart, too, so far apart she was forced up onto the balls of her feet. Her ankles were tied in place, as well.

Sloane felt this was very unfair, but at the same time, being tied up like this was exciting her. It was very... slave-girl-ish. She could feel the heat rising in her body even before Hannah began to work the dildo up into her bottom and Tiffany worked the vibrator up into her pussy.

The vibrator was bigger, longer, thicker, and stronger than the one she'd endured that morning, and she shuddered, the nerve endings in her pussy feeling overloaded by the sensations. Her hips jerked helplessly as she tried to close her legs, and she moaned as Tiffany slid her hands up to squeeze her swollen breasts and finger her hard nipples.

"Dirty slave-bitch," Tiffany said with a leer.

She dropped to her knees and started to lick her clitoris, which projected out through the narrow round hollow of the vibrator base.

"You should be whipped like a slave," Hannah said from behind her.

She should, Sloane thought as the sexual heat rose around her mind like an intoxicating cloud of pleasure and passion.

"You have to be very careful when you whip a slave," a voice said behind her. "You don't want to damage its skin."

It wasn't Hannah's voice!

It wasn't even a female voice!

Sloane jerked her head around wildly and saw a tall, broad-shouldered man somewhere in his late twenties standing next to Hannah! She cried out in shock and jerked her head away, suddenly flooded with embarrassment! There was a man there! And she was naked! With a dildo and a vibrator sticking out of her!

For long seconds her mind was utterly frozen. But this wasn't the first time a stranger had been introduced into Tiffany's dirty sex games. Hannah had also shown up in a similar way, as had Andrea. This, however, was a guy, not a girl! That made her face burn and her mind squirm far worse!

"What you have is a beautiful canvas," the man said, his voice deep and melodic. "You want to paint a picture across that canvas, but not in a way which damages it."

She felt his fingers sliding across her back as he spoke, and her eyes bulged as she tried to figure

out what to do. She refused to look around to face him, so couldn't even catch Hannah's eye! And Tiffany was on her knees, still licking her clitoris, and not looking up!

"This is a great-looking ass," the man said. "We want it to always look great and unmarked. So what we'll use is a very light whip. She's new to this, you said? So we'll use this. It's the Chastiser Four, a very light, teasing, stinging whip."

The what? The what!? Sloane thought wildly.

Surely they weren't really going to whip her!? They hadn't lost their minds enough to do something like that, had they!?

"Now watch how I hold it, loosely in my hand. You want to flick it over. You need to assess her reactions, and how much of a mark it leaves. She's got pale skin, so we just need a little throw like this..."

Suddenly a long, thin black line of some kind swept down to snap across her bare back! Sloane yelped, her back arching as the whip cut across it! But it hadn't really hurt, she realized, her pulse racing. Then it hit again, stinging enough that she gasped, despite being prepared.

"Get that pretty ass of hers," Hannah said.

Sloane heard a male chuckle, then the whip hit her bottom – lightly enough it didn't really even hurt, though she flinched. The next blow hit harder, and the third stung enough that she gasped, her hips jerking helplessly forward.

Still, she felt a sense of relief. She had been afraid this 'whipping' would leave cuts and welts across her body like in some kind of pirate movie. And that it would have hurt terribly. Instead, it demonstrated that the blondes weren't entirely crazy and were still just doing this as a game.

She felt a sense of frustration and annoyance at that, at how determinedly perverted they were, and at them bringing a man here to see her like this! Of course, he'd only actually seen her from behind so far. But she was anxiously certain he'd be able to move around and see the rest of her soon!

He certainly sounded calm for a guy seeing her naked body. In her experience, guys who saw her naked were bug-eyed with excitement and could hardly restrain themselves. She wondered if this stranger had an erection from seeing her like this. And what was he going to do with it!?

She winced as the whip cut across her buttocks again, and then again. That stung! She yelped, her hips bucking forward. But Tiffany had her thighs in her hands as she licked her clitoris, and the vibrator continued to buzz powerfully.

This is so perverted! she thought wonderingly.

Her embarrassment began to fade, though she remained wildly self-conscious as the man stood behind her teaching Hannah (apparently) how to whip her! Then the other blonde girl began to try her hand, flicking the whip forward to snap it across her back and bottom repeatedly. The stings were light but they added up, and Sloane's back and buttocks began to feel hot and tender as she stood there.

Which made her start to feel as if she was really being whipped! Really! Like a slave girl!

She blushed and gulped every time the man moved to one side or the other, because while she still wouldn't look him in the face she did turn her head from time to time and was sure he was able to see her breasts, or much of them, from his angle!

He must have a huge erection, she thought anxiously.

And what were sex slaves for other than to take care of things like that!?

Suddenly the whip curled around her ribs and snapped at her right breast to send a stinging jolt of pain through it. She cried out, jerking violently against the restraints but to no avail.

"You have to be careful when you curl the whip around your slave's body," the man said. "The act of it sweeping around like that adds more force and more sting when the tip lands."

He moved in to take the whip out of Hannah's hand, then he sent it flying forward to curl around her ribs. This time it struck with less force, but it still stung!

"You have to measure your whip length, too," he said, "Depending on what you want to hit."

He stepped back, and then the whip flew forward and slapped lightly at the side of her right breast.

Sloane gasped, then gasped again, then again, as he sent the little whip flying forward to slap at the sides of both breasts, making them tremble and throb.

He eased the line forward and then sent the whip slicing around to hit the center of her breasts, first from the left, then the right, aiming for her nipples! They hit lightly, but Sloane still yelped and twisted and jerked, appalled, outraged, anxious, her nipples throbbing after every touch.

Hannah tried it, then, and the blows hit harder, at the edge of real pain, before the man got her to ease back.

This is insane. I'm losing my mind! she thought dazedly.

Tiffany got up and moved around behind her, and now the man instructed her in how to whip Sloane as Hannah moved around in front of her, leering, reaching down, and rubbing her clitoris.

“Slave slut!” she taunted. “Sex slave! Remember, your body belongs to us.”

Sloane shook her head, then gasped as the whip cut across her buttocks, then her back.

“Sex slave!” Hannah taunted.

More and more it began to feel like it to Sloane! Her pussy throbbed and pulsed around the vibrator as the dildo made her feel achingly full. Her clitoris was swollen and hot as Hannah rubbed her, and the thin whip cut across her back and bottom repeatedly.

Hannah moved around behind her, and she heard her and Tiffany whispering and giggling. The line flew forward and snapped at the outside of her right breast. Then a moment later, far too fast, it flew out and slapped at the outside of her left breast. Then her left!

She gasped and jerked her head to one side, then the other, and realized both of them had whips!

“Remember, light throws. Don't go overboard,” the man said.

The whips moved further forward, snapping at the center of her breasts and her nipples, and she squealed and twisted and strained against the restraints. Every time one of the whips hit it felt like someone lightly biting her engorged nipples!

They began to throb hotly!

Then one of the whips shifted its directly and curled across her right hip, snapping at her abdomen right next to her pussy! She moaned as it struck again, then the other did the same around her other hip. The thin tips struck her pussy lips as they strained wide around the vibrator, and she yelped and moaned repeatedly.

Then one found her clitoris and her hips bucked violently back as the two girls laughed behind her.

Another hit, and another, and another, and she writhed and strained against the restraints. The whips curled around her ribs, as well, snapping at her breasts, making her nipples feel swollen and hot.

“Am I late?”

She heard Andrea's voice and moaned. Then a third whip joined the other two, snapping out at her back and buttocks, at her pussy and breasts in rapid succession as she twisted and strained and cried out, her body burning and thin lines of pink now standing out across her breasts and belly as they three girls laughed and practiced.

And yet the blows remained very light, stinging, but causing no real pain. It was just that there were so many of them! And they were hitting her in such tender places!

Tiffany, Hannah, and Andrea came around in front of her finally, as she stood on trembling feet, moaning and gasping for breath.

“Sex slave!” Tiffany said.

“Slave bitch!” Hannah growled.

“Slave animal!” Andrea purred.

Andrea dropped to her knees and then began to lick at Sloane's swollen, aching clitoris. Then Tiffany and Hannah leaned in and began to suck and lick at her nipples.

Sloane shuddered, feeling a tremendous wave of relief, for this, she assumed, meant the whipping was done. On top of that, the feel of both her nipples being licked and sucked at the same time as her clitoris was, and at the same time as the vibrator buzzed away was starting to make her feel a sensory

overload.

She gasped as fingers combed her hair back together, then a soft male voice whispered in her right ear. "Sex slave."

Sloane gasped a denial, or tried to, even as heat poured over her.

His lips kissed the nape of her neck, then again, further down, then kissed her shoulder as Tiffany and Hannah kneaded and caressed her breasts while sucking and licking at her nipples.

She felt the man's hand slide down her spine, then his fingers gripped the base of the dildo and twisted and turned it. She moaned as he pulled it slowly out of her entirely. And a moment later something else pushed up into her body. She knew immediately it wasn't a toy. It was the real thing!

It was a long, thick, warm, throbbing, slickly lubricated cock, and it slid deep into her belly.

The realization stunned her momentarily. She felt a fresh rush of self-consciousness, of embarrassment and indignation. But then a tremendous rush of dark, thrilling wonder washed over her. For surely nothing could be more like being a sex slave than this! A real cock! And it hadn't even hurt!

She felt his balls grinding against her buttocks even now, while his thick cock filled her to aching overflow!

"Sex slave," he purred into her ear, his teeth chewing on the nape of her ear.

He drew back and thrust, drew back and thrust, drew back and thrust, using longer strokes as he pulled back on her hair and bit into her soft skin.

Sloane lost herself to the heat, to the wild, outrageousness of what was happening. That a man was sodomizing her, a man she'd never met before, was so astonishing a thing that it sent an explosive surge of wonder through her mind, and dragged it even deeper into the mindset, into the role, however false, of a sex slave!

She writhed and twisted and cried out again and again as the first orgasm shattered her mind. Her inhibitions evaporated, her concerns melting away under the torrent of liquid heat and scalding pleasure. For having a man there, a man inside her, while it didn't make this nasty game real, it definitely made it feel more realistic. And her mind was baking in the heat that brought.

"Slave girl," he growled, his hips moving slowly in and out.

Sloane had only recently been introduced to sodomy, an act she had long held to be disgusting and likely painful. It had been neither, and instead, the sense of how grubby and nasty the act was had served to turn her on. Something about giving in to the dark side and engaging in the wildest, nastiest, most sluttish behavior was thrilling her beyond reason.

But now to have a real man pushing his cock up inside her there took her breath away with how dark and crude it was! And the feel of that cock as it probed deep within her, the cramps and aches informing her just how deep he was reaching, was sending wild rushes of passion and excitement through her mind.

She cried out again and again as his cock thrust into her harder, as her body shook in helpless convulsions of pleasure. The blondes sucked and chewed and fondled her breasts while the black girl enthusiastically licked her clitoris and pumped the vibrator in and out, and it was all too overpowering.

She hung from the wrist restraints, her body still arching and bucking, her mind drunk on a feverish flood of sexual pleasure which exhausted and overpowered her.

They pulled back, even the unnamed man, leaving her dangling in place. Gasping for breath, Sloane got her feet under her just as the whips started to strike again. This time there were four of them, slicing in across her breasts and in between her legs, cracking down on her back, or snapping in against her buttocks.

The blows never stopped, and she shuddered and trembled, arching her back, eyes slit as she absorbed the rapid-fire stings and let her mind wallow in the thought of herself as a wild, sluttish sex slave.

Blow after blow landed between her legs until her clitoris ached fiercely, then Andrea dropped to her knees and back to lick her again as the man thrust his cock deep into her ass and drove her into

another monster orgasm.

*

Sloane continued sleep in the cage, studying there, as well. As it was a dog cage Tiffany decided to buy her a little tag to hang from her collar with her name on it. She and Hannah continued to make her crawl and do 'trick's, which really meant simply posing in degrading ways while they looked down on her.

She also continued to practice stripping, pole dancing, and lap-dances. Only now, she had a man to practice for. His name was Eric, and he was, it turned out, Hannah's new boyfriend. Sloane not only got to practice her lap-dances on him but also her oral sex skills. Especially deep-throating. All while Hannah supervised her with the riding crop.

The third time she did it another man wandered into the room. She was naked at the time and swinging around the pole as Eric watched, feeling flush with her own sense of being a wicked, wild stripper. She gasped and halted as Hannah walked in with the new guy, instinctively trying to cover her body with her hands and arms.

He was tall and well-built, much like Eric, but had a light beard and a narrower face.

"This is Liam. He came to see the stripper," Hannah said with a smirk.

"Keep moving, stripper girl," Tiffany said, waving the riding crop.

Face burning, Sloane hesitated in an agony of indecision and then turned her back to him and grasped the pole. He and Eric greeted each other, apparently friends, and he pulled over a chair next to where Eric sat.

Cringing inwardly, Sloane ground her hips in slow circles in time to the music, then jumped up, grabbing the pole, and sliding down and around it. She blushed furiously as Liam watched her, as she turned around and he saw... everything!

"Slide your hands down the pole, Stripper-girl," Tiffany said, "Just like I taught you."

Cringing even more, Sloane gripped the pole and slid her hands down – and down, and down, bending far over with her bottom pointed at Eric and Liam. When her hands reached the floor they slid onto the floor and then she threw her body forward so that her back and legs flew up into the air until her back hit the pole.

Now she was upside down and, cringing, but also starting to burn with an entirely different heat. She let her legs slowly spread apart, wider and wider as the two men watched. She slid down the pole and then Tiffany thrust her riding crop towards Eric.

Feeling the rising heat as well as a deep embarrassment, Sloane crawled across the floor to him, and then rubbed her cheek against his lower leg before slowly and sensuously climbing up into his lap. She slid her hands up along his legs to the knees, then up along his thighs as she straddled him.

Her hands rose to his shoulders as she ground herself against him, painfully aware of Liam sitting just to her right, watching.

She leaned in and let her rigid nipples slide lightly along his chest, then up along his chin and across his face as she arched back, still grinding her bottom down in time to the music.

"Now do Liam."

She shuddered, but had to obey. She straddled Liam in turn, while he leered at her and let his hands slide up and down her thighs as she ground against him. His hands cupped and kneaded her buttocks, then slid up her front to fondle her breasts as her pulse raced wildly.

"Now slide down onto your knees like we taught you," Tiffany said.

Her face was still hot but that wasn't the only overheated part of her. Sloane felt her insides starting to burn as she slid slowly down off him and onto the floor, then mouthed his crotch through his jeans. She reached up and unzipped him, while he undid his pants completely.

She pulled his cock out and slid her lips around it, feeling a wild thrill at doing something so outrageous. She didn't know this guy from Adam! But she took his cock deep into her throat, even as Tiffany held her phone up to take a video!

She cringed about that but didn't see how she could protest. Besides, she hadn't even noticed until her lips slid back up from where they'd been wrapped around the base of Liam's cock. She slid her lips up and down slowly, then climbed atop him, sank her pussy down, and rode him as he sucked and chewed on her breasts.

And all the while Tiffany took a video!

Hannah had her get up and turn around, then sink her pussy down onto his slick cock again while Eric stood up and pushed his cock into her mouth. That turned her on even more since having sex with two guys at once had always been one of her most wicked sexual fantasies.

Afterward, she was strung up and whipped again, as Eric taught Liam how to do it too, then the two men used her, front and back, as she hung in place, literally drooling around the ball gag as they crushed her slender body between their muscular frames and drove their cocks up deep into her belly.

Afterward, they all watched the videos of everything on the big screen Tiffany had bought. Sloane both cringed and marveled at the sight of herself as a 'porn star' having sex with two men at once. She was so aroused that when Tiffany commanded her to masturbate with the big dildo, she did, even while Hannah took more video, and had an explosive orgasm.

Both men took pictures of her naked in various obscene poses, as well as masturbating with the dildo and then licking Hannah's pussy, then Eric fucked her again as she licked Tiffany's boots – until he yanked back on her hair and Liam knelt to drive his cock down her throat.

It was shockingly wicked and outrageous and obscene, and even while she was doing it she could hardly believe she was.

Chapter Nine

The next day another strange guy showed up. Sloane was hanging by her wrists with her ankles lifted up and back and spread wide, then tied in place so that they pulled her lower body forward. She had the vibrator in her pussy and the dildos in her ass. Tiffany was lightly rubbing and slapping at her nipples and clitoris with the tip of the crop as Sloane moaned around the ball-gag in her mouth.

It was the most obscene position imaginable to meet another new guy, but then, it wasn't like she was really introduced to him. He just showed up, leering at her just as Eric and Liam were. And, of course, her face burned as she realized he was there.

“Jacob, do you see how beautiful our sex slave is?” Tiffany asked.

“She's pretty fucking hot,” the new man said.

“She's hot in more ways than one,” Hannah said.

“What Hannah means is that she's a nymphomaniac,” Tiffany said. “She's always desperate for sex.”

“Sex, sex, sex, that's all she ever thinks about,” Hannah said.

“My kind of girl,” Liam said with a grin.

“She's not happy without a big cock inside her,” Tiffany said.

“Nice tits,” Jacob said.

To Sloane's desperate discomfort he moved closer, and then reached forward and fondled her breast.

She was gripped by a sense of unreality as she looked away. It seemed impossible she could be hanging suspended naked like this, penetrated by dildo and vibrator, while strangers came in and looked at her!

And then his fingers slid down and began to rub her clitoris and she shuddered as dark waves of heat spread through her body.

“Sex slaves are built to please others with their bodies,” Tiffany said.

“Yes, their whole purpose is to be used by others.”

“And she's really just an animal,” Hannah added, “A sexual animal.”

“I'm suddenly thinking bestiality is a good idea,” Jacob said.

Tiffany pulled the vibrator out of her pussy.

“See how sopping wet it is,” she said, showing it to the new man.

Tiffany felt another wave of shame.

“I like a girl who's ready for action,” Jacob said.

“Oh she's always ready for actions,” Tiffany said.

“If by action you mean ready to swallow cocks,” Hannah chimed in.

“She's prime, grade-A slut, man,” Liam said.

Again, Sloane's mind squirmed. The shame was deep and terrible, and yet it was making her body burn even worse than her face.

And then Jacob walked right up against her and pulled his cock out. It was huge, and he placed it against her like a club, the shaft sliding up and down against her wet, swollen pussy opening as the head poked against her stomach.

“Would you like this big cock inside you, slave?” Tiffany asked in a purring voice. “I bet it would

make you feel so very good!”

Sloane felt herself trembling as the pleasure grew more intense, as the passion grew deeper. The feel of the stranger's cock rubbing up and down against her was sending delicious waves of heat through her body. And then he let just the head rub against her, mashing and rubbing it against her clitoris, and she knew she was close to orgasm.

The head pushed harder against her, then harder still, and then it was spreading her open and sinking into her. Sloane stared at it, entranced, spellbound, watching it disappear into her body inch by inch. The orgasm rose up like a tidal wave and crashed down upon her and she cried out, her body jerking and shaking as she tried to impale herself on Jacob's cock.

He grinned and thrust every inch inside her, then started to pump hard and fast, his hands rising to land on her breasts to roughly squeeze and knead them as he drove his cock into her. Tiffany reached over and rubbed her clitoris as Jacob drove his cock into her with savage speed and power.

Sloane wallowed in the pleasure and passion, her entire body shaking as his hips pounded against her buttocks. Her breasts throbbed and burned as his big fingers dug into them and used them as handles to hold her in place for his pounding.

After her orgasm, Jacob slid out as Tiffany pushed him back. They untied her and lowered her to her knees, then removed the ball gag. Tiffany put her through her paces, snapping the crop down across her bottom whenever she failed to assume the proper position in a quick fashion.

That raised her embarrassment level and made her even more self-conscious as Jacob watched her kneeling and presenting herself, watched her laying back and grabbing her ankles to pull them back behind her, watched her crawl on all fours on order.

But the fiery heat continued to grip her mind.

She grasped Tiffany's ankles and began to lick her shoes on command, keeping her bottom raised high and knees wide. She felt Jacob move in behind her and then his cock was thrusting into her again and riding her hard and fast. She trembled and shook and cried out as he used her just as ruthlessly as he had when she'd been suspended. His big cock plunged achingly deep inside her, and his hips hammered her buttocks as she continued to lick Tiffany's shoes.

At least she did until Jacob jerked back sharply on her hair and Tiffany stepped back. Her wrists were pulled together behind her and the wrist restraints locked, and then Liam knelt before her and pushed his cock into her mouth.

Sloane knew Hannah was taking more video, but that just made the act seem edgier, more daring, and more outrageous. She swallowed Liam's cock as Jacob fucked her, and the two fought for possession of her breasts.

Tiffany and Hannah stood back, holding up cameras, as the two men used her roughly, spinning her around and taking turns. Then Jacob lay on his back and she straddled his cock, sinking down on it. Liam pushed her to bend her over further and then entered her ass while Eric came forward, wrapped her hair around his fist, and then guided his cock into her mouth.

Sloane thought she'd go insane with all that, and came so often and so intensely that she almost passed out from lack of oxygen.

After that, she had to put on some clothes, and then do a striptease for them, which included spinning around the pole and further 'displaying' herself for them. Then came lap dances and oral sex before all three fucked her for a second time.

It worried her that she was becoming so quickly and repeatedly aroused by whatever wicked and degrading things happened to her. Especially when Tiffany and Hannah decided to take her out in public.

She was extremely reluctant, but a few slaps to the bottom and pinches to her nipples made her give in as the two blondes took her to a dance club. She wore a short, shimmering dress that had a huge amount of cleavage, the top held up by two thin straps going across her otherwise bare shoulders and behind her neck.

Half her breasts were bared by the dress, which was also the shortest she'd ever worn as it barely came down more than a few inches below her buttocks. It was also slashed up to the hip on one side. She wore no panties and no bra with the little dress, but did have the marker-sized vibrator inside her, as well as the butt-plug.

She felt... exposed... to say the least! But her self-consciousness about that was balanced out by a sense of breathless anticipation. She also felt a sense of strange excitement at being able to show off her beautiful body in public. That was something she almost never did, and certainly not like this!

Eric was there as Hannah's new boyfriend. And Liam came to dance with Tiffany. They had not brought Jacob, though, nor any other guy for her.

"I'm sure lots of guys will want to dance with you," Tiffany said with a smirk.

And so it proved. The club was dark, noisy, and crowded. There were other girls there in revealing dresses, of course, but few as revealing as hers. Nor did they have her body. She kept her eyes in check, blushing at all the attention she imagined she was receiving.

And sure enough, very soon guys were coming over and inviting her to dance. Tiffany insisted she accept the invitations, so she went out onto the crowded dance floor and danced. Which wasn't easy in what she was wearing. She was very nervous about her breasts popping out the front, not to mention how much would be seen through the slit in the hip if she moved her legs too much.

Fortunately, it was dark and crowded, which gave her a little more confidence. At the same time, she was still feeling that sense of relief, of freedom in being able to show off her body. It was like she'd been repressed all her life and was finally able to take pride in how attractive she was.

She'd always been the 'good girl'. But there was little question that in the high, stiletto-heels, short, revealing dress, and a black choker around her neck which proudly had the word 'slave' imprinted in gold letters in the front, that she was far from that tonight.

Nor was she treated like a good girl. The men who danced with her were very free with their hands on the crowded dance floor. At first, she was wild-eyed with anxiety over that, fearing there would be a scene and people would be staring, but no one seemed to notice or care.

That made her feel even more freed from convention!

And the vibrator soon started to buzz inside her, and that lent her dancing a frantic air.

Every time she returned to their table either Hannah or Tiffany would masturbate her under the table as she sat trembling, legs spread. Then within a minute or so she would be up dancing with the next guy. The need within her grew to become the kind of sexual fever Tiffany had roused in her before, with her mind swimming in passion and lust her body overheated and thrumming with sexual tension.

The boys seemed to sense that as they got even more free with their hands, and soon began to discover the butt-plug as well as the vibrator tip. Which, of course, excited them *a lot* more. But every time they tried to convince her to leave to go somewhere more comfortable she had to say that she was with Tiffany and only Tiffany could give permission.

Which, given the 'slave' choker, also increased their lust.

Finally, Tiffany, Hannah, Eric, and Liam brought her down a corridor which led to the bathrooms. There was a small alcove in the hall that held a phone. It was no more than a couple of feet wide and deep. The four of them, with two other guys following, surrounded her as Tiffany pushed her into the alcove.

"Wh-what... what are you... gonna do!?" she moaned.

"Whatever I want. You're my sex slave, remember," Tiffany said.

She and Hannah seized her wrists and pulled them together, and Tiffany then wrapped a cord around them a half dozen times. Tiffany undid the string behind her neck and Sloane shuddered, her face flushing as the dress collapsed around her hips. A further tug and it slid down her legs to her ankles.

"Kneel, slave!

They pushed her to her knees and as Tiffany tied the cord binding her wrists up and back to the little support brace for the phone Hannah made her spread her knees wide.

The first of the men she'd danced with came in and eagerly unzipped, then gripped her hair and pulled her mouth onto his cock.

With the little crowd surrounding her, Sloane sucked and licked eagerly at his cock, then swallowed it as the man shuddered and cursed in pleasure. He pumped wildly in her mouth and throat for not a very long time before coming.

As did the next man. And the next. And the next.

All of them seemed wildly excited at being able to drive their cocks deep into her throat without her interference. All of them wanted to reach down and paw her body, too but enjoyed only limited success there. Tiffany insisted they fuck her throat and then make way for the next.

Sloane could hear some of the men trying to bargain with her, offering money to fuck her, but Tiffany refused. She insisted they fuck her throat, and then come in her face. Which they were pleased to do, of course.

Meanwhile, the vibrator continued to buzz against her, and Sloane was soon dazed with heat and light-headed from lack of oxygen. She sucked men's balls, licked their cocks, then swallowed them. Again and again and again.

Finally, it was too much, and she ground her thighs together and came, screaming at the top of her lungs – or would have if there hadn't been a cock deep in her throat at the time.

She swallowed a dozen more cocks after that, and came twice more, all without any of the men really able to do anything to touch her.

After she'd taken care of all the men she had danced with Tiffany and Hannah brought her to the ladies room and washed off her face, then brought her into one of the stalls, sat her on the toilet, and tied her wrists above her to the pipe running up the wall.

Then the first eager woman came in, leering at her.

“Sex slave!” she said in a taunting voice. “I hear you have a talented tongue!”

Sloane shuddered as the girl pulled her face in by the hair, lifted her skirt, and directed her mouth to her pussy. She began to lick, something she'd gotten extensive experience in lately.

She licked the woman to climax, then another, then a third, and a fourth.

Her jaw was getting tired after the fifth, so Tiffany and Hannah put her dress on and took her out of the bathroom and back to the apartment. There she was stripped and whipped as Tiffany, Hannah, Eric, and Liam hurled abuse at her, calling her a whore and a slut and a slave girl and a fuck toy.

With the tips of the whips snapping in against her breasts and clitoris she came so violently she lost consciousness and only woke to Liam's cock in her ass.

Afterward, they washed her and then made her pose and crawl and masturbate for the four of them, coming again, before being locked in her cage for the night. They did throw in a big dildo, though, and she made extensive use of it as she masturbated to several furious orgasms before finally falling asleep.

I'm losing my mind, she thought exhaustedly. But I don't know what to do about it.

It was getting harder and harder to think of herself as anything other than a sex slave, as a sexual animal, as a fuck-toy for both men and women. She knew that was horribly degrading, especially for someone like her, but it was also desperately thrilling. Which meant that as much as she knew she had to break free she didn't dare do anything to accomplish that.

She didn't want the pleasure and excitement to stop.

*

In the morning, she was led, crawling, from the cage by Tiffany. The blonde girl sat on the edge of her bed and drew Sloane in to lick her to a climax, then walked her down the hall to Hannah's room and gave Hannah her leash. She licked Hannah to climax, next before being led, crawling, to the kitchen and then allowed to stand to make breakfast.

The blondes then showered and got ready for class before coming back to eat.

As usual, Sloane ate on the floor. It wasn't necessary to tie her wrists now. She simply crawled to wherever pieces of food were thrown and licked them up. When that was done she got ready for class herself – quickly. But it felt unnatural putting on respectable clothes and going to class like... like a real girl.

She felt different now, as if all that respectable behavior was now just a front to disguise the wild, sophisticated, kinky slut she had now become.

For that matter, even her judgment about what was 'respectable' had changed. She wore much shorter skirts now, and much tighter tops. She had less interest in concealing her body and her sexuality. Oh, what she wore was nothing like what she'd worn to the club, but it was still far sexier than what she'd been wearing before.

After her Business Law class had ended she started packing up to leave. Her teacher, though, called her down.

“I'd like to see you in my office, Sloane,” he said.

“What about, Mister Anderson?” she asked in surprise.

“We'll talk about it there.”

Which, of course, started to make Sloane anxious right away. Was she in trouble? It sounded like it! But for what!? Had the school found out what a slut she was!? Was Anderson going to tell her she was too immoral to be a lawyer!?

He led her up a flight of stairs and then down a corridor which was lined with offices before unlocking a door and letting her into his. He came in after her and closed and locked the door, which surprised her. Most teachers had a policy of never closing their door when they were in with a student.

“Have you checked your messages?” he asked.

She blinked in confusion.

“I suggest you check your cell phone.”

Even more confused, she pulled her cell phone out of her purse and opened it. There was a text from Tiffany.

“Slave. You will obey Mister Anderson. I have given him the use of your body. Do anything he wants or you'll be punished.”

Sloane's face flushed and she looked at Anderson in astonishment.

Anderson grinned at her. He was somewhere in his late forties, with salt and pepper hair and a thin beard. He sat down and looked her up and down in a way teachers weren't supposed to, then turned on a stereo.

“Dance,” he ordered.

Sloane was frozen, gaping at him, her heart beating faster and faster as her mind spun and whirled with confusion and uncertainty. Yet Tiffany had ordered her to! And by then obeying Tiffany's orders had become almost instinctive.

Her face was red and her pulse raced as she tried to understand what was going on, and what she ought to be doing about it.

He sat down and looked up at her as she danced, then slid his hand up along her outer thigh, up along her hip, and around to squeeze her bottom.

This is insane, Sloane thought wildly. I should... should report him! I should stop dancing! I should tell him to stop touching me! Why am I doing this!?

His hand slid back along her hip and down her outer thigh, then curved around and slid up under her skirt.

Sloane gasped and reached down to grab his wrist.

“Are you being a bad slave girl?” he asked.

She gulped anxiously, then felt a strange dark rush of excitement. A kind of breathless heat rolled through her as she thought ... *why not go for it? Why not do it!? It would be so fucking outrageous to just have sex with a man so much older just...*

Just because she'd been told to! Because she'd been ordered to! Like a sex slave!

“Take your clothes off, slave girl.”

Trembling, moaning low in her throat, wildly confused but with a growing sense of dark passion and hunger, Sloane peeled her blouse up and off, then undid her skirt. Her very skin prickled with a wild sense of shock as she danced for him in her lingerie, right there in his office, at school!

He reached up and his hand casually rubbed her through the crotch of her thong.

“The rest. Let me see your beautiful breasts, slave girl.”

Sloane turned and rolled her hips, astonished at herself, at what she was doing, at where she was doing it. But heat rolled over her as she undid her bra and freed her breasts. She turned again and felt another burst of excitement as his eyes lit up, as he stared at her breasts with approval.

She straddled his chair and gripped his shoulders as she slid her buttocks in closer. Her breasts felt hot and swollen, and when he reached up and fondled them they throbbed with pleasure. Her nipples tingled and burned, and when he pressed his lips against her and started to suck she shuddered and her hips jerked convulsively.

She could feel his erection beneath her, and her hand reached down to rub it, then undo his pants. She slid backward off him, onto her knees on the floor, then took his cock out and slid her lips over it. He gripped her hair, running his fingers through it as she sucked and licked at him.

She slid her lips down to the base of his cock and he cursed softly. His left hand came down on her head, as if he could push her even lower, while his right roughly fondled her breast.

He pulled her up by the hair, then got to his feet, yanking on her so that she cried out in pain as he pulled her up and bent her across his desk.

Crack!

His hand slapped her bottom, then yanked her thong down.

Crack!

“Hot little slut!”

She gasped as he entered her, thrusting hard and fast as her fingers gripped the other side of the desk. He was pounding away at her with a wild sense of enthusiasm that showed no concern for her own pleasure. But it didn't matter. She was already sopping, and the whole situation of acting like such a wild slut had turned her on so much she was on the verge of orgasm.

Then he slipped his belt around her neck, jerking it tight. Sloane gasped, her eyes bulging as she gripped the belt to loosen it. A moment later he pulled her wrists back behind her and tied them together somehow. Then he jerked on the belt again as his hips continued to pummel her.

And now she felt the added edginess she had been missing. She surrendered to it, surrendered to the heat and passion and lust which was spiraling wildly up within her as Anderson used her body so savagely. She wallowed in the sense of being helpless, of being abused, of being a sex slave, a powerless, obedient creature of sex.

Her mouth opened and closed as the orgasm hit her, as she tried to cry out, as she tried to scream her pleasure to the world. Her head felt as though it was going to explode with the pressure within, and her head spun at the lack of oxygen.

But her hips spasmed uncontrollably back at him as Anderson rammed himself into her again and again, and the sexual electricity made her nervous system crackle at the overload of raw, animal sensation.

Chapter Ten

What Sloane lacked was the opportunity to simply step back and slowly, calmly assess what she was doing and whether she ought to be doing it. Her life was becoming more and more about sex, and it was so delicious, so wildly thrilling, that it was hard to really consider stopping and just going back to the boring life of a student.

She was well aware her parents, family, and friends back home would have been horrified if they knew even a portion of what she had been getting up to. And that did weigh on her mind, somewhat, because they were obviously 'normal' and so that was what normal people would think of her.

She herself, though, was no longer normal. She was doing things no normal girl would accept, things she'd have rejected out of hand before meeting Tiffany. And it was shocking how little time had passed to get her to where she was, where she was willing to practically do anything she was told to do, regardless of how slutty and wild and humiliating.

Just because it was exciting.

Tiffany and Hannah were taking videos of her all the time now. And whenever they played them back she would stare, spellbound, her entire body crackling with excitement, and masturbate to the sight of her own shocking, outrageous acts.

Watching them just added that other layer of realism to the dark game she was playing. For now, she could pretend she was 'acting', in the same way a porn star might.

Her! A porn star! The idea was as astounding as it was outrageous!

And yet, there she was on the TV, her body beautifully shown as she engaged in wanton, obscene sexual acts and screamed her pleasure to the world.

Tiffany sent her to a hotel room to meet a man. And she went. He was even older than Anderson, and she did a striptease for him, then a lap dance, then she deep-throated his cock until he came, licked him erect, and then rode him right there on the sofa as he sucked and chewed on her breasts.

And what made it deliciously dark and kinky was that Tiffany made it clear he was paying her for Sloane's 'services'. Which made her something like a prostitute! An escort! A call-girl! Her! Sloan Whitman-Cooper!

And the next day she went to another man, this time at his penthouse apartment. There she did much the same, to start. But then he tied her hands behind her back and made her kneel on the edge of the bed so he could strap her bottom until it burned.

He hit hard! And Sloane was on the verge of tears before he stopped and then roughly took her. He yanked on her hair and roughly groped her breasts, and rammed his hips into her until he came a second time.

She came twice herself.

Sloane Whitman-Cooper, escort, she thought wonderingly, filled with dark excitement.

The next week Tiffany and Hannah, along with Eric, brought her to a strip club. She was filled with anxiety and something close to terror, but Tiffany insisted. She got out on stage, and danced, feeling desperately incompetent, terrified they would laugh at her.

She let her eyes skim over the crowd, blushing hotly, glad the lighting would help hide it as she twisted and turned. She focused desperately on the stripper pole, remembering her practice routines, rolling her hips to the familiar music, and then grinding herself against the pole.

It didn't get better until she took off her skirt. Then, clad only in a white blouse, the hem brushing against the bottom of her buttocks, she began to feel the dark rush of excitement at doing something absolutely outrageous.

She rolled her hips more fluidly, formed her face into the proper coquettish look, and let her hands slide up her body and through her hair. She unbuttoned the blouse slowly, teasingly, and as she flung it off she felt another wild rush to be standing on a stage in her lingerie with so many men watching.

Every article of clothing she removed raised her excitement level. When she peeled off her bra and exposed her breasts a glittering, sharp-edged sense of thrilling excitement swept her along with the cringing self-consciousness.

But as she danced the self-consciousness faded, leaving only the wild heat, and she flaunted her breasts, arching her back, rolling her hips, then peeling her thong down and off.

Naked! Completely naked on a stage! With all those people watching!

She danced breathlessly, her heart pounding, her eyes now skimming over the crowd less, pausing long enough to be sure they were all watching, all interested, all excited. She jumped up on the pole, clamping her thighs around it, and her pussy throbbed as she slid down.

The heat rose, the excitement mounted. She became brazen as she danced, exultant as she exposed herself, spreading her legs and bending over, grinding herself back at the watching men who all wanted her!

The sexual pressure built up within her, and even grinding her pussy against the slick pole she felt on the edge of orgasm.

She stood up on that small round stage with men all around watching her, completely stark naked, her breasts wobbling and jiggling as she writhed in time to the music, and the orgasm took her in the middle of the dance as she ground her pussy feverishly into the pole.

She was popular, and men wanted lap dances. She gave them, grinding herself against their erections as they slapped twenty dollar bills on the table. She twisted and writhed and danced for them as the music played, filled with wonder, excitement and heat.

Me, a stripper! Me! A stripper!

It was just too wicked and outrageous!

By day she went to her classes and tried to focus on the lectures. Whenever she was at the apartment she was available to anyone who wanted to use her body at a moment's notice. And many did. Sometimes they came over, and sometimes she was sent to them. Tiffany also set up an internet account so she could do live sex-acts for people who called in and paid money to her.

The only time she could study was when she was in her cage.

She finally had to return home for Christmas break. Returning to be around normal people again let her marvel again at how outrageous she had acted. Wearing clothes every day all day felt weird, at first, but she started to get used to it.

She liked acting like a respectable person again.

Of course, she wasn't entirely respectable.

She took the opportunity, at Tiffany's instruction, of finding a place to get laser hair removal on her lower body. And at the same time, had her nipples pierced. They were both chores but she knew she'd feel even sexier once she started being a 'sex slave' again.

What she didn't like was the lack of sex. For life as a normal girl was... boring. Or at least, quiet. And without any of the dark, edgy excitement she'd gotten at Harvard.

When she returned to the US, Tiffany arranged a gang-bang to get her back into the proper mood, and she serviced a dozen men at once, leaving her bruised and exhausted. The next day Tiffany gave her a new gag. This one had a ball that went entirely into her mouth, but it was attached to a small pink bone, like the kind of toy you gave a dog.

Or a bitch. Or a bitch-animal! Or a slave bitch!

Then, with the bone between her teeth, Tiffany leashed her and had her crawl out into the front

room, where half a dozen fully clothed women waited, sitting on sofas and chairs.

She was mortified! And her mind was pulsing with sexual heat!

They snorted and sneered and mocked and insulted her as she crawled in among them. She had to pose like a slave, on her knees, legs spread, hands behind her neck while they all watched her. Then standing, bending, clasping her ankles. Then on her face, on her chest, with her bottom raised and her arms stretched out.

Pose after pose she obeyed, with all the women looking down at her, literally and figuratively. Tiffany put her on a Sybian, then. That was a sort of short, rounded stool she straddled. It had a dildo protruding from its middle and a vibrator at its base. Sloane rode the dildo and masturbated to orgasm after orgasm as the women watched.

It was much more humiliating than with the men, and that made it more exciting for Sloane. She groveled and rubbed her face against their ankles. And then, when the gag was removed, she licked their shoes and then performed oral sex on them while they continued to taunt and insult her.

Tiffany and Hannah then demonstrated how to whip her, and all the women took part in sending the whips flicking across her body until it was covered in thin red lines. Then large dildos and vibrators sent her mind spinning before the session was ended by one of the girls working her entire hand up inside Sloane's pussy.

That had nearly driven her out of her mind as the girl pumped her fist in and out and another ground the vibrator against her. Sloane had come so many times she had lost track, and had gotten so dazed she could hardly even remember what had happened afterward.

The nights she visited older men grew in number, and she began to visit some women, as well. Gradually, the ones who merely wanted to use her body fell away as Tiffany sought only the ones who wanted to punish her, as well.

“Because you deserve to be punished, sex slave,” she told Sloane. “Besides, you know you love it, you slut.”

And she did!

She did not get very good marks. But Tiffany helped her alter her reports so her parents thought she had done well. She moved to New York City to 'work' in the summer, with Tiffany accompanying her. They set up shop in an expensive condo in Manhattan, and soon Sloane was visiting a different man – or woman – every day, and sometimes two a day!

It would set the tone for her life to come. She had no interest in law anymore, and changed her major to something less difficult. She was already a highly paid 'consultant', after all, for a face and body like hers could command top rates for call girls even without her enthusiasm for bondage and punishment.

Her parents had money, true, but it wasn't like they were wealthy. Sloane was making between one and three thousand dollars an hour depending on what her clients wanted. And as she got referred to wealthier men, that just increased. She spent a week on a yacht with an Arab sheik for forty thousand dollars. She accompanied a wealthy investment banker to Japan for a week and made fifty thousand more.

They all seemed to think her high-class British accent, combined with her poise – and of course, her face and body – made her the perfect date to show off to other wealthy men. Sloane was a millionaire within her first year, even while attending school.

By the time she graduated she was fully enmeshed in a world of high-end sex with men and women clamoring for her services. She jetted around the world, often on private jets, and accompanied people to awards shows, balls, and glamorous parties with celebrities of every kind.

And she was spanked, strapped, and whipped by CEOs, princes, and presidents.

She could, she realized, have become a lawyer and spent ten-hour days trying to impress her bosses, with her nose stuck to a computer screen or staring down at law books. And she'd have made a fraction of what she made as an escort, with a fraction as much fun, too.

Her class, her demeanor, her intelligence, and her body made her highly sought-after, and it was a matter of pride to be among the best in her profession. She was glad she'd gone to America for her education, for she'd learned a lot more than she had ever expected.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

The Penthouse

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!