

Sophie's Surrender

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

Chapter One

Sophie sighed and slumped further in the sofa, reaching out as Christie handed her the cigarette and sucking deep before passing it along to Tim.

"Don't suck the life out of it, Sophie," he complained before taking a softer puff.

"Sophie sucks the life out of everyone," Matt said.

"Only guys," said Coleen.

Sophie held her finger up to Matt.

"Only if they're very lucky," Tim said.

"Only if they beg," Sophie said.

"Please suck the life out of me, baby!" Matt cried, sprawling forward on the sofa, half atop her. She shoved him off.

They were in Tim's basement, with the music playing and the lights dim, chatting and smoking some of his pot. Fortunately, his parents had money and connections, so he had a good job and a big, nicely furnished basement for them to spend their evenings.

"Sophie is the queen of blow jobs," Brad said with a smirk.

"What does that even mean?" she complained.

"I thought Allan was the queen of blow jobs," Matt said.

Several people booed.

"Queen of queer blow jobs," Brad said.

"She has no fucking gag reflex. It's unnatural," Brooke complained.

"You're just jealous," Sophie said smugly.

"Fuck, yeah."

Sophie took another toke and sighed, handing it on as she scrunched more comfortably into the corner of the couch.

"It's mental control," Sophie said, pointing a finger at her temple.

"You know what I don't get. How come we talk about what girls are good at blow jobs and never

about what guys are good at licking pussy?" Christie demanded.

"If I meet a guy who's good I'll talk about it," Brooke replied.

Sophie snorted in amusement – and agreement.

"Just tell them they can't touch your tits until they lick your clit," Christie said.

"I don't want some guy pawing me between the legs until I see if he passes the audition," Brooke said. "I mean, if he doesn't know how to handle the girls I'm not letting him at little Brooke."

There was general laughter around the room.

"They're big girls. They can take care of themselves," Brad said.

"Very big girls," Tim added.

"Tit's are more fun than clits," Matt said.

"Speak for yourself, ace," Christie snorted.

"I will lick your clit any time you want, baby," Matt replied with a broad grin.

"You haven't passed the audition yet!"

He reached over and slid his hand onto her belly and she squealed and pushed his hands back but he got a hand up and groped her breast quickly before she got her feet against him and shoved him back. He fell across the other sofa as laughter rippled around the room.

"Total fail!" she said.

"Guys like to pretend breasts are like sponge toys, and squeeze them like they want to get all the water out," Christie said.

"Yeah, how'd you like me to squeeze your balls like that?" Brooke demanded.

Sophie felt an urge to eat something and gazed at the nearly empty chip bowl on the coffee table sadly.

"No more chips?"

"Uh, there's a bag on the counter behind the bar," Tim said.

She got up, sleepy eyed, but as she passed Brad he reached up and grabbed her by the waistband of the sweatpants she wore, tugging her back.

"Where you going?" he asked.

The waistband was elastic, of course, and it pulled back quite a ways before halting her forward moment and then tugging her stumbling back.

"Nice thong!" he cried in delight as she half fell on him.

She twisted free, punching his arm to get him to let go.

"Nice ass too!" he said with a big grin, unrepentant.

"Damn right it is," she said, going around the sofa and heading for the bar.

"How come you girls never wear thong bikinis when we're at the pool?" Brad complained.

"I don't need my ass hanging out in front of everyone's face," Brooke said.

"How come you don't wear speedos?" demanded Christie. "We want to see your bulge."

There was more laughter.

"I don't!" Brooke cried.

"We wear tiny thong bikinis when we're at the pool, Brad honey," Sophie said as she returned with the bag of chips. "And take our tops off too."

"I never saw that," he said.

She climbed over the back of the sofa and slid down onto the seat.

"Well, that's because we don't do it when boys are around," she said with a smug smile.

"Bitches. You're all lesbians."

"Of course we are! And we all put suntan lotion all over each other, too," Brooke purred.

"Too bad you're not there to watch," said Christie.

"Maybe you should invite us and we could watch to see how to lick clits properly," Tim said with a grin.

The guys thought that was a great idea, of course.

Sophie sat cross-legged and opened the chip bag, then leaned forward to grab at the bowl. Matt had pulled it closer to his couch, though, so he could put his feet up on it. She grunted and leaned further forward, gripping the table and tugging it back towards her.

She looked up to complain and saw him looking down the front of her tank top.

“Stop looking down my shirt, perve,” she said, straightening up with the bowl.

“Why?” he asked.

“Yeah, and him looking at your tits doesn't make him a perve, it makes him a guy,” Brad said.

Sophie sighed and put a handful of chips into her mouth.

“Girls always want you to look,” Tim said, “but not too closely.”

“We do not,” said Brooke.

“That's why you dress sexy, so we'll look.”

“She's wearing a tank top and sweatpants!”

“But it's a tight tank top with cleavage.”

Sophie looked down at herself and frowned.

“It's not tight, really. I mean, it's a tank top,” she said. “And there isn't really cleavage except when I lean way forward.”

“And I can see your belly,” said Tim, reaching over and rubbing her stomach until she shoved his hand away.

“Yeah, you don't see guys wearing midriff tops,” Matt added.

“We just wear what's in style,” Christie said.

“Your top is sure tight.”

“She's like thirty eight D cup. Everything is gonna look tight on her,” Brooke replied.

The lights flickered overhead and they all looked up. Tim rolled his eyes and looked at his watch.”

“It's only, like, eleven,” said Matt.

“They don't want me to have people over after they go to bed,” Tim said unhappily.

“Hey, we're over eighteen,” well, everyone except Christie.”

“Don't even start,” Tim said. “You can make your own rules when you own your own house,” he said, in a deep voice that was obviously imitating his father.

“They're afraid we're gonna have an orgy down here after they go to bed?” Brooke asked with a grin.

“Probably.”

“I wish,” said Matt.

They started putting things away, and after a few minutes went upstairs and said goodbye to his parents before heading outside.

“You guys want to come to my place?” Matt asked hopefully.

Brooke and Sophie looked at each other, then smirked and shook their heads.

“It's a nice place!” he protested.

“You haven't cleaned it since you moved in last year. I feel like I need a shower every time I go over there.”

“I have a shower you could use,” he said with a grin.

Brad agreed to drop him and Christie off at their places while Brooke and Christie went in the opposite direction.

“I can drop you guys,” he said.

“It's only a few blocks,” Brooke said. “I'd rather clear my head a bit before I get home in case my parents are up.”

She and Sophie headed up the dark street together since Sophie was spending the night with her.

“Don't do too many lesbian things!” Matt called.

“We're going to! And we're gonna take videos!” Brooke called back.

“But you won't be allowed to see them!” Sophie added.

There were several cat-calls shouted after them which they replied to with upraised middle fingers as they continued walking. Brooke gripped a handful of her long red hair and pulled it up to her face, sniffing as Sophie eyed her curiously.

“I’m wondering if I smell of pot,” she said.

“Your parents are probably asleep.”

“I hope so. Daddy gets up at five so he usually goes to bed at like, nine thirty.”

“Ugh. I don’t want a job that I have to get up at five for. I want one where I can sleep in every day.”

“Good luck with that. Hey, you want to come with me to Sutherland Forum tomorrow?” Christie asked.

“What? Why?”

“They’re hiring models for the car show.”

“You’re kidding? What kind of models? I’m not a model.”

“All they want is pretty girls to stand around beside the expensive cars.”

Sophie pursed her lips. “What do you have to wear?” she asked suspiciously.

“Ha. Short black dresses and high heels, usually.”

“How short?”

“Not that short, I’m sure. I mean, it’s not like it’s a mens club.”

“Don’t you have to, like, know something about the cars?”

“Not much. They’ll tell you whatever you’re supposed to say. It’s not rocket science. And it pays a hundred bucks.”

“A hundred bucks?! Seriously?”

“Yeah, but it’s all day. You’re feet are gonna be tired.”

“I don’t care for a hundred bucks.”

They had graduated from high school a few months past but there were very few jobs available anywhere nearby. They lived in Shelby, a bland suburb near Miami. The big city was tantalizingly close, but without a car the ride to any job would take way too long.

They had only gotten a block when it started to rain. At first it was just light drops, but then the sky opened up and it started to pour. They squealed and ran for it, but within another block they stopped, panting, because there was no point. The rain came down in buckets and they were very quickly soaked to the skin. There was very little point in running, then.

“I guess I don’t need a shower,” Sophie said.

“Yeah, I guess I don’t need to worry about my hair,” Brooke replied with a laugh.

“I bet Matt would love to see us now,” Sophie said with a grin.

Her tank top was plastered against her body, and since it was soaked it had gotten a little more elastic, sagging under the weight of her breasts. Her sweat pants had gotten very heavy, too, and were sliding down her hips so that she had to keep gripping them and pulling them back up.

Brooke, meanwhile, was wearing a white t-shirt which had become transparent enough to see her pink bra inside, and make out her nipples under the street lights.

“You should pull those off and wring them out,” Brooke said in amusement.

“Yeah, right! I’m gonna walk down the street in my thong!”

“It’s dark,” Brooke said, teasing her.

They reached Brooke’s place as the downpour began to ease, and Brooke unlocked the door and let them in to the silent house. She held her finger across her lips and she took Sophie’s hand and led her quickly up the hall to the kitchen.

“We’re dripping wet!” she whispered. “I don’t want to have to clean water off the stairs.”

That was undeniably true, and logical, as well. Sophie let her heavy sweatpants slide down her legs, stepped out of them, and then lifted them off the floor.

“That’s a very small thong,” Brooke observed.

Sophie held the sweatpants over the sink and squeezed them out like a sponge.

“I should get a picture of this for Matt.”

Sophie snorted and turned to see Brooke peel off her t-shirt, then wring it out as well.

“Yeah, I bet Matt wishes he was watching this,” she said with a grin.

She peeled off her tank top as well, and rung it out over the sink.

“Is that from Victoria's Secret?” Brooke asked, looking at the Black half-cup bra the blonde was wearing.

“No, I got it from Yandy, it's an internet shop, only twenty bucks.”

“Really!? Nice deal! But buying on the internet without trying on first? I don't know.”

“I'm a perfect 36C, so I'm lucky,” Sophie said with a shrug.

“You are lucky. Bitch.”

They used a kitchen towel and some paper towels on their hair to pat dry the worst of the water, then carried their clothes up the stairs.

“If your dad comes out of his room I'm gonna be embarrassed,” Sophie said.

They made it into Brooke's room without that happening and stripped completely. Brooke loaned her a robe and they went back up the hall to the main bathroom and closed the door. Brooke turned on the radio and opened a cupboard to pull out towels while Sophie looked at her hair in the mirror and grimaced.

“That won't wake your parents up?”

“Fuck no. I mean, when you go through their door there's a little hall with a bathroom on one side and a walk-in closet on the other. Then you go around the corner and their bed is against the far wall. We'd have to make a lot of noise before they'd hear.”

The two brushed and dried their hair, and then Brooke smirked at their naked selves in the mirror.

“Wanna take a picture for Matt?”

“Matt can go fuck himself.”

“That's probably what he's doing now,” Brooke said with a laugh. “But I have an idea.”

She picked up her smart phone and turned on the camera, then held it up to the mirror and reached out to pull Sophie in close.

“What are you doing?”

“Lean your head against my shoulder.”

Sophie did, though she was dubious as her friend carefully held up the phone and played with the settings.

“I'm not gonna get our breasts or faces in it,” she said.

“Oh.”

“I know, turn and face me and press your body against me, then put your arm right so it hides your right breast.”

Sophie felt a stirring of heat as she obeyed, pressing her soft breasts against the redhead's warm flesh. In fact, her right breast was pressing against the side of Brooke's right breasts.

“Oh, put your arm around my chest so your arm covers my breasts!” Brooke said.

Sophie did so, stretching out her arm to hug her, letting her arm press down across her breasts.

“Not so far. I can see some of your side boob.”

“I can turn further in,” Brooke said, turning her body a little away from the mirror.

“Yes, hold it there.”

She snapped a picture, and then showed it to Sophie. The phone itself was held out far enough to hide both their faces, though you could see one girl was a redhead and the other a blonde. It showed them down to their hips, but since Sophie was turned to the side and had her arm stretched out it didn't show their breasts.

At least, not much of them. There was still some of her side boob, and a bit of Brooke's smaller breasts showing above her slender arm.

“Are you really gonna send that to Matt?” Sophie asked in amusement.

“Why not? You can't prove it's us. And it doesn't really show much.”

She sent it to Matt in a text, along with a “Wish you were here!” message.

“I bet he gets a hard-on,” she said, giggling.

“Matt IS a hard-on,” Sophie sniffed.

“Your nipples are hard,” Brooke teased.

Sophie flushed.

“Bad nipples, bad,” Brooke said, reaching out and giving one a pinch and a twist that made Sophie squeal and shove her back.

“Bitch!”

Brooke laughed at her and Sophie grabbed her, trying to get at her nipples but the redhead crossed her arms across her breasts, still laughing, so Sophie grabbed her phone instead and quickly snapped a picture. Now it was Brooke's turn to squeal.

“Bitch!”

“Porn star!” Sophie cried, taking several more pictures as Brooke twisted away, then grabbed at the phone.

The two naked girls wrestled for the phone, which pressed their bodies firmly together and left both of them somewhat flushed, frazzled and gasping for breath as Brooke finally wrested it away from the blonde.

“I'm deleting these!”

She proceeded to do so as a giggling Sophie grabbed one of the towels to wrap around herself and sat on the edge of the bathroom counter, but then she whirled, phone held up.

“No more!” Sophie cried, dropping her head to let her hair spill over her face.

She already had her knees tightly together as the camera light flashed, but Brooke grabbed the towel, yanking at it. Sophie cursed and held on tight, but Brooke's insistent tugging pulled her off the edge of the counter and she stumbled into the redhead, abandoning the towel and grabbing at the phone again.

The phone dropped and they grabbed each other, wrestling again, before Brooke managed to pin Sophie against the door beside the counter, both again panting and flushed.

“Now what should I do to you?” Brooke asked with a grin, rubbing her breasts against Sophie's.

“Dyke!” Sophie accused, gulping in air, chest heaving.

“I might not be the blow-job queen but I think I have enough of a reputation that says otherwise,” Brooke said, grinning.

She rolled her chest from side to side, rubbing her breasts even more firmly against Sophie's.

“On the other hand,” she said. “I do like to have fun!”

Sophie pushed against the hands gripping her wrists and pinning them to the door but – not quite as hard as she could have, as Brooke leaned in and kissed her on the lips. Nor did she turn her head away as her pulse rate shot up.

She'd... played around... with girls before in her life, but mostly just kissing, and never naked! Now she could feel the other girl's soft skin pressed firmly against her own, even as Brooke put her right leg forward, sliding her knee between Sophie's legs and bringing the front of her thigh up against Sophie's sex.

Sophie gasped, eyes widening at the rush of heat which the touch sent flooding into her system. The other girl's soft kiss became more passionate, and her leg began to gently grind against her sex! Her own body was now thrumming with heat as she kissed back tentatively.

Her mind was filled with uncertainty, and no small measure of anxiety. What if Brooke was only playing and jumped back at any second to triumphantly call her a dyke!?! What if she then bragged to the others about how Sophie had given herself away?

She struggled against the redhead at the thought but... not nearly as hard as she could have. And

her struggles had the unexpected affect of grinding her sex even more strongly against the redhead's thigh, arousing her further.

"I've always been able to take you," Brooke said with a grin, pinning Sophie's wrists together above her and holding them with one hand.

And it was true that she was taller and heavier than the slender blonde, though she was also more of an aggressive person than the more laid back Sophie. Now she reached out to the robe hanging on the door next to the panting blonde and tugged the clothe belt away, quickly drawing it up and wrapping it around her wrists.

"What are you doing!?" Sophie gasped, trying to pull free again, even as the inner heat pulsed within her.

"Teaching you a lesson," Brooke said with gleaming eyes.

She pushed her to the side, next to the tub. Sophie struggled, or at least, pretended to, her heart pounding in her chest as Brooke tossed the robe belt up across the shower curtain rode, then pulled it down and tied it off.

Chapter Two

“Brooke!” Sophie gasped, staring up at her arms and wrists in disbelief.

Brooke pushed her hand into the tangled blonde hair behind her head and jerked her head up and back, then kissed her hard!

Sophie gasped, eyes widening, her pulse racing as the redhead's mouth kissed her fiercely, then squealed as she felt her other hand slide down to cup and knead her breast and then pinch the nipple sharply.

“Ow!”

“Bad girl,” Brooke said, grinning.

Then she bent and Sophie felt a wild jolt as the redhead folded her mouth in against the center of her left breast and sucked hungrily. Her teeth dug into the flesh around the center of her breast, and her tongue swirled and licked across her nipple as Sophie gasped and moaned helplessly, tugging against the belt.

“You're crazy!” she moaned.

“A little,” Brooke said with a laugh.

Then she backed off and picked up her phone. Sophie gasped and twisted away as the flash snapped several times.

“Brooke!”

“Nice ass,” Brooke said.

Then she slapped it sharply and Sophie squealed again.

The redhead pressed her body against Sophie's back, and then turned her around towards the mirror, positioned behind her, her breasts pillowed out against Sophie's back as she gripped her hair again and jerked her head up. She held the phone next to her, pointed at the mirror, and then ducked her own head behind Sophie as she snapped several pictures.

“I'm gonna fucking kill you!” Sophie gasped.

But then Brooke put down the camera and moved in front of her, kissing her again, wrapping her arms around her, her hands sliding up and down Sophie's naked body, caressing her back, then coasting down over her rounded buttocks to knead and squeeze them.

Her tongue dipped and darted just within Sophie's mouth as the blonde moaned helplessly, then she slid lower, her hand caressing the blonde girl's smooth, flat stomach, easing lower and lower as her mouth dropped onto the center of her breast.

She sucked at it, her teeth digging in firmly enough Sophie gasped in pain, her tongue stroking rapidly across it as her hand finally slid in between her thighs.

Sophie gasped aloud, her thrumming body jolted by the contact, her mind swimming in a rising dark haze as the redhead raised the sexual pressure within her to almost unbearable levels.

The truth was Sophie was not all that experienced, sexually. Mostly she had given guys blow jobs, and they all marveled at her expertise, which in turn credited her with being a very knowledgeable person about sex. But that skill seemed to come naturally, and she hadn't actually slept with guys very often at all.

One boyfriend, now gone to Texas, who she'd done it with about ten times, and one boyfriend, briefly, who she'd done it with once (and who had then bragged about it, ending their relationship).

She'd been wary of sleeping with guys since then, deciding to wait until it was someone she was in a relationship with who would have an interest in protecting her reputation.

Besides, her blow jobs seemed to satisfy her dates easily enough.

She couldn't remember ever feeling this degree of sexual heat before, and so, despite being aghast at how fast and brazen Brooke was being, at how outrageous it was to tie her wrists up, she felt as if she was pulsating between her trembling thighs!

Guys had groped her often, but not with the knowledgeable fingers Brooke was showing, fingers which rubbed lightly and insistently against her clitoris, which stroked in and out along the narrow crevice between the lips of her sex, which dipped teasingly in the mouth of her pussy again and again!

Her breast throbbed and felt swollen and overheated as Brooke sucked insistently, rhythmically at the center of it, her teeth chewing lightly, her lips caressing. Then she shuddered as she felt one of Brooke's dipping fingers slide firmly up inside her!

She was incredibly wet, she could tell, but the blush which would have filled her cheeks was overshadowed by a flush which was already deep and spreading down onto her chest. Her head was drawn back, her soft, rich blonde hair caressing her back, soft, elfin features filled with a dazed heat.

She could no longer bring herself to speak, but only to gasp for breath and moan low in her throat as the other girl's long, slim finger pumped in and out of her. Then a second finger was added, as her thumb stroked rapidly against her swollen clitoris, and the orgasm swept over her with startling speed and power.

Her hips bucked wildly and she cried out, twisting and writhing in place as the raw heat rolled over her mind in a dizzying flood of intense pleasure that overloaded her nervous system. She tried to silence herself, reducing what would otherwise be cries to croaks and squeaks and shuddering moans as the redhead slid lower and dropped to her knees.

"Such a pretty pussy," Brooke said in satisfaction, looking up the line of Sophie's body with a grin.

She gripped her thighs just under the buttocks, and then licked slowly up the line of her sex and across her clitoris as Sophie gulped in air, eyes fluttering.

"It was interesting you talked about competence in pussy licking earlier," she said.

"Th-that was Christie!" she gasped.

"Well you agreed," Brooke said with a smirk.

Then she slid her fingers in and gently pushed them between the lips of Sophie's sex, pulling them apart as her tongue pushed deep, squirming and pumping in the mouth of her sex as Sophie shuddered and gasped and stared down with a sense of disbelief!

She let her head fall back against her arms, chest still heaving, and stared at her image in the mirror, showing her standing upright, arms stretched up and tied, and then the back of the redhead, her long coppery hair hanging halfway down her back, her face buried between her legs.

It was a shocking, erotic sight, and she couldn't help thinking of how Matt or any of the guys would react if they saw something like this!

She moaned, looking down again as Brooke pushed two fingers up inside her, then added a third. Sophie groaned, the lips of her sex stretched now in a delicious way, as those fingers slid in and out of her. Meanwhile, the redhead's tongue licked harder and faster against her clitoris, stopping every little bit so she could fold her lips around it and suck.

The sexual heat which had somewhat diminished at her orgasm quickly built up again, much to her astonishment, and she soon felt as if she were being baked from the inside, sweltering in the grip of a sexual fever as she moaned and whimpered and gasped at the intensity of wild raw sexual pleasure that was swirling and churning within her.

Then Brooke stood up, sliding her fingers out of Sophie's burning depths. She slid her fingers through her thick, soft hair and jerked it sharply, and Sophie cried out weakly as the redhead then slid the fingers into her open mouth.

“Close your lips,” she ordered.

Sophie's lips closed almost automatically, without thinking.

“Suck!”

Moaning, she sucked at the fingers as Brooke stared into her blue eyes, pumping her fingers slowly in and out.

“See how tasty you are?” the redhead asked with a purring voice.

She pulled her fingers out and caught Sophie's left nipple between the pad of her thumb and forefinger, stroking and rolling it.

“You're gonna be my bitch tonight, Sophie,” she said. “Aren't you?”

Sophie moaned and stared at her, and Brooke pinched her nipple.

“Ow!”

“Aren't you?”

“Ow! Don't!” Sophie moaned.

Brooke pinched it harder, pulling her nipple outward.

“Say yes.”

“Yes!”

“Say yes I'll be Brooke's bitch.”

“Y-Yes, I'll be Brooke's bitch!” she gasped helplessly, her nipple burning hot.

Brooke put on a robe, but didn't give one to Sophie. Instead she just looked at the naked girl with a smirk, then got a comb and brushed her hair out a little as she stood there panting and gulping in air.

“I love your hair,” she said. “It's so soft and fluffy.”

She rubbed her face against it. Then she reached up and untied the robe belt which bound her wrists above her head from the towel rack. It was still, however, tied around Sophie's wrists. She turned and opened the bathroom door, then jerked on the robe, and Sophie stumbled forward, gasping, her wrist still bound together in front of her.

Brooke glanced down the hall, then grinned and pulled Sophie out and then hurriedly up to her bedroom. There she closed and locked the door behind them before leading the blonde over to her big double bed.

“I wanted that pretty little mouth against my pussy the first time I saw you,” she said as she jerked her forward and then pushed her into the bed.

She straddled her and leaned forward, pulling the robe belt around one of the wooden beams of the headboard directly over Sophie's head, then tying it off.

“I-I... don't know how,” Sophie gulped.

“Bullshit. You've had your pussy licked. You know how. You just haven't done it.”

She threw off her robe and then slid down so she was laying fully atop the slighter built blonde, then kissed her gently.

“You're going to lose your lesbo virginity tonight, baby,” she said.

“B-But I don't – Oh!”

Brooke jerked back on her hair to force her head back, then licked and kissed her way down along her exposed throat, down across her upper chest to her right breast. There she sucked and licked and chewed in a way which straddled the border between pleasure and pain and made Sophie cry out and moan at the same time.

Then she was licking and nibbling at her skin, all the way down her chest and belly until she could spread her thighs wide apart and start in on her clitoris again.

Sophie shuddered and moaned, the heat building up once again as the redhead licked hungrily at her clit, as her fingers pushed into her and her body responded. Her mind was soon swimming in pleasure and passion and sheer animal lust again as she whimpered and moaned in pleasure.

Her back arched and she rolled her hips up as the redhead licked powerfully, without a hint or hesitation, and Sophie found herself drowned in a deep, liquid sexual heat that was intoxicating, and

melted away her inhibitions along with much of her conscious mind.

That pleasure, that heat! It was all that mattered! She moaned and whimpered, hips rolling with growing strength and desperation as the redhead thrust her fingers in and out and licked hungrily.

Then stopped.

She slid up the moaning blonde girl's body until she could kiss her again, harsh, demanding, then she slid higher, rising up above her until she drew herself forward to straddle her head. Her knees spread wider, lowering her sex, and the glassy eyed blonde stared up the line of her body until Brooke's pussy was pushed right into her slack jawed mouth.

"Lick me, baby," Brooke growled.

She leaned over, rubbing her pussy against Sophie's face.

Sophie felt a rush of hesitation, of anxiety, but then she licked helplessly, staring at the girl's clitoris, licking as she remembered Brooke having just licked her.

"Harder," Brooke whispered, her hips rolling slowly, grinding her pussy against the blonde girl's mouth.

"Faster," she ordered, reaching back to pinch one of Sophie's nipples.

Sophie gasped, licking faster as the redhead stared down at her from the middle of a curtain of coppery hair. She licked as much like how Brooke had licked her as she could, especially since the redhead would pinch her nipple or tug at her hair whenever she didn't lick the way she wanted.

The redhead's hips never stopped moving but she kept her clitoris within range of Sophie's lapping tongue as she moaned in pleasure.

"You're a natural," she groaned, jamming her pussy into the blonde's mouth. "Just like you're a natural cock sucker, you're a natural pussy eater."

Sophie felt a sense of pleasure at the words, and relief, for she didn't want to be seen as bad in bed. Though she marveled at the idea of being good in bed with a *girl*.

She started to suck the way Brooke had, and the redhead cursed and moaned, rubbing her pussy with more movement, so that her clitoris slid out of her mouth and up and down over her face several times before returning.

Brooke shuddered and bounced atop her face, gurgling and moaning in pleasure, then, face flushed, she slid off, panting.

"Good girl," she said breathlessly.

She climbed out of bed and went to her closer, then fished around and came back with something, jumping onto the bed between Sophie's spread legs and holding it up. Sophie's eyes widened in disbelief, for it looked like an enormous cock, far too enormous to ever fit inside her!

But then she saw Brooke giggle, and fit the penis head against her own opening, then slide it slowly up inside herself. It wouldn't all fit, however, and Sophie felt a hot rush of shocked anticipation as she realized it was a double-headed dildo, and what Brooke must intend for the other head!

Sure enough, Brooke leaned in and pressed the other head against her own overheated opening. It was thick, and Sophie groaned and gasped as it slowly forced its way into her, then Brooke was leaning in further and further, closing her own legs as she pushed the thing deeper into Sophie.

"Oh! Oh! It's... too big!" the blonde girl whimpered.

"I got ten inches, so you can take ten," Brooke said.

She lay her own body down atop the moaning blonde, and her hips began to rise and fall as she kissed her and gripped her hair.

It was the strangest thing, for Sophie. Despite the soft breasts pillowed out against her own, the soft, warm female body atop her, and the soft lips on her own, it was just like she was being fucked by a guy! She felt the pressure of the sex toy driving up deep inside her, pumping in and out, and her body reacted with a churning rush of excitement and pleasure.

She drew her knees slowly up and back, gasping, crying out softly as Brooke fucked her. Brooke managed to get every inch inside her, and though it ached, Sophie felt the girl's flesh against her own,

their clitorises rubbing together as Brooke spent every third or fourth stroke grinding her pelvis down.

The orgasm exploded within the frazzled blonde, and she cried out, more and more passionately, until Brooke closed her hand over her mouth, thrusting and grinding, grinding and thrusting, as Sophie twisted and writhed and sobbed in helpless pleasure, a sexual fever gripping her mind at the incredible ferocity of the sex-heat filling her.

It took her breath away – literally, leaving her light-headed and gasping, eyes glassy as the incredible orgasm faded slowly away. But Brooke wasn't finished.

Brooke pushed herself up and back, and Sophie felt the thick cock sliding slowly out of her.

“Roll over.”

Brooke grabbed her by the hair and hip, moving aside, pulling until Sophie cried out weakly at the sting to her scalp, and rolled herself onto her belly

Then Brooke slapped her bottom sharply. *Crack!*

“Push your ass up in the air,” she ordered.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Raise your ass, slut.”

Moaning dazedly, Sophie draw her knees in, raising her bottom up as Brooke moved behind her.

Crack!

“Ow! Don't!” she moaned.

Crack!

“I can do anything I want. You're my bitch, remember?”

Sophie felt the dildo penetrating her again, and moaned aloud as it slid deep into her aching, burning pussy. Then Brooke began to fuck her again, her hips slapping against Sophie's upraised buttocks in a manner which was wildly thrilling right from the start.

She shuddered and moaned weakly, her body rocked by the other girl's hips striking her raised buttocks, her insides throbbing and burning as the thick silicone cock punched in and out of her. She stared along the line of her bound arms at her wrists and the belt binding them to the headboard, and grunted and gasped at every thrust.

The heat within her burned hotter, the lust and excitement spiraling up as she felt herself falling into a fever once again, where nothing existed but the steady impact of Brooke's hips against her raised buttocks, and the steady in and out movement of the dildo pumping inside her.

It was shockingly erotic, her helplessness, and submission, and the way the other girl was using her like her bitch, the way she was fucking her, hammering her, pounding her. And when she gripped Sophie's hair and yanked her head up and back she cried out even more loudly with every stroke, until another orgasm exploded within her!

Once again, Brooke had to clamp her hand over the blonde girl's mouth as Sophie sobbed in dazed pleasure, trembling and shaking as her body flared with the white hot explosion of passion and need, sexual electricity crackling through her body as her mind drowned under the flood-tide of pleasure.

But Brooke didn't get soft and stop. Brooke's 'cock' couldn't get soft! Her hips kept thrusting, kept slapping against the moaning, shuddering, sobbing girl's upraised bottom. Her thick, hard cock kept punching deep into her churning belly. Her hands kept yanking at her hair and slapping at her buttocks.

And Sophie was caught in the grip of a wild, feverish sexual storm, often breathless, sobbing, crying out, grunting weakly, dazedly, then coming, again, and again, and then again, as the redhead rode her with ruthless and skillful motions, grinding against her, shifting the angle of her thrusts, and reaching around her hips to stroke her fingers across the blonde girl's swollen clitoris.

By the time she stopped, Sophie was barely conscious, chest heaving, a sheen of perspiration across her body, her eyes glassy and delicate mouth gaping as she gulped in air.

And Brooke still wasn't finished. She rolled her onto her back, spread her legs, and began to lick her again, softly and gently at first, but soon building up to the point Sophie was grinding and rolling

her hips back at her.

Brooke got off, tied her ankles apart, then straddled her head and made her lick her to another orgasm before finding a gag for her. Then she demonstrated how to do it better, with her own tongue.

Chapter Three

She blinked sleepily when she woke up the next morning to find Brooke looking at her. Green eyes met blue, and the blue dropped down as she blushed.

Brooke reached out and combed the thick blonde bangs out of her face.

“You have lovely blue eyes,” she said, leaning in to kiss her gently.

“Thank you,” Sophie said shyly.

She gulped as Brooke's hand slid onto her breast and dug in, kneading it gently but firmly.

“I love your tits. I'm jealous,” Brooke said.

“Your breasts are fine,” Sophie gulped.

“You have perfect fucking tits,” Brooke said. “They'll probably sag when you're older. You'll be jealous of me, then,” she said with a grin.

She rolled and pinched Sophie's nipple, then let her hand glide down between her legs to rub her clitoris as Sophie inhaled sharply.

“D-Don't we have to be at some place early?” Sophie gulped.

“Sutherland Forum? We have lots of time. Well, we have some time anyway.”

She grinned and kissed her again, and Sophie kissed back hesitantly, then with a growing sense of passion before the redhead pulled back again, grinning.

“Lay on your belly,” she said.

Blinking, Sophie hesitated, then rolled over as Brooke got up and got out of bed.

“Face down, ass up,” she said over her shoulder.

Sophie felt her heart beating faster, but complied, raising her hips up as she watched Brooke going to her closet and then rummaging inside.

“Wh-what are you doing?” she asked.

“Wait and see.”

When she stepped out of the closet she was wearing a strap-on dildo! Sophie gasped, her eyes widening. The dildo was black and thick, with a fat purplish head, and veins carved around it.

“Holy shit!” she squeaked, starting to push herself up onto her hands and knees as she stared at the thing.

“You'll love it,” Brooke said with a leer.

“I think it's too... big!” Sophie gulped.

The thing was thick, and actually got thicker the further down the shaft it went.

Brooke sniffed derisively and reached out for her hair, pulling her face around and her mouth onto the thing. Sophie jerked back, though. “Where has that thing been?” she asked suspiciously.

“Where do you think?” Brooke asked with a leer.

She shoved Sophie's face down against the mattress, which under the circumstances, the blonde girl didn't object to. But then she reached for the belt she'd used to tie her wrists last night, which lay on the floor next to the bed, and quickly wrapped it around her right wrist.

“Wh-what are you? God, you're a kinky bitch!” Sophie said, staring.

“You loved it, slut!” Brooke said with a grin.

She slapped Sophie's bottom, and the blonde yelped, then pulled her arm behind her back and grabbed her other wrist, pulling that up behind her, as well. In seconds her wrists were bound tightly

together and Brooke was kneeling behind her.

Crack!

“Oh! Hey!”

“Spread your legs, slut,” Brooke taunted.

“Ow! Brooke!” she whined.

Brooke slapped her bottom again, then thrust the dildo between her thighs, and rubbed the shaft along the soft flesh of her sex.

“You know you were made for this, baby,” Brooke said. “You're a blonde, after all.”

She pushed the rounded nose in against Sophie's sex, easily finding the angle, and then let her weight slide it deeper.

“Oh! Wait! Slow!” Brooke gasped, twisting her head and shoulders around.

Crack! Brooke slapped her bottom sharply and grabbed her hair behind the neck to shove her face back down against the mattress.

“Ass up, face down,” she ordered.

“Bitch!” Sophie muttered.

Crack!

“Excuse me? Didn't you say you were my bitch, last night?” she demanded.

She grabbed a fistful of blonde hair again as her hips began to move in and out, pushing the dildo deeper and deeper as Sophie gasped and moaned helplessly.

“I like the idea of having my own bitch, maybe waiting on me and being my slave girl,” Brooke said, pushing deeper and deeper.

“Ow! Oh! Slower!” Sophie moaned.

“Your hot little cunt can take it, you blonde slut,” Brooke said, slapping her bottom again.

Sophie groaned and her wrists pulled helplessly against the cloth belt tying them together. It felt very, very darkly sexual in the position Brooke had placed her in. It felt raw and animalistic, and not at all like the sort of sex she'd had with guys in the past.

And the dildo pushing into her body was not only going deeper, but was widening, spreading the lips of her sex further, making them throb and ache as Brooke pumped in and out. Her body had heated up amazingly quickly from Brooke's soft stroking and fingering, but even more from simply being placed in this kinky and helpless position.

She felt a sense of enthralled sexual wonder as she felt the dildo pushing in and out of her, far more than she'd even felt the previous night with her introduction to lesbianism. This too was kinky and wild and shocking, but it was also much more appealing to whatever side of her mind considered sex and penetration to be so tightly linked together.

“Oh! Oh!” she moaned, as the dildo moved deeper and faster.

It felt so wild inside her, so amazing, so shocking. This wasn't the wild flurry of grinding and thrusting she'd experienced with guys, but a steady, deliberate stroke in and out, in and out, the head going ever deeper until she thought sure it could not possibly go any deeper. And yet it did!

“It's too big!” she moaned.

Crack!

“You love cock, blonde girl,” Brooke said. “All blondes do.”

“Ah!” Sophie gasped as the redhead yanked back on her hair.

“Let me hear you say you love cocks.”

“Ow! Don't!”

Crack!

“Say it.”

“Ow! I love cocks!” Sophie cried.

“Now tell me you love my cock.”

Crack!

“I-I love your cock!” she moaned.

Crack!

“Louder, slut.”

“I love your cock!”

Crack!

“Say I love your cock, mistress.”

Sophie gasped, her jaw dropping.

Crack! Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

Ow! Brooke!” she cried.

Crack!

“Say it, slave girl.”

Sophie shuddered, her body quivering and trembling as the cock continued to pump in and out.

“I-I love your cock, Mistress!” she cried.

“Ha!”

Crack!

“Again.”

“Oh! I-I love – ungh – your cock, mistress!”

“Dirty little blonde slut,” Brooke said, slapping her bottom again and then shoving her face down into the mattress.

She thrust harder, and Sophie yelped and moaned and gasped as the dildo impaled her, but then she felt Brooke's hips slapping against her buttocks, and the dark seething sexual heat and wicked excitement burned doubly hot!

She had that whole thing inside her!? Impossible! Yet as she felt the redhead's hips slapping against her upraised bottom with growing strength she knew that it was true, and the sexual electricity swept over her mind and body.

All she could do was grunt and gasp and moan and cry out as the big dildo punched in and out of her, and as Brooke's hips slapped strongly against her buttocks. It was... stunning, and her body began to burn with a feverish hunger and a heat that sapped her strength of will.

She gurgled helplessly, crying out in wanton pleasure as the orgasm swept her up in its embrace and sent her mind spinning, tumbling and turning through a raging flood of sensation. She cried out again and again, the breath sobbing out of her as Brooke yanked back on her hair, slapped her bottom, and rammed her hips forward with relentless speed and power.

*

“I'm sore,” Sophie complained as Brooke led her into the bathroom.

“Yeah, but it's a good sore, I bet. You were screaming pretty loudly.”

Sophie flushed as the redhead turned on the water in the shower, then gulped as she stepped into it and pulled Sophie in. Then they were kissing under the water, their newly wet bodies pressed firmly together.

It was... nice,” she thought, the feel of the other girl's soft warm flesh against her own. She slid her arms around her tentatively, her hands stroking her back and then, daringly, sliding down onto her buttocks as their lips slid moistly together.

It was different than with a guy on any number of levels, but the same on one level. She still felt strangely shy and... awed and... meek, like a virgin who had no idea how things worked and knew how ignorant she was.

So she let Brooke lead. Why not? Brooke certainly knew what she wanted done, after all, and wasn't shy about communicating it.

She blushed only a bit when Brooke turned off the water and then began soaping up, not her own body, but Sophie's, then she blushed more when Brooke handed her the soap. She licked her lips a bit

nervously, then began to soap up Brooke's body, her hands sliding over her breasts, up and down her ribs, down her stomach and then... swiftly, between her legs.

It was the first time she'd touched her there, she realized, well, not counting with her mouth. She let her hand slide in and out, then up and around her hips and over her buttocks. Then Brooke brought her body in close, kissing her again, rubbing their soapy slick bodies together in a way which aroused Sophie despite the powerful orgasm she'd just had.

Then Brooke turned on the water and let it rinse them off. But then she turned off the water again, her eyes intent, boring into Sophie.

"Get on your knees," she ordered.

It was an order. There was no doubt about that, the way her voice deepened and hardened, and Sophie felt a jolt of excitement as she obeyed, staring into the other girl's sex as Brooke gripped her hair.

"Lick me, slut."

Sophie felt a jolt of heat, then leaned in, licking excitedly at the other girl's sex, her tongue lapping up in hard, fast licks as Brooke played with her hair. She licked as Brooke ordered, shifting her angle, shifting her direction, licking harder or faster as directed, intent on doing the very best she could for this girl who had already shown her so much.

When Brooke came she felt a burst of delight and victory. It was never hard to make guys come, but making a girl come was something new, and much more difficult, she thought.

"You're going to be an amazing pussy lick when you've had more experience," Brooke said with a grin.

They did their hair quickly. Brooke parted hers in the middle and let it spill down past her shoulders and halfway down her back. Sophie, had shorter hair, and as usual, brushed it out so that it pulled back more past her ears, but with a lot of thick bangs spilling over her forehead.

"How are we getting there?" Sophie asked.

"Lucas is picking us up."

"Who's Lucas?"

"He works at the agency. He's like the boss. He's really cool. Just make sure you don't act snotty. He's kind of stern."

She smirked. "Or you'll get a spanking," she taunted.

"From you or him?"

"Maybe both of us!"

"Perve."

A few minutes later a black BMW pulled to the curb, and Brooke led her down the driveway to it. The driver's window slid down and Sophie found herself looking at a man in his mid-thirties with a square cut, handsome face and unruly brown hair. She found herself tongue-tied almost at once. He was really hot looking!

"Hi Lucas. This is my friend Sophie. You said to look for another hot chick," Brooke said.

"And you found one," Lucas said with a grin. "Get in, girls."

Brooke hurried around to the front passenger side while Sophie got in the rear. She was still wearing the same clothes from last night, but Brooke had put on a very short black dress. Sophie didn't miss that Lucas slid his hand onto her bare thigh and gave it a squeeze before shifting gears and pulling away from the curb.

Then he was looking in the mirror at her.

"Have you done this sort of thing before, Sophie?" he asked.

"No, sir. But Brooke says it's not hard."

"That depends on if you have the equipment, which you clearly do, and the personality. Basically, sex sells, so we put sexy girls near the cars to flirt with the customers. Or at least, be nice to them. We want them thinking our cars are as sexy as you girls. Brooke is an excellent flirt."

“Sophie can flirt. Trust me,” Brooke said.

“Just don't flirt too much,” Lucas said. “You're not picking up men here, and they're definitely not picking you up. The idea is for them to like the cars, not fixate on the girls.”

“I'll make sure she does it right,” Brooke said.

“I'm sure you will,” he replied.

Sophie saw his arm cross between their seats again, though she couldn't see where his hand was from her position. His arm stayed there for a while, though, and looking at Brooke's flushed face made her own face blush, for the redhead's mouth had gone slack, her eyes slitted, and her body was starting to tremble!

What was he doing to her, she wondered, partly embarrassed, and partly fascinated.

But then he drew his arm back, and Brooke slowly settled down, the flush fading from her face.

“I uhm, didn't bring a dress,” she said into the silence that followed.

“No dresses today. You're wearing costumes for Halloween.”

“Oh. Okay.”

“And don't worry. They're one size fits all.”

*

“I can't wear this in public!” Sophie gasped, staring at herself in the mirror.

“Why? You look cute.”

Brooke herself was wearing a dark green glittery strapless thing with major cleavage. The hem was short and jagged, and there were little wings on her back.

“I'm not sure if I'm Tinkerbell or just a random fairy,” she said, looking at herself.

Sophie's outfit was that of a harem girl. It had a gold shelf bra, that also showed a lot of flesh, a sort of gold lame' collar with an attached leash, and a low-riding tiny gold thong, and then purple chiffon skirt falling to her ankles from its front and back.

The chiffon was partially see-through, however, and it was completely open on either side. In fact, it didn't even cover her whole front and back, for it was too narrow. It left the front of her hips and thighs, and part of her buttocks visible!

“Look, think of it as a bikini,” she said. “Except you've got this purple chiffon for extra coverage.”

“I wouldn't wear a thong to the beach!” Sophie exclaimed.

“Well, no, *you* wouldn't, but other girls do all the time. It's not that big a deal.”

“You wear it then!”

“It wouldn't go with my red hair. And even though it's a thong you've got chiffon covering your ass. I mean, it's not like you're just wearing a thong.”

“It's see through!”

“Only partially.”

“And when I move it's going to be completely open!”

“So move slowly. In fact, you have to, given your shoes.”

Sophie looked down at them in some dismay. They were five inch stiletto heels, open toed, and made easy to size because they were mostly made up of criss-crossing gold straps that went almost up to her knees.

“Look, no one you know is going to see you here. It's mostly businessmen. These are expensive sports cars, after all. At least it's pretty. You could be in that dumb looking french maids costume like Tanya or the Indian squaw costume like Amy.”

“I can't possibly – .”

“Hello, ladies,” Lucas said, entering the dressing room.

He was wearing a slick black suit with a silk shirt and deep blue tie. He grinned around at them.

“You all look good enough to eat,” he said. “Now get out there and impress the buyers.”

He turned to her. “You pay attention to Brooke. She knows what she's doing,” he said sternly.

“I uhm, uh, yes, sir,” Sophie gulped.

It was too late to back out now, she thought, in dismay. Brooke ushered her out onto the floor, where, thankfully, there was no one around but the sales guy for that line of cars. He looked them over appreciatively, and she blushed hotly. But at least there were four of them and only one of him.

“Now remember, smile all the time, act really friendly. Be easily impressed by anything they say. Giggle nicely. But don't let them think you are going to meet them anywhere afterward,” Brooke warned.

Sophie gulped and tried to adjust her bra to cover more flesh. She was feeling extremely nervous and anxious about this, and her stress level was very high.

“And if you screw this up you're going to get such a spanking later,” Brooke whispered into her ear.

That made her flush even more, and then she felt a strange little quiver of breathlessness as she realized she wasn't entirely certain if the redhead was making an idle threat. She'd certainly slapped her bare bottom often enough earlier!

Which, she admitted to herself, had been kind of kinky and hot.

The outfit wasn't *that* revealing, really. Brooke was right that she'd worn less to the beach. Well, except she'd never worn a thong. She'd *considered* wearing a thong, but had rejected it in large part because she was afraid of being seen as showing off, or dressing too slutty by her friends.

And the only friend here was Brooke, and Brooke was dressed pretty revealingly, too. And it was her idea. And this was... work, and like a uniform, not her choice. So taking that all into consideration, she thought it wasn't so bad.

Of course, wearing a bikini to the beach was one thing and wearing it to a conference center full of people in suits and dresses was entirely different! And what was with this collar and leash thing dangling down her front!?

“Do I have to wear this thing?” she complained to Brooke.

Brooke grinned and took the handle. “You're a slave girl, which is kind of like you were last night and this morning,” she said with a grin.

Sophie gulped and blushed and looked around, but no one else was close enough to hear. She turned back and scowled. “Shh!”

Brooke laughed. “Maybe I'll teach you what happens to naughty slave girls while all the men are watching,” she said. “Bend you over and spank your bare bottom!”

And then the doors opened, and it wasn't just a few men coming in, it was hundreds of them! Most were in suits and ties, and for the first twenty minutes Sophie blushed hotly as their eyes roamed her body. Many of them were old enough to be her father, but that didn't seem to stop them ogling to their hearts content.

Fortunately, most didn't try to talk to her at first, for she'd have probably stuttered shyly. But as the time wore on she began to feel more comfortable, less self-conscious, and then even felt a kind of weird sense of ego gratification from all those men looking at her with approval.

Of course, the few women who came by weren't impressed, but at least they would know it wasn't her idea, that she wasn't some kind of slut flaunting herself. So that was some comfort. She kept her back to the car, which at least meant it didn't matter so much she was wearing a thong bottom.

And Brooke was right, she told herself. The chiffon skirt was kind of see-through, but at least it offered some cover, certainly more than she'd get at the beach in just a thong. It felt very weird standing around smiling at fully dressed people in her gold bra, though.

And then there was the collar thing around her neck. It wasn't much of a collar, made of the same soft, shiny gold fabric as her bra and panties, but last night with Brooke – and this morning – had brought her face to face with the idea of being a sex slave, so it was awfully ironic she was dressed in a slave girl costume today.

She let her mind toy with the thought of herself as a sex slave, dressed like this every day,

belonging to some kind of sexy Arab sheikh who would put her in his harem and lead her around on a leash where everyone could stare at her and know what she was!

Although shouldn't she have some sort of veil like the chiffon skirt, she thought, looking down.

Chapter Four

“How are you doing, slave girl?”

She gulped as Lucas came over to her.

“Fine, Mister Lucas!” she said.

He grinned. “Lucas is my first name, honey. Lucas Jasper.”

“Oh, sorry, Mr. Jasper,” she said, blushing.

“You can call me Lucas. Or maybe you should call me master,” he said with a grin.

He gave a short laugh and then his index finger slipped into the narrow space between the cups of her bra and gave it a little tug before pulling out as he turned away again.

Sophie felt a little shock at that, but by the time her hands had risen halfway to her top he had already turned away and was going over to see a client. She licked her lips nervously, looking down at the cleavage her gold bra top displayed. She usually didn't show quite this much at the beach, even!

But then again Brooke was showing more, she thought, and so was the girl playing a maid.

More people were coming in, mostly men, staring at the cars, and also at her and the girls. She smiled as best she could, her nervousness fading minute by minute.

“Hey, beautiful,” a man said as he moved slowly past.

“Hi,” she said, smiling.

This was truly weird!

“Do you come with the car?” another man asked.

“Sorry,” she said, smiling apologetically.

Most just looked at her, and she felt, as the numbers grew, this strange sense of being a sheep around a crowd of starving wolves. She wasn't nervous, though. It wasn't like they were going to do anything. But it did make her feel very conscious of how little she was wearing.

Rather than be embarrassed anew, though, she felt a kind of giddy delight at all those men ogling her hungrily. After all, it wasn't like anyone could think she chose this outfit, so she couldn't be blamed for showing off or being slutty.

So in a strange sort of way it was like a freeby. She could show herself off without anyone thinking she was showing herself off. It was an oddly freeing sensation, and she found herself enjoying it more and more as her anxiety eased.

She started to move around a bit more, the way Brooke was doing, and smiling more at the men as they moved slowly by along the aisle, looking at the cars around her.

That 'do you come with the car' line was not original. A number of men asked the same question as they went by, grinning as they looked at her. Finally Brooke grabbed the leash dangling from her collar and held it up.

“You sure do!” she said. “One slave girl with every car!” she said, waving the leash at the crowd of men.

Sophie blushed a bit and pulled the leash back.

“If that was true I'd by the car right now,” one of the men nearest them said.

“I'd buy the girl, never mind the damn car,” another one joked.

“Maybe we should auction you off,” Brooke said in amusement.

“I would definitely make an offer,” a man said nearby.

He was wearing a blue power suit, and was quite handsome and somewhere in his thirties. Sophie flushed a bit under the intensity of his gaze, but she also felt a hot little thrum of breathless excitement. Sure he was way older than her, but he wasn't anything like most of the men she knew.

He looked rich and utterly confident and handsome and he didn't act like any older man in her acquaintance; parents, relatives, coaches, teachers and the like. No, he looked like... a predatory wolf who saw her as a tasty morsel, and not in the eager, salivating way of guys her age either, but in a more deliberate and determined and disciplined way.

"A very large offer," he said in a soft English accent.

"Blonde slave girls like this cost a lot," Brooke said, grabbing at her leash again and grinning.

"I'd pay it," he replied, staring at her as Sophie flushed even more.

"I might outbid you for her," another nearby man said.

Brooke laughed, and tugged on the leash, leading her back and forth, and Sophie felt her cheeks heating as all the men stared at her lustfully. She tugged the leash back out of her hand and frowned at her, backing away from the men as they moved along.

It was intimidating having all those men staring at her! But it was also very good for the ego, and she found herself consciously straightening her shoulders to make sure her chest was pushed out to maximum affect, and walking slowly back and forth so that the chiffon skirt wafted around her ankles, exposing most of her legs right up to the hips.

She felt a hot little thrum of excitement at all the lustful attention, and played to it more and more as the morning wore on, getting more cocky and flirty.

"Nice car," a guy in a suit said.

He was tall and broad shouldered, and she smiled at him.

"It certainly is!" she said in a peppy voice.

"Even nicer girl," he said, grinning.

"Why thank you, sir," she said, looking bashfully up from under her eyelashes.

"I'd pay more for the slave girl than the car."

"She's not for sale, unfortunately," Brooke said.

"Oh? Who owns her?"

"Why, I do, as a matter of fact," she said pertly.

Sophie could tell that interested the man a lot.

"Ah, you own your own slave girl, huh? I hope you treat her... nicely."

"As long as she obeys me," Brooke said in a deadpan voice. "Otherwise, of course, I have to punish her."

Sophie squirmed a little at where this was going, blushing at what the man must be thinking, even if he wasn't taking Brooke seriously. The fact Brooke was sort of half serious, in a way, made her squirm with other than embarrassment, though. She gave the redhead a reproachful look.

"And how do you punish her?" he asked, grinning.

"Why, I give her a sound spanking, of course, on her bare bottom"

Sophie laughed lightly, embarrassed but also feeling a hot little thrum of delicious amusement. The man certainly thought she was making it up, which of course, she was in a way. On the other hand, given what had happened last night, well, if the man had a clue he'd probably have a heart attack!

"I think I'd pay to see that," the man said, looking at Brooke with interest.

"Maybe I should create a web site," Brooke said in amusement.

"I'm sure you'd make a lot more with that than standing around here."

"You're probably right," she said.

She gripped the leash and tugged it sharply. Sophie gasped, pulled off balance, stumbling into her as the taller girl pulled up on the leash.

"Maybe I'll put you on the internet, slave girl," she said in a teasing voice.

"I don't think so!" Sophie said, tugging the leash back and stepping away from her.

The man laughed, and moved on, and then when no one was looking Brooke slapped her bottom sharply enough to sting.

“Ouch! Hey!” Sophie gasped, grabbing her sore bottom.

“Bad girl,” Brooke taunted.

“Bitch,” she replied.

“Ha. You love it, slut.”

“Dyke.”

“Oh, now you really are looking for a spanking.”

“Ha. I like cocks, remember?” Sophie said with a smirk.

“I've got a nice big one for you then.”

“The ones with only one head!”

“What? You've never heard that two heads are better than one?”

They both laughed at that one.

More men arrived, and she got to talking to one about the car. Someone got their hand to her bare bottom and gave it a squeeze that startled her, but when she whirled around to glare she couldn't be sure who it had been.

Her indignation faded quickly, though. It wasn't like a big deal, and it also reinforced the delicious view of herself as a sex object of great desire which was exciting her. Nor was it the last time someone managed to get a hand on her bottom that day as the crowds grew thicker.

She was slightly embarrassed and yet also slightly excited at each incident, indignant, yet her ego got stroked as much as her bottom. And it wasn't like it hurt. It was just... startling.

Even more embarrassing was that after lunch Brooke got playful again before they came out onto the floor, and cornered her against the wall, kissing her while groping her breast. That wasn't the embarrassing part. The embarrassing part was Lucas unexpectedly came by and caught them!

He grinned, or maybe leered, and waggled his eyebrows as he went by.

“Make a video, girls,” he said.

Brooke didn't seem bothered, but Sophie's face turned redder than Brooke's hair for a minute.

“Don't worry about it. Lucas is cool. And anyway, it's not like he knows any of our friends,”

Brooke said, unconcerned.

“It's still embarrassing!”

“Maybe you should offer to blow him to show how much you like cocks,” Brooke said with a smirk.

Sophie scowled at her. “Maybe I will! He's pretty cute!”

“I'm sure he wouldn't object,” Brooke said. “Want me to go get him and make the offer?”

“No!”

“Ha.”

There was nothing for it but to go back out front again for the afternoon. Sophie forgot about Lucas in the face of more appreciative looks and flirty efforts by all those men – and a few more hands that caressed her bottom.

One of those wasn't even discrete. This guy she was standing next to behind a car just grabbed her ass and squeezed it.

“Sir!” she gulped, pushing his hand away.

“Couldn't resist. You have a gorgeous ass, baby,” he said. “You should sell that and not cars.”

“I don't think so!” she said indignantly.

“Why? Be less work and more fun,” he said in amusement.

He moved on and she scowled after them as Brooke came over.

“Men are all perverts,” she said.

“You're just learning that now?” Brooke exclaimed.

Sophie sniffed. “You're a pervert too.”

“You too, slave girl,” Brooke said, slapping her bottom.

Sophie yelped and looked around quickly, but no one seemed to have noticed.

“We're all perverts. Some of us just have more fun at it,” Brooke said with a grin.

As the day wore on Sophie started to see some younger men, even ones her own age, and that was both more embarrassing and more... exciting. They tended to be more openly appreciative of what they were seeing, and also more likely to talk to her, to hit her up, ask her name and such.

And it was... weird... meeting a guy who was flirting with her while wearing a very revealing slave girl outfit! She had an awful lot of cleavage showing, and the little skirt hid very little!

“You look hot!” one blonde guy said, licking his lower lip.

She smiled a little nervously.

“What are you doing after the show?”

“She's coming home with me so I can lick her all over,” Brooke said.

The guy's eyes widened, and he jerked his head back and forth between them and then grinned in delight.

“Yeah! Can I come too?!”

“Fraid not.”

“Come on. You guys need a little meat in your sandwich!”

Brooke laughed.

“Maybe we're vegetarians!” she taunted.

“Speak for yourself!” Sophie said, blushing.

Brooke sighed dramatically. “Yeah, she was just telling me earlier how much she likes cocks,” she said, shrugging.

Sophie blushed, staring at her indignantly.

“I got one of those!” the guy said.

“No thank you!”

“I got a bigger one!” Brooke said, teasing.

“Yeah, but mine is real.”

“Yeah but mine never get soft!”

The guy didn't have an answer to that, and moved on.

“You're terrible!” Sophie said to her.

Brooke just laughed.

Of course, guys were flirting openly with Brooke, as well. She was showing even more cleavage, and an awful lot of thigh, but she just took it in stride, apparently used to wearing very little at these trade show places. Sophie envied her her casual self-confidence. She was cocky, outgoing, and not the least bit shy.

For Sophie, it was all a strange mix of emotions, not the least of which was embarrassment, especially when Brooke acted suggestively towards her in front of guys for fun and giggles. And then one time Lucas came by and caught them and wasn't pleased.

“There's a limit, Brooke,” he said, sternly. “Remember the focus is on the cars, not on your friend's assets.”

And then he slapped Sophie's bottom sharply enough she yelped and leapt forward.

“No matter how nice they are,” he said, moving away.

Sophie turned and glared after him, rubbing her bottom.

“Why did he slap me! I'm not the one doing stuff!”

“I guess you just have a very spankable bottom,” Brooke said with a grin.

Everyone seemed to think so, she thought in annoyance. But with the annoyance came more of that hot little churning sense of delicious pleasure in how hot everyone thought her. And during their afternoon break when Lucas wanted her attention as she was walking by, and she didn't hear him, he reached out and grabbed the leash swinging from her neck to bring her back.

“Sophie,” he said.

“Uhm, yes sir?” she gulped.

“Are you interested in doing a show next weekend?”

“Sure, I guess,” she said. “Uhm, would I be a slave girl?”

He grinned. No, it's not a costume thing. Little black dresses and high heels.”

“That's good,” she said in relief.

“I think you make a lovely slave girl,” he said.

She gulped, since he was holding her 'leash' at the time and looking down at her. A rush of heat prickled her skin as she felt her pulse starting to race, but he dropped the leash and gave her a wink.

“Back to work,” he said.

“Yes, sir,” she said, turning to go.

A slap to her bottom sent her lurching forward, and he laughed as she turned to look back reprovingly.

Maybe she did have a spankable ass, whatever that was, she thought.

She went back out front to join Brooke.

“Mr. Jasper slapped my ass again,” she complained.

Brooke only grinned. “Well, you said you liked cock, and he has a big one.”

“How do you know!?”

Brooke grinned and shrugged.

“But he's... like, old!” Sophie gasped.

“He's not that old, and he sure knows what he's doing a lot better than any of the guys our age.”

“Brooke! You slut!”

“What's your point?”

“Tell me about it!”

“Not a lot to tell. We did it in his car once on the way home, and another time in an employee room at a trade show. He's got very nice... hands.”

“And a big cock!”

“That too,” Brooke said, giggling a little.

“So are you and he...”

“Oh fuck no! He's old!”

Sophie rolled her eyes.

“I mean, it was just casual fun. I don't have any intention of having a relationship with him! My parents would kill me!”

The day ended, and Sophie gratefully changed back into her clothes – and regular shoes.

“My legs are tired,” she groaned.

“Maybe I'll give you a massage later,” Brooke said with a smirk.

Sophie snorted.

“I could get Lucas to help.”

Sophie felt a flush come to her cheeks as Brooke laughed.

“I bet he'd love to do a threesome.”

“That's... disgusting,” she said, not very convincingly.

“Well, normally if I was to do a threesome I'd like it to be two guys so everyone's attention is on me,” Brooke said.

“Have you ever done a threesome?!”

Brooke shrugged and looked casually away.

“You so lie!”

Brooke shrugged.

They went out and met Lucas Jasper, who then drove them home. Because of the direction they were going he dropped Brooke off at her place first, though.

“Sit up here,” he said with a grin.

Sophie hesitated, but didn't know any polite way to refuse, so she climbed out of the rear seat and sat in front next to him. She felt her cheeks get a little pink, wondering if this was where he'd had sex with Brooke. He better not expect it from her, she thought anxiously. But then, she was only a few blocks from home.

“You did well today,” he said. “You looked very hot in that slave outfit.”

“Uhm, thanks,” she said, feeling her pulse quicken.

“But you gotta watch that lesbian stuff in front of the customers.”

She blushed.

“I mean, I know you girls like to play these games in front of your guy friends to tease them, but it's not what our client wants. He just wants you to stand there and smile and look pretty.”

“It was mostly Brooke!” she blurted.

“Brooke is a very.. outgoing girl,” he said. “And very flirty.”

“I'll say!”

He pulled up in front of her house, then took out a wad of cash and counted out five twenty dollar bills, folded them up, and then, startling her, slipped his arm behind her as he stuffed it down the front of her tank top. Then, before she could react, he had pulled her forward and around and was kissing her!

Again before she could react to that he'd let her go, drawn his arm back and was grinning at her.

Her head a mass of conflicting emotions, Sophie scrambled out of the car.

He made no effort to stop her, just grinned when she turned to look in.

“Next week,” he said, driving off.

Perve, she whispered after him, then turned and went into the house.

Chapter Five

She decided not to tell her parents about the money, or the job. They might ask too many questions she didn't want to answer. They were both at work so there was no reason for them to think anything unusual had happened anyway. She'd stayed at Brooke's and come back this morning. Nothing to talk about there.

It was nice to have a hundred dollars in cash, though! She thought of a lot of things she could do with it as she counted it and then put it away under her lingerie in her top drawer. One of those things was buying a big dildo like Brooke had used on her! Not the double-headed one, but the other one. That had felt amazing inside her!

Her mother rarely came into her room any more, letting Sophie decide for herself what needed washing and then doing it herself. And if her room was a mess, well, that was Sophie's problem. So she supposed she'd have little problem finding a place to hide it her mother wouldn't find.

Now that she had some time to think about what had happened since she'd last been home she could only shake her head in amazement. She'd had lesbian sex! Gone all the way with a girl! Complete with dildos and pussy licking! Wow!

Her friends would be stunned if they knew! The guys would all get massive erections! She giggled as she sat down at the computer and played on Facebook for a while. There were some remarks from Matt about her and Brooke, and for a startled instant she was afraid Brooke had talked about it!

Then she remembered those pictures Brooke had sent, and blushed, trying to remember exactly what they'd shown. Nothing really, except that she and Brooke were naked together in the bathroom. Okay, it was a pretend-lesbian thing, but everyone would understand they were just teasing people. They were both known to like guys, after all.

Of course, Brooke had a pretty big cock too, she thought, giggling a little to herself.

Brooke has very soft skin, she typed. It feels so good against my breasts.

Ha! That would get some responses! And the fun thing was that while it was true, it was so blatant and in-your-face everyone would know she was just teasing Matt.

Probably still give him a hard-on, she thought in amusement.

Like a lot of her friends she had two Facebook accounts, the one her parents and family knew about, and this one. So there was no danger they'd read any of this stuff.

Her parents came home and Sophie helped her mother make dinner, then they ate as her father watched the news on TV. Afterwards she checked Facebook again and found Brooke had been on.

Sophie, you're such a bad girl, she'd typed in response to Sophie's post. You clearly need a sound spanking!

There was that spanking stuff again, she thought with a hot little sense of excitement. Everyone wanted to spank her butt! Especially Brooke, the pervert.

She started to call her a pervert, but then instead decided to play it out even more.

“Yes, Mistress Brooke! Sorry, Mistress Brooke!” she typed.

She didn't usually tease as openly like this, but she was feeling pretty cocky after today and all those guys panting over her.

She thought about Mr. Jasper again, and had a mental image of herself across his lap, naked, as he spanked her! The image left her momentarily breathless and her nipples tingling under her shirt!

That would be so fucking wild and kinky!

Just the thought was making her very horny, and making her chest tight.

She stripped naked, and then looked around in her attic room for something to tie her wrists with, or at least, to look like they were tied. She found a scarf, and then put her arms behind her back and wrapped it around her wrists, posing in the mirror, looking sad and pouty and fearful, half turned from the mirror, posing for herself as she pushed her bottom out at the mirror.

She abandoned the scarf since she couldn't do anything with it around her wrists, and knelt on her hands and knees with her bottom to the mirror. She raised her bottom up high the way she'd had it in Brooke's place, and half curled around, staring at herself.

She stretched her arm out and slapped her bottom, gasping excitedly, then slapped it again.

"Bad girl!" she whispered. "You're such a naughty girl!"

She slapped her bottom again, while on one elbow, then dropped fully onto her chest and shoulder, thrusting her right arm under her, her hand going up between her legs to rub her clitoris and slide along the line of her already moist sex.

Soon she had two fingers pumping inside herself as she gasped for breath, her shoulders curled in and around, her hips grinding and pumping as she imagined Jasper giving her a sound spanking and brought her other hand down on her bottom repeatedly. The orgasm was not long in coming, and while it wasn't as shockingly powerful as with Brooke, it was very intense.

She fought to keep from crying out, even though she was in the attic and it would be hard for anyone on the next floor down to hear.

Maybe I need a gag, she thought dazedly, as she sagged weakly in the afterglow.

*

She was more than happy to meet up with Brooke the next day, and eager to explore Brooke's dirty mind and nasty toys, though of course, she didn't say that or even give a hint of it. She was disappointed when she got to Starbucks and found she was there with a guy.

She knew him, vaguely, as a guy Brooke knew from her previous school. He'd come to a few parties, but Sophie didn't know him well. He was short, barely taller than Sophie, with a narrow face and long, stringy hair, and she wondered what Brooke saw in him. Maybe she was just being nice to him.

"Hey," she said, sitting down.

"Hey," Brooke said. "You remember Damien?"

She nodded at him. "What are you up to?" she asked Brooke.

"Not sure. Hanging around, trying to think of something interesting to do."

Sophie could think of some interesting things the two of them could do!

"I can think of something," Damien said, smirking.

"Yeah, well, you're a perve," Brooke said dismissively.

"All guys are perves," Sophie said.

"Yeah but Damien is a real perve," Brooke said with a grin.

"Uh huh," she replied.

Fortunately, Damien got a text then, and stood up.

"I'll see you later," he said to Brooke, then, to Sophie's relief, took off.

"So perve girl, what would you like to do?" Brooke asked in amusement.

"I dunno. What does a butch dyke like you think we should do?" Sophie asked.

"I don't think I look very butch," Brooke said, looking down at herself.

"You're obviously trying to pass as straight," Sophie said, popping a piece of donut into her mouth.

"Uh huh. And you're passing as normal, little blonde perve."

"I'm not the perve! Who tied who up, perve!?"

"You're the slave girl," Brooke said with a smirk.

Sophie snorted. "You know, that Jasper guy kissed me before dropping me off!" she said indignantly.

Brooke laughed. "So? He's a good kisser."

"I didn't say he could kiss me!"

"So what? You're a slave girl, remember?" Brooke teased. "Anyway, if you like cock, like you said, then he's got a nice one, and he knows how to use it."

Sophie snorted, blushing. "I didn't say I was a sex maniac."

"Oh, maybe you like pussy now?" Brooke asked with a smirk.

"You're the dyke!"

"Ha! Want me to out you right here by kissing you hard?"

Sophie looked around anxiously. "Don't make a scene!"

Brooke laughed in amusement, and finished her coffee.

"Let's go."

"Where?" Sophie asked, feeling her chest tightening.

"Wherever I want, slave girl."

"Shh!"

They walked back towards Brooke's house, and several times she slapped Sophie's bottom, which made the blonde girl yelp, and dance away, glaring at her and looking around to make sure no one nearby had seen.

"Quit it!" she whined the last time.

"I'll quit it when you show more respect for your betters, slave girl."

"I don't see any around!" Sophie taunted, keeping her bottom out of reach.

"Then you should respect your biggers, punk."

"I'm not afraid of you, fat cow!"

"Ha! You're looking to get worse than a spanking!"

"Oh, I'm so afraid!" Sophie sniffed.

She danced out of reach when Brooke swiped at her.

As they reached Brooke's house she felt her heart beating faster, felt her pulse speeding up, and felt a hot thrumming sense of anticipation down low in her groin. She was not going to show Brooke any interest in doing anything – nasty, but that interest was becoming intense.

They went into the house, and she looked around warily, but Brooke just walked past and down the hall to the kitchen, so she followed.

"Your parents are at work?"

"Yeah, of course. Why? Want to get naked?"

"No! Pervert!"

"Want something to eat?"

"Not you," Sophie said with a sneer.

Brooke raised her eyebrows and Sophie folded her arms across her chest, looking back with disdain. The redhead only smiled, though, and went to the cupboard, pulled out a couple of drawers, and then came out with a thick ball of twine.

"What's that for?" Sophie asked suspiciously.

"Whatever I feel like using it for."

"Yeah, well, don't even get any thoughts about using it for something perverted!"

"Of course not."

Then she grabbed Sophie, who squealed and 'tried' to get away. They struggled, briefly, and then Brooke forced her down across one of the chairs which had been pushed into the kitchen table.

"Get off me you fat cow!" Sophie exclaimed, struggling against the redhead's larger size and weight.

Brooke pinned her right wrist behind her back and quickly wrapped the twine around it a half

dozen times, then grabbed her other wrist and yanked it up behind her to tie them together.

“Ow! That's too tight!” Sophie protested. “Stupid pervert slut dyke!”

Brooke slapped her bottom sharply, and then yanked her denim shorts down around her thighs to expose her round bottom and thin blue thong panties.

“You're looking to be punished, slave girl,” Brooke said.

“Untie me, you fat pig!” Sophie exclaimed.

Instead Brooke grabbed her thong and yanked, hard.

Sophie squealed as she felt the thin material squeezing her pussy hard.

“Ow! Ow! Quit it!” she yelled.

Instead Brooke pulled harder, and the material folded in to jam up into the soft flesh between the lips of her sex.

“What did I tell you about showing respect?” Brooke asked, yanking repeatedly and practically forcing the slighter blonde off her feet.

“Ow! Brooke! That hurts!”

“Say please mistress,” Brooke demanded, yanking up sharply again and again.

“Ow! Ow! Don't!”

“Say it, slut.”

“Ow! Please, mistress!” she squealed.

“Ha!”

Brooke yanked her thong down, peeling the crotch out from between the lips of her sex, then slapped her bottom sharply.

“Such a nice, sweet round little bottom,” she said.

She pulled the thick belt out of the loops of her own jeans and doubled it up, then slapped it lightly across Sophie's bottom.

“Ow! Brooke!”

Brooke slapped it down harder, and Sophie yelped again, then harder still.

“Ow!” Brooke cried.

“Nasty little slave girl,” Brooke purred.

“I'm not a slave girl, bitch!”

Crack! The belt cut down across her bottom again and Sophie yelped in pain.

“Say you're a slave girl.”

“No!” Sophie cried breathlessly.

Crack!

“Slut.”

Crack!

“Say you're a slave girl.”

“N-No!” Sophie gasped.

She stood up only to have Brooke grab her hair and shove her down hard again. She tried to kick back at the redhead but her legs were tangled in her jeans and panties.

Crack!

“Say you're a slave girl, slut!”

“Ow! No!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Sophie yelped and wriggled and moaned. The sharp blows stung! And she could feel her buttocks getting hotter and hotter, but at the same time her insides were pulsing with excitement, and a huge sexual rush was filling her with a dark and desperate hunger!

Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“N-No!” she moaned.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Sophie moaned and gasped and whimpered as the belt cut across her bottom, hitting harder and stinging more! But the heat within her mind was a raging inferno, and she could only whimper and moan in dazed excitement.

“Dirty girl,” Brooke said, cupping her sex and squeezing softly. “Such a wet little slut,” she said, rubbing her fingers up and down the line of Sophie's sex, then pushing them slowly inside her.

“Oh! Don't! You... you dyke!” Sophie gasped, the sexual heat building even stronger.

Crack! Crack!

“Slut!”

Crack!

“Slave girl!”

Crack!

Sophie cried out as she felt her hair pulled sharply up and back. She was forced up straight, then forced to arch her back as Brooke pulled her hair firmly.

“Say you're my sex slave,” the redhead said in a taunting voice.

“N-No!” Sophie gasped.

Brooke snorted, then pulled the chair out from the table and forced her to bend over it again. She untied her wrists, though, and Sophie, confused, jerked one away even as Brooke held the other firmly, then jerked her T-shirt down over her head and off.

“Hey! Let me go, you dyke bitch!” Sophie yelled.

Brooke pinned her wrist and undid her bra, then yanked that off. Sophie pretended to grab at it and yanked it back but she let Brooke yank it away. Then, before she understood what the redhead was doing she felt her wrist being tied tightly to the bottom of the chair back.

“What are you... doing!?” she gasped breathlessly.

“Teaching the little slave girl a lesson,” Brooke said.

She grabbed at her other wrist, then yanked that down sharply, as well, tying it to the bottom of the chair back in such a way that there was no chance for Sophie to stand upright.

Crack! The belt cut across her already hot bottom.

“Ow!”

Crack!

“Ow! Brooke!”

Crack!

“Oww! Bitch!”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Giggling, Brooke cut more twine, then squatted beside the chair as Sophie, face flushed almost as red as her bottom, gulped in air.

“Wh-what are you doing, you psycho dyke?” she gulped.

“Teaching you manners, slave girl.”

“Oh don't!”

But it was too late. Brooke had tied a loop in the twine, and now pressed the loop up hard against the center of her soft right breast, right around the very, very rigid pink nipple. She tugged it slowly closed, making sure it stayed tight around the base of the nipple.

“Ow! Ow! Ooww! Take it off!” Sophie squealed.

“Ha!”

Brooke let it dangle, then tied another one and pulled that tightly around her other nipple before pulling both cords back through the slats of the chair back and tying them together.

Crack!

“Oh!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Sophie gasped and moaned and twisted, her nipples throbbing and burning, and aching even more every time she jerked her body at all up to pull them against the twine! Her bottom was on fire! And she whimpered and moaned as the blows continued to fall.

“Say it, slut.”

“All right!” she cried.

Crack!

“Say it.”

“I’m a slave girl!” Sophie cried.

She squealed as she felt Brooke grab her hair and yank her head up and back, because that, of course, pulled her body upward, tugging her breasts against her burning nipples.

“Say you’re my slave girl.”

“I-I’m your slave girl!” Sophie moaned.

“Say you’re Brooke’s sex slave.”

Sophie shuddered at the heat writhing through her mind, her nipples aching fiercely.

“I’m Brooke’s sex slave!” she cried.

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” Brooke said.

Chapter Six

She let go of the blonde's hair and Sophie gasped, her head falling forward – the pull against her nipples easing. Then she felt the redhead's fingers at her sex, rubbing against her clitoris, and shuddered as a finger pushed inside her.

“You feel very wet, little sex slave,” Brooke said.

She pushed a second finger into the blonde's steaming depths, wriggling them both deep and pumping them in and out. Then Sophie yelped as her hair was yanked again, forcing her head up and back. An instant later the redhead pushed her fingers into her open mouth and rubbed them along her tongue.

“Suck!” Brooke ordered.

Moaning, whimpering, Sophie sucked on the girl's fingers as she pumped them slowly in and out.

“Dirty little lesbian slut,” Brooke taunted.

She pulled her fingers free and let go of Sophie's hair.

“U-Untie me,” Sophie groaned.

Instead Brooke went to the refrigerator, then opened the freezer and took something out. She came back and Sophie, trying to stare behind her and mostly looking upside down through the slats of the chair back, saw she had something long, red and rounded.

“Wha... what's that?” she gulped.

Brooke said nothing, but Sophie felt her pants and panties pulled down and then out from under her feet. A moment later her right ankle was tied to the right rear leg of the chair and her left to the left rear leg.

Then Brooke began to lick her.

“Oh! Oh! Don't! Don't!” she squealed! “Stop it!”

Brooke's tongue was icy cold!

“You're too hot, little sex slave. I'm just cooling you off,” Brooke said.

She peeled the lips of the trembling blonde girl's sex open and then pushed the round Popsicle through, sliding it deep into her overheated pussy as Sophie squealed and shouted and jerked violently against the cords binding her wrists and ankles in place.

“Ah! Agh! Take it out! Take it out!” she cried.

“You don't give orders to your mistress, little sex slave,” Brooke said. “You have to beg.”

“Please!”

“Say please mistress.”

“Please, mistress!” Sophie squealed, the icy Popsicle buried to the hilt in her pussy.

“I don't knooooow,” Brooke said as if considering it. “You don't sound very meek and submissive. I need to hear more begging.”

“Please take it out, mistress!” she cried, her insides burning from the cold.

“You're not begging strongly enough,” Brooke said.

“Fuck! You bitch!”

Crack! Crack! Crack! The belt cut across her overheated bottom again.

“Ow! Oh! Please! Please, mistress!” she cried.

“Ha.”

Brooke pulled the melting Popsicle out of her, and a moment later Sophie felt her mouth against her there, licking and sucking. Her mouth didn't feel cold any more, though, for it was much warmer than her freezing pussy!

"Hmm, tasty," Brooke said, sucking and licking, first at her clitoris, then, spreading open the lips of her sex, pushing her tongue and lips into her, sucking and licking, her tongue pumping in and out. As she sucked the melted Popsicle juice out.

Sophie, gasping and moaning, felt a sense of relief at the absence of the icy cold, and then a growing sense of pulsing heat.

The redhead stopped, getting up, and thrusting two, then three fingers into her, pumping them in and out as Sophie moaned and panted for breath.

"Such a dirty, cock loving little whore," she said. "Obviously you're only happy with something big and hard inside your hot little pussy."

She went back to the refrigerator, only this time opening the lower door. She took something out the moaning blonde didn't see, then popped it into the microwave a few seconds.

When he turned around, Sophie, bent over the chair, stared through the loose tangle of her blonde hair, and her eyes widened.

"Don't you dare!" she gasped.

"Ha!"

Brooke was holding a cucumber in her hand, one which glistened as if newly buttered.

"Brooke! Don't!" Sophie cried, pulling her wrists and ankles against the twine.

She felt the round, thick nose of the cucumber pushing against her soft, wet opening, felt it being turned and twisted from side to side, slippery with something, then pushing in harder.

"Oh! Don't! It's too big!" she cried.

"That's what you said last night, cock girl, and you were wrong," Brooke said.

She turned and twisted it from side to side, pushing in so that Sophie felt the intense pressure against the mouth of her sex, then felt herself slowly spreading apart, spreading open, stretching wide as the cucumber slid remorselessly forward into her aching, pulsing body!

She still felt cold inside, but the cucumber had been warmed by the microwave, and soothed her chills even as it stretched her to her utmost. She shuddered as Brooke forced it deeper and then deeper still, feeling herself stretching and filling up!

Brooke laughed, and then left her like that, gasping and moaning, wondering how much was inside her. She tried to wist her head and shoulders around to see behind her, but that pulled at her aching nipples! It felt like it was deep inside, but she was sure some of it was still outside! It had been a big cucumber!

When Brooke came back she had the dildo she'd used on Sophie the previous night, and Sophie moaned, but felt a pulse of relief. She knew she could take that one, and was sure Brooke had brought it down to replace the cucumber.

Instead the redhead slapped her bottom, grabbed the cucumber, and forced it even deeper!

"Oh! Please!"

Crack! Brooke slapped her sore red bottom sharply.

"Say please mistress, slut!"

"Please, Mistress!" she cried.

But the cucumber just kept slowly sinking deeper! Sophie shuddered, feeling utterly impaled on the thing, feeling fuller than she ever had in her life! She ached, but such was the heat and swirling, churning sexual hunger inside her she was also very near to orgasm!

And then she felt the redhead's fingers stroking quickly and skillfully across her clitoris, and rushing waves of heat swept through her until, with a helpless cry of pleasure, she climaxed, jerking and thrashing and twisting in wild, scalding pleasure!

In the midst of it she felt Brooke forcing the thick cucumber even deeper into her spasming,

burning pussy, and feared it might actually damage her – but didn't care! Only the orgasm mattered, and she was burning up in the flames of its heat, her mind overwhelmed by the raw, animal pleasure drowning her.

She sagged, panting, gasping for breath as the orgasm faded. But Brooke was far from finished. She knelt behind her, once again, licking and sucking at her clitoris, and ignoring Sophie's moaning complaints as the oversensitive little button glowed and pulsed.

Every now and then she pushed against the cucumber with the palm of her hand, and Sophie could feel, because of how close her fingers and the heel of her hand was, that almost the entire thing must now be inside her body!

She trembled and panted and moaned as Brooke sucked her clitoris and lapped hungrily, the dark heat churning faster and more violently within her body and mind. Then, suddenly, the redhead was naked, and standing in front of her!

She wound the blonde girl's hair around her fist, then lifted her head up firmly, until she was staring straight into her groin.

“Lick your mistress, slave slut,” she purred.

She jammed herself against Sophie's mouth, and the dazed blonde began to lick. At first she licked because she must, but she soon found the heat gripping her mind spreading and growing, and licked with a growing sense of passion and masochistic hunger.

“Lick your mistress' pussy, slave whore,” Brooke taunted, grinding her hips against the moaning girl's mouth.

“Show your mistress what an obedient little sex slave you are!” Brooke taunted.

Every sharp little pull at Sophie's hair made her scalp sting, but also made her nipples burn and sting even more. She moaned and gasped and licked and sucked as the redhead called her deliciously nasty names, her body crackling with sexual electricity as she felt the hard, warm cucumber filling her sex.

This was so outrageous and dirty and nasty and kinky and wild!

Brooke's face began to flush, and her movements became more aggressive, and then she gasped in pleasure as she came against the blonde girl's lapping tongue. She laughed, then and moved behind her licking at Sophie's pussy in turn.

“Let me show you how a pro does it, slut slave,” she said.

Sophie only shuddered and moaned and writhed as the heat grew more intense within her.

Then the door bell rang.

Sophie gasped, eyes going wide, suddenly shocked into immobility.

Brooke stood up and turned away.

“What are you doing!? Where are you going!?” Sophie exclaimed wildly.

“Don't worry, little slave animal,” Brooke said teasingly.

Brooke was naked, which was reassuring. Obviously she wasn't going to answer the door like that, much less let anyone in. But the door bell going off meant someone was standing nearby, and the very thought of someone so close, wanting to come in, where she was tied up like... like this, made her mind quiver with a strange dark sense of almost masochistic heat.

Imagine if anyone saw her like this!

And then someone did!

Her eyes bulged as she saw a naked Brooke returning – with someone! She jerked her head away, trying to hide her face behind her hair.

“Nice ass,” a familiar voice said. “Nice red ass.”

He laughed, and she recognized Damian!

“She's been a bad girl,” Brooke said.

“All girls are bad,” Damian replied.

And then he was moving around in front of her as she tried to keep her burning face hidden – until

a hand yanked her up by the hair. She opened her mouth to cry out in pain, and he shoved his cock into it!

Sophie's eyes bulged.

“Suck that cock, slave girl,” Brooke ordered, slapping her bottom.

Sophie felt utterly mortified, and had no way to hide as he kept her head up sharply, his cock pushing forward. And what a cock it was! It wasn't as thick as the dildo Brooke had used, much less the cucumber, but it was astonishingly long!

He shoved it in so the head was almost into the back of her throat, and Sophie could see that wasn't even half the long length! Then he shoved deeper, and she gurgled as it pushed into her throat, and kept going.

It was, at least, the perfect angle for deep throating. She was good at deep throating, of course, but this, with her mouth lined up with her throat, made it even easier. But the long length of him was still astonishing, as inch after inch after inch slid through her lips, over her tongue, and down her throat!

She felt Brooke's fingers rubbing her clitoris, and a hand squeezed her breast, though she wasn't sure if that was Brooke or Damien.

“Dirty girl,” Brooke said.

“Love the throat, slave girl,” Damien groaned.

Sophie's shocked embarrassment began to fade in importance as an all-consuming need to breathe took a much higher priority. Damien's long cock was sliding up and down in her throat with growing speed and force, ignoring her gurgling and gagging as he used her savagely. He gripped tight fistfuls of hair and his hips pumped frantically as her chest began to burn and her head pounded.

“Well, let her breathe, fuckwit,” Brooke said in irritation, shoving hard against his skinny chest to knock him stumbling backward.

As his cock slid free Sophie gulped in deep, desperate breaths of air, drooling over her lower lip and coughing repeatedly.

“I love her tits too,” he said, undeterred, grabbing her breasts and squeezing excitedly. “Can I fuck her!”

“No, you can't fuck her. Only I can fuck her,” Brooke said.

“Man, that's a cucumber, isn't it? Wow!”

Sophie gasped for breath as she felt someone pushing on the thing, and it ached deep inside her. She felt something pressing against her back passage, pushing into her, something slick and warm, and realized it was a finger, but she was still mainly focused on gulping in deep, ragged breaths of air.

“Let me show you how to face fuck a girl,” Brooke said.

She walked around in front of the chair and gathered up Sophie's hair, lifting her head up as the blonde continued to pant deeply.

Sophie could see she was wearing the strap-on dildo, the big, thick black one she'd used on her the other evening.

“Open your mouth wide, slave girl,” Brooke said, pushing forward.

In fact, Sophie would have closed her mouth tight but for the hands gripping her hair and pulling it up so firmly, and the surprise, which gave her dazed mind insufficient time to realize what the redhead intended.

The thick black cock pushed into her mouth, and she moaned, her jaw forced wider by its thick girth as it slid slowly into her.

Damien appeared on his knees beside her, his face close to hers, watching eagerly as Brooke pushed the thick dildo slowly along her tongue and through her mouth.

“Wow, that's hot!” he said.

He took out his smart phone to record as Brooke pumped the dildo slowly in and out of Sophie's mouth, then pushed slowly deeper. Sophie gurgled as the thick dildo pushed into her throat, then slid slowly, deeply down into it until her lips were wrapped around the very base of the long black cock.

Brooke only held it in place for seconds, however, before drawing it slowly back out, inch by glistening inch, until it popped free from her throat and Sophie could gulp in air once again. She gave Sophie time to breath, then pushed it back down her throat to the hilt, then began to pump slowly in and out, but only for perhaps ten or fifteen seconds before drawing the head back up her throat and out into her mouth again.

Sophie gasped for breath as the redhead released her hair and moved around behind her, then she felt the finger pushing against her ass again, pushing into it, slick and slippery. A second finger pushed in, and Damien moved around in front of her, gripped her hair much more roughly than Brooke had, yanked her head up again, and shoved himself into her open mouth.

He pushed in slower than he had before, but he still pushed himself all the way down her throat as he held her hair in one hand and his phone in the other. He pumped in and out, faster than Brooke had but not as fast as he had before, and pulled the head of his cock back out of her throat so she could breath again within twenty seconds.

In the meantime, she could feel the steady pressure against her back passage as Brooke jammed the dildo into her ass. Occasionally she would feel the sharp slap of the redhead's hand against her bottom, too, as the dildo pushed slowly deeper into her already aching, overfilled belly.

Damien put down the phone so he could grope her breasts as he pumped in and out of her mouth, and Sophie felt herself becoming overwhelmed once again, with sensations from all over her body combined with the wild emotional shock of what was happening.

Then Brooke took hold of her hair, combing it back into a tail and holding it in her fist, while Damien eagerly groped and kneaded both breasts as he pumped in and out of her mouth and throat. At the same time, Brooke reached down around her hip and Sophie felt her fingers stroking against her clitoris, pushing it up and back against the cucumber lodged deep within her.

It was all so shocking, so outrageous, so wicked and dark and... and depraved! And yet, now that breathing was less of a concern, she began to feel the dark, seething passion which had been pushed aside by Damien's shocking entry.

She still felt somewhat embarrassed, but the force of it seemed to have dissipated, and she was once again beginning to feel the strange, masochistic sense of thrilled wonder she had before. Her nipples ached, it was true, but that was a dark, dull heat, and wasn't her body burning up anyway, from within?

Every time Brooke thrust into her she jerked back on her pony tail, jerking her head up and back a little more, pulling against her shoulders, tugging on her nipples so they sparkled like live electrical wires! And the dildo she was using was pushing deeper and deeper into the trembling blonde girl's belly.

Damien was pulling his long cock out of her from time to time to wipe the slick, dripping phallus all across her face, giggling as he did so. Then he'd thrust deep, sheathing every inch and grinding his pubic bone against her face before pumping in and out once more.

Now her body was starting to shake as Brooke's hips slapped against her bottom, and the full impact of the dildo pumping inside her began to make itself known, as well. Sophie had never thought much of anal sex before, but now the sensations were incredible sensual as she was used ... used... used like a whore, like a slave!

The deep, throbbing ache in her pussy from the cucumber filling her, the flaming heat of her clitoris as Brooke's skilled fingers stroked her, and the crackling sexual electricity of her breasts and nipples and dark, churning mind filled her with a sense of sexual fever in which nothing mattered but the storm of dark pleasure engulfing her.

Light-headed from continuing difficulty in breathing, her skull seemed to explode as the orgasm hit her, the release of pressure screaming through her overloaded nervous system as she tried to scream in pleasure, trembling and shaking under the pounding coming from both directions.

She was barely conscious when she felt them untying her, or rather, untying, and then retying her.

She trembled, slack jawed, eyes slitted, as she was pulled erect, then allowed to slide to her knees on the floor.

Her belly still felt very, very full, though. The cucumber was still all-but buried in her pussy, and Brooke had somehow detached the dildo from the harness she had worn, leaving it lodged in her ass. The two of them bent her over, putting her on her chest, her aching nipples pressed into the tiled floor, her bottom raised high and legs apart.

Panting, gasping for breath, moaning, face flushed, she shuddered as Brooke's fingers caressed her. Then she heard a buzzing sound, and something hard began to press against her clitoris. It... vibrated, and it didn't take much in the way of awareness to know it must be an actual vibrator.

She moaned helplessly, wriggling, but unable to move. Her wrists were tied together behind her back again, and Damien was standing on her hair, pinning her face to the floor as he held up his camera to take pictures.

At first she all-but ignored the sensations coming from the device. Sophie had never had a vibrator, nor experienced it before, though, and as Brooke rolled it back and forth against her clitoris the frantic vibrations began to send an almost electrical current through her lower belly, a current which seemed to grow rapidly more intense by the second.

She groaned weakly, wriggling helplessly, which brought slaps to her upraised bottom. Her legs were spread wide, and she felt Brooke pushing against both the dildo and sometimes against the cucumber, as if determined to bury them both in her aching belly.

The sensations rose in strength and she groaned and then began to breath more and more raggedly once again, her hips grinding back against the vibrator as the sensations began to flood her mind and draw her back into the sexual fever she had barely just escaped.

“Oh! Ungh! Oh! Fuck! God! Oh! Please!” she whimpered, her hips grinding and rolling.

Crack! Brooke slapped her bottom.

“Bad girl,” she said.

Crack!

“Nasty little slut.”

Crack!

“Lick Damien's shoe, sex slave.”

“Fuuuck,” Damien sighed.

Crack!

“Lick his shoes, slave!”

Writhing and moaning, gasping and whimpering, her mind drowned by heat and sensation, Sophie obeyed, licking at Damien's dirty black shoes as he stood before her videoing her.

Crack!

“Whore.”

Crack!

“Lick harder, slave!”

Another orgasm washed over her as the dazed blonde licked frantically at Damien's shoes, and she cried out, hips bucking back violently as Brooke pumped the dildo in her pussy and ground the vibrator against her clitoris. Another orgasm hit, and another, and she sobbed breathlessly as the pleasure swept her mind into the tumbling currents of a foaming flood, sending spinning wildly.

She had lost control of everything, she realized, including herself, but what did that matter compared to this much pleasure?!

Chapter Seven

It was a wild and astonishing day of kinky, perverted sex for Sophie. Damien and Brooke tied her to the bed, spreadeagled, then Brooke straddled her head and rode her mouth as Damien used the dildo and vibrator and his tongue to make her with and twist and buck up through more orgasms.

Then they switched places, and he tilted her head back and slid himself deep into her throat as Brooke thrust into her with the dildo – once again strapped to her hips. And when Damien left – after Brooke had taken his phone away, found all the pictures and videos of her and deleted them – Brooke continued with her, amused by the depths of sexual heat she had found in the otherwise mild mannered blonde.

Now they were going down to dinner with Brooke's parents. Brooke had loaned her a dress which no longer fit her curvy frame because it had shrunk. It was a simple denim dress which zipped up the middle. The denim was thick enough to disguise what Sophie was wearing underneath, which was nothing.

Or rather, no underwear. Brooke had found some rope, rough hemp rope as thick as her thumb, and wrapped loops around Sophie's breasts, drawing them tight until her breasts stood up even more firmly than normal. Then she'd drawn the rope down the center of her body, tied knots in it, and pushed it between her legs.

Of course, the knots were right over her tender clitoris, and she tugged the rough hemp up so that it sank between the lips of her sex before going up between her buttocks. There it tied off at the waist, tied off very tightly, so that it pulled up against her soft, sensitive flesh.

At least the cucumber was out of her, thank God, Sophie thought, but the dildo was still inside – buried inside her pussy now (having been washed)! And Brooke had found what she called a butt-plug to shove up her ass!

The idea she was to have dinner with Brooke and her family like that was appalling! But Brooke insisted, both that she do it, and that no one would notice. She zipped up the denim dress, which did, in fact, disguise anything, but it was quite a short dress, and she felt extremely self-conscious wearing it and no underwear.

At least her nipples were no longer tied! They looked swollen and they tingled wildly!

They went downstairs, with Sophie walking very carefully, and wincing with every other step. The rope around her breasts sort of served the same purpose as a bra did, in keeping her breasts from moving too much, but the super sensitive nipples still ground lightly against the rough denim fabric pressed tightly against them.

The two girls were seated on one side of the dining room table, with Brooke's brothers on the opposite side and her parents at either end. She'd had dinner with the Fosters many times before, of course, but this one was, she knew, going to be a different experience.

“Hello, Sophie, dear,” Mrs. Foster said.

She was a plumpish brunette with short, styled hair.

“Hi, Mrs. Foster,” Sophie said with what she hoped was a perfectly normal voice.

“You two girls doing anything useful today?” her husband asked dryly.

“Every time I get up it's useful, daddy,” Brooke said.

“Hmmm,” he replied.

“Anyway, we just worked yesterday. We deserve a day off.”

“One day of work and you need holidays?” he asked, shaking his head.

“Well, maybe not need, but it's nice to have.”

Mr. Foster was a balding forty-something accountant. His two sons, Cole and Michael were a year and two years younger than Brooke, and stared at Sophie furtively when they thought no one would notice, mentally undressing her with their eyes.

If they only knew what was under the dress, Sophie thought anxiously.

She was starting to ache between the legs from the continuous pressure of the rope digging into her sex. And the knot pressed against her clitoris was extremely uncomfortable! Then there was the dildo inside her, filling her up, making her feel so incredibly... sexual, making her ache and throb...

“You two should be looking for full-time work,” Mr. Foster said.

“We are,” Sophie mumbled.

“It's not easy to find around here, you know,” Brooke said. “Now if you buy me a car.”

“Let's not start that again,” her mother said, ladling out mashed potatoes from a steaming bowl.

While her brothers fought over possession of a fork, distracting her parents, Brooke slid her hand down between Sophie's thighs and rubbed her lightly, making her tense up and flush. Then she leaned in to put her mouth next to her ear.

“Lesbian sex slave slut!” she whispered, before drawing back.

Sophie glared at her but of course, said nothing. Her heart was beating pretty fast, and her body was thrumming with sexual tension as she tried to focus on eating. That wasn't possible, of course, not with the way she ached and itched between the legs and under her buttocks, not to mention how her breasts throbbed!

Her nipples were getting very hard, too, she was sure. She glanced down nervously, hoping that would be invisible under the denim, and it seemed to be from her angle. She had a hard time not reaching between her legs, though, or even along her waist and thighs to scratch where the rope was pressing against her soft skin.

The dildo inside her had seemed to disappear within the moist lips of her sex, but now the rope was pushing up against the base, and the nose was jammed against the back wall of her tunnel, producing its own steady ache. And the wonder of it was that all that discomfort was actually turning her on instead of off.

Because this was so nasty and kinky and wicked and daring!

She fought to not squirm in her seat, and hoped nobody else noticed how flushed her face was as she kept her head bent and ate. She wasn't very hungry, though, so took small bites, and thought dinner would never end!

“You girls should apply at McDonalds. They're hiring,” Mister Foster said.

“Oh please, daddy,” Brooke said, rolling her eyes.

“What? Are you too good for McDonalds?”

“Yes! We're way too hot for McDonalds! We should be, like, models.”

“You're not tall enough to be models,” one of her brothers said.

“Not to mention not good looking enough. Well, maybe Sophie, not you,” the other added.

That degenerated into several minutes of insults and sniping while Sophie felt the itch starting to drive her crazy.

Fortunately, she managed to keep from showing too much outward sign of either her discomfort or arousal, and was eager to get upstairs to Brooke's bedroom afterwards. She was disappointed, then, when Brooke said they were going out. Nor did she let Sophie change or get rid of the rope before shooing her out the door.

“My pussy is aching like crazy!” Sophie moaned.

“What else is new?” Brooke asked with a smirk.

“Brooke!”

“I'll give your pussy a nice rub down soon, Blondie,” Brooke said.

That was a promise that made Sophie's pulse race, so she gulped and followed along as Brooke led her walking up the street.

“Where are we going?”

“A walk in the park.”

“I don't want to go to a fucking park!”

“What you want doesn't matter. You're a slave girl,” Brooke said.

“I am not!”

“You are if I say so, brat.”

“Bitch! Pervert!”

“Hmph, I'm not the one walking around outside with a big dildo stuffed up my pussy.”

“You put it there!”

“So you say! I don't see any proof.”

The park up the street wasn't really so much a park as it was a wooded area in a ravine. The people who had built the subdivision hadn't seen anything they could usefully do with it so left it alone as 'green space'. There was a trail leading down into it, which made Sophie nervous since it was starting to get dark.

Who knew what kind of perverts might be down there!?

“Where are we going?” she asked again, though more nervously.

“Wherever I want, slave.”

“I'm not your slave, bitch.”

“Blondes are everyone's slaves, sex slaves,” Brooke said, taunting her.

“And redheads are bitches!”

“If you're not nicer to your mistress I might not let you take off your little rope bikini, slave girl.”

“It's not a bikini. A bikini would actually cover something!”

They went down the trail and then Brooke took her arm and guided her in behind some bushes and under a large tree.

“Okay, you can take them off here.”

Sophie looked around nervously, but there was no one to be seen. Normally she'd have refused to expose herself anyway but the rough rope really was driving her crazy. She pulled the hem of the dress around her waist and fumbled at the knots. Brooke pushed her hands away and untied them herself.

“You might as well open the dress so I can get at the ones around your tits.”

Sophie looked around again, then unzipped. The zipper went all the way down so that the dress parted in half, and she felt a little shudder of dark excitement at being practically naked outside this way.

Then Brooke began to untie the ropes that went around her breasts, and tsked in annoyance because they went up behind her shoulders, so she pushed the dress back.

“Just take it off,” she said.

Gulping, Sophie obeyed, her pulse speeding up as she looked around breathlessly, completely naked as Brooke untied the ropes that went behind her back, and then the ones around her breasts loosened. She had to actually peel them off, but it felt so good when they came loose!

Then as she was scratching them Brooke abruptly forced the rope, which she had re-tied into a loop, around her right hand, then her left before she could begin to really struggle.

“Wh... Brooke!” she gasped, trying to twist away.

Brooke grinned and quickly looped the rope around more tightly, then jerked her hands up, throwing the loose rope over a branch overhead, then grabbing it and yanking.

“Ungh!”

Sophie found her wrists yanked up sharply, forcing her up onto the balls of her feet!

“Brooke!” she exclaimed. “What are you doing!?”

“Whatever I want,” Brooke said with a leer.

Then she bent over and began to hungrily suck and lick on Sophie's stiff nipples. That wasn't unwelcome attention, especially given how hard and sensitive they were, but doing it outside was outrageous, and Sophie looked around wildly.

“What if someone comes!?” she moaned.

“You'll be the one coming,” Brooke said.

The rope between her legs and around her waist had not yet been untied, and Brooke gripped it and yanked up sharply, making Sophie cry out several times.

“Oh! Fuck! Brooke!” she squealed.

“Shh, don't want people to hear you and come see,” Brooke said.

She untied the rope and then slowly peeled it down and out from between Sophie's aching sex lips. As she did she sank to her knees and began to lick her softly and gently. By then Sophie was so incredibly sensitive there that she could barely keep from fainting at the incredible rush of sensations through her body and mind!

“Oh! Oh! Fuck! Oh! God! God! Oh! Please! Please!” she gasped, her hips almost immediately beginning to grind in wild, desperate hunger.

Brooke stopped and looked up, grinning.

“Say please Mistress!”

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

The feel of the redhead's tongue on her clitoris, where that horrible hemp rope knot had been grinding into her was indescribable! And as she started licking again, the orgasm exploded up through her belly and raced up her spine to her brain to completely fry it as she cried out in wild, helpless pleasure.

“Shhh!” Brooke said.

She stood up quickly, putting a hand over the blonde girl's mouth, then took off her own panties and thrust them into her mouth before taking a scarf out of her pocket and tying it over her mouth.

Sophie moaned and shuddered as Brooke put her hand down between her legs, letting the palm of her hand push in sharply against her hips to push her bottom out. Her other hand slid down between her buttocks in the rear, gripping the base of the dildo which had started to push out, then began to pump it in and out.

Sophie swayed and trembled, her head jerking up and back as the dildo thrust into her, as Brooke's fingers stroked rapidly across her, as the wild animal heat roared inside her at how kinky and shocking it was to be tied up outside like this! Another orgasm screamed through her nervous system and she jerked her hips back frantically to impale herself on the dildo as she sobbed in desperate pleasure!

“Whore! Slut! Slave girl!” Brooke taunted as the blonde trembled and shook and ground her hips wildly against her fingers.

She thrust it deep again, then dropped to her knees in front of Sophie, who half hung by her wrists by then, gasping for breath and moaning. Brooke began to lick energetically across her clitoris, and the wild storm of sensations rose again!

Sophie felt her muscles spasming, her insides churning with heat, a sizzling sexual heat gripping her mind as she stared around her at the bushes and trees and let her head hang back, gurgling weakly at the flood of sensation.

“Hey, Brooke, whatcha doing?” a male voice asked.

Sophie's eyes shot open as Brooke stood up, and then widened as she saw a guy standing not ten feet away, looking at them!

“Hey, Nick,” Brooke said, with ridiculous casualness, as if she hadn't just been caught licking a naked girl's pussy.

The guy, who was blonde, medium height, and somewhere around their age, came closer, eyes on Sophie as she froze and then burned, mortified. Sophie dropped her head rapidly, letting her hair screen

her face from his staring eyes, moaning into the gag.

“This is a slave girl I found tied up here,” Brooke said. “She seemed lonely so I thought I'd give her a little attention.”

“That was nice of you,” Nick said.

Despite the shock, Sophie was beginning to realize that the guy was not there by chance, but tied as firmly as she was, she wasn't exactly in any position to do anything about it – like run!

“Cute blonde,” he said. “Mind if I fuck her?”

Sophie felt a shock run through her as he reached out and began to knead her breast.

“I think she's already got a big dildo inside her pussy,” Brooke said.

Then she reached down to spread Sophie's lips and show the dildo, pulling it slowly out into view before pushing it back again.

“Oh, well, that's okay. I can fuck her in the ass,” Nick said, moving around behind her.

Sophie jerked her head up as she felt his hand on her bottom, staring demanding at Brooke. But Brooke wasn't looking, because she had already dropped back down to her knees.

“Nice ass!” Nick said admiringly.

Sophie moaned helplessly as Brooke began to lick her again. This was all so... impossible, like she had fallen into a dream! This couldn't be happening! What should she do!? What could she do!?

“Hmm, she's got something in her ass, too,” he said as she felt his fingers tugging at the base of the butt-plug.

“I'm sure it will come out,” Brooke said.

“I hope so. Staring at this hot naked sex slave has given me a huge hard-on,” Nick said.

Sophie was still burning up with humiliation as she felt the thick plug slowly being forced out, forcing her sphincter to open and spread, wider and wider.

“I hope this slave's ass isn't too tight for my cock,” Nick said.

“Slave girls were made to be fucked in the ass,” Brooke replied.

“That's true.”

There was no longer the slightest doubt in Sophie's mind that Brooke had arranged this! That made it less shocking, somehow, and even less... humiliating. But it was still horribly embarrassing as he pulled the plug completely out of her bottom.

And then she felt something warm and flesh-like pressing against her there! Her heart was beating like a drum, and her pulse raced as she felt it sliding up inside her, deeper and deeper, and knew it had to be his cock!

Meanwhile Brooke was licking hungrily at her clitoris, her hands on Sophie's thighs to push her hips back, and Sophie felt as if her mind was tumbling and turning under the continual emotional and physical shocks and sensations!

She cried out as someone – obviously Nick – jerked back on her hair, forcing her head up and back. She rolled her eyes and saw his face out of the corner of her eye as he leaned in against her, his lips next to her ear.

“I'm gonna fuck you in the ass, slave,” he growled.

Sophie shuddered, and then cried out as she felt his thick cock sliding deep, deep inside her!

The butt plug had opened her up, but only so far. Still, there was little actual pain, just a strange sort of aching, and as he started to pump slowly in and out she felt a sense of wildness come over her, staring down at Brooke, then at his hands as they came around her ribs to cup and knead her breasts.

She felt as if she was sinking, not her body, but her mind, or melting into a puddle at her feet. She trembled and moaned as Brooke licked her, then started to pump the dildo, as Nick squeezed her breasts, and pumped his cock in her ass.

A strange animal heat swept through her, a sense of masochistic outrage fueling the rise of a sense of arousal like a rising fever.

She sobbed dazedly as Nick thrust harder, and deeper, until his hips began to slap against her

buttocks. He felt so strange inside her! And then there was the dildo also inside her, pumping in and out as Brooke licked at her clitoris.

She came, screaming, sobbing, and bucking violently as the two drove her out of her mind with the impact of their shocking, kinky games. She twisted and writhed, all her inhibitions shredded, leaving her naked in mind and soul, all her cares and concerns about anything other than the pleasure gripping her body dropping away.

Nick was grunting behind her, thrusting hard, panting.

“Fuck! What a tight ass this slut has!” he groaned.

“She loves it up the ass,” Brooke said. “Fuck her harder!”

Sophie shuddered and came again, sobbing as her body spasmed and shook in the throes of a powerful rush of raw sensation, her mind overwhelmed by it all as the two of them did their best to drive her insane.

She couldn't even count the number of orgasms which screamed through her nervous system over the next few minutes. She was drowned in sensation, in dark, animal heat, bucking and twisting and jerking as her muscles spasmed and her nerve endings crackled like live electrical wires.

When Nick came the two moved around her, staring at her, as Sophie half hung in place, moaning, eyes slitted, still flushed, frazzled and dazed.

“She looks like such a slutty slave girl,” Brooke said.

“I think you need to punish her for being so slutty,” Nick replied.

“That's a good idea. Slave girls should be constantly punished to remind them how nasty they are.”

“Can I do it?” Nick asked eagerly.

“No! She's MY sex slave! I get to punish her.”

Sophie moaned weakly.

Brooke looked around in the bushes and came up with a two foot long length of flexible rubber that might have come off a windshield wiper or something similar. She hummed to herself as she swept it back and forth through the air, then swung it at the helpless blonde's bottom.

Sophie yelped as it cut across her buttocks, her hips jerking forward just as Nick thrust his hand between her thighs. He cupped her sex, grinning at her, letting his thumb press up against her clitoris and rub casually.

“Sex slave,” he said in a low, taunting voice.

Crack!

Sophie squealed again, jerking forward, or trying to.

Nick pushed in against her abdomen with the heel of his hand, forcing her bottom to push back further. Sophie had to rise onto her toes, whimpering and moaning as he reached up and put his other hand around her neck.

“Sex slave,” he taunted again.

Crack!

His thumb stroked her clitoris faster as Sophie shuddered and moaned.

Crack!

“What a bad little slave girl she is,” Brooke said.

Crack!

“Slave!” Nick purred.

Crack!

“Bad slave girl!” Brooke said.

Crack!

“She deserves to be strapped hard,” Brooke said.

Then she swung the length of rubber faster.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Sex slave,” Nick said, leaning in to kiss and chew on her throat as his thumb stroked her clitoris.

The blows to her bottom ached sharply, but Sophie felt that sense of unreality swirling around her again, and Nick's stroking of her clitoris was sending hot little ripples of pleasure through her still-overheated body.

She came again, sobbing for breath and screaming it out as Brooke whipped her bottom and Nick rubbed her clitoris, his other hand closing around her throat to make her head throb and burn and threaten to explode.

Chapter Eight

Sophie felt very strange, nervous, excited, anxious, uncertain, jittery, self-conscious, aroused, and very much... out of control, like the ground was constantly shifting under her feet and she had no idea where or how to find her balance.

After whipping her bottom until it burned, and making her come again, Nick and Brooke had groped her casually but relentlessly, even a little sadistically, pinching and twisting her nipples and roughly squeezing her breasts as she stood helpless and moaning.

Then they had untied her, but she didn't feel free. She was still naked, and Brooke had pushed her down onto her knees as she and Nick had loomed overhead, their faces filled with looks which promised more shocks to the hapless blonde.

That she didn't even *know* Nick, that she'd never met him, made it all the more shocking, and gave her a tight chested, breathless feeling as she knelt there *naked!*

Brooke still had that thin rubber thing, too, and looked like she might use it again!

"Hands behind your neck, interlace your fingers, slave girl," she ordered.

Blushing in front of Nick, she obeyed, making sure her knees were wide open as he leered down at her. Then she winced as Brooke lightly slapped her breasts with the rubber thing.

"What pretty breasts you have, sex slave," she said. "Now show Nick your favorite position."

Sophie looked up at her anxiously. She was still gagged, so couldn't even ask.

"Face down, ass up... slut."

Sophie gulped, jolted by the word in front of Nick, but obeyed, flushing anew, letting her swollen breasts press down into the dirt and grass, raising her bottom high.

Crack! The rubber thing snapped down across her thighs.

"Pull your stomach in tighter to your thighs, slut! We want your ass raised up higher!"

Moaning, she obeyed, hands stretched out in front of her, wriggling her knees in so that her belly and thighs were pulled in tighter.

"Spread your legs, slave. You want to invite every man who walks behind you to drop down to his knees and fuck you hard," Brooke said.

Again Sophie flushed, but obeyed, feeling a wild churning sense of confused emotions as the redhead seemed to be deliberately degrading her in front of this... guy! That should have angered her, but instead was giving her a weird sort of dark thrill.

"That looks like an invitation to me," Nick said, moving around behind her.

"Too bad you can't accept it right now," Brooke teased.

"You could charge for this."

"Yeah, line forms right behind her tight ass," Brooke said with a laugh.

"Blonde cunt, fifty bucks a fuck," Nick sneered.

Again Sophie felt a jolt of weird, wild, breathless emotions as he reached over to finger her sex and push against the dildo still inside her. Sophie grunted as he slid it out and then pushed it back again.

"Tight slut," he said.

"Dirty slut," Brooke said.

She was straightening out some of the rope which had been tied around Sophie's breasts, around her hips and between her legs. Now she looped it around her neck and pulled it in tight.

“Up on all fours, you dirty slave bitch,” she ordered, jerking on the rope.

Sophie gurgled and jerked up onto all fours, for the rope was a noose which tightened around her neck when Brooke pulled.

“Crawl like the filthy animal you are,” Brooke taunted, tugging on the leash and forcing her to crawl forward. “Crawl, little blonde slave bitch.”

Sophie crawled, gasping, moaning into the gag, her breasts swaying below her against the grass and weeds she was crawling through. Again she felt wild churning emotions, this time with a little anger against Brooke but.. the dark sensual sense of thrilled heat was even deeper.

She crawled as Brooke moved, pulling on the rope like it was a leash, moaning as Nick followed along, laughing. He picked up a long, thin stick somewhere, and slapped it lightly against her bottom, for fun.

“What a nasty little slave girl she is,” Brooke teased.

She stopped.

“Down in your favorite position again, you slutty little animal!” she said.

Gasping, Sophie obeyed, dropping her breasts to the ground, raising her bottom high and spreading her legs as she stretched her arms out before her.

“Yeah, you want a cock inside you, don't you, you slutty little sex slave!” Brooke jeered.

“She needs to be mounted and ridden hard,” Nick said.

“Like a bitch in heat!” Brooke said. “You can see how much she loves it!”

Nick pumped the dildo in and out of her and Sophie whimpered and moaned and panted, the heat skyrocketing inside her even as her mind was roiled by how utterly humiliating this was. It was so outrageous! So shocking and... and forbidden! So wild and raw and carnal!

“Are you going to come again, animal?” Brooke demanded.

She whipped the length of leather down again, this time across Sophie's back as she lay on her belly.

Sophie gasped at the sudden stinging blow, but didn't move.

“Dirty girl,” Brooke said, her voice purring.

Crack!

The thing slapped down against her back a second time.

“You're not allowed to come again!”

Crack!

Sophie moaned, dazed, her hips starting to roll back against the dildo Nick was thrusting into her.

“Do you hear me, slut?”

Crack!

She gasped, shuddering as Nick now began to rub her clitoris as he pumped the dildo.

Crack!

“Slut! Get up. Let's go crawl some more!”

The pull of the rope around her throat forced her back up to her hands and knees and the gasping, trembling blonde crawled further through the weed and grass strewn ravine, eyes slightly glazed as a shimmering wall of heat surrounded her mind and body.

“Down on your belly again, slave,” Brooke ordered, after a minute of crawling.

Panting heavily, Sophie obeyed, raising her bottom high.

Again Nick began to pump the dildo and stroke her clitoris, and her eyes glazed over as she began to grunt in time to his hard strokes.

“Nasty little sex slave,” Brooke said.

She moved forward and put her foot against the side of Sophie's hip, then shoved hard, bowling her over onto her side then her back.

“Lay on your back,” she ordered.

Sophie, gasping for breath, had no problem obeying as the two of them looked down at her.

“Draw your knees up, now spread them wide to the sides.”

Again she obeyed, chest heaving, eyes rolling, face flushed.

“Reach down and take that dildo and pump it in and out.”

Another jolt hit her, but Sophie was being consumed by heat, and immediately grabbed the base of the dildo, drawing it slowly out, then thrusting it back in.

“Rub your clit, slut.”

Whimpering, she obeyed again, the air sobbing out of her as she pumped the dildo and rubbed her clitoris while the two of them looked down at her.

“Look at the little slut animal masturbate,” Brooke said as if in amazement.

“What a sex maniac!” Nick said.

Sophie shuddered, horribly embarrassed, shockingly aroused, and on the verge of orgasm as she pumped the dildo harder and rubbed her clitoris with frantic need.

Then the orgasm exploded inside her and she cried out again and again, hips bucking up violently against the pumping dildo and her wildly stroking fingers as the two watched her. That they were watching was mortifying, in a way, but also outrageously thrilling!

Sophie cried out as the torrent of sexual pleasure flooded through her body, hips grinding wildly as she thrust the dildo hard and fast, back arching again and again as her hips rolled and bucked and the sexual electricity crackled wildly through her body and mind.

She gave a final convulsive buck and went still, but for her heaving chest, gasping and moaning as her knees spread open wide, straining the tendons in her thighs, and her hands slowly fell away.

“Slut animal,” Brooke said.

She stepped forward and then put her heel against the base of the dildo, forcing it fully inside Sophie's throbbing sex.

Sophie gasped, grabbing at her ankle, moaning.

“Let go of my ankle, slave,” Brooke demanded, raising the rubber thing up threateningly.

Moaning, Sophie obeyed.

“And spread your legs!”

Sophie's thighs had tried to close around the other girl's leg but now they spread wide again, and she shuddered as Brooke ground her foot against her sex. Then, staring down the length of her own naked body, she saw that Brooke was wearing high heels. When had she put those on, she thought dazedly. She was sure she hadn't been wearing them when they left her house!

But now she pressed the heel against the base of the dildo and slowly forced it deeper.

Sophie cried out, back arching, hips trembling, as she felt her body somehow make room for an extra inch or so of the hard silicone cock. Brooke's heel slid the base fully inside her so that the lips of her sex closed around the heel instead.

Brooke withdrew her foot, and Sophie gasped gratefully, though she still ached deep inside.

“Onto your belly, slave girl,” Brooke ordered, bringing the thin rubber thing down across Sophie's breasts.

Sophie squealed and quickly rolled over, gasping for breath.

“Raise that ass again, slave.”

Moaning, Sophie obeyed.

“Man, that's a nice visual,” Nick said.

He was holding his cell phone up as he said it and snapped several pictures of Sophie from behind, with her bottom raised high and knees spread.

He was hard again, and dropped to his knees, pulling the butt-plug out and thrusting down into her again. Sophie grunted, eyes glassy, shuddering and moaning as he used her. He put his foot on the side of her face, pressing it down hard against the ground as he rammed his cock down into her bottom, and the dark, seething heat coiled tighter around her mind as she moaned and whimpered and felt the dark heat and hunger clawing at her mind.

*

They made her crawl almost all the way back to the street, after that, before letting her stand, taking the rope off her neck, and putting the denim dress on again. They took the gag out of her mouth – Brooke's panties, she remembered, mind squirming. But even clothed, Sophie didn't feel the same. What had happened in the ravine was so shocking she still felt emotionally numbed, dazed, wondering.

But the wild wicked heat which had filled her the entire time was still alive and burning dully at the back of her mind as they went back to Brooke's house.

Only they weren't going to Brooke's house, she finally realized, her mind waking up a bit as she looked around.

Brooke had warned her sternly not to speak, that slaves only spoke when given permission, and Sophie was still so confused and dazed by what had happened she wasn't sure what to say anyway, especially in front of Nick.

A black car pulled up alongside them as they walked.

“Hey, that's a hot looking blonde there. Does she give blow jobs?”

Sophie, startled, turned to stare, her jaw dropping. The man was... older, perhaps thirty. He wasn't bad looking, with short brown hair and a strong jaw, but she'd never seen him before in her life.

“Sure,” Brooke said. “Fifty bucks.”

“Is she any good?”

“She's a blonde!” Brooke said as if the question had been ridiculous.

Nick and she laughed, and the man joined in, then pushed the passenger door open as a startled Sophie was shoved forward by Brooke.

“Wh – .”

She gasped as Brooke gripped her hair, forcing her to bend over, then shoved head first into the car. The man in the drivers seat gripped her hair, then, dragging her forward, and she gasped in alarm and confusion as he unzipped his trousers and pulled his cock out.

“Suck that cock, blonde,” he ordered.

“Yeah, suck that cock, you hot little sex slave,” Brooke said, leaning in behind her.

Sophie was sprawled across the passenger seat and the center console, her head in the man's lap as he rubbed his cock against her face, and she almost instinctively opened her mouth as her hair was pulled. Then her lips were sliding down its length as she closed her lips and started to suck.

She felt the hem of her short denim skirt hiked up, and fingers at her clitoris, rubbing and stroking as her lips were forced all the way down the man's cock. She gurgled dazedly, eyes wild, as he groaned in pleasure and then cried out as he jerked up on her hair again.

She grabbed the man's thighs to position herself better, and began to suck and bob, harder and faster, moaning as he jerked on her hair, gasping as he shoved his hand down under her chest, unzipping the dress, and roughly groping her otherwise bare breast.

It didn't take long, for the man was apparently pretty excited at it all, and with her throat riding up and down his cock he soon spilled himself deep inside her. She was yanked up and back by Brooke and Nick, and the man handed Brooke fifty dollars, then drove off.

Sophie was left as dazed as before, maybe more dazed, wondering to herself. Had that just happened? No, it was something else Brooke had arranged, she knew. The man had acted too casual. Had Brooke planned all this in advance? She must have!

They walked back to Brooke's house, now, and Nick drifted off somewhere after some whispered words with Brooke.

“Remember, sex slave, you belong to me,” Brooke said with a purring voice. “And I intend to make you come a hundred times a day.”

She slid her fingers into Sophie's tangled blonde hair and jerked her head up and back sharply.

“Oh!” Sophie gasped.

“Hot, nasty, sexy little blonde animal,” Brooke whispered, kissing her hard.

They went back inside, after Brooke combed Sophie's hair, and upstairs to her bedroom. She immediately turned, unzipped the dress, and jerked it off, then had Sophie kneel in the center of the floor, hands behind neck, back arched, legs wide.

"Hot little slut," Brooke said with a grin.

She came over with what Sophie first thought was a thick, short belt, and then slipped it around her neck. It turned out to be a collar, and Brooke buckled it firmly in place, then had her crawl over to her mirror to stare at herself. It was a dog collar, the one her dog Princess had once worn before it had died years ago.

"You must be thirsty after all that hard deep throating," Brooke said. "I bet you'd like some cold water."

Sophie gulped and nodded hesitantly.

"Say yes, please mistress."

Sophie flushed. "Yes, please, mistress," she said in a low, meek voice.

Brooke grinned. "Don't move, slave girl."

She went out of the room, leaving a nervous Sophie behind, aware the door was unlocked. What if her parents opened it!? What if her father opened it!?

But when it was opened it was just Brooke again, holding, not a glass, but a bowl. She set it on the floor.

"You can drink from that, like the sexual animal you are," she said.

Sophie shuddered, and then dropped to all fours at a motion from Brooke.

"No hands. You're a sex animal."

She lowered herself to her forearms, then a little further, licking and sucking water from the bowl.

Crack!

She gasped as something hit her bottom.

"Keep your ass high and legs wide, like a proper little sex slave."

She jerked her hips up and spread her knees as she continued to drink. The water was soothing on her throat.

"Say thank you, slave girl."

"Thank you for the water, Mistress," Sophie gulped, a little rush of heat sweeping over her.

"Crawl over here and thank me, slave."

Sophie pushed herself away from the water, turning and crawling over to where Brooke stood.

"Thank you for the water, Mistress," she said, face flushed.

"Show me how grateful you are. Lick my feet."

Moaning, Sophie dropped her eyes to the redhead's bare feet, then dropped down onto her forearms again, licking at her bare toes and instep.

"Such a nasty little sexual animal," Brooke purred.

She raised a foot on its heel.

"Suck my toes."

Sophie sucked and licked her toes, panting dazedly as the suffocating heat rose around her mind once again.

Then Brooke stripped and sat down, snapping her fingers at her, and Sophie crawled up between her legs, licking at her clitoris as the redhead combined her fingers through her hair. She licked excitedly but anxiously, wanting Brooke's approval on a variety of levels. The base one, of course, was to keep the redhead from punishing her again.

Her bottom was still sore!

She licked Brooke to two orgasms before the redhead relented and let go of her hair, then had her kneel in the center of the floor again naked.

Brooke pulled on a nightie, then turned on some music.

"Dance, slave girl."

Sophie blinked uncertainly.

“Get up and dance, slut,” Brooke said impatiently.

Sophie got to her feet and then started to sway with the music.

“Dance like a stripper,” Brooke ordered.

The idea of that was hot, given how Sophie felt, so she began to comply, showing more enthusiasm as she moved, her hips swinging more, her feet starting to move, her hands sliding up and down her body and through her hair as she turned and twisted.

“Imagine there's a bunch of guys here watching you. Show them what a hot sexual animal you are, slave girl.”

After dancing for a few minutes Brooke had her put on a thong and bra, then chose some clothes for her and had her dance again, stripping them off as she moved, offering up a critique and directions.

“I am going to have you stripping for guys, you know, so get it right,” Brooke said.

Sophie shuddered, feeling a mix of delicious anticipation and wild anxiety at the words.

After long minutes of dancing, she was panting, and Brooke had her lay down and masturbate with the dildo. This time Brooke stood there with her parents' video camera to record every second of it as Sophie pumped the dildo, the big black one, in and out of herself, shuddering and moaning and rubbing her clitoris desperately.

Then they watched it played back on the computer monitor, and she got outrageously hot seeing herself like that, and Brooke masturbated her to another orgasm.

The next morning, Brooke's parents were at work by the time they woke, so Brooke made her stay naked, and made her crawl through the house next to her like a 'sexual animal'. The whole idea was still a desperately hot and exciting one for Sophie, so she complied, even kneeling in the kitchen and letting Brooke feed her by hand.

She had a shower – which Brooke video taped, and then, her body slick and soapy, masturbated, propped in the corner, rubbing her clitoris, and at Brooke's urging, being as loud as she wanted to be when she climaxed – which was very loud, because she was incredibly aroused by being so outrageous!

“Hot slut porn star!” Brooke taunted.

She took video while Sophie licked her feet, while Sophie licked her pussy, and then while Sophie knelt 'her favorite position', with a dildo sticking partly out of her pussy and another out of her bottom.

“Are you a slut?” Brooke demanded, kicking her bottom.

“Yes, Mistress!” Sophie moaned breathlessly.

“Dirty girl! You love having a cock inside you, don't you!”

“Yes, Mistress!” she gulped.

“Say it, slut.”

“I love having a cock inside me, Mistress!” she groaned.

It was all so darkly, deliciously slutty that Sophie felt her insides churning with heat!

Brooke had her put on the zip-up denim dress again and they went outside – to be picked up by Nick in a blue Pontiac. The sight of him made Sophie's face blush hotly and made her mind squirm, but she got in the rear at Brooke's order while Brooke got in the front next to Nick.

As soon as the door was closed Brooke turned around and looked at her.

“Unzip the dress, slave girl.”

Her blush deepened, and her chest tightened, but Sophie obeyed, unzipping the dress all the way and letting it fall open.

“Now take it off completely.”

Sophie stared at her helplessly, but felt a pulsing heat between her legs, and so she obeyed, trying to crouch down a little in case anyone saw her through the window.

Brooke took the dress, leaving her naked in the back seat, while Nick leered at her in the mirror.

About ten minutes later Nick pulled over to the curb, the rear passenger door opened, and a stranger got in. Sophie was mortified, of course, as the guy leered at her. He was a black guy, and he

reached over and grabbed her by the hair behind her neck, jerking her over and down as he unzipped his pants.

Nick drove on, and the guy shoved her mouth down onto his cock while Nick and Brooke continued to chat about a movie they'd both seen.

“Suck that cock, white girl!” the man growled. “Take it deep, you hot little slut.”

He shoved her down all the way, and Sophie gurgled as she felt him pushing deep into her throat. Then he yanked her up and down several times before letting her pull herself up with a gasp. She spent the next five minutes or so sucking his balls and licking his cock, then deep throating him until he came.

Then, without a word, he zipped up, Nick pulled over, and he got out.

Brooke and Nick continued to talk about movies as if nothing had happened.

And ten minutes later he pulled over and another stranger got in. This one was younger, and actually quite attractive, as far as Sophie was concerned. That just embarrassed her more, though. He unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, which was already erect, and she gulped, then leaned over, licking and sucking and then deep throating him until he came.

Again Nick pulled over and he left.

Sophie sat up, dazed and gulping, her throat a little achy, her mind dazed.

Chapter Nine

A few minutes later the car turned off the road onto a small, narrow side road, or so it looked. It wasn't very long, though, and it ended in front of nice looking house. Brooke and Nick got out, and Brooke motioned Sophie out.

She climbed out anxiously, looking around nervously. Brooke turned her around, pulled her wrists together behind her back, and tied them there, making her lower belly and her chest both tighten. Then the two of them headed up to the house with Sophie following helplessly along behind.

Naked!

They stopped at the front door and rang the bell. After long seconds, it opened, and Sophie blushed hotly again as a man looked at her. This man, at least, she recognized. It was Lucas!

“Well, well, well,” he said, as she dropped her eyes, horribly embarrassed.

“If it isn't our little slave girl.”

He reached up and then closed his large hand around her throat.

Sophie's eyes widened and she felt a rush of fear as his fingers tightened, though they didn't tighten to the point she couldn't breath. He pulled her into the house, staring at her, then swung her around and shoved her against a wall.

“Are you going to be a good, obedient slave girl?” he demanded.

He squeezed a little harder and then pulled her forward before shoving her back against the wall.

“Well?”

“Yes!” she gasped.

He pulled her forward and shoved her back harder

“Yes master,” he said sternly. “Say it!”

“Yes, Master!” she gasped, feeling her insides twisting and churning.

He released her throat and nodded his head, and then turned and walked into the house. Brooke grabbed her arm and led her in after him. They passed what looked like a den on one side, and a living room on the other, going up a flight of stairs to the second floor. They walked through a doorway and Sophie looked around, her eyes wild, her heart pounding!

The walls were red, and so was the carpet on the floor. The furniture was black leather, a big upholstered chair, a bed with black sheets, a black cabinet, a black shelves on the wall which contained strange and menacing looking things, and black curtains on the wall.

Brooke led her to the cabinet and the man opened the top drawer then took out what was unmistakably a collar. It wasn't a dog collar, though, like the one Brooke had put on her the other evening. This was thicker, black, studded, with a big round ring in the front.

Lucas fit it around her neck and buckled it tightly. Then out came smaller versions, as Brooke untied her wrists. He wrapped those around her wrists, and Sophie could see that they actually locked together!

On the wall was a large mirror, and he led her over in front of it, gripping her hair, making her arch her back.

“Look at that incredibly hot blonde sex slave,” he said, standing behind her, holding her hair.

He ran his other hand up her body, kneading her breast as she stared into the mirror.

“This is a sexual animal built for hot, wild sex,” he said.

His hand glided down her trembling body, and his fingers found her clitoris, rubbing skillfully as she whimpered and gasped as she stared at herself in the mirror, waves of darkly delicious heat and passion rolling through her body.

She looked like... like a sex slave! Naked, collared, shackled, with this... grown man gripping her hair and running his hands over her body! The intensity of the wild rush of emotions she felt made her body tingle all over, and when his fingers stroked her clitoris she gasped and moaned involuntarily, as if her nerve endings were hyper sensitive!

He jerked back on her hair, moving out of the way, so that she stumbled backwards – into Brooke's arms. The redhead gripped her hair firmly, yanking it up and back to make her back arch, and reached around her with her other arm, gripping Sophie's breast as she turned her to face both Lucas and Nick.

“Do you like this little sex slave?” she purred.

“Very much,” Lucas said.

“Oh yeah,” Nick growled.

Brooke laughed softly, then shoved her and Sophie staggered forward to be caught by the two men.

“You can do anything you want to her,” Brooke said. “Fuck her, use her, beat her, whip her.”

“I like the idea of whipping her,” Lucas said.

Sophie shuddered, feeling a rolling wave of anxiety, but the heat had a firm grip on her mind as she trembled against him. Nick had his hand squeezing one breast while Lucas held her hair and the other.

“On your knees, slut,” he ordered.

He jerked down on her hair, not waiting for her to obey, forcing her to her knees before him. Nick unzipped his trousers and pulled his cock out, hard and thick, and as Lucas roughly held her hair and head, turning to face him, Nick rubbed his cock all over her face.

“Tell me you love cock, slave girl,” Lucas ordered.

“I-I... I love... c-cock!” Sophie moaned.

Nick shoved his cock forward and she opened her mouth more, moaning again, sucking and licking it as she pumped in and out, thrusting deeper with every stroke. She couldn't move her head at all as Lucas kept it tightly in his grip. And then Nick thrust forward and let the head of his cock push into her throat, not stopping, letting the shaft slide slowly down her throat as she trembled and gurgled weakly.

He stopped only with her lips wrapped firmly around the base, held it there for long seconds, then pulled slowly back out again. Sophie gasped for breath as Nick jerked her head around to face him. He simply dropped his pants entirely, then pulled her face in against his crotch.

“Open your mouth, slave,” he ordered. “Wider.”

She opened her mouth wide, gasping, and he pushed his balls into it.

“Suck!”

She sucked, gasping and moaning, licking at them, massaging them against the insides of her cheeks as she rolled her glazed eyes up at him. The heat was baking her brain, and she felt herself, her personality, who she was, melting into a bubbling vat of overheated lava which cared about nothing but the sensual, the erotic, the passionate.

The pleasure.

He pulled slowly back, then let his cock drop down against her face and pushed himself into her mouth. She moaned, her lips widening as he pumped the head in and out, then the head and the first third of the shaft, then pushed deeper. She gurgled as it pushed into her throat, then slid deep.

“Nasty slut,” Brooke taunted from behind her.

“Hot little slave girl,” Lucas said.

“I think she's such a bad girl she needs to be punished,” Brooke said.

“I think she's such a hot girl she needs to be fucked,” Nick said.

“We'll do both,” Lucas announced, pumping slowly in and out of her throat.

He stepped out of his pants, then released her hair, peeling off his shirt to stand in front of her naked. A moment later he gripped her hair and roughly pulled her to her feet as she gasped and yelped in pain.

“Over here,” he said, roughly pulling her over to the center of the room. He undid whatever was locking the restraints together behind her back as Sophie panted raggedly and gulped in air. Then he raised her right wrist.

Sophie looked up to see a chain hanging from the ceiling with a clip on the end. He clipped it to the ring in the leather bracelet, then dropped her hand – which stayed put, of course, and took her other hand, raising that up but stretching it out to the side.

Sophie stumbled to the side, still breathing heavily as he extended her arm and clipped that bracelet to another chain. She felt a hand on her leg and looked down to see Nick jerking her right leg to the side, and then saw him placing a studded leather strap around it, similar to the ones around her wrists.

Lucas did the same to her other ankle, forcing them both so far apart she had to stand on the balls of her feet. Then chains attached to rings set in the floor were attached to the ankle bracelets! She found herself standing on the balls of her feet, spreadeagled and helpless.

The heat twisted and writhed within her!

Lucas cupped her buttocks and fingered the round base of the butt-plug inside her. He moved back and searched in the cabinet, then came back with a large, thick dildo, which he tossed to Brooke.

“Fill her up.”

Brooke grinned, leering at Sophie, then dropped in front of her and started pushing the dildo against her tight, narrow opening. She licked at her clitoris as she did, and Sophie whimpered and moaned, her head twisting from side to side, her eyes wide as she looked around the room, and at Nick and Lucas, then down at Brooke.

She was looking at Brooke, and starting to pant from the way the redhead was lapping excitedly at her clitoris, when someone jerked her hair back sharply, painfully! She cried out, and then a black ball was pushed against her mouth! She stared, gasping, her jaw forced wider as the ball pushed insistently!

It pushed through – barely, forcing her jaw achingly wide, filling her mouth so much that she couldn't close her jaw! It had a strap which Lucas pulled around behind her neck and did up, setting it firmly in place, with her lips pressed together around it.

Her eyes widened further, and the heat swept over her again, making her tremble and writhe weakly in place against the restraints binding her. She cried out weakly as Brooke forced the thick dildo inside her, twisting and pumping it, sliding it higher and higher, making her ache inside.

“She needs something longer and thicker up her tight little ass,” Lucas said.

“Got it right here,” Nick said.

Sophie's head jerked around and she got a brief glimpse of a sort of strange looking ice cream cone. It had a narrow base, upon which sat a very wide round ball. A second, smaller ball sat atop that, then a wider ball atop that, then a narrower one, then an even narrower one.

Nick grinned at her and moved behind her. She felt his finger pulling on the butt-plug, felt the pressure against her sphincter as the fat round thing slowly pulled free of her. Then she felt the round nose of the other thing pushing into her.

It slid in easily, as did the second ball. The third one stretched her and she moaned as it slid inside. The fourth one was easier, then the fifth one stretched her even more as she felt the first one jammed achingly high inside her!

“Dirty girl,” Lucas said.

He slapped her face!

Startled, Sophie was thrown back – but not far, for the restraints held her tightly in place.

“Slut,” he said.

He slapped her face again, on the other cheek, and Sophie cried out, thrown back again, but held in position by the restraints.

“Whore.”

Again he slapped her, throwing her face to the side, and making her gasp at the stinging blow.

“Slave.”

He slapped her on the other cheek again, throwing her head aside and her body back.

Then he picked up a thick handled device with a thick round head, and thrust it between her legs. It buzzed violently, much more so than the vibrator Brooke had introduced her to the other day! He ground it from side to side against her clitoris as Brooke pumped the dildo in her pussy and Nick thrust the other one slowly up and down in her back passage!

It was all so overwhelming, and Sophie shuddered and twisted and writhed as the storm of sensations threatened to drown her!

He stopped, putting the thing away, and then after thrusting the dildos up firmly inside her Nick and Brooke moved away, leaving her standing there trembling and moaning weakly, panting and gasping for breath around the thick ball gag thing in her mouth.

“Now watch. Pay attention to how I move my wrist and arm,” Lucas said.

Sophie moaned, turning her head dazedly. But she quickly realized he wasn't speaking to her, but to the other two. He stood naked behind her and held... a whip! It looked like an actual whip, she thought, her pulse racing!

It was very thin, though, she thought anxiously. It wasn't like the whips she'd seen on television, mostly from old time shows about pirates. No, this was a sleek thing, like circus trainers might employ. It had a handle which was perhaps two feet in length, and then five feet or so of thin leather at the end of that. She moaned as he drew his arm back casually, then swung.

The length of the handle made the slight movement of his arm sweep the whip forward more vigorously than it would have otherwise. It sliced through the air with a thin hissing sound, then struck across her upper back diagonally.

The impact was quite light, but an instant later a sharp, thin sting rose along her skin where it had struck, and she gasped wildly.

He swung it again, harder, and the whip landed only a few inches from where the first one had. This time its impact was harder, though still quite light, and the sting was sharper. She cried out, pulling anxiously at the restraints around her wrists and ankles, but feeling the dark sensual heat growing even more intense!

They were whipping her! Like a slave girl!

Again he swept his arm out, this time to the side, and the thin leather swung in sharply to strike sideways across her back, lower, so that the leather swept completely around her waist. The final foot slapped against her belly with a sharp stinging blow and she cried out helplessly.

“You see how the length of the handle accelerates the whip, and exaggerates your movements?” Lucas said.

“Yeah,” Nick said.

“Whip her harder!” Brooke said.

“You have to break her in slowly, first,” Lucas said.

He sent the thing hissing through the air, snapping it across her back, and then, more sharply, across her buttocks.

“Now watch,” he said.

Sophie shuddered, then cried out as the whip struck her back – but softly. It swept around her ribs under her armpit and the last foot or so snapped down across the center of her breasts! She cried out, startled, fearful, and then again at the bright, sharp line of stinging pain that cut across the soft flesh of

her breasts!

“Yeah, I like that!” Nick exclaimed.

Again the whip curled around her ribs, and again, and again, as he let the final foot snap down across her breasts! Her skin became pink, heating up and becoming more tender! And he was aiming directly for her nipples, as the other two laughed and Sophie cried out, twisting and thrashing at the stinging blows!

At a word from him, Brooke grabbed the vibrator, kneeling in front of her and pressing it against her clitoris, then began to pump the dildo in and out of her as he let Nick swing the whip.

Nick swung harder, and the whip curled around her ribs in the other direction, because he was left handed. It snapped down across the taut pink surface of her breasts again and again as Brooke rubbed the vibrator against her and pumped the dildo in hard and deep.

It was all so insane, so unbelievable, Sophie thought wildly. She twisted and arched and cried out again and again as her breasts burned, and then the orgasm tore her apart as her cries turned to wild animal screams of pleasure, her insides exploding like a volcano.

It was so intense she thought her skull would explode from the force as she arched violently, sobbing and twisting, throwing herself mindlessly against the restraints, hips bucking violently as the sex-heat became a fever that swamped her senses, and left her barely conscious.

Brooke took turns whipping her breasts, then, and also sent the whip curling down across her hips to snap at her sex until Sophie's hips were jerking spastically and she felt hot and bruised and burning between her trembling legs!

Nick and Lucas then undid her legs, but lifted her ankles up together, pulling them up and back against her body, then spreading them wide and pushing them back behind her shoulders. They both reached up and attached the ankle restraints to chains there, letting her dangle in position as she stared out of glassy eyes, drooling around the ball-gag.

She sobbed dazedly as she watched Lucas pull the dildo slowly out of her. Then his own thick, hard cock was thrust deep, and he began to use her.

This was the first time any of the guys Brooke had given her to had used her there, and it almost made her faint from the force of wild, dark animal heat. She cried out with every hard thrust, and another orgasm raged through her nervous system as she writhed and shook in convulsive release.

The orgasm did not dim the flaming heat gripping her body, and another soon tore through her, then another, then another, as he continued to pound his body against hers. Brooke leaned over, vibrator in hand, pressing it delicately against her clitoris as Lucas continued to thrust, and Sophie's seething pleasure grew even more intense.

Nick got to do her after him, and thrust into her enthusiastically, but Sophie was dazed and barely conscious from the powerful orgasms which had already torn through her mind and body. They let her down, but made her crawl on the end of a leash as each of them took turns walking her, then she had to lick Brooke to orgasms as Nick pumped the dildo in her pussy.

After that Brooke had her call home and tell her mother she'd be staying with Brooke again that night, and then Brooke and Nick left!

She suddenly felt unaccountably shy and anxious all over again, now left alone with Lucas.

“Speak only when spoken to,” he said, wagging a stern finger at her.

As if to emphasize the order he put the ball-gag back into her mouth. Then, gripping her hair, roughly forced her to her hands and knees and made her crawl over to a low post.

“Back against it,” he said curtly.

She moaned, turning and twisting, backing up so that her ankles were on either side of the post. He locked the ankle restraints to it, then drew her wrist restraints back along either side of her body, bending it sharply, forcing her sex up against the post so that he could lock her wrists directly to her ankles.

He moved behind her, and then returned, kneeling beside her head, combing her hair back into a

tail. He was attaching something to her hair, she thought wearily, tying it. Then she grunted at the pull against her scalp as he pulled harder. She felt something slipping into her bottom, penetrating her, something thick and round and... curved, she thought.

Yes, it penetrated only a couple of inches, then curved up around her tailbone and back along her spine, and a moment later she felt the simultaneous pull against it and her hair as he tied her hair to whatever it was.

She moaned dazedly.

Something pressed against her sex, something thick and slick and warm. It wasn't him. She grunted and then moaned as it pushed and twisted, turning from side to side, slowly, slowly stretching her open, wider and wider and achingly wider!

She whimpered and moaned as it slowly pushed into the elastic sleeve of her sex, stretching it as it pushed deeper inside her. She felt the incredible fullness in her belly growing, and felt it sliding ever deeper, until she ached, but... ached in a dark, intensely erotic way!

She tried to turn her head but with limited success. Then she felt a buzzing vibration against her clitoris as something soft and round pushed against her there. A moment later Lucas put a blindfold over her, and then she felt his fingers pushing something into her ears, like earbuds!

Music played, soft music, and she moaned and panted as she waited for what would happen next. Nothing.

She couldn't even tell, after a few minutes had passed, if he was even still in the room! She couldn't see anything, could hear only the music. She ached, and she burned, and the vibrator was soon making it hard to keep from twitching and grinding herself against the post.

And so she did, slowly, at first, but with rising energy as her arousal deepened. Then she found herself using the muscles in her arms and legs to thrust her hips in and out, just a little, at first. The surge of crackling sexual energy that released made her thrust her hips in and out faster, using longer movements, moaning and gasping and whimpering around the gag filling her mouth as the sex heat swept her mind into an intoxicated fever dream of passion and need.

She was sure he wasn't even in the room any more! They had left her like this! Like a slutty sex slave! It was outrageous and wicked and wild and she screamed as the orgasm took her mind.

The first orgasm.

Many more would cause her to shake and tremble and buck uncontrollably as she lost control of her body. She impaled herself on the thick cock again and again, crying out every time the nose punched deep into the back wall of her sex.

But she didn't care if it hurt. She loved the wild, dark thrill of it as she rode it to orgasm after orgasm after sobbing, dazed orgasm. Her inhibitions melted and her cries turned to unrestrained screams as she ground herself against the thing until she had no strength left to move.

Chapter Ten

“Oh, I didn't see that one coming,” her mother said.

Sophie made an agreeable sound, but wasn't really paying as much attention as usual.

They always watched the Brownstone together, which was about a family that lived in Brooklyn in a rich Brownstone in the early 1900s. It was so elegant, and everyone dressed so richly, and they both loved the melodrama of the Peters family.

She was sitting on the other side of the sofa from her mom, looking at the TV, but not really seeing it, as often as not. Her mother couldn't know, of course, that under her t-shirt and loose, ruffled skirt there were still thin red lines criss crossing her breasts and back and buttocks from the whipping she'd had the other day, nor that she ached inside from how hard and how often she had impaled herself on that big dildo, nor that her sore throat was from screaming in pleasure, not 'some bug she'd picked up'.

The less her mother or father knew about her suddenly very wild and kinky sex life the better!

She knew she should resent Brooke and the men she had virtually given her to, and certainly inside her she found her friend's behavior a kind of betrayal. Yet the rush, the thrill had been so incredible, how could she really fault her?

Even now she trembled a little at some of the memories, not just the memories of what they had done, but the echo inside her body of the incredible pleasure which had torn through her. She found herself remembering something, and a sudden rush of arousal would sweep through her, tightening her nipples and making her pussy throb.

“I think Josh is in for a surprise when he finds out about Anna,” her mother said.

“Yeah, he's going to be angry,” she replied.

I should be angry, she thought, but without anger. She had a strange sense of acceptance of the shocking things which had been done to her. Then again, all her memories of them were filled with a sense of enthralling sexual heat.

Embarrassment, well yes, even humiliation, and pain, at least some, but they paled into nothing compared to the incredible thrill-ride it had all been. And how many times had she climaxed anyway? Too many to remember! And they were so fucking intense! God!

Slave girl, she thought, feeling a little rush of heat. What a bizarre thought! But so sexy! So erotic!

This morning Lucas had fucked her throat, then made her crawl like an animal! He'd fed her like one, too, just like Brooke had with milk, on her hands and knees eating from a dog bowl!

Like an animal!

Then he'd had her dress, and strip for him, to music, like Brooke had. She'd also swung around the steel pole he had in that room, naked, while he watched, then given him a lap dance – which, of course, had ended with her riding his own 'pole' in his lap, crying out in pleasure as he sucked and chewed at her breasts!

Insane, she thought. Her mother would have a cow if she had any idea of any of it!

She knew it was wrong. She knew they were taking advantage of her, using her. It didn't seem to matter, though. It was too thrilling, too hot, too wild and exciting.

Even now she wore the butt-plug, at Lucas' orders. Oh, she could take it out and he'd never know,

but wearing it reminded her of how outrageous she was being, he was being, they were all being, and gave her a strange, squirmy little buzz.

They had whipped her!

She knew it wasn't real whipping, not the kind of whipping that left welts, or worse. The thin red lines were mostly faded away now, and hard to find at all except on her breasts and bottom. Even so, they had strung her up and whipped her! God! It was crazy!

She was crazy! Who puts up with that kind of shit!?

Who gets off on that kind of shit!?

She was sick, she thought worriedly.

Nick and Brooke had driven her home in mid-afternoon. They'd pulled over to the curb as she sat in the back seat, and suddenly two men had gotten into the back, one on either side of her. Without saying a word they'd torn her clothes off, groping and grabbing her everywhere!

She'd wound up on her knees, sucking one guy's cock while the other fucked her from behind!

And then they'd gotten out and left her sprawled naked across the back seat, gasping, chest heaving, and with Nick and Brooke acting like they hadn't even noticed anything!

Fuck!

It was insane!

But she felt a low throbbing in her groin, and the full sensation inside her from the butt-plug reminded her of being fucked in the ass by Nick, which was itself an astonishing thing! She'd never been sodomized, and it had been – strange! The feeling, the sensation as his cock had thrust into her was like nothing she'd quite felt before.

It ached, but wasn't unpleasant, and the hard thumping of his hips against her upraised buttocks had been hot and wild. The mere fact he was fucking her ass, though, had been an incredible kinky thrill. And then she'd fucked Nick and Lucas at the same time!

The show ended, and she went upstairs to her room, checked Facebook, then her emails. She had a phone call from her friend Allison, and talked to her for a bit, then got a text from Brooke. It had a picture with it, and she felt her chest tighten as she expanded it and saw herself with two cocks in her mouth!

You had fun today! Wait till you see tomorrow! Brooke said.

Be careful of those pictures, she texted back.

I'll put them on Facebook if I want to, Slave girl, Brooke replied.

Then she sent another picture, one of her being fucked by Nick as she sucked Lucas off.

Sophie bit her lower lip anxiously. She wasn't happy about the pictures she and Nick had taken, but she had posed for others, including those videos. She cringed at the thought of the videos, even though making and watching them had been an incredible rush.

But they placed her in a strange position – so to speak. If Brooke ever threatened to post those videos she'd have to do anything she wanted! The one of her masturbating with the dildo all by itself would make her need to hide her face for the next ten years! To say nothing of the one where she licked Brooke's pussy, and her feet!

And of course, Brooke's face wasn't in them!

Of course, Brooke was her friend. She'd never do that.

She got up and went to the closet, rummaging around, looking for something phallic shaped, something she could use to masturbate with, and eventually came away with a plastic shampoo bottle. She locked the door, stripped, and then lay on her back, knees spread as wide as she could, moaning as she pumped the thing in and out of herself and rubbed her clitoris.

She felt so incredibly sexual now, after all she'd done, so hot and sexy, like ... like a wild sexual animal, like Brooke and Lucas said! That new awareness of her sexuality and... her own sexiness, how others saw her, was a constant turn-on of late, and she shuddered as she rolled onto her belly, pumping the bottle inside herself as she ground her breasts against the bed.

When she came, she buried her face in the pillow to silence her moans of pleasure, grinding and humping her hips furiously against the bottle and her fingers.

I have to get a dildo, she thought wearily after she finished and rolled back onto her back.

The next day, they were going to another trade show. Lucas picked her up, with Brooke in the seat next to him, and she flushed as she climbed into the rear, looking around nervously and wondering if they were going to stop and have guys come in and fuck her again.

“How is our little sex slave this morning?” Lucas asked.

“Fine,” she gulped.

“Fine master,” he said.

She felt a little jolt of excitement.

“Fine, Master,” she said.

“And are you looking forward to getting fucked like the hot little whore you are?” Brooke asked.

“I thought we were going to the trade show,” she said nervously.

“We are. So? You think you can't be fucked like the wild bitch animal you are at a trade show?”

Sophie laughed uneasily, her stomach churning.

“Tell me you love cock, slave girl,” Brooke said.

“I love cock,” Sophie said nervously.

“That's not how you say it, slut. Tell me you love cock,” Brooke said.

“I love cock, Mistress,” Sophie said, blushing.

“Tell me you're a cock loving slave whore.”

Sophie felt a little breathless at the words.

“I'm a cock loving slave whore, Mistress,” she gulped, blushing more deeply as the two of them laughed softly.

They got to the building where the trade show was being held, and went in the back door, then into a back room where she and Brooke could change into their 'little black dresses', but when Lucas handed her her dress, she gaped at it.

“But... ‘It's see through!’” she blurted.

“So? It comes with a g-string, see?”

“But... my bra won't go with this!”

“You don't wear a bra under it, slave girl,” Brooke said, taking her own.

“But... but it's see-through!” she exclaimed a second time.

Brooke rolled her eyes and then grabbed the blonde girl and yanked her into the dressing room.

“Strip.”

Sophie nervously stripped, then put on the G-string, which was tiny, and consisted of a very small and narrow triangle of fabric over her sex and a pair of strings which cut up diagonally across her abdomen and over her hips.

The dress itself was made of some kind of stretchy lacy material. It hugged her like a second skin, and only just covered her buttocks. It was sleeveless, and had no collar. Thin spaghetti straps went up over her shoulders, and also across her ribs from where the material stopped at the edge of her chest, pulling it tight across her breasts.

The fabric was not entirely see-through, but there was no question, at least in the light of the dressing room, that her breasts and nipples were fully visible, as were her buttocks in back.

“I can't wear this!” she exclaimed.

Brooke had put her own dress on. It too was see-through. In fact, it was even more see-through than the one Sophie had on, except for two inch thick lines which cut diagonally across the dress. But those opaque lines didn't hide her breasts or anything else.

“It'll be darker out on the floor,” Brooke assured her.

“But – !”

“You're a sex slave, Sophie. So what if people see your tits and ass!”

She grabbed her arm and jerked her back, then opened the door and pulled the still-protesting blonde after her.

“You both look fabulous,” Lucas said.

Sophie flushed hotly, because he wasn't alone. There was a bald, middle aged man standing next to him, looking she and Brooke over with approval.

“They got nice tits,” he said. “Nice and big and firm.”

Sophie crossed her arms across her chest and the two men laughed in amusement, then Brooke grabbed her arm and hustled her down the hall.

“But Brooke!”

“You have fabulous tits, so quit complaining,” Brooke said, slapping her bottom sharply.

And before she could think of what to do the redhead pulled her through another door and out into a large open area with men milling around!

“Don't draw attention to how silly you are by crossing your arms across your tits,” Brooke hissed. “Act like a mature woman!”

Sophie flushed angrily, but she had little choice as they headed towards another woman dressed in a see-through black dress.

“Ah, you two are here at last,” she said. “Pass these around.”

She handed each of them a little tray which had filled shot glasses of some dark liquor.

“You go that way, you that way,” she said, sending them in different directions.

It was a truly strange experience for her, far worse than last week's trade show! Partly that was because she was even more exposed, and partly because it turned out this one was for those who owned 'gentlemen clubs'! As she moved among them, the thankful dim lighting helped hide her blushing skin. Plus these men seemed to take scantily clad young women for granted.

Unsurprisingly since there were several small stages set up through the auditorium, and there were naked girls, or girls in just G-strings, dancing on them to the music which was piped in from somewhere!

At least that made her feel a little less self-conscious. After all, these girls didn't even have a dress, and they were on stage, standing a few feet higher, and lit up by bright lights! They didn't look much different than she did, otherwise, except, she noted in a superior way, most seemed to have boob jobs.

She, of course, didn't need one.

Men took the little drinks as she walked among them, sometimes acknowledging her with a thanks, sometimes looking her up and down in a way which was almost as thoughtful as it was appreciative. She got the idea they were considering her as a potential stripper!

She got groped often, too, though mostly just on the bottom, which she shrugged off. As the minutes ticked by she became less self-conscious. These men weren't shocked by her outfit, after all, and the girls on the stages were even more naked.

She was still embarrassed, but now she began to feel a hot little thrum inside her, as well, and she knew her nipples were very hard. She returned to the woman who had given her the tray, just about as Brooke returned, hers empty as well.

“Get into your costumes,” the woman told them.

Sophie looked at her in confusion, but Brooke just nodded, took her arm, and led her into the back rooms.

“What costumes?” she asked, a little gratefully.

After all, they'd almost have to expose less than this dress!

Brooke just winked and stripped off her dress, then opened a locker and took out a pair of insanely high black boots with six inch heels! Sophie watched, wide-eyed, as she put them on, and now loomed even taller before her.

“Wow. Can you walk in those!?”

“Sure.”

She put on a tight little black leather hot pants, then a tight little black leather halter and shoulder length leather gloves before pulling her hair back severely and tying it back behind her.

“What are you, like, a dominatrix?” Sophie asked in amusement.

Brooke turned and grinned at her.

“Say mistress,” she said.

“Mistress,” Sophie gulped.

Brooke took another halter down and helped Sophie put it on. Only after a few seconds, it started to become obvious to the blonde girl that hers was an entirely different sort of halter indeed.

“Brooke!” she exclaimed, aghast.

“Just wait until it's in place.”

The 'halter' consisted of a few inches of leather wrapped tightly around her ribs, then a sort of leather shelf which lifted her breasts up a little... and that was it!

Oh, it had thick straps which went around behind her back, and then two thinner straps which curled up around the outsides of her breasts, then cut diagonally across the top of her chest, squeezing her breasts in together as they did. Those straps then crossed her opposite shoulders. A final strap crossed the top of her breasts, squeezing them down a little.

Her breasts were completely bare, and worse, squeezed in and up so that they were even more taut and firm than usual!

There were shoulder length black leather gloves which went with both her outfit and with Brooke's, but hers also had a kind of narrow leather bag which, after strapping her wrists together behind her back, Brooke tugged up her arms.

“Ow! That's too tight!” she gasped.

“You'll get used to it.”

The higher she tugged the leather bag the tighter together it forced Sophie's arms, until her elbows were almost grinding together and her shoulders ached!

Brooke sat her down, then stuffed a black ball gag into her mouth and strapped it behind her before brushing out her hair. Then she had her put on strappy little black leather shoes with stiletto heels.

Sophie was waiting for her to give her a skirt, but instead she simply stripped off her little G-string, and had her step into a second one, this one leather, and even smaller. If she'd had any hair at all between her legs it certainly would have shown, for the G-string was so low cut it barely covered her clitoris!

Then came a collar around her neck, and a leash. She tried to resist at that point, as Brooke started to tug her out the door, and Brooke said “Oh yeah. I almost forgot.”

She paused, went back to the locker, and took out a riding crop, a long, thin length of leather with a flat hard tip about two inches wide by two inches long.

She swept the crop across Sophie's bottom and the blonde girl yelped in pain.

“Obey your mistress, slave,” she said, tugging sharply on the leash.

And before Sophie could try to resist further she was out in the front, with men staring at her as she was pulled along!

She was mortified! Her breasts were worse than naked! And everyone was looking at her! For the sight of Brooke pulling her along by the leash drew their eyes away from their conversations, and away from the girls on stage as they passed.

Sophie dropped her chin and stopped resisting, wanting to draw as little attention as possible. Brooke walked along casually, pulling her behind her, handing out cards for some sort of fetish club which was looking for investors.

There were a lot of comments on her breasts, and a lot of amusement at the 'slave girl', and then, just as she was starting to overcome the worst of her embarrassment, they stopped at a small group of middle aged men, and one of them casually reached out to cup and fondle her left breast!

“Very nice tits on this slave girl,” he said in amusement.

Then a second of the men reached out to grope her other breast!

“Thank you, sir,” Brooke said. “Please take a card.”

The men were very casual about fondling her breasts, and after the events of the past few days Sophie was somewhat less horrified than she would have once been. It was still humiliating, at first. But sexual humiliation had, of late, become associated in her mind with darkly delicious and thrillingly kinky sex and pleasure.

And so it proved now, for as her embarrassment faded – as she got used to being paraded around practically naked, she began to feel a hot, nasty little thrum of excitement at being a 'sex slave' in front of all these men!

She was breathless and anxious, and her heart pounded wildly, but her pussy was starting to burn and a wild animal heat started to ripple up through her body.

And then they came to an open area at one end of the hall with a low round stage. Brooke tugged her onto it, and Lucas came up behind her.

Sophie felt her pulse racing now as they both shifted her legs apart, and then got down and attached straps to her ankles, which they locked in place! Lucas then took a metal pole, a low one, and inserted it in a hole in the floor in front of her!

Sophie squealed into the gag as Brooke pulled her G-string off, and then she gripped her hands and lifted, forcing her to bend over! Her bound arms were lifted high, and attached to something, leaving her bent at a ninety degree angle!

Lucas then attached two small alligator clips to her throbbing nipples, which made them burn like fire! The clips were attached to a Y-shaped chain, which he attached to the pole, which was now underneath them!

Then another man got up on the stage, and the lights suddenly got much brighter! She struggled weakly, but briefly, since it was horribly obvious she had no chance of escaping, as the men gathered around and the man on stage began to talk about the profits of running live sex shows!

Brooke attached some straps to the hot-pants, and then stood in front of Sophie, who gaped at the large black cock protruding from her groin now! It had a long, narrow head, but then widened the further down the shaft it got!

“Girl on girl is universally a major draw in every city in which we've opened,” the man said into a microphone. “And it doesn't draw the same moral outrage as male on female would.”

Brooke undid the strap of the ball gag, and then worked it out of her mouth. But before Sophie could think to say anything, the redhead jerked her head up and back by the hair and thrust the dildo into her open mouth!

“Suck my cock, slave girl!” she growled, loudly enough for them to all hear.

And what else was she to do!?

In fact, Brooke didn't actually wait for her to start sucking, nor cared if she did. She began to pump it in and out slowly and steadily, pushing the head deeper and deeper into her mouth as the men gathered around watching with interest.

Sophie knew they must be getting a fine view of her naked sex from behind, but could hardly bring herself to think of that as Brooke slowly pushed the dildo forward until it entered her throat, then slid deeper and deeper!

That spread her lips wider and wider, until they strained around the thick base as Brooke buried the last inch in her mouth.

The watching men murmured appreciatively as the guy on stage talked about the higher markup on drinks, and the cover charges they were getting at their fetish clubs.

Sophie was too busy with her throbbing chest and pounding head and the way her nipples were burning as Brooke tugged her head up and back to care about much else!

Brooke drew the long, glistening cock slowly back out of her throat, and when it pulled out she

gasped for breath, moaning and panting weakly as the redhead released her hair, then moved around behind it. Her head dropped and she moaned breathlessly, then gasped as she felt the thing pushing into her sex!

Doing this with Brooke might have suddenly become a wild thrill, but doing it in front of a crowd was... shocking, terrifying, mortifying!

And yet, even then her body thrilled to the long, deep thick black cock pushing remorselessly deeper into her quivering abdomen.

Soon Brooke was thrusting into her with long, firm strokes, and gripping her hair to lift her head up and back in time to each stroke. She slapped her bottom and the sides of her breasts, calling her slut and whore and slave girl as she used her ruthlessly!

Sophie's mind began to melt under the avalanche of emotions, and when she started to scream in pleasure as the orgasm took her feverish mind, the watching men applauded her 'acting skills'.

Brooke put the ball-gag back into her mouth again, and then removed the clips from her burning nipples and pulled her upright, holding her as she swayed dazedly.

“Of course, if you don't want active shows, there are a number of ways to have a more subdued attraction,” the man said into the microphone.

Lucas placed a much taller pole into the one protruding from the stage in front of her, then stuck a second pole into the wood right between her legs. A rounded U-shaped stainless steel pipe fit atop it, with the two sections sliding up deep into Sophie's sex and bottom. Then a small attachment fit to the front of the pipe which pressed directly against her clitoris.

And started to buzz, to vibrate.

Two small metallic loops were placed around her swollen nipples and tightened. A chain from them led to the pipe in front of her, and then they started to buzz, too!

The man continued to talk, while Brooke let her gloved hands caress Sophie's bottom and breasts, then stood back.

It didn't take long. Sophie's lower body was volcanic with heat, and the sheer outrageousness of what was happening had stunned and then intoxicated her. She soon began to drool around the ball gag as her hips spasmed and jerked through orgasm after orgasm while the men looked on.

Afterward, her legs rubbery, she stumbled away on the end of the leash, too dazed to think or care about who was looking at her.

But she wasn't led away to change, but to a small, more intimate room. There her wrists were bound above her and Brooke lashed her with a flog as a half dozen men looked on. Then she was led, crawling, before them, to suck cock, then ride their cocks as others looked on.

It was so kinky and dirty and nasty and wild she came repeatedly.

*

A week later she began dancing at a strip club, and giving lap dances. She moved out of her house and into a condo with Brooke, who danced at the same club. Brooke took the money from both of them, though, and banked it to pay off the condo, and to pay for the BMW she bought.

Soon afterward she began to take Sophie to private performances. These were sometimes stripping and sex, and sometimes bondage and spanking and sex. But all, she said, paid well.

Sophie honestly didn't care. She was too enthralled with it all, with the whole dark thrill of what she was doing, with the forbidden nature of it and the self-image of herself as an incredibly erotic sexual animal. She felt deeply, deliciously aroused every day, and began to glory in the way Brooke degraded and demeaned herself in front of strangers.

After an astonishingly short time, Brooke paid off the condo, then sold it and moved them into a much nicer one.

Then one of the fetish clubs opened and they began to put on shows there. At first, it was just her and Brooke, but soon she was paired with other girls, and then Brooke began renting her out to lesbians, then men, who strapped, whipped, flogged and used her.

For a generous price.

It never occurred to her that she ought to consider doing something else. The money was pouring in, after all, and she had multiple orgasms every single day. Sometimes it... hurt, of course, but pain was only heat, and she soon built up a very high tolerance for the heat, especially given the sexual fever which tended to grip her mind when she was being punished.

She started doing videos, with Brooke, sometimes, and with other women and men. These were professional BDSM videos, and brought in still more money.

She often had to wear long sleeves, though, when she visited home, so they wouldn't see the marks on her back and wrists. And she had to be wary when she talked about her 'job' to her parents so they didn't suspect what she was really doing for a living.

Some day, perhaps, she might give some hint, when she was no longer in the same 'business'. Maybe she'd even go off to university, now that she could afford it. But for now, she was intent on living the life of a hot, sexy, and well-rewarded sex slave, and enjoying every thrilling minute of it!

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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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.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural - and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them