

# **The Agency**

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

# Chapter One

Harper Cuttieworth-Smithson prized herself on her intellect. She had been raised to believe that her value as a human being depended on her intelligence and morality, not her looks. It bothered her that society seemed to hold a contrary view. But then her opinion of society, had never been one of unparalleled admiration.

In fact, Harper almost wholly disapproved of everything about American society and its values. She despised its governments and their focus on capitalism and corporate profits. It was perhaps inevitable, given she was born and raised to the highly progressive views of upper-middle-class Ravenna in Seattle, that Harper would develop an earnest, if not zealous attachment to progressive political views.

Rather than attend the nearby University of Washington, she had got a partial scholarship and had persuaded her parents to send her across the country to Mount Holyoke, a very liberal, women-only college in Massachusetts. Her determination to enlighten the country and indeed the world to the righteousness and superior morality of her views led her into journalism.

She, of course, wanted to join the school newspaper and expose the racism and bigotry and homophobia and transphobia which were all around her. Unfortunately, they accepted few freshmen, and most of the positions were, quite rightly, reserved for racialized people, as well as lesbians and transgendered people.

Harper deeply regretted being cis and abled, as well as her embarrassing white privilege. She did her best to try to overcome this by showing extra amounts of respect for other identity groups. As well as accepting, with humility, a sense of shame for the crimes of oppressive white society, past and present.

To prove her open-mindedness, she had embraced sexual experiments with the many lesbian and bisexual girls at Holyoke. And now often daringly described herself as bisexual. She had also submitted to sex with a transgendered woman, who, disappointingly, did not seem to be able to use her penis with any more utility than the men she had previously slept with.

Certainly, Harper had not felt any great degree of pleasure from that experience. Nor from the previous ones with men. Well, boys. She recognize that there was a difference between an actual man and the males of her own age, who it was quite difficult to respect. They were so immature! As for sex, they were all sex maniacs and perverts.

In fact, she was not all that impressed with the male gender. They seemed to be less sensitive, more racist and sexist and homophobic and cared less about the well-being of society than women did. Not that there were an awful lot of examples around the college. Other than the occasional professor.

She succeeded in getting a position with the paper in her second year. She was pleased, at first, for she knew it would look good on her resume when she applied for positions with real newspapers. But realistically speaking, she came to recognize that it would be very difficult to break into the industry. She needed contacts.

One of the best ways to get these was to apply for internships during her summer break and impress editors with her hard work, intelligence, researching abilities, and writing skills. Of course, even getting an internship was difficult, and there was ferocious competition.

This caused her a great deal of anguish, for she knew in her heart of hearts that one of the best ways to attain such a position was to make a very good first impression when being interviewed by staff. And that conflicted with her determination to be judged only by her intelligence, and not her looks.

She had spent the previous year, and even before that her last year in high school dressing down and ensuring that nothing she wore accentuated the generous curves with which nature had gifted her. Oh, she was proud that her body was fit and healthy, for she worked determinedly in the gym to ensure it was. She could take some credit for that. Taking credit for the size of her breasts or the shape of her bottom or the looks of her long legs was anathema to her.

She had even dyed her blonde hair dark brown so as to not be sexualized by society and its sex-fixated men. At times she even wore glasses, though she needed no prescription. She felt they made her look more intellectual. And she deliberately chose unattractive, thick-framed glasses, to play down her looks.

That might work in certain places, but not the one she had an interview with. In fact, she did not wholly approve of the editorial stances of the newspaper she hoped to gain a spot with. It wasn't that it was conservative, of course. She wouldn't go near such an institution. But it had far too many centrist views.

In any event, her determination to make her mark in the world of journalism in order to enlighten the world forced her to compromise. She would not, of course, dress in any way which sexualized herself. Or which emphasized certain features of her anatomy. But she did dress attractively and even put on lipstick and blush.

Whether this helped or not she did get the position. But this led to further frustration, for the stories they had her researching seemed trivial to her. She wanted to expose the evils of society, not talk about flower shows! And so at what she considered an opportune time, she approached her editor to beg for something more important which would allow her to demonstrate her abilities.

"I think you underestimate just how difficult it can be to engage in this kind of investigative journalism, Ms. Cuttiworth-Smithson."

Harper pursed her lips but with effort, kept her face smooth.

"I'm sure that I would find it challenging, Ms. Cooperman," she said. "But I believe I am up to that challenge."

"Are you?" The woman sat back in her chair and steepled her fingers as she regarded Harper.

"How good an actress are you?" She asked with a raised eyebrow. "You see in order to get hired on with an organization you intend to investigate, or to associate with those who work there you have to be able to take on a sympathetic persona. And given you wish to investigate conservative organizations, I find it difficult to believe you could put aside your very firmly held views, much less pretend to agree with what your subjects are saying."

"For good cause, I could take on any role," she said proudly.

"Could you? Samantha Myers got herself hired with an NFL cheerleading squad and spent months with them in order to do an exposé. You believe you could do something like that? You made it clear what you think about sexualizing the female body."

"But that was an excellent effort and uncovering the misogynistic views of these brutal professional sports organizations!" she said. "She sacrificed herself by pretending to accept that women were to be treated like pieces of meat in order to help women."

"Yes, well, I frankly don't see you as being able to wear revealing clothing and giggle your way through a job like that, not for any reason."

Harper scowled unhappily. Although she knew the woman was right, and it would be extremely difficult for her to put aside her beliefs in such things to wear something as scanty as a cheerleading outfit and accept being treated as a sex object.

"I hadn't intended to investigate cheerleaders," she muttered.

“No, but the sexualization of attractive young women is only one of the smaller and less offensive views that you would find trying to infiltrate a conservative organization. How would you react when they started talking about abortion views or racial views?”

“I would be delighted if they would,” she said eagerly. “For I would know that eventually, I would make them eat their words once I exposed them!”

The woman smiled tolerantly. “Forgive me, Ms. Cuttieworth-Smithson, but you strike me as an ideological Puritan with very strong and assertive views on life. I believe that if confronted by polar opposite views you would become enraged and lose your self-control.”

Harper bit her tongue at what she wanted to say. She was being tolerated, she thought angrily. The woman clearly didn't respect her maturity.

“I'm quite sure I would be able to remain in full control of myself,” she said coolly. “It's not like I would expect anything better of such people.”

Ms. Cooperman sighed.

“And it's not like it would cost you anything,” Harper said anxiously. “I can pay my own way to wherever it is you send me.”

“I suppose it's nice to be so privileged,” Cooperman said sarcastically.

Harper flushed, knowing she was right.

“However, if you really want to throw yourself in the deep end, there is one particular project that has been kicking around my desk for a while. It involves an investigation into high-level sex trafficking.”

Harper's heart skipped a beat as she leaned forward eagerly in her chair. That was just the kind of evil she wanted to expose!

“Were not speaking here about the worst type of that thing, or we wouldn't even consider sending you. This organization, if the information I have is correct, involves enticing young, naive women with promises of modeling jobs and then luring them into sex with wealthy men. They then wind up working for some corporations and used to please important customers.”

“I could do that!” Harper said excitedly.

“Could you? You appear to be an attractive young woman, Ms. Cuttieworth-Smithson, But you seem to have a reflexive antagonism to any man who pays you a compliment. I'm not sure how you could control yourself in such a sexualized environment where you, as a would-be model, would be seeking such compliments and reacting with pleasure.”

“As I said, Ms. Cooperman, knowing that it was for the greater good, I can easily overlook such things.”

Cooperman's eyes narrowed. “And could you dress accordingly?”

Harper hesitated and swallowed nervously but put on a brave mask. “Certainly!” She said.

Cooperman shrugged. “I highly doubt that, but if you want to try sinking or swimming, this is at least a pool where you can't drown. These people might be misogynists, but they're not likely to be violent.”

\*

Harper had a difficult time sleeping the night before her assignment was to begin. She had had to buy new clothes, and even very sexually revealing bikinis, in order to fit into the places where such people congregated. That made her highly uneasy. It wasn't that she didn't have confidence in her looks for she had been complemented all her life.

Besides, she knew what she looked like naked and she knew how that compared to society's view of female attractiveness. Although she didn't intend to ever get naked, she was quite certain her assets would measure up to anyone's evaluation.

Besides, she absolutely had to show that Cooperman was wrong! Cooperman obviously believed she would fail and probably fail quickly. She treated her like some silly little girl! Harper was determined to prove her wrong!

Her first task was to get accepted by the modeling agency the newspaper considered to be at the center of recruitment. That meant she had to get pictures taken. She thought the newspaper would take pictures, but Ms. Cooperman had shaken her head.

“We want you to be a complete newbie,” she said. “Not someone who has any previous experience with modeling, or who has had proper professional photographs taken. We believe this is the kind of target these people are looking for.”

Her attempt to infiltrate this group has started with her calling the modeling agency. They had told her to send a few pictures which she could take with her phone. They wanted her face, as well as a full-body picture in a bikini.

It was that latter picture which may her mind squirm. Who knew where that picture would wind up!? Suppose it wound up on the Internet with all kinds of lecherous perverts lusting after her!?

Well, it was too late to back out now. So she put on one of the bikinis she'd purchased and then took dozens of pictures before agonizing over which one was both attractive and least revealing. Unfortunately, those two did not go hand-in-hand. And if she wanted to be accepted, she knew she had to go with the more attractive picture.

And that meant the one that showed off her breasts to their best effect. That was anathema to her, but she really didn't have much choice if she wanted to ensure they took an interest. Sure enough, they contacted her to come in for an interview and more pictures.

The Baxter modeling agency was in an upscale building in downtown Boston. She frowned disapprovingly as she walked through the lobby of the building. People like this should be in some grubby, low rent district, where everyone would know that they were up to no good. They shouldn't be in these bright, shiny, luxurious buildings where they could act respectable!

When she walked into the agency, located on the 23<sup>rd</sup> floor, she found the decor all teak and leather, very upscale and modern. In short order, she was shown into the office of a woman somewhere in her mid-30s, very blonde, very tall, and very pretty.

She did her best to hide her disapproval that a woman would involve herself in such outrageous conduct, for it seemed like a betrayal of her own gender. But some people would do anything for money.

“Now, Harper, you've never done any modeling before?”

“No, Ms. Carling.”

“So why do you want to start now? Usually, girls start this sort of thing when they're 14, not 19.”

“I need the money,” she said with a shrug.

“Good reason,” the woman said with a smile. “However, you're way behind others who have started long ago. They have the poise, the look, the grace, and the movement. They've been training for years and have a lot of experience. Even a 16-year-old has two years on you. You've never been on a catwalk, don't know the proper walk and look...”

The woman's voice trailed off.

“On the other hand, you have a very good body. Most of the younger girls tend to be aiming for the high-fashion section of the industry, and are very tall and slender. That's very good, but there are certain roles in the industry which require attractive girls who are a little older and better developed.”

She looks significantly at Harper's chest, and Harper flushed slightly.

“For example, bathing suit models. You looked very good in that bikini shot you sent us. You would look much better with professional shots. And generally, small-breasted girls don't make for very good bikini or lingerie models.”

Harper felt her stomach sink at the thought of parading around in bathing suits, much less lingerie, but she understood what the woman meant. She had done some research into modeling, and that was actually another story she'd like to do. It was outrageous how the modeling industry sexualized underage girls simply because they were slender and had pretty faces.

“Why don't we get some pictures?” the woman said.

She picked up the phone and called someone and a minute or so later another woman came into the office. She was a tall slender, beautiful black woman also in her 30s.

“Stand up, Harper,” the woman said.

Harper stood and the woman gestured towards the newcomer. “What do you think Gwen? She got the kind of body we can use?”

Harper picked up on that. Was there a secret code in that question!?

“I suppose we'll see,” the woman said. “You want the standard pictures?”

“Yes, she's nineteen.”

Harper frowned at that, wondering what her age had to do with anything.

“All right, girl, come with me,” the black woman said.

Harper tried to show eagerness as she followed the woman out of the office and down the narrow hallway, then into a room which was obviously used for a photographic studio.

“All right, honey, go behind that screen and take all your clothes off,” the woman said.

Harper froze. “Um, all of them?”

The woman smirked. You can't be shy and be in this industry, honey.”

“No, no, no. It's not that,” she hastened to assure her. “It's just that I don't want to take any nude pictures.”

The woman laughed and shook her head. “You really are new at this. No, I'm not going to be taking any naked pictures. But I'm going to prepare some things for you to wear, and we're going to start with bathing suits. So get yourself undressed and then I'm going to measure you.”

“I know my measurement,” Harper said quickly.

“You may think you do, honey, but were professionals here, and we don't rely on things we don't make sure of ourselves.”

Harper went behind the screen, her pulse racing. I can do this! She told herself. It wasn't like she had anything to be ashamed of. And it wasn't like women hadn't seen her naked before. She'd had several female lovers at school so far, after all.

Nevertheless, her heart beat rapidly as she took off her clothes, her head jerking around frequently in fear someone, like a man, might come in and see her.

“All right, come on out, Princess,” the woman said in amusement.

Harper flushed an embarrassment and anxiety. She had to walk out there naked!?

I can do this! I have to!

She took a deep breath and walked around the screen, but was unable to keep her arms from shielding as much of her breasts that she could. She recognize the amusement in the black woman's face as she saw this.

“Baby, if you get successful in this industry, you'll be changing swimsuits in the middle of crowded rooms. And there might even be men around, like some of the hair stylists. Granted, they're almost all gay, but you really can't be that shy if you want to be in this business.”

“I'm not... shy... exactly,” Harper said uncomfortably.

The woman laughed. “All right, honey, I want you to put your feet apart on the floor and put your hands behind your neck with your fingers interlaced.”

Harper blushed but obeyed and the woman looked her up and down in approval.

“Yeah, you'd make a good bikini model, if you can learn how to suppress that red face of yours.”

“I'm not used to, just displaying myself like this naked before strangers,” Harper said.

“No most of us don't exactly pose like this unless were posing for artists or pictures. And not my kind of pictures either if you know what I mean. But you really have nothing to be embarrassed about. You have a great-looking body, and your breasts look very full and round and firm.”

Even though the woman's remarks were perfectly reasonable given what was going on, Harper felt another flush of heat come to her face. She wasn't used to anyone complimenting her on her breasts unless that was lovers. And since lately, all her lovers had been female, the thought suddenly occurred

to her to wonder whether or not this woman was a lesbian.

The woman had a tape measure in her hand and stretched her arms around Harper to draw the tape indirectly across the center of her breasts over her nipples. Embarrassingly, Harper realized her nipples were getting very hard. That had always been an embarrassing issue with her. She didn't have large areolas or nipples. They were in fact small and delicate and pink. But when they hardened, they pushed out like hard little pencil erasers and could be quite noticeable through clothing.

They were, of course even more noticeable now, with the woman placing the tape directly against them, and Harper cringed inwardly, waiting for some sarcastic remark. What if the woman thought she was becoming aroused!? She would think she was some kind of a pervert or a lesbian slut!

The woman ignored her hard nipples, however, lowering the tape to circle her ribs just below her breasts. The woman brought the tape around her waist, then, and then her hips. That was embarrassing in a different way since it obviously lowered the woman's eyes to Harper's very naked sex.

Then the woman knelt before her, where she couldn't possibly miss Harper's sex and ran the tape down the outside of her hip and up the inside of her leg so high that the tape almost touched the soft puffiness of her mound. Harper recognized that everything the woman was doing was entirely proper, but her mind still squirmed with discomfort.

"Have you had laser hair removal?" Gwen asked.

Harper blushed again, as the woman was staring right at her sex! "Y-Yes," she squeaked.

"Excellent. The very last thing any photographer wants to see when taking pictures of a girl and a high cut suit is stray pubic hairs."

She stood up, much to Harper's relief, then moved behind her and measured her back from the neck to her waist.

"I don't suppose you brought a pair of high heels with you?"

"No. Was I supposed to?"

"A nice pair of high heels raise your butt up and makes it more attractive for the camera. Not that you don't have a pretty nice-looking butt to begin with. What size shoe do you take?"

The woman went back to her table and started scrawling things on a piece of paper there while Harper stood uncomfortably, still naked and exposed to the eyes of anyone who might come in.

"Um, can I move now?" She asked.

The woman turned and looked at her. "Standing perfectly still in poses which are often uncomfortable, is one of the requirements of this job, honey. You'd best get used to it."

She walked over to a corner and opened the cabinet. The inside was jammed with colorful fabrics of every variety. She took out several of what looked like swimsuits and closed the cabinet, then opened the cabinet next to it and drew out more things that Harper presumed she was to try on. A third cabinet had high-heeled shoes and she pulled out a pair walked back to her.

"Step into these," she said as she set the shoes down.

They were stiletto heels, Harper realized. Might've known, she thought. She stepped into them and stood up awkwardly. She was, of course, not used to wearing such things. The heels looked like they were at least four or five inches high!

Gwen moved around behind her and put a hand on her back. "Very nice. Excellent butt. Lean forward a bit," she said,

Mind squirming, Harper bent forward a little.

"You've got a great little ass there, girl."

*You're supposed to be happy at such complements, she told herself. You want to be a model!*

"Thanks," she said, trying to inject some enthusiasm into the word.

"Put this on," the woman said, handing her a green bra.

The bra was too small, Harper realized. "This isn't my size," she said. "It's a size too small."

"Just put it on."

Harper drew the straps around her, did up clasp, then pulled the cups around front again before

pushing her arms into the strings that went over her shoulder and drawing the cups up against her breasts. As she had expected, the cups were too small. They covered the essentials, but the sides of her breasts were all but bare. She was also showing an awful lot of cleavage as the bikini squeezed her breasts up and together.

The woman handed her the bottoms without speaking, and Hannah realized it was a thong. She gulped anxiously but stepped into them, almost falling until Gwen gripped her arm to steady her. She drew the thong up her legs, dismayed at how little there was of the fabric. It was really just a narrow triangle of material over her sex, with two thin strings angling up across her hips. In back, there was a much smaller inverted triangle at the top of her buttocks.

## Chapter Two

Harper felt weirdly more naked now than when she'd been naked! Perhaps because the little bits of triangular fabric only seemed to emphasize her breasts and legs and buttocks in a distinctly sexual way.

"Now put your hands behind your back and grasp your opposite elbows," Gwen said. "Chest out, shoulders back, looking straight ahead."

Harper obeyed and the woman began to move around her snapping pictures. That included from behind, much to her chagrin. She thought about telling her that she had no intention of posing for pictures that anyone would see in a thong but knew that that would be laughed at.

"Beautiful. Perfect," the woman said as she moved around her taking pictures.

"All right now I want you to go over to this table here and lean forward casually, with your elbows on the table and looking across the room."

Harper obeyed, flushing as the woman snapped pictures from behind her while she was bending over. Then the woman moved around her snapping pictures from the sides and then the front, where, Harper knew, they would be seeing a lot of cleavage.

"Excellent. Very sexy. You have a gorgeous body. Very nice. Now lift your chin. Pout. Look pouty. That's it. Now challenging. Good girl."

Another bikini followed and then another, then the woman gave her a one-piece suit, but it was so high cut she was astonished anyone would ever wear such a thing. It was also open at the sides. She kept telling herself that she was making a sacrifice for the good of all womenkind.

Besides, much to her surprise, she was kind of enjoying this... sort of. Gwen was very flattering and constantly complimented her as she moved around taking pictures. Harper wasn't used to so many compliments, especially on her looks. In fact, she'd always disapproved of them. But now she found them gratifying. Perhaps because they showed she was doing well and might be successful in her job of infiltrating the 'organization'.

Gwen was at least very reassuring about how much skin she was exposing and she kept telling Harper how sexy and beautiful she looked. Those were not compliments she was used to anymore, for everyone at Holyoke frowned on such things outside of personal relationships. She was surprised and annoyed at herself that she found the compliments pleasing her.

*You are not here to look sexy and hot, she told herself. You're here to uncover a terrible, abusive corporate ring that traffics in naïve young women.*

"All right, strip," Gwen said.

She'd said it several times already, so by now Harper was used to it and undid the suit to peel it down her body. She was getting used to the stiletto heels, but still propped her side on the table as she stepped out of them.

She looked up to see the latest suit in Gwen's hand, only realized almost immediately that it wasn't a bathing suit. It was a bra and pantie set. She almost objected, but realistically they covered just as much as the bikini she'd been wearing, if not more. So she accepted them and put them on for more pictures.

Another bra and thong followed and then another before the woman switched to a long, black nightie. Harper was getting used to wearing sexy and revealing lingerie by then, but she still felt a fresh wave of misgivings for this was considerably thinner, almost to the point of being see-through at least

on top.

“Next we'll try some dresses,” Gwen said.

She just had to get through this, and then there'd be dresses, Harper reassured herself.

She stepped into the thing, increasingly dismayed at how thin and lacy it was as she drew it up her body. It was elasticized and fairly tight in places but the skirt which hung to her knees was quite loose. It was quite tight across her chest, however. But rather than having cups, it was simply an elasticized bit of thin fabric.

Gwen took a variety of pictures before Harper happened to glance at one of the mirrors nearby. Her eyes widened as she saw herself there, for the nightie was not merely almost see-through. It *was* see-through!

She yelped and shifted position to draw her arms across her breasts, and Gwen stopped taking pictures looking up with a scowl.

“This is see-through!” Harper gasped.

Gwen rolled her eyes. “Are you some kind of virgin?” she asked, exasperated.

“No! I'm just... I didn't want to... I'm not here to take naked pictures!” Harper said, flustered.

“You're not naked. You're in a sexy nightie.”

“But you can see my... Everything!”

Gwen rolled her eyes. “All right take it off.”

Harper flushed as she slipped the nightie down her legs and stepped out of it, hoping she hadn't ruined her chances.

“You have an excellent chance of being successful and making decent money in this business, honey,” Gwen said. “You have a perfect body for this kind of thing and a very pretty face. But if you're going to be the shy little girl, you might as well go back to your college and find a job waiting on tables.”

“No, no! I'll get better!”

Gwen snorted. “Hands behind the neck, back arched, feet apart.”

Harper obeyed and the woman walked up to her, looking her up and down closely. She moved around behind her, presumably also looking at her.

“The best way to lose your shyness, and to not be self-conscious about what you look like naked, is to be naked and have people looking at you. You'd be surprised at how quickly you lose your shyness and get used to it.”

“Easy for you to say,” Harper muttered.

“You think I didn't do the same thing? I was a model, honey. And I'm not the least bit embarrassed about my body.”

And then as if to prove it the woman toed off her shoes and slipped her pants down and off. A moment later she peeled her blouse up and off then undid her bra and stood before Harper completely naked.

“What do you think, honey?”

Gwen assumed the same position as Harper was in, with her hands behind her neck. She was taller and more slender and had smaller breasts which Harper had spent years being self-conscious about. But there was no question she had an excellent body.

“You're... very pretty,” Harper said uncomfortably.

Gwen snorted in amusement. “And you are a liberal. Am I right?”

Harper frowned at her. “Is there something wrong with that?”

“Mount Holyoke, right? I seem to recall reading that in your email. That's one of those really liberal schools which tell girls that they are wrong to take pride in their bodies, isn't it?”

“Well, they're right!” Harper said. “A woman should be respected for her mind, not her body.”

“Right. Has it ever occurred to you that this view of how women shouldn't be sexualized, and should never show their bodies off is entirely in line with that of fundamentalist religious people? It's

odd how you liberals have views on sex and nudity which is so similar to that of the far-right Christians and conservatives.”

She shifted her position and put her hand on her hip, standing there casually, comfortably naked.

“You need to be comfortable in your skin, baby. And not worry about whether you should be showing it off to anyone. There is nothing to be embarrassed about in a body like yours. It looks like the only ounce of fat you have is here.”

She poked her finger to the center of Harper's left breast, right against her still erect nipple.

Harper flushed and swallowed nervously.

“Ever stop to think how it's okay for men to show off their bodies, especially if they got nice muscles and pecs? To take their shirts off and flex, and nobody thinks that makes them immoral?”

She drew her hands in under her own breasts squeezing them and lifting them up as if an offering.

“Put your hands under your breasts and squeeze them up like I'm doing.”

“Why?” Harper asked, confused.

“Because I told you to. I'm going to give you a little lesson that might help you succeed in this business.”

Harper put her hands under her breasts squeezing them up together, flushing hotly. She was uneasy about this, but the woman did have a point. And anyway, she was a woman.

Gwen smiled. “You're very uncomfortable in your skin.”

She turned around abruptly and bent over to grab her ankles. Harper couldn't help her eyes dropping down low to see the woman's bottom and sex peering up at her. That made her blush even more and she jerked her eyes away.

Gwen straightened up and turned around, grinning at her.

“Your body is beautiful and sexual. You need to reconcile yourself to that and not be ashamed or uncomfortable about it.”

“I am!” Harper protested.

The woman let out a bark of laughter. “See that low table there?” She pointed at a knee-high table off to the side. “I want you to kneel on that on your hands and knees.”

Harper was about to ask why again, but it was obvious, the woman was trying to show her that she shouldn't be embarrassed and get her to display her body without shame. She couldn't really argue against that. Nor could she argue with the woman's position that she needed to get more comfortable with people seeing her naked.

She walked over to the table and then bent forward, kneeling on the edge and then leaning forward so she was on her hands and knees.

“Now lower yourself to your forearms.”

Harper complied, her flush deepening.

“Push your stomach back closer to your thighs so you raise your butt higher.”

Harper obeyed again, feeling a strange little dark shiver run through her. It was something about the way the woman was looking at her, and it wasn't just as a model. Could she be a lesbian?! Could she be looking at Harper more as a sexually attractive girl she had an interest in?!

“Shift your knees apart.”

Harper blushed hotly. “Isn't this kind of... slutty?”

“Why? Because you're not hiding your body? Because you're placing it in a position that could well be very sexual, and displaying your assets? I don't see how that makes you slutty.”

Harper wanted to argue but didn't. She didn't feel she really had the same degree of knowledge or sophistication as Gwen. She knelt in the awkward and exposed position as the woman moved slowly around her. Her mind squirmed when the woman was behind her, having a very good idea of what sort of view she had there. Still, she was getting used to Gwen seeing her naked. Even if not in quite so sexual position.

“I love how your breasts hang down like that,” Gwen said. “They still retain their shape nicely.”

Harper flushed anew and a woman laughed softly. "You're so easy to make blush."

The woman moved behind her again "Very nice view from back here. Any man would be delighted. If he was straight he'd want to mount you and ride you like a bitch in heat."

"Must you be so... crude?!"

"Yes. I'm trying to teach you to take ownership of your sexuality and your body and not be embarrassed simply by it being displayed."

The woman came closer and then reached down and combed her fingers through Harper's hair, drawing it up and back behind her neck. She pulled slowly but firmly and Harper felt the tension in her scalp as she raised her head up and back.

"So you're not a virgin, huh?"

"No," Harper gulped.

"Ever do it with a woman?"

That was a line that a number of lesbians had used on her before, and Harper had felt herself forced to show more enthusiasm than she had at first felt in order to assure them that she had no homophobic fears or tendencies. And, in fact, sex with those women had been more pleasurable, and more gentle, than with the men... Make that the boys she had known previously.

"Of course!" she said firmly, hoping her voice wasn't shaking.

She felt a strange fluttering in her stomach, despite the anxiety and embarrassment filling her. She still didn't know for sure if this woman was interested in her sexually, She didn't know what she should do if she was. Should she turn her down? Would she then think Harper's statement about sleeping with women was a lie? Would she think she was homophobic? Or worse racist!?

"Ever do it with a black woman?"

Harper gulped and thought about lying but then was afraid of being caught.

"No," she said, her voice cracking slightly. "Not because I have anything at all against having sex with black people, it's just that it hasn't come up, and no one's asked me, but I wouldn't be bothered, or even think twice of it!"

The words tumbled over her lips as she hastened to assure the woman that she had no racist beliefs.

"Well that's nice," Gwen said in amusement.

She pulled a little more on Harper's hair and forced her head back a bit and then Harper gulped and felt an emotional jolt as the woman's other hand dropped onto her back and began to gently caress her there.

"You have very soft skin," Gwen said.

Harper felt her mind swirling and churning wildly. Was she doing this and saying this just to test her?! Was she trying to expose her as being racist or homophobic!? This could be seen as sexual harassment! Except... well, she was a woman! And a black woman at that! Harper shied away from the thought of accusing a Black woman of anything!

The woman's hand was very soft as it caressed her back. Harper had just about decided that she was either teasing or testing her when the hand suddenly slid up the small over her back, then down between her buttocks and cupped her sex.

She froze, eyes wide, not knowing what to do or how to react. What did the woman expect from her?! Was this a test!? Was the woman actually interested in her?! She hated not knowing these things. What if she said the wrong thing!?

What if the woman... an older woman... was exploiting her sexually!? She should complain then! But no, she wanted to be seen as a weak, fluttery girl so they would exploit her! But she'd expected it to be men exploiting her, not women! Then again, Gwen had worked for them for some time and probably been coerced and bullied, and threatened into helping them!

The woman's hand gently rubbed against her mound and then Harper felt the fingers ease the lips of her sex apart as one finger slid down to rub lightly across her clitoris. A rush of sensation spread through her groin and up into her belly that was so intense, she almost gasped out loud.

“You know, baby, us girls in the business like to look out for each other. We teach each other what we need to know, especially about watching out for the men who are predators.”

Her finger was rubbing consistently against Harper's clitoris, producing a steady flood of sensations that were making her breasts throb and her nipples tingle.

*What should I do!? What should I do!?* she thought wildly.

Her body began to thrum with sexual energy despite the confusion in her head. The finger went away and then returned feeling slick and wet now as if the woman had licked it. It was joined by a second finger and then she felt a pressure against the mouth of her sex and a moment later she was penetrated by a thicker finger which was probably Gwen's thumb.

She stared sightlessly ahead, her mind totally wrapped up in the sensations flooding through her body and the mental anguish of not knowing how to react or respond. What if she guessed wrong!? But Gwen was a woman so it wasn't like she would do anything that Harper needed to really prevent! And it was good... if she was going to infiltrate this place, that they thought her sexy and hot and... and... weak!

“You have a beautiful body, baby. You're a very sexy girl.”

She let go of Harper's hair and then her hand slid down beneath her to gently cup and knead her breast.

Even in the midst of her wild uncertainty, Harper felt a sense of being impressed by how skilled the woman's hands were. It was not true, as she had discovered, that all lesbians had a superior knowledge about how to please women. Some of them were almost as quick and ham-handed as men. Though overall, they were better.

Gwen's fingers, though, were gentle while being firm. The ones rubbing at her clit were doing so with a steady speed but alternating pressure even as the thumb pumped slowly in and out of her. She could feel herself moistening already as her breast throbbed in the woman's hand.

Few people knew how to properly treat her breasts, she knew. Men were particularly bad at squeezing too hard. The women she had known, on the other hand, tended to err on the opposite side, with being too gentle. Gwen was squeezing and caressing and kneading her breast in a way that was making it burn with pleasure and sensation.

She found her breathing getting harsher, her chest feeling tighter. Sexual pressure within her was growing rapidly more intense. In fact, it was already so intense she couldn't remember being so aroused. That astonished her, for she knew that she ought to be refusing the woman's touch. She hardly knew her, after all!

“What you need to do, little girl is take ownership of your sexuality and be proud of it and then enjoy it. Stop being ashamed of it. Stop trying to pretend that you are not a sexual being.”

“I-I-I don't!” she gasped.

The woman drew her fingers back and suddenly slapped her bottom sharply before placing them back on her sex.

“Don't lie to me, little girl. I can read you like a book.”

Harper gasped as the woman drove her thumb all the way into her moist pussy. She began to rub the pad of her thumb back and forth rapidly against the inside wall of her sex as her fingers rubbed against her clitoris.

“You are as repressed as some Christian conservative fundamentalist type.”

“I am not!” Harper exclaimed.

*Crack!* The woman slapped her bottom again.

“Ow!”

“Lie to me and you will get punished.”

“I-I'm not!” Harper exclaimed.

*Crack!*

“Naughty girl.”

Harper felt a little emotional shock, then, as she recognized that the slaps to her bottom were likely more sexual than disciplinary. *I should have realized that right away*, she thought in chagrin.

*Crack!*

“Are you going to be a good girl and learn what I teach you?” Gwen asked

“Y-Yes!” Harper gulped.

*Crack!*

“Say yes, Ms. Gwen.”

“Yes, Ms. Gwen!”

Her left hand abandoned Harper's breast, gripped her hair again tugging it sharply back to make Harper gasp and force her head back.

“Are you going to obey your instructions, little girl?” she demanded.

Harper's mind twisted wildly. Was this something related to Gwen's own sexual interest in her or was this a sort of grooming to prepare her for that female trafficking that she was here to investigate!? Maybe the woman was testing to see how obedient she would be, For surely they would seek the kind of meek, obedient girls who would allow themselves to be used by rich men for their own pleasure.

“Yes, Ms. Gwen!” she gulped.

There was a brief knock at the door and it opened. Harper felt a sudden sense of panic at being seen like this and instinctively cried to jerk up and cover herself. Gwen tightened her grip on her hair and pushed down between her shoulders to keep her from rising. She turned as Ms. Carling came into the room, and walked over to stand beside her.

“Well this is fast work even for you, Gwen,” she said in amusement.

“I think this one might work out very well,” Gwen said.

That sent a thrill of excitement through Harper despite her self-consciousness and embarrassment.

“She certainly has the body for it,” Ms. Carling said.

Gwen tugged back on Harper's hair, forcing her head up. “Very pretty, too,” she said.

“Oh yes, she'll be very popular.”

## Chapter Three

Her words struck Harper as practically being evidence that she was on the right track and these people thought they were going to persuade her to become some sort of sex toy for rich men. Well, she would show them a thing or two when she exposed them!

“She's very responsive, but also very repressed,” Gwen said.

Ms. Carling moved to stand directly in front of Harper and looked down at her face. “Is that true, girl? Are you repressed?”

“No, Ms. Carling!”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Bad enough you lie to yourself, little girl,” Gwen said. “You shouldn't lie to us.”

“B-but I'm not!” Harper moaned.

*Crack!*

“Bad girl,” Gwen said.

Ms. Carling smiled. “You must be bad,” she chided her.

Harper gasped aloud as Gwen suddenly knelt behind her and she felt what was unquestionably the woman's tongue sliding slowly and teasingly up along the line of her sex. Ms. Carling combed her fingers through her hair now and drew her hair upward atop her head, as she lifted her chin higher.

“So tell me, Harper, have you had a lot of sexual experience with men?” she asked.

Harper's mind was already reeling from the feel of Gwen's tongue now licking faster up and down her sex. She could feel the woman's thumbs spreading the lips of her opening and then the tongue pushed into her, startlingly deep.

“Have you?” the woman asked, her voice sharper.

Was this some sort of introductory questioning related to how good a little slut she'd be if they persuaded her to join their organization?! It sounded like the sort of thing they would be asking!

“S-Some!” she gasped.

“And did you enjoy it?”

Yes, this was probably what they were leading up to! They were sounding her out about whether or not she'd be amenable to being some sort of call girl type!

“I-I... Y-Yes!” Her voice squeaked as Gwen folded her lips around her swollen clitoris and began to suck rhythmically.

The woman reached down with her other hand and cupped Harper's breast, squeezing and fondling it just as Gwen had done.

Harper's mind churned violently as she tried to work through whether this was all part of some kind of scheme to persuade her to make her body freely available to their rich male clients while also coping with the wild rush of sensations and sexual confusion about their intentions. Not to mention how she should respond!

*Crack!*

She yelped as Gwen slapped her bottom sharply.

“You're too repressed to enjoy sex,” the woman said from behind her.

“I- I'm... Not!”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Are you being a bad girl again?” Ms. Carling asked.

The woman was wearing a short, tight sweater dress as she stood in front of Harper. Now she dropped her hand to the hem and tugged it up above her hips. The elasticized dress slid around her waist, revealing that the woman was wearing no underwear. She shifted her feet apart on the floor and then pulled on Harper's hair to draw her face in closer to her sex.

“I think you can make it up to me by showing me what you've learned about pleasing women,” Carling said.

Harper gasped in alarm, surprise, and uncertainty. Not to mention pain as the woman tugged on her hair which made her scalp sting.

“Show me what you can do, little girl,” the woman growled.

Moaning, Harper began to lick the woman's naked sex. She flushed hotly, knowing she wasn't anywhere near as good as Gwen, and probably Ms. Carling either. They were both obviously a part of this female trafficking outfit, and got a lot of practice!

Still, she did have some experience with oral sex, and even if she hadn't she certainly had a very good example with what Gwen was doing right now behind her. Somewhat dazed, she licked against the woman's sex and tried to reach up with one hand to part her opening so she could better expose her clitoris.

“No! Use your mouth alone. I want to see what you can do.”

Panting and moaning, Harper licked the woman's sex and tried to get her mouth in to suck and massage it with her own lips. Behind her, Gwen had pushed her finger deep into her pussy, then added a second, then a third. She was pumping them in and out as she licked and sucked on her clitoris, and Gwen felt the muscles in her lower belly and hips spasming, which caused her bottom to jerk and roll and buck back towards the woman's hungry mouth.

“So do you like cocks, little girl?” Carling asked.

*Crack!*

“Answer the woman!”

What a question! Why were they asking her this!? It must be related to the organization!

“I-I... I guess!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“That's yes, Ms. Carling to you,” Gwen said from behind her.

“Yes, Ms. Carling!” she moaned.

“Maybe you should give her one, Gwen,” Ms. Carling said in amusement.

“I doubt she's ready for my cock,” Gwen said. “She's probably used to fucking little white boys who don't know what to do with theirs.”

Harper had no idea what they were talking about! How could Gwen have a cock!?”

The woman moved away from her suddenly and then Carling pushed down on her head and shoulders. “Press your lovely breasts against the table, dear,” she said.

Gasping for breath, Harper did not resist as she let herself down until her breasts were pillowed out against wood beneath her. They throbbed there, hot and filled with sensation.

“Now bring your hands together behind your back,” Ms. Carling said.

Bewildered, Harper obeyed. What else, after all, was she to do?

Carling released her hair and bent forward to grasp her wrists, taking them in her hands and crossing them at the small of Harper's back. A moment later she sensed Gwen returning, and then something, some kind of fabric slipped around first one wrist then the other, and then tightened.

What were they doing!?

“Gwen is going to demonstrate for you just how much you've been missing in life,” Ms. Carling said. “I think it will be an interesting experience for you.”

She squatted next to the table, combing her fingers through Harper's hair as she looked at her face from less than a foot away.

“Gwen is going to show you the true nature of what being a woman is all about. She's going to demonstrate to you how a man Masters a woman. How a man uses her for his pleasure. But more than that, she's going to show you how a woman feels when she is mastered.”

“I I-I don't... understand!” Harper moaned.

“You will.”

Harper felt a sudden pressure against her sex. In the position she was in she knew she was obscenely vulnerable, especially with her legs apart. Now something quite thick was pushing against her, the pressure mounting until she ached. It was rounded and slowly penetrated her body, stretching her opening wider and wider.

“Oh, what are you doing!” She gasped.

She tried to rise but Ms. Carling gripped her hair firmly to hold her in place.

“Think of how good it will be when a man is behind you and using you like this,” Carling said.

Whatever it was, and she was beginning to suspect it was some kind of dildo, it was pushing deeper and deeper into her body. She'd never used a dildo before, and almost all of the lesbians who had had sex with her had disdained their use because they felt that women shouldn't use anything that reminded them of men in order to please them.

Now the thing began to move in and out slowly, pushing deeper with each stroke. Ms. Carling reached her hand up and her fingers began to stroke and rub against Harper's clitoris as the dildo drove deeper still.

Harper felt a throbbing ache within her body and a sharper ache around the mouth of her sex. This dildo was much bigger than any of the real cocks she'd ever taken into her body. She wondered just how big! It felt massive!

Despite the aching, though, her body was starting to throb with sexual energy and pressure once again. Her breasts were rolling and grinding against the table and Carling was stroking her clitoris with very skilled fingers. On top of that this whole scene was outrageously sexual and far more intense than anything she had ever experienced before.

She felt her mind flood with pleasure and sexual heat to the point she began to feel an almost intoxicating sense of floating even as her body crackled with sexual tension.

“Gwen loves to fuck little sis girls with her big cock,” Carling said in amusement.

“She certainly is tight,” Gwen said.

“But I doubt she gets a lot of experience at an all-girls school.”

“Not with big cocks anyway.”

Harper's breathing became more and more ragged as her eyes began to glaze over. The sexual heat was suffocating her mind, and she felt herself burning up with her growing fever.

Carling leaned in and kissed her on the cheek, then nibbled on her earlobe.

“Beg Gwen to fuck you,” she whispered. “Do it! Beg!”

Harper moaned dazedly.

*Crack!*

“Are you being disobedient?” Gwen asked.

“N-No!” Harper moaned.

*Crack!*

“Beg,” Carling whispered.

“P-Please fuck me!” Harper exclaimed.

*Crack!*

“That's Ms. Gwen to you, girl. Try again.”

“Beg,” Carling whispered.

“Please fuck me, Ms. Gwen!” Harper moaned.

*Crack!*

“Louder!”

“Please fuck me, Ms. Gwen!”

Gwen was moving the thing in and out faster and faster and suddenly Harper felt the impact of the woman's hips against her bottom. That sent a jolt through her mind, for it told her that rather than simply holding the thing in her hands Gwen had it strapped to her body like a real penis. That brought the image to her mind of the woman standing behind her, using her like a man would. Mounting her, as they had described it.

She trembled and moaned, her hips grinding helplessly back as the thick phallus was driven into the depths of her overheated body.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Ungh! Agh!” she cried as the woman's hips began to strike her upraised buttocks harder and harder.

“This is a woman's lot,” Carling whispered into her ear, still nibbling lightly. “The beautiful, helpless female, being mounted and roughly ridden by the powerful man.”

The heat suddenly rose to overwhelming levels, like a hurricane suddenly howling nonstop. Only instead of wind, it was a storm of pleasure battering at her mind and sending it tumbling and turning as her body jerked and spasmed helplessly.

She cried out in animal hunger and pleasure, convulsions racking her body as the thick cock speared deep into her aching belly again and again. Gwen's hips slapped powerfully against her raised buttocks, making her body jerk to and fro, rolling her chest back and forth over her throbbing breasts.

Her entire body felt like it was flaring wildly with an explosive release of overheated energy. She had never had an orgasm this powerful, never felt it taking over her body and mind like this before. Nor had it ever gone on as long!

Her mind wallowed in the pleasure, absorbing the pleasure of her body even while giving up all control of it. The roaring storm went on and on as she cried out all the air in her lungs and then forgot to inhale.

“That's it, baby. Come for us. Come for that big cock. Come the way a woman is meant to come, uninhibited and free and giving herself to whoever is strong enough to use her.”

*Crack!* “Beautiful little slut!” Gwen said.

But I'm not a slut, Harper thought dazedly.

*Crack!* “Sexy little bitch!”

*Crack!* “Gorgeous little whore!”

“Being used by someone more powerful is always a huge turn-on for a woman,” Carling whispered in her ear.

“You like my cock, baby?”

“Tell her you love her cock,” Carling said in a purring voice.

*Crack!*

“Answer me, little bitch!”

“Tell her you love her cock,” Carling said again.

*Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Ungh! Oh, please!” Harper moaned.

*Crack!*

“Please! I... I love your cock!” she moaned.

*Crack!*

“Ms. Gwen,” Gwen said. “Try again.”

“I-I love your cock, Ms. Gwen!” she squealed breathlessly.

It wasn't necessarily a lie. Gwen was doing things to her that none of her male lovers had done before. Of course, she had never let any of them 'take her' like this. Sex was supposed to be a mutual sharing and partnership, after all. Therefore she had only ever accepted the missionary position where they could embrace and show affection and pleasure with each other.

The position she was in was... submissive, and helpless. It was like she was an object with things

being done to her, with her body being used to give pleasure to another. There was no sharing or partnership involved. In fact, her hands were tied up behind her back!

No, this was certainly not the sort of sex she would have accepted with any of her boyfriends. It was far too degrading. On the other hand, it was with a woman, which confused her. First, because women weren't supposed to act like this. Gwen was using her roughly like a man would. Not to mention in a male dominant position.

She didn't understand that, and didn't understand why her body continued to crackle with sexual tension and heat even after that massive orgasm had practically shattered her mind. Of course, Carling was still rubbing her clitoris, and Gwen was still driving that big cock deep into her body again and again.

It suddenly occurred to her that unlike any other sex she had with a boy, that is with someone who had a cock, Gwen could keep going indefinitely. There would be no softening of that dildo thing she had. As it always with the boys she'd slept with. Just as she was starting to get aroused, they would finish up, have their pleasure, and be done with her.

That obviously hadn't happened here. In fact, this was the first time she'd ever had an orgasm while having intercourse. Previously it'd only been through masturbation, and a couple of times when women had performed oral sex on her. But this was so different. She didn't understand what Carling was talking about when she said that women loved being roughly and powerfully used.

She didn't love that! Did she?

Yet there was something powerfully thrilling about just kneeling here like this, with her throbbing breasts being ground beneath her chest, and her sex raised obscenely and helplessly into the air, vulnerable to any male who decided to mount her. That it was a woman was confusing. And yet she was mounting her like a man would, complete with what felt like an enormous cock.

God, it ached? She'd never felt so full! But it felt so good! Gwen was grinding her hips to twist the thick phallus around within her, thrusting from different directions, speeding up and slowing down. She drew the thing completely out of her body, and Harper felt vacant momentarily.

But she felt the slick warm head rubbing strongly up and down against the mouth of her sex before pushing into her again and driving deep. She shuddered in pleasure, some deep animal instinct telling her body that this was the way things should be.

She gasped in pain as Gwen wrapped her long hair around her fist and pulled her head up and back sharply.

"Tell me you love my cock!" she demanded.

"I love your cock, Ms. Gwen!"

*Crack!*

"You going to be my little bitch?" Gwen demanded.

She leaned over until her lips were next to Harper's ear. The hand not holding her hair slid in around her throat, squeezing softly.

"Tell me you're my bitch!" She growled.

"I'm your bitch, Ms. Gwen!" Harper gurgled.

Gwen bit into the nape of her neck, chewing and sucking.

"Tell me you're my slut!"

"I'm your slut, Ms. Gwen!" Harper gasped around the squeezing fingers.

"This is what it means to be mastered," Carlin whispered into her other ear.

Gwen was thrusting faster and faster again. Her hips were slapping Harper's upraised buttocks as she sent the thick cock plunging deep into her abdomen again and again.

This was all insane! These two were crazy! Harper felt a wild sense of unreality, as if she'd fallen into a different world. But at the same time, her body was thrumming with pleasure and heat and it began to rise in intensity once again to the point she trembled as her mind was overcome by need and hunger.

She cried out again and again as the two women sent her body into convulsions once more and another massive orgasm tore her mind apart.

She sank into a deep sense of dazed languor as the thick cock slid out of her body. She heard the two women chuckling above her and knew they were amused by her weakness. But it was very hard to care about that or anything else just then. Her body twitched and trembled as she gulped in air, recovering from the powerful climax.

"I'm getting turned on watching this," Carling said. "Not to mention hearing this sexy little bitch moaning in pleasure."

"How do you think I feel? And I'm the one doing all the work." Gwen sounded amused.

"Well let's put her to work then."

The two women gripped her arms and eased her off the table, leading her over on rubbery legs to a chair next to the wall. They pushed her down on her knees then, and she saw Gwen pulling a set of straps down her legs and off. Attached to it was the biggest cock she had ever seen in person. Of course, it wasn't real, but it certainly looked very, very real.

Gwen sat on the chair and then slouched down, drawing her legs up and apart and draping them across the arms.

Harper gasped as Carling gripped her hair and bent her over until her face was right up against Gwen's pussy.

"Time to get to work, little girl."

*Crack!*

Gwen took hold of her air and guided her mouth down to her sex and Harper began to lick. Meanwhile, Carling knelt behind her and slapped her bottom sharply.

"Spread your legs," she barked.

Moaning, Harper obeyed and then felt the pressure of that thick cock pushing against her once more. She shuddered as it slid deeper and deeper even as Gwen squeezed one of her breasts and ground her face against her pussy. She felt Carling reach forward and take the other breast in her hand as she began to pump the dildo in and out of her body.

She felt another wave of unreality and disbelief, amazed and overwhelmed by what was happening. But a sharp slap to her bottom reminded her that she had work to do and she began to frantically lick Gwen's pussy.

The two women fondled her breasts and rolled her nipples between their fingers while Carling drove the thick cock into her again and again, her hips striking her buttocks with hard, powerful strokes.

"Beg Ms. Carling to fuck you," Gwen ordered.

"Please fuck me, Ms. Carling!" Harper cried dazedly.

*Crack!* "Sexy little bitch," Carling said.

"Lick me, little bitch," Gwen ordered.

Harper licked hard and fast, as the black woman spread the lips of her sex with her own thumb and forefinger and directed her in against her clitoris.

*Crack!*

"Tell me you're my slut," Carling said behind her.

"I'm your slut, Ms. Carling!" Harper cried.

Did it really matter what she said? Those slaps stung!

She felt that sense of utter helplessness, of being used rather than being any kind of partner. And yet oddly, that gave her a sense of freedom, for she didn't have to consider what she should say or do next. Sex with someone, especially someone she didn't know well, was always a stressful time as she tried to think of what she ought to say to please them and what she ought to do to ensure that they thought she was capable and a good sexual partner.

That stress wasn't in evidence now. In fact, the two women had made it very clear that the only

thing she needed to do was whatever they told her to do. She wasn't a partner here. She was an object which they were using to sate their lust. That would've been unthinkable if they were men. Even though they were women it felt degrading. But that was tempered by them being much older than her, and presumably more sophisticated and knowledgeable.

Then to her shock she felt her body heating up once again. She had never had two orgasms at the same time before. And now, to her astonishment, she felt herself rising towards the third. Sex had always struck her as something which was, at best, a pleasant sharing of love and affection. She didn't do it to experience orgasms for she didn't expect any.

And yet her body had been simmering and bubbling and burning with heat since Gwen had begun to fondle her. Her brain began to melt under the renewed flood of liquid heat as yet another orgasm swept over her and drowned her mind in ecstasy.

## Chapter Four

Harper was more than a little dazed at the end of it all. The women seemed pleased, and Carling even brought her to an apartment that the company kept in the city. It was a luxurious apartment, and she was not the only girl staying there.

On the one hand, it was very reassuring to feel that she had succeeded in infiltrating their organization. On the other, she remained bewildered about her own physical and emotional response to what the two women had done to her. She had not imagined herself taking part in such outrageous sexual games as a part of her assignment.

Not only that but if the paper found out she would be ruined. This was not the sort of behavior any respectable journalist engaged in! There were things you simply didn't do even to infiltrate an organization that abused women.

Still, it was only other women. It wasn't like she had totally degraded herself by letting a man use her in such an outrageous fashion. And she was human and could have sex with people if she wanted to. It wasn't like she had sex in order to infiltrate the organization. She certainly hadn't had any such intent!

But she doubted Cooperman would accept that if she ever found out. She'd think she was an outrageous little slut.

*Slut.* Just like Carling and Gwen had called her. Just like she had been made to confess to earlier. It was so degrading! Obviously, they didn't think much of her. Well, she would get back at them all right. Just wait until she exposed them!

Not that she hadn't acted like a slut, she conceded. But it was only women! She wouldn't have acted like that with a man! Or two men. God! Imagine if that was two men and she had let herself be used like that! Both at the same time! That would be utterly unforgivable!

Still, unbidden, the image of herself being so used came to her mind, of her kneeling between two men, as she pleased one with her mouth while the other rode her like a bitch in heat. It was such a raw, animal image that it was both outrageous and yet darkly thrilling at the same time.

What kind of a girl would allow that!?

And what would it be like...?

She shook her head violently as if she could dislodge the image forever. Her job was to expose these people in order to protect naïve young women from being lured into dangerous and degrading abuse. She was supposed to call Cooperman to let her know how her initial meeting went. She didn't think she should do it from the phone in the apartment. The organization probably had it tapped!

For all she knew the same went for the computer in the corner of the bedroom she had been given. Maybe they were watching her this very moment! They couldn't very well be a trusting bunch. They knew what they were doing was very shady and probably illegal.

Of course given her behavior today she doubted they had a lot of suspicion of her.

She flushed at that. She had behaved so unprofessionally! No real journalist would ever have allowed herself to be drawn into that sort of outrageous sexual behavior with people she was investigating.

She wondered when the real bosses would show up. She imagined some swarthy, slick, cocky man in an expensive suit. Off the rack of course. Probably tasteless. She worried about what those men

might do to her now that they thought of her, as they would once they heard from Carling and Gwen, as a weak-minded little slut.

If they felt they would be able to take advantage of her in the same way as the two women had they were going to be in for a surprise!

There was a quick rap on the door and it opened as she turned around. A young woman stood there, about her own age, with long blonde hair spilling past her shoulders. She was a beautiful girl, and like Harper on the busty side. She wore a very short but cute blue dress which emphasized both her long legs and generous bust.

“So you're the new girl,” she said. “My name is Kendall.”

“Uhm, hi,” Harper said.

She wondered if this girl was a recent recruit, one who had been lured into this depraved world, and if so whether she would be able to save her. The girl didn't look like she needed saving at the moment, of course. She had probably been completely deceived by the organization.

She came bouncing into the room and sat down heavily on the edge of the bed as she looked at Harper.

“So I'm guessing you're going to be a bikini and lingerie model too,” she said.

“Well, I guess. Gwen and Ms. Carling seem to believe that was what was best.”

“Ms. Gwen,” the girl corrected with a grin. “Forget the Ms. part and you get a slap on the bottom.”

“Don't you find that a little odd?” Harper asked.

The girl shrugged. “Ms. Gwen says that you learn faster with a little physical inspiration. I can't say she's wrong. I've certainly learned quickly enough.”

“What have you learned aside from calling her Ms. Gwen?”

“Oh, all sorts of stuff. How to do my hair and makeup, and how to pose in the best ways to accentuate my body. The right sorts of looks depending on what the photographer wants. You have to be able to show things with your face, you know. It's not all about your body. Even though that's what's wearing the clothes.”

“Are you making lots of money?” Harper asked uncertainly.

“Not yet,” the girl admitted. “On the other hand I'm getting all this training, plus pictures to go in my portfolio, plus free room and board. Andrea is making more money. She's been here longer.”

“Who's Andrea?”

“Another girl that lives here.”

As if she had been summoned another girl strolled through the open doorway. Like Kendall, she was a blonde. Only where Kendall's honey blonde hair was long and straight, Andrea's was wavy and golden.

“Hey,” the girl said as she raised a hand in greeting.

“Hi, my name is Harper,” Harper said.

“Welcome to the stable,” Andrea said.

“The stable?”

“That's where you keep animals,” Andrea said.

“Oh stop,” Kendall said. “She's such a cynic,” she said to Harper.

“Were sexy little bitches,” Andrea said with a smirk.

“He calls us the Baxter bitches,” Kendall said. “That's probably because Ms. Carling and Ms. Gwen are always calling us that.”

“It's meant to be complementary,” Andrea said. “I don't really mind being a sexy bitch after all.”

“How come you're not blonde?” Kendall asked.

“Should I be?” Harper asked.

“I thought all of the Baxter bitches were blondes.”

“Well, they were when I got here. Robin and Sierra were blondes. They've both moved to New York now. And of course, there was Tanya and Heather. They were both blondes too. They're with the

LA branch now.”

“You look like you'd be a cute blonde,” Andrea said. “Your skin is fair enough.”

Harper was, of course, a natural blonde. She'd dyed it brown so that she would be taken more seriously. She had actually considered whether to go back to blonde for this assignment but had resisted the thought.

“Nobody said anything about being a blonde,” she said uncertainly.

“They were probably too busy fucking you to think about that right at the start,” Andrea said in amusement.

Harper felt her face heat. What did they know!? “W-What do you mean?!” she demanded.

The two blonde girls smirked at her. “Ms. Carling doesn't send girls here who aren't... friendly,” Kendall said and amusement.

“I was certainly friendly,” Andrea said with a grin.

“Me too, but it was well worth it,” Kendall said. “Ms. Gwen has an amazing tongue.”

“I'm pretty sure my tongue is as good as hers by now,” Andrea said.

“You might be right. You do have an amazing tongue now,” Kendall said.

Andrea winked at Harper. “And she should know,” she said.

Harper's mind was churning wildly. Had they both had sex with Gwen and Ms. Carling?! Was this something that those women did to every new model to see how amenable they were to sex with strangers? On the one hand, she felt embarrassed and indignant at allowing herself to be so easily seduced. On the other hand, she felt a surge of excitement in that it reinforced her belief that she was on the right track about this agency. Clearly, they were evaluating girls not just on their looks but on how receptive they were to sexual seduction.

And I was certainly receptive, she thought in embarrassment. I acted like a slut.

Still, it was only women. That wasn't so bad, was it?

“Stick around and you'll learn a lot about how to please women,” Kendall said to Harper.

“And how to be pleased by them,” Andrea added.

Harper felt she had to defend herself for some reason. She had to show that she wasn't here for sex, that she wasn't an easy mark like these other two girls obviously were. On the other hand, if she protested too much they might tell Ms. Carling and she might find herself being sent on her way with no story.

“I-I'm uh, I mean, I'm not gay,” she gulped in embarrassment.

Both blondes laughed. “Who has to be gay to have fun with girls?” Kendall asked in amusement.

“Yeah, it's like... just play sex.”

“And what about men? I mean, men at the agency who expect us to sleep with them?”

“You won't have to sleep with anyone you don't want to,” Kendall said.

“Yeah, they won't really put any pressure on you,” Andrea said. “On the other hand, if Joshua comes on to you, I would advise you to do whatever he wants.”

Kendall laughed. “That man is amazing in bed,” she said.

“She's right,” Andrea said. “That man has an amazing cock. And he really knows what to do with his hands and his mouth.”

“Uhm, you guys like, have a lot of sex here?” she asked doubtfully.

The other two laughed again.

“Let me tell you something, Harper,” Andrea said. “I thought I knew about sex until I came here. But all I knew to do was let boys do whatever they wanted with me in hopes they'd like me. Mostly they weren't very good and mostly I didn't know any better.”

Kendall nodded.

“But boy, there is sure a better, higher-quality class of men here. And they know what to do with a girl. I never imagined the kind of hot, steamy sex some of these guys are capable of even existed.”

“Yeah,” Kendall said. “It's almost like we're guys here.”

Harper looked at her in confusion.

“Guys really love sex because they always come? Well, I always come now.”

“Yeah me too,” Andrea said. “Now that I know what to do and how to do it.”

“And now that we have the right attitude,” Kendall interjected.

“That too. There's a saying that the most important sex organ is the one between your ears. If your head is in the right place, then your body is going to pump out the heat like nobody's business.”

*Maybe they brainwash these girls,* Harper thought excitedly. *Maybe they hypnotize them or something!*

“There's nothing like having multiple orgasms when you have sex to convince you to have more sex,” Kendall said.

That reminded Harper a little uncomfortably of the fact she had three massive orgasms just that day with Ms. Carling and Ms. Gwen. Was that the way things were whenever you had sex with those women? What if it was the same if she had sex with this Joshua guy? Would she turn down a guy who would give her multiple orgasms every time?

She gave her head a mental shake. She wasn't here to act like a slut and have sex with all kinds of people. She was here to dig up the dirt on how this agency was part of an organization that traded in naïve young women so that rich perverts could get their rocks off.

“So what about the modeling part?” she asked. “I mean that's what we're here for, right?”

“Oh sure, that's fun too. Ms. Carling and Ms. Hannah have taught me a lot about how to be a proper model,” Andrea said.

“And we've had a number of contracts,” Kendall said. “Even though we're kind of new. Like I've appeared in bikini catalogs for a bunch of online retailers, and even done some lingerie shots for Victoria's Secret.”

“Same here,” Andrea said. “I haven't made a lot of money yet, but the contracts are getting bigger.”

“They'll probably start your training tomorrow,” Kendall said.

Andrea smiled. “I bet they suggest you dye your hair blonde. They really like blondes.”

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Harper had to find an excuse to leave the building so that she could call Ms. Cooperman and tell her that she had succeeded in being taken on with the agency and was now living with two other girls. She wasn't as open with Cooperman about how she had been taken on, or about what the girls had said. She wasn't sure how she could communicate what they'd said without implicating herself.

When she returned to the apartment she could hear loud music playing up the hall. She wandered up that way and into an open doorway where she was startled to see Andrea swinging around a stripper pole while Kendall watched. Both of them were wearing very small bras and thong panties.

“Hey, Harper,” Kendall said. “Have you ever tried pole dancing?”

“It's amazing exercise,” Andrea said. “And fun.”

“It's the only fun exercise I've ever found other than sex,” Kendall said.

Harper's suspicions were immediately aroused. Maybe this was part of the training the organization gave to turn them into sex workers!

Still, she reluctantly allowed herself to be persuaded to try a few swings around the pole herself. It turned out to be far harder than she had thought. She was chagrined to discover that both of the blondes were in better shape than her and could swing around the pole effortlessly.

“The thing about this is that it works so many different muscle groups,” Kendall said.

She stood there and flexed, posing her body to demonstrate how fit she was.

It was a small step from that to being persuaded to strip down to her own bra and thong and learn more about pole dancing as an exercise. Of course, she also used the opportunity to hint about whether they had ever considered, or anyone had ever suggested they might do this professionally.

“Well, I've done it in front of the occasional man,” Kendall said with a smirk.

“In my experience men prefer lap dances,” Andrea said.

“Well, I do that too!” Kendall said.

“Slut!” Andrea taunted.

“Whore!” Kendall flung back at her.

Both of them laughed in amusement.

Kendall turned to Harper. “Have you ever in your life heard a man accuse another man of having too much sex?” she asked.

“Or having sex with too many different women?” Andrea asked.

“Of course not,” Harper said.

“Because men are allowed to have as much sex as they want with as many women as they want and to enjoy their sexuality as much as they want,” Kendall said.

“Yeah, being modest and very careful about how many people you sleep with is only something for girls,” Andrea sniffed.

Harper had to admit that that was extremely sexist and had always kind of bothered her. Why shouldn't women enjoy their sexuality just like men did? Nobody called men whores because they slept around. No, they called them playboys and admired them.

What was wrong with enjoying sex anyway?

Trying to do pole dancing was exhausting.

“Once your muscles get properly trained it will be a breeze,” Kendall said.

Harper felt embarrassed at how much more fit the other two girls were than her. Oh, her body was in great shape overall. But she didn't have the muscles in her arms and shoulders or even her thighs that the two blondes had developed through their pole dancing exercises.

Well, she was going to have to remedy that!

She went back to her room and stripped out of her underwear before going into the bathroom to have a shower. She had sweated a lot during her pole dancing exercise and was glad that each bedroom had its own private bathroom with big shower cabinets.

She turned the water on and stepped inside before sliding the door closed. The cabinet had a little shelf on the wall which held plastic bottles of shampoo and conditioner, as well as body wash. She stood under the shower, tilting her head back and soaking her body and hair, then turned off the water and began to shampoo her hair.

She had long hair and the shampoo lathered up nicely, but she had not yet finished and reached for the water to rinse it off when she heard the door sliding open. She gasped, turning towards it, but didn't dare open her eyes with all the shampoo covering her head and face. She reached out towards the wall where the shower controls were even as she heard a girl's voice giggling.

“It's always good to save water, don't you think?” Kendall said. “We want to do our best for the environment after all.”

Harper felt her hand caught before it could reach the faucet and then the other girl pushed her back against the wall. She felt Kendall's warm naked skin against her own, and her breasts pillowed out against Harper's.

“Making exercise fun is a great thing,” Kendall said. “And why not make showers fun too?”

“Kendall!” Harper protested. “I'm all soapy!”

“Well that can be a good thing,” Kendall said.

Harper felt the girl's hand sliding up and down her body, riding a slippery layer of shampoo that dripped down from her head and shoulders. She felt the other girl's leg pushing between her thighs and the pressure of that soft, warm, smooth leg press against her sex.

“Kendall!” she protested again.

“Harper!” Kendall taunted.

Her hands slid up and down Carling's body, caressing and squeezing her buttocks as she ground her thigh up into her pussy. Then Harper heard a laugh, and the water came on. She was pulled away from the wall and water poured down over her head and face to wash away the shampoo.

She was finally able to open her eyes to see a grinning Kendall before her.

“That better?”

Kendall didn't wait for her to answer but kissed her passionately. She pushed her back against the wall again, her breasts pillowing out against Harper's as her lips became voracious. At first, Harper pushed uncertainly back at her shoulders, though without a lot of force. But she quickly began to be distracted by the kissing.

Harper had always enjoyed kissing. She thought she was pretty good at it and even felt a bit arrogant about it, given how many boys, in particular, she'd found weren't very good at all. Kendall, however, was an amazing kisser! She was probably, Harper thought, the best kisser she had ever met!

She felt herself being drawn into that kiss, felt herself responding as she kissed back, and then altered how she kissed to imitate what Kendall was doing. Her body began to thrum with energy, as Kendall's thigh rubbed against her sex and their breasts rolled together between them.

She realized that just as Kendall was rubbing her thigh steadily against her pussy she could feel the girl's naked sex against her own thigh. Even as she moaned into the other girl's mouth she raised her leg a little so that there was more pressure against Kendall's body.

Sexual energy grew within her and she felt her mind starting to fall into the same dark thrill of wonder she had felt at the agency. And why not, she thought dazedly. Hadn't Kendall already said that she had learned all about how to please women from the ones at the agency?

Kendall drew back, grinning at her, then filled the palm of her hand with body wash and began to spread it over Harper's body.

“Let's play a little game of discipline,” she said to Harper. “Put your fingers behind your neck, arch your back, and shift your legs apart. And let's see if you can keep still. I don't think you can.”

Harper moaned helplessly, as the girl spread the slippery body wash over her breasts and down between her legs. The feel of those fingers against her skin was deliciously erotic as they rolled her nipples, kneaded her breasts, and rubbed at her throbbing pussy.

“Sexy little bitch,” Kendall teased her.

Harper gasped as the girl's finger pushed up inside her, then was joined by a second, then a third. Her thumb began to rapidly stroke from side to side against Harper's clitoris as she slid her other hand up and squeezed her breast harder.

“I bet I can make you come,” she said. “But not here. I want you to come so hard you scream.”

She drew back and turned the water on again, rinsing them both off. Then slid the door open and, giggling, pulled her from the shower and tossed a towel at her.

She and Harper quickly toweled off but didn't stop to do their hair. Kendall took her hand and brought her back into the bedroom and all but threw her onto the bed.

“I have a few things to show you, little bitch,” she teased.

She straddled Harper and slid her hands up and down her body, and took Harper's wrists in her hands, then placed them back against the headboard above her head. A moment later she shifted her own hands to hold Harper's in her left and then wrapped something rapidly around her wrists.

“Hey!” Harper gasped, twisting her head around to see their wrists had been bound to the headboard.

That reminded her of how she had her wrists tied behind her back earlier that day, which meant that instead of alarm her body produced a rush of excitement at the memory.

Kendall giggled and then slid back down her body and climbed off. She gripped Harper's left ankle and pulled it wide and then produced another strap below the side of the bed and wrapped it around that ankle

“What are you doing?!” she gulped.

“Making you helpless so you'll be completely at my mercy,” Kendall taunted.

She pulled Harper's other ankle wide and strapped it down and then climbed into the bed again and began to gently lick and kiss her way up and down Harper's thighs. Her soft hand caressed Harper's

legs as she carefully made her way up closer and closer to where her pussy throbbed at the juncture of her thighs.

Kendall laid gentle kisses up and down across her mound and then her thumbs eased the lips of her sex apart as her tongue slid in to circle and caress her already swollen clit.

Harper tried to watch at first. But keeping her head lifted up began to make her neck ache and she had to drop her head back to the bed. Unable to watch, all of her attention was on the feel of the other girl's tongue and lips and fingers as they demonstrated to her that she had indeed learned a lot about how to pleasure a woman.

Her chest rose and fell faster and faster as she gulped in air, and her hips began to raise herself up, as if she could grind her pussy into Kendall's mouth. She was close to orgasm when Kendall abruptly halted and jumped out of bed. Giggling, the girl ran to her door opened it, and ran out into the hall leaving the door open.

## Chapter Five

Harper stared at the open doorway, gulping in air, and wondering where Kendall had gone. She had only just begun to feel uneasy about being naked and tied helpless to the bed with an open door when the girl hurried back inside.

“A worker needs her tools,” she said gleefully.

Harper didn't get a good look at those tools at first but raising her head up she saw that one of them was definitely a long, thick, realistic-looking dildo. She felt a rush of heat and energy and that even as new doubts assailed her. But after all, it was just girls having fun, so it wasn't that bad, not really.

“Oh! Oh, God! Kendall! That's so big! she gasped as she felt the thickness of the thing pushing against her.

It felt even thicker than that strap-on that Ms. Gwen and Ms. Carling had used on her earlier.

Kendall ignored her protests as she pumped the thing slowly in and out while licking and sucking on her clitoris. And while it ached and stretched her the dark heat was rushing through her system and bringing with it that feverish need she had felt earlier.

“Well, well, well,” Andrea said as she entered the room. “I can see you two are getting better acquainted already.”

Harper gasped and felt her face heat as her wrists and ankles jerked instinctively against the straps.

Andrea laughed and came over to sit on the edge of the bed next to her.

“Kendall is like this professional women orgasm giver,” she said. “She's trying to set a new record I think.”

“Well, why don't you help me,” Kendall said.

Andrea laughed and then ran her hands over Harper's breasts before bending and taking the center of her right breast into her mouth. She sucked rhythmically as her teeth nibbled and caressed the soft, tender flesh of her breast. Her other hand kneaded her left breast while her fingers skillfully rolled and massaged her nipple.

*What kind of a place have I gotten myself into?* Harper thought dazedly.

But it was only girls, she thought wildly.

Kendall thrust the big dildo in and out of her as she licked energetically at her clitoris. And with Andrea making her breast throb and her nipples burn, the sexual heat and need washed over Harper's mind with intoxicating power. The fever heat took hold of her and she forgot to care about her inhibitions or much of anything else as her body writhed and twisted and trembled in sexual need and pleasure.

The orgasm tore through her mind and body and she cried out in pleasure, her back arching violently as her hips bucked up against the thrusting fake cock. And while it was the first, it was far from the last. Andrea and Kendall traded places, and it was Kendall's turn to make her breasts throb and burn while Andrea licked her to another intense orgasm.

Then came the vibrator, which Harper proved to be especially susceptible to. She cried out, again and again, bucking and twisting and straining against the straps through orgasm after orgasm as the two girls teased and taunted her mercilessly.

Kendall drew straps up her hips then, and attached a dildo to the front. They undid Harper's ankles, then lifted them up and back towards the headboard and strapped them in place. Kendall thrust the

dildo into her, leaned over, and began to fuck her with careful, steady strokes and soon had Harper burning with heat.

“Tell me you love my cock, bitch,” Kendall demanded.

Harper could only moan.

Kendall reached in and pinched her nipples sharply, and Harper yelped in pain.

“Tell me you love my cock, bitch,” she demanded again.

“I- I... I love your cock!” Harper gasped helplessly.

Kendall pinched her nipples again. “That’s Ms. Kendall to you, bitch,” she taunted. “Try again.”

“Ow, please!”

“Say it, little bitch!”

“I-I love your cock, Ms. Kendall!” Harper moaned.

“Beg me to fuck you, little bitch.”

“P-Please fuck me, Ms. Kendall!” she cried.

Kendall did just that, thrusting her hips in and out faster and faster, and spearing the big dildo deep into Harper’s trembling body. Her hands kneaded Harper’s breasts, rubbing and rolling her nipples as she pounded her cock deep into Harper’s body.

And then just to drive her even more insane Andrea reached in from the side and rubbed the vibrator back and forth against her clitoris.

Harper exploded into orgasm again, astonished at how many she had had and how intense they were. They were exhausting her and making her abdominal muscles ache and burn from overuse. But she was becoming drunk on sexual pleasure and heat and could do nothing but absorb the flood of sensation pouring over her.

They untied her ankles and then rolled her over. The two giggling girls then untied her wrist and drew them back together behind her back before tying them together there. They had her raise her bottom up high just as she had at the studio. And then Andrea donned the strap on pushed it into her from behind.

Kendall meanwhile sat with her back against the headboard, and her feet flat on the bed with her knees apart as she gathered in Harper’s hair and pulled her mouth in against her sex.

“Time to please your mistress, sex slave,” Kendall taunted.

Harper moaned and licked dazedly at her pussy as she felt the thick cock driving into her hard and fast. Her body shuddered to the impact of Andrea’s hips as the other blonde girl ran her hands up and down her body then underneath to roughly squeeze her breasts.

“Is Harper going to be our sex slave?” she asked in amusement.

“Why not? I think she’d enjoy the position,” Kendall said.

“I think she’s enjoying this position!” Andrea said as the two of them laughed.

Another orgasm surged up and washed over the helpless brunette as her body was torn by convulsions, her muscles spasming as she shook and shuddered and bucked back against the big cock thrusting into her.

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The two girls finally left her alone on her bed and, giggling together, left the room. Harper was shell-shocked for long minutes and simply lay there twitching and moaning and gulping in air. She’d never had so many orgasms in one sexual experience. She hadn’t imagined it was even possible to have so many orgasms so close together!

As her mind slowly pieced itself back together again she felt a sense of wonder and amazement at all which it happens to her so far. She’d expected some sort of misogynistic male organization which would pressure her into having sex with men. Instead, she had found herself in the midst of some kind of a strange lesbian free-for-all.

Except, of course that they claimed they weren’t lesbians. That this was just playing. Well, maybe it was. Maybe the real effort at turning her into some sort of sex toy for men would be at the agency

tomorrow or the next day. It was not unusual, she thought as her mind returned, that girls who were sexually harassed and turned into sexual possessions and sex objects would amuse themselves and give pleasure to each other.

She frowned as she realized that they had forgotten to untie her wrists before leaving. Groaning, she sat up and swung her legs out over the side of the bed. She pulled her wrists to the left and tried to see over her hips then got up and went to the dresser, to stare at the mirror there.

*My hair is a mess*, she thought. It certainly looked like the biggest case of bed hair she'd ever had. Then again that's exactly what it was since she'd spent the last two hours or more in bed having sex.

Her wrists were tied together with some kind of black rope, she saw with some surprise. And they were tied very carefully, too, with her wrists neatly crossed with half a dozen loops of the soft black rope binding them firmly together.

Well, there was no one in the apartment but the three of them, so she went out into the hall and padded down the marble floor a bit uneasily. She was after all naked with her wrists tied behind her back. What if somebody else had come in while she was "busy"?

She walked into the living room, and found the big glass wall leading to the deck slid aside. She could see the two girls in bikinis out at the railing, looking out at the city. She licked her lips and moved up to the window, looking out at the surrounding buildings uneasily.

"You guys!" she called. "You forgot to untie me!"

The two blondes turned to look at her, then looked at each other, then laughed.

"Come out here, sex slave," Kendall teased.

Harper flushed at the words.

"Someone might see me!"

"So? You have a fantastic body."

"Anyway, anyone who can see you at the distance they are at would see you like about the size of their thumbnail," Andrea said.

"Get your little butt out here, or you'll get a spanking," Kendall said.

Both of them giggled at that.

Harper gulped anxiously, then warily stepped out onto the deck. It was big as apartments went. It was perhaps 10 feet deep and twice that wide. There were tables and chairs set out on it and a big hot tub in the corner. There are a number of plants along the railings, and strings of light along the walls and rail.

It felt very strange to be out here naked where hundreds of windows were in view. She supposed Andrea was right and even if someone was looking out at her she would be so tiny they wouldn't even be able to tell that she was naked, much less recognize her face if they saw it again.

She made her way over to the other two girls, who looked at her and amusement. Then she turned her back and held her wrists out to them. Instead of untying them, however, Kendall lifted her wrists up sharply, which bent her over. Then she slapped her bottom stingingly.

Harper yelped and stumbled away as Kendall laughed and released her.

"Ow! Kendall!"

"That's Ms. Kendall to you, sex slave!" Kendall teased.

Harper scowled. "I'm not your sex slave," she said.

"But you want to be," Kendall said with amusement.

"I thought you were going to untie me."

"You haven't asked me nicely enough yet," Campbell said in a haughty voice.

"Andrea?!"

"I don't know, you look very sexy like that," Andrea said, reaching out to fondle her breast.

Her head swiveling from side to side warily as she skimmed her eyes over the nearby windows.

"You don't need your hands for anything just now anyway," Kendall said.

"But..."

Kendall took her by the arm and pulled her back towards the door, then halted.

“Sit on your heels,” she ordered.

“Why?”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Kendall!” she whined.

“On your heels, sex slave!”

Harper gulped, feeling a strange dark heat even amid her indignation. She knelt though, sitting on her heels before the other girl.

‘Spread your legs wide, sex slave,’ Kendall growled in a mock nasty voice.

Harper licked her lips uncertainly and did so.

“What a lovely pussy you have.”

Harper flushed, feeling a mixture of uncertainty, self-consciousness, and wariness as the two smirking blondes looked down at her. But then another emotion began to rise within her and she felt her nipples starting to prickle. Somehow she was starting to feel aroused again!

It was an odd sort of arousal, with a strange mixture of feelings she'd never had before. Yes, she felt self-conscious being naked, but there was a kind of defiant pride at flaunting her naked body like this, especially when she'd been 'ordered' to do so. She felt a bit like an exhibitionist, and excited by it. And she'd never even imagined feeling excited at anyone looking at her naked!

She also felt a sense of... inferiority. She was aware of her helplessness, and that made her a little anxious, but she also felt a breathless kind of excitement at a sense of something like sexual martyrdom. She was sexy and naked and helpless and at the mercy of these girls she hardly knew! They could tease and taunt and toy with her all they wanted!

Why did that make her breasts throb and swell?!

“These lesbians always have such neat, tight little pussies,” Kendall said.

“I'm not a lesbian,” Harper said in annoyance.

“You're telling me that you like cocks?” Kendall asked teasingly.

“I'm fairly sure she does like cocks,” Andrea said. “At least she did back in her bedroom.”

Kendall combed her fingers through Harper's hair and then tightened her fist and jerked sharply on to pull her chin up.

“Ow! Kendall!” Harper protested.

“Tell me you love cocks,” Kendall demanded.

She knelt beside Harper and rolled her right nipple between her thumb and forefinger.

“Better do it or she'll torture you with nipple twists,” Andrea said in amusement.

“Don't you dare,” Harper gulped.

Kendall smirked and then twisted her nipple so that it stung painfully.

“Ow! Quit it!”

“I think this little sex slave needs more training,” Kendall said. “You there, go and get me my equipment,” she said to Andrea.

Andrea rolled her eyes but went back inside as Kendall slid her hand down between Harper's thighs and let her fingers rub against her clitoris.

“You have to learn how to obey your superiors, little sex slave,” she said, her voice purring.

Harper felt a rush of strange, twisted heat, along with a sense of indignation.

“You're not my superior,” she said in a shaky voice.

“I am your mistress, sex slave,” Kendall said in a lofty tone.

She leaned in and kissed Harper ferociously on the lips, her lips warm and soft but demanding as her tongue dipped into Harper's mouth.

Harper was again amazed at just how delicious the other girl's mouth could be, as the kiss went on and on. She felt herself melting before the blonde girl's heat, her own lips giving way, surrendering as if to open herself completely to whatever she wanted to do.

Andrea trotted back out onto the deck, giggling, and then knelt on her other side.

Kendall drew her mouth back but pulled sharply back on Harper's hair even as she lifted upward.

"Rise up, little slave slut," she ordered.

Harper gasped at the sting to her scalp and pushed herself upward off her heels, but not far. The other two girls had her rise only about a foot and then halted her and began to push her back down again. She felt the pressure against the mouth of her sex almost immediately. It was probably that big dildo again, she thought as she felt herself stretched wider and wider.

"You two are sex maniacs!" she moaned.

"Says the girl who keeps coming and coming," Andrea teased.

Harper felt a wild rush of excitement and heat as she began to sink down on the slick, thick dildo. It pushed up higher and higher inside her until she could once again sit on her heels, impaled on the big cock.

And then it began to vibrate.

She gasped aloud, then clamped her jaw shut as she tried to hide any reaction.

Kendall reached behind her and pulled out another dildo. This one was astonishingly long, and with a helmet-headed tip on each end.

"So, little sex slave, you think you're good?" Kendall asked.

She put one end of the long dildo into her mouth and then began feeding it in inch by inch. Harper watched in astonishment as the blonde girl tilted her head back, and she saw the outline of the dildo sliding down her throat. The thing must be 20 inches long, she thought in astonishment. And yet inch after inch pushed smoothly down Kendall's throat until nothing remained but a few inches that she held between her fingers.

Kendall held herself like that for long seconds, then pulled the dildo slowly up and out as she smirked at Harper.

"I bet you can't do that, little girl," she taunted.

Then she held the end of the thing out to Andrea, who casually opened her mouth. Kendall pushed the thing slowly inch by inch through the other girl's wide lips and across her tongue until just as before, Harper could see the outline of it pushing down into her throat.

"Think you're good in bed when you can't even deep throat? And here I thought you were a straight girl. Your boyfriends must be awfully disappointed with your lack of skills."

She pulled the thing back out of Andrea's mouth and Andrea smirked at her too.

"I suppose if you're a lesbian you don't need to know these things," Andrea said.

Even as she'd been letting Kendall push the dildo into her mouth, Andrea had been rubbing slick fingertips across Harper's clitoris. Now she moved her fingers away only to return with another vibrator. This was a very small one, with a rounded tip the size of a ping-pong ball.

She began to rub that back and forth across her clitoris as Kendall pressed the long dildo against her lips.

"I-I... can't!" she protested.

"You can't?" Kendall said. "Do you think your throat is different than mine and Andrea's? Of course, you can. It's all mind over matter. Your gag reflex is not something you can't control. In fact, you do it all the time. Like if you put your finger back there you'll gag, but if you put a big chunk of meat there, you just swallow it easily. Because you know it's okay."

"Just swallow it as if it was perfectly normal," Andrea said. "And think how surprised your next date will be when you blow his socks off by swallowing every inch of his cock."

The idea was awfully attractive. Especially since her body was heating up under the wild, kinky behavior of the two blondes. Not to mention the vibrator inside her and the one rubbing against her clit. And it was certainly true that Harper didn't want to be seen as inferior to the other two, even though she clearly was, at least in some ways. They were certainly more experienced sexually than her.

She also still didn't know if this was just two kinky girls playing games or if they were doing this

as part of some sort of training for what they assumed would be her eventual role as a sexual play toy to wealthy men. Certainly, they had no need to teach her how to deep throat in order to please them sexually!

“Give it a try, Kendall said. “It's made of soft, flexible material. It won't hurt.”

She pulled on Harper's hair to tilt her head back more and more and then lowered the tip of the dildo until it pushed into her open mouth. Harper felt her pulse racing and anxiety gripping her as Kendall slid the head deeper. She gagged as it neared the back of her mouth, and Kendall eased back.

She couldn't see what Andrea was doing because her head was pulled so far back she was staring up at the sky, but she felt the girl's mouth on her left breast as she began to suck and chew on the tender flesh.

Heat roiled her mind and she felt her heels sliding aside to allow her buttocks to move down more. She shuddered as she took the vibrating cock even deeper into her belly. And just as she did Kendall pushed the flexible one down into her throat.

She gagged, despite herself, but this time Kendall pushed down further, as Andrea gripped her left arm to help hold her in place. She felt the slick soft material of the sex toy caressing her throat in a very unfamiliar way as it pushed deeper and deeper and she felt a sense of panic as she realized she couldn't breathe at all.

“Sex slave! Kendall taunted.

“Deep throat that cock, Harper!” Andrea cheered.

Kendall and Andrea held the trembling girl in place, the big dildo unmoving for long seconds. Then she slowly drew it up and out of her mouth and Harper coughed violently and gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air.

“See!?! Kendall said. “I knew you could do it!”

“The first time is always the hardest,” Andrea said. “Now you know you can do it and it will be easier.”

Harper was too busy breathing to respond, and before she could stop, Kendall pushed the thing back into her open mouth and straight down her throat again. She gagged again and jerked against the hold they had on her, but she felt herself adapting with startling speed.

Kendall drew the thing back out again and she breathed rapidly, swallowing the saliva that the thing had produced.

“With a little training you'll be as good a deep-throat artist as me and Andrea,” Kendall said.

The two girls raised her up off her heels, with one of them holding the vibrator so it didn't slip free. They shifted her over a few feet and bent her over a low coffee table, then, still giggling, strapped her legs to the legs of the table.

Harper was still breathing raggedly as they brought a strap down across the small of her back and fastened it under the table. A moment later another strap went over her shoulders. She gasped as she felt pressure against her back opening.

“Oh! What are you guys doing!?! Don't!”

They had pushed something thick and slick which felt almost metallic into her bottom. At first, she thought it was another dildo of sorts, but it was obvious that it was heavily curved like the crook of an umbrella, for it curved up across her tailbone and she felt it pressed against her lower spine. Kendall gathered her hair together in a tail and pulled it back to force her head back, and then somehow she and Andrea fastened that tail to the hook thing in her bottom.

What kind of perverts were these two!?! She'd never heard of stuff like this!

Now Andrea began to pump the vibrating cock in and out of her sex as Kendall knelt before her and pushed the dildo into her open mouth again. The pull on her scalp kept Harper's mouth wide as Kendall drove the dildo as deep into her throat as she and Andrea had taken it earlier.

Meanwhile, Harper felt Andrea's fingers at her clitoris as she pumped the dildo in and out. She was starting to become lightheaded from lack of breathing, as Kendall slowly worked the dildo in and out of

her open mouth and throat.

The blonde drew it back to allow her to breathe, but only just. As soon as she thought she'd taken enough air she drove it back down her throat again. Only now she wasn't just burying it there, but pumping it slowly in and out, fucking her mouth and throat. Behind her, Andrea was fucking her with the vibrating dildo, jamming it deep with every thrust as her slick fingers rubbed Harper's swollen clitoris.

*This is all so insane!* Harper felt herself sinking into a strange role of helpless recipient of the blonde girl's sexual attention. As before in bed there was nothing she could do or say anyway. As her body heated up, she found it easier to cope with the dildo moving in her throat. And that eased her anxiety and stress to the point that she grew even more excited.

"Nasty little cock-loving sex slave," Kendall teased.

She drew the dildo back out of her mouth and let Harper gulp in air.

"Tell me you love cock," she ordered.

All Harper wanted to do was breathe and ignored the order.

*Crack! Crack!* Andrea slapped her bottom stingingly.

"Obey your mistress, sex slave," Andrea said behind her.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

"Ow! Oh! Quit it! That hurts!" she gasped.

"Confess, slave girl! Confess that you love cock."

"Okay! Okay! I love cock!" she moaned.

*Crack!* "Not good enough, slave."

"Say I love cock, Mistress!" Kendall ordered.

*Crack!*

"I love cock, Mistress!" Harper exclaimed.

"Now was that so hard, little slave girl?"

Kendall leaned in and kissed her cheek. "Now beg Mistress Andrea to fuck your brains out."

"Please fuck my brains out, Mistress Andrea!" Harper groaned.

Andrea began to thrust the vibrating dildo in and out harder and faster and a moment later Kendall pushed the other dildo down her throat again.

Harper's mind swam, and her eyes became glassy. She felt herself growing more lightheaded even as her body throbbed and pulsed with the increasing sexual pressure inside her.

Kendall pulled the dildo out and let her breathe for long seconds.

"Tell me you're a sex slave," she ordered.

*Crack!*

"I'm a sex slave, Mistress Kendall," Harper moaned.

*Crack!*

"Say you're my sex slave," Andrea said.

"I'm your sex slave, Mistress Andrea," Harper gasped.

She cried out as Andrea virtually buried the thick vibrating cock inside her. Then held it there with her thumb as she rapidly ground the round little vibrator against her clitoris. Harper felt her body flaring wildly as her nervous system overloaded. She cried out in helpless pleasure, her hips bucking back against the straps, against the vibrator and dildo as the orgasm swept over her.

"Come for your mistress, sex slave!" Kendall taunted.

"Harper's our sex slave!" Andrea exclaimed in amusement.

## Chapter Six

Harper was both annoyed and baffled by what was going on. The girls wouldn't untie her the whole night. She spent the whole time naked, either sitting or kneeling on the floor while they sat fully clothed on the sofa watching TV. Any protest from her and her bottom got slapped. And then finally, Kendall had pushed the ball gag into her mouth and fastened it there so she couldn't talk.

Both girls acted highly amused the entire time, and Harper's own indignation was colored by the simmering sexual arousal which seemed to last the entire time. That arousal was disturbing and confusing, but it was undeniable. She'd never experienced any kind of kinky sex like this before. She had no idea why it aroused her so much.

Her whole life was one built on equality, on her asserting that she was as good as anyone and insisting on being treated with respect and dignity. This was as far from that as she could possibly imagine. Granted, it was probably just the two blondes playing games with her. And so it was harmless.

But that didn't explain to her why she found it so thrilling to be treated like a helpless sex slave.

Later on in the evening they had brought her back to her bedroom and had her lay face down on the bed, then Kendall had straddled her body and placed studded leather bands around her wrists before untying them. Andrea meanwhile, had slipped a belt around her throat and buckled it behind her.

She was still gagged so couldn't even ask what they were doing, but they had her get out of bed and stand before the full-length mirror on the back of the door and she stared at herself in astonishment and helpless excitement.

The belt around her neck was a studded black leather collar, and the wristbands were locked together like some sort of bondage restraints. Which was what they were, she realized.

"Sex slave!" Kendall teased.

"Sex slave!" Andrea taunted.

Kendall drew the ball out of her mouth, and Harper worked her jaw which had become stiff.

"You guys!" she protested. "Untie me!"

"You're already untied, silly little slave."

"Undo these!" she said, jerking her wrist out to one side.

"Don't be silly. Sex slaves should always have stuff like that on."

"I'm not a sex slave!" she protested.

The two blondes smirked and pushed her back onto the bed, then Kendall spread her legs wide and knelt between them to start licking at her sex. She pushed a dildo deep inside her as she licked and sucked at her clitoris, and then Andrea straddled her head and lowered her pussy down against her mouth.

"Please your mistress, sex slave, or more nipple twists for you," Andrea said.

Harper gasped as the blonde ground her pussy back-and-forth against her mouth and began to lick almost in time with what Kendall was doing between her own thighs.

\*

They actually made her sleep like that, naked and with her wrists bound behind her back. Waking up like that was an interesting experience. Her mind flooded with the wild and kinky things she'd gone through the previous day, and that almost immediately made her body start to thrum with sexual energy desire.

She was still indignant and resentful, not liking the idea that she was being treated like some sort of low-status female by the two blonde girls. She swung her legs out of bed and stood up, then walked to the mirror and stared at herself, noting how hard her nipples were.

This was so crazy!

She went back to bed and sat on the edge, then carefully worked her bound wrists down under her buttocks, drawing her legs up and back until she could triumphantly raise her wrists before her.

*I should've thought about this last night,* she thought.

She sighed and went to the bathroom, but couldn't figure out how to undo the bands around her wrists which were clipped together. She went up the hall and found the two girls in the kitchen.

“Good morning sex slave,” Andrea said cheerily.

“Good morning,” Harper said. “Could you undo these now please?”

She held out her hands.

“Did someone say you could put your hands in front of you instead of behind you, sex slave?” Kendall demanded.

Harper felt her face heat. “I had to use the toilet,” she said.

“That's no excuse.”

The two girls grabbed her wrists and then undid the clips binding the restraints together, but then pulled her wrists back behind her back again and fastened them again.

“You guys! I can't stay tied up all the time! I have to go to the studio today!”

“You let us decide that. We're the mistresses. You're just a sex slave,” Kendall said in amusement.

“You guys are perverts,” Harper muttered.

“How many times did you come yesterday?” Andrea asked in amusement.

Harper bit her tongue for the question both embarrassed and confused her. She'd had more orgasms yesterday than in any month of her life. Maybe even any year! And they had been far more intense too. She didn't understand that.

Kendall left the room but soon returned with a foot-long chain which she attached to the back of her collar. She lifted Kendall's wrists up higher and then fastened the other end of the chain to the restraints around her wrist.

A moment later she bent Harper across the table and slapped her bottom sharply.

“Spread your legs, slave!”

“Ow! That hurts!”

“It's supposed to. Now spread your legs, slut.”

Harper felt the rush of heat along with indignation but obeyed. A moment later she felt a slick finger probing at her wrinkled back opening. She gulped down a protest, knowing Kendall would ignore it anyway. And besides that, she was already feeling a rising sense of hunger and excitement.

Kendall worked a slippery finger into her bottom and pumped it in and out, then drew it back and pushed something thicker inside her. It felt like a dildo, except it got wider and thicker to the point of making her ache and then it suddenly got very narrow.

*Crack!* Kendall slapped her bottom again then drew her upright and had her sit on her heels with her knees spread wide.

“What is that!?” Harper gulped, trying to stare behind her.

“It's just a butt plug,” Kendall said.

“What!? Why?!”

“To get your tight little bottom ready for when we fuck it with our big cocks,” Andrea said.

“Or maybe when men fuck it with their big cocks,” Kendall said.

Harper felt a sudden jolt. Maybe these two were just playing around. Or maybe they were really training her to be used by those filthy rich corporate CEOs and bankers! She had not expected the people who seduced, trained, or persuaded her into such a role to be teenage girls! And certainly, they weren't acting particularly evil. They were acting more amused and excited.

That didn't mean that the two of them weren't being used by evil men in order to do their dirty work for them. Maybe they had been threatened.

"It's a good thing we're not runway models," Andrea said as she brought over a plate of bacon eggs and sausages.

"Those girls can barely eat a thing," Kendall said as she was buttering toast.

"Of course, we'll work this off in our pole dance exercise anyway," Andrea said.

*Well, at least they'll have to undo these if they want me to take part in that,* Harper thought to herself.

Andrea and Kendall sat at the table to eat, while a confused Harper knelt on the floor looking up at them.

"Don't I get to eat?" She asked.

"Of course you do, slave girl," Andrea said.

"We wouldn't want our little sex slave to starve to death," Kendall said.

She cut a piece of sausage and then held the piece out to Harper's lips.

"Eat, slave girl."

Harper felt a little rush of something strange and confusing but took the piece of sausage from the girl's fingers and began to chew.

It was certainly the strangest meal she'd ever had. The two blondes sat at the table, while she knelt there and ate from their hands. Then, Kendall filled up a baby bottle with milk and sat Harper on her lap while she had her drink from the bottle like a baby.

Following that, Kendall took her to the bathroom and brushed her teeth for her, ignoring Harper's protests that she could do it herself if she just had her hands free.

"We're going to have to do something about this hair," Kendall said. "It's a mess."

"That's because after I washed it yesterday you never let me brush it out properly," Harper said.

Kendall abruptly bent her over the counter and slapped her bottom several times sharply.

"Don't back talk to your mistress, sex slave," she said sternly.

But then she dropped to her knees and her hands pushed Harper's thighs wide as her mouth came in to suck and lick on her entire mound. Her thumbs spread the lips of her sex and then she moved in to concentrate on Harper's clitoris.

Harper gasped, staring at her face in the mirror as she felt the blonde girl sucking rhythmically on her throbbing clitoris. Fingers pushed up into her rapidly moistening pussy and began to pump in and out as Kendall's talented tongue soon had her hips jerking and trembling as heat churned within her.

Then she stopped.

"Beg your mistress to let you come, slave girl," she said.

At that point, Harper did not have a lot of care about pride or dignity.

"Please let me come, mistress!"

Kendall laughed and began licking her harder and faster, her fingers thrusting in and out of her wet pussy. It took very little time before the orgasm swept around her and she was jerking and trembling and bucking back at the girl behind her, mashing her breasts against the counter below.

Kendall rose to her feet. "Sexy little slave girl," she said.

She brought Harper down the hall to her own bedroom and into her much better-equipped bathroom. There was makeup and skin care lotion along with all kinds of brushes and makeup equipment all over the counter.

The first thing she did was to bend Harper over the counter as she had in her own bathroom, but this time she pushed her face into the sink before taking out a little hand shower attached to the corner and turning on the water. She soaked Harper's hair and then quickly shampooed it before applying cream rinse.

She wrapped the towel around her head and then straightened her up.

"There's a lot of things you can do with your hair that will make you seem like different types of

people,” she said. “That’s really useful depending on what kind of girl they’re looking for at a photo shoot. You can look hot and sleek and sexy, or like a cute girl next door type.”

For the next half-hour, she brushed and combed Harper’s hair in different ways as she gave her a lesson in how to style her hair. Finally, she brushed it out more or less straight saying that it would be up to Ms. Carling to decide what her look should be.

Then she showed her all the different types of makeup and began to use them on her face so that Harper could observe how each changed her look.

Harper didn’t have an awful lot of experience with this. Her belief that she should be assessed on her behavior and character and intelligence rather than her looks had made her discard the importance of makeup. Besides, she was only nineteen and had perfect skin anyway.

When Kendall was done she cleaned off Harper’s face and then led her from the room and back up the hall. Harper heard the sound of music coming from the same exercise room where the stripper pole was. Sure enough, Kendall led her in there, and she saw Andrea up high on the pole, swinging slowly around.

Kendall finally undid the wrist restraints and removed the chain from the back of her collar. The bracelets were still wrapped around her wrists, but they weren’t locked together now.

“Now pay attention, slave girl,” Kendall said.

She put her hands on the bar and then slid them up as she leaned in while pushing her bottom out. She ground her hips slowly, rolling her buttocks back suggestively.

“Yes, this actually is good exercise,” Andrea said in amusement.

Kendall leaped up and seized the bar. She pulled herself up a little more, her thighs clamped around it, and then released the bar with her hands and leaned back more and more until she was bent back sharply, her head hanging upside down behind her as she clung to the bar with just her thighs.

“Think she has good thigh muscles?” Andrea said.

Kendall bent even further back so that her back arched and she was able to grab the pole beneath her, then she slid down until her hands were on the floor. She let her body slowly collapse and then brought her legs back overhead until they were on the floor behind her before straightening up.

“She’s a long way away from that,” Andrea said. “Best to start with simple strengthening exercises for arms and legs.”

“Those are boring,” Kendall said. “Her muscles can build up from just using the pole.”

They had her grab the pole just like Kendall had before and push her bottom back and then roll it slowly. Of course, Kendall was wearing a bra and panties while Harper was naked. That of course made it a lot more sexual. And it was already pretty sexual, to begin with.

She did it, though, wondering helplessly as she did what it would be like to be a stripper at a bar or club. She imagined hundreds of men staring at her while she did this, staring at her naked body wanting her.

“Now jump up and grab the bar with your hands and legs and just try to hold yourself in place,” Kendall said.

Harper tried, but she couldn’t hold on for very long. Her hands just weren’t that strong, and her bare thighs slid down the pole.

The girls had her swinging around the pole repeatedly, though. Her arms quickly got sore and tired and they let her kneel, sitting on her heels while she watched them with more than a little envy. And that was what she was doing when Ms. Carling walked into the room.

She gasped in embarrassment and instinctively tried to cover her body with her hands as she snapped her legs together.

“She’s shy,” Kendall said in amusement.

“I don’t think you have anything I haven’t already seen before, Harper,” Carling said.

Harper eased her hands down, though her face remained red. It confused her and made her self-conscious being the only naked girl. It was bad enough around the two blondes, who were at least in

lingerie, but Ms. Carling was an older, more sophisticated woman and fully dressed.

“So are you teaching our new girl anything yet?”

“I was showing her a little about hair and makeup earlier,” Kendall said.

“Good. How about walking?”

“We haven't gotten around to much yet,” Andrea said.

“And what were you doing all day yesterday?”

The two blondes looked at each other and grinned.

“Stand up Harper,” Carling said.

Harper stood up and Carling led her out of the room and up the hall then into the great room, With the two blondes following.

“Get her a pair of shoes,” Carling said.

Andrea rushed from the room and quickly returned with a pair of stiletto heels. They were probably the ones she'd worn yesterday, Harper thought as she looked at them.

She put them on while Kendall left and returned in a similar pair. Then she watched as Kendall walked back and forth and Carling instructed her on how to move gracefully and keep her shoulders back and head up. Then she walked back and forth, at first with Kendall and then by herself.

After that, Kendall and Andrea posed in various positions that Carling said were particularly common for bathing suits and lingerie shots. Then she had Harper assume the same poses.

Of course, Harper was naked, and she was very much aware of it.

“You know I think you'd look really good as a blonde,” Carling said.

“I think so too,” Kendall said.

“I actually am a blonde,” Harper said in a soft voice.

“You dyed your hair?” Andre asked in confusion.

“You couldn't tell?” Carling asked.

“We'll have to send you to get you dyed back to a proper little blonde,” Carling said. “Blondes are very much in demand by our clients.”

“Blondes have more fun,” Andrea said and amusement.

“It looks like you two have certainly been having fun,” Carling said with a smirk.

“We were just teaching Harper a few things,” Kendall said.

“I'll bet,” Carling said. “Probably trying to turn her into a little dyke like you two.”

“We love cocks, Ms. Carling,” the two girls said at the same time.

Then they laughed.

“And does Harper love cocks too?” Carling asked in a teasing voice.

“Definitely,” Kendall said.

Especially the big ones,” Andrea said.

Harper looked around them nervously, even as she felt a sense of sexual anticipation which made her lower belly flutter. At the same time, she again felt a little rush of excitement at what she saw as evidence that what they were trying to do was prepare her to be some sort of sex toy to wealthy men.

“Gwen will be by soon with a bunch of suits and lingerie to take more pictures,” Carling said. “We need to build up your portfolio before we can think about offering you to photographers. And I want to see you in some sexy dresses, too.”

“She looks pretty good the way she is,” Kendall said.

“Yes, she does. But we don't generally cater to nude photographers.”

“Maybe you should,” said Andrea.

“Are you volunteering?”

Andrea shook her head.

“So, Harper, have you started to lose that self-consciousness about your body?” Colling asked.

“I suppose, a little,” Harper said uncertainly.

“Well then, we'll have to see that you lose it a lot.”

She gestured towards Andrea and Kendall. "Sit down on the sofa there," she said.

She turned to Harper. "Stand up straight, hands behind your neck, legs apart, back arched."

Harper obeyed, though she blushed a little as the three of them looked at her.

"What do you think, girls?"

"I think she looks like a very good sex slave," Kendall said.

"I meant about her body, slut."

Kendall smirked. "She has nice tits," she said.

"You all have nice tits," Carling said. "You wouldn't be here otherwise."

She turned back to Harper. "Turn around. Now bend over and wrap your arms around your legs."

"She has a very nice pussy," Andrea said.

"And it likes big cocks," Kendall said.

"You have a one-track mind, Kendall," Carling said.

Kendall shrugged unapologetically.

Harper gulped as she felt the woman put her hand on her buttocks and caress her.

"This is an excellent bottom," Carling said. "And very soft and unblemished skin too."

She prodded at the flat base of the plug thing that Kendall had pushed into her earlier and then slowly eased it out, much to Harper's discomfort.

"A nice pale little opening, too. I've known girls who had to bleach their back opening," she said.

"Why would anyone do that?" Andrea asked.

"For videos, of course," Kendall said.

"Well of course I'm a good girl so I wouldn't know anything about that," Andrea said.

"You're a whore," Kendall said.

"You're a slut!"

"Ladies," Carling said reprovably as she pushed the plug back into Harper.

"Now grip your ankles and spread your legs apart," she told Harper.

Harper's mind squirmed but she obeyed as the three of them looked at her.

"We should get a man to sit here," Kendall said. "That would certainly get her used to being seen naked."

"Yeah, I don't think she minds as much being seen naked by girls," Andrea said.

"All she needs is a little discipline," Carling said.

"And a big cock," Kendall said.

"Well I'm sure you girls have been letting her have plenty of that," Carling said.

"There's nothing like the real thing, Ms. Carling," Kendall said.

Kendall came over and knelt beside her, grinning at Harper's upside-down head, then took her wrist and pulled it down just a little so she could click the leather band around her wrists to the one around her ankle. She shifted over to her other side and locked that wrist in place, too as Harper frowned in confusion and uncertainty.

"Balance is important for a model," Carling said. "Are you having trouble balancing, Harper?"

"N-No, Ms. Carling," Harper gulped.

"Well then, we'll have to make it a little more challenging for you."

She said something in a low voice behind her and Kendall quickly got up and scurried out of the room. Harper gulped as she felt the woman's hand slide down and caress her nakedly displayed pussy.

"Remember, girl, balance, and focus."

Kendall hurried back and a moment later Harper felt fingers caressing her sex draw back and then return slick and slippery. They pushed into her slowly twisting and turning then drew back again a moment later and what felt like the fat, rounded head of the dildo, or one of them anyway, pushed slowly into her pussy.



## Chapter Seven

She moaned helplessly, not knowing what she ought to say or do as the thick cock pumped slowly in and out, pushing deeper and deeper. Kendall gathered her hair and roughly braided it into a tail that came from the top rather than the rear of her head. Then as Ms. Carling forced the dildo even deeper, Kendall pulled her hair up and back to raise her head forward.

She felt the plug thing, and then something which felt slick and hard, and what she soon realized was that hook thing that Ms. Carling had used on her the other day. Sure enough, her hair was somehow bound to it to hold her head up and face forward.

She gasped as it pushed deep into her belly so that she ached high inside. Then, of course, it started to vibrate. Kendall drew thin straps over her hips and around her back to hold it tightly in place while Andrea knelt before her with the extra-long dildo in hand.

“Remember what we talked about, little slave girl,” she teased.

The pull on her scalp left Kendall's mouth wide, and Andrea slowly worked the dildo in through her open jaws, across her tongue, and then deep into her throat.

“Excellent,” Carling said. “I think you might be a natural, Harper.”

“She's a natural something,” Kendall said mockingly.

“Now remember, Harper, concentration, and focus. Discipline and balance. Your mission is to simply stay in balance and unmoving, without distraction.”

Harper gurgled weakly as the long, thick, flexible dildo pumped slowly in her mouth and throat.

What did this have to do with modeling, she thought dazedly. No respectable agency would treat a model like this. She didn't know an awful lot about how models were trained but was quite certain this was not it!

But then she had known that coming in. That was why she had applied here after all. She certainly had not expected them to be this blatant about it, though! But then her thoughts plunged as she realized there was no way she could write about this. Even if she wrote anonymously, the people at the paper would know it was her. She would not be able to face them again! And they would certainly not respect her afterward.

In fact, there was little about any of this she could write about, or even tell anyone about. All she could hope was that this would allow her to infiltrate the group so that she knew how they operated and then could write about that, hopefully with the names of some rich and powerful men involved.

The vibrator inside her was having the usual impact on her body, despite there being three other girls now looking on. And despite the discomfort of the long thick cock Andrea was working slowly in and out of her mouth and throat.

Andre drew it forth now and she coughed as it left her throat and mouth.

“Tell me you're a sex slave,” Kendall said from behind her.

Harper was too busy breathing.

There was a soft hissing sound behind her, then something light and thin struck her taut buttocks.

*Thwick!*

She gasped at the sudden sting, and the line of heat left behind.

“Obey your mistress, slave girl,” Kendall teased.

“Tell me you're a sex slave.”

“I'm a sex slave!” Harper gasped.

*Thwick!*

“You forgot to say mistress.”

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

Fingers stroked her clitoris and she gasped at the rush of sensation, her hips jerking back convulsively.

*Thwick!*

“You were told not to move, bad girl.”

“Harper is such a bad girl,” Andrea said in a pouting voice.

*Thwick!*

“Oh! Please!” Harper gasped.

*Thwick!*

“You forgot to say mistress again, slut,” Kendall growled.

“Please, Mistress!”

*Thwick!*

“Ow! Oh! Please, Mistress Kendall!”

“Are you sorry for being a bad little slut?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress Kendall!”

*Thwick!*

“Say it then, slut.”

“Oh! I'm s-sorry for being a bad little slut, Ms. Kendall!” she cried.

The fingers rubbed harder and her clitoris felt like it was swelling up bigger and bigger and burning hotter and hotter.

Andrea pushed the dildo back into her throat and held it there for long seconds as Harper trembled and twitched, then drew it back out.

“Tell me you love cock!”

“I-I love cock, Ms. Kendall!” she gasped.

She had heard Carling speaking softly all through this, sounding as if she was on her cell phone.

“Gwen is here,” she said. “Chris drove her and I told them both to come up.”

Andrea giggled then pushed the dildo deep into Hopper's throat again.

*Thwick!*

The sharp little stick or whatever it was Kendall was using on her stung her bottom again.

“Remember, sex slave, you had better maintain your position or else,” the girl said.

How many people were going to see her like this, Harper wondered dazedly. This was such a humiliating and obscene pose!

Kendall stroked her fingers across her clitoris again and a fresh burst of pleasure and heat swept through her body. Andrea fondled her breasts as she pumped the dildo in her throat. The girl leaned over and whispered in her ear. “Sex slave!”

She heard the sound of movement beyond the great room and then Gwen's voice.

“We're here,” she called.

Harper's mind was churning and swirling, dazed and lightheaded, gripped by a wild dark animal heat and hunger.

*This is so sick!* she thought dazedly.

She heard footsteps as Gwen came into the room along with the other person she presumed was Chris. She had assumed that Chris was short for Christine. But that didn't turn out to be the case. Shock gripped her as she turned her head a little and saw a man in his mid-20s coming in next to Gwen, his eyes on her.

She froze in shock and astonishment, even as Andrea pulled the dildo out of her mouth.

“Harper, this is one of our photographer's assistants, Chris,” Carling said. “Chris this is our newest

addition, Harper.”

“Very nice,” Chris said.

“We won't ask you to shake hands just yet, little girl,” Kendall said in amusement.

Chris walked right up to her and examined her. “You guys sure haven't lost any time breaking her in,” he said.

“How much time such things take is dependent upon the individual concerned,” Carling said. “And young Harper here seems to be pretty much a natural.”

“Look,” Andrea said.

She pushed the dildo back into Harper's open mouth, and slid it deep into her throat before pumping it in and out and then withdrawing it.

“Well that certainly gives me ideas,” he said.

Behind her, Harper felt Kendall's mouth close around the top of her sex. Then her tongue began to lick strongly at her swollen clitoris even as the thick vibrator buzzed wildly within her.

“Let's see how she does on the real thing,” Chris said.

He moved in front of her and pulled his pants down so that his cock sprang up thick and erect.

Harper had almost no time to even think about what was happening before that big cock was pushing through her open mouth and sliding along her tongue. She gurgled as she stared at it, watching in something like shock as it began to pump in and out.

*I shouldn't be doing this*, she thought weakly. It was one thing to play these sick little sex games with girls, but quite another when a man was involved! Submitting to a man was entirely different. It offended the feminist in her.

On the other hand, she felt a sudden dark delight as she stared at his cock pushing forward and felt the head deep in her throat. This wasn't a toy, after all. This was the real thing, and she'd never taken a cock down her throat before.

Chris reach forward with both hands and she felt them settle over her breasts, squeezing and kneading them as he pumped his hips slowly in and out to fuck her mouth and throat.

Behind her, Kenda licked harder and faster, then either she or Carling undid the straps holding the vibrator in and began to pump that in and out too.

Disbelief filled her again, but it didn't seem to matter against the wall of heat and sheer lust. That same feverish need she had felt earlier gripped her mind now and made her body thrum and throb with the rising sexual pressure within.

Chris had a very big cock, she thought. And it was very beautiful too. While a part of her was proud at being able to swallow the whole length of it, another part was telling her that she wanted that inside her, and not in her mouth.

“I think that Harper needs to be taken the way a woman should be taken by a strong man,” Carling said. “I get the impression she never has been before.”

“Liberals,” Kendall said in amusement.

She and Andrea unfastened the leather bands so that her wrists came free of her ankles. Hands gripped her shoulders so she didn't fall down, even as she sank to her knees on the carpet. The thing in her bottom continued to pull on her hair and hold her head back as they settled her on her hands and knees.

Someone snapped a thin strap to the collar around her neck and handed it to Chris. He tugged on it and Harper had little choice but to crawl a little ways forward. Then, Kendall knelt in front of her and pushed that ball gag thing into her mouth before fastening the strap behind her head.

She felt another pull at the collar as Chris walked a little ways ahead, and was forced to crawl after him. Chris continued walking, and the astonished girl found herself crawling after him, facing forward, unable to shift her head much at all in any direction because of the pull on her scalp.

Chris led her up the hall, crawling, and into her room. Then he had her crawl into bed as the four women gathered around to watch. She knelt at the edge of the bed, and he drew her wrists back behind

her and fastened the restraints together.

Then the big vibrator was pulled from her dripping wet pussy and a moment later Chris sheathed his cock inside her body. His strong hands gripped her wrists and jerked back on them as he thrust into her with hard powerful strokes.

Someone unfastened her hair from the hook thing and then pulled that out of her bottom, replacing it with the plug again. Her hair fell around her face, but only briefly before Chris wrapped it around his fist and jerked it roughly back.

Harper cried out at the sharp sting to her scalp, then cried out again and again and again as his hips slapped powerfully against her buttocks and his big cock plunge deep into her belly.

“Ride her hard,” Carling said.

This was very similar to what Gwen had done to her the other day. But this was somehow entirely different for this was a *man*. That was a real cock ramming into her burning sex. She was being used and used roughly by a *man*! She was being *manhandled*!

This Chris guy had no consideration for her at all! He jerked on her hair and jerked on her wrists and rammed himself against her as he used her body to sate his own disgusting male lust! Harper felt a sense of martyrdom, as if sacrificing herself for a great cause.

The rougher Chris was, the more exultant she felt about her own sacrifice. He was so crude! He was a rough and nasty man who was treating her savagely! Her mind floated amid a sense of wonder at how this had happened, a strange almost masochistic delight at her own abuse and degradation at the hands of a *man*, and that dark burning animal hunger.

*Crack!* He slapped her bottom sharply then yanked on her hair.

*Crack!* He slapped her bottom again, and ground himself against her, with his big cock twisting around in her abdomen.

“Treat her like the whore she is,” Kendall said gleefully.

She reached in at the same time, sliding her fingers up under Harper's trembling belly and finding her clitoris to rub hard from side to side.

It was like she was a sex slave! Harper could hardly breathe with the thought. It seemed to wildly increase the sexual pressure within her and she felt herself wallowing in the sense of being cruelly used by a lust-crazed man. A powerful and well-built and handsome lust-crazed man!

*Crack!* He slapped her bottom again just because he was a cruel man!

Her body shuddered to the impact of his heavy hips against her taut buttocks, and to the constant yanking on her wrists and hair. Then Chris pulled especially hard on both and forced her up and back against him. His hand slid up around her throat, enveloping it, squeezing it as he held her pressed against him and his lips chewed on the nape of her neck.

Kendall continued to rub her clitoris as Chris thrust up into her again and again and Harper gasped for breath, her eyes bulging a little as her head pounded.

“Have you ever been used like some man's bitch?” Carling asked in amusement.

“Have you been fucked hard, like a stallion is taking its filly in the field?” Kendall asked.

“Has a man ever thrown you down on your hands and knees and just rammed himself into you and used your body because he felt it belonged to him?” Andrea asked.

“Have you ever been ridden hard and put away wet? Used like some helpless peasant girl being taken by Conan the barbarian?” Gwen asked.

Chris released her throat, jerking back more sharply on her hair as he chewed his way down along her shoulder. One of his hands roughly fondled her breast and pinched her nipple before he roughly threw her face down on the bed again and resumed his powerful thrusts.

She felt as if she were in another world, with different rules and values. And yet she felt filled with sexual electricity and a steaming flood of liquid heat threatened to drown her mind. Their words were somehow right in line with the strange dark, thrilling thoughts gripping her.

She hadn't actually thought the words, but when somebody else did she realized how right they

were. Chris was riding her like she was his whore. He was pounding her like he was some kind of savage! The heat grew unbearable and then exploded into a fiery orgasm that threatened to blow her mind out like a candle.

The climax crackled through and overloaded her nervous system so that her muscles spasmed uncontrollably. Her mind rolled like a cork in a churning sea And she lost herself to the pleasure sweeping through her.

\*

They tied her spreadeagled to the bed to, as Kendall promised, 'torture' her. That torture consisted largely of trying to drive her insane with lust and pleasure. They drove long thick dildos into her pussy and ass, then took turns demonstrating their oral sex skills on her.

They had several kinds of vibrators, including a long thick-handled Hitachi wand which plugged into the wall and was immensely powerful. They alternated oral sex with the vibrator and their fingers while at the same time pinching and rolling and squeezing and tormenting her nipples or dripping hot wax on her body.

Ice cubes slid across her breasts and down under her arms and along her hips and thighs to make her writhe and arch and twist and cry out. Pinwheels rolled across her body, and fingers from many hands stroked and caressed her until she was dazed and exhausted from too many orgasms to count.

All the while they teased and taunted her and made her confess to being a sex slave and a whore and a slut and to loving cocks. She had to beg to be used, beg for orgasms, beg to lick their pussies. She wore her jaw and tongue out licking them to orgasms to the point she could hardly move her lips.

Then Chris pushed her ankles back over her head and rammed her like a bull, even as Kendall and Andrea knelt on either side fingering her clitoris and kneading her breasts. He used her as roughly as he had before, his big hand closing around her throat as if to demonstrate his complete control and mastery of her.

It certainly worked! She felt utterly dominated and controlled by him. But rather than shaming her that somehow fueled the dark thrill of what was happening.

By the time they were done she was both mentally and physically drained and didn't have the strength to object when Chris and Gwen took a variety of pictures of her naked in various poses which were sometimes tasteful and erotic and sometimes obscene.

Ms. Carling said this was simply more of their attempts to rob her of her self-consciousness about her body, but Harper knew that the pictures were very real. More than that, she had seen larger cameras, video cameras being held on her while she was being 'tormented' and used and driven half out of her mind in the bed.

She found a strange sense of release as she posed for these pictures. It was as if the last vestiges of her determination not to expose her body or have it looked at sexually melted away. After all, if she was posing for what were pornographic images, her body lewdly and nakedly displayed for men of all kinds to ogle and masturbate to she could hardly pretend to some sense of dignity or restraint about her body.

At the same time, the pictures made her anxious, for she knew that it would be impossible for her to expose them as she intended to if they could threaten to release such pictures. It wasn't like they were illegal or anything, but she would never be able to work as a journalist if those got out.

She couldn't muster the energy to really object, though, even when the pictures got progressively more obscene and included images of her bent over on all fours with the base of thick dildos protruding from her pussy and ass.

Yes, she was showing off her body, which she knew she wasn't supposed to do, which no self-respecting, equality-loving feminist would do. But after all, she was playing a role. And so she was simply behaving as she ought to. She was doing what they told her to do, so it wasn't like it was her idea! She couldn't be criticized for being vain or slutty when she was just doing what they told her! Could she?

And to top it off she lay back on the floor with her knees spread and her feet flat on the rug beneath her dreamily caressing her body as they took more pictures. And then at their order, she gripped the base of the dildo in her pussy and began to pump it in and out while rubbing her clit.

Her mind was drowning in heat at that time and it didn't really even seem to occur to her that she was masturbating in front of half a dozen people – except that the thought was wicked and exciting because she was getting to show herself off. And she barely noticed they were taking pictures and even videos, for they did that constantly. And when she came she came without restraint crying out again and again, her hips bucking up violently as she arched her back and rolled her head from side to side.

## Chapter Eight

Harper gazed at herself in the mirror, filled with uncertainty and doubt. She ran her fingers through her long blonde hair, then raised them up to flick at the thick bangs cutting across her forehead. It was certainly an attractive cut and the color was a lovely golden blonde, but it made her look like someone's little sex toy.

Especially since she was naked. She was naked a lot here. She was naked when she exercised, especially when she did pole-dancing with the girls. She was naked when she practiced walking, except for the high heels. She was naked even when they were just sitting around on the balcony or in the great room.

She always had the collar and leather restraints around her wrists and ankles, and sometimes they were linked together and sometimes not. The girls seem to delight in her vulnerability to vibrators and used them on her frequently.

Just that morning they had tied her bent back across the edge of a table and used some kind of slick oil to rub down and massage her body while grinding a Hitachi wand against her pussy to distract her from the big, double-headed dildo they were pumping in and out of her throat and mouth.

Given she had a big dildo in her pussy and another in her bottom, the pressure of the buzzing wand had seemed to resonate right up through her body and she had come, screaming. Her throat still felt a little sore from that. And she wasn't sure if it was from the dildo or the screaming.

They were definitely turning her into a sex toy. There was no doubt about that. So far only Chris had used her body. Well, the only male anyway. But she was sure they were preparing her for the use of those evil corporate CEOs and other rich men!

She would just have to make the sacrifice, to put up with their wicked sex games until she got to the point she could expose those rich capitalist bastards! Then she'd have a story. Though she was increasingly coming to realize she'd have to somehow get it published anonymously.

She reached up and touched her tongue, wincing a little. They'd made her do constant exercises, and when she hadn't managed to stretch her tongue enough they'd clipped a little weight to it which hung over her lower lip to pull her tongue down. That had hurt! But it had taught her to redouble her efforts, and she was pushing her tongue out and stretching it as often as she could. At least when she remembered.

And since the girls would frequently turn to her and demand she show them her tongue, that was often.

"Come here, slave girl," Kendall said, gesturing.

As always, being spoken to gave Harper a little jolt of anxiety mixed with anticipation. She quickly rose and followed the other girl across the room and then down the hall to Kendall's room.

"I have a new outfit for you, sex slave," Kendall said teasingly.

The outfit consisted of very high leather stiletto-heeled boots, and then a leather arm sleeve which Kendall drew back further and further as Harper's shoulders began to ache more and more. They had been pulling her arms back more with each day, and now the elbows could touch without much pain.

Kendall tightened the arm sleeve and then took out a set of leather straps. They were about half an inch wide and looked to Harper like the number eight. Except Kendall then turned it on its side and pressed them against her breasts. She pushed Harper's breasts through the loops in the leather until the

straps were flat against her ribs, then began to tighten them until her breasts were taut and throbbing.

There was a shorter pair of straps attached to what Harper thought of as the two 'cups' and Kendall led them up to attach to the front of the collar around her neck. Then she was bent over and a pair of dildos or vibrators were pushed into her pussy and bottom. These seemed to be attached to another, thicker set of leather straps which went flat against her mons, then rose up her abdomen, slipped around her hips, and then dropped down between her buttocks before being buckled tightly.

Kendall pulled her hair into a pair of pig-tails and then attached little bells to the tips. She pushed the ball gag into her mouth and buckled it carefully behind her, combing her hair out from underneath with her finger first.

With that done she took what Harper quickly realize was a tray and placed it against her stomach. The tray had a strap on the rear which circled her body and tightened and then another pair attached to the front corners which came up and back and attached to Harper's collar.

Kendall patted the tray as if testing it and smiled.

“You're going to be our little servant girl,” she said.

She gestured her to follow and Harper hurried after her, walking carefully with short steps on the high stiletto heels. They walked back down the hall to the kitchen where Kendall took a cup from the cupboard, filled it with water and then place it on the tray.

“Now you can walk slowly up and down the hall to practice your walk and keep it smooth and graceful. If you spill the water, I'm going to take a strap to your little bubble butt.”

So Harper had to walk slowly and carefully up and down the hall with the tray attached to her and the water nearly at the rim. She kept nervously glancing down at it to see if she'd spilled any, and managed not to until running into Andrea.

“Head back, shoulders back, chest out,” Andrea said sternly.

Then she followed her as Harper walked slowly up and down the hall to ensure she kept her posture as she had been directed. That made her nervous and she couldn't really see the cup anymore. And then Andrea began swishing then crop lightly across her buttocks to get her to move faster.

She was not really surprised, even though it startled her when the thing Kendall had pushed up inside her began to vibrate. It was distracting, though, and when she got back to the kitchen, she knew from the smirk on Kendall's face that she must've spilled some water. She glanced down and was slightly relieved to see how little of it she had spilled.

Kendall, however, had higher standards.

“Bad little slave girl,” the other girl said mockingly.

Harper got her bottom strapped and then the tray was wiped off and she was sent to continue her practice.

This time with 2 cups.

While she was practicing, the front door opened and Ms. Carling came in, accompanied by Ms. Gwen. There was a third woman with her, however, a stranger. Harper's face reddened as she was forced to walk back towards where the three were waiting by the door. And her sense of embarrassment was not eased when the woman laughed.

“Well,” Carling said. “I suppose that's one way to teach her how to walk properly.”

She and the other two walked out into the great room to greet Kendall and Andrea, then Kendall came back and brought Harper into the kitchen. She poured drinks for the three women and placed them on the tray, then led Carling out into the great room.

“We're still teaching our little slave girl how to serve us properly,” she said in amusement.

She turned to Harper. “The tray is too high, slave girl,” she said in a haughty voice. Kneel so that these ladies can get their drinks.”

Harper tried, of course. But with her arms locked together behind her and her legs encased in the thick, stiletto-heeled boots, she was not exactly graceful as she tried to lower herself to her knees. She spilled a considerable amount of the liquids onto the tray, much to the pretended outrage of all five of

the women present.

They rained verbal abuse on her as she knelt there helplessly, and then removed the tray. She was bent over the coffee table for more strapping, and then the ball gag was removed and she was ordered to make it up to the new woman by licking her to orgasm.

Harper was eager to obey since this seemed like a far less painful punishment than the strapping or anything else they were likely to do. Only while she was licking the woman did it occur to her that she didn't even know her name.

The woman fondled her breasts and commented on her body and looks as well as the quality of her tonguing as Harper licked her and sucked on her clitoris. For the most part, what she said was very flattering, much to Harper's relief.

"She's at least a nine, as far as looks and body go," she said. "And you've done wonders with her for the time you've had."

"How much do you think we can charge for her?" Carling asked.

"Well, if she's as much a natural and as responsive as you say she is, I wouldn't say five thousand was too much."

"As long as you have a vibrator, she can come no matter what you're doing to her," Kendall said.

"How is she without a vibrator?"

"Still a slut," Kendall said with a laugh.

"Her pole dancing is improving, too," Andrea said.

"That's nice but not as important as her tongue work and obedience," the woman said.

"The more time we discipline her, the more disciplined she'll be," Carling said. "And frankly, she's already a very obedient thing."

The woman pulled on the pigtails and ground Harper's face into her pussy as she slumped down more.

"I love having little het girls go down on me," she said with a groan.

After Harper had made her climax, she had to apologize again for spilling the drinks, and thank her for allowing her to perform oral sex on her. Then, in what she regarded as a test, Carling sternly ordered her to bend further over and show her how truly sorry she was by licking the woman's polished leather shoes.

The vibrator turned on again, this time much more powerfully than before, and Harper moaned low in her throat, hardly thinking about the order before bending way over to lick at the woman's foot.

*Crack!*

Carling brought a thin switch down across her buttocks.

"Long, eager licks," she said sternly.

Harper nervously licked her tongue across the woman's foot as the other women looked down at her and the vibrator throbbed and pulsed within her body. She moaned as the woman reached down to find the nipple on one of her breasts and Gwen reached over to fondle the other.

"Apologize for being a filthy little slut," Carling ordered.

"I-I'm sorry for being a filthy little slut, ma'am!" Harper moaned.

"This is actually a great way to exercise her tongue," Kendall said as she watched.

"And exercise her mind, by which I mean get her used to the idea that she is a lowly slave girl and has to obey her betters," Gwen said.

So Harper had to shift over to the side and lick Gwen's shoes and then do the same to Ms. Carling, and then Kendra and then Andrea, all while the vibrator was buzzing wildly within her.

Before long she was trembling and moaning helplessly as she tried to rub her thighs together.

Kendall undid the belt holding the vibrator and dildo inside her, and then began rubbing her clitoris. The shock of sensation almost drove Harper over the edge and she cried out in wanton heat until the girl stopped and drew the vibrator out of her body.

She felt several fingers pushed into her, twisting and turning even as Carling slapped the back of

her head and ordered her to keep licking her foot. She continued on, trembling and moaning as Kendall's fingers twisted and turned, pumping in and out slowly.

"She's sopping wet," the other girl said in amusement.

The fingers pushing into her stretched and strained her opening, and Harper gasped at the sharp ache even as she felt the hard knuckles of the other girl's hand slowly pushing through into her body.

"Are you going to fist her?! Andrea exclaimed in delight.

"Why not? The little slut loves great big cocks."

Harper trembled and moaned as the other girl's fingers pushed deeper and deeper and then she realized with a shock that her whole hand had passed into her body as the fingers caressed her deep inside. A moment later the vibrator was pushed against her clitoris and rubbed against her and her mind exploded in a massive storm of sensation.

She lost control of her body which bucked violently back while trembling and jerking in wild convulsive movements. Carling gripped her hair and jammed her face in against her pussy as Andrea reached down to roughly fondle one of her breasts.

Meanwhile, Kendall was twisting and turning to push her hand deeper into the overheated girl's body. She drew her fingers in against the palm of her hand to form a fist and then pushed it deeper, her wrist sliding through the tautly stretched lips of Harper's sex.

"Ride my fist, cis slut!" she said in dark amusement.

Her fist pushed deeper, as Harper rammed her hips back against it, glorying in the intensity of the pleasure and hunger swapping her mind. What did pride or dignity matter compared to this kind of ecstasy? She embraced it, giving herself to the animal heat consuming her mind.

Even when the orgasm faded, the heat continued to bubble and burn within her as Kendall slowly worked her fist up and down the narrow tube of her sex. She continued to rub the vibrator against her clitoris, and soon a second then a third orgasm tore Harper's mind apart.

Afterward, she got more practice at walking with tray, and of course with kneeling so that she didn't spill anything. She was still practicing when the door buzzed and two more women arrived. Cringing and blushing hotly, she was made to serve them drinks next.

Then three more women arrived!

With the ball gag back, there was nothing for her to even say as Kendall had her moving around the women with snacks on the tray. Each time one of the women picked up one of the little snacks to chew on she would comment on Harper's breasts and reach over to roll her nipples or give her breasts a little squeeze.

Her mind squirmed wildly as she moved about the room. There were a dozen women there now, most of them complete strangers. All of them were nicely dressed, while she, of course, was completely nude. Kendall had replaced the previous strap around her waist with a new one. This one had rounded holes at the bottom through which the base of the vibrator and dildo protruded to make their presence more obvious.

It also had a round hole right over her clitoris so that women could touch her and give her a little rub just to see her response.

It was degrading, and humiliating. And yet despite that, she found herself feeling a wild rush of excitement at being so utterly exposed as that now-familiar sense of masochistic heat at her own abuse grew more intense.

She was not surprised when the gag and tray were removed and she was ordered to perform oral sex on several of the women while everyone else watched. And with the vibrator activated her insides pulsing with a feverish hunger, she obeyed without hesitation.

She had satisfied three women, by the time she was ordered to Carling's side. The woman removed the belt from her waist and then the vibrator from her pussy just as Kendall came back into the room, leading a tall, wide-shouldered, muscular man wearing a loincloth.

The girl attached a short chain to Harper's collar and handed it to the man who jerked roughly on it

to pull her upright on her knees. He swept the loincloth open and his cock sprang out thick and hard.

“Service me, slut,” he growled in a deep voice.

Moaning, Harper obeyed. She couldn't think of anything else to do! And so with all those women looking on, she slid her lips up and down the length of his slick hard cock while all the women made snide comments. She gurgled weakly as he pushed himself deep into her throat, gripping her hair and starting to fuck her slowly with his long shaft.

“She swallows nicely,” a woman said.

“Obviously a slut.”

“She clearly loves the taste of cock.”

“Slutty little cis girl.”

“Shove it down her slut throat!”

“I love watching him bury himself to the balls in her mouth.”

The man pumped slowly in and out while holding her in place by hair and leash, and all Harper could do was gurgle wetly.

“Throw her on her face and take her,” she heard someone call.

“Hard,” another woman said.

“Yes, ride the little blonde bitch.”

“I want to see that big cock buried in that tight little pussy.”

The man flung her back onto her back on the rug and Harper gulped in air, her chest heaving as he dropped to his knees. His big hands gripped her thighs and yanked them up and wide as all the women leaned in to watch.

He pressed the helmet head against the line of her sex and slowly pushed into her, then as Harper moaned at the ache, lifted her legs up and apart, holding them in place as he drove himself into her with one long, slow, steady thrust.

“All of it!”

“Yes! Bury it in her!”

“Jam it in to the balls!”

The women watched excitedly as he leaned further forward, folding her legs back farther and farther until they were lifted up above her shoulders. He leaned forward, arms straight, big hands gripping her ankles, his weight-bearing them down until the backs of her toes were pressed into the floor and she was crushed in two below him.

She groaned helplessly under his weight, her own legs jammed down against her shoulders as he began to stroke evenly and smoothly in and out of her throbbing, overheated, and now overfilled abdomen. He was a large man and filled her world as she stared up at him. But she was also aware of the ring of women sitting on all sides of her watching and cheering him on.

That they seem hostile to her, was a little confusing, but it simply added to her sense of masochistic excitement. It was like she was a prisoner being abused by nasty captors. Poor her! It was a dark thrill to be able to do exactly what she wanted to and yet not need to feel ashamed since she, after all, had no choice.

“Blonde whore!” some woman shouted.

The man thrust faster and faster, his big cock like a spear driven into her again and again. His hips began to hit her taut buttocks with greater force so that her entire body shuddered. Harper felt waves of heat and excitement rippling through her body, and her skin felt alive, as if pleasure crackled along the surface.

Suddenly he drew back, letting her ankles rise up and then lowering them to the floor on either side of him. Without warning, he simply flipped her over onto her belly.

*Crack!* His hand slapped her bottom sharply, stingingly.

“Raise your ass in the air, slut,” he growled.

*Crack!*

Gasping, moaning, Harper drew her knees in and raised her bottom.

*Crack!*

“Higher, slut.”

Harper raised her bottom as high as she could, and felt his big hands grip her waist and jerked back so that her thighs were almost touching her belly. Then his cock rubbed up and down the glistening line of her sex before pushing into her body once again. He gathered in her hair and yanked it back as he began to use her, to ride her, to pound her.

This pleased the women watching, who erupted in snickers and snide comments.

*Crack! Crack!*

He was using her roughly, riding her like a stallion, or perhaps some angry savage from the woods or from deep in history. Harper felt her mind swimming with lust and pleasure and dark fantasy as her body shuddered to the impact of his hips.

Suddenly another man, like the first naked but for a loincloth, knelt before her. He pulled the loincloth open and his cock stuck out hard and thick and long, practically touching her open mouth. Then he simply pushed himself through it and buried himself deep in her throat.

The two men thrust into her in tandem, sometimes together, sometimes one followed by the other. The one behind held her hair and slapped her bottom while the one before her fondled her breasts. Neither was gentle, but Harper felt the seething pleasure and heat grow into a fever within her and knew she was going to come very soon.

The man before her drew back, sitting down. He took her hair from the one behind and pulled forcing the gasping, moaning blonde girl to shuffle forward on her knees until she was straddling him as he lay down. He gripped his cock as the man behind pulled free and rubbed it against her now vacant opening.

*Crack!*

“Slide your pussy down on that, slut,” the man behind ordered.

Half dazed, she obeyed, moaning as the cock slid up inside her.

She felt fingers at the dildo buried in her bottom and then felt it pulling free. A moment later the other man pushed himself into her there, and two thick cocks began to pump in and out of her slender abdomen.

The shocking, wicked thrill nearly overwhelmed her and threw her into an instant orgasm. Harper cried out helplessly, her mind drowning in pleasure and lust as the orgasm swamped her senses and overwhelmed her mind.

“Look at the slut come!”

“What a whore!”

“You can sure tell she loves cock.”

“Straight girls all do.”

Harper was only peripherally aware of their words, and didn't care. It felt as if her entire body was flaring with one long, drawn-out, almost unbearable wave of intense pleasure. She reveled in that pleasure, in that ecstasy, and nothing else mattered other than the two big cocks pumping hard and fast inside her body.

Or didn't, until as the orgasm slowly faded and she gulped in air another hand roughly gripped her hair and jerked her head up and to one side so that she could stare into yet another long thick cock before it pushed into her open mouth.

Glassy-eyed, she stared at the cock until it disappeared, and her vision was blocked by the man's shaved abdomen. His cock was buried in her mouth and throat, and he held her there for long seconds while his two companions continued to thrust in and out of her.

He pulled back then thrust in and pulled back then thrust in again. It was fucking her throat as the other two were fucking her body as well. Hands mauled her breasts and then fingers roughly rubbed her clitoris and her mind tumbled helplessly through the feverish heat and lust and pleasure until another

monster orgasm exploded within her.

The women continued to watch eagerly and continued to throw insults at her as if to remind her of what a low, degraded, and disgusting creature she was.

She lost herself to the wild animal sex, and a parade of orgasms began to tear her apart. The rougher the men got the more aroused she became and the closer together the orgasms erupted within her. The men used her mercilessly, as if she was a thing, an object. And Harper gloried in it.

Afterward, the men left, and she was left laying on the floor, gasping and moaning weakly as the women all looked down at her.

“Obviously she's a very bad girl,” Carling said.

“A very bad girl,” one woman said.

“A girl who needs to be punished,” another said.

“A girl who needs to be taught her place,” Gwen said.

“A girl who needs to learn her lessons,” Kendall said.

Kendall knelt and slowly undid the arm sleeve, and Harper groaned as the pressure came off her shoulders. Kendall and Andrea lifted her to her feet and helped the unsteady girl wobble out of the room and down the hall. She was led into another room, one she'd never seen before, and her wrists were lifted up and apart and chained in place.

Her ankles were spread wide, as well, and also chained down, and then the ball gag went back into her mouth.

## Chapter Nine

Kendall and Andrea began to tease and taunt her with vibrators and dildos, as well as their mouths and fingers. After a few minutes, the women began to file into the room, and lean against the walls all around her to watch.

“How much do you think she'll go for?” she heard one asked.

“She's obviously a natural, so she should bring a lot of money,” another said.

“Not to mention she's got that beautiful ass, and those gorgeous tits.”

“Yes, she certainly has got a lovely body, and is pretty as well.”

“Men will be lined up waiting for her.”

Harper stood on trembling legs, moaning helplessly around the gag as the other two blondes heated her body up yet again. Before coming here she wouldn't have believed it was possible to become so aroused, to have so many orgasms, and have the heat go on and on.

For the first time, she had a sudden shocking thought. She had thought that somehow or other they were innocent girls who had been manipulated into allowing their bodies to be used to please men. It had not really occurred to her to consider how that persuasion had been done. She'd assumed that had been through threats and blackmail. But what if it wasn't?

What if they had simply been overwhelmed with an intense sexual pleasure they had never known before? What if they had gotten them used to allowing their bodies to be used by others because it had felt so wonderful, so exciting? And what if they had increased the level of their outrageous behavior slowly, incrementally, so that the girls never really thought to refuse each new, slightly more degrading order?

What if those girls had found themselves compromising each time they had been told to do something that made their minds squirm at how undignified and demeaning it was because it was only other girls and it all seemed just like hot, sexy fun?

What if by the time they introduced man into this mix those girls were so inured to wild, kinky, outrageous sex, and so aroused by it, that they didn't object? In other words, what if they were being brainwashed, in a way, and what if *she* was being brainwashed?

She rejected the idea instantly, of course. She couldn't be brainwashed! She was an intelligent, strong-willed, self-confident feminist. It wasn't like they had done anything particularly violent or threatening or anything. All they had done was make her come. Repeatedly. Intensely so. More intensely than she'd ever felt in her life.

So of course it was quite logical for her to allow them to continue. That didn't mean she was brainwashed. Why should she want to end such wildly exciting and pleasurable games? Yes, it was more than slightly humiliating to be the naked sexual center of attention for all these women, most of whom were complete strangers.

But that was part of the excitement! Her mind wavered, slightly, as she wondered when having people watch her having sex had started to excite her. It never had before. Not that anyone ever had before, of course. She would've resisted such an idea and flatly refused to go along with it.

So maybe she'd always been an exhibitionist on the inside and only now was that coming to the fore. Maybe she'd always had masochistic thoughts and fantasies. In fact, she knew she did. She had always been a little embarrassed by them and never taken them seriously let alone tried to act them out.

Everyone knew women had those sorts of fantasies. It didn't mean they actually wanted some big stupid man to come and dominate them. It didn't mean they wanted some big, musclebound male to manhandle them and use their bodies like they owned them. It was just a harmless fantasy.

And if this kinky little group was bringing that fantasy to life, in a way, why should she object?

Especially now, as the girls pumped dildos in and out of her pussy and ass, fondled her breasts, rolled her nipples, and licked her swollen clitoris?

She gave herself to the pleasure in the dark wicked thrill of being the center of attention as she felt the dark heat taking her once again.

“Such a bad girl!” Kendall said as she stopped and stood up.

“Definitely she's a very bad girl,” Andrea said behind her.

The thick, realistically looking cock Kendall had jammed up inside her began to vibrate powerfully, and Harper arched her back, moaning in pleasure and heat.

Then she heard a strange, light, thin swishing sound before a thin, flexible lace of some kind swept down across her breasts. The impact was quite light, but an instant later the sharp stinging erupted across her chest.

She yelped and gasped in confusion, clearing her glassy eyes to see that Carling was standing off to her right holding what she could only describe as a whip in her hand. It wasn't a very long whip or a very thick one. But she stared in astonishment, for she had never seen one before.

She looked down to see a thin pink line cutting across her breasts just above her nipples, and stared at it with something like disbelief. Then she felt another swishing sound from behind her and a moment later another impact of something light and flexible cutting diagonally across her from her lower hip to her upper back just below her shoulder blades.

Startled, she cried out, arching her back just as she saw Carling swinging her own whip forward again. And as she did her back arched and her breasts thrust out perfectly. Carling brought the whip down across both nipples to send a dark line of stinging pain and heat through her breasts.

She cried out in pain, though the pain was not severe. But she was startled and confused. And it wasn't like it felt good, after all! But then a sudden dark thought thrilled her mind as she realized that she was being whipped. Whipped! Whipped like some kind of slave girl or prisoner!

A wave of dark, masochistic heat swept over her as she felt another sharp little blow across the bottom than a third across her abdomen. She twisted her head to see Andrea behind her smirking as she drew her arm back for another blow.

Whipped! Well not really... But it felt like it! She was quite certain that a real whipping would be considerably more painful, and that she would not enjoy the experience. But this wasn't real! This was just pretending just like everything else.

She winced at another blow cutting across her breasts then moaned at another which snapped stingingly across her buttocks.

“Bad girl!” several of the women were chanting.

She began to tremble, heat pouring over her even as the stinging grew worse and the lines of heat grew across her body.

“Bad girl!” most of the women were now chanting.

Andrea's whip cut across her right hip and snap down across her abdomen to bite into the soft flesh of her pussy as it gripped the base of the thick vibrator inside her.

She squealed in pain, her hips bucking violently even as Carling's whip cut across her breasts again and again. The pain mounted to the point where it almost interrupted the storm of pleasure, but that storm was simply too powerful.

And the pain brought with it a sense of even more realism of her masochistic hunger.

Whipped! she thought dazedly, her body trembling and straining at the restraints, her hips bucking as the whip snapped down at her pussy again and again. Her breasts throbbed and burned, the nipples aching fiercely, and only the thick round base of the vibrator driven so harshly up into her belly kept

the whip from making direct contact with her clitoris.

Or had so far. It wasn't like it was covered up or anything. In fact, the base was holding wide the lips of her sex, and there just inside rested the swollen throbbing button which Andrea continued to aim for.

And then she made contact. The pain was much more intense and she screamed around the gag even as the women around her applauded wildly. Her hips jerked violently as her mind swam and then the orgasm burst through her system and shattered her senses.

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Harper groaned as her eyes fluttered open to a sense of confusion. She stared up, not knowing where she was or how she got there. There were bars overhead. And as she turned her head she saw there were bars on all sides of her. She set up slowly, groaning again to realize she was in a cage.

She was naked, of course, but then she almost always was so that didn't disturb her. Looking down she saw faint pink lines crisscrossing and almost covering her breasts and many more angling diagonally down across her right and left hips and over her pussy.

Then she was struck by the gleaming metal bands around her ankles, followed by similar ones around her wrists. She stared at the and then reached up to her throat. Instead of the familiar leather collar, she was wearing a metal one.

There was a cushion under her, a very comfortable one, but she was still in a cage, something like a very large dog cage. She could sit up but certainly not stand.

How long had she been here? How had she gotten here? Where was she? Was she a prisoner? A sex slave for real!?

The door of the otherwise empty room opened and Ms. Carling walked in. She walked over to the cage and smiled down at her.

Sit on your heels, hands behind your neck," she said.

Still confused and uncertain, Harper nevertheless obeyed.

"So, little girl," Carling said, "I have a little task for you. I'm going to bring a man in here and you're going to service him as he chooses. You're going to pretend you're his little sex slave, give him pleasure, and send him away happy. It shouldn't take long. This man will then deposit a large sum of money into a bank account, most of which will then be transferred to your own bank."

"I don't understand," Carling said.

"It's very simple, girl. You're just starting out in life, and what you want to do is make enough money to be able to enjoy the finer things that you've always thought you deserved. You want a nice car, and to take trips abroad.

"You want nice clothes and maybe some jewelry, a nice computer, a big screen TV, a top-of-the-line cell phone. You'd also like a nice apartment, maybe with a view of the river. You'd like to be able to party at all the best clubs and not have to worry about how to pay for it. All young people would like that. Unfortunately, almost none of them get it."

She waved her hand negligently.

"We're in an era of the gig economy," she said. "Where a girl with a university degree, or even a Masters, can find herself working as an unpaid intern in hopes of getting enough experience and contacts for someone to hire her for actual money."

Since Harper was in fact working as an unpaid intern she suddenly felt a rush of anxiety, wondering if somehow Carling knew about it.

"Of course the girls who don't have university degrees find themselves working as clerks and baristas and cashiers for lousy money, often not much better than minimum wage. It's not a great time to be starting out in life and trying to build a career."

Carling bent over and did something with the door of the cage, then slid it open and straightened up.

"Out," she said.

After a moment's hesitation, Harper dropped forward onto her hands and knees and crawled out through the low opening. Carling then had her sit back on her heels again with her hands behind her neck and her back arched.

"It is clear that you enjoy giving others pleasure with your body," she said. "You enjoy even more being given pleasure by others. And you appear to be a girl who is very responsive and has a very high sex drive. Now I know what society says about that sort of thing. But society, as you know, is prejudiced against women making use of their bodies in the same way men do.

"Men have very strong bodies and there is absolutely nothing wrong with them using that strength to earn a living. Women have beautiful bodies, but they're not supposed to use that. In fact, you're supposed to deny it and act bashful and modest.

"I personally don't see why you shouldn't be allowed to make money doing something you enjoy doing. You're a natural at this and enjoy it. Why spend your time sitting at a desk tapping away at keyboards when you can have great sex, attend parties, lounge around on yachts, and travel the world?"

"How would you like to make \$4000 for an hour or two of work?"

Harper looked at her, bewildered.

"You have what many wealthy people desire. Not just your body, but your enthusiasm and responsiveness. Not to mention your submissiveness."

"I'm not submissive," Harper protested.

"I didn't say you could disagree with me," Carling said sternly.

She walked to the side and returned with a slim riding crop, then pressed the tip against the center of Harper's right breast. It was a flat rubber or leather flap on the tip and she rubbed it against Harper's erect nipple before drawing it back and slapping sharply. Hopper winced and then winced again as she slapped her nipple several times then shifted her aim to slap the other nipple harder.

"If you're not submissive, why are you allowing me to do this?"

She wasn't slapping hard, but she was slapping rapidly so that first one than the other nipple started to burn in the center of Harper's breasts.

"Apologize for being a bad girl," Carling ordered.

"I'm sorry for being a bad girl, Ms. Carling!"

Harper was trying to puzzle through what the woman had said. She was right, in a way. She had no need to put up with having her nipples slapped. But she was trying to infiltrate a group! That was why she was doing it! Not because she was submissive.

Of course, she couldn't tell Carling that. Especially not now when it looked like the woman was actually coming out in the open to tell her what she wanted. Ha! So much for modeling. She would soon have proof!

"Stand up."

Harper stood up and Carling gave her what looked like a small nightie.

"Put this on."

It was a typical nightie in that it consisted of a thin silky fabric held up by two lacy straps across the shoulders and descending to her upper thighs. The difference between that and anything she would ever have considered buying much less wearing was that this one was completely open on both sides not merely up the hips but all the way up to just below her breasts.

In addition, while the fabric below her breasts was opaque enough, what there was of it, the elasticized part which crossed her breasts was lacy and entirely see-through. It clung to her breasts like a second skin and hid nothing. And of course, the rest of the fabric swung open as she moved so that she wasn't really covered much except from directly in front and behind.

Kendall came into the room then. She was fully dressed and had a thin chain in her hand. Carling nodded at her and Kendall stepped forward and clipped the chain to the center of the metal collar around Harper's neck. At the same time, Carling drew her wrists behind her back and locked the two metal shackles together.

“Remember. Obey all orders.”

Kendall tugged lightly on the chain and Harper followed her to the door, wondering what was going to happen. She was led up the hall and into another bedroom. Kendall grinned at her then lifted the leash up and clipped it to a hook set in the wall overhead. Then she turned and left, closing the door after her.

Harper was gripped by a strange sense of uncertainty. She was wearing more clothes than she usually did so it was hard to be self-conscious just yet. And she was excited at the idea that she was drawing closer to her goal. At the same time, she still had deep reservations about how she was going to write this story without exposing herself as a kinky slut.

Then too there was that strange conversation with Carling. Making \$4000 for an hour or two of work was an interesting idea which had not previously occurred to her. She had simply presumed that these girls were controlled by whatever organization was behind them and were forced to do what they were told. She hadn't really thought about them being paid, much less paid a large sum of money.

Four thousand dollars was definitely a large sum of money to her. Of course, her parents had money, although they weren't rich. How often could you make that much? Could you do that every day? That would be... And an enormous amount of money. It would be far more money than both her parents made combined.

She felt a sense of indignation. After all, she was working as an unpaid intern. And if she was eventually to get a job there she would probably not be paid \$4000 a month, let alone a day. That was an absurd sum of money.

The door opened and she turned, startled, to see a strange man there. She felt a jolt of shock, a sense of self-consciousness, and also a dark rush of heat. She knew how beautiful and sexy she was, after all. Everyone told her so. And this was the first place she'd been where she was not expected to deny it or play it down or be embarrassed about it.

The man was older, of course. But he was very handsome and his suit was very expensive. He looked like a stylish and sophisticated gentleman. He smiled at her and closed the door behind him then crossed to her and looked her up and down.

“Well, aren't you gorgeous.”

His hands slid easily through the open sides of the nightie and squeezed her buttocks lightly before sliding up and down her back inside the fabric.

“You have very soft skin.”

“One of his hands slid around to the front and down between her legs lightly caressing her naked sex. Despite herself, Harper felt a hot rush of excitement followed by guilt. Maybe Carling was right and she was a submissive slut who just loved sex.

The man stroked her lightly, his middle finger pressing in more firmly to sink between the lips of her sex and caress her clitoris. His other hand slid up and into her hair then gave it a sharp little jerk to force her head back and make her gasp.

“Call me sir,” he growled.

“S-Sir!” she gulped.

He leaned in and kissed her passionately as his left hand held her by the hair and his right caressed her sex. Harper moaned into his mouth as the heat rose within her. She felt a growing sense of excitement at being helpless and at his mercy. She was at the mercy of a tall strong man who was a complete stranger to her and yet could do anything he wanted to her body.

That dark sense of masochistic heat filled her mind again and she felt herself falling into the role they had designed for her. She felt a sense of doubt and uncertainty about that and a vague thought she should resist. But the excitement overpowered her, and when the man eased a finger up into her she was already sopping wet.

He drew back, releasing her and looking at her with a sense of arrogant possessiveness, then gripped the front of the nightie and ripped it to shreds. The thin fabric parted easily before his strength

and tore apart to leave her completely naked.

Like a slave girl!

His hands slid up her chest and cupped her breasts to lift and squeeze them together then he bent and began to suck and lick and chew at her nipples.

Harper moaned helplessly the excitement mounting within her as her breasts throbbed and her nipples crackled with excitement. This was so kinky and slutty and outrageous!

He roughly turned her around and slapped her bottom, then jerked her hips back sharply. She heard the sound of fabric moving, his pants dropping to the floor, and his cock pushed up against the mouth of her sex as his big hands gripped her thighs and jerked them back and apart.

“Oh!” she gasped as she felt his cock pushing up inside her.

He was not gentle and he did not ask or to attempt to seduce her. He assumed she was there to be done with whatever he chose.

Like a sex slave! she thought excitedly.

His cock thrust into her hard and fast and he soon had the entire length buried in her quivering belly. His hips began to slap against her buttocks as he used her with hard fast strokes. His right hand curled over her hip then and slid down so that his fingertips could stroke against her clitoris. His left slid up around her throat and squeezed.

Harper gasped and felt her eyes bulging somewhat. He wasn't completely shutting off her breathing, just making it harder to breathe. It was a message, a sign that he could do whatever he wanted to do to her! That was a little scary but she didn't think he really had any intention of hurting her. And so it was also darkly thrilling.

She found the whole thing so wildly exciting that even though it didn't take them very long she had nearly come before he finished. He was not done with her, however. He unhooked the chain from the hook and pulled her to her knees then had her perform oral sex on him until he was hard and thick and her throat was caressing his shaft.

Then he drew her across his lap for a dozen hard slaps to her bottom before shoving her face down on the bed and once again taking her from behind. This time the feel of his cock rubbing strongly along the front wall of her sex as he plunged deep again and again drove her over the edge and she cried out in pleasure as the orgasm consumed her mind.

He left soon after and she rolled onto her back on the bed, chest heaving, staring up at the ceiling above. The door opened and Carling came in, smiling as she walked over to the bed. She had money in her hands. As Harper lay there, she counted out \$4100 bills and lay them on the bed next to her.

“That took about 45 minutes,” she said.

Harper stared at the money, frowning uncertainly.

“You'll have two customers a day, to start. That's \$8000 a day. If you don't like any of them, just let us know and they won't be back a second time.”

She walked back to the door, then stopped and turned her head.

“A little better than you'd find in any other work, isn't it?”

Harper stared after her then stared down at the money and stared at the door and stared at the mirror. This is a ridiculous amount of money. Eight thousand dollars a day!? Why would anyone pay that much!?

And then a sudden furtive little thought occurred to her. And why would anyone not accept it?

No, she was investigating them. And then she would write some kind of story. And then... And then she would... Well, maybe it wouldn't be all that helpful to her career since she couldn't claim the story as hers without admitting the kind of things she'd done.

So what was this all for then? She realized then that she had had a very unsophisticated view of how she was going to infiltrate this gang and uncover their nasty ways. In fact, if she was to tell the story of what they had done to so far she would be blamed more than them. It wasn't as though she couldn't have simply refused.

\$8000 a day!?

She could buy her own car, a sports car, in no time at all. Like, in a week!

But what would she tell her parents? Well, she could lie, say she was consulting or an intern or something. At least for now. She stood up and crossed to the mirror, posing. There was no question she looked erotic and sexy especially in the metal shackles and collar.

Sex slave! She thought.

Well, she wasn't really a sex slave. But if acting like one would bring her \$8000 a day maybe she should do that for a while and worry about writing at some future point in her life. She wouldn't always be 19, after all. Maybe when she was old and unattractive she could do something else.

\$8000 a day!?

Nobody made that kind of money unless they were some kind of super hotshot lawyer. They were trying to bribe her. No doubt it would go down to a much lower level once they had enticed her in. She made her way back up the hall towards her own bedroom but was intercepted by Andrea along the way.

"Come see your website listing," she said.

Harper looked at her in confusion as the girl led her to a small office with a computer on the desk. There was a website there, and at the touch of a few keys it brought up a new page with her picture on it. It was a lovely picture, she wasn't even naked. But there were a lot more. There were pictures of her in cute dresses with short skirts, pictures of her in little bikinis and lingerie, and then a series of pictures of her naked and tied up.

"There's always a high demand for bondage sluts," Andrea said with a grin.

Harper wanted to protest but knew the description was not totally unfair.

Carling appeared then. "There you are. After Andrea orders you some more dresses, come and see me and I will explain how you are to prepare yourself for your clients."

She would just try this for a while, Harper told herself. She wasn't really joining them or anything. She was just gathering more information and... some money. The money would be very useful and she could hardly turn down that amount. She wasn't really prostituting herself, but just continuing the investigation.

For some time. It would be a lengthy investigation. That was the best way to get evidence after all.

\$8000 a day!

There must be an awful lot of rich people in the city, she thought. Then again she knew there were people for whom thousands of dollars were like pennies to her. Maybe she'd even buy a house!

*Crack!* She gasped as Andrea slapped her bare bottom sharply.

"Remember, sex slave, obedience brings pleasure."

She locked Harper's wrist restraints together behind her and then had her kneel as she looked over different websites with sexy-looking dresses and they discussed which would look best on her. In the midst of that, she had Harper lick her to an orgasm and then returned the favor before they finished.

Carling brought her back to her bedroom and instructed her to shower, shampoo, and make sure she was clean as a whistle inside and out before meeting up with the next client.

Being a pretend sex slave wasn't so bad, she told herself. It wasn't like she really was one after all. She was only going along with their pretense. Why shouldn't she? It was very exciting, and she could make a lot of money. But eventually, she would tell them that she was an independent and intelligent woman who wasn't submissive to anyone.

Eventually.

END

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Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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## Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

### **Molly's Black Master** (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Out of Uniform**

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

### **The Ladies Gym**

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur** (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust

which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

### **The Penthouse**

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!