

The Blonde Girl

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2017

Smashwords edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each reader. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author and encouraging him to continue.

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

Chapter One

I never was one of those girls who felt the need to grow up faster. I don't mean I acted like a little girl, of course. I just mean I was in no hurry to embrace adulthood, with all of the responsibilities it involved.

So when I graduated from high school I was not one of those people who eagerly applied at college to begin more years of education so I could get it done quickly and get out into the job market. I was more interested in having some fun while I was young.

Instead of getting a job so I could go to college in the fall I headed off to Europe to backpack, hitch and bus ride my way around. I spent the summer and early fall that way, meeting new people, seeing a lot of amazing places, and partying.

It was really great to be able to do whatever I wanted without people looking over my shoulder. And I don't just mean my parents either. My friends weren't there, and so they couldn't judge me if I decided to do something, well, slutty, nor if I decided to dress kind of risqué. And since I moved around all the time I didn't even have to worry about the judgment of the new friends I met.

It was while I was in Spain that I heard about a job available for the winter – not in Italy, but in the Caribbean, which was fine with me since I was definitely not looking forward to cold weather. Since I was from California and had a Spanish nanny, I spoke Spanish, and I was a great swimmer.

The job was for a 'water events coach' at a beach attached to an exclusive resort in the Dominican Republic. Can you say 'party all winter'? I'm sure you can! It involved occasional life-guarding, but mostly teaching wind surfing, which I did, as well as body-boarding and surfboarding.

Hey, I'm from LA. I've been doing all that stuff since I was nine!

The ocean around LA is not fit for swimming in the winter, though, so the idea of playing in the water over that time while getting paid definitely appealed to me. I sent off an email application, thinking nothing of it, because you know you never actually expect to get a job.

And then I got back an acceptance! That was weird! I was actually a bit suspicious, because who accepted you based on an application, without even an interview? But then I figured, well, they weren't going to fly around the world interviewing junior staff, and they could always just fire you if it turned out you lied.

So I took the cheapest flight I could find to the Dominican Republic, and then got on a helicopter to get out to the resort, which was kind of isolated. It was a big helicopter with seats for about thirty people, most of them occupied by new visitors.

Most of them seemed to be filled with fairly young people, that is, people in their twenties and thirties, which was good, and clearly people with money, given their clothes, watches and jewelry.

That hopefully meant tips.

The resort was just like the pictures in the web site. It was on a narrow peninsula that jutted out from the south edge of the island. That let it have a long, low hotel building that looked out on the ocean and beaches on both sides! On one side were a string of little bungalows in lines which jutted out over the ocean, reachable only by boardwalks or boats.

The main building had a massive pool with islands in the middle, waterfalls and water slides along the edges, and a lot of other neat things to do, like swing across by rope and drop into the deep water.

I had seen on their web site that there were also tunnels to swim into the building to emerge in the pool there – which existed for days when it might be rainy or chilly, I guess.

Most of the water activity was on the west side of the building, where I could see lots of people on sailboards in the water, as well as some people closer to the beach on surfboards. There was also supposed to be snorkeling and diving. I wasn't much on diving but I was intending to learn.

It looked like it was going to be a fun place! And I hadn't even had to pay anything!

We landed at the helipad, and then were all processed through a low building, and given metal wristbands which had implanted chips. The chips would unlock the door to your room, the man said, as well as allow you to pay for any extras you wanted.

Mine was different, he said, since I was to be staff. It would allow me to enter locked employee areas. All of the bands would track both staff and visitors for security reasons, the man said, so it was important not to take them off.

I was suitably impressed by the high tech. But I was cynical enough to recognize it would also allow management to track me if I was goofing off.

An open sided little bus drove us to the main building along a tiny 'road' which was mostly occupied by golf carts driven by staff, some of which were carrying visitors from place to place. I was dropped off at a side entrance to the main building, and then the bus drove off.

Luckily, I hadn't brought a ton of stuff. I had one big duffel-bag which I hefted over my shoulder, and a suitcase with wheels and an extendable handle I pulled along behind me. I walked through the door and found myself at a counter occupied by a round faced, balding Hispanic guy.

“Buenes Dios,” I said in Spanish. “I'm a new employee. I'm supposed to report to Senor Rodrigues.”

He looked me up and down in an appreciative way which was frankly rude, but called someone on the phone, then pointed me down the hall. I didn't have to turn my head to know he was watching my ass walking away either.

I gave a kind of mental shrug. I'd learned in Europe that in some countries, the kind of political correctness observed in most of the US just wasn't on. In particular, that was true of countries along the Mediterranean, like France, Italy, Greece and Spain.

In those countries there seemed to often be very little social need for men to hide it when they appreciated a woman's looks, even if she was less than half their age. So I'd kind of gotten used to it. The DM was Spanish, so I figured it would be sort of like Spain, only even more so. I mean, it was a third world country, so I figured unrestrained machismo would be the rule.

Why, I wondered idly, did they call it Latin American when they were mostly Spanish - Hispanics? Nobody spoke Latin. Why not call it Spanish America?

I found an office with Mr. Rodrigues in it. He was tall and slim and looked me up and down approvingly as he smiled and shook my hand (for too long) and guided me into a chair. Then he talked about the many water sports at the resort – the Silver Springs – and the high quality of their accommodation and services.

“Our guests are wealthy people, Sierra,” he said, smiling ingratiatingly. “They pay a high fee to have their wishes catered to, to be spoiled and pampered and – tolerated.”

He raised his eyebrows here as if I should understand his meaning.

“You mean they're spoiled brats?” I asked.

He looked pained.

“We don't refer to our guests in unflattering terms... however accurate those terms might be,” he said, after a brief pause.

“Gotcha.”

“You, in particular must develop a how you say, thick skin.”

“Why me in particular?” I asked, frowning.

He pursed his lips and then smiled. “You are, I am sure, aware that you are a most beautiful young

lady, Sierra. A young and beautiful girl sometimes... annoys women who are less young and beautiful, and inspires them to say things which might be seen as ... unflattering.”

“Uh huh.”

Did he think I was born yesterday?

“If that should happen we expect you to simply smile and ignore the uhm, petty annoyance. The same goes for men, of course, although their behavior would likely be of a different sort.”

“What sort?” I asked doubtfully.

“Overly familiar, perhaps. Simply maintain your professional demeanor and if necessary inform them it is against club policy for employees to date the guests.”

“Gotcha.”

“But be friendly,” he said, tapping his fingers on the desk and staring sternly at me. “Be flattering, of both men and women. Praise their efforts, encourage them by telling them that after more lessons they will, of course, improve. Above all, never say anything insulting or demeaning to a guest.”

He scowled at that. “There is no excuse in our eyes for doing so, no matter the provocation. If you find a guest is acting inappropriate you may report them to your supervisor. And he or she will diplomatically request they amend their behavior.”

“Do you get a lot of uh, nasty clients?” I asked, frowning.

“No, no! But you are an exceptionally beautiful girl.”

“Oh please,” I said.

I was willing to agree that I was pretty attractive. I mean, I'm tall and lithe and well-built, with nice legs, a nice, athletic body, and all the usual curves. Since I spent so much time moving around my ass and legs are very toned, and I have somewhat bigger than usual breasts – which are very round and firm.

Yay, me!

But I am hardly unique in any of that. Well, the breasts are a little uncommon, and I have very nice long (dyed) blonde hair, and a reasonably pretty face. I have perfect teeth, a slender nose, high cheekbones, and very blue eyes.

Men are generally happy to see me. I'll admit that. They are also usually very... helpful whenever I need assistance with anything. But men are, let's face it, pretty slutty. And they'll generally be nice to any young, attractive woman.

Okay, and the boobs help.

“Many of our guests are from South America,” he said. “There are not so many blonde women in South America, and they have a er, a mythos, you see.”

“A what?” I frowned in confusion.

“A reputation, you know, from Hollywood.”

“Oh, right. Yeah, I guess.”

“And you have fair skin, which is much admired in South America.”

I looked down at my tanned skin with a frown. I suppose my skin was a little on the light side. Though compared to South Americans I would be much lighter. I didn't understand what he was getting at, though.

“You should expect that some of our male guests, especially after consuming alcohol and in the heat, you know, might try very hard to seduce you,” he said.

I couldn't help giggling.

“Well, I expect that of all men wherever I go, Senior,” I said with a grin.

“Well then you should have no difficulties,” he said.

He then introduced me to a tall, solidly built, middle aged woman named Manuela Lopez who would be my supervisor. She gave me a suspicious look, more of a scowl, really, then led me to my room.

The staff rooms were in the basement, and were not exactly luxurious, at least mine wasn't. It was

big enough for a single bed, a small table, a chair, and a closet, and that was it.

“No cooking in the room,” she said in heavily accented English. “And no men in the room.”

“Uh huh,” I said.

Down the hall was a small staff kitchen, and also a staff bathroom with stalls for both toilets and showers and a row of sinks and mirrors. It was clean, but that was about all you could say about it. She brought me back to her office, and without much warning, pulled out a measuring tape and slipped it around my hips.

“Uhm, what are you doing?” I asked.

“For swimsuit,” she said.

“I have bathing suits.”

She rolled her eyes at me. “For club swimsuit. You do not wear whatever you like here.”

Which I supposed made sense.

“I’m thirty-four C, Twenty-three, Thirty-four,” I said.

She ignored me and measured my hips, and then my chest, which involved pulling the tape firmly – a little too firmly - across the center of my breasts. Then she opened a metal cabinet and fished inside. I could see piles of black clothing wrapped in plastic, swimsuits, it turned out.

She gave me three of them. They were black and one piece, had thin gray stripes going down the sides, and the club’s logo across the upper chest. They were high-necked, with another small gray line circling the top, around the neckline.

I carried them, folded up, back to my little room, locked the door, and then stripped to put one on. It was form fitting, of course. Swimsuits tend to be, especially one piece swimsuits. But this suit was form fitting to an uncomfortable degree!

I’d never seen one quite like these. Instead of the usual bra sewn into the top it had a thicker elasticized material on the inside which got firmer the more it stretched. So it would hold my breasts in place while I moved okay, but it was really squeezing them up and out.

And the material didn’t, as it usually did, flatten my breasts by simply pressing against it. Instead it sort of wrapped itself around my breasts in a way which was uncomfortably revealing – even if the suit material was black.

I mean it was basically like cling-wrap, if thicker!

The suit was also very high cut on the hips and had a Brazil cut bottom. I’d worn bottoms like that in Europe but was kind of surprised that the resort would have their staff swimsuits like that. The angle of the suit cut upwards to the waist before it actually curved around my sides.

I tried a second suit and discovered that it was the same size, and cut just as high, but instead of going up to the neck it was low cut in front, showing a lot of cleavage. Again, it wasn’t really out of line and I had bikinis which showed as much, but it surprised me in a staff swimsuit. The third one was also high cut on the hips, high on the neck, but basically had no sides, so showed some pretty impressive side-boob.

Given what Rodrigues had said about these South American men being perverts I was wondering why they were dressing their staff in such sexy swimsuits.

“These are pretty revealing,” I said to Lopez.

She sniffed, looking at my chest.

“They have sexy resort, yes?” she said in English. “Is supposed to be all sexy for young guests, yes? So have sexy staff.”

Which made sense, I supposed.

We went outside and got into a golf cart, and she drove me to the pool, introducing me to the lifeguards there, then to the beach, where she handed me off to a guy named Santiago Garcia. He was in his late twenties, lithe and well-muscled, with a bushy mustache, and eyes which deeply admired my chest.

“Sierra,” he said. “Is beautiful name.”

“Show her what to do,” Lopez said in Spanish. “And not about sucking your cock. I'm sure she already knows that.”

“One can never know enough about important skills,” Garcia said with a smirk.

I was taken aback at her crudity, but didn't say anything as she scowled at me then got back in her golf cart.

“What's her problem?” I asked as she drove off.

“Not enough sex? Who knows. Come. I will show you to your duties.”

My 'duties' involved greeting guests who came down looking to take out surfboards, body boards, or sailboards, ask them how much experience they'd had, and offer instructions if they needed them. Oh, and if anyone was looking like they were drowning I should go get them.

In addition, there were comfortable outdoor chairs placed along the beach, in groups of two or four, always under a large umbrella which was made of artificially grass so it was meant to look very tropical. There was a shack right next to the one with the surfboards, body boards and sailboards, and it gave out towels and suntan lotion, as well as drinks and snacks.

“You know how to wind surf?”

“Of course,” I said.

“You know how to teach someone how to wind surf?”

I blinked. “Well, they need to learn balance first.”

“I will teach you how to wind surf,” he said.

“But – .”

“And then you will know how to teach someone else.”

I shrugged. It made sense.

He started by bringing out one of the boards and the sail, and pointing out the parts and naming them. Then he showed how the sail worked, and was used to catch the wind and steer the board. Then he pulled the board into waist deep water and we both got on.

Now two on a sailboard is pretty close quarters. It's basically a surfboard with a sail in the middle. There's no way of having two people on it while maintaining much distance between them. Santiago, however, maintained zero distance between us, and that started to get uncomfortable pretty quickly.

Naturally, as the instructor, he stood behind me, demonstrating how he held the sail, and where my hands should be by putting his arms around me and guiding my hands to the bar. And given windsurfing in the ocean meant a lot of moving up and down, well, let's just say it was a new experience with a guy's crotch pushed in against my half-bare bottom!

I had chosen the low cut swimsuit because I thought it was less revealing than the side boob one, or the one that was like cling wrap across my breasts. Garcia was pressed against me, looking down at me over my shoulder with a big grin – constantly looking into my cleavage in other words.

While he taught me how to teach how to wind surf he also kept telling me how beautiful I was, and what a great body I had, and how I was sure to be very popular with the guests and make big tips. I don't think my potential popularity with the guests was what was turning him on, though.

And he definitely was turned on! I could feel his erection pressing in between my buttocks repeatedly.

It felt, actually, like a very nice, very big and thick erection!

But it left me annoyed for a number of reasons. I mean, I barely knew this guy, for one thing, and wasn't overly attracted to him. And while he wasn't the first strange guy to grind himself into my ass that usually happened in discos where I could move away from them.

Also, I didn't want to get in trouble for getting into a fight with another staff member an hour after starting work. And complaining to Lopez didn't sound like a very good idea either. She obviously was one of those women Rodriguez had talked about who didn't like pretty blonde girls.

Now going through Europe had exposed me, so to speak, to a lot of men who behaved in a way Americans would have called really rude and high pressure, and I'd learned to deal with them, even to

accept them. But this was kind of pushing it, no pun intended!

He certainly knew he had an erection, after all. And while that might not be entirely his fault he sure didn't seem to be trying very hard to keep it away from me! It was kind of embarrassing and kind of gross, although not as gross as I would have found it before my tour of Europe.

Where I'd had close acquaintance with a number of cocks!

"Santiago," I finally said.

"Yes, beautiful Sierra."

"Is that a banana in your pants or are you happy to see me?" I demanded over my shoulder.

He grinned broadly.

"I am most happy to see you, beautiful girl!"

"Well try and keep your happiness away from my ass, will you?"

"Is a very small sailboard," he said, "And a very big banana."

I snorted, partly in amusement. Hey, he was smooth, I had to give him that, and not the least bit embarrassed.

"Maybe you can stick a pin into it and make it smaller."

"Alas, that is not the way to deflate bananas," he said. "Would you like me to show you how?"

"I think Senora Lopez told you not to try and give me lessons in that."

She is a dried up old lesbian," he said. "She just wants you for herself."

I blinked, startled. But now that he said it, well, she was kind of mannish...

"Well I don't need any lessons," I said firmly.

"Excellent! Perhaps you could demonstrate...?"

"Nope."

"You wound my heart, dear Sierra," he moaned.

"Keep your banana away from my ass or I'll wound it too."

"Is small board!"

I sighed.

Chapter Two

The thing about Santiago was that he wasn't really threatening. He was a horny bastard, yes, but openly good humored about it. Matias, on the other hand, another of the instructors, gave me this dark, steamy look, and had wandering hands and a vaguely menacing attitude.

He didn't seem to get a big erection that I noticed, but his hands kept sliding down my back and onto my ass, and I had to keep removing them. He also ran his tongue out way too often, in a frankly obscene way, as he told me about how great his oral skills were.

And then there was Nicolas, who was really big, muscular, shave headed, and looked at me like a wolf looking at a sheep. His fingers even sort of wriggled at his sides as if he imagined them groping me! He didn't talk as much as the other two, but kept staring at me in a way which made me feel like he was not only undressing me with his eyes but fucking me hard at the same time.

The first guests I dealt with were Argentinians. Felipe and his wife Sofia were both in their late twenties, or about ten years older than me. They were both in good shape, and Sofia had a pouty face, a tiny bikini and big breasts I thought were probably fake.

The way they talked made it clear they were used to ordering servants around, and considered me to be one.

I got them sailboards, dragging each of them down to the water myself, and they took off to windsurf for a while. When they came back they left the sailboards half in the water and went over to one of the grass beach umbrellas and sat down, but then Felipe looked over his shoulder, saw me dragging one of the boards back to storage and snapped his fingers at me imperiously.

I never liked people who did that, but bearing in mind what I'd been told I put a smile on my face and went over to see what he wanted.

"Get towels," he said. "And suntan lotion," Sofia added.

"Of course, Sir," I said.

It wasn't, strictly speaking, my job, but I was fairly sure that wasn't what management wanted me to say. I went over to the shack where a girl named Maria was standing behind the little counter and got a couple of towels and a little squirt bottle of lotion and brought it back to them.

"Here you are, senor, senora," I said brightly.

They took the towels from me and I waited for one of them to take the lotion. Sofia stood up, toweled off quickly and then tossed the towel onto the chair. Her husband, meanwhile, went over to the shack in search of something to drink.

"Put lotion on me," she ordered, turning her back to me.

I hesitated, but again, I decided I'd better err on the side of being nice to the guests. I squirted some of the cream into my hand and spread it brusquely over her shoulders and bare back.

She turned and glared at me over her shoulder. "Not so quickly or rough. Rub it in gently, girl!"

I hesitated again, but slowed my hand, sliding the glistening cream up and down over her shoulders, then over her arms.

"Is that hair real?" she asked.

"Uhm, its dyed," I said.

She snorted. "Figures."

I wasn't sure what that meant.

"I hear girls who dye their hair blonde do so in hopes of men paying them more attention," she said.

Which was a snotty thing to say, but then Rodriguez had warned me about it.

"Maybe some," I said. "Some just want to see what they'll look like, or want to look nice."

"Is it true, that blondes have more sex?"

"That would depend on the blonde, senora," I said. "And who you compare her to."

She turned around, clearly wanting me to keep going. I squeezed my cream into my hand and spread it over the front of her shoulders and her upper chest, then down along the sides of her ribs.

"Don't forget my breasts, girl," she said. "Do you want them to get burned?"

"I thought you would prefer to do that, senora," I said.

"Do not think, girl. Do as you are told," she said with a scowl.

I wondered if she was trying to embarrass me. Possibly. But if so it wasn't going to work. I wouldn't let her embarrass me. It wasn't like touching a woman's breasts, or at least, the parts that showed beyond her bikini top was going to make me blush and stutter.

I yelped as something slapped my halfway bare bottom sharply enough to sting!

"Nobody gets to touch my wife's breasts but me," Felipe said, scowling. "Unless I give them permission, of course."

"I... she told me to!" I said indignantly.

"I did not," Sofia said. "She must be a lesbian, Felipe. She just put her hands on my breasts."

I turned and gaped at her, open-mouthed. I mean, what a fucking bitch!

"I will complain to the resort about you pawing my wife!" Felipe said indignantly.

"I was only doing what she told me to!" I replied hotly.

"Now you call my wife a liar!"

"She is a liar!"

He slapped my bottom again and I yelped and leapt away, glaring at him over my shoulder as I went back to the other shack. What a couple of freaks!

I complained to Santiago about it and he got another erection.

"Touching a woman's bare breasts. Such a bad girl you are," he teased. "I should spank you myself. And it must be a bare bottom spanking, of course."

"Try it and I'll introduce your banana to my knee!"

He gave me a wounded look.

I sighed. What the fuck was with these people anyway?!

The next guests were a couple of guys named Pablo and Rafael. They were good looking and also in their late twenties, and like every other guy I'd met, stared down my cleavage as they talked to me and tried to convince me to go surfing with them.

"I'm sorry, Senors, but I must work," I said apologetically.

"But your job is to make the guests happy," Pablo said. "And it would make us happy for you to come and surf with us!"

"Maybe some other time, Senor," I said.

They went off to surf by themselves, but when they returned the boards Rafael thanked me for helping them and tucked a fifty dollar bill into my cleavage.

I was semi-outraged at that, though it had happened before when I worked as a cocktail waitress in Portugal. But then he leaned in and grinned.

"There are five more like that if you come to my room tonight, little blonde, and make me happy."

"Uhm, sorry, senor, but we're not allowed to date the guests," I said.

He frowned in confusion. "Who is speaking of dates? I do not wish to date you, girl, just to have sex with you."

"I think the management would consider that like dating," I said.

He was not the last that offered me money for sex that day. In fact, five more men offered me varying amounts during the course of the day! Each of them offered about five hundred, though one of them went to a thousand when I said no.

I was again semi-outraged, and wondered if it was me or them. Were all South American men this ... well, determined to have sex with any attractive blonde they met? Or was it just the ones that had money?

Were they all used to buying sex whenever they felt like it!?

Now I'm not a slut, but I am from Los Angeles, and had spent the last six months in Europe, and my attitude towards casual sex was reasonably relaxed. And my family is not rich by any means. So I wouldn't have been human if I didn't think, with some astonishment, about how much money I could have made that day.

I mean, three thousand dollars, maybe more! Tuition to UCLA was about \$30,000 a year, which was one of the reasons I was planning to go somewhere cheaper. But if every day was like today I could make that much money in a couple of weeks!

And be a prostitute. Yeah, forget it.

Maria, on the other hand, looked like she was being a lot more flirty and happy with the men who hovered over her at the refreshment shack. She was a pretty woman a few years older than me, with long dark hair, and from the way she was behaving I was willing to bet she wasn't turning them all down the way I was.

I wandered over to the shack in the late afternoon when she was alone and she greeted me in a friendly way. We chatted about where we were from and she said this was her second year at the resort.

"Can I ask you... are the men always so... so...?"

"Hot blooded?" she asked with a smirk.

"They all seem to want sex."

She gave me a look like, when was I born anyway.

"I mean, they all kind of expect me to give it to them!"

"Never give them nothing," she said. "Make them pay."

I stared at her. She wasn't the least embarrassed about it.

"They've offered me money," I said.

"How much?" she asked curiously.

"Mostly five hundred dollars."

Maria snorted. "Hold out for a thousand. They'll pay it for a gringo girl."

"I'm not a prostitute!" I said indignantly.

She shrugged. "You can make a lot of money. And these are high class people, you know, rich people. Not drunken sailors or something."

"Not for me," I said firmly.

She shrugged. "It can be fun. Or you can go and dance for them."

I blinked at her.

"In the club. The Swan Club, that's the one with naked girls. You can make three thousand dollars on a good night, there. And you don't gotta fuck nobody."

"Are you... kidding?"

She nodded her head. "Fifty American dollars each for lap dances. They grope you a little, but you don't gotta fuck them. I couldn't make that much but you got the looks and they really like gringo girls."

"Doesn't the resort... disapprove!?"

"Why would they?" she snorted. "As long as the guests are happy. This isn't a resort for families or old, retired people, you know. This is a resort for rich young people who want to have fun."

"I didn't come here to be a stripper either," I said.

She shrugged. "You don't got a lot else to do in the evening unless you find someone nice and fuck

him. And if you're gonna do that why not get paid?"

After work I went back to my little room, then I showered and changed into shorts and a tank top and wandered around the resort. There was a lot of stuff to do here, but I didn't know anyone to do it with. Of course, lots of men seemed eager to introduce themselves and be friendly wherever I went...

There were several dance clubs, and I didn't have to pay for a single drink. Lots of guys were eager to dance with me and to buy me drinks. And they all had wandering hands!

I'd been groped by more men more often than in any day of my life! More than happened in almost my whole life, if you don't count the guys I knew. The weird thing is that rather than getting more flustered I was starting to get used to it, and just casually, or sometimes impatiently pushed their hands off my ass or breasts.

It was annoying, but what I didn't grasp at the time was that it was also kind of desensitizing me to what I ought to see as embarrassing and outrageous behavior. It's hard to get outraged or embarrassed about something that happens fairly routinely.

Another thing that had happened all day was men ogling me, leering at me, and making the kinds of remarks which were definitely considered unacceptable for strangers in North America. Those remarks weren't, for the most part, meant to be insulting, or even, I thought, rude. They were generally complimentary, but mostly about my looks.

I was certainly not used to strange men telling me what a great body I had, or what a fine ass I had, or even what lovely hair I had – followed soon after by tips, by the way. It was like they were tipping me for being attractive!

Some of them offered much bigger tips for more, but I wasn't going for that.

Several men made it clear they wanted me in bed that night, but I wasn't going for that either. It had been a long day and a long day of travel and I was exhausted, so went to bed early; alone.

*

The next morning I got to meet more of the people who worked there. Generally, they were young, mostly Hispanic, and all of them were very attractive, including the men. There were a lot of nice bodies there in the little kitchen.

It sure was crowded, though, and people were mostly making just light things, like smoothies, or heating up bagels or grabbing fruits or just fruit drinks. I met Hannah when she introduced herself to me. She was another blonde, from England. She was beautiful, with very long hair perfectly parted around her face and held in place with what I guessed was a lot of hair spray or gel.

"So how was your first day?" she asked in that lush British accent.

"Tiring. And hot," I said.

"And did you appreciate all the attention you got?" she asked with a smirk.

I hesitated, at first wondering if she had heard something, then realized she was just talking from personal experience.

"Not really," I said. "I mean, it's nice to be appreciated but – ."

"I can imagine. Well, actually, I don't have to imagine. South American men are pigs. I'm just glad I'm not on the beach this year. I get to wear a uniform and stand behind the counter in the lobby. That offers some protection from wandering hands – well, except for the staff, of course.

"How do you cope with it?" I asked.

She rubbed her index finger against her thumb.

"I make way more here than anywhere else I've been. The tips are amazing. I also dance a little in the strip club."

I could feel my eyes widening, and she smirked as she noticed.

"Shocking, isn't it? But the money is simply fabulous, and it isn't like anyone at home will find out. It was a little difficult, first time, but also kind of exciting in a weird way. I mean, all those men panting after you and literally throwing money onto the stage. It's a bit of an ego thing, you know."

"I suppose," I said uncomfortably.

“This place is another world,” she said, looking around as we leaned against the wall sipping our juice. “These people don't think like they do back home. To the men, women are all just sex objects, so they expect you to act like one. And if you don't they get upset, because you're not behaving the way women are supposed to behave.”

“That's so sexist!”

“Of course it is,” she said. “On the other hand, it's kind of freeing, in a weird way. I mean, girls here are expected to dress and act sexy, so nobody condemns you for doing it like some people would back home. So you can basically have fun and not worry about getting a bad reputation.”

She was certainly right about the money. I mean, in just my first day I'd made a couple of hundred dollars in tips. That was amazing! And I wouldn't even have to pay any taxes on it if I didn't report it – which I had no intention of doing.

I went back to my room to change into my swimsuit, choosing the one with the open sides this time. What the heck, side boob was less normal but no more slutty than front cleavage, right? Besides, Hannah was right in that all the girls here were dressed in sexy outfits.

Senora Lopez stopped me on my way out, scowling.

“Bradford,” she said. “Come.”

I wondered what I'd done wrong as she jerked her head, indicating I was to go into her office. She came in after me and closed the door, and scowled down at me as I turned to face her.

“We have complaint on you!” she said.

I blinked, then remembered that weird thing with the couple earlier in the day.

“What kind of complaint?”

“It say you groping female guest.”

“I was not!”

“Silencio!” she barked.

She lowered her face so it was close to mine.

“Never offend guests!”

“I was only doing what she told me to do!” I exclaimed. “It's not my fault her idiot husband took offense! And then she lied about it, the bitch!”

She scowled even harder, then grabbed my arm and whirled me around to face the desk. Before I even understood her intent she'd shifted her hand to the back of my neck and bent me roughly across the desk, then slapped my half-bare bottom sharply.

“Ow! Hey!”

“You no speak bad of guests!”

Crack!

“Ow! Stop it!”

“Guests pay much money!”

Crack!

“You learn respect!”

Crack!

“Ow! Manuela! Stop it!”

Crack Crack! Crack! Crack!

I was wriggling and twisting, but she was a bigger, stronger woman and had me pinned easily! And her hand was slapping down stingingly across my bottom! Furthermore I was shocked and outraged and confused about how to respond!

“You call me Senora Lopez,” she growled.

Crack! Crack!

“Blonde puta!”

Crack!

I knew what puta meant, it meant whore, and I felt a sense of indignation and anger at her calling

me that. At the same time, I wasn't surprised, since she was clearly one of those older women who Rodriguez had warned me would be jealous. At the same time, I couldn't help wondering, well, if she really was a lesbian like Garcia had said.

In other words, was this really an outrageous punishment because I offended a guest or was she getting off on it!?

“Hold still!” she barked.

Gulping in air, I stopped struggling.

“You are not in Hamerica here, puta. Here you do as you are told or else face punishment,” she said.

I gulped as I felt her hand on my ass, but it wasn't slapping, which made me not want to protest even as her hand casually rubbed my buttocks!

“You be good girl, and do as Senora Lopez says, and you make much money here. Comprende?”

“Y-Yes!” I squeaked as her hand slid down between my legs and gave my pussy a squeeze!

“Bueno.”

She let me up and I twisted around, wide-eyed.

“Go work!” she barked.

I hurried out the door, relieved and outraged at the same time, my bottom pink and sore. What a bitch, I thought indignantly. And of course, I was no longer very confused about whether she was a lesbian! How dare she grope me like that!?! Then again, all the men seemed to feel they could do so. Why should she be different?

I did give some thought to leaving, but to go where? Home? And try to get a job? I'd never get a job that paid even a third as much as this was looking to pay. Besides, I could cope with a little groping.

Chapter Three

I learned to be careful about who I turned my back to that day. Seven times men, including Garcia, came up behind me and let their hands caress the side of my bare breasts. One even slid his whole hand into the top of the suit to squeeze my breast firmly before I shoved his hand out and pulled away!

A dozen others squeezed my ass. And five men kissed me on the lips. Several others just slid their fingers through my hair. I got more offers for sex in exchange for money, too. But I made another two hundred and sixty dollars in tips.

At dinner that night I ran into Hannah again.

“Hey, what are you doing tonight?” she asked.

I shrugged. “Nothing in particular. I thought I'd go dancing.”

“Want to make some money?”

“Uh... doing what?” I asked warily.

One of the groups here is having a party at the pool. There'll be music, drinking and dancing. They want a couple of girls to act as waitresses for a few hours. You can drink whatever you want for free, and dance if you want to.”

“I don't know,” I said.

“Two hundred bucks for a few hours of partying, not including any tips you get. Mostly they get their own drinks anyway.”

“Why do they need us then?”

“Because some of them are very pampered and entitled and want to be able to snap their fingers and have someone fetch their drink instead of stirring their lazy asses from their chair.”

I snorted in amusement, because that did sound like some of these people.

It sounded like kind of what I'd be doing anyway, except for adding in fetching drinks for some people – and I'd get paid for it.

“Sure, I guess.”

We had dinner, and we went to her room, which was fairly close to mine, so she could change out of her desk uniform. Naturally they wanted the girls in bathing suits!

She had no shame, of course, given that she sometimes stripped naked in one of the clubs, but I did my best to not stare when she casually stripped. She had a great body. Her hips were wider than mine, but then her boobs were bigger to make up for it.

I also couldn't help noticing her nipples were both pierced, and so was her clitoris. She didn't have studs in them, either, but full rings. I blinked in surprise, a bit startled. She sounded very, as the British say, posh, and I wouldn't have expected her smoothly waxed sex and the glittering ring there.

She noticed my noticing, and grinned, which was a bit embarrassing, because she turned full on towards me and ran her hand down to lightly part the lips of her sex.

“Had the ring put in a year ago,” she said. “Same as the nipple rings. “It increases the sensitivity.”

“Uhm, really?”

“Oh dear, you have no idea what you're missing,” she said with a grin.

She pulled on a tiny string bikini which consisted of a pair of small, triangles over her breasts, black thong with a small inverted triangle in the front and high, thin strings which cut up diagonally over her hips, and another triangle at the top of her buttocks.

It was a very small bikini, but hardly shocking. I'd seen worse in Europe, and among the guests, for that matter. I was a little surprised it had the resort logo on the center of the bikini bottom.

"You want to get into yours?" she asked.

"Uhm, sure. My uh, swimsuit?"

"Your bikini, dear."

I gulped. "I don't have one. I mean, I have mine, but Manuela never issued me a bikini, just the one pieces."

She snorted. "She's such a bitch of a dyke. Come on."

She led me up the hall and past my room then to the little office Manuela used. But Manuela was off duty and she went in and got one from Anita, the evening girl. I was of two minds about that. I wasn't sure I wanted to wear a bikini around this place, let alone a thong! I got groped enough in the one piece swimsuits!

But I'd already agreed to go to the party, and the least I could do was try it on. So we went to my room and I did. Again, I didn't want to seem like a silly prude by asking her to leave or anything, so I had to strip in front of her and then pull the bikini on.

Well, I wasn't ashamed of my body, and I'd even gone topless a few times on the beach at Cannes, and in a G-string too. That had been weirdly exciting, actually.

"It's awfully small," I said doubtfully.

"That just means more tips!"

"I don't know," I said.

"Come on."

She pulled me out of the room and I didn't really fight her. What the heck. There'd be lots of girls at the party dressed the same.

That turned out to be wrong. When we got upstairs it was raining and Joaquin told us the party had been moved to one of the party rooms. So we had to go into the hotel and across to the other side, with me feeling a little ... exposed... in my little thong bikini.

And then the party room turned out to be a very nice room with fancy chandeliers overhead, plush carpeting and wood-grained wall panels. Which made me feel very out of place in a thong bikini and high heels!

We met a third girl there, Valeria, who was tall, lithe, Hispanic, and gorgeous. She was dressed in the same thong as we were. Then the guests started coming in. They were, to my discomfort, mostly men, and mostly in suits and ties! Even the women who came in were in business outfits.

This was not the sort of party I felt comfortable attending in a thong bikini!

At least there was free drinks! I needed one!

The men gathered around in groups chatting as music played in the background. I was busier than Hannah had suggested, and had to keep going back and forth between the bar and whoever wanted a drink, through the crowds of men, all of whom seemed to stare at me hungrily, and many of whom did their best to get their hands on my ass while I walked by!

The tips, though, were ten and twenty dollar bills! Even though half of them insisted on slipping them into my cleavage, or into the strings over my hips. One even slipped it into the tiny crotch of my bikini bottom!

I had a few more drinks and that eased my anxiety.

The music got louder as the evening continued, and the lights turned lower. A few of the men started to dance with the women present. It wasn't a big group but then it wasn't a big room, so it was kind of crowded. I was sent to get a couple of glasses of wine for a table, and carried them carefully back, avoiding as much contact with groups of men as I could.

When I got there the two guys at the table were chatting. These tables by the way, were not bar tables, but coffee tables. There were no hard-backed chairs here. The chairs were all very plush and heavily cushioned leather.

I leaned over to hand the glasses to the men, and one of them casually raised his hand, but not to take a glass. Instead he slipped two fingers through the string between the cups of my bra, and pulled down further.

I gasped, but wasn't sure what to do other than drop the wine glasses!

"What's your name, beautiful girl?" the man asked, staring into my cleavage.

He was, I guessed, about thirty. He was a big, broad shouldered man wearing a very expensive suit, though he'd removed the tie and opened the top button of a silk shirt. He had short dark hair and a strong jaw, and his lips seemed very moist.

"S-Sierra, Senor," I gulped.

"You're a lovely girl, Sierra," he said.

"Very beautiful," the other man said.

"Tha-thank you, Senors," I gulped.

"My name is Carlos. You must be new. I haven't seen you before."

My mind squirmed a little uncomfortably.

"I just got here yesterday, Senor," I said.

"Who's this?" another male voice asked, coming up behind me.

I sucked in a breath of air as I felt a hand on my ass.

"Very nice," I heard him say.

"Very nice all over. Why don't you come and sit with us, Sierra?" the Carlos asked.

The other man's hand was running over my bare bottom.

"I-I have to work, Senor!" I gasped.

"I'll pay you more than they do," he said with a grin.

The man behind me slid his hand between my legs and was rubbing and squeezing my pussy through the crotch of the thong, much like Manuela had done earlier!

I tried to bend over more so I could put the wine glasses on the low coffee table, but the way Carlos was holding the string of my bikini top meant if I did it would pull the top right up over my breasts, so I was frozen!

"Your wine, Senor!" I gulped anxiously.

I was feeling very weird! I mean, I was embarrassed and anxious, but men had been staring at me in my little thong for over an hour, and I was starting to get that same sense of delicious exposure I had when I'd gone topless at Cannes.

It was like doing something naughty, sexual, and daring, but in a way which was acceptable because of where I was doing it. I mean, my friends in LA would call me a slut if I showed up at the beach topless. But nobody thought anything of it in Cannes. Except me, of course. I felt wicked and daring showing my breasts to all those guys!

And that had admittedly been kind of a turn-on.

I had been feeling some of that same sense of excitement for the past half hour with all those eyes on me. I wasn't naked but I wasn't wearing much! And like Hannah had said, nobody we knew would find out about anything anyway. Which left me free to feel like this hot, sexy girl that everyone wanted so bad!

Half naked at that.

The man sitting next to Carlos reached into his jacket and pulled out a wad of cash, then tossed half a dozen bills onto the coffee table.

"Sit with us a few minutes," he said.

They were hundred dollar bills! Was he kidding! There was like, five or six hundred dollars there! To sit with them!?

Of course they would want more! But that didn't mean I had to give them more! And I'd still get the money!

"O-Okay," I squeaked.

I had to get away from that hand rubbing my pussy!

Carlos grinned and took one of the wine glasses from my hand, and the other guy took the second one, but then Carlos pulled forward on the string and I gasped, not wanting my bra to come off. I clasped my hands over it but was drawn forward. It was either fall over or put my knee on the seat of his chair, and then I wound up sitting on his lap facing him!

That was not what I had thought he meant when he asked me to sit with them!

“Where are you from, Sierra?” Carlos asked.

“LA,” I gulped.

“Los Angeles? I have been there many times!”

“I have an office in Los Angeles,” the other man said.

“This is Juan,” Carlos said. “He’s filthy rich.”

Juan snorted and sipped his wine.

“I, of course, am much cleaner than he.”

“And much less rich,” Juan said in amusement.

“You have beautiful breasts, Sierra,” Carlos said.

“And a beautiful ass,” another voice said.

It was the one who’d been behind me rubbing my pussy!

The man had returned, holding a glass of wine, but now his other hand slipped into my hair and suddenly jerked my head sharply up and back as he leaned over to kiss me on the mouth!

Startled, I jerked my hands off my bra, instinctively reaching up and back to grasp his wrist in my hair. A moment later I felt Carlos jerk sharply up against the string between my bra cups, and they slipped up and over my breasts!

“Madre Dios, those are beautiful!” Carlos exclaimed.

“Lovely!” Juan said at the same time.

I jerked my hands back down, cupping my breasts, and the man behind me released my hair and straightened, grinning down at me.

“Please, Senors!” I gulped, red-faced.

“I apologize for my rudeness, Sierra,” Carlos said. “But I simply had to see if your breasts were as beautiful as I thought they were.”

There is no way to put your breasts back into a pair of tiny bra cups without exposing them to a guy whose lap you’re sitting on! I tried to squirm backward but his hands were now on my thighs, big hands, holding me firmly in place.

“Dance a little for me, Sierra,” he said.

“I-I have to get back to work!” I gulped.

“What is work?” he asked, nodding his head to the side.

I reluctantly jerked my head to the side and saw Valeria sitting across some other man’s lap and dancing, basically giving him a lap dance! She’d removed her top, too, or someone else had! I wondered if Hannah knew that this would happen!

His fingers were stroking my thighs and he grinned up at me as the other man, Juan, tossed another hundred dollar bill onto the table.

“Dance for us, beautiful girl,” he said.

The other man was still standing there, and now slid his hand up and down my bare back, even undoing the clip for my bra string! His hand slid up behind my neck and undid the string there, too! I couldn’t take my hands off my breasts to do anything about it!

Then Carlos let go of one of my thighs, sliding his hand up behind my neck and pulling my head in and down so he could kiss me.

“Dance, nortamericano, or we give you a spanking,” the man behind me said in amusement.

I gasped as I felt his hand slap my nearly bare bottom!

“I-I don’t... I don’t know... ho-how!” I squeaked.

Which of course was a lie. I'd given sexy lap dances to boyfriends before.

"Move to the music," Carlos said in a low, deep voice, his eyes boring into me.

With my knees pressing into the seat on either side of him, I had a little leverage, though frankly, I was way off balance since when I usually did this I had to put my hands on my boyfriends' shoulders. But I raised myself up a little and reluctantly began to kind of grind my hips in time to the music.

My heart was beating really fast and my pulse was racing! I was kind of lost about what to do! I mean, this wasn't a gathering like I was used to! These were all older people, mostly men, and all from South and Central America. Everyone was speaking Spanish.

Given the weird permissiveness and open lusting I'd been exposed to the last couple of days I knew my American morals were wildly out of step with what was going on at the resort, if not in South America as a whole. And that had kind of affected my own sense of what I should and shouldn't allow, too.

Plus I was feeling very pressured by these guys around me, by their hunger and determination. I wasn't afraid, or anything, though it did occur to me they might complain about me to the resort. Would that mean another spanking!?

And on the other side was the sense of amazement at all that money sitting on the table. I had worked for two weeks in many places without making that much! And seeing it right there, being offered just in exchange for, well, kind of a sort of lap dance was amazing me.

On top of that I was feeling this strange dark thrill, a very sexual sense of being lusted after, of being stared at, of being wanted, by all these guys – ever since I'd gotten to the resort! And of being only very lightly dressed while they all ravaged me with their eyes!

That had been such a continuous thing that it had created a kind of low grade peculating sense of my own sexuality that had really stroked my ego and had made me feel very, well, hot and sexy – and if not aroused certainly feeling very flirty and coy.

And the fact is that Carlos was a very attractive looking guy, with that kind of sexy attitude of confidence and determination that made my lower body thrum with interest. So finding myself topless sitting on his lap was producing a wild rush of emotion which included anxious excitement.

Juan wasn't bad looking either, and had an intent look as his eyes took in my body, and then the guy behind me, whose name I still didn't know, added more of a sense of pressure as his hand kept sliding up and down my bare back!

I was flustered and giddy and anxious and uncertain, but when Carlos pulled me forward again to kiss me the man behind slapped my bottom and then slid his hand beneath to rub my pussy! I squealed and tried to jerk my hips away, and then sit my bottom down again, but that didn't work given how Carlos was holding me bent forward to kiss me!

I broke free of his lips, gasping, and sitting down, which forced the guy standing behind to remove his hand.

"All right!" I exclaimed in a kind of protest. "I will!"

I started to grind my hips against Carlos, using the muscles in my thighs and legs, and then Juan leaned forward and slid his hand up and down the side of my hip, before undoing the string there. I squealed and slapped my right hand down on it, which left my right breast momentarily bare!

I quickly shifted my left arm across so I was cupping it with my hand and covering my left breast with the rest of my arm, but then the guy standing behind me laughed and jerked on the tie on the left side of my hip! I gasped again, grabbing at it, and Carlos, smiling, suddenly grabbed both my wrists and pulled them firmly up onto his shoulders.

"Dance!" he growled.

I felt my heart beating a mile a minute, and a flush spread down my face and chest as my breasts were completely uncovered! I looked around anxiously, but the room lights seemed to have dimmed further, and there were dancing bodies behind us!

Crack!

“Ow!” The guy behind slapped my bottom sharply.

“Dance!”

I started to grind myself against Carlos, my fluttering mind trying to remember how I used to do lap dances for my last boyfriend Sean, but my very skin seemed to be flaming hot from being exposed to three pair of hungry, staring male eyes!

Carlos let go of my wrists, but I kept my hands on his shoulders as I began to dance in time to the music – well, if you can call it dancing when you're sitting straddling someone! I shuddered at the turmoil within my body and mind, a crazy wild pressure filling me to the point my fingers trembled.

The man behind began to caress my bare back again, and Carlos reached up to cup my right breast! I gasped, grabbing at his wrist, but he calmly took my hand and put it back onto his shoulder. My chest was so tight I could hardly breathe!

Juan tossed another hundred dollar bill on the table.

“Such gorgeous skin,” he said.

Carlos grinned and he reached into his jacket and took out another hundred, tossing it on the pile! God! So much money!

“Such firm young breasts,” he added.

Juan leaned forward and I let out a helpless gasp as he cupped and kneaded my right breast!

“You're right, Carlos,” he said.

He sat back and put another hundred on the table!

Were these people fucking crazy!?

Carlos slid a hand behind my neck, gripped my hair, and forced my mouth down onto his, and I moaned into his mouth as he kissed me. Then I squealed as the guy behind yanked my untied thong bottom right out from under me! A moment later my top disappeared too!

I was completely fucking naked! How had this happened!? I was thunderstruck! I didn't know how to cope! I pulled my lips away from Carlos, and tried to cover my body but he shook his head again, seizing my wrists and firmly placing them on his shoulders.

“Dance!” he growled.

I... danced, naked! I ground myself against him, my body filled with an incredible pressure and tension, my mind swirling and churning in confusion, anxiety and a strange dark thrilled heat that was rising fast.

Naked! I moaned helplessly, grinding myself against him, hardly even knowing what I was doing! I mean, I sure wasn't very coordinated or graceful!

Carlos reached up and gripped my hair again, pulling my mouth down to kiss me, and this time the guy behind slid his hand right down between my thighs and ran his fingers up and down the line of my sex! I shuddered and jerked my hips, but in my awkward position could do little!

And then I felt one of his fingers pushing into me, penetrating me! I felt a sharp jolt of emotion. His finger felt thick and slick, and I whimpered and moaned as it twisted and turned in the mouth of my sex, then pushed deeper!

I could feel the lips of my sex tightly wrapped around it as it slid deeper, sliding downward as the finger pushed up into my throbbing, overheated body! Carlos was freely kneading my left breast, and now Juan leaned in to squeeze my right!

Meanwhile Carlos was kissing me deeply and passionately and I began to feel as though I was being blown around by hurricane winds, completely out of control! I was overwhelmed by it all, my mind sputtering even as their hands explored my body!

Carlos pulled his lips off mine and released my hair and I sat back, or tried to, but this time the guy behind left his hand under me, with his finger buried in my pussy!

And now Carlos gripped my ribs and leaned in, placing his mouth around the center of my left breast, sucking rhythmically, his teeth chewing lightly on the surrounding flesh as his tongue began to swirl and circle and stroke my very, very, very hard nipple!

“Oh! Oh! Oh please!” I moaned.

Juan slid his hand down my belly and I felt his fingers find my clitoris and start rubbing it! Raw sensation flooded into my groin and up through my body, enough to make me gasp aloud! And it grew rapidly more intense as his fingers stroked me there!

“Oh please!” I moaned, squirming helplessly.

The nipple Carlos was sucking on felt as if it had doubled in size, and was throbbing wildly!

I grabbed at Juan's hand, but then squealed as I felt a slippery finger pressing against my back opening! I released Juan's hand and quickly grabbed the hand behind me as the men chuckled in amusement, clearly having a lot of fun with the shy gringo girl.

The hand behind pulled away and so did Juan. Carlos smiled and handed me my top, and, hands trembling, I pulled the little triangles of fabric over my breasts, then couldn't fasten them!

The man behind gripped the strings and pulled them up and behind my neck, then tied them. Then he pulled the others around my ribs and tied them as I adjusted my breasts in the cups. The bottoms magically appeared and were slid under me, then pulled up as I tied one side and Carlos tied the other.

He had me stand and then he collected all the bills, folded them, and tucked the mass into the front of my bikini bottoms! The bills were bigger than the crotch!

He stood up and kissed me, then took my arm and led me to the door as I began to calm down. I was still feeling shaky, and my nipples, I saw, glancing down anxiously, were horribly erect and poking through the thin fabric of my top!

Chapter Four

The air felt very cool on my overheated skin as he led me out of the room, and my thundering heart began to ease. He turned me towards the elevators in the lobby.

“You are a lovely girl, Sierra,” he said in Spanish. “You have an amazing body.”

“Th-Th-Thank you, Señor!” I gulped.

The elevator doors opened and he took me inside, then pressed the button for the nineteenth floor.

My pulse rate suddenly rocketed and I realized he wasn't putting me on the elevator to send me downstairs after all!

“S-Senor!” I gulped.

His big arms wrapped around me, his hands squeezing my buttocks as he kissed me, his body pressing me back against the wall of the elevator!

I moaned in his mouth and squirmed in his arms, my heart pounding again!

The doors opened behind him and he turned, taking my arm, and leading me out of the elevator.

“Señor! I don't... I'm not a... a ... puta!” I gasped.

“Of course not,” he said soothingly.

He pulled me along with effortless strength, then stopped at a door and waved his wrist band so that it unlocked. A moment later I was in his suite, almost resigned to letting him do whatever he wanted. In fact, a strong part of me was caught up in a sense of intense sexual excitement.

The weird thing was I was feeling very strongly aroused not despite what he was doing, but because of it. Him kind of... insisting, kind of deciding for me, kind of not giving me the option to back out, was outrageous, of course. But it was, for some reason, really turning me on too! He was a rich man, used to giving orders, and it showed!

But still, I wasn't wholly convinced, of course, and continued to protest!

“Señor! I shouldn't be here!” I blurted.

“Of course you should,” he said.

“We're not allowed to... to date the guests!” I exclaimed.

“A very proper policy.”

He squeezed my ass and lifted me into the air, then sat me down on the edge of a table and kissed me again. I moaned helplessly into his mouth, hands on his chest, at first, but sliding up onto his shoulders as his own hands stroked my back.

I gasped as they undid the strings back there, and grabbed at them, but he yanked them away, then gripped my thighs and yanked. I squealed again as my legs went up and my upper torso fell back onto my back, and suddenly I was laying on the table with him bent over me!

He kissed me again, his hand on my breast, his fingers stroking and rolling and plucking at my nipples!

His lips moved off mine, down onto one breast, and I whimpered and moaned as a storm of sensation rushed through me, my nipple burning as his lips sucked. His hands slid lower, and in a smooth motion, the ran down along my hips and undid the ties on either side, then pulled my thong off!

“Oh! I cried! “Wait! Don't!”

I sat up and he snorted, letting me slide my butt off the table to stand in front of him. But then he gripped my arm and spun me around, bending me over the table again.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Are you being a bad girl, Sierra?” he asked, his voice a low purr.

Crack!

“Ow! No! I'm not!” I gasped.

Crack!

“You certainly seem to be,” he said in amusement.

Crack!

“Ow! Don't!” I whined.

I naturally thrust my hand back behind my bottom to try and protect it. He seized my wrist and lifted my hand up against the small of my back, and slapped my bottom again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! That hurts! Oww!”

I thrust my other hand back, and he grabbed that too, then pinned my wrists together at the small of my back. He stepped into me and I could feel his erection through his trousers as he ground his body against me!

Meanwhile he was wrapping what felt like my own thong around my wrists, and before I understood his intent he had tied them firmly together!

“We expect proper deference from our women, Sierra,” he said sternly.

Crack! His hand slapped down across my bottom again!

“You must know your place.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I yelped and gasped and squirmed as his hand slapped down onto my bare bottom repeatedly, with hard, stinging slaps that began to make my skin heat and burn!

“Oh please!” I cried.

Crack!

“Please sir,” he said sternly.

Crack!

“Say it!

“Please, Sir!”

I felt his hand on one thigh, jerking my leg up and out and then sort of rolling me over onto my back on the table as he pushed me forward. And just like that I was laying on my back on the table, well, on my bound arms, with my buttocks right on the edge!

And Carlos dropping to his knees with his hands spreading my legs wide!

I gasped, staring, chest heaving, as he brought his mouth down to my clitoris and started to suck! I cried out helplessly at the sensation which rolled through me, for my body was thrumming with a dark intensity and every nerve ending seemed to be at a heightened level of sensitivity!

“Oh! Oh God! Don't!” I moaned.

He ignored me, sucking and then licking at my clitoris, his forearms pinning my thighs apart as his fingers spread the lips of my sex. I shuddered and gasped and gurgled as his fingers penetrated me and his tongue licked skilfully at my clitoris!

He was way better than any guy I had ever been with! I mean, the things he was doing with his tongue were producing sensations like I'd never felt before! And all I could think of as those sensations flooded through me was a sense of stunned amazement!

I mean, OMG!

My hips were jerking and squirming and I cried out at the raging waves of sensations, starting to lose myself to the storm! My back arched and I gurgled breathlessly, feeling that intense pressure coalesce around me and inside me and then become what I now realized was arousal, a deep, intense arousal that left me trembling and gurgling in helpless need!

I could literally feel my will melting away and then becoming this sense of acceptance, of submission, as I lay back on my tied wrists and felt the waves of pleasure sweep over me! They become more powerful and I couldn't hold still, my muscles spasming as the heat became something like a sexual fever!

His fingers were pushing deep into my sex now as he licked and sucked at my clitoris, and the sensations were overwhelming me! The first orgasm shattered my mind, and my hips bucked up violently as I cried out again and again in helpless pleasure!

The orgasm was incredible! It went on and on to the point it actually hurt! Yes! My abdominal muscles hurt from spasming so badly! I sobbed dazedly as it rolled my mind, the pressure swamping my senses to the point I neither knew nor cared about anything other than pleasure!

I bucked a final few times, then subsided into trembling and twitching, my chest heaving as I stared up at the ceiling. I could feel his fingers in me, and feel another being pushed inside, stretching me more. I moaned as they pumped slowly in and out, pushing deep, stretching the lips of my sex.

And then he started sucking on my clitoris again!

I whimpered and moaned, instinctively trying to raise my hands and push his face back, because my clitoris felt so raw and hypersensitive, but of course, I couldn't. My wrists were tied together behind my back.

And you know, it wasn't until that moment that I actually grasped that! And it wasn't until that moment that I grasped the implications of that! That I was completely in his control, helpless... his to do with as he chose!

A sense of anxiety came with that, but also a strange dark sense of excitement, of thrilled outrage! The sexual heat was still upon me, and his licking tongue was making me writhe and twist and moan in helpless response!

He drew back and then used his grip on my thighs again to roll me onto my stomach, letting my legs drop over the edge of the table so my feet hit the floor. My legs were rubbery, though, and my breasts ached as they pillowed out against the polished wood.

Because I was still wearing those stiletto heels my bottom was raised up higher, and his hands raced over my buttocks, then thrust between my trembling thighs to cup and squeeze my sex.

"Beg me to fuck you," he ordered.

I shuddered in heat and a wild mixture of outrage and excitement.

Crack!

"Beg, puta."

"I-I'm n-not a puta!" I moaned.

He snorted and drew his hand back, then undid his belt, sliding it from its loops. Then he doubled it in his hand and brought it down across my upraised buttocks with a short, sharp, stinging blow.

Crack!

"Oh!" I cried.

"Beg, slut."

"Please!" I gasped.

Crack!

"Beg."

The belt stung but... something strange and feral was growing within me. My mind wasn't operating properly. It was still gripped with a dark hunger, and the awareness that I was all tied up and helpless and naked was twisting my thoughts into a strange, rapt fascination with the dark side!

Crack!

I gasped at the stinging blow as the belt snapped down across my bare bottom, but another psychic jolt of dark hunger hit me at the same time.

Crack!

"Beg, puta."

“Please fuck me!” I gasped, startling myself with the words.

Crack!

“You will call me amo,” he said.

Amo in Spanish is 'master'.

The realization sent a hot rush of something wild and forbidden through my swirling mind!
Because it was right smack in the middle of that dark heat gripping me!

Crack!

“Say it, slut.”

“Master!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Beg for my cock!”

Crack!

“Oh! Please fuck me, Master!” I cried.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Please fuck me, Master!” I gasped.

I heard his zipper go down, and then something warm and soft – but hard – ran up and down the line of my sex with a shockingly pleasurable tactile sense! He forced my thighs apart, and that warm, delicious thing rubbed up and down again, over my clitoris, back and forth across it. Then it pushed against me and I felt the lips of my sex stretching!

He gathered in my hair and jerked my head up a little, before dropping the looped belt over my head. He pulled the loop tight around my neck, and then released my hair, shifting his grip to the belt.

“Put a!” he growled as he thrust himself into me.

I cried out, trembling, waves of sensation and pressure rolling through me, and at the same time my eyes bulged and I gurgled as he pulled on the belt! The belt tightened around my neck, closing off my air and forcing my head up and back even as his hips forced what felt like a very, very thick cock deeper and deeper into my belly!

I felt a sense of fear and alarm, but as his hips started pumping in and out dark waves of heat swept them away. I whimpered in dazed pleasure, grunting as he thrust hard enough to drive the head into the back wall of my sex, and had his hips slap firmly against my raised buttocks.

“Ahh, so tight, so warm, so perfect,” he sighed, thrusting in steadily.

I shuddered and trembled and moaned, then gasped as he yanked on the belt.

“Spread your legs more, puta,” he demanded.

Gurgling, I obeyed, and it felt like he pushed even deeper then!

“Beautiful slut,” he said.

He jerked on the belt and I gurgled again as my eyes bulged. It pulled my torso off the table, my head up and back, and his hand slid around me to fondle my breast, then down my arched chest and belly and between my legs, where his fingers found my clitoris.

“I love the feel of you wrapped around my cock,” he growled into my ear.

My body was shuddering from the increasing speed and force of his strokes, his hips slapping repeatedly against my buttocks as he drove his thick spear of flesh deep inside me. I could breathe now, but not freely, and my eyes still bulged from the pressure of the belt around my throat.

I panted and gasped and moaned, my mind trying to wrap itself around sex like none other I'd ever had in my life. I mean, I'd been tied up before, playfully, and I'd had rough sex before, but this was something entirely new.

This, unlike any real sex I'd had, was complete domination by a powerful, older, more experienced man, richer, too. Compared to him I was a helpless innocent, without strength or power. I was just a very minor, very junior, very unimportant employee at the resort.

And just then, tied up, naked, helpless, his to do with as he chose, how he chose. And he would choose it, not me. This was no partnership. I was an object for him to position, maneuver, and use as he

would, and my opinion didn't matter.

But it also meant, in a kind of weird way, that I was free of all the usual mental aspects of love making. I mean, when you make love with a guy your mind is constantly working, assessing his reaction and response, how he's liking it, and what you can do next to please him or at least show him your affections.

None of that was present. There was nothing for me to do, nothing I *could* do, no decisions to make. All I could do was kind of stand there bent over, my back arched sharply, my head pulled back by the belt, and this thick cock thrusting into me from behind as hips struck my buttocks again and again and again.

And his fingers rubbed insistently at my clitoris, which, combined with everything else, was once again rousing that strange, dark, feral sexual hunger, heat and passion. Even though I'd just climaxed my mind was still inundated with churning, flooding waves of liquid heat, and the wildness of what was happening, the outrageousness of it, was scalding!

And then... thrilling!

So nasty! So kinky! So.. hot and deliciously sexy! And the feel of his cock driving into me was incredible! He wasn't the biggest man who had ever used me, but he sure did know *how* to use his cock! Not to mention his fingers!

I felt myself surrendering again, my anxieties and stress and fears fading, melting under the torrent of dark heat and wild, crackling sexual excitement. I felt my eyes slitting, going glassy, a mental fog of passion and deep, delicious pleasure gripping my body as my mind just floated.

"Come for me, slut! Come for you master," he growled, rubbing my clitoris even faster.

And then I did! As if he had commanded it! I sobbed dazedly, and gurgled as he yanked on the belt, my body flaring white-hot, the intensity of the sensations overwhelming my mind as my hips bucked back frantically, impaling myself on his stiff cock!

He cursed savagely, jerking on the belt again, which made my eyes bulge and my head throb and increased the intensity of the orgasm!

"Whore! Come for me, whore! Come for your master!"

And I did, until I was breathless and dazed and barely conscious, while he kept hammering himself into my buttocks.

Then he gave a final flurry of thrusts as he groaned and gasped in pleasure, and buried himself inside me, letting my torso come down on the table again as he bent over me, panting for breath.

"Your cunt is milking me dry, little blonde gringo," he groaned.

He straightened and pulled out, leaving me bent over the table, dazed and trembling, body overheated, mind half-shut down. He chuckled and slapped my bottom, then moved away.

After about... I don't know, thirty seconds, I forced myself to stand again, chest heaving, tugging my wrists against my own thong, which bound them together.

I had hardly paid much attention to the room. It was large, beautiful, lavishly decorated in the finest and most modern of sofas, chairs and tables. To one side was a bar in gleaming walnut, where he was making himself a drink.

He grinned at me, then removed his tie, his jacket, and his shirt. He stepped out of his shoes, and then came around the bar, naked, holding a large champagne glass. He pressed a button and the glass wall slid aside, at least, a lot of it, like, ten feet wide, to give access to a wide balcony.

He went out into the night and sat down, looking out onto the moonlit waters of the ocean while I stood there panting, chest heaving, wondering what to do.

Well, I certainly couldn't go anywhere with my hands tied behind my back!

I looked around uncertainly, awkwardly, still more than a little shell-shocked by what had happened, by how fast it had happened, and by how thoroughly I had lost it, melted down, exploded into a fantastic orgasm!

I should have been angry at his arrogance, but by now I was used to Latin men being arrogant.

And I suppose, from their perspective, they had a right to it given they were rich and I, well, clearly wasn't.

I should have been angry at how roughly he'd treated me, basically tearing off my suit and fucking my brains out.

Except he *had* fucked my brains out.

I mean, that had been one hot, incredible fuck! And I'd had two massive orgasms!

Do you know how rare it is for a girl to have even one, let alone two, let alone two *huge* orgasms with a guy in the space of like ten minutes? It was hard to work up much anger about that!

I saw him sitting on one of the chairs out there, saw him raise his hand above his shoulder, and, without turning, snap his fingers.

I felt a flare of resentment, but at least it decided me as to what I should do next. I walked across the floor, naked except for the high heels and then out onto the balcony.

I felt unaccountably anxious and shy the moment I arrived, wondering what he would want me to do next.

"Kneel before me," he ordered peremptorily.

Again I felt that flare of indignation, but this time also a little jolt of heat. There was something dark and kinky about being treated like this by a man when I was naked and tied up.

The balcony was tiled with the same marble as the floor inside, and there was a low metal rail with glass beneath so that you could look at the ocean while sitting. He was doing just that, and enjoying himself in lazy comfort.

Then he turned his eyes on me and spread his legs.

"Service me, gringo," he said.

Service me!? What the fuck did that mean!? I mean, I knew what it meant since he'd spread his legs and I was kneeling in front of him and he was naked, but still... Service me! God, such arrogance! It was so... incredible that I was practically awed.

I also still had a belt looped around my neck, and he reached in and grabbed it, jerking on it so the loop closed around my neck and jerked me forward, my breasts pillowing out against the seat cushion between his legs.

"Obey your master... slave," he said.

Slave!? That was kinky and nasty and wicked and... hot!

Again, I felt the awareness of how free I was here – bizarrely, given I was tied up – to do anything I wanted without worrying about my family, friends or anyone else thinking what a slut I was. Nor, for that matter, did I have to worry about what he thought. I'd never see him again. Well, after I left the DM.

And my face was pressed against his crotch anyway.

I began to lick at his flaccid cock uncertainly. Don't get me wrong, I have lots of experience giving oral sex, but I wasn't accustomed to doing it without using my hands, especially on a soft cock. All I could do was lick at it, and then suck it into my mouth, where I could massage it with my tongue and suck on it and roll it around inside my oral cavity.

"Suck my balls, slave."

Slave!?

I felt a jolt of heat, but obeyed, shifting my attention to his balls, licking and sucking them into my mouth as he sipped from his glass of champagne. He was being so... casual, while holding the belt like a leash, that it just reinforced how dominant he was – and, of course, how submissive I was required to be.

I sort of knew in a peripheral way about this sort of stuff, this submission and domination sex stuff, but I hadn't really encountered it before. Even that boyfriend, Mark, who had tied me up, had only been experimenting, and both of us had been sort of giggling about it. Though it had gotten kind of hot, I remembered now.

Now I sucked and licked at his balls as he released the belt and combed his fingers through my hair instead. As he began to harden I slipped his cock back into my mouth, bobbing and sucking and licking, feeling a sense of success as he got harder and thicker and longer.

Then he pulled down on my head, which guys always do, which is why you put your hand around the base of his cock.

I had no hands. They were tied together behind my back.

The head of his cock pushed deep into my mouth, and then the fat, spongy head drove right into my throat! I felt a shock, and tried to jerk back, but he pushed down with both hands, and though the rest of me squirmed and twisted, my mouth was forced remorselessly down along the shaft until my lips were quivering tautly around the base of his cock!

I couldn't breath, of course. And my throat ached! I was panicking, at first, but I had no leverage to try and pull back with the way I was bent over and the strength of his grip on my head and in my hair. That meant that the aching soon gave way to lack of oxygen.

My head started to pound and my chest burned. Black dots danced before my eyes, and I twisted and jerked even more frantically. To no avail. He held me tightly in place until I thought I was going to faint!

And then he stood up, still holding my lips against him. By then I was mostly just trembling and jerking, my eyes glassy. He pulled out, and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air, woozy and chest heaving.

My mouth was wide open as I gulped in air, of course, and he held my head in both hands. I was hardly aware of it, my mind kind of dazed by then, when he slipped his cock back into my mouth. Then he pulled me forward and thrust, and his cock pushed deep into my throat once more.

I again jerked and twisted, but I had little more ability to pull back now than before, and was considerably weaker in both body and mind. He kept me tightly locked against his groin, his eyes staring down at me coolly as my eyes began to glaze over again.

He pulled out and I gulped in air once more, chest heaving.

“You should thank me for teaching you how to properly service a man, gringo,” he said.

I hardly understood his words as I gulped in air.

Then he was pushing into my mouth once more, and deep into my throat. I felt less panic this time, but once again he cut off my breathing, and it wasn't like I had much stored up. He held me firmly there, my lips pressed against his groin as I trembled and spasmed. Then he pulled out once more.

By the time he came I was kneeling there more or less unmoving as he fucked my throat, pumping his cock smoothly in and out with me hardly gagging much, my mind and, I guess, my throat, too numbed by then.

Chapter Five

I felt really guilty, and really angry. I was ashamed of what I'd done, even though I defended myself in my angry self-recrimination, telling myself I really hadn't known what was going to happen, either downstairs at the party, or later.

The party wasn't my fault, I thought stolidly. I hadn't known they'd take my bikini off and make me give a lap dance! The problem was that my memory of doing it was filled with both embarrassment and a dark, forbidden sort of heat, a thrilling release of societal inhibitions and restrictions.

I could have stopped it if I'd been more assertive. Why hadn't I been? Because some side of me wanted to see what it was like? Because the idea of doing something that... slutty, but in a place where I wasn't going to be judged badly for it was incredibly freeing?

As for Carlos, well, that was just a uhm, bad date. I hadn't known he'd tie me up! Mind you, I had pretty strongly guessed we were going there for sex and I could have resisted. But I'd been a little... hot from that shocking dancing thing and... I well, he was a good looking man!

And the sex had been wild and incredibly hot!

Shameful, yes, and shocking, and kinky and slutty, but hot! Until that part where he fucked my throat, of course.

That made me feel angry, but... I also felt a sense of accomplishment. I had deep throated him! I mean, that was cool! Could I do it again? With someone else!? I knew that really impressed guys and I could imagine some of the guys I'd slept with going crazy if I was to deep throat them.

Then again, I hadn't actually done it. He'd just shoved himself down my throat, the bastard! Yet I had sort of gotten used to it once I'd overcome the initial shock. I hadn't gagged a lot after that. My throat was kind of sore now, but maybe that was because I wasn't used to that sort of thing.

And then there was the money.

The money awed me. I was sitting on my little bed with a big pile of cash in front of me. There were my tips for the day, my tips at the party, then all that money those men had given me while I'd been naked and grinding myself against Carlos! And then, the ten one hundred dollar bills Carlos had added to the pile.

The bastard!

He had rolled all the cash up into a thick roll and then shoved it into my pussy!

It wasn't a thin roll either! It had ached! Fucker!

But right now it sat in a nice, messy pile in front of me, over two thousand dollars! That was more cash than I had sometimes earned in a month of working at other places. And with no deductions! And on top of my regular salary!

Holy shit!

But I was still mad, at myself, at Hannah, at Carlos and his pervert friends, at the club.

I was no prostitute!

I comforted myself that I probably would have fucked Carlos without the money. In fact, I had fucked him without the money! I hadn't asked for or expected to be paid for anything that happened there!

I considered (briefly) giving him back his thousand dollars and telling him I was no prostitute. But then would I have to give back the hundreds of dollars I got for the lap dance because I was no

stripper? And didn't I deserve some compensation for the shock and trauma and embarrassment?

I stared at the money. I had never had two thousand dollars in cash in my life. I had never even had hundred dollars bills. I practically had enough for tuition now! Then I started imagining how much I could make if I did the same sort of thing for weeks, maybe for the whole summer.

It was ridiculous! And I wasn't going to do that stuff anyway!

But my mind started playing out possibilities. Like, I could buy a car! I could get an apartment near campus instead of staying in a shared dorm room. I could buy a new wardrobe! I wouldn't need to work during school!

But that was being stupid. Last night was a one-time thing. I wasn't about to go fucking men for money! That was gross and disgusting! I remembered what Hannah had said, though, about the strip club place. I wouldn't have to fuck anyone there. And she said you could make two thousand dollars in an evening!

Being a stripper was bad, of course, but not as bad being a prostitute.

Call girl, or escort, I thought, thinking of the higher classes of hookers. I let myself imagine being a high class escort, arriving at fancy hotels in limousines, wearing designer dresses, having sex with rock stars and bank presidents, then going back to my beautiful condo.

That didn't seem so very shameful, actually.

And if I measured Carlos against most of the guys I had had sex with, well, he came out pretty near the top. Even without him giving me a thousand bucks. Okay, the spanking had kind of stung, but only temporarily, and it was overshadowed by the wild excitement of the rest – other than that throat fucking.

But if I was able to do the deep throating, getting good at it, then that wouldn't be all that traumatic or difficult in future.

Imagining myself as some sort of sophisticated, sexy, high class call girl was, well, pretty wild.

I got up and stood in front of the cheap, full length mirror on the back of the door. I had a pretty good body, I thought. And I was pretty. I put on a vamp look for myself, combing my fingers through my hair to bring some cutting across one eye, then sliding my fingers up through my hair and arching my back.

Yeah. The guys would love this. Had always loved these tits. I let my hips roll as if I was dancing to music, dancing on a stage... like a stripper. And I felt a dark little thrill run up my spine as I twisted and turned, showing myself off to imaginary men.

Then I realized the time and I quickly got into my suit, the one with the open sides, pulled on a pair of shorts, then shoved the money into the suit, pushing it through the open side and down so it was right over my abdomen where the shorts pressed against me.

Satisfied it was invisible, I went out to get something to eat before starting work. I met Hannah in the kitchen, and glowered at her, and my irritation only increased when she grinned cheerily.

“Great party, huh!?”

She saw me glaring and her eyes widened. “What?”

“You didn't tell me it was going to be that kind of party!” I said in a low voice. “I thought it was just waiting on tables!”

“Well, mostly! I mean, they got a little more uhm, frisky because it got moved indoors and it was more private.”

“Frisky! They stripped me naked at one of the tables!”

“I saw that,” she said with a grin. “Oh lighten up. You have a great body! Your boobs are gorgeous!”

I flushed in embarrassment, even though I didn't mind the compliment.

“Anyway, I saw you leave with that hotty. Was he good?”

I glared at her again, feeling almost more exasperated than angry now. Did the girl have no sense of... well... okay, I don't want to say 'decency' because that would sound like my grandmother. But I had

to remind myself she stripped in that club of theirs so I suppose she didn't find anything all that shocking about being naked in public.

“I am not used to being naked in public!” I said.

“You should get used to it, at least here. The money is amazing. I made nine hundred dollars yesterday evening for almost no work!”

I didn't tell her that Carlos had paid me for what had happened – or, for that matter, what had happened! All she'd said was she took money for stripping, not that she had sex for money. So I didn't want her to think I had!

I went to the little bank they had, which was used for both guests and employees, and deposited the money. The teller smirked at me, which made me flush again, and glare at her, but I wasn't about to deposit that much cash in an envelope in the machine and chance someone 'losing' it.

Then I got a golf course ride out to the beach. And almost right away I had a guest who wanted to learn how to windsurf. So as usual, I had him stand on the thing on the beach while I demonstrated what to do with the sail.

He was a very soft-spoken, taciturn man of maybe thirty from Bolivia, darker skinned, with a face that had a lot of sharp angles, like a south American native – indian, I mean, and a bit overweight. He paid close attention to me, but I only knew that because he looked at me steadily, which kind of made me nervous.

Then I got out into waist deep water and held the board steady for him while he got on. I had him straddle it, then I got on, and had him stand up while I tried to balance the board in case he tipped it over. He seemed to be doing well so I got up behind him, and started showing him how to angle the sail so it caught the wind.

It wasn't super complicated but he seemed to have a lot of problems with it, so I edged around him – not easily given he was a big man and there just isn't much room on a board. I assure you sliding my breasts along his back was not by design.

Anyway, I was in front of him, and I showed him the sailboard's functions while he stood behind, his hands on my waist - at first.

His hands then moved up and forward – and around in front until they were comfortably cupping and squeezing my breasts! I mean, this was no quick groping! This guy had grabbed my breasts like he owned them!

“Hey!” I gasped, jerking my arms, trying to pull his hands free.

I heard him chuckling softly in my ear, and ignored my efforts at pulling free.

A few days ago this sort of thing would have shocked me. Even now it was startling and embarrassing and had me trying to twist and pull free to the extent I wound up toppling the board over and sending us both into the water. He pulled his hands off then, at least!

But then it turned out the idiot couldn't swim! Honestly, who wants to do windsurfing without first learning how to swim?! He started flailing away and I had a hard time getting him to calm down so I could pull him back to shore. Even though we weren't more than a few dozen yards out.

Anyway, I got him to where the water was waist deep, then went back for the board as Santiago helped him from there. By the time I got that to shore he had stalked off, and Santiago was wagging his finger at me.

“The guest was not happy, pretty girl,” he said.

“Well how was I to know he'd be dumb enough to try windsurfing without knowing how to swim!?” I exclaimed. “And if he hadn't grabbed my boobs we wouldn't have tipped over to begin with.”

“Well, it is hard to resist such temptation,” he said with a sigh, staring at my chest.

“Well resist it!” I growled.

The next guests were much easier, by comparison. Though one of the men grabbed my ass and squeezed it confidently before I pulled away, and another man gave me a tip – twenty dollars – by

shoving it in through the open side of the suit right over my breast.

Then who shows up but Carlos, with Juan there too. I felt my face heating up immediately, of course, given what I'd done, what both of them had seen of me the previous evening.

"It is our pretty little golden bird," Carlos said with a smile, sliding his fingers through my hair.

"Good morning, Senor," I said nervously.

Juan frowned. "You are not wearing suntan lotion, Senorita," he said.

The odd thing was he didn't say it in a kind of chiding tone, but in a way that sounded like he was indignant, and he looked it too. I looked at him in surprise.

"Uhm, well, I usually do but I just got out of the water a few minutes ago and I guess I forgot, Senor," I said.

"You must put on lotion immediately," he said sternly. "Your skin is a treasure. I have not seen such lovely complexion, so perfectly smooth and soft and unmarred in a long time. Such skin is rare, senorita! You must take care of it."

I was blushing at his words, not just at how forcefully complimentary they were. Boy! But at remembering what he'd seen – which was basically me naked giving Carlos a lap dance. But I was also feeling this sudden sense of sexual electricity as the memories of yesterday evening swept through my mind.

"I will! I will!" I said as Carlos chuckled.

I got my suntan lotion. It was a high SPF, of course, given I'm fair-skinned, and, kind of self-consciously, began to spread it over my face and shoulders.

"I would like to thank you for yesterday evening, Sierra," Carlos said. "I took a great deal of pleasure in our time together."

I blushed even more, my embarrassment and discomfort rising, but so too did the sense of dark, forbidden heat.

"It was also extremely satisfying in being able to... teach you," he said with a smile. "The arrogance of age, I suppose, is that our egos feel gratified at both pleasing the young and teaching them some new tricks."

"Uhm uh, well, uhm, thank you... sir. I mean, I enjoyed it too."

A lot, and he knew it given how violent my orgasms were! And that discomforted me again, both because I had reacted so strongly and because, well, I had been so helpless and he had used me so ruthlessly, and in that kinky domination and submission kind of way!

I was trying not to look at them, very briskly spreading the lotion down my legs and thighs, and then reaching around to spread it on my back. The suit was mostly bare in back, and reaching back too far kind of, well, tightened the front across my breasts – tightened it even more than it already was, I mean, so I was kind of being conservative in my reach.

"You don't want to miss any spots," Juan said.

He took the suntan squeeze bottle and squeezed some into his hand, and then began to spread it over my back.

"I would like to hire you for another little gathering I'm having," Carlos said as Juan spread the oil.

"Uhm, er, I uhm, I don't usually... do these sorts of things," I gulped.

Juan was spreading the oil very carefully across my back, and then his slippery hand ran up and down my side, which was also bare, of course, and then inside!

"I thought you did an excellent job yesterday," Carlos said. "And I would be willing to pay a premium."

"Uhm, I can get it, Senor!" I gulped, trying to move away from Juan.

His slippery hand was moving up across my breast now, and I gasped as Carlos smiled at me. Then Juan's other hand pushed in from the other side to slide over my other breast!

"How about tonight at eight?" Carlos suggested.

"N-No, oh! I... I'm... this isn't... Senor!" I gulped.

"I think I have much more to teach you, Sierra," Carlos said.

Of course, the outline of Juan's hands as they kneaded and caressed my breasts was highly visible to Carlos as he stood before me – very close to me, and then he put his hands on my hips to keep me from twisting or turning away.

"I-I'm not... I mean... I'm sure Hannah would do a better job!" I gulped.

"Hannah is very professional," he said, as one of Juan's hands slid down my belly inside the suit and found my sex.

I felt a wild sense of shock and disarray, not knowing how to react or respond. And the fact that Carlos was clearly enjoying watching his friend's hands under the suit, following the one down between my legs, for example, made what was happening even more wildly embarrassing and... and darkly thrilling in a way.

I mean, look, they'd both already seen me naked. And Carlos had already done just about everything you could imagine to me sexually. So it wasn't like they were strangers. And of course, my memories of them were imbued with this dark, scalding sense of sexuality and heat.

"But Hannah does not have your... enthusiasm," he said. "I like the enthusiasm of an amateur much more than the smooth behavior of a professional."

"I'm not... I don't.. I'm... th-this isn't..."

I was squirming helplessly, especially since Juan had slowly pushed his middle fingers into my sex, bending them and curling them in so they pushed through the lips of my sex and up inside my body! Now he was pumping them slowly in and out, his fingers, not incidentally, stroking across my clitoris as they did!

"Juan was most impressed when I told him of your beauty and seductiveness," Carlos said.

"Most impressed," Juan breathed into my ear.

God, those big fingers were sliding four inches deep into my body as the slippery digits stroked up and down against my clitoris! His other slippery hand was kneading my left breast as he leaned in to chew lightly on my earlobe.

"I have much to teach you, as well, Senorita," he growled.

"I am sure we can make it a very rewarding experience for you," Carlos said.

He leaned in and kissed me lightly on the lips.

"Eight O'clock. Bungalow Six," he said.

Juan slid his hands up and out of my body and the suit, and I felt my legs go rubbery, staggering as he pulled back.

"Don't be late or we shall be very annoyed, and liable to complain to the management," Carlos said sternly.

They grinned and wandered away, leaving me panting, my body feeling far more charged up than it ought to be given I'd just been outrageously groped by a guy I barely knew!

But there was no way I was going to some bungalow tonight! I didn't care what they were willing to pay!

I was, however, anxious about making them mad, and them complaining. I'd already had an example of how little the management cared about what was fair when a guest wasn't happy. So at lunchtime I went to find Hannah.

"Oh, lucky you," she said when I told her about them wanting to hire me.

I glared at her.

"What? The bungalows are for the really rich guests," she said. "They can give fabulous tips!"

"I am not going to go and ... and have sex with men for money!" I exclaimed, keeping my voice low.

"Well, nobody's making you," she said. "Just go and dance at the little gathering he mentioned."

"Little gathering. Ha!"

Bungalow Six is Juan Garcia. He's rich as rich. And he has these little parties almost every night.

He usually has three couples, and then hires one of us as a server – in the bikini, of course. And maybe there'll be a little groping and maybe you can do some lap dancing. For some reason they like us to do it with their girls. I think it's because it encourages the girls to act more slutty if we do. You'll make like a thousand bucks for a couple of hours, and you don't have to have sex with anyone if you don't want to.”

“I'm not into giving guys lap dances,” I grumbled, “Never mind girls!”

“Oh come on. You've never pretended to make out with a girl to turn the boys on?”

“Well... yeah, at a bar or party or something, usually after I've had a few drinks but – .”

“But this is the same thing.”

“But I kept my clothes on!”

“Yeah, but you're far from home now, little girl, and nobody is around to tell your parents or friends if you do naughty things,” she said with a grin.

When I finished the day I took a quick shower and put on shorts and tank top to go to dinner, but before I could get there Manuela stopped me and gestured imperiously for me to come to her office. I felt an instant sense of discomfort and anxiety, given what had happened the last time, but what choice did I have!?

She closed the door and rounded on me.

“I have another complaint about you!” she snapped.

“What? What kind of complaint!?” I gulped.

“From a guest! He said you almost drowned him in the ocean!”

“I did not! He was groping me and fell off the board! How was I supposed to know he couldn't swim!?”

She leaned in uncomfortably close.

“Did you ask!?”

“Well... no, but, I mean, I assumed anyone w – .”

She slapped my butt hard enough to make me jump and yelp in pain.

“Assume!?! Did you not read the instructions you were given?!?”

I was rubbing my smarting bottom and staring at her as she took out the manual and opened it, then held it in front of my face.

“Read!”

“Ensure a guest who wishes to partake in water sports is able to swim before allowing them to take out water equipment,” I read, flushing.

“Read!”

She pointed her finger lower.

“Guests who use boating equipment, including surfboards, windsurfing boards, paddle boats and jet skis must be wearing life vests,” I read.

She slapped the book down on the desk.

“You did not read this?”

“Uhm, well... no,” I gulped.

“Read now!”

She put a hand on the back of my neck and shoved me forward and down, bending me over the desk and pressing my nose literally into the book.

“Senora!” I gasped.

Crack!

Her hand slapped my butt sharply and I yelped at the sting!

“Read!”

And then... just as I started to read, she yanked down my shorts, taking my thong with them!

Chapter Six

I squealed and tried to jerk up but her other hand was still on my neck, and then her hand slapped my bare bottom sharply again.

“Read, Puta!”

“Ow! Don't!” I cried.

Crack!

“Read aloud!”

Crack!

“Now, puta!”

“Ow! Oh! Manuela!” I gasped, squirming.

Crack!

“Read aloud!”

What else was I to do but start reading?!

I was also, of course, incredibly embarrassed and felt incredibly awkward and anxious. I was sure now that she was, like Santiago said, gay! Which meant it was sort of like a man had me bent over like this!

Like... Carlos had done the other night! And he had slapped my butt too! Was this something weird and kinky that South Americans did a lot!?

I yelped as she exchanged her grip on the back of my neck for my hair, pulling it in tightly against my neck and jerking sharply!

Crack!

“Read, slut!”

Gasping, moaning, I started to read. I mean, the woman was like six inches taller and twenty or thirty pounds heavier than me! Plus I didn't want to get fired!

“Waterfront staff and employers shall recognize the need for regular review of procedures and skills assessment.”

Crack!

“Ow! E-Evaluation and practice of waterfront recreation procedures for staff,” I read in a shaky voice..

Her left hand was still gripping my hair, but the right was now... caressing my bare bottom instead of slapping it. I wasn't sure which was more alarming! Although this was certainly less painful!

“Staff must review and practice the supervision, recognition and rescue skills to ... oh!”

I gasped as her hand slid down between my buttocks and cupped my sex!

“S-Senora!” I squeaked.

The hand pulled back and then slapped my bottom sharply.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Read!” she ordered.

“T-T-To ensure the safety of guests!” I gasped. “It is imperative that guests enjoy their experience at the waterfront without...”

Her hand slid down to my sex again, rubbing back and forth over it as I stared at the paper beneath me.

“Without placing anyone in a position of threat or danger,” I gulped. “Staff must review procedures, including number of staff per patron and guidelines...”

I jerked as her fingers spread the lips of my sex, and then another finger slid between them, rubbing back and forth, the tip massaging my clitoris.

Her hand came away.

Crack! Crack!

“Continue!”

Moaning, I continued to read aloud “g-guidelines for staff and patron conduct, including...”

Her fingers were rubbing between my legs again as my breathing got so ragged it was hard to speak!

I was feeling incredibly embarrassed and uncomfortable with what she was doing, and more than slightly outraged! But despite that I was also feeling the same sort of dark sexual heat, the crackling sexual electricity running through my body I had felt earlier with Juan, and last night with Carlos!

I wondered what the fuck was wrong with my mind! I mean, at least Carlos and Juan were rich, powerful, attractive men! I had no sexual interest in Manuela at all, the bitch!

Then her finger stopped rubbing and pushed into me! I whimpered and moaned as it squirmed deep, twisting and turning.

She yanked on my hair and I cried out.

“Continue, puta,” she growled.

“S-Staff must review and practice f-first aid skills, including use of first aid for- .”

I gasped as she thrust a second finger into me, then a third. Then the hand which had been gripping my hair dropped it. I felt it on my hip, then on my belly, sliding upward, up under my tank top, up into my bra, roughly pushing it aside so the fingers could knead my bare breast!

“Keep reading, slut,” she said in a low growl.

“Staff must e-ensure that all aquatic programs and activities are designed and facilitated to meet the needs and abilities of guests,” I gulped, staring at the paper.

The hand on my breast pulled back, and then she shifted behind me. I kept reading, not wanting more stinging blows to my bottom, and then gasped as I felt her lips on my sex! My shaky voice continued to read, though, as her lips found my clitoris and started sucking!

Her fingers pushed into me steadily, in and out, thick enough there must be three of them as her lips sucked rhythmically on my clitoris! Then her tongue began to lick at it!

I mean, this was too much! Even if sex was starting to thrum with alarming power and my lower belly was starting to churn more and more violently!

I pushed myself upright, gasping, eyes wild, and she jumped up behind me.

“S-senora, I'm not a... I don't do girls!” I squeaked.

“Oh you don't, do you? You love cock so much you cannot imagine any other form of pleasure!?”

She grabbed my hair and forced me down against the desk again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her big hand slapped stingingly against my upraised bottom as I yelped and cried out and my bottom got hotter and hotter!

“Read, puta!”

I began to read again, gasping, and she moved away briefly, then she returned, and I cried out as she yanked back on my hair, half straightening me. Then something was in front of me, in front of my mouth. It was like, well, a big penis!

“You only like cock, do you, little puta?” she purred, rubbing the head of the thing over my lips like it was lipstick.

I stared down at it, gasping, and then squeaked as she pushed it into mouth!

“Suck then. Lick it. Show me your love for cock,” she said softly.

I moaned as she pumped the dildo in and out of my mouth, then gasped as she pulled it out, then

slammed me down against the desk again.

“Read!”

I resumed reading even as she rubbed the now-slick head up and down against my sex. I shuddered for the sensation of that slick rounded helmet head was, despite my embarrassment, incredibly and helplessly erotic!

And when it pushed forward, when I felt the familiar pressure against the mouth of my sex, felt my flesh forced in and back, stretching wide to accommodate it, I felt another dark, crackling thrill of heat, and only barely kept from crying out as it slid several inches deep!

She pumped it in and out, taking it out entirely to let the head rub up and down along the line of my sex, including over my clitoris, then penetrating me again as I read shakily from the manual. She pushed it deeper and deeper with every penetration, though.

And then she started to pump it in short strokes, holding it in the palm of her hand with her fingers extended up along the shaft so as she pumped it inside me they stroked back and forth across my clitoris.

Her other hand pulled my tank top up under my arms, undid my bra in back, and fondled my breasts!

I felt dazed by this! I mean, it was all unbelievable, that she would dare to do something like this! Sexual harassment didn't begin to cover this! And yet that dark, surging heat was making my entire body throb. I felt feverish, felt the movement of the dildo inside me and the stroking of her fingers across my clitoris sending continuous waves of pleasure through my body!

I moaned dazedly, not able to continue speaking.

“Put a,” she growled. “You will be a good girl or you will be punished.”

The orgasm swept over me like a tidal wave and I cried out in helpless pleasure, my hips bucking and jerking back against the dildo as my mind was swamped with shocking storm of raw emotion that drowned all higher orders of thinking in an intoxicating liquid stew of passion, pleasure and wanton joy!

I sobbed dazedly, humiliating myself by rutting back like a whore, impaling myself on the dildo as she jerked back even more sharply on my hair, forcing my head almost straight up even as I stayed bent over!

“Put a!” she whispered, leaning in to kiss and chew her way along the nape of my neck.

*

I stumbled back to my room, dazed and wide-eyed, literally shaking from the intensity of the emotions I'd experienced in Manuela's office! It was all jumbled up together inside my mind and was so intense I didn't know how I could possibly sort it all out!

As I calmed down, somewhat, though, I began to try to understand, not why Manuela had done what she'd done but why I had responded the way I had. And it seemed to me it was related to the way I'd responded to Carlos – and perhaps even been reinforced by that.

I had always been one to experiment, to try anything once if it might be exciting. At the same time I had been very much aware of the limits to such experimentation. My parents, my family, were proud of me and I wanted it to stay that way. I had been well-respected in school and gotten great marks. And I had a lot of friends who respected me.

Maintaining that had dissuaded me from doing anything too... wild. I had not really explored certain things, like how hot it had been when Brad had tied me up. I had hid it even from him. But when Carlos had tied me up, a real man, a man who I couldn't control, a real man who knew what to do with my body, I had been filled with a dark sexual tension, embarrassment, anxiety, wonder and heat! It had left me breathless and stunned.

But why would being helpless in someone else's hands turn me on so much!? Was it because I could 'experiment' but pretend it wasn't my choice? Because if that was the case then there'd be no need to feel guilty or ashamed of what I'd done, of course.

No, that was part of it, I was certain, but there was more to it than that.

All my life I had played a role that was expected of me by everyone around me. That was to be feminine, to be hot and sexy and beautiful, but never let anyone use me or take me for granted. My sexuality was for me alone and I could share it occasionally, but never give it away, and certainly never let anyone take it!

Which was absolutely correct!

But there was something deliciously hot and kinky and dangerously thrilling about the idea of someone else doing to me whatever they wanted to! Someone... someone dominating me and stripping me down to the raw, carnal core, and making my body burn and scream at their command!

And in turning me into a sexual object, an object of desire and lust, someone whose body turned people on and made them almost rabidly hot and hungry for me. There was something incredibly egotistical in that, I know. I don't think I'm a narcissist, but the open, even violent carnal interest in [mhttps://www.rightlyreport.com/poll-19-of-students-endorse-violence-to-prevent-speakers/45511](https://www.rightlyreport.com/poll-19-of-students-endorse-violence-to-prevent-speakers/45511) my body was not just embarrassing it was, well, flattering.

I didn't really understand it, didn't understand my reaction to it all. But it was debilitating in the sense that it made me incredibly vulnerable to the type of behavior I was supposed to be outraged by. The heat, though, the passion, the desire... was all like nothing I'd ever experienced. And it was like... a narcotic, like a drug. I wanted more even though I knew it was bad for me, even dangerous.

So now as I paced anxiously and my mind tried to sift through what had happened and my responses and my feelings and emotions and what I should and shouldn't do I began to consider what to do about going to that 'gathering' Juan and Carlos had invited me to.

"No, no, absolutely no!" That was the intelligent part of me talking. The part which lusted after money was like "Well, why nooooooot? Think of all that cash!" Then there was the dark side of me, that side that had only begun to emerge over the past few days, which was filled with heat at the *possibilities* of what might happen.

And if I didn't go would they complain, like Carlos had suggested? Would that mean another visit with Manuela? I cringed at that thought. Because while there was something deeply erotic about the idea of being sexually dominated by hot, powerful men, being dominated by women who were simply local employees was not nearly so sexy.

I could simply go and, uhm, try to act as a server, I thought, trying to argue myself around. And, maybe, if I had to do a lap dance, well... maybe I could keep my bottoms on. I mean, I had, in Europe, managed to go topless on a few occasions, wearing nothing but a thong. Why was that different from this except that people would pay me money for it here?

And there'd be women there. That should restrain the men. That was reassuring.

I had to go. The deciding factor was anxiety about them complaining to Manuela. I would make it clear, of course, that there was not going to be any sex. As Hannah had said, that was entirely up to me. It sounded like *she* was able to turn it down, so I could too.

I was extremely nervous, of course, when I showed up at Bungalow Six. To get there, you had to go to the other side of the island, then walk along what I guess you could call a narrow dock that went hundreds of feet out into the water. The bungalows were on either side along the way, all separated from each other to ensure privacy.

The bungalows were rounded, the outside of each of them was made of natural wood, and the roofs were made to look like grass roofs, though of course, they weren't. I knocked on the door to Six and waited, wearing just my bikini and a shirt over it.

Carlos answered, wearing shorts and a silk shirt, and my chest, which was already tight, tightened further. He smiled at me and reached out to take my hand.

"Beautiful girl," he said.

"There's a uhm, gathering, right?" I gulped anxiously, trying to look past him.

"Of course, of course," he said, drawing me inside.

He closed the door and then pressed me back against the wall, kissing me. His lips were warm and soft and moist and gentle, but very insistent as I gasped and moaned helplessly into his mouth.

I felt his hands on my breasts, kneading them softly, but only for a few seconds, then he drew back and his fingers went to the buttons down the front of the blouse.

“I-I can...”

“Shh,” he said. “Allow me. I will enjoy it more.”

I blushed at that, my pulse racing, turning my head anxiously, looking past him for where other people were. I heard voices, though, one a woman, and that was reassuring.

He opened the shirt and held it open as he looked at my body.

There was no reason for me to blush as much as I was doing. He'd seen me naked, touched me all over, kissed me all over, fucked me hard. And now he was just looking at me in my bikini – very appreciatively.

But I was blushing anyway.

“Like a goddess,” he sighed.

“Oh please,” I gulped.

He chuckled softly. “Youth is wasted on the young,” he said, pushing the shirt back over my shoulders and then tugging it off.

“I could be a server in the shirt just as well,” I said.

He chuckled again and put his arm against my back to lead me into the bungalow. The hand slid down to squeeze my ass and I felt another jolt even as we reached what I guess you would call the living room.

It was very... white in here. I mean, the walls and floor and ceiling high above were wooden, but the furniture and rugs and the kitchen counter and dining room table and chairs were all very, very white. The deck outside was made of the same pale wood as the floor inside, and since the whole wall was glass, and had been slid aside to open up the deck to the interior, it was like a part of the living room.

There was a hot tub to the left, and a pool, a small one, to the right, and softly cushioned white chairs scattered around them in conversation sets. I saw Juan there, and a Hispanic woman with long hair sitting on one of the lounge chairs.

Carlos then showed me where the drinks were in the kitchen, along with the snacks.

“Dinner has already been delivered and taken away, of course,” he said.

Which reminded me I'd missed dinner, and made me feel hungry!

But then he kissed me again, his arms sliding around me, and pulling me in close. That forced my head back since he was taller than I was, and I felt my breasts throbbing as they pillowed out against his chest and his hands kneaded my bare buttocks!

“And who is this you are kissing and fondling, Carlos?” A woman's voice demanded.

I gasped, but Carlos didn't seem unduly bothered, though he did pull back and turn.

There was another Hispanic woman there, about thirty, like Carlos, tall and full-breasted, wearing a very thin summery green flower print dress with spaghetti straps over her shoulders.

“Ah, Lucia,” he said smoothly. “This is Sierra, who works for the resort. I was simply instructing her...”

“On her duties?” Lucia demanded, strolling forward.

I gulped, blushing and drawing back until I was pressed against the counter.

“And do her duties include sticking her tongue in the mouth of guests and warming your hands with her ass?” Lucia demanded.

“Well, I wouldn't call it a duty exactly,” Carlos said breezily.

“Then since I am a guest I should get the same service, no?” Lucia demanded.

And then she pushed in against me and kissed me, though a lot less gently than Carlos! Her arms went around me and her hands squeezed my ass tightly just like his had! My eyes bulged and I felt a

wild jolt of anxiety and embarrassment and... confusion about what I was supposed to do!

Then she eased back, pulling her hands off my ass as she sniffed disdainfully at me. Before I realized her intent she gripped my swimsuit top and jerked it down to bare my breasts. I squealed and grabbed at my breasts, turning around and pulling my bikini back into place and she laughed.

“Nice tits,” she said.

Then she went out onto the deck.

“Lucia's bark is worse than her bite,” Carlos said easily.

“Senor!” I gulped. “I only came her to be a s-server!”

“And so you shall,” he said soothingly. “You shall serve us most dutifully.”

I was considering what that meant when he took my hand and pulled me away from the counter, then across the living room and out onto the deck.

Juan and the other woman looked up from where they were sitting. The other woman was also Hispanic, though much more petite than Lucia, with shorter hair, and she wore a short black, sleeveless dress.

“This is Sierra,” Carlos said. “She will service us this evening.”

There were snorts from the three of them, as I blushed hotly.

“If you would like drinks or snacks or something else, merely tell her,” he said.

I yelped as someone slapped my ass, and stumbled forward, spinning around as a new man came onto the deck.

“I can think of something I'd like from her,” he said.

He was wearing khaki pants and a brown short sleeved shirt, and was probably in his mid-thirties. He had an enormous chest for someone not much over six feet, and hardly any neck!

“Everyone knows what you'd like from every woman, Hugo,” Lucia said.

“I am a plain and simple man!” he protested.

“Whose brain is in his penis,” said a woman behind him.

She pushed at him and he moved forward so she could come on deck. She was tall and had short dark hair.

“There's certainly room for it!” Hugo said. “You should know, Isabella.”

She sniffed and sat down, then looked at me

“You, girl. Get me a drink.”

“Uhm, yes, Ma'am,” I said. “What kind?”

“A margarita.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” I said.

“Get me one, as well,” Hugo said.

I went back inside gratefully as someone on deck turned on some music low. It was already past sunset and the last light was disappearing over the horizon. The deck was well-lit, however. I went to the kitchen to the bar area where the margaritas had already been made and searched for glasses – something Carlos hadn't yet shown me.

I found them in an overhead cupboard and gripped two just as I became aware of someone behind me. I gasped as arms wrapped around me, hands firmly cupping and squeezing my breasts.

“I thought I might help you,” Juan said, kissing the side of my throat.

“I-I... I'm okay, Senor!” I gulped.

“Don't let those bitches outside intimidate you,” he said, his fingers working at my breasts, squeezing them up and together.

“They're just jealous of your fine body and marvelous skin and hair.”

I put the glasses down, trying to gently pull his hands away without offending him, and he drew back. I was feeling... rattled, but in a strange, dark, breathless way.

“Perhaps you will dance for me tonight, eh, pretty girl,” he said. “In the meantime, I wish some red wine.”

“Y-Yes, Senor,” I said, turning to the wine.

He chuckled and groped my ass, then moved off down the hall to the bathroom.

Chapter Seven

I gulped in air, then finished pouring the three glasses and took them out onto the deck.

I put a shaky smile on my face as I put the wine down where I had seen Juan sitting, then handed the margarita to Isabella. She took it with poor grace, almost snatching it from me, which caused some to spill on her skirt.

“Clumsy slut!” she exclaimed.

“But I didn't... You grabbed – !”

“Hugo, this slut has poured wine on my skirt!” she complained.

Hugo was sitting right next to her, of course, and took the other margarita from me, setting it on the table next to him.

“So clumsy,” he said

And then the big man grabbed me and yanked me forward across his lap!

Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Please!” I cried, wriggling, trying to get free.

“Quit complaining, slut,” Isabella said, glaring at me as she brushed at her skirt. “You should be punished for your clumsiness.”

Crack!

“Oh!”

“But it should be a bare bottom spanking,” the petit woman said.

“You're quite right, Maria,” Hugo said.

Of course, my bottom was already bare since I was wearing a thong, but a moment later I felt it yanked down, which of course, bared more than just my butt! I squealed again, trying to keep my legs tightly closed even as I tried to push myself up off Hugo's lap.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Ow! Oh! Don't! Please! Ow!” I yelped as his big hand stung my bare bottom.

I thrust my hand back, trying to get it between his spanking hand and my stinging and rapidly heating bottom, and he grabbed it and pulled it up behind my back, then grabbed my other hand and pinned them together.

“There is only one way to treat rebellion,” he said. “To crush it utterly.”

I gasped again as I felt fingers jerking on the strings of my bikini top! A powerful grip yanked it out from under me, and then I felt it being bound around my wrists to tie them together!

I wasn't sure what I had expected of the night, but certainly not this! At worst I had expected maybe having to give a lap dance, maybe even naked, and then maybe going into a bedroom with Carlos or Juan!

“Please! Oh! Oh, please!” I squeaked.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Hugo's hand was stinging! It smacked against my bottom again and again as everyone else sat around smirking.

“You're getting what you deserve, slut,” Lucia said.

I felt another wild emotional jolt as I felt a small hand thrust between my wriggling thighs. It was a female hand, and it rubbed me casually.

“Not even laser treated,” the petite woman sneered. “She shaves it.”

“Not everyone has your money, Maria. She is just a poor, poverty stricken gringo,” Isabella said. Hugo stopped spanking me briefly, and I felt his big hand forced between my thighs to rub my pussy!

“Feels pretty damn soft to me,” he said.

Then his hand came out and he started spanking me again!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

My butt was really starting to burn! And my mind was kind of frantic! Not only because of that but because I was stark naked being spanked in front of all these people! Juan had come back and he chuckled to see me, then sat down as well.

“Spank her harder,” Maria said.

“You're just jealous, Maria,” Juan said.

“Jealous of what?!” Maria demanded.

“Her magnificent body and those perfect breasts.”

I cried out as Hugo gripped my hair and used it to jerk my head and shoulders up and back, then kind of rolled me around so I was laying on my back!

“These are magnificent,” he said, examining them.

I squirmed and twisted, and one of my legs kicked over the margarita glass so the contents spilled over the table and then down onto the floor.

“Clumsy slut!” Hugo said.

I cried out again as he lifted me up into a sitting position, holding my hair firmly, then jerked back on it.

“You're spilling wine all over the place,” he said.

“Make her clean it up with her hair!” Maria said.

“Or maybe with her tits,” Isabella said with a laugh.

“They are fine tits,” Hugo said, fondling them and rolling and plucking at my nipples.

I hadn't really said anything because my mind was so overcome by shock and embarrassment, and a wild array of other emotions! I was stunned as well as mortified. I was completely naked sitting across Hugo's lap with my hands tied behind me and six people staring at me!

It was like my mind had locked up, and couldn't figure out how to respond! Screaming and cursing? That would have been me a week or two ago.

But after all the groping and grabbing and showing myself off since I'd gotten to the resort – not to mention that incredible lap dancing episode the previous evening, and Juan tying me up ... and Manuela... my whole sense of what I had to put up with had been turned on its side!

And there was that sizzling dark sense of sexual freedom from the rules, like everything here at the resort was different and I could do whatever I wanted, however nasty or naughty or slutty!

So I was humiliated sitting there, but I was also gripped with a deep, powerful sense of sexual heat and a crackling sexual tension and hunger I couldn't control, understand or quite cope with! It all had my mind sputtering like a tire spinning on ice!

Hugo's big hand was forced between my thighs, his fingers rubbing my sex, and that produced another flood of heat, anxiety and embarrassment.

“Yes, she must clean it up,” he said.

Well, that was better than getting spanked!

At least, one part of my frantically churning mind thought so!

He tumbled me off his lap onto the floor, but kept hold of my hair and yanked me forward so my face was over the low table.

“Clean up this mess, serving girl,” he said sternly. “Lick it up!”

Heart pounding, pulse racing, I moaned as he pushed my mouth against the table, then started to lick. Again, it was mortifying, but there was also an enthralling sense of breathless sexual heat in it as

the six of them watched me lick at the wine.

I moaned as his other hand slid down and started to fondle my breast, but I couldn't do or say anything with my hands bound together behind me! Maria was sitting on the other side of the table and she looked down at me with a sneer on her face, making me feel even more degraded, even more helpless, even more a... a... wretched, helpless... victim.

Why did some part of my mind wallow in that? In the thought of me as, like, a helpless prisoner of their perverted desires? Was it because that way I had no guilt over anything that happened? In truth, there was a deep sense of relief at that, like I was exempt from any guilt.

"Don't forget the floor, slut," Hugo said.

He jerked back on my hair painfully, then down, forcing my face against the floor. I licked dazedly, gasping for breath, my chest so tight I could hardly breathe. I squealed as I felt a hand at my sex again, for I was bent way over on the floor.

Someone laughed, and I felt fingers rubbing at my sex. Then one pushed into me!

"Nice and wet, like a blonde slut is supposed to be," Lucia said.

I felt her fingers driving straight down my tight, moist tunnel, twisting and turning inside me as Hugo kept his grip on my hair, forcing me to keep licking the martini off the floor! Tried to squeeze my thighs together but that just got me sharp slaps on the bottom!

"Spread your legs, slut," Lucia ordered.

Hands forced my thighs wide.

"You missed this area," Hugo said, pointing at where there were more drops.

I had to lick every drop off the deck as fingers turned and pumped and twisted inside me and hands groped and fondled and slapped my already very red bottom and they laughed in sadistic delight!

I cried out in pain as Hugo pulled up and back on my hair, using it as a lever or handle, forcing me upright on my knees, and then pulling me into his lap again! This time he pulled me in so I was straddling him, facing him, and then began to hungrily suck and chew at my breasts!

"Please!" I gasped dazedly. "S-Senor!"

Hands slapped my bottom as he sucked on my nipples!

"Bad girl!" someone said.

"Slut!" another cried.

"Blondes are all sluts." That came from Lucia, I was sure.

"Here! I have something she'll love!" Isabella's voice cried.

There was laughter from behind me and Hugo looked over my shoulder and smiled, then laughed too. He pushed me backward, and someone else grasped my hair – Isabella as it turned out. She yanked me backward and I squealed as my scalp stung.

Lucia grabbed my arm and the two of them pulled me backward a couple of feet until my legs hit the coffee table. Well, it was a very thick coffee table, sort of a white granite box. And naturally I started to fall back, though now Isabella abandoned my hair and grabbed my other arm.

Laughing, Maria darted in and knelt beside the box as the other two women lowered me, and I felt something pressing against my sex, something rounded and soft – but firm underneath an outer layer. I moaned helplessly, my head twisting and turning, trying to see what was below me, and I gasped as I saw a big dildo!

It looked just like a real penis, a big fat one, thicker than the one Manuela had used. It pressed against my sex and I began to feel an ache, then felt the ache deepen as the pressure mounted, my own body forcing me down against it!

The lips of my sex were forced back and then aside as the helmet head of the dildo pushed up inside me! I was perched on the corner of the box so that my legs were naturally spread apart, and the dildo started sliding slowly, aching up into my too-tight elastic sheath, stretching it wide!

"Oh! Omygod! Oh! Oh! Please!" I squealed.

They laughed again and one of them roughly squeezed my breast as I slid down inch by inch, the

head driving achingly high into my belly! I gurgled and gasped and yelped at the ache, even as one of them started rubbing my clitoris.

The dildo had a suction cup on the base. I squealed in pain and slid the final inches until the lips of my sex were pressed against the suction cup and I was aching inside! I felt so utterly full! I'd never had a cock this long or this thick, and my own weight was forcing me down all the way!

"Please!" I moaned. Please!"

They laughed, and Maria jerked back on my hair to force my back to arch. Then she and Isabella leaned in to suck and chew and lick at my nipples.

I was still feeling completely out of control, totally bewildered and dazed by it all and with no idea how to cope or what to do or say! The dark tide of sexual heat, a thing tightly locked to a masochistic sense of thrilled excitement, rapidly built up now as my embarrassment began to fray.

You can only be embarrassed at the same thing in front of the same people for a certain time, after all, before you start to get used to it.

And the truth was that my sense of the erotic had always been tightly bound up with penetration. The bigger the look and feel of the cock going into me the wilder and more excited I felt. So feeling this giant cock deep inside me, even though it ached, was having an incredible impact on that dark heat gripping me!

And then Lucia pressed something against my clitoris that made my hips jerk and buck! It vibrated powerfully, buzzing away as she rubbed it against the top of my sex! I had tried a vibrator before and it had done nothing for me. It had actually just felt terribly uncomfortable.

This one did too! My hips jerked and twisted as I tried to pull myself away from it, but the women were holding my legs wide, and holding my hair, and the dildo thing was locked to the corner of the table so I couldn't really move.

Lucia ground the thing up and down, back and forth, and I whimpered and moaned, impaled on the dildo, gasping and crying out as my hair was yanked and the women bit into the soft, tender flesh of my breasts around my nipples, then bit the nipples themselves!

They also sucked and licked at them, though, and my breasts and nipples began to feel incredibly swollen and sensitive, throbbing and burning as my body began to adapt to the sensations from the vibrator. They still felt overpowering, but not as uncomfortable.

And then someone pulled on my hair, Lucia I think, and I cried out as she pulled upward, forcing me to work my leg muscles, to rise up several inches. I could feel the thick dildo caressing the insides of my body as I pulled upward – then she jerked downward on my hair and I slid back down, feeling that thick cock pushing up inside me again!

All the while Maria kept the vibrator rubbing against my clitoris. The muscles in my hips began to spasm as a dark tide of heat began to rise within me. Less and less mattered to me as my mind was swamped with hunger and excitement, and with the delicious sense of fullness coming from that big cock inside me!

My hair forced me to rise again, almost six inches, then I sank back down, shuddering and crying out. I rose again, pulled by the hair, and sank back down, the breath sobbing out of me as my spinning mind became feverish with a sense of pure carnal fever!

I began to rise up and down on my own, crying out every time I sank back down, because it was so incredible to feel that delicious cock pushing up inside me! I rode the thing, heedless of embarrassment, while Maria ground the vibrator against my clitoris and the sensations threatened to blow my mind!

And then they did! The orgasm hit me like a tidal wave! My inhibitions had already been drowned in a feverish heat, and the explosion of pleasure made me cry out again and again, my back arching as I jammed myself down as fast and hard on that big silicone cock as I could!

I felt utterly, utterly euphoric! I rode that dildo like a mindless beast, eyes unseeing, gurgling and gasping helplessly as I tumbled through a storm of liquid pleasure until the incredible wonder of it all

finally faded away, leaving me... limp, exhausted.

I sank down, groaning as it impaled me, aching inside as the head jammed against the back wall of my sex, but not really caring.

And then Juan was standing before me, unzipping, pulling his cock out. It wasn't as big as the one inside me but that hardly mattered. He gripped my hair and guided my open mouth onto it.

I didn't obey or disobey. His cock pushed into my mouth and over my lips and tongue and I moaned around it, my lips closing almost automatically. I started to hesitantly suck and lick it as he pumped slowly in and out.

Maria was kneeling on my left and Isabella on my right, holding my legs apart as they fondled and sometimes sucked and licked and bit at my nipples and breasts.

"Do you like that cock, little blonde girl?" Isabella cooed

"She loves it. Blondes love cock. Don't you blonde girl," Maria said.

"She wants cock inside her," Lucia said from her seat.

"Blondes always want cocks inside them," Maria said.

"The bigger the better," Isabella replied.

"Slut," Maria said.

"Whore," Isabella replied.

Their hands plucked at my nipples, twisted them, pinched them, then they laughed as I moaned.

Juan was pumping his cock in my mouth now, and then he pushed forward as he pulled on my hair and I gurgled as his cock pushed into my throat, then down it.

"That's it, slut. Swallow it all," Maria said.

"Blonde whore. Of course she has no problem," Isabella replied.

"Blondes are made to be sex toys," Maria said.

"Sex slaves, you mean," Lucia said.

"Yes, sex slaves!" Isabella laughed.

"You're our sex slave, blonde girl," Maria taunted me.

I gurgled as Juan forced the last inch into my mouth, my lips wrapped tightly around the base of his shaft.

"Ahh, so tight and warm," he groaned.

The vibrator clicked on and began to rub against my clitoris again.

I felt hands on my lower arms behind my back, holding them. Then someone untied the ragged ties of the bikini top Hugo had used to tie my wrists together. I couldn't move my arms, though, as they were crossed firmly and then something more like soft rope was wrapped around them, loop on loop, pulling tightly to bind them even more firmly in place.

I hardly paid any attention to it, though, or to what Maria or Isabella were saying. My attention was on the cock in my throat. I was hardly such an expert that having a cock shoved down my throat was something I considered routine. Being dazed as I was had helped, as had the knowledge I had done it before, but it was still quite uncomfortable!

And I couldn't breath!

He pulled back after what felt like forever, and I gulped in loud, ragged breaths of air as he rubbed his spit-wet cock over my face.

"Ah, her throat feels so good around my cock," he said.

"I want that throat," Hugo growled.

Juan pushed his cock back into my mouth and down my throat, fucking me now, making me gurgle and gag weakly and causing me to become more light-headed as I became more breathless.

Then, some words or decision or agreement passed between them, I guess. Hands lifted me back, gripping my arms and hair, and hands tugged at the dildo inside me. I moaned as it slid out and they lay me back across the boxy granite table. My head and shoulders were across one end, though and my buttocks at the other.

I felt the dildo slide out, and then I felt a moment of ease before something hotter and slicker pushed into me. It wasn't as thick, and I knew it was Juan's cock. I couldn't see it, though, or him, as Hugo knelt before me and I stared, upside down, at his cock.

It was as big as he had boasted!

I moaned as someone, I guess Maria, began to rub the vibrator against my clitoris again while Juan fucked me. I was gasping and gulping in air, my chest heaving, even as my head hung upside down.

Hugo gripped my hair and pushed his thick cock into my open mouth. It actually stretched my lips wider and I gurgled as it slid forward, inch after inch, pressing down firmly on my tongue as it drove into my oral cavity.

“Very tight,” he said.

“Everything is tight to your horse cock,” Maria said.

He snorted and drew back, then pushed forward again, and I stared at the big shaft sliding forward into my mouth, his balls getting closer and closer. I jerked helplessly as the head entered my throat, but people were holding my legs apart, fondling my breasts, and he was holding my hair as I lay on my bound arms!

His cock slid deep into my throat, filling it like a very long cork in the neck of a bottle.

“I can see his cock moving against her throat,” Isabella said in delight.

It was a little harder than Juan's, but surprisingly, only a little, maybe because he had a straight run from my open mouth and down my throat because of how my head was pulled back. I gurgled dazedly as he pumped slowly in and out, jerking and trembling as Juan fucked me and hands and lips toyed with my breasts and nipples.

I felt my mind begin to sort of... float, uncaring, accepting, submitting to what was happening. I no longer cared about anything so long as I got some air. It's funny how your priorities can change so radically when you lose something you need so badly!

He fucked my throat with smooth, even strokes, though, and pulled out every twenty or so seconds so I could gulp in air. My throat began to get used to the sensations, and I felt less of a need to gag. More of my concentration began to split with the cock in my pussy and the hips slapping away at my thighs and buttocks – and the vibrator playing against my clit.

My mind began to feel less of a sense of panic, and that allowed the dark heat to ooze back into my thinking, my arousal starting slow, then building up rapidly as the vibrator ground against me. My hips began to buck again, my nerves and muscles responding to the intensity of the sensations the vibrator was creating.

I felt that sense of breathless, masochistic heat, the dark, outrageous thrill of being treated so rudely, so roughly, so arrogantly! It was all so incredibly erotic!

“Do you love the taste of that big cock, slut?” Isabella sneered, her face inches from mine as she watched it pumping in my mouth.

“She loves swallowing cock,” Maria said, twisting a nipple.

I grunted and moaned around the one in my throat, then gasped and gulped in air as it pulled out. My body was shuddering now as Juan's hips slapped against my thighs and buttocks, his cock pumping faster and harder.

I felt the crackling sexual electricity in my lower belly that was being incited by the vibrator spreading out, rippling up and down my spine until I couldn't keep still, even without the impact of Juan's hips.

And then another orgasm swept me into its embrace. It was as intense as the last one, but lasted longer, drowning me in heat to the point of rapture! I writhed and bucked and thrashed, gurgling and sobbing as my muscles spasmed and nerve endings crackled like live wires in the grip of that overload of sexual electricity!

Chapter Eight

I lay on my back on the king sized bed in the master bedroom, shell-shocked, staring at the ceiling, and out into the dark night. The lights were on low, and the moon was up and playing on the water outside. The glass wall panel had been slid aside so that side of the room was completely open to the air.

I heard the occasional voice or the sound of laughter coming from the main room, then things quieted down. The door opened, and Lucia came into the room. I felt a pulse of anxiety, and a faint rush of embarrassment and a sense of... timidity, though I'd never thought of myself as timid.

I was still naked, of course, and my wrists were tied beneath me. And she was half again my age, and had dark, cool eyes as she approached the bed. She looked at me without speaking, her eyes flicking up and down my body, as if inspecting it.

Then she undid the ties of her dress and it slipped down her body. She wore nothing beneath but a G-string, and she quickly stepped out of that as my anxiety grew. It didn't grow alone, though. I mean, even though I had no real interest in women I felt the pulse of heat within my lower belly, and a sense of dark anticipation began to build in my mind.

"Roll on your stomach, slut," she ordered.

Blushing a little, I obeyed as she reached for the pillows and pulled them away, then tossed them on the floor and climbed naked into bed. She sat down in front of me, with her back against the headboard, then with her feet flat on the mattress, she spread her legs wide and reached out for my hair.

I gasped in pain as she dragged me forward, my muscles quickly working as I forced my bottom high to get my knees under me and push myself forward to ease the pain in my scalp.

"I expect good service from the staff here, slut," she said, pushing my face against her sex. "Service me."

I knew there was no point I protesting, in saying I didn't really like girls, or even in telling her I didn't know much of anything about oral sex on women – other than what I had received. So what I had received, what I had liked, was what I tried to give her.

I was a bit grossed out, I admit, at having to lick her sex, but again, it never even entered my mind to refuse, or that I could refuse. That's how quickly my mind had adapted to the position of ... servant, if you will, or helpless servant or... or something darker and more thrilling and erotic, like... sex slave!

I licked, gasping and moaning as she buried both hands in my hair and tugged and twisted it as she chose.

The door opened and I heard a familiar voice.

"I see you're enjoying the service," Carlos said.

"It's adequate, but only barely," she replied. "This girl is untrained, untutored."

"Then tutor her, my dear," he said.

I couldn't see him because my face was buried in her groin, and her raised thighs blocked my view from either side. But a few moments later I felt weight on the bed, then male hands on my hips, jerking them up.

I yelped as a hand slapped my bottom.

"Spread your legs, slut," he ordered.

Gasping, I obeyed, and felt his hands shifting me, pushing me forward, raising my bottom higher.

"Fuck her hard," Lucia said. "Don't be gentle on the slut."

“Juan has already fucked her. I don't like seconds,” I heard him say.

“Lick harder, slut,” Lucia ordered, jerking on my hair.

I gasped and licked harder.

I felt a finger pressing against my back opening, and moaned plaintively into Lucia's sex.

“Lick, whore.”

The finger was slippery with something, at least, as it pushed into my ass, twisting and wriggling its way deep, then turning and twisting inside. It pulled out and a second finger joined it, then a third.

“Lick me while my boyfriend fucks your ass, slut,” Lucia ordered, a sneer in her voice.

His fingers withdrew and his cock pushed against me. The first few inches entered easily enough, but then my muscles began to clamp down on this foreign invader.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply, then again, then again, sending spasms through my body and distracting it from his cock.

I moaned as he plunged deep. I had never really liked anal sex and rarely allowed it. It made me feel... dirty. Yet now the full sensation began to tighten my chest, and send more dark heat tumbling through my mind. Yes, it was dirty, nasty, degrading. I was being... treated like a slut!

Which turned me on just then.

I was being treated like a helpless prisoner, like a sex slave, like a martyred victim of their dark, perverted lust!

All of which was rapidly expanding that dark ball of heat and arousal and excitement into a powerful sense of lust and hunger as I licked at Lucia and Carlos began to fuck my ass.

It was so... hedonistic! So outrageous and depraved! I could hardly believe I was doing this! And felt the raw heat enveloping my mind and making me moan and shudder with the impact of his hips against my buttocks.

“Fuck her whore ass!” Lucia growled.

She reached under and groped my left breast, and I felt Juan's hand on the right as he fucked me. His hips slapped harder and faster against me as I licked at Lucia, whose voice began to become more breathless and excited as I licked and then sucked at her clitoris.

I came first, an explosive release of sexual energy flaring white-hot inside me and making me cry out in wondrous pleasure. In the midst of it Juan dropped my breast, his hand diving under my hip and his fingers finding my clitoris. The harsh, fast rubbing sent the orgasm exploding still higher, and my cry became a scream of passion and heat as the orgasm raged within me.

*

Hundred dollar bills were folded up and jammed into the crotch of my bikini as I stumbled back to the main hotel room. Thirty of them. Three thousand dollars.

I was still dazed, feeling a sense of amazement and disbelief and confusion about how I had let things get so out of control, and why I had done nothing to stop it – and about how incredible the pleasure had been, and the dark, searing heat and arousal which had gripped my mind like a drug.

And even now I didn't feel much in the way of guilt, just some embarrassment. I got back to my room, pulled the bills out and tossed them on the bed, then stripped and sat on the bed staring at them. I felt so drained!

I put them under my pillow, and then wrapped a robe around myself and went to get a quick shower. I winced a little in the shower as my hands moved over my breasts. Those bitches had bit hard on my breasts and nipples! They hadn't broken the skin but the bite marks were visible and sore, and my nipples felt and looked swollen!

I ached inside, too, mostly from that big dildo, not from the cocks of the men who had used me. My throat was what ached the most. Hugo had a really big cock! And I marveled I had been able to swallow it without choking on it!

Was I a hooker now? I didn't feel like a hooker. I hadn't gone there to have sex, let alone sex for money. It hadn't been my idea to have sex, and I hadn't asked for money. The money had only been

thrust on me afterward. As it had when Carlos had first fucked me in that hotel room.

I wanted to get angry at them for what they had done, but all I felt was embarrassment at my response to it, and what they had seen, the weakness and slutty heat and lust I had shown them. I felt very... lowly and shabby and small compared to them.

It wasn't money, either, or at least, not all money. That played a part in that they were 'powerful' guests and I was a lowly employee who had been told by everyone that she'd better please the guests and never anger them or else.

So status played a part, yes. I had none, to speak of here. And they were at the top of the heap. But that was just an emotional thing. When you got right down to it I didn't need this job. I could go home and work at something else and eventually I'd make enough to get to college.

But there was more in that they were also sophisticated adults who were absolutely filled with self-confidence and assurance and I was a hapless girl who had never really even imagined such kinky things, and couldn't even control her own body, her own reactions, her own behavior.

I was... weak, and they were strong. I was self-conscious and uncertain, and they were filled with brash self-confidence.

But on top of all of that my mind still felt the echo of those tremendous explosions of pleasure, orgasms like nothing I'd ever felt in my life, and that wild, dark, thrill-ride of heat, excitement and lust which had gripped me before the climaxes.

I wanted more of it!

The next day I put the money in the bank and went to work, as usual, down on the beach. Guests came and went, and I got groped and ogled a lot, but neither seemed particularly shocking or bothersome now.

It was sort of like all the cultural rules and norms that had become part of my life no longer really applied, not here anyway. Not that I was exactly pleased when some guy squeezed my ass or my breast, but it didn't shock me or anything, or even really surprise me.

I was thinking, as I worked about more than just the hot sex and the outrageousness of how these people treated it and me. I was thinking about the money. Hannah had said you could make a couple of thousand dollars giving lap dances and stuff in the club, and you didn't even have to fuck anyone.

After what I had gone through so far that was starting to sound less daunting – the idea of giving strangers lap dances, that is. Although, to be honest, the thought of not having the wild, kinky sex was making me uncertain. I mean, it was scary and outrageous and humiliating, to a degree, but the fierce, wild thrill of it was like nothing I'd ever experienced in my life!

And it was probably not something I could experiment in after I left here either.

All this was leaving me uncertain and wildly confused about myself and what I ought to do.

And then who should show up but Hugo! I felt a huge jolt of emotion when I saw him walking across the sand. Embarrassment and anxiety were foremost among them, and I turned away, my eyes darting around as if looking for a place to hide.

My memory instantly blinked back to the sight of his big cock as I lay with my head hanging over the side of the table, the thing sliding in and out of my mouth and throat!

He spoke with Santiago, which I thought was fine. I kept my distance hoping he wouldn't notice me. Although to be honest, I was also feeling a fluttering in my chest and lower belly at the renewed memory of the wild things I'd done the previous evening.

But then he was coming over to me, and my heart began to beat faster and faster as I continued to pretend I hadn't noticed him.

Crack!

I yelped and jumped forward at the smack to my bottom, twisting around and staring at him as he smirked.

“I wish to use a jet ski,” he said. “Your boss, he say you show me how.”

I gulped and licked my lips, blushing furiously.

“Yes..., Señor,” I said.

I walked a little further along to where the jet-skis were docked.

“Have you ever used a jet ski before, Señor?”

“No,” he replied.

“Uhm, well...”

I had him get on the jet-ski and explained the controls. It wasn't overly complicated. Then I remembered what Manuela had said to me and eyed his enormous frame.

“Do you swim, Señor?” I asked.

“I don't need to if this works.”

“Uhm, well, it's not unusual to fall off, señor,” I said. “They tip easily especially at higher speeds.”

And especially with a three hundred pound amateur riding it.

“You get on an show me. We won't go far,” he said.

“But –.”

He jerked his head impatiently, indicating I should get on behind him.

Reluctantly, I obeyed, and had to reach past him to start the engine, which pressed my breasts very firmly against his back. Once we were away from the dock, moving very slowly, he accelerated and I had to clamp my arms around him to hold on, which mashed my breasts into his back even more!

“Señor, you're going very fast!” I cried behind him.

It wasn't really fast for a jet ski but it was for a jet ski driven by an amateur who couldn't swim. But he ignored me, zipping through the waves, and sometimes bouncing over them, so fast, and so in control that I started to suspect he might have lied about not having operated one before.

We zoomed around the corner and then turned out to sea, but not far. There was a small island a head, perhaps no more than a few hundred feet across, and there were people on it. The jet ski slid ashore at the beach and Hugo got off, then turned to grin at me, holding out his hand and grasping my arm to help me off.

“I do good, yes?”

“You've driven one before!” I gulped.

“Perhaps.”

The island had a very well-manicured lawn, little squared, open walled cabanas with outdoor beds or lounge chairs under them, a barbecue and bar preparation area, other outdoor furniture set in conversation groups, and lots of bushes set around the edges for privacy.

“I-I have to get back to work, Señor,” I said nervously.

“I tell your boss you will be serving at party for a few hours. He is fine.”

I felt another psychic jolt as he led me around the bushes to the grassy area. I recognized Isabella by the bar talking with some suntanned, muscular guy behind the counter who wore a bow-tie and nothing else above the waist.

She turned as we came up and her eyes narrowed as her lips pulled up into a dangerous smile.

“It's our little slave girl,” she purred.

I gulped and tried to draw back but Hugo held my arm casually.

“I have a uniform for you to wear, little slave girl,” she said, taking my other arm.

“Uhm... uh, I'm not sure... I mean, I'm supposed to be working with watercraft!” I babbled as she led me to one of the cabanas.

“You have to do whatever pleases the guests,” she said.

All the cabanas had heavy curtains tied to all four of the support posts. One of them had three of those curtains closed leaving just one side open. She led me in there as Hugo went over to the bar.

“Remove your swimsuit,” she ordered.

I felt my stomach churn wildly, and stared at her with a sense of helpless confusion and uncertainty.

“Or would you like a spanking?” she demanded with arched eyebrows.

I felt like taking a stand and refusing. I almost did it, too, but... but I didn't. Blushing, I stripped off the resort swimsuit and she looked me up and down and then reached to cup one of my breasts and squeeze it.

I flushed even more as she stared at my breasts and then snorted.

“Very nice. But then, you are only what, nineteen?”

She turned and picked up a tiny plastic package, ripped it open and tossed a tiny bit of fabric to me.

“Put this on, slut.”

I flushed at her words, but stepped into what was, in essence a G-string. At least it was something! It had a tiny V of pink fabric that only just covered my sex, with little fabric to spare. Two thin black strings angled steeply up across my hips and then came within an inch or so of each other in back. A third narrow string pulled the bottom part of the crotch between my thighs and up between my buttocks, and ended about an inch from the other two.

A small silver metal heart shaped ring sat at the juncture of the three strings, and they were all locked onto it.

She bent me roughly over a table and then slapped my bottom, making me yelp in surprise.

“Spread your legs, slut,” she barked.

Moaning and trembling, I obeyed as she tugged the string aside a little. Then I felt something pushing against my back passage!

“Oh! Senora! Please!” I moaned.

Crack!

“Silencio!”

I felt something hard and slippery twisting and turning and pushing deeper and deeper, getting wider and wider as it forced my entrance apart! Then just as it was stretching me almost to the point of pain it was like it all was sucked into my body and sat inside, with my sphincter closing after it.

But there was something... still on the outside.

She let me up and I twisted my head to stare behind me. I had a fat pink puffy... tail protruding, like a rabbit tail, or the kind Playboy bunnies used to wear!

She had a pair of big pink and white rabbit ears attached to a headband in her hand and slid the thin headband over my head, brushing my hair over it so that the ears seemed to stand out from my head.

“Adorable,” she said with a smirk.

I was looking around anxiously for the bikini top and not seeing it.

“Uhm, is there a top, Senora?”

“Why would you need a top when you have such beautiful breasts? Such young, firm beautiful breasts,” she said.

I flushed again. “But Senora – !”

She made a dismissive sound. “You shy gringos are so silly. I often go topless at the beach at home. You have never done this?”

“Well... I mean...”

“So you have, so quit complaining.

She put these pink cuffs on me next.. I don't mean handcuffs but actual cuffs, or fake ones, I should say. Made of some kind of leather fabric that simply wrapped around my wrists and was held together with two bright silver buttons.

Then came the collar, which was a kind of white thing, again, made of leather, meant to look like fabric, with a big pink bow tie affixed to the front.

She took my arm and led me back out of the cabana and over to the bar, where I blushed hotly as the studly guy there stared at me appreciatively.

“Pedro, this is... whatever your name is,” she said.

“Sierra,” I gulped.

“Unimportant. She will be yours to do with as you choose. She is our little slave bunny.”

I flushed even more deeply at that as Pedro waggled his eyebrows.

I flushed even more as I heard new voices and saw a small motorboat land with two couples getting off. They came up and were greeted by Hugo, and I felt the flush deepening, along with a sense of panic and a wild rush of anxiety!

“Go and see what drinks they want, slave bunny,” Pedro said with a smirk.

I hesitated and he slapped my bottom sharply, so that I had to leap forward to get away. He and Isabella laughed as I scurried over to where Hugo was greeting them.

This was soooo embarrassing! Yes, I'd done a little daring topless sunbathing in Europe, but not all by myself, and not where everyone else was dressed!

Not that they were dressed in much, mind you. Mostly the men had bathing suits, and short sleeved shirts. The woman had bathing suits and wraps. The men stared at me with considerable interest, the women looked down their noses at me.

“Senors and Senoras,” I gulped breathlessly. “Can I get you drinks?”

They were polite, though, and just ordered drinks. I turned and scurried away, feeling their eyes on my bottom as I moved back to the bar.

Maybe... maybe this wouldn't be as bad as I feared!

I brought their drinks back on a tray. By then they were sitting in one of the conversation areas. Again, they took it politely enough, though I felt really weird wearing nothing but a tiny G-string.

Another couple arrived, and then another, and another, until there were six couples there. I moved back and forth between them and the bar, getting drinks, and also snacks that had been prepared somewhere and stored in the bar's fridge.

The deep embarrassment began to fade, though I remained self-conscious about being topless, and wearing the tiny G-string. The puffy ball sticking out of my ass was more problematic, but they didn't know how it was held on. They probably thought that it was just attached to the G-string. I sure hoped so!

Then as I brought fresh drinks to one of the tables, the one where Isabella and Hugo sat, I heard them talking. The conversation was about laser hair removal and its benefits, and how much to get done.

“I had everything done,” Isabella said, “from neck to ankles. It saves sooo much time and effort.”

“Shaving is not so very difficult,” one of the other women, Amelia, said.

“But you have to do it so often during your life,” Isabella said. “Do this once... well, after a few visits, and you're done.”

I bent to place the fresh drinks, then picked up all the empty bears and put them on the tray I was holding.

“Besides, it feels so much softer,” Isabella said.

Then before I understood her intent she had tugged down my G-string!

I froze, gasping, under all those eyes!

“Now she does a decent job,” Isabella said, her hand rubbing my sex. “But it's not as soft.”

“S-Senora,” I gulped, quickly trying to pull back.

She held my leg with her other hand, though.

“She's shy,” the third woman said with a smile.

“She's a gringo,” Isabella sighed. “So inhibited. But she is losing those inhibitions now that she is in Latin America.”

She snatched the G-string and I stumbled as she pulled it away, smirking at me.

“You may go, girl,” she said.

I was brain frozen again. I wanted to get away! But I wanted the G-string! But I couldn't exactly stand here and demand it or worse wrestle her for it!

I scurried away with everyone snickering after me.

Others soon noticed, though, even as I hurried behind the bar. And of course, Pedro noticed.

“No suit? Very daring, Sierra.”

“Isabella yanked it off!” I gasped.

“Well, maybe she likes to see you naked,” he said with a grin.

He was only wearing a tiny gold speedo.

“I can't walk around naked!”

I was clutching my crotch to hide it from him as I spoke.

“Of course you can. You're a beautiful girl and this is Latin America.”

Isabella snapped her fingers at me and I quailed at the thought of going back!

“You better go or she will come and get you,” Pedro said, his hand coming down to fondle my bottom.

I gulped, grabbed the tray and hurried back. It was empty now so I could hold it in front of me.

“Y-Yes, Senora!?” I gulped breathlessly, face red.

“As Hugo has pointed out, you have very fair skin, girl” she said. “It would be a shame for you to be burned by our hot Latin sun.”

“I-I put lotion on me earlier, Senora!” I gulped.

“Yes, but it has to be renewed from time to time, especially for such a fair skinned girl.”

She squeezed some lotion into the palm of her hand and reached up to grasp my arm, then began to apply it to my leg.

“I-I can do it, Senora!” I gulped.

“Oh, but we must ensure our employees are properly protected from the sun,” she said. “Rafael is a lawyer, you see, and he knows such things.”

A curly haired man sitting across the table smiled at me and held up his drink in salute.

Then the woman sitting on my other side, Amelia, squirted lotion onto her hand too, and she began to spread it up and down my other leg. The two women smirked at me as I stood there trembling uncertainty, their hands sliding up higher and higher until they had to stand up.

“I-I can do the rest!” I blurted.

“Think nothing of it,” Isabella said.

Her hand slid up between my legs and began to rub her oiled fingers against my sex! The other woman's hand caressed my shoulder, then spread the slick oil downward over my breast.

“She has lovely breasts,” she said.

“Yes, so firm and full,” Isabella said. “The wonder of youth.”

She tugged the tray from me and I gulped, blushing furiously as her right hand slid up and down along my sex and the left moved over my buttocks! The others all watched, as did the people at the next table, who were all smirking!

She and the other woman spread the oil over every inch of my body, but especially over my pussy and breasts and buttocks! And their hands took turns stroking my sex, rubbing warm and slickly across my clitoris as I stood breathlessly in place.

“Now you may go,” Isabella said.

I stumbled away, gulping in air, pulse racing, hurrying back to the bar as everyone watched me – including Pedro.

Hiding behind the bar wasn't a huge improvement since they could all see my breasts, and now Pedro's hands were much more eager.

“D-Don't, Pedro!” I gulped, pushing away.

He grinned and behaved – for about thirty seconds.

“Girl,” a man at one of the other tables called.

And I had no choice but to go over there and see them, take their drink orders while they all looked at me, and then go back to the bar.

Naked!

This was soooo insane!

Chapter Nine

I had to do the remainder of the waitressing naked! Again, as before, I sort of got used to it, while remaining horribly self-conscious. But then I had to go and see a couple reclining casually on one of the outdoor beds that faced the ocean.

Actually, the woman was sitting up. The man was laying back, though, on a pile of pillows.

“Girl, put lotion on me,” he ordered.

I hesitated. Why didn't he do it himself, or have his girlfriend do it?”

They both looked at me expectantly, and I knew asking wasn't a good idea.

Nervous, I picked up the squeeze bottle and squirted it into the palm of my hand, then started to bend forward.

“No, girl. Are you stupid?” the woman – Sofia, demanded.

I stared at her in confusion.

She got up, shaking her head and saying “Gringos!” with a much put-upon sigh.

She came around the bed and took my wrist, then pushed my hand up against my own chest.

“Spread it on yourself.”

“But... I have...”

“More.”

She picked up the bottle and squirted it up and down my torso, then spread it around thickly.

“Now you climb on top of him.”

I stared at her in disbelief. “Go!”

She pushed me and I stumbled against the bed. The man reached out and caught me and pulled me in.

“Straddle him,” she ordered imperiously.

I was naked, remember and he was wearing just his bathing suit.

“Now slid your body up and down against his. That is how you spread the oil.”

She would take no protests, and slapped my head when I started to do so.

“Move! Lazy slut!”

So... so that was what I did. I slid my legs and thighs and buttocks up and down along the man's legs and thighs and, then I leaned forward, sliding up his body, blushing hotly as he reached up and cupped my breasts.

“Bend over, slut,” Sofia ordered.

She pushed on the back of my neck, bending me over so my torso was on the man, flesh to flesh.

“Now slide up and down.”

So I did, rubbing my oily breasts and belly up and down against his body, using my torso and my arms and hands on his shoulders and arms, breathless, my pulse racing, that dark sense of sexual hunger and heat throbbing wildly inside me.

The feel of my slick breasts sliding up and down against his skin was making my nipples throb and burn hotly! They were hard and tingling, and my breasts themselves felt hot and swollen!

I slid back downward, riding smoothly along his body now that he was oiled too.

“Turn over, Franco,” she said.

Grinning, he did so, and tugged his suit down to bare his buttocks at the same time.

“Pull his suit off, slut,” Sofia ordered.

I obeyed, my hands almost trembling.

“Now get on him. Use more oil.”

She squirted it over my breasts and chest so that it oozed slowly downward, and I slid up and down his legs, up over his buttocks, then bent and rubbed my oily breasts and stomach against his back. I was getting incredibly aroused, despite my discomfort and embarrassment!

“Now turn over,” Sofia ordered.

She didn't mean me!

Franco turned over, and he was fully and very obviously erect, his cock sticking up in the air!

“Continue, slut,” Sofia ordered.

Moaning, I slid forward up his thighs and over his crotch, and he reached up to fondle my breasts again as I rubbed back and forth over his stiff, hard cock. I was, in fact, grinding my sex directly across it, up and down the shaft, which was making my clitoris feel as if it was swollen and throbbing!

Then he gripped my arms and slid me a little higher. Sofia leaned over and gripped his cock, positioning it against the swollen lips of my sex, and he pushed me downward! I slid along his big, slippery flesh, back onto his cock, which pushed up between the lips of my sex!

I cried out weakly, then more loudly as he chuckled, but I didn't fight him. Instead I slid *myself* backward, exulting in the deep, delicious, erotic thrill of penetration!

As it pushed into my body I felt a huge burst of dark, thrilling awareness of every sensation! My nipples burned hotter, my breasts felt more swollen, and I thought I could feel every ridge and vein on his cock as it slid through the straining lips of my sex and up inside me!

His hands kneaded my buttocks as, like a feverish sexual animal, I slid up and down, riding his cock with breathless excitement, until, my excitement surpassing my inhibitions, I pushed myself upright, sitting atop him, impaled on his cock!

I cried out weakly, grinding myself helplessly against him, ignoring those nearby looking on as his hands came up to cup and fondle my breasts!

“Ride him, slut,” Sofia ordered. “Ride his cock.”

Dazed, I obeyed, my hands on his powerful chest, leaning in as I rode up and down, slowly at first, then in a frenzy as the orgasm howled through my body and mind and I sobbed in dazed pleasure!

This pagoda's curtains were all tied to the four support posts, which meant everyone there could see me as I rode him! It was like we were on a low stage, and I knew all eyes were on me! A part of me felt mortified! But another part felt a burst of egotistical excitement, an almost exhibitionistic thrill!

Much of my mind wasn't working very well, though, as I rode him through my orgasm, and then all-but collapsed atop his chest.

The real embarrassment came after he had finished, and Sofia ordered me to get off. Isabella was snapping her fingers impatiently at me, and I realized most of those there were looking at me. I felt my already flushed face heat further as my dazed mind began to come out of it and I realized that I'd just fucked this guy in bright sunshine in front of a dozen people!

I mean, oh my God!

And yet, rather than being able to run off and hide I had to stumble across the lawn to where Isabella was sitting, holding up a glass she wanted refilled.

“Did you enjoy Mateo's cock, gringo?” she asked.

I blushed hotly under the gaze of her and the others beside her.

“She certainly sounded like she did,” Rafael said.

“She looked like she did too,” Amelia said, smirking.

What could I possibly say in reply?!

Then Isabella reached her hand up and her fingers pushed at my sex, then slid into me! I squeaked and started to back away but her fingers pushed deep and she actually used them to pull me forward a little.

“Very tight and wet, but perhaps not so tight as a few minutes ago,” she said with a laugh. She pulled her fingers out and glared at me. “Kneel, slut!” she growled. Heart pounding, I knelt and she pushed the same fingers against my mouth, then inside. “Suck. Clean them.”

I sucked and licked at her fingers as the four of them looked at me.

She pulled her fingers out and then gripped my hair, jerking it up and back sharply. I gasped and instinctively reached up and back, grasping at her hands.

“Put your hands down, slut!” she barked.

Whimpering dazedly, I obeyed.

“You have aroused Rafael,” she said. “He is most uncomfortable in his present state.”

“Most uncomfortable,” Rafael said, rubbing his swollen crotch.

She jerked me forward and shoved, so I stumbled on my knees against Rafael's lounge chair. He reached down, then and gripped my hair in turn, pulling me in between his legs. He opened his swimsuit and pulled his erection out, guiding my lips to it.

I was, as I said, kind of in another world now, where the old morality didn't apply. As much as that embarrassed and unnerved me it was a kind of shield, too. I was only doing what was... expected, after all! So I gave up any thought of resistance and closed my lips around his cock, sucking it, sliding my lips down, moaning around it as they all watched me.

Crack!

Someone slapped my ass.

“Push your bottom out, slut,” Hugo ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed.

“Spread your legs, whore,” Isabella ordered.

I felt a jolt at that but obeyed.

I bobbed up and down on Rafael's cock, then gurgled as he pushed down forcefully on my head and his cock plunged into my throat! At almost the same time I felt hands on my hips, then something rubbing up and down against my pussy!

I didn't pay it much heed. My focus was on the discomfort in my throat, and the desperate threat of gagging and choking! Rafael held me firmly against him even as I twisted and writhed in instinctive efforts to pull back.

I felt my hands gripped from behind – Hugo – and then pulled back behind me, and then those cuff things were somehow fastened together behind my back. A moment later Hugo's big cock began to batter its way into me, forcing its way past the mouth of my sex and pushing higher and higher into my tight sheath!

“Ahh, she's deliciously tight,” he said as he started to pump.

Rafael pulled me up by the hair and his cock popped free of my throat, allowing me to gulp in ragged breaths of air as the two women laughed down at me.

Hugo moved slowly, having little choice, until his slick cock had worked me open, then began to thrust harder and deeper. Rafael jammed me down onto his cock again, even though I hadn't caught my breath, and his cock pushed deep into my throat until my lips were once again wrapped around the base.

Amelia laughed. “Choke her on your cock, Rafael!”

“Deeper, Hugo,” Isabella said. “You've still got a couple of inches to go.”

“I'll get there,” he said.

And he did! Soon his hips were slapping against my buttocks as his big cock punched me deep inside, again and again! I was light-headed by then, from lack of air, as Rafael kept jamming me all the way down his shaft.

He cursed as he came, gasping for breath, holding me fully down on his cock as he poured his creamy seed down my throat and my body shook to the hard blows against my buttocks coming from

Hugo's hips.

He softened inside my throat and then released my hair and I coughed and gasped desperately as I was able to lift my head. But then Rafael moved over and Amelia shifted over. She pulled her swimsuit bottom off, spread her legs, and gripped my hair to pull my mouth in against her.

“Now service me, slut,” she said.

Crack! Hugo slapped my bottom sharply.

“Obey, gringo slut,” he growled.

I obeyed.

More of them were moving over to watch now, chattering among themselves as Hugo rode me hard and fast and I licked dazedly at Amelia's sex.

It was all so unreal! And I felt like it was a sort of dream! Aided by being light-headed and dazed, which helped soften the humiliation which would otherwise be gripping me. And then someone, probably Isabella since it felt like female fingers, reached under me and began to rub my clitoris.

I was licking almost robotically, as if the higher orders of my mind had been turned off, and I was simply an automaton, not caring about how sluttish I was being, or all the people watching.

Except I did know they were watching, and I did care. But the twin impact of humiliation and decadent excitement as I exposed myself to them were kind of fuzzy because my mind was kind of fuzzy.

The humiliation didn't fade, but the dark excitement quickened my pulse, and with Hugo's big cock pounding into me and his hands as well as Amelia's fondling my breasts, and the whole wickedness of what was happening, I began to heat up again, and then came, very visibly, on his pounding cock.

And then, after Amelia had come on my tongue, and he had come inside me, I had to go and get drinks.

I resumed cleaning empties off the tables, taking drink orders, scurrying back and forth in a daze, ignoring the many hands which pawed and groped me along the way, including, of course, Pedro.

I didn't even protest when Pedro pushed me against the bar, pulled my hips out, and thrust into me from behind!

I just clutched the bar, gasping and moaning as he rammed into me hard and fast and his hands raced over my body. It only took like two minutes, and then I was hurrying back with a tray of drinks.

Then I had to go over to one of the other pagoda beds, and was yanked into it. I didn't even know the man's name but he made me kneel with my face to the cushion, raise my bottom high, spread my legs, and then waited as he examined me and discussed me with another man named Fernando. I knew everyone in the group was watching me kneeling like a ... whore, waiting to be mounted. Then he knelt behind me, thrust into me and rode me.

Hard. Fast. Even violently. He gripped my hair and yanked on it roughly as he rode me, slapped my bottom repeatedly, and called me a gringo slut as he drove himself into me.

The others watched and smiled and sipped from their drinks.

He pulled out and flipped me onto my back, then lifted my ankles up and back and rode me from atop, pounding down atop my body as he folded my legs back against my shoulders and rammed himself into me savage strokes!

He paused, panting for breath, easing up and back, and let my legs drop back as his hands slid smoothly up and down my torso.

“Mateo, let her get atop you and I'll fuck her ass,” another man said.

He laughed, and then rolled over with me atop him.

I moaned dazedly as he made me ride him, rising up into something like a sitting position atop his cock as I leaned forward. The other man got behind me and pulled the puffball thing out, which pulled the butt-plug out of me. Then he slid his cock into my ass!

The two of them rode me between them, their hands all over me as their two cocks moved in and

out of my overheated, swirling, churning belly! The wild, dark animal excitement began to take hold of my mind, and the fever heat melted what remained of my inhibitions as I began to cry out in dazed pleasure.

I think almost all the other people gathered around to watch at that point, as Mateo thrust up into me from beneath and the other guy fucked my ass from behind. The feel of the two cocks moving inside me was... indescribable!

The guy I was riding, Mateo, gripped my wrists, holding them against his chest as another man knelt on the bed near his head, pulled my mouth onto his cock, and shoved himself deep. I gurgled and moaned around him, letting him fuck my mouth and throat as a massive orgasm tore through me, screaming mindlessly around his shaft as my body writhed and thrashed and shook in the grip of a maelstrom of sensations and emotions!

The watchers were taking pictures and videos, laughing and joking and sipping their drinks as they watched us, but I hardly cared. I gloried in the all-possessing heat, swaying and jerking dazedly even as the orgasm faded, a brainless rag doll being used by my rich betters.

And afterward I went back to clearing glasses and getting drinks again.

The guests began to leave, going away on their boats as I helped Pedro clean up. When there was only Isabella and Hugo, as well as Rafael and Sofia, Isabella ordered me over to one of the pagodas.

I scurried over, nervously, anxiously. My eyes were wide, but I think they'd been wide almost since I got on the island! Certainly I'd been in a state of shock since she'd pulled my G-string off!

"You have been a very bad girl, gringo," she said.

"Slut," Sofia said.

"Definitely very bad," Rafael said.

"Senora?" I gulped nervously.

She snorted, and Rafael and Hugo each took one of my wrists, then pulled them out and up towards the top part of the two support posts for the pagoda. They couldn't reach the corners, of course, since they were a good six feet apart, but there were chains there, and they attached them to the leather cuffs around my wrists, then released them.

I was standing still, gulping in air, looking nervously behind me at the four of them, my wrists up and apart.

"Such a bad girl," Isabella said.

She was holding something like a whip! I mean, not one of those long, thick ones, but the short ones, with lots of very thin little leather strings or thongs or whatever they're called. I felt a jolt of fear and alarm as she swished it through the air.

"Senora?" I gulped, not knowing what else to say.

"Bad girls must be punished," she said.

She swung the thing and I cried out as it struck my back! It hurt! It didn't hurt as much as I had feared it would, mind you. It was more like a crackle of little stings. Each was about as bad as, oh, a static electricity shock to your fingers – only it was on my back. And there were, like, a dozen of them across my back!

"A lovely back," Rafael said.

Crack! The thing struck lower, across my buttocks, and I cried out again as my hips jerked forward, only to be held in place by the cuffs around my wrists.

"A lovely ass, too," Hugo said in amusement.

Crack!

The flog cut across my back again, and again, and again, and then it began to edge sideways so the thin little leather strips slapped at the side of my ribs, then further still, at the side of my breast!

I squealed and twisted and thrashed, my hips did anyway. My upper body couldn't do a lot other than arching as the flog struck my back! Sofia took a turn, swinging at me as Isabella instructed her, sending the thin strips snapping at my ribs on the other side, then at the side of that breast, then all the

way around to smack at my full breast!

The two laughed and joked as they took turns, Isabella showing her how it was done, sending the flog snapping across my hip and down at my abdomen, the long, thin strings whipping down at my pussy and between my thighs!

But while it stung again and again, the thing didn't do any real damage. I mean, my skin was reddened, but not otherwise marked. My mind was battered by the continuing crackle of stinging pains across the surface of my skin, to the point I started to feel even more dazed, almost stunned, gasping and moaning as the flog struck.

Rafael fucked me again, from behind, then Hugo fucked my ass while Isabella held a big vibrator to my sex – which despite my raw, aching, sensitive skin and dazed mind, sent me spinning into another wild, uncontrollable orgasm.

When Hugo dropped me off at the beach I was still dazed, still shell-shocked. I ached inside for many reasons, not the least of which was the thick wad of hundred dollar bills which had been shoved inside me.

I had to make an excuse to go to the bathroom, and there dig out the roll, held together with an elastic. It hurt to get it out since the mouth of my sex had already been well-used lately, but when it came free and I counted it there was \$5,000 there.

That was... what I had made all the previous summer, working in a restaurant. I had made more in about two and a half hours than I had made in three months last year. A lot more, given the taxes they'd taken off, and which I would not be paying now.

That was a stunning realization, even amid the shock I was still feeling at being basically gang-banged at Hugo's little 'party'. And I sure hadn't had any massive orgasms at work then!

It all left me pretty much baffled about what I was doing, what I should be doing, and what might happen here now.

But I had so much money already! And just in the first week! My God! How much might I make over the whole term here!?

I looked at myself in the mirror, marveling that my body showed no signs of what I had just undergone. My skin, above my resort-issued swimsuit, looked a little pink – but anyone seeing it would simply think I'd had a bit too much sun.

When I pulled the top down my breasts were also pink, and had thin lines across them, but those were fading fast.

Not so the massive explosion of sensation and emotion which had hammered my mind.

It was like it had permanently damaged my inhibitions.

I still had a kind of sense of pride, but it was no longer bound up with my sexual morality, or even nudity. I was... jittery and anxious. And the idea of saying no to anyone was a strange concept.

Fortunately, I began to calm down, my nerves to settle. Something which might shock you the first time, or the first few times it happens, stops shocking you after a short while. So just as I had sort of gotten used to being fondled and groped by strangers, I got used to being naked in front of them too.

I started dancing and giving lap dances in the Swan Club out of the cold, mercenary thought that it was easier than fucking people, and didn't hurt as much. But I couldn't bring myself to always turn down the somewhat forceful demands for 'private' performances, and those always seemed to end up with me tied up and being fucked by someone.

I was a bad girl, really, a slut. There was simply no denying it, even to myself. But I adapted, and grimly accepted it. Then, slowly, I began to accept it in a different way, as just an aspect of sexual power, and then began to enjoy it, even to take pride in being a slut, a very highly desired and rewarded slut.

When I left the resort five months later I had nearly two hundred thousand dollars in a bank account in Bermuda, and a whole new outlook on life. No longer was I going to focus on trying to enter

the rat race and try to become a cubicle dwelling worker. Sex was my business, and business was good!
And if people wanted to tie me up, or spank me, or both, well, that was extra.

End

*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

*

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.

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!

Out of Uniform (Jamie McCloud series)

Gorgeous tomgirl Jamie McCloud is a rookie cop on the NYPD. Jamie is transferred out of uniform into street clothes to work for the Anti-crime squad in Manhattan. There, amid the glitz and glitter, amid the hordes of tourists and businessmen, she hunts down muggers, drug dealers, pickpockets and purse thieves, along with perverts and gang members. Oh, and the occasional terrorist. And on her own time, Jamie begins to explore the dark side of her sexuality as she is introduced to domination and submission by her hunky new federal agent boyfriend Danny. It's all just a kinky game, at first, but the mind-blowing excitement and thrills quickly draws her into a lifestyle that will change her behavior, her personality, and her life.

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to

submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them