



**By JJ Argus**

# **The Bratty Blonde**

# **The Bratty Blonde**

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2021

Electronic edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author and encouraging him to continue to write more like it.

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

# Chapter One

Hannah is a very sweet girl. She's got soft, golden blonde hair which she cuts straight and lets hang down a few inches past her shoulders, with really thick bangs that almost cover her blue eyes. She's got big breasts which make her a real guy magnet, and a big heart which makes it easy for her to be screwed over.

I wouldn't exactly say she's a slut. But she's not super sophisticated and can be easily led-on by guys with sweet words. And she's certainly got the attitude of a slut. She's fascinated with sex and is always talking about it. She's got a great body and is very proud of it. And she had a shitty home life so she's always looking for love, affection, and security.

She's made to be taken advantage of by horny boys, in other words. The only thing which kept her from being the school trampoline in our high school was she was shy, self-conscious in groups, and tongue-tied around boys. Also, she got in trouble early by sending her topless pics to guys and they got out.

Which is why she's been known as a slut for years. Even though, honestly, she doesn't have that much experience.

I first met her when I was transferred into our high school in the ninth grade. My father's in the army so bouncing from place to place was fairly normal for me. I got over being shy really quickly and now was used to being the new girl. The teacher, Mrs. Danby, sat me next to Hannah because that desk was empty. It was empty because once she knew you she was an earnest little chatterbox who drove people crazy. Probably because she was trying to make friends.

Anyway, Mrs. Danby assigned her to show me around. It didn't take more than ten minutes sitting next to her to realize she was an easy mark, and not just for boys. Girls bullied her because, well, it was so easy. They

teased her, made things up to get her worked up, and sometimes just poked and prodded at her.

In this case, the girl behind me was amusing herself in a boring class by smacking her head occasionally with a ruler. That annoyed me, so I leaned back, snatched her wrist, gave it a twist, took the ruler away, snapped it in half, and tossed it on the floor.

My dad's in the army. I forgot to mention he was a hand-to-hand combat instructor for years and had taught me a lot about fighting. I wasn't afraid of anyone, particularly not some chubby girl with acne who looked like she'd fall over if she had to run a block.

That kind of set the tone for my relationship with Hannah. She was annoying at times, but awfully helpless, and I felt sorry for her. So I was often getting her out of one scrape or another. Or comforting her after some boy had abused her trust. I was also always warning her about them, which I credit as being the only reason she got through high school without getting pregnant.

Because she was annoying I kept some distance between us. I'm a cynic, and my attitude tends to be to veer away from that of soft-hearted sensitivity. I'm kind of a tomboy, much preferring things like sports cars and sports, not to mention shooting (my family life in the military, after all) than frilly fashions, shoes, and makeup.

Most girls seemed obsessed with getting a boyfriend, and the various ways to entice and keep them. Much of this involved how to improve their looks, and the rest was about how to simper and flatter and seduce guys. None of that held any interest for me.

Not that I didn't like guys. I hung around with guys more than girls. Not that I didn't like to look good, either. But I wasn't going to wear makeup and push-up bras and short skirts to attract a boy. Nor was I going to simper and pretend I was a dumb, helpless girl or use any of the other 'strategies' most of the girls I knew talked about.

Sex. Sex was interesting as a concept. In reality, most guys weren't very good at it. They lacked the patience. Their egos were too fragile to allow them to be taught how to improve when they're bad. And so I had yet to meet a girl who could honestly say to me that the sex was good except in the emotional sense of being happy at pleasing the guy they were with.

Well, I wasn't going to fuck some guy just to make him happy. If it wasn't going to be fun for me then they could go fuck themselves.

I was raised with the attitude I could do anything I wanted, and that I didn't need a guy to make me happy or complete. Realistically, I could have any guy I wanted. I knew that. I've got smaller breasts but a better body than Hannah. Hers is soft and girly. Mine is tight, firm, and athletic. That doesn't mean I'm flat-chested, though. I have nice legs, a really fine ass, and perfect, high, firm breasts.

At least, the guys who've seen it say they're perfect. I've looked for pictures of well-known actresses and models who have breasts as similar to mine as I can find and then what people say about them. So I can say that if what people say about those breasts are what most people think, then I have really nice breasts.

Hey, I don't claim to not be vain. I am a girl, after all, and society says sexy girls are awesome. So if my face, hair, and body seem to, comparatively speaking, be sexy, then I'm awesome! That knowledge gives me the confidence to not have to primp and dress up and put on makeup to try and attract guys.

Much of the focus of Hannah's life is making herself pretty. She pours over every word coming from celebrity-type women about hair and makeup and stuff. Much of my focus is in fixing up an old Mustang (with the help of my dad and brother) I bought, keeping myself in top physical condition, and getting good marks in college.

If I get good marks and graduate I can apply to join the army as an officer. My father was pretty firm on me not joining as enlisted. With a degree, I can apply for officer candidate school, and twelve weeks later I'm an officer.

I like to think I'm firmly grounded, realistic, have lots of common sense, and, as I mentioned, am a cynic. This does not make me give a lot of respect to Hannah and girls like Hannah, but I have a lot of affection for her so I try to protect her and put up with her when she goes on a crying jag.

I've given up reforming her by just talking sense to her. Sense is not something she has a lot of.

Now you might ask, Kristin, given how annoying Hannah is, why in hell would you choose to share an apartment with her? I'm glad you asked. Sometimes I wonder.

The thing is, my dad is now permanently stationed, in the runup to his retirement, at an administrative headquarters pushing paper. Which is why we haven't been transferred again. So we have a nice house and it's not like they wanted to boot me out when I turned eighteen.

But daddy is... bossy is not an unfair term. I know, I know, if you don't like being bossed around, Kristin, why in the hell would you want to join the military? There's a difference between being bossed around at work and bossed around at home in your room when 'off duty'.

Not to mention there's no effort on his part, or my mom, to give me any privacy about my personal life. Or how I dress. Or how I'm doing at school. Or when I get home at night or where I've been or what I'm eating or...

Sigh.

It was getting frustrating! And then Hannah, the little dummy, moves into an apartment with another girl and signs the lease by herself. Which means when the other girl decides to move out the only one stuck for the rent is, guess who. So of course, she's desperate for someone to share the rent. And who does she come to first? Me.

At first, I'm like, no fucking way. But then I thought about it. Hannah's working as a waitress at a steak house. She gets really nice tips because she's pretty and sweet and has nice boobs. But she's also gone most evenings. I, meanwhile, am at school most days, with my evenings free. Hmmm.

I mean, given we'd be sleeping around the same time I'd hardly have to deal with her at all except when our days off coincided. And she worked Saturday nights so...

The apartment was a nice one because of course, she hadn't thought things through but had picked it because it had a pretty view, a balcony where she could tan topless, and a nice bathroom. For me, it represented a place where I could get some peace from my family and, if I wanted to, have a guy over.

So I could present the move to my parents as just helping Hannah out because she was desperate. And say it was mostly temporary, like until the lease was up. And I knew I could handle the ditzy blonde. I don't want to make out like I'm a bully. But I can persuade her into almost anything that doesn't involve dumping a boy she's obsessed with.

Which meant it would be my apartment and she would mostly do as she was told.

Things worked out pretty well, and I could always plead the need to study when I'd had too much of her moping or crying over some boy and retreat to my bedroom. But that didn't mean there weren't times when she was super annoying and I just wanted to smack her!

One such argument was over the TV. We both had TVs in our bedrooms, but the one in the living room was bigger and had a stereo sound system hooked to it. And I absolutely did not want to watch any of the shit she was obsessed with, which I'm thinking you can imagine. It starts with the Kardashians and then goes through the Bachelor, Love Island, Project Runway, and the rest of that ilk.

I'd way rather watch a Marvel superhero movie or something with action in it.

When she doesn't get her way, which she can't unless I agree since I'm bigger and stronger than her, Hannah sulks and pouts. Which is fine if she does it in her room. When she does it in my face it gets annoying.

And one of those times, after I had dismissed her protest about how important it was that she watch tonight's episode of Real Housewives of Beverly Hills she got sulky and snatched the remote, turned the station, ignoring me, and then tried to keep the remote away from me. That included by shoving it down her top.

That, of course, didn't deter me in the slightest. I've seen her naked plenty of times. I pinned her down, opened her shirt, took the remote back, and changed the channel.

It wasn't difficult.

Then she decided she would annoy me by standing in front of the TV.

"Hannah, move your fat ass," I ordered.

"I don't have a fat ass. I have a gorgeous ass. Look."

She bent forward, waving her ass at me.

"I'm going to kick your gorgeous ass if you don't move it."

"I pay rent here too! I should get to choose some shows!"

"You can choose some shows when I'm not here. Move."

"Make me!"

Making her was not hard. But of course, she could just scurry back in the way.

I was getting really annoyed! And whenever I get really pissed at someone I tend to think about violence. I guess that's one of the ways I'm

like a guy. But actually physically fighting with Hannah just wasn't an option. It would be totally unfair since she has no ability to fight at all.

What I could do was yank her down across my lap and give her a half dozen or so sharp slaps to her butt. That made her yelp and squeal, and I hit hard enough to make sure the pain was accomplishing what I wanted, then let her up.

She rubbed her bottom, glaring at me.

“Meany! Bully!”

“Don't make me send you to your room.”

“You can't send me to my room like I'm some kind of little girl!”

“Want to see?”

She scowled, then flounced out of the room, presumably to watch her dumb show in her room.

But almost an hour later she was back again. She'd removed her jeans and sweatshirt and changed into her nightie, which was basically just a long t-shirt which was tight across her boobs and hung down a few inches below her butt.

“Now can I watch Too Hot To Handle?”

“What the hell is that?”

“It's a really cool dating show!”

“No.”

“Kristin!”

I flicked my fingers dismissively at her and she grabbed at the remote again and ran away, squealing.

“Fuck,” I said in annoyance.

I considered just letting her have it and going to my room but I was already bored, so I went after her, calmly. She was in her room looking innocent.

“Where's the remote?”

“Hmmm? I'm sure I don't know.”

I grabbed her, sat on the edge of the bed, yanked her down across my lap, and yanked up her little nightshirt. She wasn't wearing any panties, which was a bit of a surprise, but not much. I often don't wear them either.

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

“Ow! Oh! Agh! Ow! Quit!”

“Where's the remote?”

“I have no idea!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She was squirming and kicking as she yelped, trying to pull free. She had a very shapely ass, like I said, and her pussy was completely shaven. She'd had laser hair removal, in fact.

Now I'm straight – mostly. I mean, it's not like I haven't had thoughts about exploring things with a girl before. Me and a few girlfriends had taught each other to kiss, after all – including Hannah. And I won't say we haven't engaged in a few giggly experiments before. But I hadn't really gotten into it.

And it wasn't any sudden lust for Hannah's pretty butt or pussy which drew my sudden thoughts in that direction. The truth is, I was enjoying having physical control over her like this, and her being half-naked was adding a kind of sexual element which suddenly caught my mind's attention.

Hitting Hannah in the normal course of events did not hold any attraction to me. Smacking a naked, squirming Hannah, whose breasts were mashed against my thigh was different.

“It doesn't even hurt!” she taunted.

“So I should hit harder?”

Hannah's room is a mess, as always. That's another way we're different. She's got clothes strewn all over the floor and on every table and dresser, not to mention hanging from her bed posts. There was a thin belt on her lower bed post. When I say thin I mean it wasn't much wider than my thumb. I reached out and grabbed it, then doubled it up and started using that on her butt.

It made a satisfying little whippy sound, and unlike using my hand, didn't cause me any pain. It also produced a satisfying result as her squeals grew in volume and she wriggled and twisted even more.

“You going to be a good little brat and give me the remote?” I asked.

“I'm not scared of you!”

“You should be. I looked at her reddening bottom and then at her pussy and then grinned.

“Maybe I should spank this instead.”

I let the belt slap lightly against her pussy and she squealed really loudly.

“Don't you dare!”

“Bad pussy,” I taunted.

I swung the light little belt down lightly against her pussy, again and again, letting it hit harder as she squealed and kicked and wriggled.

“All right. I give!”

She gave me the remote and I left.

But I was confused. I had found that oddly exciting. To the point I was disappointed when she gave in. My stomach was fluttering and my chest was tight and I could not for the life of me figure out why.

I'd never enjoyed hurting people before, except, of course, those who deserved it. And arguably she did. But I'd never gotten off on it. Of course, I'd never tried to hurt anyone in such a... well, sexual way before. But then I hadn't really thought about it as sexual at the time. Though, naturally, if you considered the idea of girls doing lesbo stuff with other girls, it sure was.

I had never seriously considered making out with Hannah. If I was a guy she still wouldn't have been my type because she was kind of a fluff head. If I was going to have a 'girlfriend' she'd be tough and cynical like me. Certainly tough and cynical were the kind of things I liked in guys. Cry in front of me and unless your mom just died you can forget a date.

My dad has these old private detective books written before I was even born. The detective is like six feet four, an ex-heavyweight boxer, and ex-cop, super tough and wisecracking who guns people down without a hint of regret – and is also kind and sensitive and a gourmet cook who quotes poetry and is a feminist and progressive.

There might be one of those in the world, but I wouldn't count on there being two. So I know that my views of what a perfect guy would be – which are pretty much the same as most girls – are more than a little unrealistic. Still, wimpy and naive are certainly not the traits I want.

Then again, I'm more forgiving of girls. They're not *supposed* to be tough and brave. That's what my mom would call an 'exceeds expectation' on a performance review. So that would be what I would be looking for if I was looking for a girl lover. And that's not Hannah.

Still, there's no denying she's pretty, with soft hair and a great body. She could use some more exercise to tighten up here and there, but she's in better shape than most girls. But her and me as lovers? That just didn't seem to add up.



## Chapter Two

I don't like most public gyms, unless they're for girls only. I also don't like to pay for them given I'm kind of, you know, poor. If I exercise in public guys are always ogling me so I can't relax the way I want to and focus. That hadn't been a problem when I was living at home because my dad had some pretty good gym equipment in the basement.

Here, I had to improvise. I had some free weights and a yoga mat for doing Pilates. I had also figured out how to do some of the exercises I would have done in a gym. For example, there's a bench at gyms where you lay down, hook your ankles under a bar, and then can lean way, way far back – like the part under your back angles down, so you can do crunches.

The only place to do that in my bedroom was over the side of the bed. But there was nothing to hook my ankles into. I solved that by buying some rope. I tied it around my ankles, then tied it to the side board on the far side. That let me put my butt on the edge of the bed and then do both forward and backward crunches with the rest of my body hanging over the side.

Keeping a nice, tight, flat belly with just the right amount of muscle was my second most important objective of my exercises. The most important was, of course, strong chest muscles to make sure my boobs didn't sag. I might not be Hannah but I'm certainly not flat-chested, and I didn't want the girls sinking down!

I also have a chin-up bar I can attach to the door frame. Few girls can do chin-ups. Few of them intend to join the army. I will never be as strong as a guy but I want to be as fit as possible.

After doing my crunches I got up and opened my bedroom door, then slipped the bar into the braces already screwed into the frame. Then I began to do some slow, methodical chin-ups.

I was wearing my usual workout at-home outfit, which was sweatpants and a loose tank-top cut off just below my breasts. Hannah, when she does exercises, has some bright, neon-colored spandex outfit. Why, since no one ever sees her but me, is one of life's mysteries.

I did chin-ups until my arms ached, then decided to do a few crunches which are even harder than most by hooking my legs into the bar and hanging upside down. That took some effort, but I was up to the job, and was able to swing my feet up and over the bar, then hang upside down with the bar up under my knees.

The tank top would have fallen upside down but I folded my arms over my chest and then tried to do a few upside-down crunches. I had been facing the hall when doing chin-ups. After swinging my lower body up and my legs over the bar I was facing my room. Still, I sensed Hannah wandering by.

“You should do yoga,” she said.

“Go away.”

“You don't want big muscles. Boys won't like you.”

“Go away.”

It wasn't easy doing crunches this way and my breath was labored.

“You're such a bad girl for being rude to me,” she said.

Then, really fast, she yanked the loose, drawstring sweatpants up and slapped my butt multiple times. And no, I had no panties on. Why should I wear panties to sweat? I had an athletic bra on so the girls wouldn't bounce around, but no underwear. So her hand cracked loudly and stingingly against my bare bottom about four or five times before I let my legs unfurl and lower myself to the ground.

By that time she'd run away squealing and laughing.

I picked myself up, pulled my pants up, and headed after her. She hadn't gone far, after all, just into her room. I tried the door and it wouldn't budge.

“Who iiiis iiiiiit?” she called in a musical voice.

She'd blocked the door with something and was clearly confident I couldn't get through. Well, I didn't need to get through. I went back to my room and got some of the rope, brought it out to her door and tied a loop around the doorknob, then pulled the rope across the hall and tied it around the closet doorknob.

Then I went back to finish exercising.

“I know you're out there!” I heard through the door.

I ignored her.

“You can't fool me! I have patience!”

She had no patience. She had never had patience.

I continued to do upside-down crunches, and after a minute she tried to open the door and found she couldn't.

“Hey!” she said. “What did you do!?”

She pulled on the door repeatedly but it only opened about a half-inch.

“Kristin!”

I smirked and kept silent.

“Bitch!”

“Fine! I'll just watch TV or go on the internet! I don't need to come out there anyway!”

That lasted about five minutes.

“Kristin! I need to go to the bathroom!”

I slid down off the chin-up bar and then turned on a Pilates video and started doing that on the mat.

“Hey!”

I started doing the warrior queen workout, focusing intently as I threw punches.

“Kristiiiiiiiiin! I really need to go!”

I did punches, then lunge punches, then squat punches, then more standing punches.

“Pleeeeeeeaseee!”

“Say please mistress Kristin!” I called.

The words jolted something inside me. See, I had been thinking of it along the lines of an old-fashioned boarding school I'd attended once where you called female teachers 'mistress', as in Mistress Jones or Mistress Appleby.

But of course, outside of rare settings like that the word only had two meanings for women these days. One was as someone having an affair with a married man, and the other was some kind of female dominatrix type. Which at least retained the meaning I had intended – which was someone who was inferior talking to someone who was above them.

“Please, Mistress Kristin!” she called.

“Beg,” I called.

“Please, please, please, Mistress Kristin!”

“On one condition.”

“What?”

“You can only come out of your room completely naked.”

“What?! Why?”

“Also, you have to crawl to the bathroom and back.”

“Are you crazy!?”

“Okay, stay there.”

“Kristin!”

I did the pigeon pose, then downward dog.

“I'm sorry I pulled your pants down!”

I did the child pose, then reclining hero, then downward dog again.

“Kristiiiiiiin!”

“I can't heeaaaaar youuuu,” I called.

“Bitch!”

I did some sitting punches, then squat-hold punches.

“Okay!” she exclaimed.

I grinned, amused. But there was this heady thread of something darker and excited in the idea of making her crawl naked which I still didn't understand.

I went to her door.

“You're sure you're naked?”

“Yes! Perve!”

“On your hands and knees?”

I heard movement, then her voice coming from low. “Yes!”

I untied the rope from the closet door and held onto her doorknob, then eased it open a bit to make sure she was as I said. Surprisingly, she was! I grinned and pushed the door open and she scowled up at me.

“I have to go pee!” she exclaimed.

“So crawl over to the bathroom little bitch.”

She did just that, her breasts wobbling below her as she did.

“Meany!” she said over her shoulder.

She went into the bathroom, then closed the door, after which she presumably stood up. I untied the rope from her doorknob and considered my next move, not at all sure what I was aiming for other than amusement.

She took her time in there. No doubt she was passing some of it with washing her hands, for I heard the water there. Then she'd brush her hair

and pose for herself to reassure herself she was sexy, all in the vain hope I would be gone by the time she opened the door.

But I intended to make her crawl back again.

I continued to do stretches in the hall. Unlike her, I did have patience.

She opened the door and peered out, saw me there, and scowled.

“Crawl back to your room,” I said with a smirk.

“You can't make me!”

She walked out of her room and tried to push her way past me. Of course, I'm bigger and stronger than her. We struggled and she tried to dive low past me. Good idea, but I grabbed an ankle, then I had an idea. I had dropped the rope. Now I tied it around her ankle as she squealed and yelled and struggled to crawl away. I was able to grab her other ankle, then tied them together.

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

It didn't take a lot of physical exertion before she was out of breath.

I dislodged her fingers from the door frame and dragged her backward along the floor by the ankles.

“Kristin!”

My door was not very far away. I threw the rope over the chin-up pole and then pulled it taut and used the rope to drag her the rest of the way to my door. Then her ankles and legs rose up into the air, and soon after that her butt and stomach.

“What are you doooooing!?” she gasped.

“Teaching you who's the boss,” I exclaimed.

I didn't have to lift her whole body into the air. And if I'd tried I would have gotten rope burn on my bare hands. But I was able to lift her ankles up high enough that only her upper back was still on the floor. Then I fed the rope sideways to the door of my closet, wrapped it around, and tied it off.

“Kristin!”

I returned to doing my exercises, very much amused. But again, with that dark, underlying sense of sexual tension and interest as I watched her struggling.

She'd started off with her arms over her body, even though, of course, I'd seen her naked many times, and vice versa. She soon gave that up as she tried to figure out how to get her ankles free. Doing that would require her

to do a full sit-up, reach up high enough to grab her ankles, grab the bar, hold on with one hand, and then untie the rope with the other.

I would probably have been able to do that. Hannah? No way.

“Kristin! Untie me!”

“You mean Mistress Kristin, don't you?”

“Bite me!”

“Oooo, someone's being bratty,” I said.

I continued to exercise, while she wriggled in what was arguably quite an attractive way.

“So do you want to know what happened in Bachelor in Paradise the other night?”

“No.”

“So they were heading into a hotel suite. Katie wasn't sure if Chris liked her And he was like, showing nothing. Hannah and Dylan spent a lot of time making out, and talking about how she's afraid to be hurt again – .”

“What part of 'No' do you not understand?”

“So then there's Nicole and Clay. He's sooo handsome! You should watch the show! Anyway, Nicole thinks she's going to be engaged to Clay but he's never even said 'I love you'! He has a problem with those words, see. He spent – .”

“Shut. Up.”

“Like eight months in a committed relationship and never told her he loved her so I don't know what's up with his thinking on Nicole. Plus, I don't understand Nicole. I mean, given his past why is she thinking this guy is fiancée material!?”

She was laying on her upper back, waving her arms in the air as she talked. And doing it in that stupid girlish voice she knew annoyed me.

I went to my closet, humming to myself, determined not to be outdone by a ditzy blonde. I pulled out more rope and a couple of scarves I didn't like which were presents, then tied a loop in the rope and went over to her. I slipped the loop over one arm and jerked it tight before she realized what I was doing, then managed to pin her other hand as tried to twist away and tied it to the first, then drew her arms out along the floor and tied the rope to my doorknob.

“Hey! What the hell! Pervert! Tying me up naked! Are you going to have your way with me now!? Are you going to molest me!” she squealed.

I wadded up one of the scarves and shoved it into her mouth. Then I tied the other around her mouth.

“Ahh, peace and tranquility,” I said, grinning down at her.

She glared up at me, her blonde hair half spilled across her face. She writhed and twisted, managing to turn herself over, but that just mashed her breasts on the floor, and I took the opportunity to slap her butt several times until she squealed and flipped over. Then I gave her a red belly, taunting her as she wriggled helplessly beneath me.

“Don't mess with the Warrior Queen, little blonde girl,” I said.

I went back to my exercise mat and continued. Hannah twisted and wriggled and flopped like a fish for a couple of minutes, then lay still, panting, chest heaving.

I couldn't miss how attractively her chest heaved, especially with her large, full breasts.

Women, quite objectively, have much more attractive bodies than men. That's just a fact. Oh, there are a very, very few really really well-built men who put in hours and hours of exercise every day who have super hot bodies, but they're few and far between.

I finished exercising and returned to squat next to her.

“How is our little blonde brat doing?”

She scowled.

“Are you ready to apologize and beg my forgiveness?”

She continued to scowl, then smoothed her face, rolled her eyes, and nodded.

I untied the scarf and let her work the other one out of her mouth.

“Bitch!”

“That's not showing proper respect. Oh well, I guess I'll just have to torture you,” I said.

I stood up, reached up, and started to tickle her bare feet.

She squealed and started to twist and writhe but could do little about it.

“I give! I give!”

“Say mistress.”

“I give, Mistress! Please!”

He stopped tickling.

She gulped in air, gasping raggedly.

“I'm waiting for that meek, modest apology.”

“I'm sorry for pulling your pants down, Mistress Kristin,” she said.

I was thoroughly enjoying myself, and that dark sense of excitement was growing as I looked down at the naked, helpless blonde. Something about having such power over her was really turning me on!

“Now beg my forgiveness.”

“Please forgive me, Mistress Kristin!”

I wasn't in any hurry to end this. I squatted down next to her, smirking.

“And promise to always be respectful and obedient to me from now on.”

“No way!”

“Is that the attitude you want to take, little blonde girl?”

“I'm going to pee in your Gatoraid!”

“What a crude threat!”

I reached down and slipped my fingers around one of her very hard nipples, then twisted it sharply.

“Nipple twist!” I exclaimed.

She yelped and jerked violently.

“Bitch!”

I twisted both nipples next time and she squealed even louder.

“I bet you love touching my nipples, lesbian!”

“You calling me a lesbian? Weren't you the one who had that mad, passionate affair with Chelsea Moore?”

“It wasn't a mad, passionate affair! We did it one time! And we were drunk!”

“Lesbo!” I taunted.

“Dyke! Stop touching my nipples!”

I laughed, then stood up.

“So here's the thing I really don't understand about what Nicole sees in Clay aside from his majorly sexy butt and – mmmphh!”

I shoved the scarf back into her mouth, then tied the other one over it, considering. Then I moved to my desk, feeling that dark thread of sexual excitement growing thicker and stronger. I picked up a ruler and went back to squat next to her, then started to lightly slap her erect nipples.

I wasn't slapping hard, mind you, but quick, short little slaps using only my wrist. She squirmed and moaned beneath me as I pinned her shoulder, but it wasn't like she could do anything as I pinkened the center of each of her breasts.

“Ready to give in and admit I'm the queen?” I asked.

She glowered at me and I knew she'd be sticking her tongue out if I hadn't pushed the scarf into her mouth. I slapped a little harder, moving the ruler back and forth over her breasts, especially along the underside. Her back wasn't flat, by any means, but angled up, so her breasts were kind of leaning towards her neck.

I even got a couple of slaps at her pussy before she squealed loudly and flipped over onto her belly. I laughed and slapped her butt then, harder still while she cursed and yelped.

I rolled her over and put the ruler down, then pulled the scarf from her mouth.

“Ready to pledge your everlasting obedience to your queen?”

“Eat me!”

“That doesn't sound like something I, as your queen, should be doing,” I said. “Maybe I should make you eat me!”

“Ha! You'd like that, wouldn't you, dyke!”

I shoved the gag back in her mouth and then went back to the desk. I took a pair of small binding clips – the smallest size, from a drawer, and returned to her, then before she noticed my intent, I slipped them over her nipples and let them close.

She squealed very dramatically, arching her back, her hips jerking up and out, rolling and twisting as she stared at her breasts and the clips pinching them.

“Don't mess with the Warrior Queen, baby,” I taunted.

The thing was, I've known Hannah for a long while, and even with the gag on the expression on her face wasn't particularly distressed, at all. It was more... excited. And I don't know why but that excited me in turn.

“Going to learn to obey the Queen?” I taunted.

She shook her head furiously.

“Hmm.”

I went back to my desk and took out some string and a pair of scissors, then knelt beside her. I cut a long piece of string and tied it to one of the clips, then did the same to the other as she stared at me. I stood up, strings in hand, and began to ... tug.

Her eyes widened and she squeaked, then yelped as I tugged on the clips. I tugged harder, pulling at her nipples, and she yelped and squealed

and then forced her chest up and out to ease the tension. I just pulled more, and she forced herself up on her neck and shoulders with her back arched sharply.

I laughed and released the strings, then got up and left the room. I went to the kitchen, trying to calm my fluttering mind, and got a couple of ice cubes from the freezer, put them in a cup, and then picked up a glove from the hall closet before returning to my room.

I stepped over her and squatted down.

“Are your nipples all hot and sore, little blonde girl?” I cooed.

I removed the binding clips, which caused her to yelp again, then I put on the glove, plucked an ice cube from the cup, and began to rub it against her right nipple. I also put my knee on her shoulder to stop her flipping over as I gently rolled the ice cube back and forth over her nipple.

She hissed and moaned and cursed as I rolled the ice cube around and around and back and forth over her nipple, but she couldn't do anything. I held the melting ice cube over her other breast and watched the cold droplets fall down atop her overheated flesh as she trembled and moaned and gasped.

I lowered my hand and rolled the cube over her nipple and breast, then slid it up her belly as she began to buck and jerk more violently. I trailed the ice cube along her hip and up along the side of her ribs, then into her armpit before tracing it along her spine and rubbing at her puckered back opening.

She rolled and flipped but there was always part of her I could ice up. I paused though, wanting to make sure she wasn't actually freaking out. I pulled the gag out and leaned over her.

“Well?”

“Well what? Dyke!” she exclaimed breathlessly.

“Call me 'your majesty'.”

“That'll be the day!”

“You will force me to resort to stronger measures,” I said.

“You don't scare me!” she gasped.

## Chapter Three

I didn't gag her, but stood up, and she started to talk about the last episode of Bachelor in Paradise again. I stepped over her and went to the kitchen then found some heavy tape. I returned and went into my closet as she moved on to the latest episode of Housewives of Beverly Hills. I searched in the back of a box and came out with what I was looking for.

It was the Hitachi magic wand. I had bought it a while ago, but it proved to be too powerful for me. I had a smaller, battery-powered version which did just fine. By 'too powerful' by the way, I meant the vibrations made me extremely uncomfortable! I was very sensitive down there and I couldn't bear to keep the thing pressed against me for long, even on the lowest setting.

I set it down, then stuffed the gag into her mouth again before picking it up. I showed it to her and her eyes went wide. I grinned, then pressed the long wand against her thigh, jamming the rounded vibrating ball thing in against her pussy. I taped the wand in place with a knee on her chest to keep her from trying to roll away, but she didn't put up a very energetic fight.

I turned it to a medium setting, then backed up and plugged it in.

She squealed a lot louder than she had for the ice cubes, or even the binding clips. I grinned and moved back as she twisted and bucked, rolling and then rolling again as the powerful vibrator buzzed against her.

After a few seconds, my grin eased to a frown. Her reaction was a lot more energetic and lively than I had anticipated. I watched carefully to make sure she wasn't actually in distress or really upset or anything, but the more I watched the more excited I got.

Because while her initial reaction had been as if I had zapped her with an electrical charge, that was morphing into something entirely different. I

admittedly hadn't had much experience seeing Hannah excited – as in aroused – but it was sure looking like that was what was going on.

I mean, her eyes weren't as wide anymore and were starting to get kind of... glassy. And the way her hips were bucking and grinding was a lot less like someone trying to dislodge something and a lot more like, well... you know.

This amused me but also aroused me back. And I have to admit she looked awfully erotic the way she was rolling and grinding. And even the noises she was making sounded kind of hot.

I knelt beside her again and removed her gag.

“So, are you ready to submit to your queen, little blonde?”

“B-Bitch!” she gasped.

“That's not nice.”

“Take it off!”

“You mean take it off, please, your royal majesty.”

“Kristin!”

“Yes, serf girl?”

I untaped the body of the Hitachi and pulled it away, and her movements eased, but then I pressed it against her pussy again – which was clearly kind of wet, and began to rub and grind it against her.

She squealed and cursed and her hips started to jerk convulsively.

I laughed and pulled back.

“So you like my little friend here, do you?”

“Whore! Pervert! Dyke!”

“Oh, you want me to just take it away and untie you? Okay.”

I turned it off, and I could see the hesitation and uncertainty in her eyes.

“You're right. I should just let you get back to your room,” I said.

I turned it on and pressed it against her, rubbing it up and down.

“Unless you'd like to reconsider.”

She gasped and shuddered, but instead of complaining she clenched her teeth and glowered at me. Her hips started to tremble and jerk, and that grew more and more energetic as I rubbed the thing up and down, up and down. Her breathing was becoming more and more ragged, as well, and her face was flushed all the way down to her chest!

I turned the wand to 'hi' and she cried out, then her hips really started to jerk violently against it. I stopped moving the wand and let her jam herself

against it, grinding furiously as her back arched all the way up until only her head was making contact with the floor.

I swear if she could have opened her legs she'd have taken the big fat round head up inside her pussy, or tried to.

I had never watched a girl orgasm in person before. I found it both fascinating and incredibly exciting as she gurgled and sobbed and bucked against the Hitachi through a very long, and apparently intense climax.

I mean, if she was faking, she ought to be an actress. I eased the wand away and she went flat, gulping in air, chest heaving, trembling, and twitching.

“Did we enjoy that?” I asked mockingly.

“Bitch,” she moaned.

I laughed and then began to ease her legs and body back down to the floor. I pulled the rope off her ankles as she lay there groaning. My insides, though, were churning, and my mind was filled with heat and dark excitement as I wondered how I could do... something! I mean, could I just start to, you know, make love with her?

Why not?!

Go for it!

My heart was pounding with the uncertainty of it since I was still far from sure of how she'd react, but I knelt beside her, then after a few moments of hesitation, I slid my fingers through her hair. On impulse, I closed my fist around a thick mass of soft blonde hair, and then jerked it sharply back.

“Ah!” she gasped just as I leaned over.

I kissed her, passionately and roughly, violently, demandingly. I jerked back on her head, forcing her back to arch, and crushed her lips with mine.

She seemed startled, at first, and did nothing, then she quickly responded, kissing back just as enthusiastically. I let my right hand drop onto one of her breasts and started to lightly squeeze and knead it, rolling and stroking her nipples.

A kind of sexual electricity was rolling through me, setting my muscles and nerve endings quivering. I had little personal experience with girl sex, but hey, I knew what my body liked, and it wasn't as if I hadn't seen videos on the internet.

My hand slid down along her belly and my fingers found the line of her sex. I let my index finger slide along it, then into it, rubbing her clitoris as we continued to kiss. My tongue pushed into her mouth and she started to suck hungrily on it as our lips slid together.

Her hips jerked against my fingers, but her thighs jerked apart, then wider apart on the floor, her knees pulling back before she started rolling her hips up at my fingers and moaning.

I suspected she was faking, simply because her responses were so... well, powerful. But there didn't seem to be any other indication of anything less than breathless excitement in her. I finally eased my lips off hers, chewing and nibbling lightly on the side of her throat as I let a finger push slowly down into her pussy.

I was... fascinated, and feeling incredibly excited by how responsive she seemed to be. She was moaning and gasping and cursing softly now as my finger slid deeper inside her. I pushed a second finger into her, then began to rub her clitoris with my thumb.

“Am I the Queen?” I asked.

“Biiiiitch,” she moaned breathlessly.

I pulled my fingers out of her and slid them into her mouth, and she blinked, startled, then nipped them as I jerked them back quickly. She laughed and I glowered down at her.

“I think you need to be taught not to bite, blonde girl,” I said.

“And who's going to teach me, dyke!?” she demanded, eyes alight.

I stood up and then went to where I'd tied the rope around her wrists. I untied it, then pulled on it and reached down for her hair. She yelped as I pulled, forced up off her butt and onto her knees. I pulled her into my room and then up to her feet before pushing her belly down across the desk.

I tossed the rope over the other side, then quickly dropped low and grabbed it. Just as she started to push herself up I jerked on the rope and she yelped as she was pulled back down again. I pulled the rope back between her legs and then up sharply so it was forced up between the lips of her pussy.

“Ah! What are you... doing!?” she squealed.

“Were you talking to I, little blonde serf?” I demanded.

I pulled on the rope, which jerked harder on her wrists, and which ground up against her pussy. It was not a soft rope. It was a rougher hemp

rope, and I doubted it felt very good wedged between her labia the way it was.

I grabbed my ruler again and started to smack her butt with it, hard and fast. Naturally, she started to jerk and pull and strain. And that wound up grinding the rope against her pussy more.

“Ah! Ah! I give! I give!” she cried.

“Your majesty?”

“I give, your majesty!” she gasped.

“And you promise to obey me always?”

“I-I promise to always obey you,” she groaned.

I jerked sharply on the rope and she squealed.

“You forgot to say your majesty.”

“Ahh! I promise to obey you always, your majesty!” she cried.

“That's better.”

“Bitch.”

I jerked on the rope and slapped her bottom with the ruler until it was red.

“Did you have something to say to me, you blonde slut?”

“I promise to obey you, Your Majesty!” she moaned.

I snorted, then released the rope and filled my fist with her hair. I pulled her to her feet and forced her head back sharply, which made her cry out again, but I kissed her again, hard and fast, and her cry turned to a moan in my mouth.

I let my other hand knead her breast, then slide down to rub her pussy as she pressed herself against me. Her bound hands slid behind my head, and we kissed long and passionately. I pushed her backward as we kissed until the backs of her legs hit the side of the bed. She fell in with me atop her, still kissing.

I threw the rope over my headboard, then shifted us both and grabbed it behind the headboard, pulling it until I had adjusted her properly on the bed. She watched, panting, flushed, as I tied the rope off. Then I peeled my tank top up and off, followed by my bra.

I leaned over and pressed my bare breasts against hers, feeling a wild rush of heat as they pillowed out together and began to rub deliciously against each other. I kissed her again, my fingers in her hair, pulling and roughly controlling her as our tongues slid hungrily against one another.

I reached down, pushing my sweatpants down, then off, then rising up to my knees. I spread her legs, then lifted her right leg up, remembering the videos I'd seen on the internet. I maneuvered my pussy in against hers, lifting her leg back and kind of turning her half onto her side. At first, I was grinding myself against her inner thigh, which still felt incredible.

Then I found her pussy with mine, and the dark, animal hunger and passion grew far more intense as I started to grind myself in and out against her. I had her leg up along my torso, between my breasts and over my shoulder as I leaned forward, and managed to get just the perfect degree of contact between my clitoris and her pussy.

I started to really grind myself against her then, and she began to moan and gasp and whimper as heat filled her eyes and face.

She was tied up and helpless beneath me. I'm not sure why that thought occurred to me. I was excited enough just from my first real lesbian experience. But there was more to it than that. There was this dark heat and excitement at... controlling her... bossing her around... being in charge of her... making her obey me!

At being able to throw her around like a rag doll and be as nasty as I wanted!

I leaned in a bit more. Her shoulders were still mostly flat on the bed but her hips were mostly turned over on her side. I reached up and roughly squeezed her breasts, then on something like impulse, I let my other hand slide up and grip a fistful of hair.

I jerked down and she cried out, moaning and trembling as I kind of forced her head to the side and then back. I had her more on her side now as she half turned her shoulder too, and I pulled back ruthlessly so that she was looking towards the headboard and crying out as I pulled her hair and ground myself harder into her pussy.

*Owned! Owned, bitch!* I thought wildly.

I was grinding myself furiously against her, close to orgasm, her breast in my left hand and her hair in my right as my chest forced her leg back. And then she came first! Bitch! It sure wasn't disguised. Her whole body began to tremble and shake and she cried out in pleasure.

“Harder! Harder! Faster!” she cried.

I went harder and faster, yanking on her hair and squeezing her breast hard as my own orgasm erupted and flared wildly within me. The orgasm

was wild, raw, and incredible! It was the most powerful orgasm I'd had as long as I could remember, maybe the most intense ever! And it went on and on as I ground myself feverishly against her pussy!

Wow, what a porn vid we'd have made if I'd set up a video camera! We were both gasping and crying out as our orgasms rode us wildly, our bodies grinding violently together as the pleasure baked our minds!

It was goooooood!

\*

I wasn't entirely sure how to treat her after that. We were still friends, but more than friends. Lovers, I guess you could say, but not romantic ones. And she was acting way brattier than usual, teasing and taunting me, mocking me as 'your magnificence' and 'your gloriousness' and 'your imperial lesbianist'.

“You're looking for trouble, aren't you, bitch?”

“Why would I look for trouble, your incredibleness? By the way, how long have you been a horny dyke?”

I slapped her ass – hard, and she yelped and leapt away.

She was wearing short-shorts and a tank top, more of a halter top, actually, the kind with the strings which go behind your neck and tie there and the other two which go behind your back and tie there. She clearly had no bra underneath, and the top was tight across her breasts.

“Stop calling me a dyke, you slut. You know I'm straight.”

“Oh, forgive me, your marvelousness, but I thought someone who ground her pussy against me and came while squeezing my tits might be at least a little gay.”

“How many times did you come again, slut?”

“I was just a helpless victim, the victim of your cruel lesbian attack,” she said piously.

“Want to be a helpless victim of my foot up your ass?”

“Is that what you lesbos do these days? I wouldn't know. I like men.”

“You mean you like cocks,” I said.

“That's what proper girls like,” she said haughtily.

“Proper is not the word for you, you slut.”

“Ha!”

I pretended to jump at her and she squealed and ran away into her room, closing the door. I snorted and sat back in the living room, picking up the

remote and flicking through what was on TV. Mostly junk, naturally.

Thinking about the sex. It was good. It was exciting and hot. But the aspect of it which had really turned me on was that edgy ability to *control* her, to... make her do what I wanted, to do whatever I wanted to do to her. I thought about doing that with a guy, tying him up, and making him do whatever I wanted sexually, but it didn't really work for me. A guy would be a wimp if I could do that to him.

In fact, the idea which kind of excited me was of a guy tying *me* up and treating me like his bitch, making me orgasm and punishing me for disrespect. That was something I could see getting off on. The reverse wouldn't work since I wouldn't respect the guy. So dominating him would be weird.

But with a girl that didn't matter. I didn't expect other girls to be tough and capable. And certainly not Hannah, who was neither. So dominating her was hot, and I wanted to do it again. The sex was nice too, of course. In fact, the dominating part was inextricably bound up with the sex part.

I put some thought into what I was going to do to Hannah next, for I was sure she'd give me plenty of cause to 'punish' her. Candle wax on the nipples, perhaps? I could use my dildo on her. It was a nice, big one. What really caught my mind, though, was fucking her like I was a guy. I needed one of those strap-on things, maybe.

I flipped through websites on my tablet, considering, looking at various types, colors, shapes, and sizes. It would have been nice to know the texture. I didn't want something too smooth, too unlike a real cock. The best dildo was one that felt as similar to a real cock as possible.

Vibrators. She'd shown a distinct weakness for vibrators. I could probably do something interesting with that. I selected a big strap-on, then was intrigued by other stuff on the site. A collar? Ooooo, that sounded hot! A nice studded (faux) leather collar! With matching wrist restraints! This was kinky shit! But the sight of it and the thought of putting it on Hannah already had my chest tightening and my nipples prickling.

And I was willing to bet they'd make her come in her panties. Presuming she wore any. Ha. I ordered them and then flicked to my emails and then other messages. A couple of pictures a girlfriend sent me reminded me how gorgeous Hannah looked when arched and tied, and I considered what kind of pictures I'd like to take of her.

There were certainly lots of possibilities!

I really didn't know where this was going. Was I going to wind up eating her? I'd never eaten a girl before, and the thought wasn't exactly exciting. On the other hand, having her eat me was. And unlike myself, she had some experience there.

Still, I was resolved to learn.

## Chapter Four

“Morning, lesbo!” she said cheerfully the next day.

I slapped her ass and she yelped and jerked forward.

“Hey!” she said, rubbing her butt.

“Have you forgotten that the Queen needs to be respected?” I asked dryly.

“Queen,” she said. “Pfft. Queen of kinky, maybe.”

She turned away and I reached out and snaked my hand around her, aiming for her mouth, but she moved and my open hand caught at the front of her neck. I pulled her back against my body as she grabbed at my wrist, and my right hand slid around her hip and pushed down the front of her loose, drawstring shorts.

She wasn't wearing panties. My fingers found her sex as she struggled against me.

“I think you need to learn how to respect your betters, blonde girl,” I said into her ear.

I wasn't squeezing her throat – much – but enough to convey a message even as my fingers rubbed her clitoris.

“You can't make me!” she gasped raggedly.

“Of course I can. I'm bigger and stronger than you,” I said, leaning in a bit and biting into the nape of her neck.

She had one hand on my left wrist and the other on my right wrist, though neither was strong enough to do much of anything even if she tried very hard – which she wasn't.

“Who's your mistress, slut?” I purred into her ear.

I squeezed up a little harder on her throat and she gasped.

“Y-You are!” she croaked.

“Maybe I should keep you naked from now on like a slutty little sex toy,” I said, chewing on the nape of her neck.

Her hips were already starting to jerk against my fingers, and I could feel her getting wet. But I pulled back, releasing her, then smacking her butt hard. She yelped and stumbled forward.

“Ow!” she cried, rubbing her butt as she turned and scowled at me.

I walked around her and headed for the kitchen.

“Bitch!”

She swung her hand at my butt but I dodged it and went around the corner into the kitchen.

The coffee maker was already on, of course, set to come on since we got up roughly the same time every day. I had to head off to classes, while Hannah did whatever it was she did during the day before going off to work in the evening.

I made coffee while she went over to the fridge and started to prepare her breakfast. I didn't eat breakfast here. I'd have something at school. But first I wanted a little coffee, then I'd go jogging, then come back and have a shower before heading off to school.

“Did you have nice, erotic dreams about me?” she asked.

“Nope. I dreamed about big, hunky guys with great big cocks.”

“Really? Lesbos do that too?”

“Only one of us has eaten pussy and it ain't me, blondie.”

She sniffed derisively. “I'm sure you can hardly wait to eat my beautiful pussy.”

I walked back to the bathroom with my coffee and combed my fingers through my hair, deciding to wash it after school. Then, still sipping from the coffee, I went into my room and quickly stripped, then put on panties, athletic bra, sweatpants, and tank-top before heading back for the kitchen.

“Getting ready to go running, lesbo?” Hannah asked.

“You're really asking to be gagged,” I said.

“Phhht,” she said.

I put the coffee down and she watched me warily, but I just left the room, which seemed to annoy her.

“Lesbo!” she called after me.

I got the rope I'd left in my room and came back to find her standing at the kitchen sink rinsing out a bowl.

I yanked her shorts down to her ankles before she noticed, and then when she yelped and dropped the bowl I pressed my hips in against her to pin her against the counter and yanked her tank top up and off. She grabbed at it, but not super quick.

I grabbed her right wrist and pulled it behind her back, quickly slipping the loop in the rope around it.

“Hey! What are you doing, lesbo! Pervert! Weirdo!?”

I pulled her other hand back and tied them together. That left a lot of rope. I pulled it up her back and over her right shoulder – raising her hands up to just under her shoulder blades as I pulled, then down along the outside of her right breast, under her breasts, up the outside of her left breast, then over her left shoulder.

“What... are you... doing!?” she gasped in confusion and some alarm.

I didn't reply. I fed the rope around her side and around her front under her breasts, then up and over and around again before starting to tighten the rope. It squeezed her breasts together as she squealed helplessly, and I bent her forward then tied the rope around the faucet.

“Kristin! You weirdo!”

I slapped her butt sharply, then slid my fingers up and down along her exposed sex. I bent and pulled her shorts off and she gave half-hearted kicks at me so I spread her legs wide, opened a couple of the cupboard doors, and tied her legs to the wooden slats between the doors. Then I gagged her.

There was butter on the counter. I stuck my fingers in it then slid them up into her hot little pussy. Then added a second, and a third, pumping them in and out as she gasped and squealed and her hips rolled and bucked against me. I left her like that, returned to my room, and came back with my dildo, then pushed that as deep into her as I could, judging how deep that was by the sounds she was making and the resistance.

I put a length of tape across her thighs, pressing against the base of the dildo to ensure it stayed in place, then wiped my hands and left the apartment, locking the door behind me and heading downstairs for my jog.

It occurred to me it would be a bad idea to get hit by a car or something that stopped me from returning. In fact, it occurred to me that lots of stuff could go wrong with her tied up helpless. But it was too late to do anything about it so I left the building and started to run.

I was going to have to cut the jog short, partly out of paranoia of something happening back there and partly because I kept getting turned on thinking about Hannah bent over naked like she was, tied up with a cock inside her. And wondering what was going on there.

What I could have done, I thought, was set up a zoom meeting between her phone and mine, then placed her phone there on its side so it could just check my phone to see what was going on. What a great idea!

I jogged faster to make up for cutting the jog shorter than usual, so I was kind of out of breath by the time I returned to our building and hurried across the lobby to the elevators. I let myself into our apartment as quietly as I possibly could, eased the door closed, and crept to the corner to peek around into the kitchen.

Hannah was, of course, still in place where I'd put her. But she was in constant movement, rolling her hips, jerking her back, thrashing her head, jerking back against the faucet, which would be pulling at her breasts – so why was she doing that – pulling with her wrists against the rope – which would also be squeezing the ropes around her breasts more so why – and trying to grind her pussy into the side of the cupboard.

My nipples were already hard, but my chest tightened further and I felt a wild rush of heat through my lower belly as I watched and listened to her. She was gasping and moaning and whimpering as she moved, and I was startled by what seemed to me to be a feverish heat.

I mean, I had meant this to be a frustrating lesson in respecting her betters, not something which would drive her crazy with excitement. This girl was as kinky as she accused me of being!

I moved into the room behind her and she jerked her head around, her face red, and froze.

“Well, well, is my little sex toy enjoying herself?” I asked sweetly.

I slapped her butt sharply and she yelped.

“I didn't say you could enjoy yourself, slut!”

*Crack!* I slapped her butt again.

“This is supposed to be a punishment!”

*Crack!*

I pulled the tape off her and gripped the base of the dildo, then also gripped her hair and yanked her head back as I started to thrust the dildo into her. I pumped it in hard and fast, practically burying it with every

stroke. As I did, I made sure my fingers extended over the base so that they rubbed her clitoris every time I shoved it into her.

It didn't take more than a few seconds of her crying out in a muffled, guttural voice through the gag before her hips went crazy, jerking back frenziedly as her cries rose to a loud, animal howl of pleasure.

“Are you coming, you little blonde slut? Are you coming for Mistress, whore?”

I jerked on her hair, which also pulled her breasts against the faucet, and pumped the dildo furiously as my fingers stroked her clitoris. Her orgasm, like the ones the other day, was... extended, and her body reacted violently throughout as I fucked her.

I jerked my pants down and off, then untied her from the faucet, which just involved prying the rope away and yanking her back. She half fell to her knees and I grabbed her arm to ease her down, then pulled the gag out of her mouth.

She gulped in air, her face red and sweaty as I gathered up her hair and then pulled her face in against my pussy.

“Show me what you can do, slut,” I barked.

I jammed her face into my own steaming pussy and she started to lick almost at once. The sensations were like raw energy crackling through my body, and I shuddered, tightening my grip on her hair as she licked frantically.

“Suck my clit, bitch!” I gasped, jerking on her hair. “Make me come or I'll beat your ass.”

I don't think she needed the threat, but I liked making it, and I loved that I had her helpless on her knees, tied up naked before me. I jammed her face in against me, my pussy flaming hot, the sexual passion burning my mind, the pressure growing inside me.

It didn't take long before the orgasm tore through me, and it was all I could do to not fall down as I jammed my pussy into her licking, sucking mouth and rolled my head up and back.

I let her fall back onto her back (well, her arms) on the floor after that, then combed my fingers through my hair as I caught my breath.

“Nasty lesbo,” she said in a pouty voice. “Always abusing poor, innocent little girls like me.”

“I think you crave abuse, you little slut,” I said.

She sat up and then rose to her knees again.

“Untie me, dyke.”

“Beg me, slut.”

She leaned in and bit me on the thigh. I mean, hard enough to hurt! I yelped and shoved her hard so she fell back onto her back but she was laughing and giggling.

“You little bitch!”

She stuck her tongue out at me.

Glowering, I went to the fridge and leaned over to pull open the crisper drawer, then took a cucumber out of it. I let my body hide it as I moved to the counter, while behind me she was sitting up again and getting to her knees. I spread butter over the cucumber and then grabbed her by the hair and yanked her back.

“Ahh! Hey! Dyke! I’m being attacked by a perverted dyke!” she cried.

I pulled her onto her back, then knelt between her legs and put a knee on each to pin it in place as I brought the cucumber down against her pussy. The dildo had fallen out and so I jammed the end of the cucumber into her and pushed.

“Ahh! Fuck! Kristy! Are you crazy!?” she gasped.

I slid a hand up and squeezed her breast hard as I twisted the buttery vegetable from side to side and pushed.

“It’s... too... big!” she gasped, eyes widening.

“A slut like you could take a fence post in there,” I taunted.

I felt her opening giving way, felt the thick cucumber slowly pushing forward into her body.

Hannah laid her head back, gulping in air, staring up, moaning. Her hips began to jerk but I kept my knees pinning her thighs down. I lowered my left hand, rubbing her clitoris as I worked the cucumber deeper and deeper, and she came again even before I’d gotten it halfway inside.

Her body arched and jerked several times and she wailed in pleasure, her head rolling from side to side as I rubbed her clit and twisted and pushed the cucumber deeper and deeper.

“Slut! Whore! Look at her coming on a cucumber!” I taunted.

“God!God!God!God!” she whimpered, writhing and moaning on the floor.

I got it about three-quarters of the way into her, then quickly took some of the leftover rope to tie it in place.

Then I left her on the floor as I went to take my shower.

It was admittedly a quick shower. I barely dried myself off before going back to the kitchen naked to find Hannah on her side. She had pulled her feet up and back so she could press her heels against the base of the cucumber, pushing it even deeper.

“Slut!” I said, startling her.

She shuddered and moaned and I knelt, rolling her onto her stomach, then putting my right knee between her quivering thighs as I gripped her hair. I pulled it back, causing her to cry out.

“You're a nasty little blonde slut, aren't you?” I asked.

I jerked on her hair at the same time as I shoved my knee forward, pushing against the base of the cucumber.

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” she squealed.

“Are you a nasty little blonde slut? Are you?”

“Yes! Yes!” she cried.

“Say it.”

“I'm a... a nasty little blonde slut, Your Majesty!” she moaned.

“And now you're my little blonde bitch, aren't you?”

I jerked my knee in against the cucumber and she cried out.

“Yes! Yes, your majesty!”

“Say it, slut.”

“I'm... your little blonde bitch, Your Majesty!” she moaned.

“You're my fuck toy, isn't that right?”

“Yes!” she moaned. “I'm your fuck-toy, Your Majesty!”

I wound her hair around my fist and half lifted her squealing body up and back onto her knees, then pulled her face in against my pussy again. I slapped the back of her head and jammed her face in against me and she started to lick.

As before, It didn't take long before her licking, sucking mouth combined with how wild and kinky and edgy this all was, drove me into a second massive orgasm.

\*

I was late for classes, but it was a miracle I went at all. I felt like staying home and continuing to abuse my new fuck toy. Especially while she was in

a particularly weak mood. Then again, Hannah seemed to be in a weak mood a lot, and the class was important.

During my break between classes, I used my tablet to look at bondage and BDSM websites, looking for inspiration, things to do to her, different ways to tie her up, and different ways to make her come. One idea which was intriguing got me going to online sex shops until I found this little vibrator thing that worked through Bluetooth. That is, it was controlled by someone's phone – and not necessarily the person with the vibrator inside them.

It was curved like the letter-U, but with a thicker arm which obviously went inside, and a shorter, thinner arm which narrowed as it came out through the pussy and curved up across a girl's clit. It was expensive, but the possibilities were endless.

I told myself I was being an idiot spending all this money. I mean, I didn't need this stuff. I was enjoying myself without it, after all. But I had this wild, bubbling sense of excitement and passion about what was happening between the two of us, and it made me a little stupid.

So stupid that rather than ordering the thing I decided to buy one. Even though that meant going into a sex shop. Yikes. Well, I wasn't particularly shy. I could go into a store to buy a vibrator. Maybe, if there was a girl there, I could actually ask her about the thing.

I went to my next class, and during lunch, went to the shop. Everyone knew about it. It was just off-campus, and obviously catered to the mass of college students away from home and exploring various aspects of their sexuality. It wasn't some grubby, dark place, but looked like an electronics shop, or maybe a leather shop. Though really it was both.

I was a bit self-conscious, but thankfully, the place wasn't very busy. I had come before eating, hoping that would be the case. I headed for the vibrator section right away and found the box within seconds. I examined it and, a little embarrassed, headed for the counter.

Then something caught my eyes. It was, of all things, rope. Yes, coils of rope in every color of the rainbow and more. Why the fuck would they be selling rope? I reached for it and then realized why. It was for tying people up! And unlike the rough hemp rope which left marks on Hannah's wrists, this was much softer. I'm not flashy, I picked up some black rope, then headed for the counter.

The girl obviously rang up stuff like this and worse all the time, and was totally casual about it. She was also clearly gay.

“So... has anyone ever given you any uh, reviews on this?”

She looked at me. “What would you like to know?”

“If someone was say, working, and someone else turned this on, could they still work or would they go bananas and have people calling an ambulance?”

She laughed.

“Well, most people can disguise being aroused to some extent around others, and you can use various speeds and powers to work it up slowly.”

“She seems very responsive to vibrators,” I said.

“What does she do for a living?”

“A waitress in a steak house.”

“Hmm, best not turn it on full when she's carrying big plates of food.”

“Could someone actually come from having this turned on, I mean, without even... doing anything?”

“If she's sensitive to vibrators? Sure. There's lots of different patterns you can control through your phone. You have to see which has the most effect. Her phone has to be on her or nearby, though. Or if it's attuned to your phone, then yours has to be.”

“Could it be tuned to both?”

“Sure.”

“Interesting way to liven up her job.”

“As long as she keeps it,” she said with a smirk.

“She'll probably rush to the bathroom and take it out.”

“See these little holes in the tip? You can put a chain through that, and wind it around her hips and then lock it in back. So she could take the bigger part out of her vag, but that would just leave it hanging down between her legs, so she's not gonna do that. It would be noisier, too.”

What an interesting idea!

## Chapter Five

I got home a bit early, wanting to make sure I saw her before she left for work. She was already dressed and getting ready to leave when I arrived.

“Hey, Lesbo,” she said in amusement.

I shoved her roughly back against the wall and kissed her. She gasped, eyes widening, her hands pressing against my shoulders at first, then sliding up over them and behind my neck. We kissed for long, long seconds as our breasts pillowed together, then I eased back.

“I should have called in sick today,” she gulped.

“You can't afford to lose the hours... slut.”

“Lesbo.”

“Bitch.”

I gripped her hair and jerked it back.

“Isn't that right?”

“Yes, Your Majesty!” she gasped.

“That sounds silly.”

“You're the silly one who came up with it,” she said, her head still held back by my fist in her hair.

“From now on you can call me... Mistress.”

“Ha,” she said.

I pulled her into the living room and bent her over the back of the sofa.

“I'm... gonna be... late!” she gasped.

*Crack!* I slapped her butt.

“This won't take long... slut.”

I lifted her tartan skirt up and jerked her panties down.

“Don't move... bitch.”

I went back and got the box and pulled the vibrator out. I had already set it to my phone. So all I had to do was turn it on and then work the thick

part up into her pussy.

“What are you doing!?” she gasped. “What is this!?”

“It's to remind you of me,” I said.

I slipped the fat part up until the very thin curving part was sticking out of her, and then the wider part was pressing up against the top of her sex. Then I drew the chain up across her abdomen on either side, then locked it together in back with a tiny padlock.

“Kristin! What the fuck!?”

I pulled her panties up and then opened the app on my phone as she straightened up and looked around at me. She lifted her skirt and peered down at the bulge in the crotch of her panties, and was just reaching for it when the thing activated. She gasped and yelped and stared down at it, then up at me in disbelief.

“You really are a kinky bitch!” she exclaimed in delight.

“Shhh. I want to see if we can hear it.”

We both went silent and she lowered her skirt, drawing her thighs together and almost crossing her legs.

“It's not... very strong,” she said.

I turned it up higher and she jerked.

“Oooo. That's... stronger.”

I went to her phone and downloaded the app as she rubbed the vibrator against herself.

“Do you hear anything?” she said.

“Nope.”

“I hear it.”

“You're hearing it through your body.”

I returned, bending over and listening.

“I can barely hear anything even when I'm down here,” I said, straightening.

“We can play with it later. I have to go to work.”

“I intend to play with it this evening while you're AT work.”

She stared at me. “What!? Are you crazy!?”

“Possibly.”

“I'll get fired!”

“Only if you have a wild, screaming orgasm in the middle of the restaurant. I'm sure you can restrain yourself.”

“You're such a pervert!” she said admiringly.

“Let's see how it works,” I said, returning her phone to her. “If you're out of range of your phone it won't work anyway.”

“It feels... weird. Sexy but weird.”

“Go to work.”

She sniffed and went to the door as I turned the thing off.

“I'll see you after work, lesbo!” she taunted, then scurried off.

I was going to make her pay for that later. One way or another.

I changed and did some homework and studying, and got a text from Hannah which said “Hey, how do you take this thing off!?”

I smirked and typed back “You can't.”

“Fuck off! How do I undo the chain?”

“It's locked.”

“You bitch! Lesbo! Dyke!”

“Enjoy, slut.”

I didn't do anything with it just then. I finished my homework, then made dinner and ate it. Then I got my bike out of the closet and took it downstairs. It was a casual, ten-minute drive over to the restaurant where she worked. And it had big windows looking out on three sides.

I parked the bike, then found a space by a tree and took out the little mini-binoculars I had for watching sports when I went to games. They were only a few inches long so not very noticeable. I had to shift position to check other windows before I spotted her. Then I set up between an SUV and a big bush.

I was so close I figured my phone ought to set the thing off even if hers didn't. I could see her at a table taking an order. I waited until she had turned and was heading away to turn the thing on, and felt a jolt of elation as she jerked to a sudden halt and looked quickly around. Then she moved away again.

Grinning to myself, I watched her at the order desk, leaning on the counter, her legs tightly together, then talking to someone there before turning away. I turned the thing up to its highest setting and she jerked even more violently, which caused me to laugh out loud.

She turned and talked to someone, then walked unsteadily across the room to talk to one of the customers at a table who must have signaled for

something. She dealt with them and headed back, walking oddly, as if she was trying to keep her thighs tightly together.

Her face seemed to be flushed, and every time she got back to the order window she squeezed her thighs tightly together, and often dropped a hand down there. If I didn't know better I'd say she really had to pee. But of course, I knew better.

I examined the app and started trying different patterns to the vibrations to see if one had more impact than the others. I was at the side of the restaurant, and then saw movement in the rear which caught my attention. It was Hannah! She'd gone out back and was now leaning against the wall, head back, actually crossing her legs as she trembled.

I felt my nipples prickling in my bra as I watched, and a flush of heat swept through me. I wondered if she'd have an orgasm right there. Then I saw her take her phone out and do something with it. A moment later my phone buzzed. I smirked and answered it.

“Yeeees?”

“Turn this off!” she exclaimed, her voice squeaking.

“I'm sorry, but is that how you address me?”

“Kristin!”

“I can't hear youuuu. My name is mistress, remember?”

“Turn this off, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Beg me.”

“Please turn this off, Mistress!” she gasped.

“That's a very sexy outfit you're wearing, slut. I hadn't realized how short the skirts were there or how tight the top was. No wonder you get nice tips.”

“Kristin!” she moaned.

I watched her walk away from the wall, and then walk around behind the big garbage bin, to put it between her and the entrance. There was a fence behind her to hide her from the parking lot, but I could see her from my position as she squatted down and pushed a hand under her skirt and, I presumed, into her panties.

“Are you going to apologize for calling me names, slut?” I asked.

“I apologize, Mistress,” she gasped, her hand rubbing at herself.

She fell back against the fence, her hips bucking violently as her head rolled back and to the sides. I realized she was having an orgasm right there!

Then I saw someone come out of the restaurant holding a big garbage bag.

“Watch out! Someone just came out the back door with a garbage bag!”  
I exclaimed.

She jerked and fell to the side, further behind the bag, and the person threw the bag in from the other side, then turned around and went back inside.

Hannah lay on her side, kind of in a semi-fetal position, jerking and shaking, and I wondered how long that orgasm was going to last. I waited until she was able to stand up to turn the thing off.

“H-How do I take this out?”

“You can't. I told you. It's locked.”

“Well don't turn it on again!”

“You don't give me orders, slut. I'm the mistress.”

“Kristin! I'll get fired!”

I turned the thing on again and she jerked sharply.

“Kristin!”

“That's mistress, slut.”

She looked around suddenly. “How did you know someone was coming out of the restaurant!? You're watching me, aren't you!?”

“Maybe.”

“You... peeping tom!”

I turned it up all the way and she gasped aloud.

“I'm sorry, Mistress!” she gasped.

“Would you like to get rid of it?”

“Yes! I mean, yes, Mistress!”

“Then you have to obey your mistress.”

“W-what do I have to do!?”

“Take off all your clothes.”

“What!? Are you crazy!?”

“No one can see you where you are.”

“And what if someone else comes outside!? Or someone comes to check on me! I just told them I felt bad and needed some air and took my break early!”

“Then you better hurry.”

“But... what... why do I have to take all my clothes off!?”

“Because I need to unlock the chain and if I'm going to go to such effort I want you naked.”

“What if someone sees!?”

“Then they'll get all excited if they're a boy and be jealous if they're a girl.”

“We can't have sex here by the freaking garbage!”

“You just masturbated by the garbage, you little blonde slut.”

“But I didn't have any choice!”

“Nor do you now.”

She was starting to dance from foot to foot now, her hand on her crotch as the vibrator began to have an impact.

“Do it, slut, and you can be back inside in a few minutes.”

She looked around wildly as I ducked lower, then undid her skirt and dropped it. She quickly unbuttoned her blouse and dropped it on her skirt, then undid her bra and pushed her panties down and off.

“Shoes too, slut.”

She took off her shoes and then stood there with her arm across her breasts and her other hand down over her crotch.

“Now turn to the bin, lean forward so your breasts and arms are pressed against it, and then push your ass back.”

“Kristin!”

“That's mistress, slut. Do it!”

She did it.

Don't move.”

I got up and put the little binoculars in the pocket of my jacket as I crossed the lot and went in behind the bushes. She saw me and started to move and I said: “Don't move!”

I came closer and stood beside her.

“Rub those big boobs against the garbage bin,” I said.

She moaned and did, her face flushed.

“What do you call me again?”

“Bitch!” she gasped.

I snorted, then slid the thin belt out of the loops of my jeans, doubled it in my hand, and swung it down across her butt.

She hissed but didn't make any other sound.

“What was that, slut?”

I swung it again, and again, then harder.

“Ah! Mistress!” she gasped.

I swung again. Crack!

“Say that again.”

“Mistress!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“Again.”

“Please, Mistress!” she yelped.

I reached in under her hip, gripping the vibrator, and rubbed it against her, and she started to roll and grind her hips frantically.

“Do you want to come again, you horny little blonde fuck-toy?” I taunted.

She didn't answer. She couldn't answer. Instead, she came, mashing her soft breasts against the rusting metal, her hips jamming violently against my hand as I rubbed the vibrator into her clit.

I had a strong temptation to pull my pants off and have her eat me right there, but I wasn't about to do that behind a restaurant and a garbage bin that was open to the parking lot. Instead, I unlocked the chain and pulled the fat little vibrator out of her pussy. She was so wet that her cream trickled lightly out and went down her thigh.

“Blonde slut,” I teased.

*Crack!*

“From now on show more respect for your mistress.”

*Crack!*

“Understand, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress!” she gasped breathlessly.

I jerked back on her hair and turned her around, then slid a hand up around her throat, squeezing it as I pushed her back against the bin. Her hands rose instinctively to grasp my wrist.

“Put your hands down at your sides.”

She moaned and obeyed and I held her there, squeezing enough, just enough, so that I could tell she couldn't really breathe much. Then I eased it, leaned in, and kissed her roughly before letting her go.

“Now get dressed before someone sees you like this you slutty little nympho.”

I watched while she pulled on her clothes.

“I'll see you when you get home, blonde girl.”

I walked away, my chest tight, my own pussy hot and throbbing. I went back and got on my bike, and was so horny that my pussy being ground against the seat almost made me come! When I got home I took the vibrator out to examine it, then slipped the thick part into my pussy and turned it on.

The thing about this vibrator was that, unlike the others I'd used, it was vibrating inside and outside. I knew from my knowledge of female anatomy and old sex-ed classes, that the clitoris is exactly a larger organ than you can see. You only see the tip. The rest runs into the body right alongside the front wall of the vagina.

Which is where the 'G-spot' comes from. If you touch the right spot along the inside of the vagina you can make contact with that 'inner' clitoris through a very thin membrane of skin. This vibrator was doing just that, sending its vibrations against my clitoris from both sides.

Holy fuck!

I got up and tried to ignore it. I found a pair of panties and pulled them on to see what Hannah had been feeling as I tried to walk around. It didn't help that I was incredibly horny to begin with, of course. Still, I was able to fight my way through it as long as I didn't press the thing in tighter against myself.

Of course, she seemed more sensitive to vibrators than me.

Then I had an idea. I went to my bedroom and found a pair of tight cutoff jeans and pulled them on. When I did them up they pushed the outer part of the vibrator in much harder against me. I almost dropped the phone after I turned the thing on. And then I threw myself onto the bed, grabbing my crotch and grinding it frantically against my hands as the orgasm took me.

## Chapter Six

The little experiment with the jeans had been enlightening, and given me some ideas on how to further torment Hannah. If she thought the thing had been powerful in her panties, just wait until she felt it in tight against her hot little blonde pussy!

Geeze, I was turning into a nympho myself! But it wasn't the thought of Hannah's luscious body that was turning me on so much as it was having control of her, sexual control.

I didn't have any morning classes the next day, so I could afford to get up a little later. Usually, I was asleep by the time she got home, but tonight, I decided to wait up. She came in the door on time, kicked her shoes off, and headed for her room.

I waited until she'd had time to get undressed, then shoved her door open, startling her. She yelped as she twisted around to face the door, wearing only socks.

“Well, well, if it isn't my little blonde nympho,” I said.

“You bitch! I almost got fired! If anyone had caught me – .”

“Did you just call me a name?”

She halted. “No,” she said innocently.

“I think you need to be taught a lesson.”

“Is that lesson that you're a big, horny lesbian who likes abusing innocent blonde girls?”

“You haven't been innocent for years, slut.”

“Lesbo!”

I gripped her hair behind her neck and jerked back and she gasped in pain.

“Hands at your side!” I barked.

She moaned and dropped her hands to her sides.

“Are you a filthy little blonde slut?”

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm a filthy little blonde slut, Mistress!” she exclaimed.

“Move, slut.”

I marched her down the hall to my bedroom and inside, then bent her over the desk again.

“Hands behind your back, slut.”

She complied and I crossed her wrists and then carefully wrapped several loops of the black rope around them.

*Crack!* I slapped her butt.

“Spread your legs, slut!”

She obeyed and I fed the vibrator into her, then pulled on her hair to straighten her up. I fed the rope which was tied around her wrists between her thighs and up across the back of the vibrator, then up across one hip, around her back, down across the other hip, and over the vibrator again before going between her legs and up behind, where I tied it firmly against the rope behind her.

“God, you're a sickie!” she said excitedly.

“Oh, you think so, do you? Being disrespectful to your mistress again, are you?”

She stuck her tongue out at me.

I gripped her hair again, forcing her head back, then led her back into the hall as if I was taking her to the living room. Instead, just as we passed the door I yanked it open and pushed her out into the hall, then bodied her away from it as I closed it behind me.

“Kristin!” she squeaked, looking wildly around.

I locked the door. Then, humming to myself, headed up the hall for the stairs.

“Come along,” I said.

She stared around again then scurried after me. It wasn't like she had a lot of choices.

“Kristin!”

“That's mistress to you, slut.”

I opened the door to the stairwell and she followed me inside.

“I'm not going downstairs!” she exclaimed as I started down them.

“Suit yourself. You'll have to stay up here alone, then. Not sure if I'll come back this way. I might just take the elevator...”

She cursed and followed me down the stairs. Our apartment was on the fourth floor, and I led her down to the main floor, then pushed open the door and pulled her outside.

“This is insane!” she moaned, her head swiveling continuously.

It was after midnight, so it was dark and most people would be asleep. This side of the building had grass and some trees, which helped give us cover. I turned on the vibrator and she gasped and stumbled.

I walked in among the trees and she followed.

“Now, you were going to apologize for being disrespectful to your mistress, right?”

“I apologize for being disrespectful, Mistress!” she moaned.

“On your knees, little sex slave.”

“Sex slave!?”

“Yes, I think I'll make you my sex slave. Kneel, slave.”

She moaned and then knelt in the grass.

“Spread your knees wider. Sit back on your heels. That's a good little sex slave.”

She obeyed, but then kept jerking her thighs in together.

Do you want me to strap that bare ass? I have my belt here,” I said, pointing out the thin belt around my skirt.

“No, Mistress!” she moaned.

But when I turned up the vibrator she gasped aloud and started to grind her thighs together again. I raised my foot, pressed it against her shoulder, and flung her back onto her back on the ground. Then I stepped on her crotch. Oh, not heavily. My heel was on the ground, but the ball of my foot was pressed against the vibrator.

“Tell me you're my slut.”

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

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch, Mistress!” she gasped.

She ground herself against my foot and came, jerking and twisting and crying out, while trying to suppress the cries.

I loved watching her shaking and trembling in her climax, seeing how helpless she was beneath my foot, and what kind of effect I'd been able to

get over her body.

“Nasty, slutty little slave girl,” I taunted her.

I kept the vibrator on, then gripped her hair and used it to roughly pull her back onto her knees. I wasn't wearing panties under the short skirt, and when I lifted the skirt I was able to pull her mouth in against me.

“Please your mistress or she'll beat you,” I growled.

She started licking passionately and the muscles in my hips jerked as the sensations rippled through my lower belly and grew more and more intense. I had to sit down. So I did, pulling her down by the hair, putting my feet flat on the grass, and spreading my knees wide. Then the sensations became too powerful. I lay back, pulling her mouth down on my pussy.

She continued to lick and suck me as she knelt between my spread legs, and it didn't take long before my own orgasm swept through me. God, this was wild!

I ground my pussy into her mouth, wallowing in the sensations coming from her furiously licking tongue and the dark, heady feel of having power and control over her.

As soon as the orgasm faded I pushed her back, but she didn't go far. She was basically kneeling on the ground with her butt in the air and her chest and chin on the grass as I sat up.

“You're in the perfect position for a man to come along and fuck your tight pussy,” I said, combing my fingers through her hair. “I bet you'd like that, you blonde slut.”

“Yes, Mistress,” she moaned.

The vibrator was still on, and I wondered if it would give her another orgasm without my doing a thing. Probably.

“Thank your mistress for allowing you to lick her pussy, slave girl.”

She groaned and gasped, grinding her thighs together. I jerked on her hair.

“Did you hear me, slut?”

“You should thank me,” she groaned.

“Are you disobeying your mistress?”

“I'm just saying... lesbo,” she groaned.

I stood up, letting the skirt fall back into place, but took off the belt.

“Stick your little white ass higher, slut,” I said, smacking it with the belt.

She gasped but obeyed.

“Nasty slut.”

*Crack!*

“Now apologize for being rude.”

*Crack!*

“Ah!”

“Apologize, whore.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress!” she moaned.

*Crack!*

“Ah!”

“What are you sorry for, slut?”

*Crack!*

“Ahh! I-I'm sorry for calling you a lesbo... Lesbo!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She hissed and gasped and moaned.

“What was that, slave?”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Please, Mistress!” she gasped.

I swung harder and she gasped, jamming her face into the grass.

“Beg me to make you come, slut.”

*Crack!*

“Beg your mistress, whore.”

*Crack!*

“Ah! Please make me come, Mistress!” she gasped,.

“Nasty little slave slut.”

*Crack!*

“I should take you out on the street in front of the building and lay you down like this and invite every man who comes by to use you.”

*Crack!*

“I bet you'd love that, slut.”

*Crack!*

Her bottom was getting quite red, but then so was her face.

I walked around in front of her, then bent and slipped the belt under her neck and up and over again, feeding the tongue back into the buckle. I jerked on it and she gasped and gurgled.

“Hot, horny little nymphomaniac,” I taunted.

I pulled her upright by the hair and the belt, reached down, and started to jerk the vibrator against her pussy.

She started to tremble and shake and I moved behind her, then pulled intermittently on the belt to tighten and loosen it. Her hips started to grind more and more frantically and I tightened the belt to the point she couldn't breathe at all. She continued to shake and then her hips bucked wildly against my fingers.

Her back arched and her mouth opened wide in a nearly soundless scream as I held the belt tight around her neck. I leaned in and chewed on the nape of her neck and she collapsed to her knees. I eased the belt and she gulped in air, moaning and whimpering as her hips spasmed repeatedly.

\*

“That was siiiick,” she groaned.

I looked down at her laying on the ground.

“Which definition of sick?”

“Both.”

“You seemed to like it.”

“I did not,” she said, giving me a frown.

“So, no orgasm, huh?”

“No!”

“You're such a little liar.”

“I am not! Lesbo!”

“I think you need to be beaten more.”

“Ha! I can take you!”

She kicked feebly at me and I stepped back.

“Well, I guess I'll go inside now.”

She sat up and looked around her as if just remembering she was outside, naked and tied up. She looked at the closed back door.

“How do we get back in?”

“I walk through the front door. How you get in is your problem. Maybe you could wait around in the lobby until someone unlocks the door.”

“You're not funny,” she said.

I turned on the vibrator and she gasped and squirmed.

“What was that, slave girl?”

She looked down at the vibrator and rose on her knees, then shifted them apart, then pulled them together, most likely to see how that affected

the strength of the sensations. I doubted it affected them much since the vibrator was being held firmly against her by the ropes.

“This fucking thing is strong!” she gasped.

“Did I give you permission to use obscene language in my presence, slave girl?”

“Eat me.”

“No, that's your job... slut.”

I caught at her hair and lifted my skirt, pulling her in against me again, and she gasped and then started to lick. As she did, I played with the phone to try and see which pattern of vibrations seemed to affect her the most strongly. That wasn't easy since all of them seemed to affect her.

Every time I changed patterns I gave it about twenty seconds, then jerked back on her hair.

“How do you like this pattern, slut?”

“I-I... like... it,” she moaned the first time.

“That doesn't tell me much. Is it better than the last one?”

I switched back and forth and she gasped and moaned.

“Which one is better?”

“The... the second one!” she gasped.

I jammed her face into my pussy and switched to another pattern. Incidentally, taking a video of her eating my pussy while I did so. I jerked her back to check on the third pattern, then the fourth. By the fifth one, she wasn't making a lot of sense, and I just shoved her back so she fell on her back, writhing and grinding her thighs together as she came.

She started to make noises, though, so I knelt and put my hand over her mouth, still taping her as she wriggled around. When her orgasm seemed to be done I pulled her back up by the hair and set her to licking my pussy once again.

“Nympho slut,” I said.

“Lesbo!” she groaned.

I pulled back, then leaned over and smacked her ass sharply.

“Ow! Hey!”

I jammed her face into my pussy again.

“Eat me, slut.”

She started licking, and I held the phone out again to tape her as the vibrator buzzed away. She built up to another orgasm pretty fast, and this

time she started making a lot of noise, like crying out loud. I had to put both hands over her mouth and decided we had better go back inside before someone came out to see what was going on. Or at least looked out their window!

“You slut. We better go back in.”

I pulled her to her knees by the hair, then started back to the door, which I had left propped slightly ajar. She gasped and moaned, forced to kind of knee-walk along because I wouldn't let her get to her feet.

“Ow! Ow! That hurts!” she gasped.

“You deserve to be hurt, you little nympho slut.”

I let her stand up as we got to the doorway and we walked back upstairs to the fourth floor, then down the hall to our apartment. Of course, once I let myself in I pushed her back into the hall and closed the door. Then I looked at her through the peep hole.

“Kristin!” she hissed.

I locked the door as she was turning to try and grasp it in her hands.

“Bitch!”

“That's not the magic word,” I taunted.

“Pleeease!” she hissed. “Please, Mistress!”

“Stand back against the far wall so I can see you better.”

She moaned but obeyed. I turned on the vibrator again and she gasped and clamped her thighs together. Her head kept swiveling up and down the hall, though as she moaned and arched her back.

“I'm going to bed,” I said.

I don't think she heard me. I opened the door and she scurried forward into the apartment. I pushed her down onto her knees again, then onto her back, and made her crawl on her belly over to me to lick my pussy again.

After that, we both went to bed.

## Chapter Seven

I had a nice long run the next morning since I had more time. Every now and then I pulled out my phone and called up the zoom meeting Hannah and I were on. She didn't have much to say since she was gagged. She still made noises, though.

I had put the phone on the kitchen counter directly across from where she was standing in the hall. She was on a low stool, naked, of course, with her back to the wall and her wrists tied up and back behind her head and tied to a heavy hook in the wall.

She was enjoying the vibrator again. Only this time I'd also shoved my dildo deep into her pretty ass. It was too long to be completely buried, so there was an inch or so sticking out. I had tied some cord to keep it from sliding out before pushing her back against the wall.

Oh, and she was blindfolded.

She knew she was on a stool, though, so had better watch her step.

It was a warmer day so I was wearing shorts and a T-shirt. I was jogging hard, and sweating a little. It looked like Hannah was sweating too, even though she was standing still. Or nearly so. She kept jerking and slapping her butt against the wall, which I figured must be having an interesting effect on the dildo I'd pushed up her ass.

She was arching and wriggling and twisting and dancing from foot to foot as her hips ground out instinctively against the buzzing vibrator pressed firmly against her. She was listening to her earpods, which were playing a recording I had made with her saying "I am Kristin's sex slave!" over and over and over again.

I thought she'd already had several orgasms, and was contemplating how I could best use the more powerful Hitachi to drive her even more out of her tiny blonde mind. I checked again and found she'd fallen off the stool.

That was a bit of a problem, but not a dangerous one. I'd put her wrists behind her for a reason. Now they were high above her and her feet were able to touch the floor – well, the balls of her feet could anyway.

She didn't seem to be in a lot of distress since she was still slapping her ass back against the wall as she twisted and jerked and moaned in obvious pleasure.

I continued my run. I was on my way back anyway. I had been gone about forty minutes or so and was a little winded. When I got back to the apartment I let myself in quietly and then stopped before her. And holy fuck did she look sexy and erotic!

She was sweating, and her lovely body was writhing in place, her buttocks slapping against the wall, her back arching and jerking, her head rolling as she moaned non-stop. I wondered how long I could leave her like this, but I was fairly sure that standing on the balls of your feet for a long time would really strain her muscles. It would to me. And I didn't want her limping around for the rest of the week.

Still, that didn't mean I couldn't extend her little session a bit longer.

I ran my hands over her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, mashing them together. I rolled her nipples, plucking and massaging them, then pinched them and tugged up and out so she had to arch her back sharply.

“Sex slave!” I taunted.

I released them, rolling and rubbing them, then untied the gag and pulled it free.

“Didn't I tell you to keep still so you wouldn't fall off the stool?”

“I feeeel,” she moaned.

“Good thing you were tied up so you couldn't fall far. Isn't that right, slut?”

I massaged her breasts and nipples as I talked.

“But you disobeyed, so I guess you have to be punished.

I gripped her arm and hip and turned her to face the wall, then picked up the small, thin belt I'd left on the counter, the one I used to punish her. It was lightweight, and stung, but wouldn't do any real damage.

Even when I swung it harder, which I intended to try this time.

I started snapping it down across her butt as she moaned and gasped and twisted.

“Apologize, slut.”

“I'm sorry, Mistress Kristin!” she moaned.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“What are you sorry for, slut?”

She shuddered and twisted.

“Well?”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

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

“Yes, mistress!” she moaned.

“Then say it, slut.”

*Crack!*

“I'm sorry for... for... ow! For be-being... ow! Being a disobedient little slut, Ow, Mistress Kristin!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Are you sorry for being a nasty little whore?”

She gasped and moaned and turned around to hide her butt against the wall. I considered that a moment, then swung the little belt down across her right breast – though not as hard as I had against her butt.

She squealed and twisted around again and I swung it harder across her butt.

“Bitch!” she cried.

I swung harder still and she gasped and shuddered.

“Sex slave!” I said.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She turned around again, gasping and moaning, and I swung the belt down across the center of her right breast. She cried out but didn't shift. Instead, it looked like she arched her back! I swung against her left breast, then her right, aiming at the nipples and getting them. Each time I connected she gasped and yelped, but she didn't turn around.

I swung harder, almost wincing myself as the thin belt smacked down across her taut breasts, turning them pink and then red. Then she came again, writhing and bucking and thrashing in place as her voice rose higher and higher. I quickly stepped forward, swept the belt around her throat, and tightened it so she stopped making noises.

She kept trembling and shaking and bucking, though, for long, long seconds, and I finally had to loosen the thing because I was afraid she'd lose consciousness or something.

“Horny little nympho slut,” I said as her movements got less and less energetic.

I untied her from the hook and she sank to her knees. I still held the rope binding her wrists together, though, and kept them above her head as I pulled off the blindfold. I was naked, by then, and pulled her mouth in against my pussy. I didn't have to give any further orders as she started to lick and suck right away.

She licked me to an orgasm, which, as usual, was only half due to the actual physical feel of her lips and tongue. I ground myself against her, pushing her against the wall, pulling on her hair and holding her bound wrists up, and wallowing in how much control I had over her.

After I came, I untied her completely and we had a shower together, where we both spent long, comfortable minutes kissing and caressing each other's soapy bodies before I worked my thigh between hers and we ground our pussies together for another orgasm!

I had to be off to class, then. I left reluctantly. Dominating Hannah was becoming so exciting I didn't want to do anything else. But the weekend was ahead and I'd be able to have fun with her with much less restraint on my time.

I again skimmed through bondage sites on my tablet, looking for inspiration and excitement, getting ideas for different ways to tie her up and other interesting things to do with her.

I have to admit that the wild, kinky sex and multiple orgasms I was getting from her eager tongue and lips were giving me a lot more interest in sex than I had had for quite some time. The truth was that, despite being straight, I'd had more orgasms from Hannah than any of the guys I'd dated.

I guess that made me bisexual, though I couldn't help wondering if that would last if I found a really hot, sexy guy to do the same stuff to me I was doing to Hannah. I was having dark thoughts about being on the receiving end of stuff like this, as well as giving it to her.

I wasn't sure I'd trust a guy not to take advantage of me, though. Maybe if I had a boyfriend... but no, I wouldn't have trusted any of the ones I'd had so far with that kind of power. They'd probably take pictures or even videos while I was blindfolded and show their friends!

One thing was clear. She was very loud when she came. I needed a gag, so on the way home from school, I stopped at the sex shop I'd been to

before. There were a few customers, but I was less self-conscious about buying a gag than a vibrator for some reason.

I found one, a ball-gag. I thought that she would look incredibly sexy with it in her mouth. While I was there, I couldn't help shifting down the aisle and looking at the vibrators and dildos. I was studiously NOT looking at any of the customers, while shopping, of course. I became aware someone was approaching, but I didn't look.

They stopped next to me.

“You should try that on before buying it,” a throaty female voice said.

Startled, I turned my head, blushing somewhat to find an older woman – maybe in her early thirties, and definitely a lesbian, standing beside me. She was tall and slender, had short dark hair, an oval face, and piercing brown eyes.

“Excuse me?” I asked in surprise.

She grinned. “Not the vibrator, I meant this.”

She tapped the ball-gag with her finger.

“After all, you want it to fit just so in your mouth without being too small or large.”

I felt my face reddening.

“It's not for me!” I exclaimed.

“Oh, a present for your boyfriend?” she asked with eyebrows raised.

I wasn't sure what it was, maybe the smug look on her face.

“A girl I know,” I said sternly.

“Really? I would have guessed you were totally cis.”

“That doesn't mean we can't have a little fun,” I said in annoyance.

“You don't seem the dom type,” she said, tapping it again. “You seem more a bottom than a top.”

“How would you know?” I demanded.

“I can sense these things.”

“You don't know anything about me,” I said.

She smiled. “You're too bashful to be a true dom. You might like topping your girlfriends, but most cis girls are weak and easily dominated. I bet you dream about being tied up yourself.”

Since I absolutely did, and since she was making it very clear she was interested in me I suddenly felt my chest tightening. The actual prospect of

letting her do... the same sorts of things I'd been doing with Hannah, hit me with a huge psychic jolt!

“Shall we test it?” she asked sweetly, raising a finger to slide it lightly along my lower lip.

“I don't – .”

She took the gag from my hand and then pulled it from the package while I watched stupidly. Then she pressed the ball against my mouth! I opened my mouth almost instinctively – to protest, and she pushed harder. I reached for her wrists but the ball slipped into my mouth, pressing down against my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. I felt a wild rush.

“Just test it for a few seconds,” she said in a husky voice.

I hesitated, my mind swirling as she drew the strap behind my head and then buckled it somehow.

“Ahh, that looks lovely on you,” she said.

She lifted up her phone and reversed the camera then showed me myself.

“You should come home with me, little girl, and I'll teach you a few things about domination and submission.”

I felt my face heat, but it wasn't the only part of me. I felt a hot flush all the way down between my legs.

She undid the strap and eased the gag out of my mouth, then pulled me in against her and kissed me. And boy, did she know how to kiss! I mean, I'd kissed a few girls in my time – and boys, mostly, but nobody as good as she was! I found myself falling into that kiss as my body filled with a wild sense of excitement and anticipation.

And I suddenly had this... epiphany. Any time I considered sleeping with a guy it was always pretty much a gamble. How good would he be? How long would he last? Would he tell all his friends – who were almost always my friends too – about everything we'd done? If I didn't know him well would he take no for an answer if I changed my mind? Could he be dangerous?

I didn't have to worry about any of that with this woman!

She looked... prosperous, as in not some crack whore who'd wandered in off the street, in other words. She looked respectable, though her short hair was too short to be some kind of housewife. She could be an artist type, though.

She drew back with a grin and waggled her fingers at me and I caught my breath, frowning at her, trying to collect my dignity. I went to the front desk and paid for the gag while she simply left. I felt a surge of regret at that. This had been the first time I'd ever seriously considered some kind of sex with a woman – well, aside from Hannah. Besides, Hannah wasn't a woman, she was Hannah. Sex with her was just light-hearted fun and games.

It wasn't serious!

Sex with this woman who looked like she was ten years older than me would be... serious!

I stepped out of the store and checked my phone. I wasn't sure if I could get home in time before Hannah left for work, which was annoying. I should have gone directly there. Though my last class had been later than the previous day so I might have missed her anyway.

A Lexus slid up to the curb next to me and the passenger window slid down.

“Get in, beautiful.”

I gulped, my pulse shooting up as I bent to peer through the window.

“Do you always pick girls up at sex stores?” I demanded.

“You'll be the first.”

“I don't think so!”

“You want to. I want to. Why not do it? Afraid?”

I felt a wild crackling of anxiety mixed with sexual electricity through my body. I hesitated.

“My name is Miranda,” she said.

I gulped, then got into the car.

“What's your name, beautiful?” she asked as the Lexus pulled away from the curb.

“Kristin.”

She reached out and ran a finger along my lower lip, as she'd done in the store, then she eased it in further.

“Close your lips,” she said in a kind of a furry voice.

Heart thumping wildly, I did. Her finger slid deeper, along my tongue. She pumped it slowly in and out, then added a second. She pulled them out, then grinned at me.

“Do up your seat belt, Kristin dear.”

Breathless, I did.

“Spread your legs.”

I blinked in surprise, then spread my legs apart. She reached down and I gasped as she pushed her right hand down the front of my shorts! I grabbed her wrists instinctively.

“Put your hands behind your neck,” she suddenly snapped.

Startled, I hesitated.

“Now!”

I brought my hands up and back behind my neck, swirling with uncertainty.

“Never try to stop me from doing what I want to do. That's not what a submissive does.”

“I-I'm not a ... submissive!” I gasped.

Her hand slid into my shorts, into my thong, and her fingers found my clitoris. I jerked as they made contact with my little button, which was already swollen and throbbing. The sensation was electric! I fought to maintain my composure, though, to keep my face and breathing as calm as possible, even while my heart was pounding wildly.

“So tell me about this girl you want to gag,” she said.

“Her... name is Hannah,” I gulped. “She's my roommate.”

“And does she like to be tied up?”

“Yes!”

“Another cis girl playing games?”

I hesitated. “I guess.”

“And have you... punished her, yet?”

I hesitated again, but her fingers were doing amazing things down in my shorts, and the liquid heat flooding up through my body was like a narcotic, drowning my mind in hunger and excitement and passion.

“Yes!” My voice squeaked a bit.

“Spanking?”

“Yes!”

“Say yes, Miss Miranda.”

*God! This was like what I had been doing with Hannah!*

“Not yes mistress?”

“Oh, that's rather classic and old-fashioned, isn't it? You're getting very wet, little girl.”

“I'm not a little girl!”

“Pish. Talking back will only get you punished, you know.”

She stopped at an intersection and turned to me.

“You look like an awfully fit little girl,” she said.

She tugged my t-shirt up to bare my belly and lower chest, then up higher. I felt my pulse rate picking up and my eyes rolled from side to side to see if anyone was around. The windows were tinted, so I wasn't sure how much anyone could see, but there were certainly other cars on the road.

Nevertheless, she tugged up my bra to bare my breasts.

“Keep your hands behind your neck!” she barked.

I gulped and put my hands back, dark heat rippling through my lower body.

“Lovely breasts!” she said, running a hand over them. “Your nipples are so cute!”

She turned and accelerated while I tried to keep from trembling from the way the sexual pressure was building up inside me.

“So how long have you been dominating your little friend?”

“N-Not long,” I gulped. “Just a few days.”

“Ah, a newbie. And just starting to buy some... equipment, hmm? Why a gag?”

“She's... loud when she comes,” I gulped.

“Is she? How delightful. I expect you must be very skilled at pleasuring women then.”

“She's... she just... vibrators do it for her.”

“Not you?”

“I use the vibrators,” I said defensively.

“Not your tongue?”

I hesitated again. “Isn't it her job to do that to me?”

“Well, naturally, but this isn't all one-way, you know, you selfish little girl.”

“She's had more orgasms than me!” I exclaimed.

She snorted. “Vibrators are rather impersonal. I shall teach you better. Poor little Hannah. Maybe you should bring her to see me so I can train her properly. After I'm done training you, of course.”

I was finding it harder and harder not to squirm as her fingers continued to rub my clitoris. I mean, the fact I was riding around in a car with my

breasts out contributed to that too. This whole wild situation was making me feel tight-chested and full of intense sexual pressure.

We were driving in a residential section of town now, near the university. It was a nice section, with lots of big houses, trees, and shrubbery. She stopped at a light and turned to me again. She reached over and gripped my shorts, then tugged them down.

“Raise your bum, little girl.”

I gasped, almost refusing, but a wave of heat swept through me and I obeyed as she tugged my shorts and thong down my legs, over my knees, then down around my ankles before pulling them off. She tugged my t-shirt up over my head, then too, while undoing my bra.

My mind was churning furiously. I didn't understand why I was going along with this! I was really interested in seeing what sex with her would be like, but Jesus God, I was allowing her to strip me naked in her car! What the fuck was I doing just sitting here and going along with this!?

And then I was completely fucking naked in the car, for she'd even taken off my shoes, calling them 'tacky' and not at all sexy.

“You have nice long legs, little girl. You should wear heels to emphasize them.”

The light turned and she drove forward.

“Spread your legs wider.”

I couldn't help moaning slightly as I obeyed, and her hand fingered me again, a finger pushing into the mouth of my sex.

“Nice and wet,” she said in satisfaction.

God!

## Chapter Eight

We turned into a driveway before a two-story, white-framed house. It had a high hedge along the edge of the yard and a weeping willow tree in the yard.

“Don't move, little girl,” she ordered.

She got out of the car and came around to the passenger side, then opened the door.

“Keep your hands behind your neck and get out of the car.”

I did, a bit awkwardly, looking around anxiously.

*Crack!*

I gasped at the slap to my bottom. It stung!

“Keep your shoulders and elbows back, head forward!”

She closed the car door and locked it, then walked to the front door. I followed, my nipples tingling, my insides thrumming wildly. This was insane! I couldn't believe I was doing it! I didn't even know this woman!

She unlocked the door and stepped in then motioned me to follow. I did so, pulse still racing wildly. I was glad to be inside, at least! I had known it felt... wildly sexual to be outside naked. That was why I'd done it with Hannah. But I hadn't really experienced that myself except out in private back yards or out in the woods or something.

“Chest out, elbows back,” she growled.

I stiffened.

There was a set of polished wooden stairs going up on the right wall. Straight ahead was a hall leading to the kitchen. To the right was another hall that turned just past the stairs and probably led to the garage. The living room was on the left.

She led me into the living room, which had a large fireplace, and a kind of den off to the right. A large, round, antique wooden coffee table was

before the fire, with a pair of love seats facing each other across it and a sofa at right angles to them. Miranda scooped the books off the table along with a bowl of fruit.

“Climb on.”

“What?!”

*Crack!*

I gasped.

“On your knees, on the table. Now!” she growled.

I gulped and climbed onto the table, and she turned me to face the sofa.

“Sit on your heels, knees spread wide, and keep those elbows back.”

I did as she ordered.

She stood there examining me, and I flushed further under her gaze.

“Quite, quite fit,” she said approvingly. “Lovely breasts, too.”

“Hannah's are bigger,” I said.

“Pish. A cow's udders are bigger. Yours are deliciously firm and round. And I do like the cute little pink nipples. Now don't move one single inch.”

She walked out of the room and then up the stairs.

*I'm out of my mind, I thought, staring around me. What the fuck am I doing here!?*

Being incredibly horny, that was what.

She came down the stairs again, carrying a kind of case. She came into the living room, examining me as she approached, then dropped the case on the table behind me.

“So tell me, little girl, how did you come to decide to dominate your roommate?”

I hesitated again. I mean, these were super private things and yet... and yet here I was naked with my legs spread before this stranger!

I gasped as she slid something around my neck, but I knew right away it was a collar!

“I... we... had a little... I mean, she was teasing me, being a brat while I was exercising.”

“I see, flirting with you.”

“No. I mean, I didn't think so.”

I described what had happened, and how I'd hung her from her ankles.

“Charming,” she said.

She had a pair of wrist restraints, much like the ones I'd ordered, and I felt another flush of heat as she slipped them around my wrists and buckled them there. Then she locked the wrist restraints to the back of the collar!

“Continue,” she said.

I told her how she'd continued to be bratty, and how I'd used my ruler on her nipples, then the ice cube.”

“Ah, youth,” she sighed.

She slipped another restraint around each of my ankles!

“Rise up,” she said. “Off your bum.”

I rose on my knees and she slipped a thinner strap around my right leg just above the knee, then another around my left.

“What are you doing?”

“Preparing you.”

“For what?”

“For fun and games.”

I felt her hand on the back of the collar.

“Sit down. Slowly.”

I eased down but then felt pressure against my sex. I gasped and felt another wild rush of heat as I pressed more and more firmly against me. It felt... thick, and I moaned helplessly as the pressure grew into a throbbing ache. Then it slipped into me, stretching me out wide as I eased slowly back down.

I eased down more and more, feeling the thick dildo pushing higher inside me. It was not only thick it was long. I couldn't see it, but I could sure feel it as I eased down onto my more and more.

Miranda hooked cords to the little straps around my legs and tugged on them, forcing my knees wider – like way wider!

“Oh! Not too wide!” I gasped.

“You cis girls should know how to spread your legs wider,” she teased.

She fastened the cords to something on the underside of the table, then moved behind me. I felt pressure on the collar, forcing my head back more and making my back arch a little more as she tied some kind of cord to it too, then fed it back and tied it off somewhere behind me.

She came around the front of the table and I saw she had my own ball-gag in her hand.

“Open.”

I gulped but did as she ordered, and she slipped the ball-gag into my mouth, then buckled it behind me.

“So your friend has a weakness for vibrators, does she? Do you share her weakness?”

I hesitated again. I liked my little vibrator. The big Hitachi, as I said, was too powerful and I'd found it uncomfortable. I shrugged at her.

She went behind me emerged again in front with... a Hitachi! Holy fuck! I gulped as I looked at it, watching her unfurl the cord, with an extension cord attached. The Hitachi also had a strange little frame attached to the body, which she used to attach it to the edge of the table. Then she angled the rounded head in and pressed it against the top of my sex just above where the dildo entered me.

She plugged it in and turned it on – high!

I gasped and immediately tried to squirm away, but the straps were holding me in place, and she turned and walked out of the room so I couldn't signal her that it was uncomfortable!

And it was! My whole pussy was buzzing wildly with the thing, and I couldn't keep still. I twisted and wriggled and tried to rise up, but the rope attached to the collar kept me from doing that. Nor could I ease back for the dildo seemed to be attached to the table and I was impaled on it!

I bit into the gag, moaning helplessly as the vibrator buzzed away. After a minute, it felt like the sensations were more... bearable, at least. After two my body was tolerating it much better. After three, or was it four, my body had gotten used to it and more than used to it. I was starting to grind myself against it!

Miranda returned and I froze. She had a glass of wine in hand, and went into the den, then turned on a stereo to something classical before returning and sitting down in front of me.

“You may recall that I said the vibrator was rather impersonal,” she said. “I still think so, but it can be a useful tool. Especially with cis girls. Do you like that cock inside you, by the way? It's not too small?”

Since it was enormous I figured that was some kind of passive-aggressive stuff.

“One of the most important elements of being a good top is the ability to judge the bottom and her mood,” she said. “Because of course, the bottom ultimately controls things. You don't want to break the bottom's

boundaries. That doesn't mean a good top doesn't stretch them and see if they can grow.”

She stood up and ran a hand over my right breast, then down my body before dropping to her knees before me. She put the wine glass on the table, then did something to the frame holding the vibrator in place. It turned away, leaving me breathless and quivering.

Then she let her fingers caress me. After the harsh vibrations of the machine, her soft fingers against my slick opening felt like tactile heaven! Then she eased her mouth in and her hands slid onto my thighs as she started to lick me.

I was not surprised she was better at oral sex than Hannah. I was startled by how absolutely incredible her tongue felt on me after the vibrator! My hips jerked convulsively right away and I began to tremble with the sexual pressure. I felt my muscles spasming as her lips sucked on my swollen clitoris, and I began to ride helplessly up and down on the dildo.

It was less than thirty seconds before the massive orgasm exploded within me. I cried out in heated pleasure, riding the dildo frantically. The heat was simply *pouring* through me as the pleasure rose and rose into this incredible, all-possessing force, like a hurricane!

It was a glorious explosion of pure pleasure, and my entire body trembled and shook violently as my nervous system was overloaded by the raw sensations. The head of the dildo was punching against the back wall of my sex. It ached, a throbbing, dull ache, but I didn't care. I wanted every inch of that thing inside me!

Fuck!

“You're pretty responsive, yourself,” she said with a smile, pulling her mouth up. She nibbled and licked and kissed her way up my heaving abdomen and belly, then began to suck and lick and lightly chew on my nipples and areolas, as well as the soft flesh of my breasts.

Her fingers rubbed my clitoris as I sank down, moaning, panting, gulping in air around the gag.

“You see, the machine isn't as personal as a soft tongue,” she said in amusement. “Still, it does set the stage well. It prepares your nerve endings.”

She swung the thing back into place against me and turned it on.

I yelped and moaned as the vibrator buzzed powerfully against my sopping pussy.

“Who is this little bitch?” a new voice demanded.

I gasped in shock... and horror, as a woman I'd never seen before walked into the room. She was a little younger than Miranda, but not much. She was a petite woman, though, with a very slim body, elfin face, and very short dark hair.

“Allie, love, look what I found just off campus?” Miranda said in amusement.

The woman she called Allie walked over to scowl down at me and I rolled my eyes to the side, mortified.

“Nice tits on her,” she said.

Then to my shock, she ran her hand casually over my breasts!

“Nice everything. Come on, be honest,” Miranda said.

“So you brought home a little college girl?”

“I found her at the S-mart buying rope and a ball-gag.”

“Oh really? A little fantasy sub?”

“She thinks she's a dom. She's a cis girl who has been tying up her roommate.”

Allie snorted. “Was that her squealing?”

“Yes, she just had a wonderful climax.”

“She looks like she was built to be some man's bitch.”

“Well, you know, just because you like steak, Allie, doesn't mean you don't want some chocolate cake and ice cream now and then.”

They walked into the den, their voices going low so I couldn't make out what they were saying. My heart was thundering in my chest and I was totally humiliated! I mean, being seen like this, naked, with a dildo inside me! Aaagh!

The two of them went into the kitchen, still talking, and I tugged and pulled at the restraints, hoping to see some way to break free. But they all held tight. All of my squirming around was grinding my pussy into the vibrator, meanwhile, which was having an effect.

I gasped as the woman Allie came out of the kitchen and came over to me.

“Well now, aren't we a sexy little sex kitten,” she said in a sarcastic voice.

I continued to look away until she gripped my chin and forced my face around and up to look at her. Then I tried to roll my eyes away, horribly

embarrassed. She laughed and let go, then to my surprise, dropped to her knees and pulled the vibrator away from me. A moment later she was licking at my pussy!

I gasped, jerking my head down as much as I could to stare at the top of her head! This was not what I'd been expecting! I didn't know her at all! Of course, I didn't know Miranda at all either...

Her hands caressed my thighs as she sucked on my clitoris, then slid up my body until they were massaging and kneading my breasts. She caught my stiff nipples between the pads of her fingers and thumbs, rolling and massaging them until they pulsed with heat. Her hands slid down and around me, kneading my buttocks as she sucked rhythmically on my clitoris, and my body began to tremble.

Her... taking part... seemed to drain my embarrassment away for some reason. It was weird because if she'd been a guy I'd have been horrified and struggling to break free. But I didn't feel any sort of threat from her the way I would have from some strange man. The more she caressed and licked me the less I felt like she was even a stranger.

And her tongue and lips were just as sensual and delicious and pleasurable after the vibrator as Miranda's had been.

Miranda came out of the kitchen, then, holding two wine glasses. She stood back, smiling as my body began to melt under the heat sweeping up from between my legs. She set them down on a side table and then ran her fingers through my hair.

"Ride your cock, little girl," she said, tugging down.

I shuddered, sliding further down the dildo, then gasping as she pulled on my hair, rising up, then sliding down.

"Ride that cock, het girl," she taunted.

She pulled my hair up and down and I rode the dildo, soon not needing the pressure on my hair. She abandoned it, reaching out to fondle one of my breasts as I moaned and trembled and the heat built up within me.

It didn't take long. Then another incredible orgasm lashed my senses, sending my battered mind into a dazed state of wonder and ecstasy. I cried out again and again as I rode the dildo and Allie licked furiously at my clit to send waves of pleasure through my body.

Then she put the vibrator back in place and the two of them sat on the sofa looking at me.

“So what's the story on this college bitch?” Allie asked.

Miranda told her how she'd seen me in the sex shop, thought I was extremely attractive and 'nervous', and taken a chance on seeing if she could seduce me. Then she told her how we'd come home, and how I'd let her strip me naked in the car.

Allie snorted contemptuously at me, and I flushed. I was feeling very... self-conscious about my weakness, as well as my nudity.

“And she thinks she's a dom?!” she asked, incredulous.

“Well, she's been dominating her roommate.”

“Her roommate must be a complete weakling. College bitch couldn't dominate a puppy.”

She put her glass down and stood up, then came around behind me. She tugged back on the collar, then released it, and whatever had been tied to it was gone. Then she undid the straps around my legs. She gripped my hair behind my neck and jerked on it, making me cry out as my hair was pulled. She pulled me up off the dildo, then made me turn around and face the fireplace.

“Face down, College Bitch,” she growled. “Ass up, face down.”

I moaned as my breasts were pressed into the table, then my chin. She jerked back on my hair and I cried out again as she forced my torso back and my knees forward until my lower belly was as tight against my thighs as she could make it. Then she attached those straps to my legs above the knees again to force them wider.

A moment later she left the room.

“Allie is a more... earthy person than I am,” Miranda said from behind me. “She's very much to the point, if you catch my drift. Don't take her attitude amiss. She's much more bark than bite. I must say that this is a lovely side of you, though. You have a very pretty little pussy, with sweet little labia.”

I felt her fingers at my sex, then felt them slipping into me, two of them anyway. I shuddered as she pushed them in to the knuckles.

“Ah, nice and warm and moist,” she said, pumping them in and out.

She unhooked the dildo from the table and pressed it against me, and I moaned as she sank it deep into my pussy, then started pumping it in and out as her fingers rubbed my clit. Heat started to roil my body again before she stopped.

She fished around in the case she'd brought earlier, then I felt something pressing against my puckered little back opening. I squealed into the gag, but she ignored me, and the pressure grew until something began to push into me. It got wider and wider, and then suddenly shrank to almost nothing. I felt it slip entirely inside. Or... not entirely.

"It's a butt-plug," she said. "I doubt you've ever had one inside you before."

I hadn't, but the thought was darkly sexual and outrageous!

I felt pressure on the vibrator, then Miranda's mouth on my pussy, licking and sucking on my clitoris as my breasts throbbed against the surface of the table.

God! This was all so sick, sick, sick! And I was going to come a third time if it continued! My body was roiled by passion and heat as pressure built up again and my mind became drunk on it all.

She stopped suddenly and pulled the dildo out. A moment later Allie came around to the side of the table and looked down at me.

"You look like a horny little bitch ready for a big cock," she said.

She had changed quickly. She wore a short black PVC mini, black stiletto heels, and a black PVC tank top. She was also wearing a big black cock! It was a dildo, obviously, a strap-on, but bigger than the one I'd ordered for Hannah!

"I'm going to demonstrate to you how unfit you are to be a dom, College Bitch," she said. "I'm going to fuck your pretty little brains out with this big cock here."

I moaned as she moved behind me, then gasped as I felt the pressure against my sex. It grew and grew and then I felt a sharp stinging blow as she slapped my bottom, then did it again, then again. The dildo slowly pushed through the straining lips of my sex and I moaned into the gag.

"Cock hungry little slut-puppy," she growled, slapping my butt again.

Miranda came around to stand on the side, then sat on one of the love seats, wine glass in hand, watching.

I shuddered as the dildo moved deeper and deeper into my belly, then cried out as Allie gripped my hair and yanked it back. She slapped my butt at the same time, and the dildo started to pump slowly. It moved deeper still, and she leaned into me, her hips working as she yanked on my hair.

"You love it, don't you, you horny little college bitch!"

Her hips started to slap against my buttocks, and then she raised her left foot and brought it down next to my head on the table, her hips working faster and faster as she fucked me.

As SHE fucked me! A woman was fucking me! And she was doing it the way a man would! Not just any man, though. She was fucking me like a man dominating me would – roughly, taking me, using me for his pleasure.

Except being used like this was making my mind swim in dark heat. I shuddered and jerked to the thrusts as her hips hit my buttocks harder and harder. I cried out as she yanked on my hair and slapped my butt.

“Think you're a dom, College Bitch? Not hardly!” she exclaimed.

I came, crying out again and again as the big cock thrust into me hard and fast. My breasts were being ground against the table below me as the hammering of her hips and pulling on my hair jerked me back and forth. And in the midst of it was that big, pumping cock that never stopped. And also, an awareness of Miranda sitting casually to my right, legs crossed, sipping wine, amused.

I came like a whore, my hips rutting back against the 'cock' driving into me, all pride and inhibitions melted away in the fiery passion gripping my mind and body. My mind was swimming in need and want and hunger and lust as I sucked in air around the ball-gag and my body trembled and shook.

There was something deeply... powerful about the way Allie was taking me, something almost instinctive, as if I was re-living a thousand generations of how women were roughly taken by their big, powerful men.

That she wasn't a man wasn't relevant. It felt like she was, and like I was her bitch!

The orgasm seemed to go on and on and on, draining the life from me as convulsions wracked my body. I wanted to sink down and fall asleep afterward, but they were having none of that. Allie, in particular, was having none of that. She unstrapped my legs, though, and then did something which released my wrists from whatever was holding the restraints to the back of the collar.

“Off that table, College Bitch,” she barked.

## Chapter Nine

Allie half dragged me off onto my knees, then my hands and knees on the floor. A moment later she attached a thin belt or strap to the back of the collar. Miranda rose and walked across the room, and Allie followed, tugging on the strap.

Which was a fucking leash!

I felt a sense of shock, almost awe, as she tugged on it and made me crawl forward. She led me, crawling, across the floor to the stairs.

“Up the stairs, College Bitch,” she ordered, slapping my butt.

I moaned, suffused in heat and a dark sexual hunger, and crawled up the stairs, with her following. I squirmed as she reached for and fingered my pussy while I crawled up ahead of her, then winced as she slapped my butt sharply.

“Het bitch,” she said.

I emerged on the second floor, and she guided me to the left, tugging on the leash, making me crawl along at her side. I crawled into a bedroom, a large one, with a big wooden four-poster bed. Miranda was getting undressed and dropping her clothes onto a bench at the foot of the bed.

Naked, she climbed onto the bed, and Allie guided me up onto the bed, still on my hands and knees. Miranda was sitting back against the headboard with her knees raised and her feet flat on the mattress but spread wide. They guided me in between them, and she took control of my hair as Allie climbed into the bed behind me.

I moaned as I felt the dildo pushing into my pussy again. Meanwhile, Miranda was undoing the strap holding the ball-gag in place. She tugged it free and smiled down at me.

“Now it's time for you to show me what you've learned about pleasing women with your tongue, little girl.”

*Crack!* Allie slapped my bottom sharply.

“College Bitch!” she growled.

The dildo sank deeper into my pussy as Miranda guided my mouth to her sex, and I licked tentatively, uncertainly. Then I started to try to do what she and Allie, and to an extent, Hannah had done to me. My enthusiasm rose as the dildo continued to thrust into me, especially with Allie slapping my bottom and Miranda tugging on my hair, and both of them reaching out to fondle my breasts while I licked!

I cried out as she yanked back on my hair, leaning over my body and chewing on the side of my throat. “Do you love cocks, cis girl?” she growled. “Do you?”

She squeezed my breast hard and yanked on my hair. “Answer me, bitch!”

“Yes!” I cried.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes... Ms. Allie!” I gasped.

She slapped my breast!

“You don't call me Allie, you miserable little college bitch. You call me Ms. Allison. Say it.”

“Ms... Allison!” I gasped.

“Tell me you love cock.”

“I... I love cock!” I gasped. Then I shuddered as she buried the dildo in my trembling belly and ground herself against me.

“Again!”

“I love cock!” I cried.

She slapped my breast again!

“Again! And remember my name!”

“I love cock, Ms. Allison!”

She shoved my face into Miranda's crotch, and Miranda took my hair, guiding me down as Allison thrust into me hard and fast.

The heat overwhelmed me again, and I came for the fourth time! This was just all so wild and incredible and erotic and outrageous and thrilling! I kept wanting to pinch myself out of disbelief that I was actually involved in something as wicked and shocking as this!

Allie wasn't a man, but she could have shown men how to use their cocks. She pulled her 'cock' out to rub it up and down against me, then

penetrated me, again and again. She buried it inside me and ground her hips against me. She thrust from different angles and altered her speeds.

But always, she rode me like I was her bitch, slapping and using me, ramming that cock into me with savage force to let me know in no uncertain terms that I was a bitch and she was the one in charge.

I managed to make Miranda come, at least. She shifted out of the way, and a moment later she and Allie traded places. Then it was Allie tugging on my hair and ordering me to please her with my lips and tongue.

“Is that the best you can do, College Bitch?” Allison growled, twisting her fingers in my hair. “You better learn better or I'm gonna beat your ass until it's blue!”

She then 'taught' me how to perform oral sex on her the way she wanted, with pinches and slaps to encourage me. Meanwhile, Miranda was using me roughly and reaching under to knead my breasts, or even sliding a hand down my belly so her long fingers could stroke my clitoris. She rode me into another orgasm, then another!

\*

Since Hannah was off at work there was no rush for me to get home, nor did Allison and Miranda seem eager to see me off. But on the other hand, I wasn't allowed to wear any clothes and my wrists remained locked together behind my back.

We had dinner, which they prepared together while I knelt on the floor in the corner, gagged. And when I say I knelt in the corner I mean with my face to the wall like a naughty little girl. The butt plug thing was still inside me and they had shoved the dildo up deep into my pussy. The straps, which would hold it on as a strap-on could be turned around and then used to hold the thing inside a girl so it became a 'strap-in' which was not something I'd ever heard of.

The two of them chatted about various things unrelated to me or sex or lesbians: mostly work and gossip about mutual friends and acquaintances, like any couple. But although no one was saying anything to me or doing anything to me I remained in a state of heightened sexual anticipation and dark hunger.

The wild times I'd had with Hannah had been the most exciting sexual experiences of my life – up until this. Now I had a new peak, and it had been kneeling eating Miranda while Allison rode me like a bitch! The way

she used me, the way she spoke to me, made me feel so... so incredible! I mean, it was insulting, even contemptuous, so why did that excite me? I had no idea, but it did.

Miranda set the table while Allison left the room, then returned and came to the corner to grip me by the hair.

“All right, College Bitch, time for dinner,” she said.

She pulled me to my feet, then undid the restraints so my hands were free. She turned me around and gripped the ball gag, but then pointed a long leatherish stick thing at me.

“This is a riding crop. We use it to punish disobedient little college sluts. Understand?”

I hesitated then nodded.

“When I take this out of your mouth you will say not one word, not one syllable. Understand?”

I nodded.

“You will speak only when spoken to. You will answer a question, and then you will be quiet again. No one wants to hear you otherwise. Understand?”

I felt the stirring of resentment and indignation, but I nodded.

“If you disobey, this riding crop has your ass's name on it.”

Miranda laughed behind her and I flushed.

She pulled the gag out of my mouth, then led me over to a side table in the dining room. It held a couple of odd objects. One was a pair of brown, furry ears that were attached to a thin wire clip. She put the clip over my head, then brushed my hair out from under it so the clip was hidden.

The second thing was a kind of mushroom-shaped object with a brown furry tail attached.

“Bend over, College Bitch.”

I gulped and bent over the sideboard.

“Spread your legs.”

I did that too and I felt her tugging the ... plug out of my ass. A moment later she pushed it back in again, or at least, something which felt much like it.

She straightened me up and I realized, with considerable shock, that the furry tail thing was dangling down behind me. What the fuck!?

She unbuckled the wrist restraints, then slipped a pair of furry padded mittens onto my hands. Then she wrapped the restraints around them and buckled them in again just as I was realizing the mittens weren't actually mittens because they had no thumbs.

“On your hands and knees, College Bitch,” she ordered.

She pushed me down and then used the leash to make me crawl into the living room then the hall where she showed me a mirror.

I stared at myself with considerable amazement, seeing the ears and then the tail now dangling down between and against the backs of my thighs.

“Let's eat, College Bitch.”

She tugged on the leash and I crawled back through the living room and den and then into the dining room.

Whoa! Fuck, this was kinky and wild! I'd never even heard of this sort of shit before!

“Sit on your heels, knees wide.”

I did as she ordered as Miranda finished setting food on the table. She and Allison sat down while I knelt on the floor.

“When kneeling you put your hands – or paws – on your outer thighs, College Bitch,” Allison said.

I flushed and did as she wanted. Then I watched them eat, wondering how this worked, and whether I would get to eat at all.

Miranda then held out a piece of food to me. The way you would do to a dog. I kind of stared at it, wondering if I was supposed to sniff it like a dog does and then lick it out of her fingers.

“Eat it, bitch,” Allison snapped.

I gulped and licked it from her fingers. It was some kind of meat. It tasted... spicy. Then I had to crawl over to where Allison was sitting and lick a piece from her fingers. But she held it up and away first.

“Tell me you love cocks.”

I felt a jolt sweep through me. “I love cocks, Ms. Allison,” I said.

She held her fingers out and I licked the piece of meat from them and began to eat.

I crawled back to Miranda, who also held a piece of meat up.

“Tell me you love to lick pussy, little girl.”

“I love to lick pussy, Ms. Miranda,” I gulped.

She let me lick the piece of meat from her fingers and eat it.  
Then I had to crawl back to Allison.

“Tell me you love to suck cock, College Bitch.”

I flushed and another crackle of emotion rolled through me.

“I love to suck cock, Ms. Allison,” I said.

She smirked and held her fingers out.

I crawled back to Miranda.

“Tell me you love being a submissive, little girl,” she teased.

“I love being a submissive, Ms. Miranda,” I said.

Allison was always harsher.

“Tell me you're a fucking whore,” she ordered.

“I'm a fucking whore, Ms. Allison,” I had to say.

“Tell me you love to feel my tongue on your clit, little girl,” Miranda ordered.

I did as she told me.

“Tell me you're a cock sucking slut, College Bitch,” Allison ordered.

“I'm a cock-sucking slut, Ms. Allison,” I gulped shakily.

She didn't feed me the piece of meat. Instead, she tossed it on the floor.

“Lick it up, Bitch.”

*Oh, fuck!*

I was all ready to say something, to express my outrage, to tell her she'd gone too far, but I could see the look of anticipation in her eyes, and remembered the riding crop. I bent and then felt another dark wild rush of heat as I lowered my lips to the floor and licked the piece up off it.

This was fucking insane!

Miranda continued to have me lick pieces of food from her fingers, but Allison tossed every piece on the floor and made me lick it up. All the while my chest was tight and my stomach fluttered wildly with excitement. A heavy sexual pressure filled my body and kept my mind churning with passion and lust.

My pussy throbbed around the thick dildo she'd jammed up inside me, and my nipples were so hard they practically hurt.

After dinner, or nearly, Miranda got wine for them, then poured milk into a bowl and set it on the floor by the wall.

“Drink, College Bitch,” Allison said in amusement.

I gulped and lowered myself to my forearms, then ducked my head and lowered myself more, so that my breasts were pressing against the floor.

I yelped as a thin line of fire rose across my buttocks.

“Keep your ass up high and your legs spread wide, College Bitch,” Allison growled.

I pushed down the indignation I felt and then it was drowned in heat as I turned back to the milk, my bottom high, my knees wide, and then began to drink.

“I'd love to meet the slut someone like you can dominate,” she said in amusement.

“There are people who like being both a top and a bottom, Allie,” Miranda said.

“That's like those bisexual sluts who like both men and women,” Allison replied.

I winced as she brought the crop down across my bottom.

“Like this slut.”

Leashed, I crawled into the living room, still thrumming with sexual heat and pressure.

“Face down, ass up!” Allison barked.

I obeyed, though I still got several smacks from the crop before I was positioned to her satisfaction. That meant with my arms stretched out to either side, and my breasts pillowed out against the rug. My pussy was directed towards them but mostly covered by the tail hanging down from the plug thing in my butt.

They turned on the TV and had more wine. I knelt there with my breasts throbbing against the floor.

“Beg me to fuck you, College Bitch,” Allison said.

“Please fuck me, Ms. Allison!” I gulped.

I felt something rubbing against my pussy, against my clit, and I realized it was the tip of that riding crop thing she held. The crop was a thin, round shaft but there was a soft flat piece of leather at its tip. That was rubbing against me, and making me want to grind my hips back.

“Tell me you're a fucking whore.”

“I'm a fucking whore, Ms. Allison,” I gulped.

“No, tell me you're a cock-loving whore.”

“I'm a cock-loving whore, Ms. Allison,” I moaned.

I felt her doing something with the straps around my hips that loosened them. They came off, and then the dildo slid back, though not all the way out of me. It jiggled around, halfway inside me and halfway out. Then she slapped my bottom and drove the thing back deep with her hips behind it.

She extended a leg, the foot coming down first on the floor beside my head, then on the back of my head as she drove the dildo deep into my trembling body.

“Tell me you're a cock-loving cis whore,” she ordered.

“I'm a cock-loving, cis whore, Ms. Allison!” I gasped.

I felt more movement and gasped as she jerked on my hair, keeping me from turning my head. Then I heard a click, then a buzz, then a vibrator was pressed against the top of my sex. It was powerful, and I shuddered and began to lose it.

She pulled her foot back, then leaned over me. Her left arm went around my neck and then pulled back so my throat was caught in the crook of her arm. Her right hand roughly squeezed my breast as she rammed the dildo into me hard and fast. Miranda, I supposed, continued to grind the vibrator back and forth against my clitoris as Allison rode me and my mind went into a screaming overload as a monster climax tore through me.

I gurgled and shook, my cries rising in my head, but not in the room since I could hardly breathe. My eyes became glassy as she rode me furiously and my head pounded from lack of oxygen. Then she loosened her arm and I sucked in deep, ragged breaths of air, only to cry them out again in wild cries of dazed, animal pleasure.

“This bitch is no top. This bitch is a natural sub,” Allison said.

“I wonder what that makes the other one,” Miranda said in amusement.

I didn't care what they were saying. I hardly processed it. My mind was in meltdown as my body trembled and shook and writhed and twisted, convulsions making my muscles burn and ache and spasm uncontrollably.

Before I went home Allison walked me – which meant I crawled on a leash – out into their back yard so I could pee. Yes, like a dog, or a 'bitch'. It was a final humiliation, I thought. But it was a humiliation which, like the others, had such dark overtones I found it irresistible.

And so I did it, my face red, as she looked on and taunted me. Then I crawled back inside, where I was ordered to thank Miranda for being kind

enough to allow a filthy little cock-loving whore like me into her house and feed me.

“Say it, College Bitch,” Allison ordered.

“Thank you for allowing a filthy little cock-loving whore into your house and feeding me, Ms. Miranda,” I said.

“Now show her how grateful you are.”

I wasn't sure what she meant until she reached down and gripped my hair, then forced it down towards the floor where Miranda was standing.

I gasped as the crop cut across my buttocks.

“Show her how grateful you are.”

She pushed my face right in against Miranda's pointy leather shoes.

“Lick, College Bitch!”

I shuddered helplessly, but since I'd licked food off a floor it didn't seem quite as... horrible as it might otherwise have. I licked at her shoe, and that brought another stinging blow from the crop.

“Long licks, bitch! Show her how eager you are for her to know you're grateful!”

*Crack! Crack!*

I gasped and winced, licking Miranda's shoe harder, then faster as Allison stood over me.

“Tell me about this bitch you supposedly dominate,” she demanded.

## Chapter Ten

They drove me home and I took a shower and washed my hair before Hannah got home. I tried to process what I'd just gone through, but found it difficult because it was so astonishing. So many things had happened in such a short space of time! So many intense, shocking, wicked, outrageous experiences!

I wondered what Hannah would look like with furry ears and a tail crawling on the floor. I was willing to bet she'd find it hilarious but also just as hot and wicked and outrageous as I had. I wondered where I could buy them. Maybe I should have asked.

My experience at being a 'submissive' had been shockingly exciting. I'd never felt anything quite like it. It was almost like I had slipped into a role, and become something like an animal, a sexual animal with no power or strength, completely at the mercy of the humans as to whether I was fed or given pleasure or pain.

That role was simultaneously degrading, thrilling, outrageous, and freeing. I mean, animals didn't care if someone saw them going to the bathroom, or having sex, or naked. Animals had no concern about such things, modesty, no dignity to harm.

I was willing to bet Hannah would make a wonderful animal!

And a lovely pet!

When I'd gotten home I'd checked the mail and found a key in our little box. The key was to one of the larger boxes, and I opened that to find a package. It was the collar and restraints and strap-on! You would think I had already had so much sex that I wasn't interested in more. But this was like... an entirely different kind of sex!

And I was doing it to someone else, not having it done to me. Well, sort of.

Needless to say, what had happened that evening had given me a lot of ideas. It had thrilled me to be on the receiving end of those kinky things, and I was willing to bet it would be exciting to be on the other end, too.

I put on a short, leather skirt, a leather vest with no bra, and my highest black heels, then combed my hair back severely from my forehead and tied it in back. I wished I had a riding crop, but that was not to be. I'd have to order one or go buy one. Unless Miranda would loan me one?

I posed for myself in the mirror, a little frustrated. Holding the riding crop would have made this perfect! The little belt just didn't cut it. Especially since it was powder blue.

Well, I had to work with the stuff I had.

When I heard the door being unlocked I scurried into her bedroom and then eased the door nearly closed and stood just behind it.

"Yelloooo!" she called. "You here, Lesbo?"

I snorted but waited in anticipation.

I heard her tossing her shoes, then she came down the hall and into her bedroom since it was first. She flicked on the light and then yelped and jumped back as she saw me,

"Holy fuck! You scared me!" she exclaimed.

Then she reacted to how I was dressed.

"Whoa, Kristin the lesbo dominatrix," she said in amusement.

"Are you looking to be punished, little sex slave?" I demanded.

"I'm looking for a shower, then I think I'll go on the internet and see if there are some hot boys I can find to come over and fuck me," she taunted.

I stepped closer until my chest was pressed against hers.

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, that's so. I'll see if I can find one for you, too, if there are some boys on Tinder with really low standards."

I grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and shoved her against the wall as she yelped in surprise, then crushed her lips with mine. She resisted... for about two seconds, then moaned into my mouth as our tongues slid together.

I peeled her blouse up and over her head, then removed her bra, all while we were kissing. I drew back, then and pulled her roughly away from the wall, half throwing her onto her bed.

'Hey!'

I grabbed the waistband of her pants and yanked them and her thong down her legs and she yelped again, her legs flailing as I pulled them down and off.

“Boy, you're sure a horny lesbo. I guess I must be really hot stuff,” she taunted.

“I had an interesting experience earlier this evening,” I said. “A couple of women taught me some interesting things about what to do with bad little slave girls.”

“A couple of women? Where? On the internet?”

I pushed her back.

“Lay on your bed with your head near the headboard.

“Uh oh, the lesbo's got some new kinky ideas,” she said.

She shifted back, though, as I climbed into bed with her. I gripped her ankles and lifted them up and back over her head as I leaned forward on my knees.

“Remember how you were showing me how limber you were when you were doing yoga?”

I shoved her knees down further and further, spreading them apart as she gasped excitedly.

“Put your arms over your legs.”

“What?”

I shoved her legs back farther and, seemingly intrigued, she slid her arms over them so she could hold them back. But I was far from finished. I slid my hands up to her ankles, pushing them back further, then slowly forced her ankles together back behind her head.

She gasped and wriggled but like I said, she was limber enough to do it without pain. I reached above her headboard, which was about three feet high, and pulled the rope forward I'd tied behind it, then tied it around her ankles.

“What the... fuck?” she gasped, staring up at it excitedly, her voice trailing off.

I grinned, then pulled on the rope. She gasped again as it lifted her ankles up, and even lifted her shoulders off the bed. That propped her head forward as she began to breathe harder.

I tied off the rope and then got more, looping it a half dozen times around her right wrist.

“Put your wrist behind your back.”

I reached behind her, working her arm back, then pulled the other arm back as well and tied them together behind her. The backs of her knees were now up in her armpits, and she was tied in a severely folded up position with no way to unfold.

I grinned at her, then got more rope. Her breasts were mashed up in her position, and I carefully wound a couple of loops around each breast and began to pull them in. I heard her suck in a ragged breath of air as I tightened the loops, squeezing her breasts more. I didn't want them all red and ugly, just nice and... taut.

“You're such a kinky slut!” she gasped.

“And you hate it,” I sniffed.

Then I smirked and showed her the ball-gag. Her eyes widened and when I pushed it against her mouth she opened it wider. I worked the ball into her mouth, then drew the straps behind her and buckled them. Then came the dildos, both the one I'd used before and the new one.

I worked the old one deep into her pussy, stretching her out nicely, then lubed up the other and slowly worked it into her little puckered butt. Her eyes really went wide at that and she squealed and squirmed, but I kept pinching her stiff nipples to distract her, and was slowly able to work the dildo way up into her ass.

I got out the little vibrator, the one she'd worn to work the other day, and simply taped it to the base of the dildo sticking out of her pussy so that it was pressing against her clit, then turned it on and left her like that.

I gave her about five minutes, then returned, wearing the straps under the skirt. I knelt on the bed before her and removed the vibrator, then started licking her pussy around the dildo. This was the first time I'd ever performed oral sex on her, and she gasped in surprise, but very quickly started to tremble and shake.

Her hips spasmed and she rolled her eyes back as I licked hard and fast against her, my fingers rolling and massaging her nipples the way Miranda had done to mine, then squeezing hard on her breasts. It took like seconds for her to climax, practically bouncing against me as she cried out in pleasure.

She couldn't move much, but she still trembled and writhed as her moans of pleasure easily overcame the gag.

I licked her right through the orgasm, and was preparing to ease back and then put the vibrator back on, but then she started to jerk and thrash again as if she was still having an orgasm, or having a new one! So I had to keep licking her until her movements eased.

“Responsive little fuck-puppy,” I said.

I straightened up and pressed the vibrator against her again.

“Yeah, I was in a sex shop buying that gag when this woman came up to me,” I said.

She stared at me.

“So we started to talk about this hot, slutty blonde girl I was going to turn into my sex slave.”

I undid my skirt and took it off and she stared at the straps, then her eyes widened as I leaned in, pulled the dildo out about halfway, then attached it to the straps. I removed the vibrator and just lay it on her groin just above her pussy, then started to work the 'cock' in and out of her.

“She said she'd love to have a cute blonde sex slave, but I said that Hannah just loves cock too much for that,” I taunted.

She shuddered and moaned as I worked my cock in and out of her, and I reached behind her head and undid the strap, then pulled the gag out of her mouth.

“Don't you, slut?” I said.

She only moaned.

I slapped her face, not hard enough to actually do anything but sting a little, but it startled her.

“Answer your mistress!”

“Yes, Mistress!” she gasped.

“Tell me you love cock!”

“I-I love cock, Mistress!” she moaned, staring at the thick cock sliding in and out between the taut lips of her sex.

I pinched her nipples and she gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you, whore!”

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” she cried.

“Slutty little blonde,” I said with a sneer.

I mashed her breasts as I thrust harder and faster, my hips now slapping against her upraised buttocks as I used her roughly.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Fuck! Fucking God! Oh! Ungh!”

“Beg me to fuck you, slut!”

I slapped her face again.

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” she moaned.

“Louder, whore!”

I slapped her breast and she yelped.

“Please fuck me, Mistress!”

“Tell me you're a filthy little slut!”

“I'm a filthy little slut, Mistress!” she gasped.

I grabbed the vibrator and began to grind it against her clit as I fucked her and she kicked off into a screaming orgasm which looked like she'd lost her mind. She was writhing and bucking and twisting as the orgasm shook her, and the sight of her, the knowledge I had done it, that I was in control of her and could make her lose such control was a huge turn-on.

I unfastened the dildo, then pushed the vibrator away and dropped low to start licking her clitoris again. This time I pumped the dildo in and out, slowly, while I sucked and licked on her. When she was ready I attached the dildo again and fucked her into another massive orgasm.

Then I unhooked it again and licked and sucked her some more before fucking her in the ass with the other dildo while I ground the vibrator against her clitoris.

With that done I untied her wrists and ankles and let her unfold. She lay back with a huge groan of relief, but I didn't let her lay still for long. I showed her the restraints and fastened them around her wrists, then got her to her feet and put the collar on. She stared at herself in a mirror excitedly as I used the rope to ensure the two dildos stayed inside her.

Then she spent some time in front of the mirror on her knees licking my pussy.

When we had exhausted her jaw I had her kneel in the living room with her knees spread wide and fed her bits of popcorn while I sat on the sofa. I started tossing them at her and she had to lick them off the floor whenever she failed to catch them in her mouth.

“So this Miranda,” I said. “She's this sexy woman somewhere in her early thirties.”

“You really met a woman?!”

“I told you I did.”

“In the sex shop!?”

“Yes. Why is that so shocking?”

“I don't know. It's not exactly a place to make pickups.”

“Maybe it is for lesbians. And she's definitely a lesbian.”

“Well, you would know. Not that anything's wrong with that, I suppose.”

She rolled her eyes.

I got the belt, bent her over, and turned her ass pink before letting her sit back on her heels.

“Show more respect to your mistress, slut,” I said afterward.

“Meanie,” she grumbled.

“And we got to talking about tops and bottoms.”

“What? Clothes?”

“Noooo, that's what they call people who are dominant and those who are submissive.”

“Are you saying I'm submissive?” she demanded.

“Clearly you're submissive to me.”

“Yeah? You think so?” she said indignantly.

“Yes, I do, slut. Want me to fuck your little blonde brains out again?”

She sniffed. “So what's this Miranda person like?”

“She's beautiful, tall, with short hair – .”

“Like that's a surprise.”

“She has an amazing tongue.”

Her eyes widened.

“What does that mean?”

“What do you think it means?”

“You're full of it.”

“Think so? Think I didn't let her drive me back to her house and then... teach me stuff?”

“You are not the kind of person who just fucks some stranger,” she said.

“Not usually. But then, a hot woman has never offered before. I mean, it's not like I have to worry about the usual things I do with guys.”

“You actually went home with some older woman and fucked?”

“Yup,” I said smugly.

“I don't believe it.”

“You calling me a liar?”

“Yes!”

“Maybe I'll introduce you. Maybe I'll tie you up and hand you over to her so she can teach you how to be a proper little sex slave.”

“Yeah, sure!”

“I'm sure she has stuff like riding crops and whips to train you properly and teach you how to be submissive and obedient.”

“Yeah, you'd like that, wouldn't you?”

“Of course! Who wouldn't like to have a sex slave? I could pimp you out for extra spending money too. Lots of rich guys would pay a lot to fuck a pretty blonde like you.”

“They'd pay to fuck you, too.”

“Yes, but I'm not a sex slave.”

“You only wish I was your sex slave!”

“I'm sure I can train you into being one.”

“You're a pervert.”

I raised my foot, put it against her chest between her breasts, and shoved so she fell back onto her back.

“Put your feet flat on the floor,” I growled.

She looked at me, then raised her knees and put her feet flat on the floor.

“Spread your legs, whore!”

She did that too, her eyes lighting up.

“Now raise your ass up off the floor and hold it in the air.”

She did as I ordered her to.

“Tell me you're a filthy blonde slut.”

“I'm... I'm a filthy blonde slut, Mistress!”

I got up and bent over, then rolled her over and unlinked her wrist restraints before letting her roll back onto her back again. I untied the rope binding the dildos in place and sat back on the sofa, crossing my legs.

“Start masturbating yourself while I watch,” I said.

She stared at me, open-mouthed.

“Do it, slut. Your mistress wants to watch you fuck yourself with that dildo.”

Her face flushed, and then her fingers trembled a bit as she reached down and gripped the base of the dildo.

“Keep your hips up, slut!”

She moaned and did so.

“Rub your little clit for me.”

“This is so sick!” she moaned.

“Kinky little blonde slut,” I taunted.

Her hips started to roll up and down as she pumped the dildo and rubbed her clitoris. In about two minutes she was coming again.

## Chapter Eleven

Saturday was free for both of us. I told Hannah we would have lunch at a place we both liked, out on the patio. What I didn't tell her was that Miranda would be there.

We started out shopping. Oh, did I forget to mention she had the vibrator inside her again? I turned it on and off, playing with it, tormenting her as we moved around, and getting her all hot and bothered. I wouldn't let her come, though, which was getting her frustrated and annoyed.

She was wearing a short denim skirt because I'd told her to. It was mine, because she wasn't the kind to wear short skirts if she could avoid them. It was kind of tight on her, but she'd known it meant I could reach her pussy easily so she'd gone along with it.

The patio was facing a park, and popular on a Saturday, but Miranda was at the far end and I led an unsuspecting and frustrated Hannah there.

"Hi," I said to Miranda.

Hannah looked at the woman, startled, then at me. Her face flushed as she sat hesitantly down.

"This is Hannah. Don't mind her rudeness. She's a little flustered because of the vibrator I've got inside her pussy."

Hannah's face got even redder as Miranda smiled tolerantly at her.

"How do you do, Hannah?" she asked.

"Fine," she said, her voice a squeak.

"She's a little annoyed at me since I haven't let her come," I said.

Hannah looked even more embarrassed and stared wildly at me.

"You're embarrassing the child," Miranda said.

That caused Hannah to scowl.

"Don't be embarrassed, Hannah. After all, when I treated Kristin to my vibrator yesterday she lost all control of herself."

I flushed and Hannah's eyes got wide as she stared at me.

“I hope she finally treated you to some oral sex. I told her she was being selfish only getting and not giving.”

Hannah looked like she was completely baffled about how to respond.

“I tried to teach her how to please a woman,” Miranda said. “Though of course, she was a little... unfocused at the time.”

I felt my own face flushing, which seemed to interest Hannah.

“So did she let you tie her up?” Hannah finally asked.

Miranda laughed softly. “Oh no, dear. It was the other way around.”

Hannah's jaw dropped again as she stared at me in delight.

“Reeeeaally?!” she said.

“I think Kristin is more of a submissive than she likes to admit.”

“Hmm. Maybe I should see,” Hannah said.

I scowled at her and turned the vibrator on again. She gasped and jerked in place but couldn't say or do anything because the waitress showed up.

We ordered, and Hannah began to lose her embarrassment as Miranda regaled her with an edited version of what had happened between us. What I mean by 'edited' is she didn't mention Allison at all. I found myself squirming with embarrassment, though, as she talked about how violently I had come, and how delicious my moans of pleasure were.

When she got to the point of telling her how she'd made me crawl on a leash I think Hannah was on the verge of an orgasm. So I turned off the vibrator.

“Bitch,” she gasped.

We had a light lunch, then went for a little walk which not coincidentally led us back to Miranda's place.

“Take your clothes off, Kristin,” she ordered once we were in the living room.

I gulped and felt a sudden jolt of uncertainty and anxiety mixed with self-consciousness again. It wasn't that I was embarrassed in front of her given what we'd done the other day. It was more that Hannah was in such a state of excited anticipation. And I didn't think that was because she wanted to see me naked. No, she was eagerly looking forward to seeing me treated the way I treated her!

“Hannah, help me strip her naked,” Miranda said.

Hannah was eager to help, and the two undid my buttons and zippers and had me naked in no time as my chest got tighter and a wave of dark sexual passion began to sweep through me. Miranda put a collar around my neck, then restraints around my wrists. She made me raise my hands up and back behind me as I had done the other day, then locked the restraints there.

“Kneel, little girl,” she ordered.

I knelt, flushed, mind squirming as Hannah looked on with wide, excited eyes.

“Legs spread!”

I spread my legs wide, fighting to control my ragged breathing.

Then Miranda turned to Hannah. “You too, dear,” she said.

Hannah looked at her, startled.

“Now, little blonde girl,” she ordered.

Hannah gulped and flushed, but then took off her clothes, all-but trembling as Miranda put another collar around her neck, then restraints around her wrists. Soon she was kneeling next to me, in the exact same position. Then Miranda popped ball-gags into both our mouths and stood back.

“Such lovely little girls,” Miranda said.

“Sluts, you mean.”

I wasn't really surprised when Allison showed up. Hannah was, of course. She squealed and tried to turn away, as Miranda and Allison laughed.

“Get back into position, slut!” Allison barked.

She was dressed as she was the other day, and holding the crop. It was sort of the look I had been going for with Hannah yesterday night.

Hannah's face was red, the flush going all the way down her chest as Miranda turned her back into position. She rolled her eyes away from Allison until the woman squatted in front of her and lifted her chin with the tip of the riding crop.

“Are you going to be a bad little blonde?” Allison demanded.

Hannah moaned.

Allison thrust the crop between Hannah's legs, forcing the shaft up between her labia, then sliding it in and out.

“Are you as much of a cock lover as the college slut beside you?” she demanded. “I bet you are. I bet you love cock, just like her.”

She stood up and swung the crop through the air so it made a cutting sound.

“On your faces, sluts! Ass up, face down!” she barked.

Heat filled me as I fell forward and positioned myself, and then Hannah did the same beside me. She yelped as the crop cut across her bottom, then I yelped as it cut across mine. We squealed and gasped as Allison arranged us both in the same degrading position.

Then Miranda turned on their TV and I gasped, eyes widening as I saw... me! OMG! It was a video taken here in this room of me tied down on the table! Hannah's eyes were huge as she watched. Then Miranda and Allison pulled on strap-ons and knelt behind us.

Oh! My! God! I could hardly believe how wild and insane it was to watch myself being treated like that, to watch myself coming like crazy and hear myself confessing to being a whore! Holy fuck! And to watch that while Allison fucked me with a strap-on was just mind-blowing!

I came wildly, as did Hannah. We both came repeatedly as the women slapped our bottoms, pulled our hair, and rode us with the big strap-on dildos! And all the while I stared at the video, my mind burning with heat and passion as I saw myself crawling on the floor on a leash! Then there was another video of me on the bed licking Miranda's pussy while Allison fucked me again!

Fuck!

Then they took the gags out of our mouths and we knelt side by side licking their pussies. After we'd made them come, they backed me and Hannah against each other. They bent us forward with a double-headed dildo in both our pussies and our asses, and then knelt so we could lick their pussies again while fucking each other on the dildos.

After that, they led us up to the attic, which was hot and dim. Our wrists were raised up and attached to opposite sides of a pole hanging from a chain so that we were pressed together breast to breast. The double-headed dildo was inserted in our pussies like before. But with a vibrator taped to the middle. Then the bar was raised to lift us completely off our feet!

I gasped into the ball-gag they'd re-inserted, as did Hannah. The vibrator buzzed against my clitoris as it was ground between me and Hannah, and a wild dark heat filled my body as Allison and Miranda fucked us both in the ass at the same time!

They both drew back at the same time, and then picked up whips! I squealed as the whip swept forward and then landed across my back! It had a short handle with a couple of dozen long, very thin sort of laces, and they landed across my back like the scratches of a cat with a lot of claws!

The next landed across my buttocks, then my lower back, then my shoulders even as Hannah squealed and twisted and writhed against me. The whips... hurt, but not that bad. I mean, they stung more than anything. And once I realized that the initial panic which had gripped me was overwhelmed by another wild, shocked thrill of the outrageous.

Then they fucked us in the ass again, and I came multiple times, dazed and emotionally exhausted by the sheer shocking heat of it all.

They let us down, but only to change our position somewhat. Now it was our ankles bound to the pole, and the pole was much lower, low enough we were laying on our bound arms with our legs rising up in the air. But the dildo was still in us, along with a second one in our butts. And, of course, the vibrator.

Then they attached nipple clips to both me and Hannah and ran a thin cord up from mine, over the bar, and down to hers. They left us like that for some time as we sweated and moaned and jerked and trembled and ground ourselves together through orgasm after orgasm.

After that, we were taken down and washed, then they put the pet stuff on, you know, the ears and tails, and we were 'walked' on leashes out to the back yard. We had to use the far corner for a bathroom, and when they relaxed outside they removed our gags but told us we'd get a blow from the crop across the nipples for every word we spoke.

Then we played fetch. They tossed balls and we had to chase after them, like dogs, like bitches, pick them up in our mouths, and carry them back to them. It was insanely degrading and outrageous... and incredibly, wildly hot and sick!

We licked their pussies again, then did a sixty-nine with each other before they made dinner. It was eaten outside, and me and Hannah had to beg like dogs on our knees with our tongues hanging out and then eat out of their hands.

That evening we were hung from our wrists again from the bar, this time back to back, again with a double-headed dildo up our butts – and a big vibrator up our pussies. Allison and Miranda took turns performing oral sex

on us and fingering us to orgasms in between using the flogs on our breasts until they were pink and red.

We slept in their beds, separately, with our wrists still locked behind us and our collars bound to the headboard. I slept with Miranda and Allison with the dazed Hannah, whose voice had become hoarse from screaming in pleasure.

I woke Sunday to oral sex, then Miranda straddled my face and I returned the favor. Hannah and I ate on our knees, as we had Saturday evening, then were put to work as 'slaves' vacuuming, cleaning the floors, and doing laundry. All of which we did gagged, with our wrists locked together, and naked.

It's weird but even doing laundry like that is... exciting.

Then their friends Sara and Laci came over. Horribly embarrassed but also impossibly aroused, Hannah and I had to put on a sex show for them, as well as Miranda and Paige. We started with a sixty-nine, then used a double-headed dildo, grinding our pussies together. We ended, of course, with licking the women's pussies while Miranda and Allison fucked us from behind.

That was insane!

And then in the evening Chloe, Tanya, and Lilly came over and we had to do it again! Only this time the five women strung us up by our wrists in the attic, separately this time, our legs spread wide, too, and amused themselves tormenting us with their mouths, fingers, vibrators, dildos, and assorted less pleasant things like ice, hot wax, nipple clips, pinwheels, and various whips and flogs.

Needless to say, it was an exhausting weekend for both of us! It left us dazed and shell-shocked by the time Miranda drove us home Sunday night.

We both mostly just collapsed into bed. I stayed home the next morning, while she called in sick. We needed the time to wind down!

“That was fucking intense,” I said.

“Those women really are... something,” she replied.

“It was a wild rush, though.”

“I don't know when I've ever come more. I didn't think it was possible to come so much!”

“So I guess now you want to be my sex slave,” I said.

She snorted. "I saw you getting fucked and sodomized and screaming for more, bitch," she taunted.

I flushed. "You were screaming louder and more often!"

She shrugged.

"The thing is," she said, hesitating. "I still like cock."

I made a face and nodded. "Imagine doing that all over again, but with big, handsome men..." I said.

Her eyes widened and then she nodded. "Yeah, but who could we get that we could trust?"

"Nobody I know."

"Maybe we could advertise. You know, 'Beautiful slutty girls seeking masters to enslave them!'.

"Men would still have to use vibrators and dildos," I said. "I mean, they can't keep it up long enough to fuck us all day, or even for an hour."

"Especially older ones."

"Yeah."

"I'll tell you this much, the next guy who goes down at me better have some skills because I've come to expect good stuff."

We both laughed.

"And now we have some skills too."

I made a face. That part of the 'training' hadn't been fun, though I was glad to have learned how to deep-throat. I was even looking forward to demonstrating it on a real guy with a real cock.

But the bondage stuff. The degrading, outrageous, being-treated-like-an-animal part had been shockingly exciting. And I didn't know that we could ever get any guy our age to do that who wouldn't think of us as worthless sluts. Oh, Miranda and Allison called us that but I didn't think they meant it as more than a kind of role-playing thing.

"The idea of being a sex slave is... hot," I said.

"It makes me feel like I can do anything, I mean, anything I'm ordered to do, without any guilt," she said.

"And that makes it more exciting."

"Yeah."

\*

Within a month we had moved in with Miranda and Allison. I still went to college, but when I was home I was naked, collared, and in restraints,

even if I was doing my homework or making dinner, or cleaning the bathroom.

Hannah and I had our nipples and tongues pierced, and we took up pole-dancing lessons. She wound up quitting her job to become a stripper at a lesbian club. And sometimes Allison made me perform, there too!

The two of us put on live sex acts for Ms. Miranda and Ms. Allison's friends, and then on a stage at the club! It was insane! Our lives were almost non-stop sex, or at least, very sexually oriented at all times. Only my time at school was exempt.

Both of us are still straight, or at least, bi now, but the scalding heat we get from being 'sex slaves' is way more excitement than we'd ever get merely dating ordinary men. Miranda keeps talking about finding wealthy 'masters' to sell us to, and that thought is delicious but unlikely to satisfy me. I mean, being a sex toy for one middle-aged guy who might have sex with me once a day didn't strike me as terribly thrilling compared to the wild, endless sex I was getting with 'the girls'.

So I'm going to stay with them for some time and see where it all leads. Who knows what wild and thrilling experiences might come my way. You only live once, after all, and I'm going to enjoy my looks and sexuality while I have the chance.

END

\*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto: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.

### **Out of Uniform**

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

### **The Ladies Gym**

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur** (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts

his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

### **The Penthouse**

Courtney is a poor girl, but a party girl with ambitions. Finding herself in a fabulous penthouse with a wealthy man is her dream come true. But he's not her date, but his father! And he's very much the alpha male used to getting his way! Courtney begins a scalding journey of submission and pleasure, learning to submit, obey and abandon her inhibitions before him, his son, and the servants!