**A Girl's Gotta Make The Rent!**

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**A Girl's Gotta Make The Rent! Ch. 01**

The rent was due in four days, and even if she got her paycheck before then, it wasn't going to come close to covering it. Jesse was starting to get worried.  
  
She sat behind the bookstore counter and looked through the local free paper, trying to distract herself from her situation. Paging through the boring articles on local topics, she came across an advertisement for a local strip club. "AMATEUR NIGHT! $500 First Prize!"  
  
She'd never thought about it before, but that money would make a serious dent in her financial troubles. The contest was that evening. She closed the newspaper and put it back on the stack.  
  
Jesse was 21 years old, a little over five feet tall. She was slender and petite with pale skin, and her pretty, lightly freckled face was framed by long, curly red hair. In all, she probably had a good chance to win the prize money. While not a prude, she'd never contemplated showing her body to a roomful of complete strangers  
  
Jesse was on her own - no family nearby, her roommate had recently moved out, and new in town. There was no fallback at the moment, and it was truly starting to worry her. Over the course of the day, her thoughts kept returning to the ad. Five hundred dollars would help a lot - it might even be enough to get her landlord to wait the extra days until her paycheck came in.  
  
She felt a small surge of excitement with each thought of it. After playing with the thought for a while, she had to admit that the idea was beginning to appeal to her.  
  
"What the hell, I can always go, and if I chicken out, nobody will know, and nobody will know if I go through with it, so what's to lose?"  
  
With the decision made, she felt another jolt of excitement. With a sudden impulse, she looked around, and saw that the store was empty. Her heart pounding, she impulsively pulled up her thigh length peasant skirt, and hooked her fingers in the waistband of her panties. She kicked off her flip-flops as she quickly pulled her panties down and off.  
  
As she finished stuffing them in her purse, she was startled by the sound of the chime on the front door. Quickly, she composed herself and greeted the woman who entered. The woman smiled back and began browsing the bookshelves.  
  
Five minutes later, the customer walked up and asked "Excuse me, do you have copy of The Time Traveler's Wife? I didn't see it on the shelf".  
  
Jesse took a quick look in the computer and replied "I think I have a copy in the overhead shelves, let me check for you." She went and pulled the rolling ladder over, stepped out of her flip-flops again, and climbed the ladder. As she got to the top and began looking for the book, she realized two things: One, she'd taken off her panties and was up a high ladder, and two, the customer had followed her over, and now had a great view.  
  
Jesse grabbed the book and came down the ladder, blushing furiously. The young woman accepted the book from her with a look of clearly feigned innocence. "Thank you very much."  
  
Jesse couldn't think of anything to say, and hurried to ring up the purchase. "Thanks again for a most pleasant customer experience," she said with a small grin. She took her bag and left the store.  
  
Jesse sank to the stool behind the counter. "What the hell was I thinking?". She then remembered that in a few hours, she was going to be exposing a hell of a lot more than a quick flash up her skirt.  
  
She went to the front door and locked it, then headed to the back room. The excitement of her unintentional exposure was such that she wanted to take it just a bit further. "Might as well enjoy the rest of the workday," She thought.  
  
She unbuttoned the tight fitting white blouse and removed it. The cool air hit her exposed skin and raised goosebumps. Without another thought, she unclasped her bra and laid it on top of a stack of boxes. She put her blouse back on, leaving a several buttons undone, and went to check out the effect in the bathroom mirror.  
  
Her 32B breasts were well highlighted by the closely fitted blouse. The material was thin enough to show her nipples hardening, without being completely see-through. The undone buttons showed quite a bit of cleavage, but not enough to be obvious that she was trying to give a show. A small twist sideways showed quite a bit of her breast, giving just the effect she was hoping for.  
  
As she moved, her thin peasant skirt moved with her, feeling very light, and almost as if it wasn't there. She found herself becoming increasingly horny at the thought. She had a secret, a sexy one, which she could share or not as she wished. Well, as long as she stayed off ladders anyhow...  
  
To accent the look further, she pulled down on elastic waistband of the skirt, exposing a strip of tight skin below her blouse. She then undid the clip holding back her hair, and tousled it, letting her curly red hair free. Pushing her black-rimmed glasses on, and she was done.  
  
She grabbed her bra and headed back to the front counter, leaving it inside her bag. She unlocked the door and began putting away books that had arrived in the store. When the front door rang again, she had another wicked thought. This time it would LOOK like an accident.  
  
A man entered the store and began looking around. She picked up a stack of books and began working her way towards where he was browsing. While his attention was on a paperback cover, she dropped her stack of books, said "Oh!" to get his attention, and squatted down to start collecting them. She felt a delicious thrill as her skirt slid up her thighs, giving the man a clear view of her pussy. She immediately feigned embarrassment and pulled the skirt back, while closing her knees, but the "damage" was done. The man stood there in surprise, as she then leaned forward, exposing a substantial amount of breast while collecting the rest of the books.  
  
"Do you need a hand?" He asked.  
  
"Oh no, I'm fine thanks." She replied, as she beat a hasty retreat to the counter. A total stranger had a lucky glimpse, and she had an intense moment of excitement giving it to him. Yes, tonight was going to go just fine.  
  
After the man left the store, she sat again behind the counter. After looking around to determine she was alone, she reached under her skirt and ran a finger up her slit. She was quite wet from her experience. She began slowly but earnestly rubbing her clitoris, all the while keeping an eye on the door. The excitement was building, but she couldn't bring herself to climax in the store - it was too public, and she wanted to keep herself close to the edge. She lowered her skirt, and wiped off her hand.  
  
She finished shelving books and straightening up, and still had over an hour to go before the store closed. With time to kill, and no customers coming in, she went to look for something to read until closing time. She grabbed the free newspaper again, and began looking through the personals and adult advertisements in the back. After figuring out where the strip club was, the large number of escort services, and the requests for all sorts of services, she closed the newspaper again, and began looking through an erotic photography book. Paging through the photos of men and women, some quite explicit, kept her on the edge until closing time. When she got to the last page, she was surprised to learn that the photographer, Sam West, was local.  
  
She put the book back on the shelf, locked the door, and closed up the store. She grabbed her bag, the night deposit, and headed to her car. She was still excited from her escapades of the day, and getting butterflies in her stomach thinking about the night ahead. She parked at the bank, and quickly deposited the day's receipts.  
  
When she arrived home, Jesse went to her closet to look for an outfit to wear for the contest. She had a number of outfits that she normally wore to a nightclub to choose from, but she settled on a short pleated skirt, and her blouse from her day at work. With a little effort, pulling off a sexy schoolgirl look would be easy.  
  
After eating dinner, she stripped down and headed into the bathroom to run a hot bath. When it was ready, she climbed in and began shaving her legs. After a short hesitation, she began shaving, and soon her pussy was completely smooth. This was new to her, but it seemed to be appropriate with her costume choice.  
  
She went to the bedroom and found the tiniest white thong she owned, grinned as she realized she could see through it, and pulled it on. Next came the skirt, and the blouse, over a white lace half cup bra. She went back to the bathroom, and applied a small amount of makeup, with just a hint of lipstick, maintaining the innocent look. She tied her hair into two pigtails and grinned in the mirror. She found a pair of white knee-high stockings in the drawer, pulled them on, and finished her transformation with a pair of black high heels. With her black framed glasses, framing her face, she was satisfied that she would knock them dead.  
  
As she headed to the car, she felt very conscious of her outfit. The short skirt was high above her knees, and the skimpy thong barely covered anything. In fact, as she walked, she could feel it riding up between her lips. The breeze sent cool air caressing her skin, and reminding her how little was left to the imagination. She drove to the strip club with a growing sense of excitement, mingled with nerves.  
  
The ad told her to be at the club early, and to go to the performers entrance. When she arrived, the bouncer showed her inside, to a small crowd of hopeful amateurs. It looked like she'd have to compete with at least a half dozen other young women. She was directed to fill out an application, and have her driver's license ready. She filled in the form, and handed it to the man at the table, along with her ID. "Thanks - now stand over there for a picture." She stood against the wall, and smiled for the camera.  
  
A little while later, the waiting contestants were filled in on the details. The show would start at 9PM, and each girl would go out and perform for ten minutes. After everyone had danced, everyone would come out for a round of voting, at which time the top three would compete for the grand prize by dancing again. In addition, the crowd favorites would be offered a dancer position at the club.  
  
The order of appearance was decided by drawing numbers from a hat. Jesse was number three. Each girl was handed a garter, to collect tips. She hadn't thought about that -- she might end up with at least something, even if she didn't win.  
  
A few minutes before the start of the contest, the announcer started working up the crowd, which, from the sounds of it, was pretty large. Jesse felt her excitement growing as the contest began.  
  
The first girl, a tall blond wearing a short mini-dress was announced and headed out to dance. Jesse and the other girls watched from off-stage as the girl swayed to the music, and somewhat clumsily lifted the dress over her head. The audience cheered appreciatively, trying to get her to continue by removing her thong, but she kept dancing all the way to the end of the song without removing it. She picked up her dress, and quickly ran back-stage, holding it in front of her breasts.  
  
The next girl, a brunette put on a much better show, quickly peeling out of her costume, swaying her hips, and moving down the line accepting tips. Ten minutes moved by too quickly, and Jesse was caught of guard when her name was called.  
  
She skipped out on stage, playing up the schoolgirl angle, Britney Spears proclaiming her lack of innocence blasting from the sound system. The costume was a hit, as a wall of cheering hit her. She began to dance, turning to flip up the back of her skirt at the crowd. She moved along, and began to unbutton her blouse. When it was open to her navel, she stopped, and bent forward, knees locked. With an innocent smile on her face, she slowly lowered her thong and stepped out of it. Still smiling, she threw it into the audience, to a big cheer. She lifted one side of the skirt, dropped it, lifted the other, still without showing her prize. With dollar bills waving at her from the edge of the stage, she sauntered forward and finished unbuttoning her blouse. She squatted down, knees together in front of an enraptured man and slowly removed her top. Another cheer went up as she showed the crowd her perfectly proportioned 32B breasts, wrapped in a lacy white bra that exposed her nipples. The bra clasped in the front, and in another second she removed it.  
  
She pulled her garter, and after the man had inserted the dollar, she opened her knees to share her smooth lips. After a few seconds, she stood up, and moved down the line to the next man. Turning her back to the crowd, she unbuttoned the skirt, and lowered it to the stage floor. She then moved her legs apart and bent over to grab her ankles.  
  
The excitement was like a high, she was naked to a crowd of strangers, strutting around to cheers wearing nothing but knee highs and high heels. As she danced down the stage, the garter was getting filled with dollars, and she couldn't get over how much fun she was having.  
  
Soon enough, she was through with her dance. She gathered her skirt and blouse, belatedly remembering that the thong was long gone, gave a wave to the crowd, and left the stage.  
  
Jesse pulled on her skirt and blouse, not bothering to button it up, since she'd be out on stage again shortly. "Nice job," said the man backstage.  
  
"Thanks!" she replied breathlessly and she tied her blouse into a knot just below her breasts.  
  
While the remaining girls went on stage, she sat in a chair and counted the money in her garter. For ten minutes of dancing, she'd received nearly one hundred dollars. At this rate, her money problems could be easily solved. She folded the cash, and put it in her purse.  
  
A few minutes after the last girl came off stage, the announcer called all the contestants back out.  
  
"Please give all these brave, beautiful women a big round of applause! It takes a bunch of guts to come out here for you degenerates!"  
  
When the cheering died down, he continued. "We'll decide the three finalists by applause, so be sure to cheer for your favorites."  
  
Each girl was called forward to a moderate amount of cheering. When Jesse's turn came, she stepped forward, opened her loosely tied top, and grinned as she flashed her pussy. The crowd loved it. At the end, it came down to Jesse, the brunette who came out before her, and a tall blond with pierced nipples.  
  
The three finalists danced in place, removing their costumes once again, to the audience's delight. Still naked, the announcer let the crowd decide again by applause.  
  
"In third place... Cindy!" The blond smiled and came forward. The announcer gave her a $100 bill. She waved the cash and stepped back.  
  
"This is a tough decision, both girls are smoking hot, but the crowd called it. Jesse! Congratulations!" She couldn't believe it. She was stunned as she took the five crisp bills from the announcer.  
  
He handed Juliette, the brunette $200, and addressed the crowd again. "Come on folks, they're all winners, let's hear it!"  
  
The crowd started cheering and whistling. The contestants picked up their clothes and headed backstage.  
  
While the announcer was calling the next act to the stage, the club manager asked the three girls to come talk to him. Jesse picked up her purse and clothes, and went to join the others.  
  
"Great dancing ladies. As the advertisement said, the finalists are offered a job dancing here at the Catwalk. Are any of you interested?"  
  
Juliette nodded and said "sure, I could use the job."  
  
Cindy turned it down, saying that she only does this for fun but her husband was going to have a great night.  
  
Jesse thought about it. If she did this even for a short time, her immediate money problems would be over. While she wouldn't be getting a five hundred dollar prize every night, she was likely to pull several hundred a night, way more than her job at the bookstore brought in.  
  
She hesitated for another brief second, took a deep breath, and accepted. "Sure. That was a lot of fun!"  
  
"Well, as you've probably guessed, we use the amateur night to recruit new girls. You've already filled out the paperwork, just another form to sign to accept the job." He handed a form to Juliette and Jesse, and thanked Cindy for coming.  
  
"See you next time!" she said, pulling up her tight mini dress. She headed out to find her husband.  
  
Jesse and Juliette finished the forms, and handed them back to Steve, the club manager.  
  
"I'll get back to the both of you with your starting schedule, welcome to the Catwalk."  
  
"When you're ready to leave, let Tom over there know - he'll have a bouncer escort you to your cars."  
  
The two girls got dressed.  
  
Jesse grinned and said, "so much for panties, I lost those two hours ago".  
  
Juliette laughed and said, "I'm betting we'll get used to that pretty fast."  
  
"No doubt'"  
  
The finished putting on their clothes, and went to find Tom.  
  
Tom said "After you ladies," and followed them out the performers entrance.  
  
They parted ways at their cars, with a quick "see you soon."  
  
Jesse was so pumped up from her performance that she had to catch her breath for a few minutes before driving. She watched the young well-built bouncer head back, and regretfully started her car.  
  
Ten minutes later, she pulled into her parking lot and headed upstairs to her apartment. She was excited, but exhausted; the adrenaline rush was coming down, and she had to go to work the next morning.  
  
Jesse stood in front of her bedroom mirror, and looked at herself. The loosely tied blouse was coming undone, and was starting to open. Her pigtails, appearing innocent at the start of the night, were coming loose. She lifted her skirt and began posing.  
  
"Oh my god I am such a slut!" she thought, rolling her mind around the idea. She decided she didn't mind as it was the most fun she'd had in a long time. There was nobody to judge, and she wasn't hurting anyone.  
  
She removed her blouse and skirt and sat on the edge of the bed. She kicked off her heels, and still watching herself in the mirror, she rolled down her knee high stockings. Now nude, she stood up, and walked to her dresser. In the top drawer, she found what she was looking for, a pink vibrator.  
  
She laid down on the bed and twisted the knob. She touched the gently vibrating head to a nipple, and gasped as it hardened. Turning the vibrator up, she moved to the other nipple, already aching with a need for release.  
  
With her other hand, she ran a couple of fingers in her slit, already soaking from her over-the-top evening. She inserted two fingers, and used the vibrator on her swollen clitoris. Pressing down with it, she began moving her fingers in and out, faster and faster.  
  
She lifted a knee, and inserted the vibrator, turning it to full speed. Panting now, she moved it faster and faster, building to a huge wave of pleasure. Before it crested, she pulled out the vibrator. Running it down her slit, she placed the tip at her tight sphincter. Relaxing as she pushed, she felt the head go past the ring of muscle, and she slowly inserted the vibrator deep in her asshole. She slowly moved it in and out, and she furiously worked her clitoris with her other hand. In a short time, gasping and panting, she lay back and went rigid with wave after wave of her orgasm.  
  
When it subsided, she slowly removed the vibrator from her ass. Another moment, and she sat up and went to the bathroom to wash up. She carefully cleaned the vibrator, then took a quick shower, to wash off the dirt of the evening, and it's pleasurable aftermath.  
  
She returned to bed, set the alarm, and was soon asleep.  
  
The next morning, she lay in bed, replaying the previous day in her head. It was a major change for her. She was never a prude, but also never so wanton as she'd been yesterday. She found that she enjoyed it - the edge of excitement was suiting her, and it felt like something she wanted to explore further. She took a shower, touching up her shaving from the previous day. She put on a small amount of makeup, and left her curly red hair loose, falling over her shoulders.

She went to her closet, and selected a thin yellow sundress, several inches above the knee, and one she usually wore with a tank top underneath. With her new-found attitude, she pulled the dress over her head without the extra layer. She went to her dresser, and pulled out a pair of panties, looked at them for a moment, and put them back in the drawer. It was a warm day, and it already excited her. She put on a pair of sandals, and admired her look in the mirror.  
  
With the morning sun coming through the window behind her, it was clear that she was going to turn heads today. Her petite body was clearly outlined, and she could see her hardening nipples through the dress. The dress was so light, it almost felt like it wasn't there.  
  
She took took her money from the previous night from her purse, and put it safely away. She was relieved to see that she was way over halfway to the money she needed to pay her rent. Things were looking up already.  
  
She sat in her car, and lifted the back of her skirt, so bare skin was touching the cool vinyl seat. It felt good, it felt a little naughty. She smiled, and put the car in drive.  
  
On her way to the bookstore, she went through the drive-through of a local donut shop to get some coffee. She had an impulse. Before she got to the window to pick up her coffee, she pulled the bottom of her skirt up to the point that the cashier could hardly miss it. She drove up and the young man behind the counter leaned out with her cup, and said "That's a dollar ninety nine, Miss."  
  
She smiled and turned to her purse. As she did so, she moved her right knee aside, giving the cashier a clear view of her smooth lips. She took out two dollars, and handed it to him, leaning a little in his direction to take the cup. While she did that, she felt the thin strap of her sundress sliding down, favoring the young man with nearly a full view of her breast. "Thanks!" she said brightly, placing the coffee in the cupholder, and pulling up the strap.  
  
As she drove off, she could see the cashier leaning out the window, and pulling one of his coworkers to see.  
  
She laughed and headed to open up the bookstore.  
  
Jesse turned the key in the lock, and flipped the sign to "Open". She put her coffee on the counter, and her purse behind it. After getting out the money tray and putting it into the cash register, she sat down to drink her coffee and contemplate the day.  
  
Waiting for customers to come in, she began shelving the newly arrived books. When she was finished, she began straightening up the shelves and putting out new magazines. A couple of uneventful sales later, she was done with the major tasks she needed to take care of.  
  
She pulled out the free newspaper again. As she paged through, she stopped and smiled at the Catwalk ad. She kept paging through, seeing a number of interesting things. A body piercing and tattoo studio. Escort services. An amazing number of very specific personal ads. In the help wanted section she stopped when she saw this:  
  
"Models wanted for Art Nude Photographer. Will pay standard rate of $150 an hour. Confidentiality assured. Position to fill immediately."  
  
She thought about it. After last night, this could be positively tame. She would make some good money towards her rent, and have the thrill of showing off to a stranger. She took out her cellphone and called the listed number.  
  
"Sam West," the woman on the other end answered. Momentarily taken aback, Jesse hesitated for a second, then hung up.  
  
Sam West. That was the photographer who's book she looked at yesterday. After looking at some of the pictures, maybe not so tame after all.  
  
She thought about it again. She hit redial.  
  
A slightly irritated voice answered again. "Sam West here, can I help you?"  
  
"Umm. yes, sorry.. I saw your ad in the paper, and was wondering if you still needed a model?" she replied.  
  
"Yes, I do. When can you come in to see if you're what I'm looking for?"  
  
"I get off five, I can come over after that. Is that okay?"  
  
"Sure", Sam replied and gave her directions to the studio. "See you then."  
  
"Ok, thanks."  
  
Jesse hung up, and went to the shelf. There were three books of Sam West photos. Ironically, if she'd looked in the first one, she would have seen a portrait of the photographer, and been a little less surprised.  
  
She sat at the counter, and looked through the books, looking over the images with a twinge of excitement. There were color pictures of models outdoors, both in urban settings and in the woods. She found images of models in bondage, of sex acts, and some beautiful pictures of two women entangled together.  
  
The day moved quickly, with an occasional tease, a brief flash, and several happy customers. Shortly after lunch, she received a call from Steve, at the Catwalk, asking her to come in tomorrow afternoon and to bring gym clothes and a pair of high heels. "We'll have a couple of the dancers give you new girls a little background and polish before we get you back on stage." He said.  
  
Over the day, she kept returning to the books, and was saddened that her current financial situation didn't allow her the luxury of buying them. Someday soon, she told herself.  
  
Just before five, her replacement came in, a college girl named Sarah. The pretty brunette was a little surprised at Jesse's outfit, but she didn't comment, other than to wish her luck on her hot date.  
  
Jesse smiled and didn't correct her, waving as she left the store.  
  
She arrived at the studio, and knocked on the door. Shortly, a slender, attractive brunette in her early thirties answered the door. Sam smiled, and waved her in, baldly looking her over. It was clear that she liked what she saw.  
  
Sam was a bit taller than Jesse, with a slender, well proportioned figure. Her long straight brown hair was tied back in a ponytail. She was wearing a thin white tank top and a pair of loose cargo pants, riding low on her hips. She was gorgeous, was the first thought that came to Jesse.  
  
Sam was equally happy, asking a couple of easy questions, before saying. "Okay, let's get down to business. I would love to have you model for me. I'm not sure if you're aware, but I do nudes, and some erotic photography. In fact, some of it is arguably pretty explicit. If you have a problem with that, we should find out now, before wasting each other's time".  
  
"I've seen your work. It's beautiful. I work in the bookstore downtown, and looked through your books today. I'm pretty excited to be a part of it".  
  
"Great! As I said in the ad, I pay $150 an hour for posing. For the edgier stuff, I pay twice that."  
  
"That's good to know, I could really use the money right now."  
  
"Okay then, can you please disrobe, so I can see your figure?"  
  
Jesse unbuttoned the three buttons between her breast and navel. She lifted the thin straps from her shoulders, and let the sundress fall down her body to the floor.  
  
Sam's breath caught at Jesse's pale, creamy skin, small pink nipples, and smooth pussy. "I see you came prepared," she said softly, noting Jesse's lack of undergarments. "Turn around please?"  
  
Jesse turned showing Sam her firm, round cheeks.  
  
"When can you start?" Sam asked.  
  
"Any time. As I said, I need the money" Jesse said as she turned, knelt down and picked up her sundress. She stood, with the dress in her hand, her nipples crinkling hard.  
  
"Okay then, let's get some paperwork out of the way."  
  
Before Jesse could think of putting her dress back on, Sam took her to a small, cluttered office, and started pulling together a model release and a simple contract for her to sign. She took a copy of her driver's license and stapled it to her copy and smiled.  
  
"Let's go do something more interesting now."  
  
Sam led her into her studio, waved her towards a simple chair in front of a canvas backdrop. She moved around, turning on studio lights, and set up her camera.  
  
She set up two expensive looking video cameras to the sides, and checked the angles so they properly framed the scene.  
  
"Please put the dress back on, but leave it unbuttoned."  
  
Jesse complied, slipping the light sundress over her head.  
  
"Sit, but lift the dress so it's off the chair."  
  
Jesse sat down, feeling the cold wood of the chair on her ass. Sam started snapping pictures.  
  
"Move your legs apart, and pull the dress up a bit. Put your hands on your knees."  
  
Jesse did so, feeling one of the straps slide down her arm. She looked directly at the camera and felt the cool air on her exposed vagina.  
  
"Stand up, and bend over the chair, facing away from me."  
  
Sam admired the beautiful girl exposing herself to the camera, and quickly shot more pictures.  
  
"Okay, enough of the chair. Can you take off the dress please?"  
  
Sam walked over to a cabinet and started looking through it. She removed a black leather collar with a ring in front, some matching bracelets and anklets, and several lengths of light chain.  
  
"If this is too far, tell me now," Sam told Jesse. "We can stop this whenever you get uncomfortable."  
  
Jesse thought about it, and admitted to herself that this was exciting her. "No, we can go ahead."  
  
She smiled hesitantly as Sam came towards her.  
  
"Turn around."  
  
She moved Jesse's long red hair out of the way, and buckled the collar on. She secured it with a small padlock.  
  
Sitting Jesse back on the chair, she secured the bracelets and anklets. She ran the chain through the eyelet of the collar and asked Jesse to get down on her hands knees.  
  
She ran the cold steel chain between Jesse's breasts and down between her legs. She asked Jesse to lay forward until her breasts were on the cold concrete, and secured both her hands together behind her back. She pulled the chain snugly between Jesse's lips, and pulled it up to her cuffed hands. She locked it all in place with another padlock.  
  
Sam caressed her ass, causing her to jump. The cold concrete made her nipples hard, and she never felt so exposed in her life. If she moved too much, felt the chain move up into the cleft of her vagina, causing it to rub against her clitoris.  
  
Sam went back to the cabinet, and removed a couple more items. A black butt plug, a matching vibrator, and some lubricant.  
  
"Are you willing to have a bit more extreme experience?"  
  
"Yes please..." she found herself replying. Her already glistening sex seemed to immediately feel super sensitive.  
  
"Okay. You'll feel some pressure, just relax into it."  
  
Sam walked up behind Jesse, and let a dribble of lubricant drop on her asshole. The cold sensation caused her to gasp and squirm, pulling the chain across her clitoris. Sam began gently but firmly pushing the plug past the tight ring of muscle, until it slid in. She turned on the vibrator, and started using it on Jesse's inner thighs, her clitoris, and sliding it into her slit, past the tight chain. She carefully inserted it, and after fucking Jesse with it for a little bit, left it in, turning the power to maximum.  
  
Jesse gasped and squirmed to the sensations as Sam returned to her camera and removed it from the tripod. She knelt in front of Jesse, and took several closeups of her face. Jesse moaned in pleasure as Sam moved behind to take more pictures.  
  
Sam set the camera down, and move the chair so that she was facing Jesse.  
  
"Are you enjoying this?"  
  
"God yes!"  
  
Sam pulled her tank top over her head, revealing a pair of beautifully proportioned breasts. Both her nipples were pierced with small barbells. She unbuttoned her cargo pants, lifted her ass off the chair and slid them off. With a smile on her face, she opened her knees, exposing a hairless pussy, with another barbell pierced vertically through her clitoral hood.  
  
Jesse stared in fascination at Sam's pussy. There was a two inch diameter intricate mandala tattooed in black on her vulva, directly above her pierced sex.  
  
Sam stood up, and set up her camera on the tripod again, this time grabbing a small remote. She carefully positioned the camera, and went to the cabinet again. While Jesse watched from her awkward position, Sam attached a black dildo through a strap-on harness and cinched it tightly.  
  
She knelt behind Jesse, spread some lubricant on the dildo and removed Jesse's butt plug. With the cable release in her hand, she began to slowly insert the dildo, taking pictures as she did so. Soon she was fucking Jesse's ass.  
  
Jesse gasped "Harder! Harder!" as she approached a massive orgasm. She bucked and screamed, as wave after wave of pleasure overcame her. "Oh God!" she shouted.  
  
Sam removed the dildo, and reinserted the butt plug. She took out the vibrator and stood up to remove the strap-on.  
  
She unlocked and removed Jesse's chain, replacing it with a leash when Jesse gingerly sat up. She released the restraints connecting her wrists.  
  
With a smile and a slight tug, Sam told her to follow her on her hands and knees. With the leash in one hand, and taking pictures with the other, she walked over and set up the chair facing the camera.  
  
Sam sat down and spread her legs. "It's only fair you return the favor!" she said with a laugh.  
  
Jesse knelt between her legs, and began eagerly lapping at Sam's clitoris. As she licked up and down Sam's pussy, she inserted two fingers inside, with the other two working their way deep into her asshole. Within a short time, Same was unable to concentrate on her photography as a satisfying orgasm built. She grabbed Jesse's hair, and pushed her face fully in, as waves of pleasure hit.  
  
As the orgasm subsided, she let go of Jesse's hair, and began to stroke it. "Whew... I think that's enough for today..."  
  
They stood up, while Sam helped Jesse out of the bondage gear but left the butt plug in.  
  
"Did those hurt?" Jesse asked, stroking Sam's erect, pierced nipple.  
  
"Yes, but in a good way. I also love how they look. I'm constantly aware of my nipples, and my pussy. If I put on the heavier ball, it hits my clit all day."  
  
"Wow. How do you get anything done?" Jesse laughed.  
  
"With great effort sometimes!"  
  
Sam picked up her camera and took a last picture, framing Jesse's just-fucked look perfectly. "Give me a second and I'll get your money" she said.  
  
A minute later, with Jesse watching her lithe naked form, she came back with five one hundred dollar bills. "I'd love to have you pose for me again - you were fantastic". She said.  
  
Jesse took the money and replied "Any time, that was a blast". She put the cash in her purse, and wrote down her cell phone information for Sam. "Give me a call when you want to do this again." She pulled her sundress over her head and approached Sam. She stroked Sam's cheek and gave her a gentle kiss on the mouth.  
  
Jesse left Sam's studio with more than enough cash to pay her rent. She couldn't believe that she was having so much fun solving her financial troubles. On top of that, she'd met someone unbelievable, and was developing more than just a little crush.