**Amy’s Shame**

by Ginny and Amy

**Part I**

'That's it! Now I've got that bitch!' Jamie slammed shut the folder she was holding and reached for the phone on her desk. She dialed her boss's three digit intercom number and when a man answered, she asked for an appointment. 'Three o'clock?' he asked. Jamie smiled that superior smile that made everyone hate her as she answered, 'Thanks. I'll see you then.'

For more than a year, Jamie had been seething about the way Amy, or 'Miss Goody Two-Shoes' as Jamie disdainfully referred to her behind her back, had made a success of her career while ingratiating herself with their boss, Tom Phillips. Now, Jamie's persistence in stalking Amy had paid off. The folder on her desk contained all the evidence she needed to get Amy tossed out of the Exchange on her 'bony ass.' The evidence had come from a friend of Jamie's at the SEC who had found the missing piece of evidence that Amy had given 'inside information' to her father to use playing the market.

Now that she had the proof, Jamie was going to her boss and permanently remove Amy's annoying presence from her life forever. She met her mother Barbara for lunch and told her how she planned to use the file to destroy Amy's budding career. Barbara was silent throughout the meal, but when they kissed as they parted, Barbara whispered, 'If you get rid of her, how do you know her replacement won't be worse? Why not use what you have to ensure she doesn't just stop annoying you, but gives you pleasure and even a little entertainment as well. The information you have is enough to keep her in her place so to speak.'

On her way back to the office, Jamie thought about her mother's advice. Barbara had proved her wisdom as a mentor in many varied ways and Jamie trusted her advice. By the time she got back to her desk, she'd made up her mind! Since it was a Friday, she called her boss and rescheduled their meeting for Monday morning. Then she called Amy's secretary and made an appointment to see her rival as close to quitting time as possible. All afternoon, Jamie prepared herself for their meeting. She wanted it to sound just right when she delivered her ultimatum.

At four o'clock, Jamie appeared at Amy's door. The tall, slender Amy rose from her desk to meet Jamie halfway into her office. 'My secretary said you wanted to see me. What's it about, Jamie? I'm pretty busy right now. I've got several deadlines coming due.' Jamie grinned her 'bitchy' smile and gently closed the door behind her, leaning against it and locking it silently without Amy's knowledge. Once she was sure they wouldn't be disturbed, she sat on the corner of Amy's desk and crossed her long, shapely legs. In the office she usually wore her skirts just above the knee, but at night when she was clubbing with her friends, she wore skirts as short as possible to show off what she considered her best asset, her long legs.

Jamie knew all the girls were jealous of her legs, that's why she had crossed them so dramatically, to annoy Amy. 'How're your fathers investments doing,' she asked insincerely. Amy sniffed. 'I don't think that's any of your business,' she snapped. 'If that's what you came to talk about, you can leave now.' Jamie held up the folder and waved it under Amy's nose. 'I don't think so, Amy-girl.' Amy hated it when Jamie called her that. The first time she'd done it in public Amy bristled and told her in no uncertain terms to knock it off. Jamie had never done it in public again, but whenever the two of them were alone (which Amy made sure wasn't often) that's what Jamie called her.

She only did it because she loved the way Amy's face flushed and her nostrils flared with anger, but Amy was too dumb to ever figure that out. Once, about six months ago, Amy had gotten so mad she'd tried to slap the shorter Jamie when she called her 'Amy-girl.' Jamie had anticipated her reaction, however, and had easily caught her by the wrist and twisted her arm behind her back. Jamie had marched Amy to the wall and pinned her there until she began to whimper and beg her to release her. Ever since that day, Amy had been intimidated by her co-worker.

Now, when Jamie refused to leave her office, Amy was unsure of what to do. Finally she sighed, 'Well,' she said, her tone revealing her uncertainty of what to do, 'then I'm going to leave because I don't intend to discuss my family's financial affairs with you.' Amy brushed past Jamie's long legs and reached for the doorknob. Since Jamie had locked it, Amy had to fumble with the lock which gave Jamie time to grab her from behind by the scruff of the neck and turn her around.

Jamie leaned close and Amy shrank back against the wall to avoid the press of Jamie's full breasts against her own smaller ones. Amy looked down into Jamie's eyes and then, suddenly, Jamie saw her expression change. Amy steeled herself and glared at the shorter woman. Amy was 5-7, several inches taller than Jamie although the short woman outweighed her by a good ten pounds because of her toned and well-developed figure. 'Don't do anything stupid, Amy-girl,' Jamie chided as she held the tall girl by the neck, her fingers slowly squeezing and relaxing in a hypnotic rhythm, 'I've got everything in this file I need to ruin you and your precious father as well.'

Amy looked dumbly at the manila folder Jamie held clutched in her fist. 'Wha . . . what's in it?' she asked. It was all Jamie could do not to laugh at the brunette's dazed expression. 'It's a complete file detailing all of the information you gave your father about the deals you've been doing for the firm the past few years. I can prove the two of you have been using 'inside information' to make money in the market.' Amy's body went limp and she pulled away from Jamie's grasp and dropped into a chair. Her hands trembled as she gripped the arms tightly. 'What . . . what are you going to do about it?' she croaked.

Jamie was enjoying watching Amy's distress and she hated to tell her and end her suspense, but time was getting short if her plan was going to come off on schedule. 'I was going to take it to Mr. Phillips,' she said. At the sound of her boss's name, Amy turned pale and gave a sudden gasp. Jamie watched the rapid rise and fall of Amy's petite breasts inside her designer silk blouse and it was all she could do to keep from laughing as she thought about what she was going to do to the haughty brunette in the weeks ahead.

Jamie saw Amy's eyes tearing as she thought of her and her father spending the next twenty years in jail. The disgrace of having her husband and daughter in jail might even kill her mother. She only dimly heard Jamie's voice as she continued to speak, 'But I thought that's not really fair. After all, you're young and you're entitled to make a mistake.' Isn't that right, Amy-girl?' Jamie lifted Amy's limp wrist, taking her hand in her own and brushing a tear from the young woman's cheek. Amy eagerly bobbed her head. 'Oh yes, Jamie, yes. That's right, it was a mistake. I swear I'll never do it again. I won't forget you for this. I'd do anything to repay you for not reporting me.' Jamie chuckled out loud. Poor naīve Amy was making it so easy she was taking all the fun out of her triumph.

'You will,' Jamie said in a monotone. Amy looked up in surprise, 'Huh? I don't understand.' Jamie laughed her 'bitch-laugh' again. Everyone loathed her for it because she only did it when she had the upper hand over someone. 'I was going to report you and have you fired, in fact, I still may, but I thought we might work it out between the two of us instead.' Seeing that poor Amy was still confused, Jamie explained in detail what she had planned. When she heard it, Amy gasped and refused to participate in Jamie's 'sick game.' But Jamie took her time and calmly explained how much more difficult Amy would find her life in prison compared to the course that Jamie had plotted for her.

Amy wouldn't have agreed if it were merely her own life, but the thought of her father spending the next twenty years in jail as well was too much. She heaved a resigned sigh and reluctantly nodded her head. 'Alright Jamie,' she gasped, 'I'll do anything to keep Daddy out of jail. When do you want to start?' 'Here's the address,' Jamie said, tossing a folded slip of paper on Amy's cluttered desk. 'Be there at eight sharp tonight.' Seeing hesitation in Amy's face, Jamie added ominously, 'If you're not there on time, I'm going to Phillips with the folder. If you're lucky, they'll let you clean out your desk before they haul you off to jail.'

Amy began to perspire heavily. She knew that Jamie was the kind of a cruel bitch who'd get off on seeing her dragged out of the office in handcuffs. With a heavy sigh, Amy nodded her head, 'All right, I'll be there.' As Jamie turned to go, Amy added with a tremor in her voice, 'I hope you don't expect too much though, I've never made love to a woman before.' Now it was Jamie who was surprised. That was when she realized that Amy still had no clue to the terrible things she had planned for her. It increased her excitement.

'Don't worry, Amy-girl,' Jamie said gently, 'I'm sure you know how to do everything I'll require of you. Who knows, you might even enjoy it.' With that, she unlocked the door and strode confidently back to her own office where she picked up the phone and punched in a speed dial number. 'Hi Mom,' she said conspiratorially, 'It's all set. She's supposed to be there at eight tonight, but I doubt she has the guts to go through with it. She'll probably run home, pack her shit and head for the airport with her old man.'

Barbara listened quietly until her daughter was finished and then disagreed with her, 'I don't think so, Jamie. There's something about Amy that makes me believe she'll show up right on time. After all, she and her father will need a few days to liquidate their holdings, if nothing more. She'll have to play along with you to buy time, that's the key! Once we get our hands on her, we can beat down her resistance in no time. Who knows if she likes it, you'll have your own personal plaything?'

Jamie was becoming aroused by the thought of having 'Miss Goody-Two-Shoes' at her mercy and she began to look forward to eight o'clock and hoped Amy wouldn't disappoint her. 'After all,' Jamie thought, 'It'd be a lot more fun to make that cunt my slave than to have her escape my wrath altogether.' The more she thought about it, the more delicious the prospect seemed.

Amy got home that evening with a heavy heart. She had a lot to think about as she walked the street to her apartment. As she climbed the stairs to her one bedroom apartment, she thought about her father who had been ill lately. The shock of prison and losing the family fortune might be too great for him. Even worse, her mother still thought she was the greatest kid in the world and the disappointment of seeing her in jail would destroy the bond of trust that had built up over the past 28 years. 'I know that bitch,' Amy thought, 'She wants something from me, maybe inside information she can use herself. I'll go to her house and see what's up. Even if she forces me to have sex with her, how bad can it be?' Amy had never been with a woman before, but like many women, she'd often fantasized about what it would be like. 'Now, I guess I'll have a chance to find out,' she mused.

That evening, promptly at eight, Amy rang the doorbell at a large, brownstone townhouse. The door was opened by a tall woman in a maid's outfit who, on hearing Amy's name, showed her to a small drawing room and gestured to a chair. 'Wait there, Madam will be with you shortly.' She silently disappeared, leaving Amy alone in the dim light. She looked around at the walls covered with leather-bound volumes. 'Jamie must certainly be doing well in the market,' she thought to herself.

After several minutes two women appeared in the doorway. One was Jamie and the other, surprisingly, was her mother Barbara whom Amy had met at the office. Barbara was dressed all in black and upon seeing Amy's quizzical expression, Jamie waved her hand toward the older woman and announced, 'This is my mother Barbara. You've met before, I believe?. From now on, if you're permitted to speak to her at all, you'll refer to her simply as Barbara, or Mistress Barbara. Is that clear?' Amy swallowed hard and nodded silently. This wasn't what she'd expected.

Barbara approached Amy and motioned her to rise. As did, her knees shook with fright. Up close, she realized that Barbara was older than she'd appeared at first. She must have been in her early fifties although she could pass for a woman much younger. She was obviously vain about her appearance and, judging from her firm thighs and muscular calves, she'd spent time in the gym. It wasn't often Amy met a woman who could intimidate her with just a look, but Barbara was such a woman. Looking past Barbara, Amy spoke directly to Jamie who had a broad grin on her lips, 'OK, I'm here. What do you want me to do?' Jamie walked slowly to Amy and put her right hand lightly on her shoulder. 'I expect you to do exactly as you're told, Amy-girl. Otherwise, you and your precious father will spend tonight in jail.' She pushed and Amy toppled onto her ass on the sofa behind her.

Jamie sat down facing Amy and eyed her closely. 'I think you're overdressed for this evening's entertainment,' she said, 'Take off your clothes.' Amy had expected it and wasn't surprised by the order. She was certain that Jamie intended to force her to perform oral sex on her, and perhaps Barbara as well, in exchange for her silence about the inside trading. She'd been thinking about it all afternoon and had not only resigned herself to it, but had surprisingly found the prospect excited her. She rose and slowly removed her dress and half-slip, leaving her in her bra, pantyhose and panties.

Jamie studied her and then nodded, 'I'm surprised, frankly,' she admitted. 'After watching you in the office for a year, I hadn't expected you'd even look this good.' Amy wasn't sure if Jamie was complimenting of her body or criticizing of her office attire. Jamie waved her hand impatiently and told Amy to continue. She took a deep breath, reached behind her and unhooked her bra. As it slid down her arms, she inhaled to expand her chest and make her small breasts appear as full as possible. It was, of course, a futile and unnecessary attempt, for as soon as she exhaled Jamie would see her little breasts in their natural state. But she did it anyway.

Amy hated the breasts God had given her and she wished she'd gotten implants many years ago as she'd wanted to. But she'd lacked the courage and even recent revelations about the silicone implants hadn't made her feel any better about the decision. She bent from the waist and rolled her pantyhose down her long, slender legs. 'At least, while I'm bending over it makes my breasts seem larger,' she thought as she looked down beneath her chest. She rose, tossed her pantyhose to Jamie and posed for her provocatively in her bikinis.

Jamie didn't seem to be impressed and told her to get on with it. She took off her panties and dropped them on top of her dress. 'Now what?' she asked with a note of fear. Amy was surprised the way her voice cracked with emotion and quivered as she spoke. Jamie heard it and had to suppress a smile. 'Turn around,' she ordered her. Amy pirouetted to give Jamie a brief look at her tight behind which considered her best body part after her hair. Jamie nodded as if Amy had passed some sort of test and rose, 'Come with me.'

With more than a little trepidation, Amy silently followed Jamie up a long, curving flight of stairs to the second floor. At the top of the stairs, Jamie opened a door, 'Go in and lie down, I'll join you shortly.' Amy entered and paused at the side of a large, canopied bed. She heard the door lock behind her and heaved a sigh. She knelt on the sheets and slowly spread herself across the large bed. Unsure of whether Jamie wanted her on her belly or back, she laid on her side with her back to the door. Whatever was about to happen, she didn't want to see it coming!

She didn't know how long she lay there, it seemed forever. All the while, thoughts of making love to Jamie ran through her brain. She wasn't looking forward to it, that was certain! Not that Jamie wasn't an attractive woman, for she certainly was. With her full, firm breasts, flat stomach and long, taut legs, she was anything a man, or woman for that matter, could ask for in a lover. Except for her personality! Outwardly, Jamie seemed nice enough, but her character had a hard edge. She could be domineering, inflexible and demanding for no apparent reason. In short, she could be a bitch and that turned Amy off to her! Finally, Amy heard the door open. Despite her desire to look, she resisted and continued to lay with her back to the door. For a long minute, nothing happened but then someone spanked her ass sharply. Amy flinched and leaped off the bed to face her tormentor. Jamie grinned at her, 'Taking a little nap, were we, Amy-girl?'

Amy shook her head silently. 'Follow me, bitch,' Jamie snapped as she spun on her heel and walked toward the door. Amy took a deep breath and hurried after her, anxious she not give the woman any reason to hit her again, even on the ass. Jamie took her to the end of the hall to the bathroom. 'Sit there,' she said indicating the toilet. Amy wasn't sure if she was supposed to raise the lid or not, but when she hesitated, Jamie spanked her ass again, 'I said sit down.' Amy squatted on the cold lid with her thighs pressed tightly together and her arms wrapped around her slender chest.

Her eyes widened in fear when she saw Jamie take out a straight razor and begin to sharpen it on a leather strop. 'Lay back and open your skinny legs, Bitch!' Jamie snapped. As Amy hesitated, Jamie pointed the razor at her, 'If you don't open your legs, Bitch, I'm going down the hall and call the police. They'll have your family in custody before you can get your clothes on and get home!' Amy believed Jamie would do it and she slowly leaned back and spread her legs. Jamie knelt between them and began to soap her pussy using a handful of lather from a bowl she'd prepared.

The feel of Jamie's strong fingers massaging her pussy sent a shudder through Amy. Jamie felt it and fought to hide a grin. So far, everything was going better than she'd hoped. To prolong Amy's humiliation, and her own satisfaction, Jamie continued to fondle Amy until she shifted her weight and moaned deep in her throat. The crimson blush on Amy's face told Jamie that her new slave was ready for the next step. She raised the razor and scraped it over the sparse growth of fine hairs below Amy's navel on her heaving stomach. 'I wouldn't make any sudden moves if I were you, Amy-girl,' Jamie warned her as she slowly drew the razor down to the forest of thick dark hair immediately above the slit between Amy's trembling legs.

Amy closed her eyes and tried to ignore the unusual sensations Jamie was creating as she slowly drew the razor across the most sensitive portion of her anatomy. In spite of her resolve, however, Jamie could feel Amy's excitement as she slowly shaved her until her pussy was as clean as a new-born baby's. When she finished the shaving, Jamie ran her fingers lightly over Amy's 'mound of Venus' and held it there for a moment. Tears ran down Amy's cheeks as she realized how easily Jamie had gotten her aroused her with a mere shaving.

'Wash off the soap and go back to your room,' Jamie told her firmly. Amy stood up at the sink and washed away the residue of Jamie's soaping, taking particular care to wash away the soap that had worked its way inside of her during Jamie's fondling. When she finished, she dried herself and padded down the hallway to the first room she'd been in. It was deserted and she got back on the bed to await her next trial. She didn't have to wait long before Jamie reappeared carrying a small box.

Amy rolled onto her back and folded her hands behind her head, causing her breasts to rise to their full(?) prominence. Jamie eyed Amy's lanky 5'7' figure spread-eagled on the bed and shook her head sadly. Amy looked up dewy-eyed and whispered, 'Is this how you want me? Just tell me, I'll do anything, really I will.' Jamie nodded, 'I'm glad you've decided to be reasonable. Now get up and put this on.' She tossed the box on the bed.

Amy opened it with trembling fingers and found a small black knit dress made of stretchy material. 'I don't understand,' Amy said, 'I thought you wanted to, . . . I mean, . . . you and me would . . .' She stopped as she realized Jamie was laughing at her. 'You dumb bitch,' Jamie sneered, 'Did you really think I'd want to make love to you? You? I can't even stand to look at you. The thought of letting you taste my sweet puss makes me ill. I wouldn't give you the pleasure!'

'Now, put the dress on and be quick about it,' Jamie snapped. Amy scrambled off the bed, relieved that she was going to finally be allowed to cover her nudity. As she pulled the dress up her legs, however, she realized that it wasn't long enough to cover the length of her body between her perky breasts and her newly-shaved pussy. She had to bend her knees to keep her cunt from showing below the hem of the dress. When she walked, it quickly worked up and over her tight ass until she had to tug at it in an attempt to maintain some semblance of dignity. Jamie watched her struggles with amusement.

'Put your shoes on,' she ordered abruptly. Amy meekly did as she was told and then Jamie led her by the hand back downstairs where Barbara was waiting. Barbara drove them downtown to the sleazy part where the topless bars, tattoo parlors, run-down hotels and strip joints seemed to congregate. On the way, Jamie ran her hands over Amy's slender thighs, which made the young girl squirm with nervous excitement. Unfortunately, whenever she moved, either one of her breasts or her pussy came out of her dress. She spent the entire journey pulling and tugging futilely at her clothing, but having no luck.

Barbara finally parked and they led Amy down an alley to an unmarked door. Barbara knocked and a wizened old crone opened the door. 'Hi Babs,' she croaked, then she kissed Barbara on the mouth. Barbara introduced Jamie and pointed to Amy with a wave of her hand, introducing her as 'Jamie's new sub.' Amy had no idea what the term meant at the time, but she didn't like the sound of it.

'You want the usual, then?' the crone cackled as she eyed Amy's youthfully firm figure hungrily. 'Of course,' Jamie said as she pushed Amy's trembling body forward. 'Give her the works, top and bottom.' The crone opened a cabinet on the wall and Amy's eyes widened in shock and fear when she recognized what it contained.

**Part II**

Amy eyed the contents of the cabinet and when she realized what it contained, she gasped in shock. 'Noooo,' she whispered, 'you can't! Not that, please NO!.' Jamie and Barbara both laughed as they grabbed her arms, dragged her across the filthy floor and slammed her ass down in what looked like an old barbers chair. With a couple of twists of two leather straps attached to the arms of the chair, they bound her wrists to the chair. Despite her kicking and squirming, Amy was now completely at their mercy.

The old crone took down silver machine from the cabinet along with a leather case. Amy watched with eyes wide with fear as she approached and straddled a high stool that covered Amy's legs at the thighs. 'What shall we do first,' the old crone asked Jamie, 'she's your bitch.' Jamie slowly ran her hand over Amy's heaving chest, hooked her fingers under the top of the stretchy material and slowly pulled Amy's dress down. It caught on her rigid nipple and Jamie gave it a little tug to free it. When she did, Amy's firm little breast bounced free of its confinement like a prisoner newly freed from prison.

Despite the knot of fear in the pit of her stomach, Amy's nipples were hard with arousal. Something in the way Jamie and her mother were treating her excited the young woman like nothing that had ever happened to her in all her 28 years. Perhaps it was the contrast with the way her own parents treated her, giving her everything she wanted and spoiling her rotten. Perhaps, the treatment she was getting from Jamie and her mother provided a structure and discipline that she'd missed in her mundane life.

The crone leaned forward and gave Amy's left breast a squeeze like a fishwife checking out the catch of the day. Her touch was neither erotic nor casual, but felt the way Amy's doctor touched her during an exam, detached and clinical.. 'She's got good skin,' she cackled, 'Have you decided on a design?' Jamie nodded and opened her own blouse. 'Give her the mate to this one.' Amy looked up and saw a large tattoo that covered Jamie's entire breast. A giant snake that spiraled its way up from her ribs, around and around her breast until, at the end, the snake's open mouth seemed about to bite her nipple. Amy screamed just before she fainted.

When she awoke, she felt something cool on her breast and she looked down to where the old crone was swabbing her breast with an alcohol soaked cotton ball. 'I'm glad you rejoined us,' she said. 'Jamie was just saying what she'd do to you if you passed out again. I'd stay awake at all costs, if I were you.' Amy looked up to see Barbara and Jamie sipping drinks. 'Here,' Jamie chuckled, 'take a pull on this, you're going to need it.' She shoved an open bottle between Amy's lips before she could respond and tipped it up. A big slug of Tequila, the powerful Mexican liquor, rolled down her throat before she could get her tongue into the bottle to stop it. She started to gag, and in doing so, she swallowed another gulp of the fiery liquid.

Jamie took the bottle away and she and Barbara laughed as Amy coughed and sputtered. Then the old woman began to tattoo Amy's pale white skin. She couldn't believe how much pain there was as the mechanical needle flicked in and out, in and out as the old woman slowly moved the tattoo machine across her breast. She remembered the old woman's warning about not passing out again, and she fought against the pain. To counter Amy's writhing and squirming, the old crone held Amy's nipple between her thumb and forefinger and pulled her breast to keep it taut. Amy's ability to move was severely limited by the straps on her wrists and by Barbara who stood behind her holding a handful of her hair. The old woman was able, by holding her breast tightly, to keep it relatively still as she worked.

Every so often, Jamie thrust the bottle in her mouth and poured more Tequila down Amy's throat. She no longer resisted the powerful liquor, for she found it dulled the pain and she began looking forward to the next shot. It took the old woman almost an hour to complete the large tattoo and Amy realized she no longer had any sensation in her breast other than a dull throbbing ache that felt like it was being roasted over a low fire. The old woman finally sat back, studied her handiwork and pronounced it finished. Amy gave a sigh of relief that her ordeal was finally over, but she snapped back to full consciousness when she heard Jamie say, 'OK, now put this on the other one.' She held up a picture of a woman standing over another woman. The second woman's head was bowed in a subservient pose. Amy screamed and began to thrash about in the chair, but the thick straps held her firmly in place. Barbara cursed under her breath and slapped Amy so hard her head snapped to the side. 'Shut up you fuckin' cunt,' she sneered. 'Hell, Jamie and I've both had worse, look at this!' She unzipped her skintight leather mini-dress to reveal a tattoo of a dragon that covered both breasts and her rounded belly.

The old crone changed to a different needle and began to tattoo Amy's right breast with the picture of one woman being dominated and demeaned by another. She had no doubt which of the two roles it would be her sad duty to fulfill. The second tattoo was not only quite a bit smaller than the first, but Amy had drunk a lot of the powerful Tequila. Although the needle was still painful, her mind drifted away as her head lolled from side to side. This time, the old crone still held her breast, but only as an aid to steady her other hand.

Unlike the first tattoo, the second took about half an hour, but by the time it was completed, Amy was quite drunk. When Jamie unfastened the straps, Amy staggered out of the chair and fell to her knees. If she hadn't wrapped her slender arms around Jamie's thighs, she'd have fallen flat on her face. 'I gotta pee,' she said, slurring her words badly. The old crone pointed to the back and Jamie and Barbara supported the tipsy young woman as she staggered to the bathroom. In truth, it was nothing more than a commode in the corner of an open room, but Amy was too drunk to care. She hiked up her skirt, squatted and peed a stream of golden fluid for a good two minutes. Then she rested her head against the wall and began to snore.

Jamie pulled her off the stool and slapped her face several times to waken her. 'Not yet, Bitch,' she hissed. 'You've still got one more thing to do before you can go beddy-bye.' They dragged her back the shop where the old crone waited with her tattoo machine. Jamie and Barbara put Amy on her knees and bowed her head to the floor. Then Jamie pulled Amy's skirt up to the small of her back, baring her white ass cheeks. Jamie explained what she wanted and the old crone chuckled knowingly, 'I remember the last time I did one of those. How many's there been anyway?' Jamie bristled, 'Never mind about her, this is the one I've got now. Get busy!'

The old woman sat on a stool between Amy's thighs, using her knees to keep the unwilling woman's legs apart. As she began to tattoo Amy's right ass cheek, she slid her left hand underneath and between Amy's legs to 'steady' her. In truth, her subtle fingering of Amy's pussy had just the opposite effect and between the pain of the tattoo machine on her ass and the pleasure of the old woman's skilled fingers in her pussy, the young woman was torn between conflicting sensations. In the end, her lust won out over her pain and she climaxed before the old woman completed the third tattoo.

'You want me to do the other one now?' she asked as Jamie and Barbara stood over Amy's prostrate body. 'Never mind,' Jamie said with a resigned shake of her head. 'She's so out of it, she can't even feel the pain anymore.' Barbara glared at the old woman, 'And you didn't help, frigging her clit while you were supposed to be working. Hell, if we'd wanted that done, I'd have done it, and a lot better besides.' The old woman held out her hand, 'That'll be three hundred like I said.' Then she added with a sly smile, 'Nothin' extra for the orgasm!'

Amy awoke the next morning with a terrible throbbing in her head. She couldn't remember where she was or much of what had happened the night before. The last thing she clearly recalled was when Jamie had announced that she'd get a second breast tattoo. She lifted up the bed covers and stared down at her breasts. They were not only covered with the tattoos, exactly as she remembered them, but they'd swollen to nearly twice their normal size. She tried to touch them, but they were extremely tender and sensitive. She wondered how she'd be able to wear a blouse over them, let alone a bra.

As she lay there wondering what she should do next, the door opened and Jamie came bouncing in, all chipper and bright. 'Good morning,, Amy-girl, did you sleep well last night? I hope you're not too sore to get your ass out of bed and come downstairs for breakfast?' Amy shook her head and that simple act sent shards of pain searing through her breasts. She winced and it brought a grin to Jamie's lips. Amy slowly drew back the covers and gingerly swung her legs out of bed but a sudden shooting pain in her ass caused her to yelp in surprise. She reached back and realized her right cheek was quite sensitive.

'Wha . . . what happened to me last night?' Jamie shrugged, 'Who cares? You were having so much fun, I just wish it'd never ended.' Amy looked down at her chest and began to weep. 'Don't be a wuss,' Jamie scolded. 'In a few days the swelling will go down and your tits'll go back down to normal.' She laughed and the thought of Amy's small breasts being so sensitive gave her a sudden idea.

She disappeared while Amy tip-toed over to the mirror to try to see what was wrong with her ass. When she saw the third tattoo, her face turned bright red and she broke down in tears. That's how Jamie found her, standing and shivering as she cried in front of the full length mirror. 'What have you done to me?' Amy cried, trying to turn her head around to read the lettering on her firm butt. Jamie held up a hand mirror so the reversed reflection was reversed again, enabling Amy to read the bold lettering, 'Jamie's Bitch.'

'What's going to happen to me?' Amy sobbed. 'Nothing really,' Jamie chuckled, 'At least not yet. Hell, all that means is that hi-cut bathing suits are out and you'll never wear a thong except around people who already know about us. Oh,' she added, 'and I'd stay out of public showers, too. But that's all behind you now,' she giggled at the crude joke. 'Come on, get back in bed and let me do something about your tits.' Foolishly thinking Jamie would do something to soothe her pain, Amy naively allowed the woman to lead her back to bed.

As she lay back, Jamie lowered her head and took Amy's left nipple in her mouth and ran her tongue over the rough tip until it became hard. The expansion of the sensitive nub made Amy moan in pain. 'Don't worry,' Jamie whispered as she raised her head, 'in a few minutes, you won't even remember that.' Then the cruel brunette tied thin rubber cords around Amy's stiff nipples and stretched them until they reached the posts at the corner of the old-fashioned bed. She tied the ends around the posts which forced Amy to arch her back to relieve the stress on her newly decorated mams.

Amy touched the cords, but Jamie slapped her hands away. 'Uh-uh. Amy-girl no touch. Just lay there and let this put a little life in those dead ol' titties of yours. Who knows, maybe we'll stretch them a size or two. How'd you like to have a real pair of tits like mine?' Jamie arched her back and pushed her bosom toward Amy's face. The embarrassed girl could never bring herself to admit how badly she desired a pair of firm, proud breasts like Jamie had. If Jamie knew how many nights Amy had dreamed of waking up with Jamie's breasts instead of her own little mounds of flesh, there's no telling what Jamie would say or do to her.

The cords were already stretching Amy's nipples and she began to writhe and moan in pain as the flesh was stretched until she was sure it would tear away from her chest. 'You lay here for an hour,' Jamie said, 'then I'll come and release you. We'll be watching and every time you touch yourself, I'm going to add fifteen minutes to your sentence. If you behave, we'll give you something to eat before Barbara begins your lessons.' Amy's eyes widened, 'Lessons? What kind of lessons?' Jamie chuckled. It was an evil laugh that sent shivers up Amy's spine. 'We want to make sure you don't embarrass us at the party tonight,' she said enigmatically. Then she gave the cords holding Amy's nipples a snap and walked out humming happily as Amy's breasts danced painfully.

Amy tried to relax, but the steady pull on her sensitive nipples was like an aphrodisiac. Soon, she felt a warmth in her loins and she moved her hips ever so slightly to ease the pressure on her clitoris. Instead, her nipples stretched more and she gasped in pain. Unfortunately, the jolt of pain only furthered her arousal and she desperately wanted to reach down and get one or more fingers in her pussy to relive the stress. She tried, but the effort only increased her tit-pain. In her frustration, she began to weep softly. Behind a one-way mirror, Barbara hugged Jamie and kissed her on the lips. Barbara's hand roamed over Jamie's pussy and she gave her daughter a very un-motherly squeeze, 'You're getting hot just watching, aren't you dear?' Jamie sighed and nodded wordlessly, leaned on Barbara and the woman fingered her daughter to a climax.

Meanwhile in the bedroom Amy couldn't resist touching the cords that held her nipples. As Jamie had warned, a disembodied voice from a hidden speaker chided her and announced that an additional fifteen minute penalty had been added. 'Keep it up and your tits'll stretch `til you look like Anna Nicole Smith,' the voice laughed. Despite the terrible pain in her breasts, Amy didn't touch the cords again. When Jamie finally appeared to release her, there were tears of gratitude on Amy's cheeks. 'How's the treatment?' Jamie asked with a light laugh as she ran her fingertips over Amy's flat belly. Amy shuddered at the woman's touch, but she knew that Jamie wanted her to say she'd needed it and she said so. 'I enjoyed it, truly I did.'

Jamie giggled at her transparent lie and said tartly, 'I'm sure you did. Just look at those little silver dollar pancakes of yours, why they're already showing some signs of life. After a couple of weeks, you won't have a figure like a pre-pubescent teenager any more.' The woman's words stung, not because they were lies, but because Jamie had said it. Ever since first meeting Jamie, Amy had been envious of her breasts. Many times, she'd fallen asleep and dreamed that when she awoke, her own inadequate breasts would have miraculously been transformed into Jamie's as she slept.

Amy gritted her teeth against the pain as Jamie slowly untied the elastic and she fought an overpowering urge to touch them. She suspected that was what Jamie wanted and if she had, she was sure it would drawn a stern rebuke, if not some form of punishment. As Amy slowly and painfully got off the bed, Jamie saw a moist spot on the sheet where Amy's hips had been. 'Aww, did little Amy-girl piss herself?' she laughed. She touched her finger to the moisture, rubbed her fingers together to test the consistency and then slowly brought her hand to her mouth. She stuck out her tongue and tasted it then she broke into a smile, 'Why you little devil! You really did enjoy that didn't you?' Amy's cheeks flushed and she lowered her eyes, unable to meet her tormentor's gleeful gaze. Jamie thrust her hand between Amy's thighs and pushed a finger into her slippery, wet slot. 'Unnnh,' Amy moaned when Jamie's finger found her stiff clitoris.

Without thinking or even being aware she did it, Amy bent her knees and slowly lowered herself onto Jamie's hand. The movement pushed Jamie's finger even further inside her and Amy moaned with obvious delight. Jamie never moved, just chuckled to herself and wiggled her finger until Amy gasped and collapsed in her arms from her orgasm. Despite the pain in her breasts, Amy clutched Jamie against her bosom. Later, when she and Barbara were alone, Jamie excitedly told her mother, 'I swear she said, `Thank you'.'

After Amy put on a robe, Jamie took her downstairs and fed her a light breakfast. Immediately afterwards, Barbara took over Amy's training while Jamie went out on an errand. Amy spent the next few hours learning to wear many different types of restraining devices including tight corsets with holes cut in the front that allowed her breasts to show while her arms were strapped behind her back. One particularly terrifying outfit was full of holes that gave full access to every opening of her body while completely immobilizing her hands and feet and blinding her as well. She couldn't imagine the terrible indignities that could be inflicted anyone unfortunate enough to wear such a costume.

Barbara took delight in dressing Amy in one restrictive costume after another until the poor girl was exhausted from struggling in and out of the leather, rubber or spandex clothing. When she finally allowed Amy to rest, Barbara insisted that she do it on her knees in front of her with her head resting on her thick thighs. Afraid of the older woman, Amy reluctantly did as she was ordered. Barbara gently stroked Amy's long hair as she leaned back, closed her eyes and lost herself deep in thought.

Finally, the woman spoke in a soft voice, as if her thoughts were a hundred years away. 'Ah, this brings back such memories,' she said. 'I had a slave of my own when I was Jamie's age and she brought me the most exquisite pleasure. I hope you'll do the same for her.' Amy wanted to promise that she would, if for no reason other than to prevent another beating, but she was too afraid to speak. Barbara reminisced as her hands stroked Amy's hair. 'God, that girl was the best little bitch I ever had. I'll have to be sure to show Jamie some of the tricks I taught her, I'm sure you'll be quite good, you're even more pliable than she was.'

After lunch, Jamie returned and joined Barbara in training Amy. The lesson was on cunnilingus, and while Amy's experience was severely limited, Jamie and Barbara proved to be excellent instructors. While one of them demonstrated on Amy, she practiced on the other, trying to duplicate the sensations she was feeling herself. It was an exhausting afternoon, what with all the bending, twisting and tonguing, but not only was Amy proud of what she'd learned, but both Jamie and Barbara seemed pleased with her progress as well.

That evening, Amy was dressed again in the same little black spandex dress she'd worn for her tattooing. As Barbara drove downtown, Jamie reached over and idly ran her hand up the inside of Amy's thigh toward her pussy. Amy knew better than to resist and Jamie smiled broadly when, as her fingers reached her shaved opening, Amy spread her legs to give Jamie unfettered access to her. Jamie didn't disappoint, pushing two fingers into her opening and tickling her clitoris until she climaxed. Barbara congratulated Jamie as they pulled up in front of an apparently abandoned warehouse building.

Inside the dingy building, was concealed a posh private club where Barbara was greeted as an old friend by the burly guard. He eyed Amy's slender figure and asked, 'New meat?' Barbara laughed and nodded toward Jamie, 'It's hers.' Barbara was taken to a table right next to the stage and Amy flushed self-consciously as she minced her way between tables trying to hold her dress down in the front without having her newly decorated breasts leap out the top. It was a nearly impossible task and she almost tumbled into a table of laughing women as she concentrated on her problem instead of where she was going.

That evening, the 'show' consisted of pairs of women and one would abuse the other until she passed out from pain, multiple orgasms or both, depending upon the type of abuse that was inflicted on her. During a break in the show, Jamie took Amy's arm and dragged her up onto the stage where she put her in a chair facing the audience. A couple of women at one of the 'ringside' tables laughed as she sat down, for they saw she wore no panties as her bare pussy reflected light like a beacon to the twisted women. Amy tried to keep her legs closed, but with Jamie pulling and tugging on her hair it was a tough job.

Jamie ran her hands through Amy's shoulder length, light brown hair and eyed Amy's reaction to her fondling. Amy closed her eyes and stretched contentedly as she enjoyed Jamie's caress. Once, Amy even sighed as if she were sexually aroused. 'Your crowning glory!' Jamie whispered in her ear, 'I can't remember how many times I watched you play with this hair. You're always either brushing or combing it. Do you realize how you toss it when you talk, especially to men. You're fixated on your hair, aren't you?' She gave Amy's hair a hard yank when she asked the question, but Amy sat without speaking. Everything Jamie said about her was true. Since she'd been a little girl, Amy had been proud of her long, soft hair.

Then Jamie produced a pair of long scissors from her bag. 'Well, we're going to cut it all off.' Amy bolted straight up in the chair and snatched her hair from Jamie's grasp. 'NO, you can't! Not my hair! Please!' The poor girl was so upset she started to cry. 'Remember you parents,' Jamie hissed. Amy hesitated and then slowly lowered her hands in her lap. She sat sobbing softly as Jamie cut and hacked at her head, removing large hunks of her beautiful tresses. Tears rolled down her cheeks and fell onto the rapidly growing pile of her hair beneath the chair. When Jamie finished, all that remained were strands and clumps of ragged hair.

Jamie went backstage and returned with a small pair of electric trimmers. She held Amy firmly by the shoulder as she ran the clippers over her head, giving her a buzz cut that left what remained of her hair less than 1/4' long. 'That's much better,' Jamie said as she stepped back and admired her handiwork. 'Whadda ya think ladies?' she asked the group of women in the front row. They applauded and one called out, 'It's great. Looks real butch!' On hearing that, Amy couldn't control herself and she broke down blubbering.

Amy spent the evening sitting morosely at Barbara's table next to Jamie. Women would come over and ask Jamie if Amy could dance with them. Jamie never turned them down, pushing her into their arms and watching coolly as they twirled Amy across the tiny dance floor. Most of the women took the opportunity to grope her tight little ass or rub their breasts against hers, which were still sensitive from the tattoos. One woman apparently mistook Amy's reaction to their sensitivity for arousal and grabbed her breast and gave it a squeeze. Everyone in the place had turned to look when Amy's piercing scream echoed through the room.

Later, on the way back from the club, Jamie announced that Amy would be moving in with her. 'I thought I was already staying with you?' Jamie laughed, 'No, silly Amy-girl. That's Barbara's place. I'm flattered that you think I could afford such a luxury townhouse on what they're paying us. My apartment's not too far from yours, as a matter of fact.' That reminded Amy that she didn't have anything to wear to work on Monday. At least she hoped Jamie would allow her to return to her job.

'Are . . . are you going to let me go to work Monday?' Amy asked, her voice cracking with emotion. In spite of all the problems in the office, Amy found the thought of not being able to work made her uneasy. Jamie laughed at her question, 'Of course. In fact, let's stop by your apartment to pick up your clothes for the week. We can't have you showing up to work in that provocative number,' she pointed at the tiny dress Amy had been wearing for the past two days, 'you might get raped in the hall.' Jamie and Barbara both laughed, but the humor in the thought of being raped escaped her.

When they reached her apartment building, Jamie and Amy took the stairs to Amy's apartment where Jamie rummaged through Amy's large closets full of expensive outfits. Apparently Jamie had definite ideas about the look she wanted for her new slave, for she flipped quickly though the hangers, rejecting almost all of Amy's favorite dresses and suits. 'No, no, no, no, no, maybe, no, no,' Amy was becoming embarrassed when Jamie finally found one that met her criteria. She pulled it out and held it up in front of Amy to see how it looked.

It was an outfit Amy had bought a few years ago, worn once and put away. It was a suit with a too short skirt that she'd picked up while shopping with her friend Linda. Linda had said it looked good on her, but Amy found it too revealing and had never worn it to work. Now, Jamie had picked it out and she would have to wear it whether she liked it or not. The rest of Jamie's choices were equally bizarre. Colors that weren't in Amy's palette, skirts that were far too short, blouses that were too sheer, it was as if Jamie were deliberately choosing the outfits that made Amy look her worst. 'I can't wear this,' Amy said of one jacket, 'with my coloring, it makes me look anemic.' Jamie slapped her cheek - not too hard but hard enough to let Amy know her opinion was unworthy of consideration. 'You'll wear what I tell you, when I tell you to wear it,' she hissed. 'But you're right about the color, brunette's shouldn't wear this.' Amy breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe Jamie wasn't going to be totally unreasonable after all. 'But let's bring it along, shall we? I'd like to see it on you when your make over is complete.'

'Makeover?' Amy asked incredulously, 'Who said anything about a makeover?' Jamie turned around with her hands on her hips and just stared at her. 'What would you call the tattoos, the haircut, all the training Barbara and I have been taking the time to give you? Oh, it's a makeover all right, I'm going to make you into my bitch and you're going to love it.' Amy wiped a tear from her cheek, 'But I thought, . . . I mean if you don't like me the way I am, why did you . . . ?' Jamie, irritated by Amy's sniveling, brushed off her question and after choosing a couple of pairs of shoes, told Amy to carry everything to the car.

'I need to stop at that all night drug emporium Barbara,' Jamie said as her mother started the car, 'I won't be but a minute.' While Jamie ran into the store, Barbara climbed into the back seat and 'permitted' Amy the pleasure of licking her pussy. When Jamie came out and saw Amy's ass in the air and her face buried in Barbara's snatch, she laughed, tossed the small bag in the front seat and slid behind the wheel. In a couple of minutes, they were in front of her building. Turning around she slapped Amy on the butt and said, 'OK you lovers, break it up, we're home.'

Amy, red-faced from her exertions and embarrassed by Jamie's reference to lovers, sat up and wiped her mouth with her hand. 'Grab your shit, bitch,' Jamie snarled as she got out of the car. 'We've still got work to do and I have to be up early, remember? It's a work day!' Amy lugged her clothes up to Jamie's apartment, leaving a trail of dropped shoes, bras and panties through the lobby. The man behind the security desk laughed at her, but made no effort to help. Barbara followed shortly and, with an exasperated sigh, bent and retrieved Amy's fallen items. 'I don't know why she brought these,' she muttered, 'I doubt if she'll ever wear them again.'

Upstairs, Jamie had already begun preparations for the next step in Amy's transformation. She took out a bottle of peroxide she'd purchased and called Amy over to the sink. 'Put your head in there, bitch,' she said as she put her hand between Amy's shoulder blades and forced her over the sink. The women quickly transformed Amy's hair from light brown to white and when she looked into the mirror, she didn't even recognize herself. 'Now it's in your palette,' Jamie laughed as she looked at Amy's new hair. Amy stared in stunned disbelief at her reflection. 'My hair,' she said, 'my wonderful hair. Oh, God!' then she started to cry. Surprisingly, Jamie put her arm around her and held her as she wept. 'There, there, Amy-girl,' she whispered, 'don't cry over your hair. Come on, let's go to bed. In the morning, when we're dressing you for work, everything will look brighter.'

Amy looked around the one bedroom apartment. 'Where do I sleep? Is there a sleep sofa?' Jamie chuckled, 'No silly. Why you're going to sleep in my bedroom. Here, let me show you.' Jamie took her arm and gently guided her into a bedroom dominated by a queen-size round bed. Amy sat on the bed, testing it's firmness. After the too-hard mattress at Barbara's, this was a big improvement. Even if she would have to endure Jamie's groping, she thought, at least she wouldn't wake up with a back ache.

'Not there Amy,' Jamie said, 'You sleep over here. You're only allowed on the bed when I want you to pleasure me.' Amy looked and saw that Jamie had spread a blanket on the wooden floor beneath the window. 'You expect me to sleep on the floor?' she said incredulously. 'It's either that, or I can chain you in the closet,' Jamie said. 'Either would be more comfortable than a cell at the Federal Women's Prison in Alderson, West Virginia. That IS where they send criminals like you, isn't it?'

**Part III**

On Monday morning, the whole office was buzzing about Amy's transformation. Her breasts, still too sore to even wear her bra, were covered by a dark blouse that concealed her tattoos well enough, but rubbed her tender nipples whenever she moved. They were particularly sensitive because of the stretching Jamie was inflicting on her and she frequently locked herself in her office to massage them. It didn't relieve the aching much , but it at least gave her the privacy to enjoy the tiny orgasms that her new-found need for frequent sexual release demanded.

Unfortunately, her professional demeanor was undermined by Jamie and their friend Linda, who arrived for a meeting and walked behind her to get to their seats. Linda ran her fingers over Amy's new crewcut, whistled low and announced to the room, 'Rad!' Jamie had laughed out loud, but several of the executives who had supported Amy's career, stared at her in dismay. The firm was conservative and Amy's new look was too 'way out' for their tastes. In spite of that, a couple of the younger women stopped by her office and said they were glad she'd ditched her 'dowdy' appearance for something more 'hip.' Amy couldn't help wondering how many of them were in on Jamie's little secret and how many of the others had guessed that something was amiss with her.

As the week dragged on, Amy felt like she was tip-toeing through a minefield where any misstep by her or Jamie would expose their terrible secret. The nights, on the other hand, were filled with an endless round of parties as Jamie showed Amy off like the new possession she was. Amy couldn't understand how Jamie did it, staying up well past midnight every night, then getting up well before sunrise. She, herself, was dragging by Wednesday, yet Jamie seemed as fresh as when the week began.

Every night Jamie allowed Amy into her bed to make love to her. At first, Amy had shuddered a the thought of putting her tongue inside the woman, but she quickly found herself looking forward to their time together. It may have been because after an orgasm, Jamie would hold her, the only affection she seemed to receive any more from anyone. Sometimes they'd talk briefly before Jamie sent her away to her spot on the floor. One night, after a party at which she'd had a lot to drink, Amy had boldly brought up the subject of Jamie's mother, a topic she'd been unwilling to discuss before. This time, however, Jamie didn't seem upset by the question.

'Your mother's home is beautiful,' Amy had begun, 'I was impressed by all the decorations. It must be worth a fortune.' Jamie nodded as she ran her fingers over Amy's nipple and gave it a tug to test how well her stretching was progressing. 'What does she do?' Jamie didn't understand Amy's question, so she re-phrased it, 'I mean, where does she get her money? Did your father leave it to her, or does she have a job somewhere?' Jamie chuckled, 'I guess you could say it's a job. She runs a string of bitches.' Amy was startled, 'You mean like prostitutes?'

Jamie grinned, 'No silly, bitches! You know, like you're my bitch? You haven't forgotten the tattoo on your sweet little ass have you?' Amy still didn't understand so Jamie explained. 'Over the years, she's tamed and broken dozens of high-spirited young women the same way I did you. After toying with them for a few months or a year, she introduced them to wealthy society men, businessmen or politicians and then she'd move on the next one.' Amy shrugged, 'So?' 'You really are dense, aren't you Amy-girl?' Jamie chided her. 'Well, after they get married, Barbara quietly lets the woman know the secret of her past is safe as long as she makes monthly payments to her.'

'Blackmail, you mean,' Amy said finally seeing the light. 'Not blackmail, exactly,' Jamie said, 'Think of it more as payment for services rendered. That's what I'm going to call it when you pay me.' Amy started to say that she'd never pay her a cent, but she wisely caught herself. After all, she'd already done quite a few things that a month ago she couldn't have imagined herself doing. 'So all these women pay Barbara for her silence?' Amy repeated. 'Yep,' Jamie chortled, 'and you'd be surprised at their names. They're the wives of some of the best-known men in town. Barbara gets a check or cash each month from them. She managed to buy that mansion and put me through college with plenty left over. In fact, she's still recruiting young women. If you're lucky, you may meet the next one in a few weeks. But that's enough talk for tonight, you'd better get to bed, I've noticed you've been dragging in the office lately.'

When Amy returned to her 'bed,' Jamie set up the wooden rack above her chest as she did every night. From it stretched the elastic cords that Jamie attached to her nipples at least an hour every night. The last few nights, Amy had been so exhausted she'd fallen asleep with them still attached.. By the end of the week, though, Amy could already see how much her nipples had stretched. Surprisingly, although she'd expected to be disgusted by their appearance, she found her 'little fingers' to be more an object of curiosity than anything else. Her only reservation, was that a couple of her co-workers had noticed the new bulges in her blouse and she was desperate to come up with a plausible explanation for their sudden appearance.

That's how Amy's first week went, careful by day, wanton slut by night. She never knew the number of ways a woman's body could be used by other women, but she hoped, that after the week of abuse she'd received, the limit had been reached. Friday afternoon Jamie walked in to Amy's office and caught her napping. 'Come with me,' she said and turned on her heel and headed back to her office. Amy followed her and when they reached Jamie's office, she told Amy to shut the door behind her. Jamie pointed to a spot beneath her desk, 'On your knees, bitch!' Amy almost argued with her, but caught herself at the last moment. 'What if someone comes in?' she asked, hoping Jamie would change her mind.

'Then you'll have a lot of explaining to do, won't you? Now get under there before I take you over my knee and give that nice ass of yours a paddling. If you think your screaming wouldn't attract a crowd, you're really crazy.' Amy knew she was right and got down on her knees and backed under the desk ass-first. Once she was under it, Jamie wheeled up her chair, sat down and spread her legs as she pulled herself up to her desk. Amy saw the woman wasn't wearing any panties under her business suit. 'Get that tongue busy Amy-girl,' she laughed. Amy rested her hands against the inside of Jamie's thighs and pressed her face forward, eager to complete her humiliation before anyone came in looking for either her or Jamie.

When the tip of her tongue flicked against Jamie's clitoris, the woman's muscles tensed as she braced herself for the pleasure to come. Amy licked her rapidly, desperate to give her an orgasm before they were discovered, but Jamie put her hand on Amy's head and patted her gently, 'Slowly, slowly, Amy-girl, we've got all the time in the world. Amy slowed her tonguing, but increased the amount of contact with Jamie's clitoris. She heard Jamie's breathing becoming more rapid as she neared her orgasm and just then there was a knock on the door. 'Jamie? Jamie, it's Linda can I disturb you a minute, it's urgent!'

Jamie twisted her fingers in Amy's hair and whispered through clenched teeth, 'Don't you dare stop, bitch, I'm too close!' Then Jamie leaned back in her chair and, using every bit of her reserve said in a voice that sounded on a couple of octaves too high, 'Come in Linda.' The pretty strawberry blonde associate came in and handed Jamie a folder. 'I'm sorry to disturb you, but I need you to OK this right away. Phillips is hot to get it out of here.' Jamie didn't speak for fear of giving herself away, but nodded curtly and quickly scrawled her initials on the form. As Linda turned away, she stopped and turned back to Jamie.

'You're looking a little flushed, are you feeling alright?' Amy felt Jamie's fingers tighten their grip on her hair and she nearly yelped at the pain in her scalp. 'I ... I'm fine,' Jamie gasped, 'just a little excited.' Linda shrugged and headed toward the door. Just then, Amy's shoulders bumped the bottom of Jamie's center desk drawer with a soft 'bump.' Linda stopped at the noise and looked back at Jamie. Then she shrugged and walked out. As she reached for the door to close it, she saw a pair of women's shoes under Jamie's desk and she couldn't keep from smiling as she quickly pulled the door closed behind her.

Linda listened at the door for a moment and heard Jamie's muffled cry as, with her hand pressed over her mouth, she climaxed in a powerful orgasm. She slumped in her chair, tiny rivulets of perspiration running down her chest between her full breasts as she struggled to catch her breath. Amy, realizing she couldn't get out of her prison until Jamie moved the chair, tried to push it away from the desk. She finally squeezed out and straightened her clothes, ran her hand through her hair and, with as much dignity as possible under the circumstances said, 'If you've been adequately satisfied, may I return to my office now?' Jamie sighed and nodded, 'I guess so, but I was just thinking how great another would feel right now.'

She laughed as Amy's face colored and she scampered from the office. Amy headed straight for the ladies room where she rinsed out her mouth, washed her face and tried to make herself as presentable as she could after the ordeal she'd been through. Both legs of her pantyhose had runs and her skirt was soiled from the dirty floor beneath Jamie's desk. Just as she finished, Linda came swinging through the door. Amy liked the slender girl and greeted her warmly. Linda, perhaps because her mind was elsewhere, didn't acknowledge her immediately.

As Amy turned to go, however, Linda suddenly looked up and smiled at her friend. 'I'm sorry Amy, I was thinking of something else. What did you say?' Amy repeated her greeting and Linda nodded perfunctorily. When Amy opened the ladies room door, Linda called out as if she'd forgotten something, 'Oh, by the way Amy have I told you how much I like your new shoes? I've never seen a pair like that before!' Amy cheerily said, 'Oh, thanks. I got them at Marshall Fields last week. Neat, huh?' Linda tried not to giggle as she said, 'They certainly seem to be getting the job done, alright.'

That night, Barbara and Jamie took Amy back to the warehouse club. This time, instead of a haircut, Amy would have a more 'personal' role in the night's events. She was taken to the stage where a short, heavy-set woman with pendulous breasts is giving a demonstration of her own line of designer dildos. Her model, a petite young girl who Amy was sure couldn't have been more than sixteen or seventeen years old, whimpered at the sight of several long, thick, models. 'That's going to split me down the middle,' she whimpered.

The woman asked Jamie, and received permission to use Amy as a second model. Amy was told to stand in the middle of the stage with her rear toward the audience and bend at the waist as the heavy-set woman thrust one of the large dildos into her from behind. Amy, her vagina unprepared by any foreplay, screamed in agony as the sensitive tissues of her pussy were stretched and torn by the hard rubber.

She slumped to her hands and knees, but the old woman merely knelt beside her and continued to piston the evil device in and out until Amy passed out from the pain. As the young woman lay unconscious on the stage, the woman held up the dildo and proclaimed, 'Of course, if the subject isn't used to it, even the use of a good dildo may result in injury. I don't recommend you try this at home on virgins.' The knowledgeable audience chuckled at her droll remark as two waitresses dragged Amy's limp body from the stage.

When she awoke later, Amy was laying across Barbara and Jamie's laps in a small backstage room. 'You certainly embarrassed us tonight,' Barbara snarled. 'Obviously my daughter has neglected your training. Jamie, I expect you to begin the dildo training next week. When we return next weekend, she'll not only take that big thing, but a second one in her asshole, if necessary. Do you understand?' Jamie cleared her throat, eyed Amy cautiously and nodded, 'Yes, Mother. I understand.'

The next morning, Amy awoke with a terrible throbbing between her legs. Fortunately, the huge dildo hadn't done any permanent damage to her sensitive pussy. Instead of being allowed to sleeping late, Amy was awakened by Jamie at the crack of dawn and her nipples subjected to another hour of stretching. She wondered how she'd look if she were ever permitted to leave the house braless in a sheer or even thin blouse. Just the thought of strangers staring at her little stubs of nipples was enough to get her aroused again. She cried when she looked at herself in the mirror, her long brown hair had been replaced by the close-cropped peroxide do that left her unrecognizable as the same sweet young Amy who'd appeared at Barbara's front door a week before.

Barbara joined Jamie for breakfast and while they read the morning paper, Amy was allowed to rest, kneeling in front of them and serving as their footstool! She was only allowed to move whenever she was sent hurrying to the kitchen to refill one of their coffee cups. Once she'd spilled some and Barbara had snapped the leather riding crop she kept close at hand and ordered Amy onto her belly to suck it up from the carpet. While she sucked as rapidly as she could, Jamie knelt beside her and criss-crossed her bare bottom with Barbara's crop. Amy was tearful and too sore to stand when Barbara finally put a stop to her beating.

That afternoon Barbara drove Amy and Jamie downtown once again. This time, she parked across the street from one of the new parlors specializing in body piercing. While Amy sat trembling in the corner, Barbara and Jamie picked through a selection of rings that they would have the owner attach to various parts of Amy's body. 'We'll start with the nipples,' the greasy, hairy man said as he started to unbutton Amy's blouse. She pushed his dirty hands aside and said, 'I'll do it myself thank you. Why don't you go wash your hands before you touch me.' Barbara and Jamie exchanged glances, obviously there was still some pride and spunk left in the young woman. They'd have to address that deficiency as soon as possible.

The man rinsed his hands with alcohol, daubed something on her breast and picked up a long silver needle. 'This won't hurt at all,' he chuckled as he pinched the tip of her left nipple between his thumb and first finger and stretched it. Amy closed her eyes and tilted her head back, unable to watch him puncture her tender flesh. She felt the pressure of the needle and heard a little 'pop' as it broke the skin. There was a momentary stab of pain and then nothing. She looked down, worried that something had gone wrong, but he was threading a small golden loop through the neat hole he had made in her nipple. 'There,' he sighed as he playfully flicked the ring with his finger, 'that's one.'

He repeated the process on Amy's right nipple and when he'd finished she stood and looked at herself in the mirror. When the light hit her chest just right, the golden rings reflected it back into the mirror. 'That wasn't so bad,' she chirped to Jamie. 'I know,' Jamie said, 'but that was the easy part. Now you're going to get the others.' Amy looked at Jamie, then at Barbara and finally at the shop-keeper, 'Others?'

'Lift up your dress and get up on the table,' Barbara said brusquely. Amy hesitated briefly, but when Jamie took a menacing step forward, she quickly grabbed her dress, lifted it to her waist and used a chair to clamber up on the table. The man looked under her dress and muttered, 'No panties, that's handy. OK girly, on your back!' It finally dawned on Amy what was about to happen and she broke into tears, 'Please NO! Don't do this Jamie, I'm begging you. Please?' Jamie shrugged, 'Sorry Amy-girl, it's part of your training. Hop to it, on your back like a good girl.'

The man waddled forward and leaned his gut against the desk, holding Amy's thighs apart with his elbows as he ran his fingers over the opening between her legs. She blushed at the man's touch, only the second man to ever touch her there and her body began to tremble. He pulled on her labia and, satisfied with what he found, quickly splashed some disinfectant on her and performed his operation. Amy tried to remain still, as much from fear of Barbara and Jamie as from fear of injury, but she still squirmed and moved her ass as he punctured her labia.

When he finished, she had matching rings, one in each labia. She stood tentatively and realized she couldn't close her legs! 'You'll get used to it,' Jamie giggled, 'all the girls have that problem at first. Come on, let's complete your outfit.' Jamie took Amy to the counter where there were a selection of golden balls of different sizes. Each had a clasp attached and there was also a pair of small chains. 'What are you going to do with these?' she asked naively.

'I think we should start with the 5's don't you agree Barbara?' Jamie asked, ignoring Amy entirely. With Barbara's concurrence, Jamie attached one ball to each chain and then knelt between Amy's legs and clipped the chains to the rings in her labia. 'If you lose either of these,' she warned, 'it will go hard for you.' She strung a third chain between Amy's breasts that hung nearly to her waist and then stepped back to admire the young woman's new look. 'It's OK for now,' Barbara observed, 'but in a couple of months, she'll be carrying three times that much. Later, Amy would learn why Jamie attached such importance to both her nipple and labia rings.

Despite the pain in her nipples, Amy found that the balls swinging between her legs were far more disconcerting. When she moved she could hear them clang together so loudly she was certain everyone in her office could hear them although no one seemed to notice. She had been forbidden to wear panties, so when she attended meetings, she had to be very careful to keep her legs pressed tightly together. She discovered that this increased the pressure on her vagina and made her become aroused. It could be quite embarrassing to be sitting a roomful of brokers and traders and have a mini-orgasm. Fortunately, it began to occur with such regularity, that people stopped noticing when she'd shake and perspire at odd times.

It seemed everyone in the office had noticed Amy's new look. Before her 'makeover' she'd been the meek little mouse who everyone ignored. Now, with her increased visibility, she realized how uncomfortable her celebrity was. She imagined that everyone was staring at her and watching her every move. When she went to the bathroom, for example, she became so paranoid, she wouldn't take the center stall and waited for the one in the corner where no one would hear her rattling her chains as she dressed and undressed. Her life was becoming a nightmare and there were even more unsettling events just around the corner.

The next weekend, Jamie introduced a new element to their twisted game. She showed Amy a tiny black box about the size of a transistor radio. There was a small plastic dildo about the size of a large cigar attached by a cord. Somewhat fearfully, Amy asked, 'What is it?' Jamie laughed, 'It's a control device you dumb cunt.' Seeing Amy's uncomprehending expression, Jamie demonstrated for her. She hung the device from Amy's labia rings and slowly worked the dildo slowly into her pussy. A second thin wire which served as an antenna hung from the box, it would be visible to everyone if Amy wore a skirt above her knees.

Amy waited expectantly, but she felt nothing. But as she walked around the room, the sensation of the dildo in her pussy and the box slapping against her thighs was highly erotic. Then Jamie picked up a small box like a TV remote control and pressed a button. The dildo began vibrating, sending jolts of sexual stimulation through her loins. Within minutes she was not only too aroused to walk, she could barely stand still. Jamie clicked off the remote and Amy slowly descended down from her erotic high and returned to normal. Amy found the mere thought of Jamie holding such awesome power over her was quite daunting and it gave her real concern about her ability to continue to function in the office.

'Monday morning,' Jamie told her, 'you're going to wear this in the office.' Despite her training, Amy blurted out her reluctance. 'I can't, what if someone sees it? What will I say?' Jamie shook her head, 'Not my problem. You're going to wear it or something a hundred times worse.' Amy was too cowed by Jamie's threats to ask what alternative she had and she agreed to wear the device.

On Monday and on each succeeding day, Jamie turned it on several times a day for anywhere from one to five minutes. When she was in her office working on the computer, Amy almost enjoyed the feeling it gave her, but in meetings or talking with a client, the effect was not just diverting, it was positively devastating! She soon learned not to stop and talk to anyone in the hall, especially a man. If Jamie saw her talking to anyone, she'd flip on Amy's 'climax machine' and watch her begin to squirm. If the man happened to be important, poor Amy had no choice but to stand there and take it for as long as she could.

One day, Amy had been in a meeting with a very important Chinese woman when Jamie activated the device. The woman watched with aplomb as Amy begin to squirm and move in her seat. At one point, the woman moved close, took Amy's hand solicitously and asked if there were anything she could do to help her. The poor girl had run sobbing from the office leaving the Chinese woman wonder why her gracious offer had been rebuffed so impolitely. Fortunately for the company, Jamie had 'happened to be' nearby and was able to sweep in a the last moment to save the day and the account for the firm! Amy had rushed to the ladies room and taken the first unoccupied stall. There, she huddled on the toilet cubicle until her orgasm subsided. She sighed, straightened her dress and stepped out, nearly knocking over her friend Linda who had been in the adjoining stall. 'Are you OK, Amy,' Linda asked, 'You look ill. I haven't seen anyone looking that bad since I was in Jamie's office last week. Perhaps something's going around?' Amy glanced at Linda to see if she was aware of what had happened in Jamie's office, but the slim strawberry blonde was inscrutable. 'Could be,' Amy muttered, 'You never know these days.'

Amy leaned on the sink to steady her nerves as Linda washed her hands and left. Amy had liked Linda since they'd first met and, although Amy wasn't aware of it, Linda had secretly admired her since she'd joined the firm. But she'd seen and recognized Amy's shoes under Jamie's desk two weeks before and although Linda considered herself 'liberal' she'd been mystified as to why the bright young brunette would lower herself to perform such perverted acts on anyone, especially Jamie, who as far as Linda knew, wasn't even in a position of authority over Amy.

Linda shrugged, 'Oh well,' she thought, 'maybe they're lesbians.' Linda walked down the hall, running her fingers through her light reddish-blond hair. Jamie leaned out of her office and watched the girl as she passed. Although the quiet girl rarely talked about herself, Jamie was one of the few who knew that Linda was seriously involved with the young son of a prominent family. With her slim frame and small, firm breasts, Linda would make an attractive, if not a beautiful, society wife. Jamie told Amy to expect a guest for dinner on Thursday and ordered her to leave work early, pick up the food on the way home, clean the apartment, heat the dinner and be in the bedroom naked when she arrived. Amy had to lie to her boss to get away. She told Mr. Phillips she was sick and hurried off to perform her duties. Jamie had been quite specific about what food Amy was to buy and it took much longer than she'd expected. When she got home, she had to rush to get all the ingredients assembled even though most of the items needed little preparation.

Amy had just finished undressing when Jamie arrived. 'Good,' Jamie said when she saw Amy standing demurely in the middle of the bedroom with her hands crossed modestly in front of her, 'I didn't think you'd get it done in time. As Jamie undressed, she told Amy, 'After you finish washing my body, I want you to set the table, open the wine, complete the dinner and then be ready to serve at 8:30 sharp. Is that understood?' Amy nodded, since she was accustomed to servicing Jamie when she showered that part was expected. She just worried that she'd be adequate in her new and unaccustomed role as a serving lady.

A short time later Jamie stepped from the shower with a grin on her lips, satisfied and refreshed, she was ready for the evenings entertainment. Amy, on the other hand, was still resting on her knees in the spray of the shower, her loins throbbing with unfulfilled desire. She leaned against the wall and used her fingers to release the built-up tension until Jamie heard her moan as she climaxed. The cruel dominatrix knew it would be a fun evening, no matter what happened.

Amy finally rose to her feet and slowly dried her body with Jamie's damp towel, just the smell of Jamie's lush body was enough to get her aroused all over again. By the time she walked into Jamie's bedroom, the brunette was nearly dressed. 'What would you like me to wear tonight, Jamie?' she asked demurely, the only tone of voice Jamie permitted her to use in her presence. Jamie smiled and studied her slender slave before she replied. 'I think you're fine just the way you are, dear. But I'd comb my hair if I were you, it's a little disheveled.'

Amy stared at her in disbelief, 'Like this? Naked?? You can't be serious!' But Jamie was quite serious. 'Oh, yes,' she snarled, 'When I tell you I want your skinny ass naked, I mean it! My guest this evening is very important to me and I want her to see that I'm a woman who delivers on her promises. Showing her that I have you under my complete and total control is the first step in that process.' Jamie glared menacingly at Jamie and then her face suddenly softened. 'But I'm being too harsh on you,' she said soothingly as she slipped her arm around Amy's bare shoulder. 'Perhaps I'm expecting too much of you to prance around in your birthday suit, especially looking as skinny as you do. Would you like to put on a dress, at least, to serve my guest?'

Grateful for Jamie's understanding, Amy bobbed her head like one of those dogs in the back of the Puerto Rican gang members cars. 'Oh, yes, Jamie. Thank you.' But as Amy started toward the cardboard box where Jamie allowed her to keep her clothes, she heard Jamie pick up the telephone, 'Operator,' she said, 'give me the Internal Revenue Service. I'd like to report a tax cheat.' All the blood drained from Amy's face and her hands began to tremble. She spun around and yelped, 'No, wait. Don't! I'll do whatever you want, just don't turn us in.'

Jamie put down the phone softly, not wanting to disturb the dial tone that still buzzed in the handset. 'That's a good Amy-girl,' she said as she stroked Amy's head like a puppy's. 'I'm glad you recognize who has the upper hand in this relationship.' As Jamie checked her out of the corner of her eye, Amy combed her hair (top and bottom) and steeled herself for the ordeal to come. Unfortunately, she still had no idea of what was about to happen to her.

**Part IV**

Shortly after eight o'clock, Jamie's doorbell rang. 'OK Amy,' Jamie said with a brisk clap of her hands, 'In the kitchen and don't come out until I ring my bell, remember?' Amy nodded, 'I remember, don't worry. I've got too much to lose not to get it right.' Jamie waited until Amy disappeared into the kitchen and then she answered the door. When she opened it, Linda was standing there. The young woman was clearly apprehensive. She peered around the corner carefully before she stepped into the foyer. 'Looking for someone?' Jamie said teasingly. 'Just making sure we're alone,' Linda said as she dropped her jacket on a chair beside the door.

'It's alright,' Jamie said as she took Linda's elbow and guided her toward the living room, 'there's no one here but my maid and she'll be no problem, I assure you.' Linda pulled her arm free of Jamie's hold and seated herself in a single chair opposite a sofa on which Jamie spread herself. Jamie picked up a bottle of expensive wine and a glass from a tray on the table in front of her, 'Would you care for a little wine before dinner?' Jamie had done her homework well, for Linda and her fiancé were members of one of the cities most exclusive 'Sommelier Clubs' and she recognized the high quality of the wine Jamie offered. She sipped delicately from the crystal glass and nodded appreciatively, 'Excellent bouquet and aroma. Just a hint of grass from the Sauvignon Blanc. Overall, an excellent wine.'

Jamie gripped the arm of the sofa tightly, using all of her will power not to burst into laughter at the young woman's pretentious 'eno-babble.' But more importantly, Jamie wanted Linda to drink, and enjoy the expensive nectar. When Linda put her glass down, Jamie quickly re-filled it. 'A toast,' she said, knowing that Linda couldn't refuse, 'to the firm. Long may it prevail.' It was a meaningless toast, certainly to Jamie who couldn't have cared less about the firm, but Linda drank enthusiastically which gave Jamie the opportunity to refill her glass still again.

They sat and drank until the bottle of wine was empty and then Jamie rang a little bell that was on the table to her left. Instantly, the kitchen door opened and a naked Amy stepped into the room. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Linda sitting there and at the sight of her friend, Linda's glass slipped from her fingers and landed (unbroken fortunately) on the plush carpet at her feet. 'You may serve dinner now, Amy,' Jamie pronounced gravely, 'and bring out the red wine as well.' Jamie took Linda's elbow and pulled her to her feet. 'I believe you know my kitchen help,' she chuckled, 'I imagine that came as quite a surprise, eh?'

Linda nodded. 'You have no idea,' she mumbled. Linda sat uncomfortably as Amy (per Jamie's explicit instructions) served her by bending close and brushing the tips of her hard nipples against the back of Linda's shoulders. It became so blatant that whenever Amy approached, the strawberry blonde would flinch and lean away from her uncomfortably. By the time Amy served the dessert, Jamie and Linda were on their third bottle of wine and Amy could see Linda was feeling the effects of all the alcohol. 'Please excuse me,' Jamie said, 'but I must speak to the kitchen staff.'

She went into the kitchen where the perspiring Amy was stacking the dishes. 'You should have told me that it was Linda!' she hissed. 'Why?' Jamie asked, 'What would you have done? Run home to Daddy? You'd still have served us and you know it.' Amy sighed and bowed her head, 'You're right. I would have.' That's when Jamie dropped the bombshell! 'Serve the coffee and when we've finished, I'll excuse myself. You come out to pick up the cups and then I want you to seduce Linda. Do you understand?' Amy was aghast! 'You want me to what?' 'You heard me,' Jamie snapped, 'Seduce that bitch. I want you to kiss her up, give her a couple of feels and then take her into the bedroom and go down on her on my bed. Do you think you can do that, or do you want me to call the police?'

Amy sighed, 'Alright, I'll do it, but I won't enjoy it.' She said that, she may have even meant it when she said it, but both Amy and Jamie knew it wasn't true. Jamie knew by the excited glow in Amy's eyes and Amy knew by the warm feeling that was rapidly spreading in her loins as she thought about it. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, 'Why?' Jamie shook her head, 'Why isn't important. The only thing that matters is that you go down on her and then get her to go down on you. After that, the two of you can do whatever you want for the rest of the night. Now get ready, because if you screw this up, the next woman you go down on will be in prison.' 'I'll be watching, so you'd better do as your told. You know what happens to little girls who disobey me.' She gave Amy a hard smack on the ass with her open hand to emphasize what she meant. Then she stormed out to re-join Linda in the living room.

When Amy came out to pick up the empty coffee cups, Jamie excused herself and left the two young women alone. 'Why are you doing this?' Linda asked, her voice slurred by the effects of the alcohol. Amy didn't know what to say, so she told the truth. 'She's been good to me,' she said. 'I got myself into some trouble and she helped me out. Not only that, but she's taught me so much about myself. I wish I could tell you how much better I feel about myself since she's come into my life.' Amy put her hand on Linda's thigh and when the little blonde didn't pull away, Amy leaned close and gently pressed her lips to Linda's.

Surprisingly, Linda neither recoiled nor resisted. In fact, her arms suddenly wrapped around Amy's neck and held on to her tightly as she returned her passion! When they broke the kiss, they were both breathing heavily. 'Wow,' Linda gasped, 'I've been wondering what that would be like kissing you!' Amy sat on Linda's lap and kissed her again, this time longer and more deeply, their tongues entwined in Linda's mouth. When Amy felt Linda's hand on her breast, she realized that Linda was ready for the next step in Jamie's plan. 'Let's go to the bedroom,' Amy gasped, 'before Jamie comes back and catches us.'

At the mention of Jamie's name, Amy felt Linda's body tense, then she relaxed and nodded. 'Yeah, let's.' Amy took Linda's hand and led her to the bedroom. As Linda stood in a trance-like state at the foot of the bed, Amy slowly unwrapped her like a Christmas present. When she pulled off Linda's bra, her small, firm breasts rose and fell rapidly, the dark nipples hard with arousal. Amy couldn't resist bending down to kiss them one after the other as Linda sighed with delight at the feel of Amy's tongue on her sensitive skin.

Amy put Linda on her back and knelt between her slim thighs. She ran her fingers through the thick hairs above Linda's pussy and the strawberry blonde arched her back and moaned as Amy slowly worked her middle finger into the wet opening and found her clitoris. Amy stroked her slowly, letting her arousal build until she seemed about to burst, then she used her tongue. Linda's orgasm was a strong one that gave Amy almost as much pleasure as it gave Linda. Amy brought Linda to another climax, this time working her slowly and deliberately, watching her out of the corner of her eye and, each time she felt her orgasm was near, backed off and left the squirming blonde dangling at the edge of release.

Finally, Linda exploded and she grabbed Amy's hair and pulled her on top of her, covering her face with kisses. 'Please,' gasped Amy through clenched lips, 'Please?' She opened her legs and Linda knew what she meant. She reversed her position and used her tongue to satisfy Amy, twice in rapid succession. Afterwards, they lay together and held each other close, whispering insincere lies to each other as if that would make everything alright in the morning. They made love several more times and each woman had several more orgasms. Then Linda rolled over and fell asleep. Soon, she started to snore softly!

Amy caught her breath and then rose slowly and stumbled to the bathroom. Jamie waited until she heard the shower running and then she came out of the closet from where she'd sat and watched the two young woman make love. She tip-toed to the bookcase and picked up a small video camera, removed the tape and placed the camera in a drawer. She also took the tape from a second camera hidden behind her jewelry case on the dresser. When she had them both, she stealthily crept back to the living room and let herself out. Linda was still snoring when Amy returned from her shower and lay down beside her friend.

When Amy awoke in the morning, Linda had gone without a word of good-bye or a note of explanation. She lay there for over an hour, thinking about what had happened. That's how Jamie found her when she returned home, sprawled on her back with tears trickling down her rosy cheeks. Jamie knew how Amy felt, she'd often awakened alone to find her partner had fled in the night. Jamie quickly undressed and joined Amy on the bed and they made love, hard passionate love. Jamie knew that Amy was taking out her frustrations on her, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered but the tapes and she had them safely under lock and key.

In spite of everything that had happened to her in the past month, Amy still thought she had been performing acceptably on the job. That was why, when Mr. Phillips announced he'd received an unexpected promotion, she thought that, as the senior one in his department she'd get his job. She was stunned a day later when they announced that Jamie had been selected instead. Now she'd not only have to satisfy Jamie after work and on weekends, but on the job as well. It was too much for Amy to take and she scheduled a meeting with Personnel to ask why she had been denied a promotion for which she felt she was qualified.

They explained that her recent 'erratic behavior' had made the executives too uncomfortable and cited her 'punk' haircut, 'radical' tattoos, 'rave' dresses and her sudden inability to pay attention during meetings had left them no choice. 'Frankly Amy,' the man told her in confidence, 'several people are wondering if you're doing drugs. You'd better get some help to straighten out your life before they give you the boot. They felt they had no choice but to pass over you for Jamie,' he continued. 'She's almost equally qualified and there were several important officials pushing hard for her selection.' Not only was Jamie ruining Amy's personal life, but she was now ruining her career as well. Amy knew that if she allowed it, Jamie would ruin her life. She realized what she had to do and resolved to do it before the upcoming holiday weekend.

Amy realized she couldn't take Jamie's abuse and degradation any longer. In spite of her love for her father, she refused to allow Jamie and Barbara to use her in every disgusting way they wanted. On Thursday night she called her mother intending to tell her what she was about to do. 'Oh, I'm sorry honey,' she said, 'Your father and I are on our way out to a Cancer Society Dinner. Can I call you tomorrow?' Amy sighed for it was always that way with her mother. She never seemed to take time for her. 'Momma I've got to talk to you. Can you come to my place Friday night, it's really important.' 'All right, dear. I'll come by after dinner and we can have a nice talk, just us girls.'

The next morning Amy called a lawyer who'd done some business with her company. 'I can't help you,' he said when she told him of her problem, 'but there's someone who's an expert in those kinds of problems. Her name's Virginia Ames, she's a former U.S. Attorney and she's expert in that area.' Based on his recommendation Amy called and scheduled a mid-afternoon meeting with Ms Ames. She arrived fifteen minutes early for the meeting and as she sat in the waiting room, Amy caught herself staring at the attractive young girl sitting at the reception desk. 'I've been with Jamie so long,' she thought, 'I'm starting to think like her.'

Finally, the perky little brunette stood up from behind her desk and approached Amy. 'Ms Ames will see you now,' she said. 'If you'll follow me?' As Amy walked behind the petite woman, she fought the urge to reach out and grab the young woman's firm ass. She shook her head and wiped a bead of perspiration from the fine hairs on her upper lip. 'Take it easy Amy-girl,' she muttered to herself, totally oblivious to the fact that she'd called herself by Jamie's pet name for her.

The cute brunette showed Amy to an impressive office where the walls were covered with shelves full of law books. An auburn-haired woman stood up and moved gracefully around her desk. Her hand extended as she took Amy's trembling fingers. Amy used the opportunity to check out the tall, broad-shouldered woman as she approached and she liked what she saw. Ms Ames auburn hair was cut short and close to her head, curling behind her ears in little cowlicks and her bosom! Her bosom was big, far larger than Amy's. 'Hi Amy, I'm Virginia, but you can call me Ginny. Tell me what's troubling you.' Amy sat down quickly, wanting to sit before her trembling legs buckled and she fell on her ass.

As Ginny walked back around her desk, Amy stared at the woman's curvaceous ass which was encased in a dark, skin-tight skirt. Ginny sat down and crossed her long legs and as she did, Amy caught a brief glimpse of something that set her heart racing! Not only was the attorney not wearing panties, Amy was sure that her pussy had been shaved as clean as a baby's bottom!!!

Amy tried to tell her story, but she couldn't concentrate because she couldn't take her eyes from Ginny's bosom as it rose and fell with her breathing. Her coat was buttoned beneath her breasts and it pushed her breasts up through the front of her coat. Seeing Amy was disconcerted, Ginny suppressed a grin and unbuttoned her coat, heaving a relieved sigh as her full breasts were freed from their confinement.

Visibly relieved, Amy began to speak. She told the entire story, beginning with the inside tips to her father and continued through the events of Thursday afternoon. The woman appeared stunned by Amy's story, but assured her she could arrange a deal with the Government to keep her father out of jail. 'You'll probably have to do some jail time, but I'll do what I can.' Amy nodded, 'Look, if it will help, I'd testify against Jamie and Barbara. What they've done to me must be every bit as illegal as my insider trading, isn't that right? That should be worth something to the District Attorney.' Ginny nodded, 'Perhaps, but insider trading is a Federal crime and what those women have done is local.' Seeing Amy's face fall, she continued rapidly, 'But that's not to say the D.A. wouldn't put in a word with the U.S. Attorney if you testified.'

'I'm sure you're desperate enough to grab at any straw. Give me until next week and let's see what they're offering.' Amy left the woman's office feeling happier than she had in months. Finally, the terrible specter of Jamie hovering over her would be gone. She couldn't imagine anything that might happen to her in prison that could be any worse than what she'd already endured at Jamie's hands.

That evening Amy's mother arrived shortly after eight o'clock. Ellen was nearly as tall as her daughter and even though she was past fifty, she still had a trim, firm figure. She could still wear the latest fashions, including skirts well above her knee. Like Amy, Ellen's breasts wouldn't turn men's heads, but her legs were long, tan, trim and well-muscled from years of playing tennis at the club. Amy fought back tears as she spilled out as much of the story as she dared. Despite her decision to turn herself and her father in to the authorities, Amy didn't name names or go into detail about the humiliations she'd endured at Jamie and Barbara's hands.

At first, her mother could only think about what would happen to her if both her husband and daughter were in jail, but Amy re-assured her that her lawyer was going to arrange a deal that would leave her father a free man. 'She said Dad may have to pay a big fine,' Amy said confidently, 'but she said we won't agree to the deal unless they guarantee it.' Her mother breathed a sigh of relief and just then the doorbell rang. 'Did you tell Dad you were coming?' Amy asked with a hint of panic in her voice. 'Of course not, dear. You told me not to tell him and I didn't. Are you expecting anyone?' Amy, a worried expression on her face, shook her head.

The bell rang again, more insistently this time. Amy peered through the peephole and her heart raced! It was Jamie and Barbara. 'Just my rotten luck,' she muttered, 'and my mom's here to witness it.' Afraid to ignore Jamie and her mother any longer, Amy opened the door a crack and whispered, 'Please, can you come back in an hour. My mother's here. Please?' Jamie kicked the door open, sending Amy reeling across the foyer into the wall. 'I know,' hissed Barbara, 'that's why we came, to make sure you and your mother understand the folly of trying to cut a deal with the Feds.'

'The Feds?' Amy gasped, surprised that Barbara knew about her visit to the attorney. 'How did you know about that?' Jamie giggled as Barbara jabbed a finger into Amy's right breast and snarled, 'I know everything. That cunt Ames, the attorney you went to see? She called me the minute you left the office and told me everything. Even about how you want to go to the District Attorney to testify.' Amy stared at her in disbelief. Ginny had betrayed her, how could she? Why? Barbara pushed Amy aside and started toward the living room as Jamie waggled her finger under Amy's nose disapprovingly, 'Bad Amy-girl. Now Jamie will have to spank! Tsk-tsk!'

Barbara and Jamie strode boldly into Amy's living room and Ellen looked up to see who her daughter's visitors were. When she saw them, her mouth opened and her face went ashen. 'Hello Ellen,' Barbara said dramatically, 'It's been a long time.' Ellen nodded numbly. Looking at Amy she asked with a hopeful tone, 'These aren't the two you were telling me about are they?' Amy nodded silently, 'I'm sorry Mother.' Barbara walked over and offered her hand to Ellen who reached to take it. But instead of shaking her hand, Barbara jerked the taller woman to her feet and embraced her. She was barely able, by standing on her toes, to press her lips to Ellen's and kiss her - it was a long, deep and passionate kiss.

'What's the meaning of this,' Amy demanded, showing far more spunk than she had in months.. 'What do you think you're doing?' Barbara turned to Amy while keeping a hand on Ellen's hip, 'You dumb bitch, your lawyer, Ames, is not only an old friend, but she was sitting in the front row when Jamie gave you the haircut. She recognized you as soon as you walked into her office. There won't be a deal with the Feds and if you, or you Ellen, say anything to anyone, you'll all do hard time.' Barbara smiled as she felt a shudder run through Ellen's body when she mentioned her husband going to prison.

'You bitch,' Ellen snapped and grabbed Barbara's hair as is she was going to fight her. Barbara spun and drove her fist into the pit of Ellen's stomach right above her panty line. The punch was so hard and so unexpected that even Ellen's well conditioned body couldn't withstand it. Her knees buckled and she toppled into Barbara who caught her with an arm around the tall woman's slim waist and held her as if in an embrace. Amy was stunned by Barbara's attack but was more surprised at her mother's unwillingness or inability to fight back. Barbara helped Ellen up and held her at arm's length as she studied her trim figure.

'The years have been kind Ellen,' she said softly. 'Let's see just how kind.' Barbara started to unbutton Ellen's blouse and when her mother didn't raise a hand to stop her, Amy went to her mother's defense. She stopped short, however, when Jamie grabbed her shoulder, spun her around and punched her in her soft belly. Amy dropped to her hands and knees as she fought an urge to vomit and when she looked up through her tear-filled eyes, Barbara was lifting Ellen's blouse over her shoulders. She pulled it down her arms and Ellen's eyes closed tight as her lips pursed tightly when Barbara's hands fondled her small breasts. From there, Barbara probed Ellens' flat, hard stomach. 'Very nice,' Barbara said as she nodded in approval.

Amy watched in silence as Barbara reached behind Ellen and unhooked her skirt, dropped it at her feet and then with a quick snap of her wrists, jerked down the woman's half slip. Like an obedient automaton, Ellen stepped out of it and stood before Barbara in an underwire bra and a pair of matching bikini panties. 'Ditch the bra,' Barbara ordered curtly. Ellen, with surprising alacrity reached behind her to release the catch but she caught it and held it to her breasts until Barbara reached up and slapped her cheek. 'I said ditch it,' she snarled. Obediently, Ellen dropped her hands and the bra slowly slid down her arms, over her wrists and dropped beside her other clothes at her feet. 'Over here,' Barbara said, crooking her finger at Ellen who meekly followed her to the sofa.

Barbara sat down, patted her thighs and Amy was awestruck when her mother knelt without saying a word and laid herself over the older woman's lap. Barbara shifted her knees to raise Ellen's firm ass into the best position to receive a spanking, then ran her hand over Ellen's tight ass cheeks. Amy saw her mother quiver, whether in fear or excitement it was impossible to know, as Barbara slowly pulled her panties down to her knees.

That's when Amy saw it! Her mouth opened in shock and heart stopped as her head began to spin. She fell to her knees and shook her head in dismay. 'No! It can't be!' she gasped. Looking into her mother's tear-filled eyes she pleaded with her, 'Mom! Mom please, say it isn't so!!' Ellen looked at Amy and began to cry uncontrollably. She'd kept the terrible secret from her family for years, but now it had been revealed in a most disheartening and disturbing manner. Ellen choked on her tears and lowered her head, unable to say the words that Amy so desperately wanted, indeed needed, to hear.

As Barbara began to spank Ellen's pale, but rapidly reddening ass, Amy stared in stunned disbelief at her mother's jiggling, up-turned ass. She'd never seen it before and she couldn't understand how she'd missed it for so many years, but there it was, high on Ellen's right ass cheek! A simple tattoo with just two words in inch high letters, 'Barbara's Bitch'. That's when Amy knew, deep inside her, that she'd never get away from Jamie and Barbara and their domination of her.

The End