**Enslaved in Fairfax County**

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**Enslaved in Fairfax County Ch. 01**

When Gretchen and I got back to the United States, Gretchen went back to work at her public relations firm and I went back to my job at the bank. Of course I eagerly took advantage of my regained freedom and did all of the things that I wasn't able to do as a slave.

I ate whenever I felt like it. I slept whenever I felt like it. I showered whenever I felt like it. I wore clothing. I called up friends on the phone and talked for hours. I went shopping to buy more clothes. I went driving just to prove I had the freedom to go anywhere I wanted whenever I wanted. I fingered myself to orgasm whenever I felt like it (which was often) and had sex with Gretchen every night.

However, no matter how much I appreciated my newfound freedoms, every night I would dream of being a slave.

In many of those dreams I'm naked and running through the woods. Apparently I'm an escaped slave and women in uniforms are searching for me. The women all have handcuffs strapped to their belts and some of them are carrying riding crops. I know that if I'm captured I'll be punished.

What makes the dream even stranger is that I want these women to catch me. Even though I hide behind trees and run as fast as my bare feet can run, I still want them to catch me and punish me.

There's another dream where I'm at the airport in Sessia and I'm ordered to strip by one of the airport personnel. The thought of being nude in public and humiliated is arousing, but I refuse anyway. After I refuse to take off my clothes security guards emerge from the crowd and grab me. They roughly hold my arms behind my back and rip off my t-shirt with their bare hands and unsnap and unzip my tight blue jeans while I struggle and try to get free. My jeans are pulled down my legs and past my feet, but my panties are grabbed and ripped off my body. Once I'm totally naked, I'm bent over a table and told to spread my legs so they can do a body cavity search.

In another dream I'm in my mother's house and naked, with my hands bound behind my back. My mother and sister are there and apparently I'm waiting for employees of the Office of Slave Identification (OSI) to come and take me away. I'm actually very excited and filled with anticipation of an erotic sort, however I don't tell my sister or mother about this and instead act nervous and bemoan the fate that awaits me. My sister gives me a sympathetic hug and at the end of the dream there's a loud knock at the door.

And every single time I had one of these dreams, I'd wake up feeling feverish and aroused and desperate for orgasmic release. I never talked to Gretchen about these dreams, but she's often seen me sitting up in bed, breathing heavy and quite often covered in sweat. Also several times she saw my hands shaking and saw my hand-eye coordination falter when performing simple tasks like getting dressed, so she knew something was up even if I didn't tell her what it was.

I suppose she just knew me well enough to know that I would tell her when I was ready. And one day in September, shortly after getting home from work, I found her in the kitchen sorting the junk mail from the good mail and I very simply broached her with the words, "We have to talk."

The words came out slowly and awkwardly at first, but the longer I talked the easier it became. Eventually the words just poured out of me, and when I was finished I felt like a heavy weight had been lifted from my shoulders.

Finally, when Gretchen had a chance to respond, she replied, "It sounds to me as if you're having a difficult time adjusting to freedom."

"It's not exactly freedom that's the problem, "I began, "it's more like...well, I don't know exactly. It's almost like post traumatic stress disorder. When I was in Sessia, there was so much excitement. I was humiliated and exposed totally naked in front of strangers and sexually abused. I mean, it was scary, but it was also the most exciting time of my entire life. The life I'm living right now is so \*boring\* by comparison!"

"Hmmmm" responded Gretchen, "would you like for me to find a way to make your life more exciting?"

"How do you mean?" I retorted. "It's not like slavery is legal in the United States. And it's not like we can just go back to Sessia whenever we feel like it. Traveling to Europe is expensive. And immigrating to Sessia and getting jobs that pay a living wage wouldn't be easy."

Gretchen didn't answer at first. She was always the logical, calculating one of our household. I could practically hear the gears turning as she thought it over and considered her options and formulated her plans. Somehow she was better at deductive reasoning and problem solving than I was. She always saw possibilities and solutions that eluded me.

"It's not necessary that you become my legal slave," Gretchen explained. "All we need to do is add an extra thrill to your life. And if we put some thought into it, I'm sure we can add that thrill to your life while still staying right here in the United States of America."

"How," I asked, almost breathless with anticipation.

"Be patient," replied Gretchen. "I'm still working out a plan. But before I make major changes in your life I'd like to have as much information as possible about what you need."

She then proceeded to pick up a pen and a legal pad. Then she sat down, and said, "for starters why don't you tell me about these erotic dreams you've been having. And I'd like as much detail as possible. Tell me everything you can about each dream and what it was that excited you the most about each one."

So, we sat there in the kitchen for almost two hours while I related these dreams of nudity and humiliation and helplessness and sexual slavery and why I found them to be so erotic and compelling and intoxicating. Occasionally Gretchen would ask a question, but mostly she just took down page after page after page of notes.

When we were finished Gretchen had thirty pages of notes and I was feeling hot and feverish from sexual arousal. I suggested that we have sex right then and there, but Gretchen had different ideas.

Looking at me over the top of her legal pad, she replied, "From now on we're going to have some rules around here. First of all, you don't get to decide when you have sex anymore; I do. So, from now on you take all of your queues from me."

I honestly didn't understand, but Gretchen was always the dominant one in our relationship. Even when I didn't understand what her motives were I usually agreed with her.

"Okay," I said.

"Secondly, I think that you should be always be nude around the house. Take all your clothes off right now."

This was more exciting. It wasn't sex, but being naked and exposed and available was still exciting. I rapidly began to unbutton the front of my blouse.

"Of course when you say \*always\* nude around the house, you mean only when it's just the two of us, right? I still get to wear clothes when we have company over, right?"

Gretchen arched an eyebrow and gently tapped her legal pad with her pen. "I really don't think so," she said coldly. "If we're going to make your life more exciting, I think you're going to have to expose your naked body to everybody who comes in this house."

I had shed my blouse and skirt and at this point was standing there in nothing but my bra, panties and some stockings. My hands froze as I reached for my bra and my mouth dropped open.

"Everyone?" I asked. The idea was extremely exciting; however it was also extremely scary. "What if my mother comes over? What if \*your\* mother comes over? What if I have to sign for a package? What if one of the neighbors drops by and wants to chat?"

Gretchen seemed to think about this for a few minutes and finally came up with a reply. "I'll come up with a list of carefully chosen people," she said. "Only those people will be allowed in the house. And I'll have a talk with our regular postal carrier and the local UPS deliver person. Both of them are female and I'm pretty sure they won't have a problem with a naked girl signing for a package."

I was shocked at the idea of exposing my naked body every time I had to sign for a package from UPS, but I was also extremely excited. This was exactly the sort of humiliating yet arousing thing I needed to recapture the feelings that I had when I was a slave in Sessia!

"Um, okay," I finally said with a voice that was very weak and almost inaudible.

"And you're still not naked," Gretchen commented. "I told you to take off all of your clothes. Is there a reason you're still wearing your bra and panties?"

My hands flew to remove the last tiny pieces of clothing from my body, and I couldn't help but notice that I had left a stain on my panties in the center of the crotch area. I'm sure Gretchen noticed as well. We both knew I was getting turned on by this.

"Now, make us something to eat," Gretchen ordered. "While we were busy planning it's gotten late, and I'm hungry."

I went to the refrigerator totally naked and began pulling out vegetables and other assorted ingredients that could be used to make a tasty meal. The cold air from the refrigerator smashed into my bare skin and I immediately felt more naked than naked. My nipples felt especially sensitive being exposed to the cold air and they fast became hard and erect. And standing at the cutting board totally naked, cutting up onions and bell peppers I felt extremely vulnerable and exposed, almost like a slave again.

"I'm still devising the rules," Gretchen said as she watched me from a distance, "but I think you'll need to be punished for your slowness in getting out of your clothes."

"I agree," I said eagerly. "If you're not strict with me, it won't seem nearly as real. It'll seem fake if you let me get away with too much."

"And another thing," she said, "You should start calling me 'Mistress' when we're here at home."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied with a smile creeping into my face.

"The standard punishment for little infractions of the rules will be an over the knee spanking. I'll give you one as soon as dinner is ready."

My head was swimming at this point. I hadn't been spanked since we had returned to America. I was looking forward to my first spanking with both anticipation and dread. My heart beat faster as I remembered how painful it could be to have a strong woman's hand come down on my naked buttocks again and again and again. It was very intimate and erotic, but no matter how arousing it might be, it still frightened me.

Dinner took longer than I thought it would, but once I had it on the table Gretchen looked pleased. I've always been a better cook than her and she always enjoyed my cooking, but now in addition to a delicious meal, she was also going to get to cook my buttocks.

All the chairs at the dinner table had armrests and thus were impractical for an over the knee spanking, so Gretchen had me go and fetch a footstool from the next room. When I set it down on the floor, she got out of her chair and for a few brief seconds she was standing directly in front of me.

The reality of how much power I was giving her struck me like a powerful blow to my solar plexus. Her I was standing totally naked and exposed, while she was fully clothed and respectable looking. She had all the authority, while I looked like a naked, vulnerable victim just waiting to be sacrificed or sexually abused.

And I had agreed that this was how it was going to be every day.

Then suddenly she grabbed my wrist and sat down. I very quickly ended up over her lap as Gretchen pulled me down and shoved my ass across her lap and my upper body down towards the floor.

"A standard spanking will be swats equal to the number of birthdays you've had. As a result the older you get the longer your spankings will get."

I moaned at this. My mother had used the exact same system on my sister and me. However she had never planned on me being spanked in my adult years.

"Now, how old are you, Diane?" Gretchen asked in a teasing tone of voice.

"Nineteen, Mistress," I responded. She already knew the answer, but seemed to be taking some enjoyment out of prolonging my time over her lap.

"But, you'll be turning twenty later this month, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," I responded. She also already knew the answer to that question. We had already begun making preparations for my birthday party.

"Well, for now I guess I can only give you nineteen swats, but you get to look forward to a longer spanking on your birthday. And yes, I'm giving you a spanking of twenty swats on your birthday whether you break the rules or not."

I moaned again and pleaded, "You're going to spank me even if I'm good? That's not fair!"

Gretchen's fingers slid between my thighs and found my pubic lips, which at this point were swollen and puffy and slick with my juices. At her touch a sexual tingle went through my entire body and my right leg twitched. "You're enjoying this immensely," opined Gretchen. "I think you're protesting just to add to the drama. Yes, I'll spank you on your birthday, no matter what."

Then suddenly her hand came down hard on my left buttock. There was a loud, sharp smacking sound as her naked hand slammed into my naked flesh. Her first blow hurt and there were eighteen more to go.

Pride kept me from screaming. It's just the way I am. I try not to scream when I'm punished. It doesn't make the punishment sting any less, but it somehow makes me feel proud of myself if I can keep from screaming.

By the tenth swat both of my buttocks were stinging and my hips were jerking wildly on Gretchen's lap. I couldn't help myself and started letting out yelps of pain as Gretchen's merciless hand rained down more and more pain on my defenseless and exposed, naked flesh.

"Is your cute little bottom sore now?" Gretchen asked in mock sympathy.

"Yes! Yes, it hurts a lot!" I replied.

"Want me to stop?"

I wasn't certain how to respond. Honestly my bottom was plenty sore. It was probably red at this point. However I wanted to play the role of a slave girl, and slave girls didn't get to dictate when their punishments were over. They just suffered and endured whatever punishment their mistress felt like dealing out to them.

"Please give me nine more swats, Mistress," I replied. "If you're not strict with me I'll never learn to be a proper slave girl."

"Excellent answer," Gretchen replied. I couldn't see her face from the position I was in, but I could tell from the sound of her voice that she was smiling.

Then my already sore buttocks received nine more stinging swats from her hand, and then Gretchen said, "You can get up now, Darling."

Then I sat down to dinner.

We ate the same food, but Gretchen sat there fully clothed and looking dignified, while I sat there naked and squirming, uncomfortable on account of my sore bottom and unable to find a way to sit on it that didn't make it feel as if I were sitting on a hot stove.

"It will take a while for me to write up an entire list of rules for you," said Gretchen as she ate, "however for now we'll leave it at this; first of all you're to be naked at all times when you're in my house. When you get home from work, you're to strip naked immediately."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, trying to sound obedient.

"There may be exceptions to this rule, like if the wrong people come over to visit. But I'm the one who'll decide when those exceptions occur, not you. If I catch you wearing so much as a pair of panties in this house without my express permission it's over my lap you go, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"The next thing is, starting today; you're not allowed to masturbate. I'm in charge of your orgasms from now on. And if I don't want you to have one, you won't have one. Is that understood?"

This rule sounded tougher. With my increased libido I was going to want to have more and more orgasms. However I also wanted to be dominated and controlled. How much more control could I possibly give up than to give her control over all of my orgasms? It would be tough, but it would help to make me feel totally owned.

"Understood, Mistress," I replied.

"I'll want you home as much as possible, so I'll be taking over your schedule. You're to come straight home right after work. And I want you to cancel your health club membership. You can work out here at home."

There was a slight pause after she said this, and then she added, "Actually, I have enough money now; I should be able to hire a personal trainer to come to the house and supervise your workouts."

It took me a few seconds for the significance of this to hit me.

"Here?" I asked. "Doesn't that mean I'll have to be naked in front of the personal trainer?"

"Exactly," she said.

"Won't that be a problem?" I asked. "Won't the personal trainer think that it's awfully odd that the person she's training is totally naked?"

"You leave that to me, slave girl," she said as she continued to eat. "In my job I've met a lot of people who are very eccentric and open-minded. I think I could find you a personal trainer who would have no problem with training a naked twenty-year old."

I was trying to imagine where she could possibly find somebody that wouldn't freak at the idea of me being naked while she ordered me to do leg lifts and crunches and whatnot, and while I was pondering that, Gretchen laid down a few more rules.

"Of course you'll have to be completely shaved at all times. I'll examine you every day to make sure you're properly groomed. I'll check your legs, your underarms and especially your pubic area. If I find you've let any body hair grow back, I'll have to punish you."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied.

I was getting hotter and wetter as this conversation went on. Gretchen was treating me very close to the way I was treated in Sessia. This was about as close as U.S. law would allow. I was feeling more and more like a sex slave every minute.

After dinner I cleared away the dirty dishes and I stood there stark naked at the kitchen sink and cleaned the dishes off and then dried them. Gretchen came in every five minutes or so to check on my progress. Once she caught me rubbing my thighs together and she smacked my on the ass and ordered me to stop.

"A good slave always keeps her thighs from touching," she berated me. "If I see your legs together like that again, I'll have to punish you."

After the dishes were clean I was then ordered to pick up my discarded clothes from the floor and take them down to the laundry room. I found out later that all of the household laundry and cooking and cleaning would now be done by me. As the new household slave it was considered only natural that I would now do all of the manual labor and menial tasks.

After I was done with the laundry, Gretchen found me and without warning kissed me firmly on the lips. I moaned into her mouth and started to wrap my arms around her, but then Gretchen admonished me and said, "Slaves don't touch their mistress unless they have permission first. Put your hands behind your back."

It was weird, but I intended to be a good girl and follow orders. I placed my hands behind my back and allowed Gretchen to kiss me passionately. I moaned deeply into her mouth as her tongue explored the inside of my mouth and caressed my own tongue with hers.

The fabric of her wool/polyester jacket felt rough against my bare breasts and sensitive nipples as she pressed her torso in close against mine. She was driving me crazy with lust, and then when I was just about to scream, Gretchen ordered me to get down on my knees.

Of course I had to kneel with my knees far apart. And I was told if I had to be constantly reminded about keeping my knees apart, I'd be punished.

Apparently Gretchen's levels of lust had progressed pretty far as well, as she ordered me to remove her shoes, her pants and her panties. I undressed her quickly and heard Gretchen moan as I pulled her panties away from her hips and down her thighs. Her panties also had a wet spot and I could smell Gretchen's secretions as her arousal had made her pussy wet, but I didn't dare say anything. Slaves keep such comments to themselves.

Of course Gretchen (not being a slave) doesn't have to keep her pussy shaved, and she had a neatly trimmed landing strip just above her pussy. I had a few seconds to admire Gretchen's beautiful and slightly swollen pubic lips before she ordered me to lick her to orgasm. I pride myself on my ability to give great pleasure with my lips and my tongue, so there was no hesitation in me once Gretchen gave the order.

My lips touched her labia and I gave them a long lingering kiss. Above me Gretchen made sounds of appreciation. She was definitely enjoying my attentions. I risked a quick glance up at my mistress and saw her head tilted back slightly and her eyes closed as she enjoyed what I was doing to her pussy.

When my tongue slipped inside of her and parted her pubic lips I felt her shudder and made a noise that was more than a sigh, but less than a squeal. She was reaching orgasm quickly. Apparently treating me as a slave was arousing her almost as much as it was arousing me.

I curled my tongue deep inside of her, scooping up her salty juices and drawing them into my mouth. But no matter how much I took into my mouth there was always more and more. Then with one hand she pulled her pubic lips further apart and with the other she pushed my head in closer.

At this point I noticed that her swollen clitoris had emerged from its hood. I hesitated only a second before I trapped her clit between my teeth and began sucking on it.

Gretchen's gasping and panting increased dramatically after that and her hips began to shake. Then it seemed as if her whole body was shaking. Then there was a loud scream of pleasure as Gretchen's orgasm ripped through her and she fell over onto the floor of the laundry room.

I was worried that she was hurt, but Gretchen just lay there smiling, occasionally laughing. I stayed there on my knees awaiting further orders. Eventually Gretchen ordered me to clean her up and help her get dressed so she could go back upstairs.

We spent the rest of the evening in the living room watching television. I sat with a towel underneath me, as my pussy was soaking wet and Gretchen didn't want me getting any of my juices on the couch.

Gretchen and I had watched television together many times on that couch, but now I had the tremendous disadvantage of being naked and fully exposed while Gretchen wore the rather conservative clothes that she wears to work. She looked very respectable in her dress shirt, mid length charcoal jacket and charcoal dress pants while I looked like a sexually desperate slave girl with hard swollen nipples and slick moisture on my exposed swollen public lips.

Of course Gretchen insisted that I sit with my thighs far apart and she would "accidentally" brush her hand against my exposed thighs or breasts when gesturing with her hands, explaining more of her ideas about how I should be treated to make me more like a slave and make my life more exciting.

I was so sexually tense at this point I barely heard a word she said.

Of course I slept naked that night and I had even more dreams about being a slave. The one I remember most vividly involved me being at my old high school in the principal's office. I was totally naked and I couldn't use my hands to cover my nudity as two very strong women were standing on either side of me and holding my arms.

The principal accused me of impersonating a student and said that I'd have to be punished. What's even stranger is that I agreed with her, even though I had been a student at that school for four years.

The principal then shoved one finger inside of me and used her thumb to stroke my clitoris.

She also took her right hand and grabbed one of my nipples. As she used her left hand to stimulate my pussy, she explained that if I had an orgasm she was going to pinch and twist my nipple until it was red and swollen and I had real tears of pain rolling down my face.

Suddenly my tenth grade English teacher was there too. She was holding a ruler in her hands and she explained that if I had an orgasm, that her teaching assistants were going to hold my legs far apart so that she could beat my inner thighs with a ruler.

I bit my lower lip and tried to hold back the orgasm that was building inside of me, but the principal was really doing a number on my pussy. My breath was coming in short, ragged pants and I was getting closer and closer to orgasm.

Then I woke up, horny as hell.

I desperately wanted to finger myself to orgasm, but Gretchen had set down the rules for me and I agreed to them. If I broke the rules I'd be punished, and I was going to try and delay any further punishments until some distant point in the future.

It's not easy following the rules when you're a slave, but I had agreed to do this, and since I was going to be Gretchen's slave I intended to be the best slave possible and make her proud of me.

**Enslaved in Fairfax County Ch. 02**

On the day of my twentieth birthday, a small number of my friends met at my house to participate in the birthday ritual. The group included my younger sister; Amy, my best friend since the tenth grade; Hailey, the girl next door; Dawn and Dawn's mother; Mrs. Lassiter.

Also present was a casual acquaintance that Gretchen and I had met at the mall. She worked as a sales associate at Victoria's Secret and her name was Dana.

Amy looked like a slightly younger version of me. She was the same height, had the same color eyes, the same color hair and a very similar build. Indeed we were so similar in their body type that we often borrowed each other's clothes.

Hailey was my age and the same height and basic build; however there were a number of differences in appearance. Hailey had a Goth girl look going on. She had very pale skin and she had died her hair the darkest black possible. She also tended to dress all in black. On the day of my birthday she was dressed in black jeans, black socks, black sneakers and black t-shirt with the words "I FOUND JESUS. HE'S AT THE AIRPORT BEING HARASSED BY THE TSA" in bold white letters.

Dawn was two years younger than me, although she was slightly taller and thinner. She had long hair that went from golden brown to dark brown depending on how much exposure it had to sunlight. She also had an innocent look to her that made her appear as if she were closer to sixteen than her actual age of eighteen.

Dawn's mother was about five foot; six and her daughter towered over her. And of course the lines on her face gave away the fact that she was in her late thirties, while her daughter was only eighteen. Also while Dawn dressed in jeans and sneakers and a t-shirt, Mrs. Lassiter dressed in a pale blue angora scoopneck sweater and women's dress pants and sensible shoes.

Dana was about five foot; five and had reddish hair that was cut in a short, boyish hairstyle. She was dressed in a white dress shirt, a very stylish black wool gabardine blazer, black dress slacks and high heeled shoes.

This was the carefully selected group that Gretchen had chosen for me to come out to, confident that none of them would freak out when I announced that I was a lesbian and that I got sexually turned on by being dominated and humiliated by other women.

I insisted that there was no way that my younger sister was a lesbian and that there was no way she would be cool with my being submissive to other lesbians. I almost threw a temper tantrum at the idea of exposing my naked body and humiliating myself in front of Amy, but Gretchen pulled rank on me and insisted. She even threw me over her knee and gave me a very energetic and painful spanking for the way that I had snapped and yelled at her.

Gretchen allowed me to be dressed for the beginning of the birthday party; however she made it clear that I'd have to be naked by the time the party ended.

It was traditional for me to hug Amy whenever she came over to the house and my twentieth birthday party was no exception. However within minutes of arriving, she asked me if everything was all right.

I was nervous as hell about stripping naked in front of my party guests, but I just told Amy I was fine. I had thought I had done an excellent job of hiding my fear, but I suppose Amy was just really good at reading me. She has known me for her entire life after all.

Gretchen offered wine to those guests who were old enough to drink and then there was the opening of the birthday gifts.

I found it endlessly amusing at the number of people who bought me clothes.

Seriously, I had just agreed to spend almost all of my free time stark naked and my friends were buying me clothes as gifts? The fates must be laughing at me.

I thanked everybody for the birthday gifts and next we served up the birthday cake.

The cake was delicious, and while we were eating Gretchen opened up her laptop computer and offered to show our guests photos of our trip to Sessia. None of our guests knew that I had spent the entire week there as a naked sex slave, so none of our guests were prepared for what they were about to see.

The first few photos were at the airport (where I was fully clothed) and nobody had any reason to freak out. Then there were a few pictures of pedestrians out on the street and the front of our hotel.

Then in the lobby of the hotel there were a series of photos of me stripping naked in front of Gretchen, the hotel staff and several hotel guests. There was even a photo of a female security guard helping me remove my bra. I had totally forgotten about that, but when I was told I had to strip in front of a dozen total strangers my hands were shaking so badly I couldn't work the catch on the front of my bra.

The photos on the computer screen continued to change, but every photo showed me totally nude.

"Oh my God," exclaimed Dawn.

"What the fuck?" exclaimed Hailey.

"Diane, what happened to you?" asked Amy. "Did you lose a bet or something?"

Mrs. Lassiter and Dana couldn't seem to speak. Their mouths hung open and their eyes had a look of total shock.

Gretchen took control at that point and explained.

"When Diane and I went to Sessia, we took advantage of certain Sessian laws. You see, in Sessia it's perfectly legal to parade around nude in public, if you're the legally the property of someone else."

"What?" Hailey demanded, "legally the property?"

"Diane was my slave when we were in Sessia," Gretchen explained. "We had a legally binding contract."

My face felt hot at that point and I was certain I was blushing. Amy looked at Gretchen with a look of confusion, and then she looked at me and asked, "Why? Did you lose a bet?"

I was kind of amused at the way Amy kept asking that, but I was determined to tell her the truth. "No, I didn't lose a bet. I get a sexual thrill from being naked and surrounded by people who are fully clothed. It's scary, but also very exciting."

"You mean like riding a roller coaster?" inquired Dawn.

"It's like that," I admitted. "Only there's nothing sexual about riding a roller coaster. And this," I said, pointing to the images on the computer screen, "was hugely sexual for me."

"So, you WANTED this?" inquired Mrs. Lassiter, sounding incredulous. "But, it must have been humiliating!"

"Yes, I wanted this," I said, pointing to the computer screen again, "and for me the humiliation is part of what makes it such a thrill."

"So, this was sexual," Hailey said, "and you were Gretchen's slave. Does that mean that you and Gretchen have a sexual relationship? Do you and she have sex?"

Hailey was obviously the smartest one in the group. Or at least she seemed like the smartest one at the moment.

"Yes," I replied. "Gretchen and I have been lovers for about two years now. You're my friend and I probably should have told you sooner, but..."

"It's cool," Hailey responded. "You should have the right to keep your sex life private. It's not like I've told you about all the people I've slept with. Actually I've never told you about ANY of the people I've slept with! It's usually considered personal, private information."

"Well, as of today, I'd like that to change," I said. "I mean, you can still keep your secrets, but I'd like everybody in this room to know that I'm a lesbian. I like girls. And I love Gretchen and I was happy to be her slave when we were in Europe."

"Well, I for one feel honored that you're willing to share this with us," Hailey said. "You didn't have to, but you felt that you could trust me enough. And that just tells me how strong our friendship really is."

Dawn looked over at Hailey, and a look went over her face. I'm not sure if it was a look of comprehension or agreement or insight, but whatever it was, the next words out of her mouth were, "me too. I'm also honored that you trusted me enough to share your deepest, darkest secrets."

I smiled at this, although the one person in the room I was most worried about was Amy. "Amy?" I asked. "What about you? How do you feel about this?"

Apparently Amy could tell how worried I was because she walked across the room and sat down next to me. And then, putting one arm around my shoulders, she said, "You're my sister. I will love you no matter what. You really, really caught me by surprise, but I'm not at all ashamed of you. If this is what my sister wants, this is what my sister wants."

I smiled and then leaned forward to hug her. "I love you, too," I said. And then after a pause of about five seconds, I added, "and, um, please don't tell Mom, okay?"

"Oh, God, never," Amy agreed. "I totally understand, but Mom? She is just way too uptight and old fashioned."

We laughed over that, and then Gretchen broke in and announced, "There's more. Diane would you like to tell them, or shall I?"

I was still reeling from the shock of coming out both as a lesbian and as a submissive to my friends and my sister. I was in no shape emotionally for divulging any more embarrassing secrets. "Why don't you tell them, Gretchen?" I said.

All eyes turned to Gretchen and she seemed to relish being at the center of attention.

"Diane has been suffering from withdrawal ever since she returned from Sessia, and so after much discussion, we've decided that from now on Diane will be treated like a slave in our home. She'll be kept naked whenever she's home and only be allowed to wear clothing when she leaves the house."

"Oh, wow, really?" Amy asked. "But, doesn't that mean she should be naked right now?"

Amy's question couldn't have been more perfect for Gretchen's purposes if it had scripted. It helped Gretchen to move to the next phase of her plan quickly and easily.

"You're absolutely right, Amy," Gretchen replied.

"Diane, you'd better stand up and take those clothes off."

Suddenly all the eyes in the room shifted. Now I was the center of attention.

I was dressed all in white as Gretchen wanted me to look like an innocent virgin sacrifice when it came time to strip, and I certainly felt nervous enough to feel like I was being sacrificed. However we had planned this for weeks and there was no way I was going to back out now.

First I stepped out of my shoes, and then I removed the belt from around my waist.

These were relatively minor items of clothing, although Dawn, Amy, Hailey and Mrs. Lassiter were already staring at me as if I'd done something shocking.

I was wearing a white shirtdress with buttons all the way down the front. I started unbuttoning the ones at the top and didn't stop until I had unbuttoned every single one of them.

Then I stepped out of my dress and allowed it to just fall to the floor.

Dawn gasped.

I'd known Dawn ever since I was eleven years old, and she's never seen me in anything other than my regular street clothes. Now I stood before her in nothing other than a strapless white bra with push-up cups and my tiny, skintight, white spandex/nylon, low-rise bikini panties.

Dawn's mother put up a hand at this point and tried to stop things. "Diane, I've known you for nine years," she began, "and I've always looked out for you. And I'd just like to say that you don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"But, I do want to," I said. "That's really rather the point. I've fantasized about this sort of thing for years, but I've always been afraid to do anything about it. Now, with the help of everybody in this room I can actually live out a fantasy that's haunted me since I was a teenager."

Actually I had been a teenager just the day before, however nobody had the bad taste to point that out. I was fulfilling a fantasy that I'd carried around in my head for years and that was far more important.

The bra fastened in front and I quickly moved to unfasten it before I lost my courage. Then I removed it and dropped and dropped the bra on the couch, revealing my naked breasts to the entire room. I'm pretty certain that everybody in the room noticed how swollen and erect my nipples were.

Somebody else gasped and then I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and pulled them all the way down my legs and stepped out of them. Suddenly I was stark naked in front of Gretchen, Amy, Hailey, Dana, Dawn and Dawn's mother.

"Wow," Dana said her voice filled with hushed awe, "up until this moment I didn't think you'd actually go through with it."

"You're clean shaven," Amy said, sitting just a few inches away, staring directly at my pussy. "There's nothing there at all. No landing strip, not even any stubble. You've totally denuded it."

"Is that a problem?" I asked, fearing his disapproval.

"Actually, it's just about the sexiest thing I've ever seen," was Amy's unexpected response. "I've never shaved before, but it looks so sexy on you. Now I'm tempted to do the same thing to myself."

I allowed all five women a chance to get a good look at my naked body and struggled to remain calm and keep my hands at my side for several minutes. Nobody seemed to have anything to say for a while and just stared at my naked body in silence. Finally Gretchen broke the silence by saying, "Diane, why don't you clean up in here? You can take your clothes down to the laundry room and the dirty dishes into the kitchen."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Partially because none of my friends were freaking out, and partially because by moving around my nudity was now a moving target and I wouldn't feel quite so naked. Since I wasn't being watched, there was a temptation to finger my pussy and bring myself to orgasm, but I was determined to live by the rules that Gretchen had set down and that meant no orgasms without her permission.

When I came up from the laundry room, Gretchen was discussing me with the other four women. The laptop was still displaying photos of our time in Sessia and Gretchen was explaining aspects of our time there. I heard the words "punishment park" and "whipping post".

It was humiliating to be on display naked in front of my friends like this. And if Gretchen was relaying the details of my time at the punishment park where I was bound and whipped and sexually abused, it was even more humiliating. However with such humiliation came massive sexual excitement. Without even looking down I knew that my pubic lips were swollen and wet. My nipples were also swollen and puffy. My heart was beating faster and I felt flush and almost feverish with lust.

"Diane," Gretchen called out from the living room, "Clear away the dishes and wine glasses, would you? We're done with the cake and the wine."

I felt just like a slave now. Naked and doing menial tasks while the free women chatted away and looked at pictures of my vacation time in Sessia. Of course I was naked most of my time in Sessia, so even while I was in the kitchen and they couldn't see my naked ass or other naughty bits, they could still ogle my naked body in photos on Gretchen's computer.

I walked over to Amy and Gretchen and my friends and cleared away the plates and the wine glasses. Amy and Hailey looked at me with expressions I've never seen on their faces before. I swear it looked as if they were looking at me with expressions of sexual longing, but Amy and Hailey were straight, weren't they?

I was pretty sure that they were, but it's not like I've ever seen Hailey with a boyfriend.

And Amy, I'd have to talk to later when we were alone. It was really; really confusing to prance around naked in front of your sister and having her look at you like you were someone she wanted to fuck. I was glad to have the dirty dishes to concentrate on so I didn't have to think too much about the possibility that my younger sister was lusting after me.

Washing dishes helped distract me from the possibility that my little sister wanted to have sex with me, but it honestly didn't take me very long to clean all the plates, forks and wine glasses. Once I was finished I was faced with the prospect of possibly talking to my sister and asking her what the lustful looks on her face really meant.

Luckily Gretchen ordered me to take all of the birthday gifts upstairs and to throw out all of the cardboard boxes and gift wrap. I muttered "Yes Mistress," and proceeded to obey her orders.

"Mistress?" I heard Mrs. Lassiter ask. And I hear Gretchen start to explain the rules I had to follow as I took the birthday gifts upstairs.

Throwing out all of the boxes and gift wrap and bows took longer than I thought it would. Perhaps I was slowed down due to feeling so awkward being naked in front of my friends. In Sessia I was naked in front of total strangers. However Amy was my sister, and Hailey and Dawn and her mother were close friends. In many ways it was much more humiliating being exposed naked in front of them.

And then when I was done cleaning up, Gretchen called me into the room and told me to go fetch the handcuffs.

"Handcuffs, Mistress?" I asked.

"It's about time for your birthday spanking," Gretchen responded, "and your pain tolerance is still very low. I think I'll need to cuff your wrists in front of you so that you don't try to protect your backside with your hands."

I hesitated for a few seconds, knowing that being spanked in front of my sister and my friends would be even more humiliating that what I was currently doing.

"If you make me wait, I'm going to add even more swats to your spanking," Gretchen said matter-of-factly.

At that I ran upstairs and found the stainless steel handcuffs and the key. Then I ran downstairs as fast as my naked feet could run.

"You're really going to spank her?" Mrs. Lassiter asked.

"This is Diane's new life, Gretchen explained. "From now on she'll be spanked for all sorts of reasons; sometimes because she breaks the rules. Or sometimes; like today; simply because it's her birthday."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Lassiter said, "but this is just too kinky for me."

She rose and walked over to the door. Then she turned to face me and said, "Diane, if you ever decide that this lifestyle is too much for you just tell me. I'd be happy to let you live with me for a few weeks while you get your life together."

I loved Mrs. Lassiter for her concern and her willingness to help me out, but my lust was stronger than any feelings of self preservation or willingness to protect my reputation.

"I thank your for the offer," I said, "but I really want to be used and punished and sexually humiliated. I know it's hard to understand, but I want what I want. I tried to pretend that I didn't need this, but the fact of the matter is, Gretchen is giving me something that I desperately need."

Mrs. Lassiter stood at the door and nodded and said, "I understand. Do you mind if I check in on you from time to time and see if you're okay?"

"You can come by anytime," I responded. "You're still my friend. Even if my sex life confuses or upsets you, I still think of you as a friend."

Mrs. Lassiter left and her daughter stayed. I thought that was odd, but Gretchen interrupted my thoughts when she locked the handcuffs on my wrists. She locked them on tight and soon I felt helpless and I looked across the room at my friends and my sister and there was nobody out there who was willing to save me from my impending punishment.

It was a lot like my time in Europe as a slave.

Gretchen pulled me down across the couch and suddenly I was in her lap. She crossed her knees underneath me, thus thrusting my hips and ass up higher. With my naked ass high in the air and my thighs slightly apart, my pubic lips would be extremely visible to Gretchen. I grew strangely aroused at the thought of being so exposed. And as I noticed Dawn walking closer to the couch, I realized that she'd have a view of my swollen pubic lips that was almost as good. And then such thoughts we forced from my mind and my heart beat faster and my breath started to come in panicked, sharp pants as I anticipated what was to come.

Amy was sitting on the couch, next to Gretchen. She took one of my hands in hers and in a very comforting tone of voice, she said, "You're very brave."

"Thanks" I said, hoping I could still act brave when Gretchen's hand started to turn my ass red.

"I'm very proud of you," Amy added. "Not many people would have to courage to take a sexual fantasy like this and share it with their closest friends."

"Or their family," I replied.

Amy was about to say something in return, but then Gretchen's hand came down hard on my unprotected, naked ass and I struggled not to scream.

"Oh, wow," Amy said, "did that sting?"

Before I could answer, Gretchen brought down a second painful swat on my naked buttocks....and then a third...and a fourth.

I wanted to reassure my sister that I could handle this and that it wasn't as painful as it looked, but Gretchen was merciless in her assault against my ass, and soon my throat was tight and my vision was blurry from hot tears welling up in my eyes.

My hands were bound in front of me, but when the pain got to be too bad my legs twitched and kicked and my bare bottom bounced around. I must have put on an awful spectacle as I heard a female voice calling out, "Whoa whoa whoa! Gretchen, I think you're being too rough on her! Her ass is really red!"

The spanking stopped and I eventually recognized Hailey's voice. She and I had been best friends since the tenth grade, so I suppose it made sense that she would try and protect me.

"Well, Diane," I heard Gretchen's voice say from above my prone position, "your friend seems to think that this spanking is more than you can take. What's your response to that?"

It took me a few seconds to catch my breath and get my voice under control, but I finally responded, "Hailey, the spanking has to be painful. It's part of how this whole slave thing works. If Gretchen doesn't cause real pain, then it's not a real spanking."

"Are you sure?" Hailey asked, apparently not convinced.

"Just feel between her legs," Gretchen suggested. "Her pussy is soaking wet. I'd say she's enjoying her spanking quite a bit."

I would have bet anything that there was no way Hailey would place her hand on my pussy, but a few seconds later I could feel a girlish hand in between my thighs, cupping my swollen, sensitive pubic lips.

"Oh my God, you're right," Hailey agreed. "She's soaking wet. She must be loving this."

"So, you don't object if I continue what I was doing to her before?"

I didn't hear an answer, but I'm assuming that Hailey shook her head in negation. Then Gretchen asked, "How many swats have I given her so far? Was anybody counting?"

Nobody answered.

I was pretty sure that I had been given somewhere between ten and fifteen swats, but I wasn't sure. "Fifteen?" I ventured.

There was a long silence while Gretchen mulled that over and finally she replied, "Well if nobody is really certain, I suppose we'll just have to start over from the beginning."

I started to sob almost immediately and by the time I was finished I was keening hysterically. My ass felt like it was on fire and I was embarrassed that my friends had seen my naked ass turn red while bouncing up and down on Gretchen's lap. Also the embarrassment of Hailey touching my pussy and seeing how wet it was filled me with humiliation as well.

And yet the humiliation and embarrassment thrilled me in a way that nothing else could. I whimpered, and not just from the pain. I whimpered with the excitement of what was being done to me. I was being abused and exposed and humiliated and I was thrilled!

Amy unlocked the handcuffs from my wrists and asked me, "Are you all right?"

The whole room went quiet, waiting for my answer. Then when I replied, "I'm fine. I'm fine," everybody began breathing again.

Amy pulled me to my feet and held my naked body close to her clothed one. She wrapped her arms around me and allowed me to cry on her shoulder. She gently stroked my hair with her hand and eventually my sobbing subsided.

She used her hand to gently wipe the tears from my face and then totally surprised me by kissing my passionately on the mouth.

This wasn't a friendship kiss or a sisterly kiss, but a passionate, erotic kiss like one lesbian shares with another.

"Amy?" I said, totally confused by her behavior.

"You were very brave," Amy said, "telling me about your sexual orientation and your desire to be dominated. Now, you've given me the strength to be honest about my own sexual orientation. I like girls; I like them a lot. I'm a lesbian...just like my big sister."

"Um, Amy," I said, still confused, "what about all those boys you dated in high school? What about Scott? You and Scott are engaged to be married! How can you get married to Scott if you're a lesbian?"

Amy continued to hold me close and smiled. "Mom was always such a hardass when it came to gays and lesbians; I knew I could never tell her the truth. So, I made deals with some of the boys in school. I always picked boys that weren't popular enough to get a really pretty girl, so it dramatically improved their reputation to be seen with me on their arm. And it gave me the perfect camouflage. By dating boys, it made me look like I was straight."

I began to understand and the confused look probably started to fade from my face. "You could've told me," I replied.

"I was afraid to tell anyone," Amy responded. "If Mom found out her youngest daughter was a lesbian, she would've gone nuclear. Who knows what sort of horrible stuff she would've done?"

I nodded in agreement with Amy, and everybody in the room got a laugh out of that. "So, BOTH of her daughters were lesbians," shouted out Hailey, "Oh my God!!"

"She can never know," I told Hailey.

"I'll never tell her. I promise," retorted Hailey.

And there was a murmur of agreement from everybody else in the room. My mother was never to be told. She was to go to her grave thinking that both of her daughters were heterosexual.

"What about Scott?" I asked. "Does he know?"

Amy whispered softly in my ear that Scott knew all about it, and that he was only marrying her to create his own personal camouflage. He was also gay and every bit as submissive as I was. He went into Washington DC every weekend and looked for gay men to tie him up and sexually molest him and beat his tiny little bottom until it turned red.

"Nobody is what they seem to be, are they?" I asked.

Amy rolled her eyes and said, "Being gay is still a big taboo in America. Quite often people have to lie just so they won't be harassed and persecuted."

So, I promised to keep Scott's secret and wondered how weird the wedding was going to be. I just hoped I could keep from smirking or laughing myself silly when they took their vows.

"I think we need to make it clear that any sexual secrets we learn here in Gretchen's home remain secret," Dana said. "Amy and Diane and Gretchen have all taken us into their confidence and we would be really horrible friends if we betrayed that confidence."

Gretchen and I hardly even knew Dana, so it seemed odd to me that she was so concerned about keeping our secrets. But, of course I wasn't going to argue with her. Everybody was much more accepting and helpful than I had expected they would be. Even Mrs. Lassiter (who seemed to think I was engaging in self-destructive behavior) didn't freak out or abandon me as a friend.

Sadly, as perfect as that evening was, sooner or later it had to end. Everybody hugged me before they went home. And each time it felt odd (yet erotic and thrilling) when their clothed bodies were pressed up against my naked flesh. Hailey's hug seemed more special than the rest as her metal belt buckle pressed into my lower belly, just a few inches above my pussy. That cold metal pressed against my warm, naked skin just somehow reinforced my status as inferior and submissive to every woman in the room.

Dana asked if it was okay to bring her digital camera next time she came over, and take nude photos of me. And before I had time to make a decision, Gretchen said it would be fine.

Then, like a chain reaction, Amy, Hailey and Dawn all asked if they could bring their cameras and take photos of me as well. And of course Gretchen was only too happy to give them permission as well.

"Gretchen?" I asked somewhat nervous, "are you sure about this? What if the wrong people see those photos?"

"These are your friends," Gretchen replied. "You'll just have to trust them. Also they're guests in my home, and we'd be bad hosts if we refused their request."

I loved being shamed and humiliated, but I was worried that nude photos might somehow get back to my Mom or my boss or my co-workers at the bank. However Amy hugged me again and swore that she would never show her photos to anybody without my permission. Hailey made the exact same promise, and Dawn asked, "Who would I show them to?"

My sister was the last one to leave and she kissed me one more time and actually slid her tongue into my mouth. Even if Amy was a lesbian, it seemed wrong that she would share such a passionate kiss with her own sister!

However once all of the guests were gone, I forgot all about that. Gretchen had obviously gotten aroused from watching me display her naked body in front of our friends and the instant the front door was closed, I could feel Gretchen's hands on my naked hips. Then I could feel the rough fabric of her designer jeans grinding against my tender, naked buttocks.

"Ow, that hurts," I complained.

"You're my slave," Gretchen reminded me, "I can hurt you if want to."

I whimpered as she continued to grind hard denim against my soft skin. Then she suggested, "Maybe if you unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans and slid them down my ankles, I wouldn't rub them up against your sore bottom."

I didn't need to be told twice. Within seconds I was down on my knees, unbuttoning her jeans and almost knocking Gretchen down because of the speed with which I pulled them off her legs. Next I slipped my fingers into the waistband of her low rise, bikini panties and pulled them down to her ankles so that she could step out of them.

Gretchen obligingly spread her thighs apart to give me easier access to her pussy. I began to plant loving kisses on the insides of her thighs, but she grabbed a fistful of my long blonde hair and said, "No foreplay. I've been all hot and bothered ever since you took your clothes off in front of your friends. And seeing your sister kiss you on the mouth was just too much. I need to cum NOW!"

Well, my duty was clear, so I did what any good slave girl would do in such a situation. I used two fingers from my left hand to gently ease the hood back from Gretchen's swollen clit and then I carefully licked that beautiful clit with my tongue.

Gretchen sucked in her breath loudly through clenched teeth and I realized how aroused she must be. Then I stroked her clit with the thumb of my right hand. She proceeded to grunt and pant and moan as my thumb repeatedly stroked her tender, swollen bud and then I trapped that beautiful pink nub between my teeth and I sucked on it hard.

"GAAHHHHAHHGGAAHHHHHH," she screamed as she ground her pelvis into my face and her whole body trembled vigorously until my beautiful Gretchen came in a rush of hot, sticky fluid.

Without needing to be told, I immediately began to lick up the liquid residue of my lover's orgasm. A good slave should do this without having to be told.

"Oh, God that was good," Gretchen moaned and I beamed with pride at the compliment.

"Now do it again," she said in a soft, breathy tone of voice.

Normally Gretchen only needs to be brought to orgasm once, but apparently seeing me naked and exposed in front of my sister and my friends had made her far more aroused than usual. I went slower this time and engaged in a lot more foreplay before diving into her labia and her clit. I planted lots and lots of kisses on the smooth skin of her beautiful inner thighs and I gently blew against her pubic lips before I actually touched them.

When she started making those sweet sounds that are somewhere between a moan and a purr, that's when I finally started to lick her sweet, delicious pussy.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Before it was all over I had made Gretchen come a total of three times. Her pussy was red from all the attention I gave it and Gretchen was like a rag doll, she was so limp.

"It's not over, you know," murmured Gretchen as we both lay there on the living room floor. "Now that Amy knows that you're a lesbian, she's going to want to come back often...especially now that she knows I keep you naked around the house. And next time I guarantee you that she'll want more than just a kiss."

"She's my sister, Mistress," I replied, somewhat offended at the implication. "It's not like we're going to have sex or anything like that."

"Oh, you don't think so? Diane, you're a very attractive woman. You could model lingerie for Victoria's Secret. And your naked body is going to be on display every time she comes over here!"

"It would be incest," I replied. "Amy may be a lesbian, but she's not going to want to seduce a member of her own family!"

Gretchen lay there and thought about that for a while and finally responded, "I'll make you a bet, slave girl...if Amy doesn't attempt to cop a feel or finger your pussy or have you go down on her or anything like that in the next four weeks, I'll let you have one day where you can masturbate as much as you want."

"Deal," I said, instantly thrilled at the prospect of being allowed unlimited orgasms for one whole day.

"However," Gretchen continued in a playful, devious tone of voice, "if Amy does cop a feel or try to have sex with you, then I get to tie you up and give you twenty lashes with the stock whip."

The stock whip hurt like hell, but I was still willing to bet that Amy would never try to sexually violate her big sister.

"It's still a bet," I said. "I think I know my sister better than you do."

Later I would find out that I didn't know my sister anywhere near as well as I thought.

**Enslaved in Fairfax County Ch. 03**

Of course Gretchen keeps me naked around the house these days. Now, you might think that this isn't as embarrassing as being naked in public, however you probably don't know how determined Gretchen is to humiliate me.

For starters, there's a stark contrast between me and Gretchen. She goes around the house fully clothed, whereas I am constantly naked. I'm not even allowed to have any pubic hair. According to Gretchen's rules, pubic hair is a form of clothing and if she finds any on me (even stubble) I'm punished for disobeying her rules.

Then there's the way that she's always having me answer the door. Seeing as how Gretchen is the only one who's dressed, you'd think that she would get the door when somebody knocks, but Gretchen wants me to be humiliated, so she orders me to answer the door every time.

To make matters worse, she's placed a number of orders with toys4lust.com. And every time the order arrives in the mail, I have to sign for it.

Gretchen had talked to the UPS delivery person who services our neighborhood and told her that a naked girl might answer the door at our house, but the first time I answered the door naked she just stared at me for about five minutes before she thought to hand me her signature capture pad and asked me to sign for the package.

However after five of six (or is it seven?) times, she's no longer shocked to see me answering the door stark naked. Now she smiles, greets me name and has me sign for the package and if it's one of those big, heavy packages, she helps me lift it and bring it inside the house. And she always tells me to "have a nice day" before she leaves.

It's very humiliating exposing myself in front of a total stranger like that (and also risk being exposed to neighbors who might be driving by or walking down the sidewalk in front of my house), but it's also very arousing. As scared as I am to answer the door stark naked, my nipples are swollen and erect and my pussy is wet every time. Indeed if it were okay with Gretchen and the UPS girl, I would gladly bring the UPS girl into the house and have her violate me again and again and again. She could use her fingers or her tongue or a wooden broom handle. I really wouldn't care.

Unfortunately the UPS girl is too professional to ever lay her hands on me. A few times I've caught her staring at my shaved pussy, but she's never touched me and I can't touch her without Gretchen's permission.

Mrs. Lassiter has also come over a few times, and I've had to answer the door naked to let her in. She used to blush and stammer when I answered the door like that, but she's starting to get better too.

It seems inappropriate to me for me to be naked and sexually aroused in front of Mrs. Lassiter. She's old enough to be my mother, but being naked and exposed and helpless in front of anybody seems to cause massive sexual arousal in my body. The fact that Mrs. Lassiter is almost forty years old doesn't seem to make any difference to my traitorous body. My heart still beats faster and my clit gets hard and swollen and my nipples get so swollen that they ache whenever Mrs. Lassiter comes over and witnesses my naked humiliation. And the fact that she can see my wet, swollen pubic lips every time she comes over just makes me even more humiliated and more aroused.

Her visits are never sexual in any way. She mostly asks how Gretchen is treating me and about my relationship with her daughter. I think she's worried that Dawn will become "corrupted" and start treating me like Gretchen treats me. Mrs. Lassiter is a big believer in human rights and would probably be upset if her only daughter sexually and physically abused one of her best friends.

Dawn herself doesn't come over very often. Although she did one time come over with her digital camera to take photos of my naked body.

I'm not exactly certain what Dawn wants those photos for. Dawn has never claimed to be gay, but seriously why would she want photos of one of her friends in the nude if not to lust over them? Of course I was sexually aroused at being exposed to Dawn and her digital camera. A quick look at any of her photos should show that my outer labia were swollen and plump and my inner labia were exposed.

However more significant than any visits by Dawn or Dawn's mother or the UPS girl are the visits we've gotten from Dana.

Dana has a way of making me feel more naked than most women. She really dresses to impress. Expensive and stylish clothing that would allow her to fit in at any of the fortune 500 companies; she looks sort of like an important executive or powerful government figure. At any rate, she exudes authority and self-confidence and perhaps a little bit of arrogance.

And the way she looked at my naked body made me feel like she was evaluating all of my flaws and assets and deciding how much she'd be willing to pay for me if my naked ass were sold at a slave auction. She made my pussy wet when she looked at me like that, but she also made me nervous.

After she dispensed with polite greetings with Gretchen and me, she set her handbag down on the coffee table and announced, "Gretchen I have a business proposition for your slave."

I noticed that Dana didn't speak to me directly. She apparently wanted to diminish my status by allowing Gretchen to make all of my decisions for me.

When Gretchen indicated that she was interested in Dana's proposal, Dana went on to explain that a number of her friends had pooled their money and created a website called www.punishedbeauty.com. The website was brand new, but when it opened for business they planned on selling monthly memberships for thirty-three dollars each.

"So, what does this have to do with Diane?" Gretchen asked.

"We'd like to have her under contract to be one of our models," was Dana's reply. "We have a computer expert who set up and maintains our website, two photographers, a business manager to deal with all of the taxes and payroll and boring stuff, we even have some models that can play dominants, but we need models that can be submissive and deal with being punished on camera."

"And you want my permission to use Diane?"

"Exactly, we'd love to have her. After witnessing what the two of you did at Diane's birthday party, she seems ideally suited to out needs."

Gretchen seemed to think about this for several seconds. Then she began to ask Dana questions.

Just off the top of my head I remember Gretchen asking how much money they would pay me for appearing at one of their photo shoots. Gretchen also wanted to know when these photo shoots would be scheduled. She wanted to know how time-consuming they would be. She also wanted to know if she could meet the dominant models. She wanted to know what sort of things they would do to me in these photo shoots and she wanted to know if there could be a contract written up that would guarantee what would NOT be done to me in these photo shoots.

Dana was organized and well prepared for every question that Gretchen had. And indeed I was getting somewhat enthused about the idea of becoming a model for Dana and her friends.

First of all the money they were paying was quite a bit. If they brought me in for three or four photo-shoots a month, I'd be making more money than I made working at the bank.

Secondly, I'd have an excuse to spend even more time exposing my naked body in front of clothed people. And I now seemed to have reached the stage where I was addicted to being naked and observed. I wanted to have the feeling of being abused and sexually exploited that came from being the one naked person in a room full of clothed people. And I couldn't get any of that at my job at the bank.

"Diane, if this works out you could quit your job at the bank," Gretchen said, seeming to read my thoughts.

I nodded my head numbly. I could hardly believe this was really happening. It sounded very much as if I would get paid for doing what I love to do!

"I'd like to take some photos," Dana said as she pulled a small, digital camera from her handbag. "We have photos of all the models we have so far. And of course the investors would like to see what Diane looks like before they draw up a contract for her."

"Go right ahead," Gretchen said, giving Dana permission. Nobody asked me if it was okay, and in a way I found that exciting. My nude body was being used by Gretchen and given to Dana. My opinions about how my naked body was to be treated were totally irrelevant.

Dana looked at me with a predatory grin and licked her lips. "On your knees," she commanded me.

And once I was kneeling on the carpet, she added more commands. "Spread your legs," she said. Then she ordered me to place my hands behind the back of my neck and thrust my elbows back while thrusting my breasts forward. She also ordered me to straighten my spine and spread my legs even wider.

"That's good. Hold that position," she said and then proceeded to take dozens of pictures of my naked, exposed body from different camera angles and different camera settings.

It was a difficult position to hold for long periods of time, but Dana didn't care about how physically difficult it was for me. She only cared about getting the idea shots for her camera.

"I love the way that this position causes her breasts to stick out," Dana said, "but I'd like it if her nipples were more pronounced."

"Oh, that's easy," said Gretchen, and then she proceeded to walk over to where I was kneeling and she grabbed each of my nipples and proceeded to pinch and yank and pull on them until I gasped and whimpered in pain. My arms twitched and shuddered and my elbows jerked forward. Then Gretchen ordered me not to break position.

"Sorry, Mistress," I replied through gritted teeth, and forced my elbows back again, and thrust my tits out as much as I possibly could.

"Perfect," Dana said as she observed my now swollen and erect nipples. "This will make her photos look even sexier."

Eventually Dana had enough photos of me in what she called the "open kneeling" position and then she had me stand with my legs far apart but keep my hands behind the back of my neck and my elbows back with my breasts thrust out. This was simply called the "open" position, and it certainly kept every inch of my body open for examination, fondling or punishment. My breasts, ass, torso, pussy and even my inner thighs were exposed and vulnerable to anything that Dana or Gretchen decided to inflict upon me.

Next Dana had me stand with my legs far apart, my hands flat against the far wall of the living room, slightly above eye level and about shoulder width apart, I was leaning hard into the wall and my ass was sticking out pretty far, leaving my pussy and anus very exposed to anybody standing behind me.

Dana referred to this as this "frisk" position or "search" position.

Dana took quite a few photos of me in this position and Gretchen fondled my pussy to make certain that my pubes were as red and swollen and wet as possible for the photos as possible. I moaned as my pussy received much wanted attention, however Gretchen took her fingers away before my impending orgasm could be achieved.

Then I whimpered in frustration.

Gretchen and Dana both pretended not to notice and Dana discussed how my "darling" ass was my best feature and how "tiny" and "firm" it was and how much her business partners were going to love it. She also loved how "exposed" and "vulnerable" my shaved pussy looked. She also said that any model that worked for them "would have to have her pussy shaved just like Diane's".

Gretchen suggested another kneeling position and eventually Dana ordered me back on my knees, leaning forwards, with my wrists crossed, eyes lowered, struggling to put my wrists as far forward and raised up as possible, rather as if I were offering to have my wrists bound by my Mistress.

This position was hard to hold because of the tendency to topple, because of the difficulty in balancing as I was forced to lean forwards. I quickly developed a sheen of sweat on my torso as I struggled to hold position while Dana took her time taking her photographs.

Then to make things even more difficult, Dana said that I wasn't allowed to rest my ass on my heels, so then I had to raise my ass up while keeping my arms raised up as well. By the time Dana finished photographing me in this position, my muscles ached and I was basically covered in sweat.

Dana called this the "offer yourself" position.

The next position was much easier. It required me to get on my hands and knees with my legs as far apart as possible. Dana pointed out how much this left my anus and my pussy exposed. She called this the "bad dog" position and took a lot of photos with me in this position; including quite of few close ups of my exposed pussy, anus and buttocks.

The next position was almost identical to the "bad dog" position, only this position required me to press my forehead into the ground. Dana called this position the "submissive bad dog".

"Her ass would look sexier with a few red handprints," Dana observed. "Gretchen, do you think you could...?" Dana inquired.

Within seconds Gretchen gave me about a dozen hard spanks on my left buttock and four on my right buttock. I gasped in pain and shock, but somehow managed not to break position.

"Perfect" Dana exclaimed with glee and took many more photos of my sore, punished ass.

I was then ordered to kiss Gretchen's feet and Dana took a few photos of that. Dana then said her goodbyes. She shook hands with both Gretchen and I promised that she would be in touch. She was certain that her business partners would offer me a contract and that the first photo shoot was probably no more than a week or two away. I wondered what sort of things might happen to me at that photo shoot. I was excited about the future, but also scared.

Foolishly I voiced my curiosity about what might happen in the photo shoots. Gretchen got a devious smile on her face and then suggested that we help Dana come up with ideas.

"I'm sure they've got ideas of their own," I said meekly, somewhat afraid of what Gretchen might come up with. If you saw the smile on her face you'd understand.

"Hey, I know," Gretchen said, "let's print out some of your 'adventures of Roberta' stories!"

Just so you know "the adventures of Roberta" were a series of short fiction stories I wrote when I was a teenager. They were erotic stories about a nice heterosexual girl named Roberta who was always getting abducted by sadistic lesbians, stripped naked, tied up, sexually molested, spanked, whipped and just generally abused. The stories were all highly improbable. Even when Roberta escaped one group of sadistic lesbians, she'd just get kidnapped by another group of lesbians a short time later. Even the police in these stories were lesbians who would handcuff poor Roberta and perform invasive body cavity searches on her and force her into lesbian sex. And more to the point Roberta suffered a lot. I wasn't really certain I wanted to go through the same sort of brutal physical and sexual abuse that she did.

"I don't think that's such a good idea, Mistress," I said, hoping I could sway Gretchen's opinion. "Roberta was a fictional character who could take a lot more punishment than a normal human being."

"It'll be fun!" Gretchen proclaimed loudly. "And you shouldn't sell yourself short! Once you set your mind to it, I'm sure you can take lots of pain. You're tougher than you give yourself credit for."

Reluctantly I followed my mistress into the bedroom and watched her sit down at my computer. With only the slightest bit of assistance from me, she found the files with the adventures of Roberta and she began to print up page after page after page, so that she could give them to Dana later.

I sighed. I knew nothing good was going to come of this.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Of course I still had to go and work at my job at the bank until I got the modeling contract with www.punishedbeauty.com but it was getting harder and harder to concentrate on financial transactions and bank policy and bank security when Gretchen was keeping me so sexually stimulated. All day long at work I wanted to rip off my clothes and expose my naked body to my boss and my co-workers and the customers and allow them to ogle and fondle and abuse my naked body.

Of course I couldn't do that, and the minutes until I could go home and strip my clothes off seemed to tick by with agonizing slowness.

At any rate, there was one Friday when I came home from work and following Gretchen's orders I stripped naked as soon as I came in the front door.

It wasn't until I was totally naked and just stepping out of my tiny panties that I noticed I wasn't alone.

"Hi there," I heard a female voice say, I yelped in surprise and I looked up.

My sister Amy was sitting on the couch and standing nearby was my friend, Hailey. Of course, I gave Amy a key to the house last year so that she could come over and visit any time she wanted. I guess I was just in such a hurry to get inside and rip off my clothes that I didn't notice her car parked outside.

"Hi," I said sheepishly, somewhat embarrassed to have stripped naked in front of Hailey and my sister. I mean, they've seen me naked before, but somehow it's a new and embarrassing experience every time somebody sees me naked. I don't know why, but I never seem to develop a tolerance to it.

"There's no need to blush," I heard Amy say. "We already know the house rules. You had to take your clothes off."

"Yeah," Hailey added helpfully, "Gretchen said so."

"Um, yeah," I said haltingly, not realizing that I had been blushing before. "So, what brings you guys around?"

"We felt bad that we had gotten you clothes for your birthday," Hailey said. "We felt that you got ripped off, what with the fact that you're now going around naked most of the time. So, we got you some new birthday presents."

Until Hailey said that I failed to notice the boxes with the brightly colored giftwrap on the coffee table. Upon setting my eyes on the gifts, I exclaimed, "That was so thoughtful!"

I walked over to the table and forgetting my embarrassment for a moment, picked up one of the boxes and shook it.

"Open it," Hailey suggested, "it's not like you have to wait at all for your twentieth birthday to roll around all over again."

So I tore through the wrapping paper and found three books, all of the same size and shape.

And upon further examination, I found they were also by the same author; A.N. Roquelaure.

"The author's real name is Ann Rice," Hailey explained, "She just used a pseudonym when she was writing the erotic stuff."

"Erotic?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Ann Rice wrote three books that were centered on bondage, discipline and sexual slavery. A Princess named Beauty is claimed by a prince from a far off kingdom. He strips off her clothes and spanks her and humiliates her in public and gives her to other people so that they can get in on the fun too."

"A prince," I asked somewhat disappointed. "So, it's hetero porn?"

"Parts of it," Hailey responded, somewhat amused at my question. "However I talked to Karl at the bookstore and he assures me that Beauty is used and abused by a number of different women in the book. For starters the prince loans Beauty to his mother in the first book. And there's also Lady Juliana and an innkeeper by the name of Mistress Lockley."

"Mistress Lockley," I said smiling. "Even her name sounds sexy."

"Yeah, so you can just read the lesbian parts and skip over the parts of the story that have a penis."

Hailey was smiling and I could see she put a lot of thought into this gift. Next thing I knew we were hugging and even though I was totally naked, it was more of a friendship hug than an erotic hug. We were just two friends exchanging gifts and I was happy that Hailey cared so much to make sure she got me something she was sure I would enjoy.

"Open mine next," Amy urged, so I broke from the hug and ripped the wrapping paper off of Amy's gift. This revealed a small white box, so I opened the box and inside found black leather wrist restraints and a short stainless steel chain with D-clips on either end.

"They're black leather bondage cuffs with black neoprene padding," Amy explained. "I was thinking those metal handcuffs you were wearing at your birthday party looked really uncomfortable and they looked like they were biting into your wrists and leaving red marks. So, I bought you these."

I took the cuffs out of the box and experimentally attached the D-clips from either end of the chain to the metal rings in the cuffs. Then I shook one of the cuffs vigorously to see how sturdy it was.

"Well, it looks like it'll work," I said.

"You have doubts?" Amy asked.

"Well, I'm not sure," I said. "I mean I don't think I could rip these things off, but there's no actual lock. I could probably undo the buckles or unclip the D-clip and get free."

"While your hands are bound," Amy asked. "Your fingers could never reach the D-clip!"

"But I could unbuckle the wrist cuff, couldn't I? I mean there's no lock!"

"Stick out your wrists, Sis," Amy said as she picked up the wrist cuffs, "Let me show you something."

So I obediently held my wrists out and allowed Amy to buckle the leather restraints onto my wrists.

"Now try to get free," Amy encouraged me.

The first thing I tried to do was unbuckle the buckle on my left wrist, using my right hand, however the chain that joined the cuffs was very, very short and it prevented me from achieving the proper angle to unbuckle the heavy leather straps. My fingers were virtually useless.

Next I tried sitting down on the couch and unbuckling the buckles with my feet, but it turns out that my toes just aren't very talented when it comes to fine detail work. I even tried to unbuckle the buckles with my teeth, but that didn't seem to be working either.

"I think I'm trapped," I said, finally admitting defeat.

And of course, Gretchen chose that exact moment to come home and walk through the front door.

"Well, well, well," she said, "What's going on here?"

Amy explained how she and Hailey felt bad about buying me clothes when I was going to be naked most of the time. She held up the "Sleeping Beauty" books that Hailey had bought me and prompted me to raise my wrists up, so that the leather wrist restraints would be well on display.

"What considerate gifts," Gretchen said in a voice that was smooth as silk, "Diane I think you should leave the wrist restraints on for the rest of the evening. Anything else would be disrespectful to your sister."

"But, my wrists are chained really close together," I complained. "I can barely do anything with my hands at all now."

Gretchen gave me a stern look and then in a voice that sounded artificially sweet she asked, "You don't want to be a bad host, do you? And I'm sure you can do plenty with those wrist restraints on. For instance, I'm sure you can take your clothes down to the laundry room with those on."

I took the hint and walked over to the front door and picked up my discarded clothes. It was awkward, but I was certainly capable of picking them up with my wrists bound.

Going up and down the stairs took longer with my hands bound. Most people don't realize how important a role arms can play in balance. If you don't believe me, just try handcuffing your hands behind your back and try walking up and down stairs. You'll see what I'm talking about.

At any rate, by the time I returned upstairs, Amy, Hailey and Gretchen were reading though the A. N. Roquelaure books about that poor naked slave girl.

"I must say," Gretchen began as she saw me returning to the room, "This book is certainly giving me ideas."

"Is it?" I asked, rather hoping that none of them would get tried out on me.

"Here on pages 36, 37 and 38," Gretchen elaborated, "After a series of brutal spankings a servant girl rubs some sort of soothing ointment into Beauty's very sore bottom. It's surprisingly very erotic. You should read it."

Gretchen handed me the book, although it was difficult to hold it open and turn the pages with my hands bound the way they were. However I managed to read the pages anyway and Gretchen was right. It was surprisingly erotic. This A.N. Roquelaure certainly knew how to write! She took an act that many authors would have made clinical and turned it into something almost dripping with sexual tension and Sapphic overtones.

"You're right, Mistress," I conceded, "It's surprisingly very erotic."

Then Gretchen smiled and said, "We should try this right now! It'll be fun!"

I squirmed nervously and dreaded where this was going. "Can we skip the brutal spanking part?" I asked.

"Oh no," Gretchen responded. "We have to have a series of brutal spankings first. Otherwise the whole thing loses its emotional punch!"

"But, Mistress," I protested, "I haven't done anything wrong! I don't deserve a spanking!"

"The girl in the book didn't deserve a spanking either," Gretchen explained. "She was just spanked as a form of entertainment for the crowd of common folk. And anyway if you're really my slave, that means I can spank you whenever I want. You don't actually NEED to misbehave in order for me to punish you."

Having said that, Gretchen set the book down and stood up and kissed me on the mouth. And then she whispered in my ear, "Don't mess this up for me. What I've got planned for tonight is very erotic. Play along and I promise you'll have a powerful orgasm before the evening is over."

It'd been about three weeks since the last time I'd had an orgasm and there was a chronic feeling of need between my legs. "Oh God, yes", I whispered back, without even bothering to think what else might lie ahead for me.

Gretchen held my naked body close to her clothed one; my aching nipples feeling the friction as they rubbed up against Gretchen's jacket; and then she turned to Amy and asked, "Amy would you do the honors this time and spank your sister?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It was one thing for Amy to be a witness at one of my painful and humiliating punishments, but for Amy to actually \*inflict\* the punishment upon me?

On the other hand, if I went through with it, Gretchen had promised me a tremendous reward afterwards. My nipples, labia and clit are all swollen with sexual need and I would do almost anything for some sexual release. I decided to go along with it.

"Me?" Amy asked. "I've never spanked anybody in my entire life. My mom was always the one dealing out spankings in our house. I'd feel totally awkward and totally out of character. And at any rate, I'm two years younger than she is! Aren't authority figures supposed to older than the people that they're punishing?"

"I think I see what the problem is here," said Gretchen. "You don't feel like you have the right to be meting out punishments. You feel like only authority figures such as your mother should be meting out punishments. But what if your mother had ordered you to spank your sister? Would you have spanked her then?"

Amy considered the question for a few seconds and finally responded, "Well, if my mom ordered me to spank Diane, then sure, I guess I'd have to spank her."

"Well, Amy," Gretchen replied, "As Diane's mistress, I am also an authority figure. And I am ordering you to take your sister across your lap and spank her very hard."

Amy continued to hesitate and then Gretchen added, "If you don't spank your sister I'm going to get out the riding crop and use THAT to punish your sister. And believe me, Amy, a riding crop hurts much worse than your bare hand."

"Diane, is that true?" Amy asked, apparently a total amateur when it came to spanking implements.

"It's true," I responded. "A spanking with a riding crop hurts much worse than a bare hand spanking."

"And Gretchen would really use one on you?"

I nodded in agreement. I'd been punished with worse things. And once Gretchen made a threat there was no way she'd back down.

"Okay, you better get over my lap then," Amy said. Amy was sitting on the ottoman, so I basically just placed my hands flat on the floor and my ass across her lap. My legs dangled off the other side and my feet were just barely touching the floor as well.

I was waiting for the first painful swat to come down on my unprotected bottom when I heard Gretchen say, "No, that doesn't look right at all."

I was curious as to what Gretchen was objecting to, however Amy and Hailey asked first.

"It's her legs," Gretchen responded. "She's got her legs closed together. A slave girl should always make certain that her pussy is exposed and available."

Then Gretchen slapped my left buttock hard and I yelped in surprise. "Legs apart," she barked.

I spread my ankles apart about six inches and then she smacked my ass again. "Further than that," she ordered. "Everybody in the room should have a clear view of your pussy and your anus!"

This time I spread my ankles at least three feet and then I felt Gretchen gently touch the insides of my thighs. "That's better," she said. "A slave should always give her betters easy access to this whole area." Then she gently slid her finger up my swollen pubic lips and across my exposed anus. I shivered as her touch made pre-orgasmic tingles start to spread though my body. If she had done that three or four more times I'm certain I would have had an orgasm.

I whimpered when she took her finger away and then I heard Amy ask, "How many swats?"

"Hard to say," was Gretchen's response. "Let me see how hard you can hit and I'll decide how many times you should hit her."

There was an instant of anticipation and then I felt Amy's hand come down on my right buttock. "If that's the hardest you can hit, I might as well take over. I'll go get the riding crop."

I could hear muffled footsteps as Gretchen walked across the carpeted floor and then suddenly Amy's panicked voice saying, "I can hit harder than that! Look!"

Then suddenly there was a loud CRACK and a painful stinging sensation as my sister smacked my naked ass with great force. I couldn't help but whimper in pain and I think my legs trembled. Apparently my sister could hit pretty hard.

"That's not bad," Gretchen agreed. "Do you think that you could hit her like that twenty more times?"

"Yes, ma'am," Amy replied.

"Well then, Gretchen said. "Do it and I won't have to take the riding crop to your sister's ass."

Without hesitation Amy's hand came down on my naked buttocks again and again and again. I'm certain Gretchen was happy with her performance. If anything her slaps were getting harder and harder. Soon my eyes welled up with tears and I was whimpering and gasping with every blow. I squirmed and kicked helplessly and hot wet tears lid down my face.

And when my ass was very, very sore and I was sobbing uncontrollably, Gretchen told Amy she could stop.

Amy apologized over and over again for hurting me and begged me to forgive her. I could barely hear her over the sound of my own sobbing, but I told her that of course I forgave her. She was my sister, and after all she saved me from an even worse punishment.

"That was very good, Amy," I heard Gretchen say. "Although your sister was rather shameless in the way she kicked her long legs around instead of holding position. I told her to keep her legs far apart, not to squirm and kick her legs about shamelessly."

I sobbed louder at this announcement and Gretchen said, "You get six more, Slave."

I braced myself and locked my legs into place, not wanting to break position again and risk having an even greater punishment. "Yes, Mistress," I sobbed, my lower lips trembling uncontrollably. Amy then laid her hand softly yet firmly across my back and Gretchen took off her leather belt. I had a quick glimpse of the belt in Gretchen's hands and then I closed my eyes tightly, bracing myself for the first blow.

The belt came down hard across both of my buttocks at the same time and it was an explosion of stinging pain even worse than my sister's hand. Of course my buttocks were already sore and burning from the punishment Amy gave me, so almost anything would have hurt at this point.

The second blow came across the back and insides of my left thigh. Amy hadn't spanked that area, but the flesh there is quite simply more sensitive and delicate than the flesh of my buttocks. I screamed in pain and shock.

The third blow once again came across both of my buttocks, adding sharp, stinging, hot pain to the hot, throbbing pain that Amy had already inflicted there.

The fourth blow came across the back of my right thigh, right at the crease where my ass meets the thigh. It stung horribly and I almost broke position. It was only by sheer willpower that I managed not to squirm and buck and kick, however I screamed and sobbed in pain.

The fifth blow lashed across the back of my left thigh and hit my left buttock as well. I continued to sob and cry out, and squeezed my eyes shut tight. The pain was getting worse and worse. It was starting to feel less like a spanking and more like a whipping.

The sixth blow also lashed me across my left thigh, but it curled around the inside of my thigh and missed the tender folds of my pussy by less than a tenth of an inch.

I screamed incoherently, but managed somehow not to break position.

"You did well," I heard Gretchen say. "Now your sister can give you some comfort."

I could barely hear anything that was said after that as the sound of my own sobbing filled my ears, but eventually I became aware that Gretchen had given some sort of ointment to Amy and told her to smooth it into my skin.

"Aahhh" I exclaimed. "Ow! Oh, God,"

"I'm sorry," Amy said as her fingers touched the raw, punished naked flesh of my buttocks. "I'm trying to be gentle."

"I know, Amy," I said through clenched teeth. "I'm just really, really sore."

"Should I stop?" Amy asked.

Before I had a chance to answer, I heard Gretchen reply, "Just keep on going, Amy. She'll adjust. Just give her time."

And so my sister rubbed gobs of this ointment onto my naked buttocks and thighs. At first her fingers gliding across my punished flesh just hurt, but eventually her touch began to feel cool and soothing against my punished flesh and then finally when she rubbed the ointment into my inner thighs, near my pussy I began to moan in sexual longing.

"Did the belt get you here?" Amy asked as she slid her finger gently across my swollen pubic lips.

"N-no," I replied, my lower lips trembling as a wave of sexual tingles ran through me. "I-it came close, but just barely managed to miss my pussy."

I whimpered as she took her hands away from my pussy and continued to stroke my buttocks and my upper thighs. No girl should have such sexual thoughts about their own sister, but I would have done almost anything if she would have just stuck her fingers deep into my pussy and brought me to a screaming orgasm.

Even though she took her hands away from my pussy, I was still highly aroused and eventually my sobbing and whimpering turned to moaning.

And then without any orders from Gretchen, Amy's fingers returned to my pussy. At first it seemed accidental as she was smoothing ointment into my inner thigh and her hand lightly brushed my pussy.

I twitched at this and gasped. Another wave of sexual tingles ran through my body and then I felt Amy's fingers gently take hold of my public lips and spread them open slightly.

When I didn't protest, Amy must have taken that as a single that it was acceptable behavior and she opened me up even wider.

"Oh," I exclaimed loudly and felt the beginnings of a wave that would soon lead to a powerful orgasm.

And then with a few deft movements of her very talented fingers, Amy found my clitoris. It was already swollen and hard and poking out of its hood. My breath came in ragged pants as Amy squeezed it and rubbed it and yet somehow managed to keep my pussy lips spread apart.

"Oh god," I loudly exclaimed and then started making loud inarticulate noises as my sisters fingers worked magic and brought me not to just one orgasm; but to one powerful orgasm after another. I squirmed and kicked and wriggled and screamed and gasped and made an absolute spectacle of myself as one orgasm after another ripped through me and took total control over my body. I shook and shuddered and trembled and enjoyed one of the most powerful orgasms of my life.

I think I must have passed out, because the next thing I remember I was lying on the carpet near Amy's feet. I was no longer wearing my wrist restraints and Hailey and Gretchen were both on their knees, looming over me with expressions of concern on their face.

"Are you okay?" Hailey asked.

"I'm fine," I said, feeling incredible. The afterglow from my orgasm was still filling me with tons of endorphins. I couldn't have felt better if I tried.

"You were totally unconscious," Hailey said. "We were going to call 911 or something. I thought maybe you had a stroke or something."

I shook my head as if to reject that idea. "This has happened to me once before," I explained. "If an orgasm is too powerful it can cause me to pass out. It's sort of like...too much pain can cause people's nervous system to overload. Well, apparently too much pleasure can cause your nervous system to overload too. The human brain just wasn't designed to handle that much orgasmic pleasure all at once."

"What?" Hailey asked, sounding incredulous. "That's a real thing?"

"Yep," I said smiling up at my best friend. "It happened to me once before, in Sessia. A doctor there explained the whole thing to me. It's kinda cool actually."

"Can you stand up?" Gretchen asked.

I wasn't sure, but Amy took my hand and helped me up. My legs were shaky, but I was able to stand with some difficulty.

Amy hugged me close and I felt the hard denim of her jeans against my soft skin. And then I felt something else. The front of Amy's jeans were soaking wet.

I eventually learned that when I came I gushed fluids and I got Amy's lap soaking wet.

"How's your bottom?" Hailey asked. "The color's fading, but it's still red."

"It's sore," I commented. "But now it's a good kind of sore. I know that probably doesn't make sense, but at a certain point pain can become erotic...at least it can for somebody like me."

Without warning Amy kissed me on the lips and forced her tongue into my mouth. She prolonged the kiss for a long, long time and when we finally broke I was gasping for air.

"Well, Diane," Gretchen said with a smirk on her face, "I guess you and your sister have become even closer today."

There were a few moments of nervous laughter and then Gretchen ordered me to my knees and told me to go down on my sister.

"Mistress," I said, convinced that Gretchen hadn't thought this through, "I don't think that Amy would be okay with that. I mean....fingering me to orgasm is one thing, but do you really think that she'd take her pants off in front of you and Hailey just so I could lick her pussy?"

I swear, at the time I was certain there was no way Amy would participate in something so kinky with Hailey and Gretchen watching, but a heartbeat later Amy unbuckled her belt, unzipped her jeans and slid her jeans down to her ankles.

And then I had just enough time to register the fact that her panties were wet before Amy hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them down as well.

"You were saying?" Gretchen asked, with mirth in her voice and a smirk on her face.

And then I noticed that Amy's pussy was just as bare and clean-shaven as mine.

It was one of the most beautify things I'd even seen in my life. I mean...I know I'm talking about my little sister, but her pussy was so bare and pink and her labia were so puffy and swollen and just begging to be touched.

Then Amy spread her thighs wide and delicately touched her own labia, gently stroking it and saying, "Your pussy looked so cute without the pubic hair, I decided to shave off all of mine too."

"It looks perfect," I said, gazing at my sister's pussy in admiration.

"You two seem to have a lot in common," Gretchen observed. "I love it when siblings can share common interests."

Gretchen was obviously enjoying this. She had a huge smile on her face and when I began to lick and nibble on Amy's pussy, Gretchen moved in close so that she would have an excellent view of the whole thing.

Eventually I ended up going down on Gretchen too, but almost instantly after I got my nose out of Gretchen's crotch, Amy had me go down on her again.

I lost track of time and when I was finally finished pleasuring both Amy and Gretchen the sun had gone down. Amy got dressed and I hugged both her and Hailey before they left. Gretchen ordered us Chinese food and we both ate it in the kitchen. I ate sat there at the kitchen table naked, while Gretchen sat there fully clothed.

"You do realize you lost the bet?" Gretchen asked.

"I know," I said, "but it was worth it. That was one of the most mind blowing, bone shattering orgasms I've had in my entire life."

"You do realize that I now get to whip you with the Australian stock whip, don't you?"

"I know," I said, "but it was still worth it."

"You sure?" Gretchen asked, "That stock whip is going to hurt like hell."

"I know, but it was still worth it." I couldn't seem to stop smiling. Even my impending punishment couldn't dampen my spirits.

"Do you also realize that your relationship with Amy has forever changed? I mean, now that you've had sex with her you can never go back to just being her older sister again. You're more than that now."

I thought about that for a long time before answering. What did it mean? Were Amy and I lovers now? Were we going to have sex again? And if we did, what did that mean as far as my relationship with Gretchen? And what did that mean as far as my status as a sex slave was concerned? Was Amy now my co-Mistress? Or was it more complicated than that? Should I treat Amy any differently in public now? And was she going to start treating me differently now?

I guess only time would tell.

**Enslaved in Fairfax County Ch. 04**

Gretchen had promised me that if I lost my bet in regards to my sister, that I'd be whipped with an Australian stock whip. And since I lost that bet and since Gretchen isn't the sort to let me wriggle out of anything, I soon found myself in the basement, naked and tied to a bondage device that Gretchen called a torture tower.

Now, the way Gretchen had me bound to this thing left me with my back facing towards the wooden bondage device and my breasts and belly exposed for the whip. The main part of the tower is a wooden, vertical post about seven feet tall and there's an eyehook ring at the top of the post. Gretchen used some rope and tied one end of it to the eyehook ring and the other end to the leather wrist restraints that I was wearing. Because of the height of this eyehook ring and the relative shortness of the rope, I was forced to keep my hands high above my head. Gretchen also used a spreader bar to bind my ankles far apart, which caused me to spread my thighs obscenely wide and expose my pussy for all to see. The spreader bar was attached to the base of the tower, but approximately two feet in front of the main part of the tower. As a result, my pelvis was thrust out much further forward than my upper body and seemed as if I were offering my pussy up for punishment.

This bondage position was an uncomfortable one, especially for my inner thighs, but when I complained about the discomfort, she just said, "Nobody ever said that the life of a slave would be an easy one. You'll just have to suffer." Then Gretchen went upstairs and left me alone in basement, naked, bound and helpless.

I wriggled as much as I could and tried to get comfortable, but the human body just wasn't designed to hold a position like this for long periods of time. After a few minutes I was really feeling the strain in my pectoral and inner thigh muscles. A few minutes after that I noticed sweat breaking out on my brow, underarms and torso.

Due to years of ballet training I'm somewhat used to stretching my muscles and holding them in difficult and painful positions, otherwise I don't think I would have been able to do this.

After what seemed like an hour (but what Gretchen assures me was no more than twenty minutes), Gretchen came back, holding the stock whip, however she wasn't alone.

At first I didn't recognize the woman that had come into the basement with Gretchen, but I recognized the name as soon as Gretchen said it. "Diane, you remember Officer Ryan, don't you?"

"Officer Ryan," I gasped. "How could I ever forget?"

Officer Ryan had given me a very enthusiastic body cavity search at the airport back in Europe. Her fingers were very strong and I came all over her hand. It was actually one of the best orgasms of my entire life.

"I'd shake hands," I said, "but I'm kinda tied up at the moment."

"Oh my," Officer Ryan exclaimed, "is she always this playful?"

"Not always," Gretchen responded. "I think she's trying to impress you with how tough she is and how little all of this fazes her. When it was just me in the room with her, she was complaining how uncomfortable it was to be tied in that position."

I forced a smile to my face and tried not grunt at the strain of holding my difficult position really took its toll on my muscles.

"So, Officer Ryan, are you going to be staying with Gretchen and me for a while?"

Officer Ryan gracefully sauntered over and placed her hands on my breasts that were helplessly exposed and thrust in her direction. I trembled at her touch. I was so helpless and vulnerable the way Gretchen had me fixed, there was any number of very painful things Officer Ryan could do to my naked body right now and I was helpless to defend myself.

But rather than hurt me, Officer Ryan allowed her fingers to gently drift across my breasts, tracing lazy circles across the surface of my skin and causing my nipples to swell up and harden when her fingers gently slid across the areola of each nipple.

"Well, you did invite me to stay with you if I was ever in America," Officer Ryan responded. "I'm assuming that the offer still stands."

Officer Ryan rolled my nipples between her fingers, causing blood circulation to increase to my exposed nipples and causing me to breathe more rapidly. Then when my nipples were very swollen and erect she pinched them. The pinching was hard and painful and caused me to cry out, but then Officer Ryan went back to gently fondling my breasts and nipples. My arms and legs trembled uncontrollably as she did these things to my helpless body and made me pant like I had just run a five mile race.

God, I loved the way this woman handled my breasts! She was making me feel tingly all over. I hoped against hope that Gretchen would allow this woman to fondle and pinch my helpless, naked body rather than whipping me. I could feel an increased heat building in my exposed pussy and moisture forming on my swollen labia.

"YES," I said, perhaps a bit louder than I meant to, "Please stay as long as you like! I'd love to have you here in our house!"

"I rather thought you would say that," Gretchen responded. "After I'm done whipping you, you can help Officer Ryan unpack."

I groaned at the word "whipping" and then Officer Ryan stepped back.

"Sorry, Slave girl," she said, "but I have no intention of standing between a slave and her whipping. Whippings are important. They help to remind a slave of her status."

I knew the first blow was coming and tried to brace for it. I wanted to seem brave; especially with Officer Ryan watching; but a split second late the biting sting of the stock whip spread across the stretched skin of my abdomen and ribcage, missing my breasts by inches.

"GHAAAHH," I screamed in both pain and shock. It was much more painful than a spanking, and even the whipping I had received at the punishment park didn't hurt this much. Of course that whipping had mostly been on my back and buttocks.

The next blow was like liquid fire and it was laid across both of my breasts.

"AAUUUGHHHAGHHH!!!

The next two blows landed across the taught skin of my inner thighs. The pain was so sharp and stinging, I was certain that I was bleeding, however when I dared to look there was no blood, only angry pink lines where the whip had stung my skin.

"AHHHHHGAAHHH," I screamed so hard that my throat was raw, but I couldn't keep silent. My body was no longer under my control. I could only react to the pain; I couldn't make my body obey.

The next blazing cuts came down across my belly and felt like more liquid fire.

There were six of them.

I howled in pain and could feel the hot moisture as tears streamed down my cheeks.

"Do you see that?" Officer Ryan asked, "She's crying. Those are real tears."

"I see it," Gretchen replied. "I love it when she does that. Tears make me know that I'm doing it right. If she doesn't cry real tears I feel like it's not a real punishment.

I tried to beg for mercy, but my throat was tight and I couldn't seem to form the words, and then Gretchen swung the whip up and in between my outstretched thighs and I actually heard the THWACK of the whip hitting my pussy a split second before I felt the pain.

"GHAAAAAAAAAAWGH," I screamed as the most delicate, intimate petals of my flesh were abused with Gretchen's instrument of punishment. I sobbed uncontrollably and struggled to close my legs together.

"Remember back in Sessia," Gretchen said, "A girl named Jacki wanted to whip your pussy. You turned her down. Well, as your mistress I've decided that you need to experience a pussy whipping and see what it really feels like if you're going to be a good slave."

I struggled to pull myself together and think of a verbal reply that might convince Gretchen not to hit me there again; when without warning; she hit me there again.

Again I screamed and struggled in my bonds, but neither action helped me in the slightest. My poor, abused, swollen pussy just got redder and more tender and raw with pain.

"Remember your dream about the women's prison?" Gretchen asked. "In that dream your pussy got whipped by the warden. And your pussy was soaking wet after your woke up from that dream."

Then suddenly the whip shot up between my legs and a fresh biting sting pained my defenseless pussy. I reacted predictably with more screaming and more useless struggles.

"On some level I think you truly WANT for your pussy to be whipped. You're just too afraid to admit it."

Gretchen was probably right about that...especially about the fear part. But rather than reply to what she said I just screamed when the whip struck me and then sobbed afterwards.

And just like in my dream there was a heat and a tingling sensation deep inside of me as my pussy was whipped. Unfortunately no matter how much that sensation grew I never reached climax. I screamed louder and louder as my poor abused pussy was more acutely pained, but the erotic heat that was growing between my legs never reached critical mass.

Finally after the last cruel impact of the whip smacked wetly across my tender, swollen labia, Gretchen dropped the whip and moved in much closer.

I was sobbing and trembling in my bonds and covered in sweat. My vision was blurry with tears and I was totally uncertain as to what Gretchen was going to do next. I flinched as Gretchen inserted two fingers into my tender pussy. I gasped and tried to get away, but in my bondage I was totally helpless to do anything other than be Gretchen's plaything.

"You want this," Gretchen said sternly, "Don't even try to deny it."

The fingers went in deep and sharp pains mixed in with carnal pleasures. I squirmed both in pain and wanton sexual need. I trembled and flinched and made whimpering sounds and Gretchen's strong, forceful fingers found all the right nerve endings and forced a roaring climax out of me, causing me to scream once again and getting hot, sticky fluids all over my thighs and on Gretchen's fingers as well.

"Wow, that was beautiful," Officer Ryan said with a tone of admiration and awe.

My legs were still spread obscenely wide and Officer Ryan stared unashamed directly at the reddened, moist, swollen folds of my labia with a reverence normally reserved for religious artifacts or priceless works of art.

She gently touched my swollen, abused pubic lips and I whimpered in pain.

"Wait right here," Officer Ryan said with some urgency, "I need to go get my camera."

Where was I going to go? I was tied up and completely helpless! I couldn't walk away from my current position if my life depended on it!

So, of course I stayed where I was and waited for Officer Ryan to return, which she did about five minutes later. I hadn't moved a muscle while she was gone. My thighs were still spread obscenely far apart and my pelvis was thrust forward as if I was offering it up for inspection...or abuse...or whatever.

When Officer Ryan returned, she had a camera with her. She proceeded to take pictures of my punished nudity; focusing mainly on my poor, swollen pussy; but also some wide-angle shots that showed my entire body in its bound and helpless state.

"So beautiful," she said admiringly. "You really have no idea how sexy you look right now."

Then she traced her fingers gently across the whip marks on my breasts, making me whimper and flinch. "Some of these whip marks are worse than others," she informed me. "Did you realize some of these are welts?"

I sobbed and replied, "No, Mistress, I was not aware of that."

"You've got a small one here on your breast," she said, taking inventory, "And two longer ones on your abdomen. You've got one on your ribcage, one on your left thigh and three on your right thigh." Then she ran her finger gently across my inner thigh, making me yelp in pain as she touched one of the welts.

"None on your pussy, though," she said.

"I didn't hit her nearly as hard there," Gretchen said. "I know what a delicate piece of anatomy she has between her legs. I didn't want us to risk losing use of it."

Gretchen touched me down there and I whimpered in pain. "She's still plenty tender there, though. You needn't hit her very hard there to get her attention."

"There are a lot of nerve endings down there," Officer Ryan said in agreement, and she proceeding to take more pictures of me as I sobbed and whimpered in pain.

Eventually they untied me and sent me upstairs. Officer Ryan's luggage was already in the living room. Apparently she had arrived while I was tied up in the basement, but before my whipping began.

"Take her bags to the spare room," Gretchen commanded, "and help her unpack."

Officer Ryan only had four bags, but it's hard doing manual labor right after a brutal punishment. Most of my body was still in pain, and I hadn't gotten the blood circulation going properly in my arms and legs yet and I really didn't want to move at all. Gretchen helped speed things up by taking off her belt and smacking my naked bottom when she thought I was moving too slow.

Most of her bags contained clothes, but there were also odds and ends such as makeup, a comb, a hairbrush, deodorant, a razor, shaving cream, shampoo.....and of course her handcuffs.

"I'll have to use those on you, soon," Officer Ryan informed me.

"When?" I asked.

"Soon," Officer Ryan informed me, "But first I need a shower, and so do you. You're all covered in sweat, and I just spent fifteen hours on a plane. Let's go, slave!"

I was herded off to the bathroom and soon I was helping Gretchen and Officer Ryan get undressed. Once all three of us were naked, I was shoved into the spray of hot water and Gretchen and Officer Ryan took turns soaping me up and then rinsing soap off of me with their bare hands or with a washcloth.

Towards the end of the shower, Officer Ryan had me stand with my hands up against the shower wall and my legs spread far apart.

"Are you going to frisk me?" I asked. "That's the police frisk position."

"Just do it," Gretchen commanded. "Officer Ryan is a guest in our house. I expect you to keep our guests happy. Now get your ass into position."

I did as I was ordered to do and left my ass and pussy in a very vulnerable position. Officer Ryan actually purred at this and then fondled my tender pussy for a few seconds and then positioned her hand in between my ass cheeks and stabbed one of her fingers firmly into my asshole and plunged deep into my ass. And once her finger was as deep as it could go, she wriggled it around in there.

"Oough," I exclaimed.

I've had fingers up my rectum before, but I've never gotten used to them. There are just so many delicate nerve endings up there; and anything shoved into that remote territory, feels so foreign and invasive.

"Has this cute, tight, pink hole of yours ever been fucked before?" Officer Ryan asked.

"Just once," I replied, my voice sounding strained as I tried to remain composed while Officer Ryan continued to wriggle her fingers around in my tight, delicate hole.

"Well, I'm going to fuck it again, before I go back to Sessia. What do you think of that, Slave?"

I gritted my teeth and panted and tried not to contract my sphincter muscle and replied, "Whatever pleases you, Officer." My voice sounded strained as I said it.

Then she speared a second finger into me and I whimpered helplessly as she wriggled her fingers and then spread them apart, stretching my tight sphincter muscle painfully wide open.

"I love it when she makes that sound," Gretchen said. "Will you make that sound when Officer Ryan fucks you up the ass?"

"I can almost guarantee it," I said, my voice strained and my breathing labored and my arms and legs fighting to maintain the humiliating position I'd been ordered to maintain.

She withdrew her fingers slowly from my tight anus and I felt relief for a few short seconds. I had just enough time to take a deep breath and appreciate the sensation of my asshole not being violated when Officer Ryan brought her hand down hard on my naked buttocks.

I yelped in pain, but somehow managed not to break position.

"Get out of the shower, Slave," I was ordered.

I got out and then was ordered to kneel on the bathroom rug with my knees far apart and arms behind my back with my wrists crossed.

I complied with Gretchen's orders, humiliated at the way this position left my breasts, my erect nipples and my poor, aching pussy so obscenely on display.

"She looks good that way," Officer Ryan said, "her yummy parts and nice and exposed, and available to the touch."

My face felt hot at this comment. I was certain I must be blushing. I made a little whimpering sound and thought I might actually start to cry, I felt so helpless and abused.

"I don't look the way she's looking at us though," Gretchen said. "With those sad eyes, it's almost like she's begging us for leniency."

I started to tremble and tried to think of what I should say in response to this. Then Gretchen barked out an order and said, "Eyes downcast! You're to look down at the floor until I tell you otherwise!"

I looked down and continued to tremble as hot tears slid gently down my face. I made soft sobbing sounds that were so restrained that even I could barely hear them.

I raised my eyes slightly and I could see Gretchen's and Officer Ryan's beautify legs. They were perfect, athletic, sexy legs and I wished I could grab them in my hands and plant kisses on them with my lips, but as a slave I couldn't do anything like that without my mistress's permission.

Then I looked back down at the floor, while Gretchen and Officer Ryan grabbed some towels and dried themselves off.

At one point I heard the sounds of moaning and I looked up slightly. Gretchen and Officer Ryan's legs were close together and one of them was rubbing up against the other. I couldn't be sure who was who as both Gretchen and Officer Ryan have fantastic legs and hips and buttocks. Also neither one of them has tan lines. I just caught a quick look and then I lowered my eyes again.

Eventually I was ordered to stand up.

Nobody bothered to towel me off, so I remained wet from the shower. Apparently it was another reminder of my inferior status.

"We're going to play a game," Officer Ryan told me as we exited the bathroom. "You're going to be my prisoner. I've never had a prisoner that was mine for a whole day and was completely under my power. My job description never allowed it. But today I can do whatever I want with you."

This announcement made me somewhat nervous. And it didn't calm me at all when she produced handcuffs and snapped the cold metal tightly around my wrists, trapping my arms behind my back.

"They're a little tight," I complained. "They're biting into my wrists. If you don't loosen them, they're going to leave bruises."

"So, they'll leave bruises," Officer Ryan replied. "You're a slave. People should expect to see bruises and other marks on you. Isn't that right, Gretchen?"

"Bruises, whip marks, handprints on her ass, that sort of thing," Gretchen confirmed.

I miserably wondered who would be seeing the marks on my skin and then Officer Ryan announced that it was time for a body cavity search.

She started with my mouth, ordering me to open it wide. At first she stuck her fingers deep into my mouth, pressing down my tongue and forcing my jaw to stretch wide open. I gasped and practically gagged at the intrusion as she filled my mouth and touched the back of my throat with her strong, insistent fingers.

Then she withdrew her fingers and I panted, trying to catch my breath. While I was panting, Officer Ryan announced that in order to be thorough in her body cavity search she'd need more specialized equipment.

And at that, she grabbed my face and stuck her tongue in my mouth. French kissing me and exploring every inch of my mouth's interior with her tongue.

French kissing is always erotic, but when I'm naked and helpless and my hands are bound behind my back with tight, metal handcuffs, it's ever more so.

I was gasping for air when Officer Ryan finally finished and wondered what was coming next. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see that Gretchen was fingering her pussy as she watched what Officer Ryan was doing to her helpless, naked slave. Apparently she was enjoying the show.

Next, Officer Ryan announced that she's need to probe my vagina. My pussy was still very sore from my whipping, but Officer Ryan didn't seem to care. She ordered me to spread my legs wide and then she got down on her knees, staring at my pussy with the look of a predator that's about to pounce on its prey.

I whimpered and flinched as she grabbed my tender labia and pulled them apart. My legs trembled and I waited for what would come next.

Then she held onto my labia painfully with one hand and then she shoved two fingers deeply inside me. She thrust and wriggled her strong fingers, exploring every inch of my sensitive interior. And as she did so, my pubic lips became thicker and more swollen and I moaned with need. Looking down I saw my pubic lips turning a reddish color as they engorged with blood. I panted and felt my body flood with endorphins as this woman's merciless fingers invaded the most sensitive part of my anatomy and probed it.

I continued to whimper and my thighs continued to tremble and shake, and just when I thought orgasm was inevitable, Officer Ryan withdrew her fingers. They came out covered with hot, sticky fluids,

"Keep your legs spread like that," she ordered me, "or else you'll be punished."

It was a difficult order to obey. What I really wanted to do was collapse to the floor, and find something to rub my pelvis against. Despite the fact that my pussy was sore and sensitive from my recent whipping, I would have gladly rubbed my pussy against Gretchen's thigh or a bedpost or just about anything!

Then Officer Ryan ordered me to lick my own juices off of her fingers. My juices didn't taste much of anything. There was a mild taste to them, sort of like rare steak, but it was barely perceptible.

Then I was marched out to the living room. I was ordered to bend over the arm of the couch and lift my hands away from my ass.

Being draped over the arm of the couch was painful as my thighs and torso and breasts were still sore from my whipping. Rubbing my naked body up against the couch made me whimper as the material of the couch felt rough and unforgiving against my sensitive skin.

And while I was busy feeling sorry for the naked and abused flesh on the front of my body, Officer Ryan grabbed the cheeks of my ass and pulled them roughly apart. Then I didn't even have time to take a deep breath before she plunged a finger directly into my sensitive anus.

I made a noise that was half gasp, half whimper and that finger speared me deep.

"I love it when she makes that sound," I heard Gretchen say from somewhere behind me.

"Me too," responded Officer Ryan. "I'll make certain that she makes it often."

Officer Ryan removed her fingers and then suddenly Gretchen was standing right behind me and I felt some sort of cold, thick gel being smeared between my buttocks and across my pink, sensitive anus. Suddenly fingers plunged inside me, and this time they were more ambitious, stretching me open. It hurt as they turned and twisted going inside me, not stopping until they were embedded DEEP inside me.

"OOOUUAAGGHH," I cried out as Officer Ryan spread her fingers inside me, stretching my anal tract to accommodate them.

"Who knows what sort of contraband my prisoner could be hiding in her body cavity?" Officer Ryan asked as she continued to abuse my tight, tender pink hole. "This could take a long time. I'll have to be very thorough in my inspection".

I whimpered and Gretchen laughed as Officer Ryan's strong fingers continued to assault my tiny, sensitive hole. I had so many nerve endings down there and Officer Ryan was determined to manipulate and stimulate and abuse them all.

I had tears in my eyes by the time she finished. Then Gretchen and Officer Ryan pulled me up and I attempted to stand on shaky legs. I was still traumatized from everything that woman had done to my pussy and asshole and my body just wanted to collapse.

"You are so beautify when you're abused by another woman," Gretchen announced. Then she kissed me deeply and said, "Wait here. I'm going to go get the camera."

While Gretchen was gone, Officer Ryan grabbed me by the arm and then grabbed one of my nipples. My arms were bound behind my back and her grip on my arm was so tight that I couldn't back away. As a result I was totally helpless when she began to squeeze my nipple. At first she was somewhat gentle, but within seconds she had increased the pressure and was pinching and pulling on it painfully. My nipple became hard and swollen and then Officer Ryan just pinched hard and began to twist my sensitive, swollen nub.

"AARRGAHHH!!" I screamed. "Please, I can't take anymore!"

She just smiled and replied, "You see, that's the great thing about you being my prisoner. You're totally under my control. I get to decide when you've had enough. You don't have any say in the matter."

I was feeling totally helpless and then Gretchen returned with the camera just in time to see Officer Ryan begin to abuse my other nipple.

"OOOAAAAUUGGHH!!" I screamed as my poor helpless nipple was pinched and pulled and twisted. I tried to back away, but Officer Ryan's grip on my arm was like iron.

Gretchen took pictures of the whole thing and seemed to be enjoying herself immensely.

"Those tears are so beautiful. Don't you agree that my slave girl looks sexy with tears rolling down her face?"

I was sobbing quietly as Gretchen took more pictures and Officer Ryan continued to painfully abuse my swollen nipples. "She's gorgeous," Officer Ryan agreed. "I don't know if I've ever seen anything sexier."

Officer Ryan then took my entire breast in one hand and squeezed. It was incredibly sore from being whipped, but Officer Ryan didn't care. "You are so lovely, Dearest slave," Officer Ryan said as she grabbed my tender breast, painfully sinking her fingers deep into my defenseless flesh. "I only wish I could do this to you every day."

Gretchen immortalized the moment with more photographs and then I was ordered to get down on my knees.

It's difficult to go from a standing to a kneeling pose without your hands, and once I'd managed it, instead of being complimented, I got yelled at for not having my knees far enough apart.

"You'll be punished for that," Gretchen barked at me. "A slave shouldn't have to be told over and over again! Knees ALWAYS apart!"

I got rug burn on my knees as I dragged them across the carpet and spread my thighs as far apart as I could manage.

Then suddenly, Officer Ryan's was standing right in front of me and she grabbed my head, forcing my face directly into her pussy. "And now Prisoner," Officer Ryan said, "You're going to worship the most sacred spot on my body."

Of course Officer Ryan would want me to perform cunnilingus on her. I mean...what's the point of having a sex slave if you can't order her to have sex with you?

I explored her labia with my tongue, tracing lines up and down it and circles near her hood. She was very wet and her public lips were hot and thick and swollen. I stopped for a few seconds to admire the beauty of her pubes and was then ordered, "Get back to work!"

It would be easier to do this if my hands weren't bound behind my back, but I suppose Gretchen and Officer Ryan wanted the total slave experience. Gretchen was still taking pictures of me and I can only imagine how I must look.

Naked, my face wet with tears, hands bound helplessly behind my back, whip marks on my breasts and abdomen, legs obscenely far apart, my wet swollen pubic lips visible between my thighs and submissively licking another woman's pussy.

When I saw her clit peeking out from her hood, I trapped it between my teeth and began to suck. Apparently I did a good job as Officer Ryan moaned loudly and thrust her hips and dug her fingers in tightly and pulled my hair. In short order her moaning became screaming and she had a powerful orgasm with the sort of screams I've only heard in movies.

I never suspected that Officer Ryan would be a screamer. She didn't seem to be the type. I thought she'd be one of the quiet, stoic ones.

Of course Gretchen captured it all with her digital camera and she promised to e-mail Officer Ryan with copies of every photo she took.

Swell.

It was just one more humiliation to add to the pile of humiliations that had already been piled onto me. It was a good thing that I found humiliation to be sexually arousing.

Gretchen and Officer Ryan chatted like old friends while I kneeled there, naked and bound. You'd think that an attractive naked slave with her legs spread wide and her tits thrust out would always be at the center of attention, but it doesn't work like that. Free women will ignore you whenever they feel like it.

Then it was Gretchen's pussy that was shoved into my face. I'd performed cunnilingus on Gretchen many times, so with her I knew exactly what it took to please her. I knew exactly how her pussy would respond to my tongue and what sort of noises she would make as she approached orgasm.

This time Officer Ryan had the camera and she took the pictures as I licked Gretchen's pussy. Gretchen made familiar moaning sounds as I gave a long, wide lick over her entire swollen labia, from bottom to top and then back to the bottom again. Then I forced my tongue between her parted labia and stuck my tongue as deep inside her wet, pink pussy as I could manage.

When I saw Gretchen's hard, swollen clit, shyly peeking out from the hood it seemed like a good time to lick it. Gretchen confirmed my opinion when she moaned softly. I knew from that non-verbal response that she was ready for more. I assaulted her clit with my tongue repeatedly, causing it to come out of its hood more and more. Gretchen's moans became more pronounced and longer and her pussy became wetter and seemed to be giving off a super-human amount of heat. When her clit was swollen enough I retracted my tongue and trapped her clitoris between my teeth.

I had fully intended to suck on it, just like with Officer Ryan, but apparently Gretchen was far more aroused than I thought and her clit was so sensitive that she came almost instantly. I could feel her juices erupt from her and cover my face where it came into contact with her crotch. Gretchen was gasping, panting and shouting. Her back was arched and her pelvis pushed more forcefully into my face.

Eventually the excitement died down and Gretchen got a warm, wet washcloth and cleaned her juices off of my face. We were all tired and when Gretchen suggested we all go to bed early, we all agreed.

Although there was a guest bedroom set up for Officer Ryan, we agreed that for her first night, Officer Ryan would sleep in the same bed with Gretchen and me. Officer Ryan took and key and unlocked my handcuffs and I was all ready for several hours of sleep, but then Gretchen reminded me that I needed to be punished.

"If I don't punish you, you'll never learn," Gretchen said. "A true slave always keeps her knees apart and her pussy exposed and available."

"It's true," Officer Ryan said, agreeing with my Mistress. "It's one of the first rules a slave girl learns."

"We're going to spank you," Gretchen informed me. "Get into position on the bed, on your hands and knees."

This time I didn't need anybody to tell me to keep my knees far apart. I got into position on the bed, on all fours, legs apart, hands under shoulders, in line, with my knees as far apart as I could manage, leaving my pubic lips exposed and vulnerable just like a good slave girl.

"She's learning," Officer Ryan said to Gretchen, and then Gretchen pulled out the implement of my punishment.

It was a leather paddle that Gretchen had never used before. It still had that new leather smell. Gretchen and I both loved that smell however the pain that that thing would inflict on my already sore buttocks wasn't as welcome.

"Hold your position," Gretchen ordered me. "If you break position, I'll just have to double your punishment."

"Yes Mistress," I replied. And I waited with trepidation for the first blow.

The first swat landed on my upper thigh, just below the left buttock. It was a sensitive spot and my buttocks were already sore from the spanking I'd had earlier that day. It didn't seem fair that I should be spanked twice in the same day, but I bit my lip and tried not to cry out.

Not crying out soon became more difficult as the second blow landed just as hard on my right thigh. Then the third blow landed higher up and more centered, striking both cheeks at once.

Soon I was crying out in pain as tears welled up in my eyes and I flinched and wriggled my hips in a shameful manner, but somehow managed not to break position.

Gretchen continued to rain blows down on the soft skin of my sore, tender buttocks. If anything the swats were now coming harder and faster. I gave up all thoughts of pride and self-control and I screamed in pain, not caring what Gretchen or Officer Ryan thought of me....or even if the neighbors might hear.

I screamed until my throat was raw and I cried so much that I couldn't see for all the tears in my eyes. I continued to wriggle and bounce my hips in an obscene manner and I didn't even care how undignified I looked. The pain was the center of my universe, and I didn't care about anything else.

Finally the punishment stopped and I simply remained there sobbing, chest heaving and tears running down my face. I was vaguely aware that Gretchen was taking pictures of me, but I didn't care. My ass felt blistered and red hot and I didn't care how humiliated, exposed or degraded I looked in these pictures.

Eventually Gretchen and Officer Ryan climbed into bed. Gretchen held me close and let me cry on her shoulder. Officer Ryan would press her hand gently against my back or my sore, sore buttocks. The lights were turned off and at some point in the night I cried myself to sleep.