**Girly Games**

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We’ve always had a wild time of it and tonight was shaping up to be a bit of a doozy for me.

My friends and I are a bit unusual, the three of us met in our first week of college and we’ve been inseparable ever since, which is odd when you realise just how horrible we are to each other on a regular basis.

My name is Jane and my two friends are Claire and Rhian. We are all very attractive in our own way — I’m a redhead while the girls are both blonde and whenever we go out we attract a lot of attention from men as we always dress sexy and flirt like there is no tomorrow.

The three of us are gym bunnies and play on the school netball team twice a week and between that and running and swimming — our bodies are fit and slim. My boobs are the smallest but they are very perky, besides my ass and legs are the best I reckon.

Anyway, we are close — so close that we quite often sleep with each other. Rhian is more lesbian than anything else anyway so she’s happy as hell with the arrangement while I have always been very open minded about sex, not that I had been with a woman before I met Rhian. Claire is straight and has never done anything other than a touch of experimentation with us and anyway, she has a boyfriend (who doesn’t know about ‘us’) and he is probably the happiest man on campus, though he doesn’t realise that his happiness is entirely down to us.

Let me explain, about a year ago we were all a little bit tipsy and bored on a Friday night, none of us could be bothered to go out so we had decided to have a girly night in. As usual the conversation turned to sex and as Claire had recently started seeing her fella we were all kinds of interested in her bedroom antics.

Claire is what most guys would describe as ‘smoking hot’ — blonde, blue eyed, big boobs, petite… you get the picture. Anyway, it transpired that while she had slept with him it was a very vanilla sort of thing — missionary, few blow jobs and absolutely no kinky stuff. She was up for it but he seemed shy and Claire hasn’t ever been the most forthright of people.

I was the one who suggested the game (something I’m regretting right now), a game to spice things up with her new man. Claire could choose the nature of the contest, board game, cards, something physical like a race or whatever and if either Rhian or I won we would tell her what to do next time she slept with him and she would have to do it.

The rest, as they say, is history. She chose, weirdly, Snakes and Ladders – I won and commanded her to be an utter slut for him –’beg him to tie her up and abuse her’ if I remember rightly and it worked — she did as asked (apparently the experience was humiliating and then amazing) and ended up fulfilling both his and her every fantasy.

Anyway, this set a precedent, Claire wanted the tables turned and a few months later she declared a re-match.

This time it was Rhian who lost (Monopoly I believe) and Claire, showing a previously unknown evil streak, sent her off to a gay bar in town to find the butchest dyke she could and offer herself to her. We went along as well of course, the pair of us getting a big turn on from her vulnerability as we selected a big, rough 40 something woman for her to go with. Accounts of Rhian’s night started with the strap-on jammed firmly up her ass and got progressively more humiliating from there.

She loved it, slut as she is and still says it was the most amazing experience she’s had — not the sex itself which, let’s face it, was an experience in being used harshly (she could hardly sit down for a couple of days afterward) but the knowledge that we were putting her through it.

So this continued as our little secret game and over the last year or so it has always worked out that Claire or Rhian have lost the bet (one time we made Claire our slave for the night which was delightful) and I have always escaped it. Until now that is.

Rhian chose the game, ‘Zombies,’ and I lost. I felt a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach as they both looked at me with big grins on their faces. I knew it was going to be rough for me as they had been waiting for me to be in their power for a long time.

‘Ok then,’ I said after taking a deep breath, ‘what do I have to do for you bitches?’

Rhian looked at Claire and laughed, then they both got up and walked out of the room into the kitchen, a curt ‘stay there’ from Rhian the only thing they said to me.

I could hear them muttering and laughing amongst themselves and my mind started thinking about all the outrageous things I had suggested they should do and wondered what they could possibly come up with that could top that. After a few minutes they came back into the room and sat on the sofa facing me.

‘Well then Jane,’ Claire started with a wicked smile, ‘we’ve come to a decision about what to do with you. I must say, I’ve been waiting a long time for this.’

Rhian chuckled. ‘Me too,’ she said, ‘do you think we should go easy on you because this is your first time?’

I shook my head, acutely aware of how soaked my panties were becoming.

‘Good,’ Rhian continued, ‘because we’re going to be extra cruel I think. Rather than one thing, there is a list of ways you are going to behave tomorrow night when we go out into town.’

She grinned at my confused expression.

‘Right,’ she said, ‘you are going to dress like a complete whore of course. So high heels, short skirt, that tight little white vest of yours and your smallest thong — no Bra. Also, what we are about to say goes for the whole weekend, not just Friday night.’

I nodded, expecting as much.

‘Then,’ Claire said, ‘here comes the fun part. First, you are going to be welcoming and flirty with any man who speaks to you. Second, ‘she was ticking off fingers now, ‘you will answer any question a man asks you as if you were a porn star trying to get a job.’

‘So,’ Rhian butted in as my eyes widened, ‘if someone asks you ‘what’s the dirtiest thing you have ever done?’ You will reply with something like ‘I like to be tied up and used’ or ‘I love to be gang-banged.’ If they ask you what you do for a living, unless its someone we know, you will tell them you just started work in the adult entertainment industry — you think you can manage that?’

I gave a small nod, the wetness in my pussy becoming a flood.

‘Third,’ Claire said as if the previous two weren’t bad enough, ‘you will address any man as ‘Sir’ I want you to be very clear about this, you are basically going to behave as if you are the property of any man you meet. You will do anything they want without hesitation.’

Rhian leant forward as I realised the implications of what they were telling me to do, ‘This means that if someone gropes you, you will let them, if they tell you to expose yourself or to get under the table and suck their cocks — you will fucking do it. Do you understand this?’

I nodded, speechless.

‘Good girl,’ Claire said, ‘there’s only one more thing. ‘We’re going to be there goading them on, so don’t think you can get away with anything. If it doesn’t look like anyone is biting then we’ll drum up some interest for you. Do you have any questions?’

I cleared my throat which had become very dry. ‘You realise that this is going to get me gang banged right?’

‘That would be marvellous!’ Claire smiled. ‘You deserve it after what you’ve put us through.’

Finished, they both winked at me and let themselves out, leaving me to a very sleepless night waiting for the humiliation to begin.

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Friday night came very quickly, my college course is pretty intense and my day was mostly filled with statistics lectures. I had a few hours before I was to meet up with the girls so I went to the gym to tone myself up, loosing myself in the exercise to try and get away from my raging imagination.

All too soon though I found myself standing in front of my bedroom mirror putting the finishing touches to my makeup, keeping an eye on the clock as I didn’t want to be late and give them the opportunity to punish me for it.

I stepped back and looked at myself one last time; I think I had met their expectations without actually dressing up like a cheerleader.

A tight skirt that came to mid thigh exposed a lot of leg and showed off my tight ass to its best advantage. The four inch court shoes lengthened my legs which were creamy and nicely toned above the patent leather. My short, pillar-box red hair would really make me stand out though I suspect mostly people will be focussing on my chest, where the thin vest top barely covered my breasts and certainly didn’t do anything to hide my hardening nipples.

‘Whore’ they had specified and I certainly fit the bill I thought as I grabbed my coat and let myself out. At least the clubs we go to are warm so I shouldn’t have too much hard nipple on display, well until I became horny at any rate.

Claire and Jane were waiting for me in the pub down the road and unusually for a night out, neither of them were dressed particularly sexy.

‘You made it then Jane?’ Claire asked, ‘we were wondering if you would go through with it.’

I dropped the coat on the back of a chair and did a little pirouette for them, showing them that I had followed their instructions to the letter. However, I was acutely aware of every male set of eyes in the room following my movement. I sat down and looked at my two smug friends.

‘As if I wouldn’t?’ I said to them mock incredulously. ‘Does my outfit meet with your requirements?’

Rhian laughed at my question. ‘Yes it does,’ she said, ‘I’ve got half a mind to take you home myself!’

‘Now,’ Claire said, ‘do you remember the rules?’

‘Yes miss,’ I replied ‘do you want me to repeat them for you?’

‘No, no,’ she said, ‘just make sure you follow them. Right, go and get us some drinks and then we shall get on with the evening. I’ve been looking forward to this for ages.’

That was the start of the most humiliating and dirty weekend of my life.

My first taste of what was to come came while standing at the bar. Eric, a guy from my course was standing there when I was ordering. Eric is one of those assholes who generally thinks a lot of himself, he’d tried to sleep with me a couple of years ago and after I had rebuffed him he had always been quite juvenile around me.

‘Hi Claire,’ he said as he leered at me. ‘You off out on the pull tonight?’

I swallowed, why did it have to be this tosser?

‘Yes I am Sir,’ I replied, standing straight and pushing out my chest towards him.

He looked confused for a moment before laughing. ‘Nice tits, why did you call me sir?’

I couldn’t believe it – was this what it was going to be like all night?

‘Thank-you,’ I said sweetly, ‘and I like calling you sir.’

I actually felt sorry for him for a moment; he looked like a rabbit caught in the headlights. Well I felt sorry for him until he said this;

‘Well Jane, I’m afraid I’m busy tonight but you should call me tomorrow and I’m sure I can fit you in.’

I closed my eyes for a second. ‘Thank you sir,’ I said, ‘I’ll call you tomorrow then.’

The girls almost pissed themselves when I told them, they knew how much I hated Eric and because of their stupid rules I was going to have to call him tomorrow now, give myself to him. This was like a nightmare.

The rest of the night didn’t get any better – we went to a rock night at a club outside of town where I was immediately hit on by a couple of older men.

Jack was the first guy; he was in his thirties and a bit overweight. He started talking to me at the bar, bought me a drink and asked me to dance. He didn’t seem to notice me calling him sir, or at least he took it in his stride and soon enough he had steered me into a little booth where he promptly stick his tongue down my throat and his hands up my skirt. I could see Rhian and Claire over the other side of the dance floor, laughing and pointing as he touched me with his thick fingers.

This was the first of several times that night I told a man that I worked in pornography and he took that as a signal to snog me again and this time jam what felt like a couple of his fat fingers up to the knuckles inside my tight little pussy.

Despite myself I was horny as hell and as much as I didn’t want to I have to admit that I came on his hand. It appeared though, that he also came in his own pants as I rubbed his crotch as he suddenly excused himself very quickly and I didn’t see him at all the rest of the evening.

The girls found this hilarious and I have to admit that I was actually enjoying myself a lot. Being totally uninhibited was very liberating I discovered and an hour in I had already cum once — which I chalked up as a win.

Things went downhill with the next fella though, Simon — a big lad from Yorkshire — started dancing with me after Claire had told me to go and flaunt myself. He was a different sort of guy altogether and had an arrogant confidence about him that made me feel very small. He suggested we go outside for a cigarette and, of course, I agreed.

I don’t smoke and so had avoided going out into the cool air (damn smoking ban) for obvious reasons. Two obvious reasons, to be precise, that became much more obvious as we stepped outside. The temperature change made me shiver and my nipples stick out like rocks.

Every man out there (and there were far more men than women in the club) openly stared at me while Simon lit his cigarette and, seeing that Claire had followed us outside, I stuck to the rules and straightened my back, pushing my already noticeable tits further out.

Simon grinned at me and I felt my pussy twinge as he looked me up and down. He reached out and slipped a powerful arm around my waist and pulled me towards him. He was a lot taller than me and I felt tiny next to him.

‘So, what do you do for a living Jane?’ He asked after taking a draw on his smoke.

I looked up at him, feeling his body pressed against mine. ‘I work in the Adult entertainment industry Sir,’ I said feeling me heart flutter.

He raised an eyebrow, ‘Awesome,’ he said with a grin, ‘what sort of thing? I have a cousin who’s a cameraman for porn out in America.’

I took a deep breath, here we go I thought. ‘I’m up for anything to be honest sir, I’ve only just started you see.’

He took another drag, his hand slipping down to my ass.

‘Why are you calling me Sir Jane? You like the kinky stuff?’

I looked into his eyes and ran my hand down his chest as he puffed out another jet of smoke. ‘Yes sir, it’s the type of thing I would really like to shoot. I’ll do pretty much anything a man tells me to in bed sir.’ I could see Claire and Rhian, who had joined her now, listening and giggling to our conversation.

‘Seriously,’ he asked, his eyebrows shooting up. ‘How about right now – you’ll do anything I tell you to?’

I took a deep breath. ‘Yes sir, what would you like me to do to prove it?’

He stepped back from me and looked me up and down again. ‘You wearing panties?’ he asked.

‘Yes sir.’

‘Take them off then, right now.’

I don’t know how many people saw me as my mind was a blur. All I could see was the look in Simon’s eyes — that ‘I’ve won’ look that fellas get when you let them do something dirty — and the ‘hands covering mouth’ giggles of my so called friends.

I hiked up my skirt enough to get a hold of my thong and pulled it down my legs in one smooth action. I don’t think I exposed myself too much but I suppose I’ll never know. I kicked them off and not daring to look around at the people behind me I picked them up and held them out to the big man, my face must have been as red as my hair.

He took them off me and stuffed them into his pocket.

‘You know people are staring at you Jane?’ he said through his grin.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

‘So if I took you home with me right now,’ he continued, ‘what would you let me do to you?’ He asked.

I stepped in close to him and put my hand on his crotch, feeling the hard lump of his erection through his combat trousers.

‘Well I’ll do anything you want, so why don’t you take me somewhere quieter and tell me what you want to do to me?’

He nodded and grabbed my hand, leading me back inside the club past my chortling friends and to an empty seat in the back corner of the club. He sat me down first and then put himself right next to me.’

‘So you’ll do anything I ask you to do?’ he still sounded a little shocked, though more like a kid in the sweet store than uncomfortable.

‘Yes sir,’ I replied, ‘was taking my panties off in front of everyone not enough to convince you?’ I leaned forward and kissed him. ‘How else can I prove it to you sir?’

‘Come up with something,’ he said between kisses as he reached out and groped my left breast, tweaking my hard nipple and sending a wave of pleasure through my body.

‘Would you like to see my pussy sir?’ I said, ‘or my tits? Or would you like me to crawl under this table and lick your boots?’

He seemed choked at my brazenness, after a little while he blurted ‘pussy’ as his trousers formed a tent around his stiff cock.

I had lost all sense of shame now and frankly was as horny as I have ever been. I pushed my chair slightly back to give him a good view past the table edge and spread my legs, exposing my shaved, neat little pink pussy to him. I must have been glistening with juices given my state of arousal and he couldn’t take his eyes off me.

After what seemed like hours he told me to cover up and I closed my legs, tugged down my skirt and slipped next to him on the sofa, slipping my arm around his neck and kissing him again.

‘So are you going to tell me what you are going to do to me sir?’

He looked embarrassed for a moment, this must have been a totally new experience for him though it didn’t stop him.

‘I want to take you home and tie you up,’ he started before kissing me again. I nodded encouragement for him to carry on.

‘Fuck it,’ he said, his mind made up. ‘I’ve always wanted to treat a hot bird like shit. Embarrass her, tie her up and hurt her before I fuck her ass. You really want to be the girl I do that to? I won’t be nice to you.’

‘How would you want to hurt me Sir?’ I asked, my mind one raging ball of turned on.

‘I’d beat you, slap you, pinch you,’ he stopped for a moment looking to see my reaction and seeing only wide eyed encouragement he carried on, ‘put things inside you, I’ve seen no end of BDSM porno that I never thought I would have the chance to do for real…’ He trailed off for a moment. ‘You serious about this, you want me to do those things to you?’

I reached down and rubbed his crotch again while I nuzzled into the nape of his neck. ‘I’m very serious Sir, you tell me to do it and I’ll do it.’

He smiled broadly. ‘Shall we go?’

I only nodded in reply.

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He was as good as his word and we left the club and walked to his car in silence. I think he still couldn’t believe it and despite what he wanted I was pretty sure he was a decent sort of man. His fantasies were about to come true though and that sort of thing tends to put pressure on a conversation.

He unlocked the car but before I could get in he pushed me up against the cool metal, ramming his tongue down my throat and running his hands all over me. He lifted my vest up and I felt my breasts bounce free in the parking lot before he started to grope and maul them. I moaned as he pinched my nipples hard before pulling away, leaving me exposed to the night.

‘Get in and leave your top like that.’ He commanded before walking around to the driver’s side.

He lived about twenty minutes away, twenty minutes of sitting with my arms by my side and my breasts jutting out in the passenger seat of his big Audi. He constantly reached over and tweaked my right nipple or ran his hands up my leg to my soaking pussy on the journey.

We pulled into the driveway of a large house, gravel crunching under the tyres as he stopped the car.

‘Get out’ he said as he opened his door. I followed him up to the front door where he fumbled with the key for a moment before opening it up. We walked though into a large living room and I stood uncertainly in the centre of the thick carpet as he sat down on the sofa.

‘Well then Jane, here’s your chance to back out — no harm.’

I thought about it for a moment but I have never been a welcher. ‘No sir,’ I said, ‘I meant everything I said to you in the club. What would you like me to do?’

‘Strip for me.’ He said gruffly.

I did as he asked, first pulling my thin top over my head, exposing my perky little breasts to him, my pink nipples red form the pinching he had put them through. Next I unzipped my skirt and slipped it down my legs, stepping out of it and standing in front of him naked except for my heels.

I felt vulnerable and a little scared as he gawped at my body and with a deep breath I did a slow turn, letting him see every inch of me before bending over with my back to him, spreading my legs and showing him my pussy and ass. God it was humiliating but the girls would be very disappointed if I didn’t do everything to the letter — I was this man’s property tonight after all.

He made me suck his cock after that, on my knees as he held two fistfuls of my hair and fucked my face. He stopped before he came but not before my jaw ached from the stretch and my cheeks hurt where he had slapped me.

Next he took a short rope from a drawer in his kitchen and tied my hands together behind my back before grabbing a handful of my hair and slapping and pinching my poor abused tits until I squealed and begged him to stop. This only seemed to excite him even more and he just threw me over the arm of the sofa and crammed his fat cock into my pussy, fucking me hard and calling me names until he came with a shout deep inside me.

He had a little break then to recover, during which he took me into the bedroom, made me lie on the bed and masturbate for him – ‘until I had cum at least five times’ was the command and shamefully, It didn’t take long.

Watching this had aroused him again and he took up the rope, turned me onto my stomach and tied my hands securely to the headboard. Kneeling next to me he fed his cock into my mouth and slowly started to pump away as he rummaged in his bedside drawer with his free hand, pulling out a tube of lube after a moment.

‘I’m gonna fuck your ass now Jane, then I’m going to kick you out on the street.’ He said as he pulled his cock, wet with my saliva, out of my mouth and moved down the bed.

‘Yes Sir,’ I replied as I gasped for breath, ‘please fuck me hard Sir.’

‘Oh I will girl,’ he chuckled as he forced my legs apart with his knees and grabbed my hips with his rough hands, ‘It takes me ages to cum for a second time and I’m not stopping till I’m blowing my load in that tight ass of yours.’

With that I felt the cold lube squirting on my sensitive little asshole and soon enough, the thick, unyielding head of his cock forcing itself into me.

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The next morning I was woken by the phone ringing. I had flagged a taxi in the street after Simon had finished with me — he had been as good as his word, it had taken ages for him to cum and my poor ass was feeling very sore this morning.

Also, as soon as he had finished he untied my hands and told me to ‘get my clothes and fuck off.’ Charming but I have to say, perfectly in keeping with my friends intentions.

It was Claire on the phone, demanding a full update on the previous night. I told her I needed a shower and they should come over.

Both Claire and Rhian were ringing the doorbell within half an hour and I had to live through the experience of being fucked by Simon a second time as they made me take them through it in exhaustive detail. They laughed out loud when I told them how the night had ended, me calling an old, Asian Taxi driver ‘sir’ as cum dribbled down my legs.

‘So when are you getting dressed for your big date then?’ Claire asked after I had finished my story.

‘Big date?’ I asked confused.

‘Yes Jane, don’t tell me you’ve forgotten?’ Rhian butted in.

‘I don’t know what you’re talking about,’ I said, though there was a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Claire smiled at me while tut tutting and shaking her head.

‘It’s almost like you don’t want to go through with your forfeit Jane, you know as well as I do that you promised Eric that you would phone him today.’

My guts sank. ‘You can’t be serious? Eric? He’s a complete fucking asshole — if he has his way I’ll never hear the end of it!’

Claire shook her head, her smile turning into a frown.

‘You know the rules right? The one about how you do anything, any man tells you to?’

I nodded, giving in.

‘Well,’ she continued, ‘there you are then. Eric wants to fuck you and is probably harbouring some resentment at how you treated him a couple of years ago. So you are going to get dressed exactly how we tell you to, then you are going to phone him and invite yourself over and do anything he wants you to.’

‘Given his reputation,’ Rhian interjected with a grin, ‘I suspect that tight little ass is going to be given another work over.’

‘How do you want me to dress then?’ I sighed.

It took nearly an hour before the two laughing girls finally made their minds up. They had me in a tight little top that showed off my taught midriff, a pair of denim hot-pants that barely covered my ass cheeks, a bright pink thong that they insisted I wore with the thin straps showing over the top of my shorts and a pair of high heeled, knee high boots. My hair, they had put into bunches ‘like a sweet little thing’ as Claire put it.

Next they made me phone Eric and god was it mortifying, Claire dialled from my mobile and put it on speakerphone so they could both hear.

‘Hello?’

‘Hi Eric, its Jane.’

‘Jane? Why are you phoning me?’ he sounded confused.

I looked at the two girls who were both grinning widely at me. Rhian was mouthing ‘Sir’ at me with a mock frown.

‘You told me to last night Sir,’ I said with my eyes closed, ‘you said I should come over today — that you could fit me in?’

There was a long pause.

‘I get it, this is some sort of a joke right? You girls having a fucking laugh?’

‘No Sir,’ I said, ‘I promise I’m not joking around. You told me to call and so I’m calling you.’

‘And I suppose you have just suddenly decided to do everything I tell you to, right?’

‘Yes Sir, if you tell me to come over I will Sir.’ There was another long pause

‘Well if you’re serious, come over but I’m warning you this better not be a fucking joke.’ The phone clicked off and my friends erupted in laughter.