**Ruby's New Life**

by [Pearls\_Inside](http://www.sexstories.com/profile1032246/Pearls_Inside)

**Ruby's New Life Part 1**

***Introduction:***

*This is a series about Ruby, a girl who is being trained for The Lifestyle.*

I arrived at my Grandpa’s house in the morning on a Saturday. I had been sent here because the finishing school I was to attend was nearby. It was a small community in the middle of nowhere, ‘Lifestyle’ my family called it. Not on any maps for a reason.  
  
My name is Ruby. I’m 18 and pretty average. I’m 5’ 6” and 125 lbs and athletic. Brown hair and brown eyes aren’t what I would call exciting, but the boys seem to like me.   
  
I had a normal childhood, raised by my father and my older brothers. My mother was long gone and no one knew where. When I turned 18 things changed. My older brother was attending the nearby college and he and I started fooling around after school. He taught me how to enjoy my body and how to please him and one cool fall afternoon, he took my virginity.  
  
After my high school graduation, I was informed that I would be going to a finishing school to learn to be an obedient, loving wife. No college for me. He explained ‘the lifestyle’ to me and how my mother left when she couldn’t bear the thought of her children being in the lifestyle and my father had refused to budge.   
  
I was given my mother’s contact information and told that when I finished my first year of school, to write to her and let her know what my decision was. I could decide to walk away from the lifestyle and go live with her, begin a conventional life, or I could choose the lifestyle and continue with school and eventually marry. There was much to consider.  
  
As I walked up the steps, Grandpa carried my luggage behind me. The house was quiet and neat.  
  
“Your room is upstairs.” Grandpa gestured toward the stairs and I walked up.  
  
My room was stark. There was a bed with a black nightstand and a trunk at the end facing toward the bed, no comforter with black satin sheets and a pillow. The dresser was painted black on the wall at the food of the bed with a flat screen TV and DVD player. The closet was small with black shoe racks in the bottom.  
  
Grandpa started opening my luggage and going through my things, sorting them into piles. “Most of this you won’t need, other items can be modified to be acceptable.”  
  
“Modified?”   
  
Grandpa smiled, “You’re going to learn to be pleasing to men, Ruby. What you wear needs to entice and keep our attention.”  
  
“Oh.” I had no idea what he meant.  
  
When he was finished sorting, he put some things, including my bras and panties, into a trash bag and folded the rest neatly into one suitcase. “Let’s get to the tailor before they close. It’s the weekend.”  
  
Grandpa threw the trash bag into the large garbage bin outside and we went into town.  
  
Town was one street with very few shops. There was a grocery store, a medical clinic, I saw a sign for a dentist and several clothing shops, bars and adult stores.  
  
Grandpa made me dizzy giving the Tailor instructions. My jeans were to be modified to be crotch-less, my skirts and shorts shortened, my shirts and sweaters cropped. The Taylor measured me and ordered my school uniform as well.  
  
We stopped by a few adult shops and my school lists were filled, then we stopped for shoes. Grandpa chose what he liked and gave the store clerk my size. I tried them all on and before I knew it, we were on our way home.  
  
When my shoes were put neatly onto the racks in my room, I went downstairs to find Grandpa reading the paper. He looked up and smiled, “All put away neatly?”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I smiled and sat on the couch opposite him.  
  
He eyed me closely, “You know that things will be different here.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” Just how different, I didn’t know.  
  
“We don’t have television, so kiss your favorite shows goodbye. We get the paper and we have plenty of movies. While you’re in school, you have a list of movies that you are to watch specifically. I didn’t choose them, so don’t complain to me.”  
  
“No, Sir.”  
  
“Any time spent at home will be in your room or running errands, cooking and cleaning. For the remainder of the summer, your school requires you to sunbathe. So for two hours a day, you’ll have time on the deck out back by the pool. I suppose swimming is okay.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.”  
  
“Your school has also supplied you with an ipod with music loaded onto it if you want to listen to something.” He handed me the black ipod and I scrolled through the songs. I’d never heard of any of them.  
  
“Thank You.”  
  
“I won’t be fucking you like your dad and brothers did, so don’t get that idea into your head. It messes with your training and I have a woman who services me.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” No sex all summer?  
  
“There are other kids your age around, I’m sure you’ll bump into them on trips to the grocery store. Visits are acceptable, but you must ask permission before you visit anyone else, is that understood?”  
  
“Yes, Sir.”  
  
“I have a summer activity list from the school, so each day we’ll be sure to check off those too. Today, we’ll start with the machine.” He stood up and headed upstairs, beckoning me to follow him.  
  
When we got to my room, he told me to undress. While I took my clothes off and folded them neatly on the nightstand, he opened the trunk and a machine pulled out on hinges and rested nicely on the edge of the bed. Grandpa pulled out a rather large, thick dildo and slid it onto a shaft on the machine.  
  
Something about being naked with my Grandpa, who refused to use my body made me feel self-conscious.  
  
“Lay down.”   
  
I laid on the bed and Grandpa put a wedge under me to raise my hips to the desired height. He squirted lubricant onto the dildo and positioned it at the entrance to my pussy. Then he reached behind the bed and produced two leather cuffs that he attached to my wrists so that my arms were wide above me. He did the same to my ankles so that they were spread wide.  
  
When the machine came to life, it slowly penetrated me, easing the thick dildo into my tight pussy before Grandpa turned it off. I was filled like I’d never been filled before. I grunted with discomfort.  
  
“Hurt?”  
  
“No, it’s just … so big.” I pulled at my feet, but they didn’t move.  
  
“You’ll get used to it.” He left the dildo inside me to stretch my insides as he went to the television. “This is the first on your school list. When it’s over, I’ll be back to let you relax.” He put in a DVD and pressed play, then pressed a button on the machine and it started slowly moving in and out of me.  
  
I closed my eyes and moaned as the thickness penetrated me over and over.  
  
“It’s on a progressive setting, it will speed up over the next two hours.” He shut the door and left me there. Two hours!?  
  
The movie was a porn, a horrible story line to get into the sex. Black men were teasing a petite blonde in a bikini by a pool, pulling at her suit to get a peek, taunting her. She finally gave in and took off her top and lay down in the grass. The men descended on her and started sucking her nipples, her fake tits standing straight up for them, sliding her bottoms off and licking her slit.  
  
The machine pushing into me was starting to feel good as I stretched to accommodate it. Watching the men kiss and suck and rub the woman made me wish I had a free hand to rub my clit. Before long, I felt my own juices dripping down my ass and wanted to beg someone to get me off. I was alone. I grunted and moaned in frustration.  
  
I had never had an orgasm without clitoral stimulation and the two-hours of movies were torture. The men were fucking her three holes, cumming all over her body and face, in her mouth. The machine sped up periodically and was fucking me faster and faster. By the time the last group of men had finished using yet another woman’s holes and covering her in ropes of semen, the machine was jutting in and out of me so fast that I thought I would scream if I didn’t cum. I grunted and whimpered and pulled at the cuffs with frustration.  
  
Grandpa came into the room and turned the TV. He stood there, watching me struggle and groan, covered in sweat, my pussy a sloppy, wet hole being violated at high speed.   
  
“Please!” I screamed.  
  
“Please what?” He smirked.  
  
“I need to cum!”  
  
“Not my job.” He stopped the machine and pushed a button that slowly pulled the dildo out of me. He undid the restraints and I rolled onto my side, panting and trying to slow my breathing.  
  
“I need to cum!”  
  
“Not allowed yet. And if you do make yourself cum, I have a list of punishments I’m to carry out. You don’t want that, I assure you.” He took my clothes and handed me a bag with new clothes in it. “Get dressed, I need you to run into town and get groceries for dinner.” He pulled the dildo off the machine and put it back into the trunk, taking the dildo with him to clean.  
  
He started walking out, “And this door is to remain open unless I shut it. There is no door on the bathroom either. You won’t get much privacy any more I’m afraid.”  
  
I found a towel in the nightstand drawer and wiped the sweat from my body before I cleaned the sloppiness from between my legs. The sheets were soaked with sweat and my juices. I pulled them off the bed, revealing a rubber sheet underneath.   
  
When the bed was re-made and the soiled pile put in the laundry room, I went back to get dressed. I felt like stomping in frustration. I had never been so turned on without release in my life.  
  
The clothes were hardly clothes. The skirt was black and made of a thin, airy fabric. When I put it on, it just covered my pussy in the front and left the bottom curve of my ass cheeks exposed. The shirt was a tiny white tank top that looked like it would fit an 8-year old. I put it on and it stretched around my D cup breasts, hugging them but just covering my nipples, leaving the bottom half bare. I had to go in public like this?  
  
I slipped on black ballet flats and went downstairs. Grandpa looked me up and down approvingly and waved me over. “Just one minute.” He handed me the car key and lifted my tank top. He produced a small suction bulb that he placed over my nipple to suck it into the shaft and rolled a small rubber band down around the base of my nipple. The pressure made my nipple bulge grotesquely and stand out bigger than I’d ever seen it. When the other nipple was done, he pulled the tank top down and admired my obscene nipples through the white fabric.  
  
“Better hurry back, that’s gonna sting soon.” He handed me a list of six items and waved me out the door.  
  
When I opened the car door, I saw that my Grandpa had installed a board in the driver’s seat with a thick, 7” dildo standing proudly on it. I thought about just moving it, but I noticed it was locked in place and I had no key.  
  
The pressure on my nipples was increasing and I felt myself getting wet with anticipation. I lowered myself onto the dildo, letting it fill me and took a deep breath. It felt amazing. I shut the door and headed down the road.  
  
Grandpa’s house was on a country road that wasn’t paved. The bumpy ride jostled the dildo inside of me and the potholes made me bounce, making the sensation even more intense.  
  
By the time I pulled into the grocery store in town, I was panting and moaning in frustration. My nipples were starting to sting, just like Grandpa said they would.  
  
I looked around to see if anyone could see me before I lifted off the dildo and got out. My juices were smeared on my inner thighs and the skirt I was wearing did nothing to hide it. I looked in the car for anything to wipe myself with, but the car was empty. Spotless.  
  
I took a deep, jagged breath as I started walking into the store with my list. My heart was pounding and I started to shake. Would I be arrested for being dressed so inappropriately?   
  
I saw a woman leaving the store with a bag and I panicked but kept walking, the stinging sensation driving me forward. I noticed the woman wearing a white, flowing sundress and wished I was more covered up. Then I looked closer and realized that the material was so sheer that I could see her entire naked body. It was like the dress was made out of a sheer white scarf. She noticed me looking at her and smiled.  
  
The store was fairly busy, mostly women doing shopping with lists like my own. Everyone was dressed in something revealing, showing off their assets in provocative ways that would never be allowed in the conventional world. I blended in, which made my heart rate slow.  
  
The sting in my nipples was becoming more intense and it made it difficult to concentrate on finding things in the unfamiliar aisles. But find them I did. When I went to the front with my basket, I realized that Grandpa hadn’t given me any money to pay with.   
  
I stayed in line, not wanting to lose my place or this would take longer and my nipples were so painful. I watched the woman two places ahead of me as the cashier rang up her purchases and put them in bags. When the checker was finished, she asked the checker, “How will I be paying for this?”  
  
The checker was a guy about my age, good looking and tan with dark eyes and a brilliant smile. “Sixty five ninety-seven ….. today that’s …..” He thumbed through a booklet and ripped a slip from it and handed it to the woman. “Have a nice day!”  
  
“Thank you, Sir.” She looked down at the slip and took her bags out of the store with her.  
  
My curiosity was growing by the second as I watched two more women do the same. What would mine say?  
  
The checker started on my items and I tried to smile politely despite the fire in my breasts. I resisted the urge to put my hands around his throat and tell him to hurry the fuck up. “You new in town?” He smiled and looked at my breasts.  
  
“Yes.” I couldn’t manage much more without moaning in pain.  
  
“Starting school in the fall?” Why the fuck was he taking his time?  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“In a hurry?” He looked down at my breasts.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
He paused with the last item and lifted my shirt to expose my now purple nipples and then covered them back up. “Gorgeous.” He rang up the last item.  
  
“How will I be paying for this?” I asked just as the other women had.  
  
“Thirty-three forty-nine is …….” He tore a slip out of his booklet and handed it to me.  
  
“Thank you.”  
  
“Sir.”  
  
“Excuse me?”  
  
“No matter who you address in this town, be sure to use ‘Sir’. My tip for the day, freebie with no reporting to your family.”  
  
“Oh.” I stammered for a second, “Thank you, SIR.”  
  
“Have a nice day!”  
  
I looked down at the slip, it read:   
  
TAVERN DUTY, TWO HOURS  
  
I had no idea what that meant, but I took my bag of groceries and quickly walked to the car. I would have run, but then my tits would have bounced and the pain would be worse.  
  
The ride home bouncing on the dildo was just as torturous as the ride into town, maybe more so. My nipples were on fire and mixing the pain and the pleasure confused my mind into a dizzying state. I didn’t know whether to concentrate on the pain and driving faster home or to enjoy the dildo and ignore the pain.  
  
In the end, driving faster meant that I bounced harder on the country road and my breasts felt like lead weights.   
  
When I pulled in the driveway, I grabbed the grocery bag, my slip of paper and jumped out to run inside.  
  
Grandpa looked up at my frantic, panting self and smiled, “How was your first shopping trip?”  
  
“Can you please take them off, Grandpa? Please!”  
  
“Put the groceries away in the kitchen and come back. Where is your payment slip?”  
  
I handed him the slip and ran into the kitchen. I didn’t know where anything went! My nipples felt like they would fall off at any moment.  
  
Back in the living room, Grandpa set the slip on his side table and gestured me to move toward him. He lifted my shirt and took the rubber bands off each nipple. The sharp pain of the bands coming off made me jerk, but the warm relief when they were off made me sigh.  
  
“You have Tavern Duty tonight I see.”  
  
“Tonight? What is that?”  
  
“You’ll waitress or wash dishes or bartend I suppose. Whatever they need.”  
  
“Don’t they have employees who do that?”  
  
“This town runs differently than most, my dear. Money is only exchanged when men purchase something. If we have a woman to send on our errands, payment is with …. Favors. Work mostly. Female employees other than shop owners that you see are working to pay off their slips. The male employees are paid with money, of course. Instead of paying you tonight, they’ll send the money you earn directly to the grocery store to pay your bill.”  
  
“Oh.” It seemed sexist to me. Were women nothing but slave labor here? My nipples ached now that the blood was rushing back to them and I reached up to rub them, but they were sore to the touch.  
  
“You’ll get used to it. By the time school starts, they’ll be trained up nicely.”  
  
I had no idea what he meant.  
  
“You’ll need to be ready by 7:00 so I can drive you to work. We’ll have an early dinner in a bit. First, you should exercise. Daily exercise is a requirement. Do you jog?”  
  
“Yes, I played a lot of sports in high school, we did a lot of running.”  
  
“Good. I’ve laid out your jogging clothes on your bed. When you come down, I’ll drive you to the track.”  
  
On the bed was what looked like a normal white sports bra, but low cut with spaghetti straps and no lining. The cotton seemed very thin to me. The shorts were nothing but white mesh, high cut jogging shorts that exposed the bottom curve of my ass. You could see everything through them.   
  
I put on my new running shoes and invisible white socks and bounced downstairs, tying my hair into a ponytail with the white hair band that had been left for me. The bra didn’t give much support.  
  
Grandpa looked me over and stood up with the car key in his hand and headed for the door. I followed and when we got to the car, the board with the dildo was locked in on the passenger side. I pulled my loose shorts to the side and lowered down on it. My cheeks flushed to be like this in front of Grandpa. It would have been less embarrassing if he would at least let me fuck him. But keeping the relationship proper made all of this incredibly embarrassing somehow.  
  
When we arrived at the track, my pussy was once again sloppy wet. Grandpa handed me a wet wipe and I cleaned the dildo before we headed for the track.   
  
The stands at the stadium were riddled with men, some reading, some watching the runners.  
  
“You younger girls usually have an escort to your exercise events. You’re always watched.” He gestured toward the track, “Two miles for today.” He headed for the stands to sit with some men he appeared to be friends with.  
  
I turned to the track and watched the other girls my age, all dressed in the same white uniform, wet and panting. How long were they being made to run? Their hair was drenched; their white uniforms clinging to their bouncing breasts and erect nipples, showing everything through the wet white fabric as they jogged.  
  
I fell in line and started running. The track looked like a ¼ mile, so I set my inner dial to eight laps and focused on my breathing. When I got half way around, I noticed the girls running through a series of what looked like water sprinklers on either side of the track that sprayed them from the neck down. That was why they were wet. When I went through, I noticed the pressure was fairly high and the water was freezing. I squealed as I was drenched with the water and my hair and face were splattered with droplets.  
  
Now my athletic body was glistening with water and my white sports bra was wet and hugging my own hard nipples as my large tits bounced obscenely. My nipples were still sore and being hard and cold made them ache a little. I wondered if all the other girls were experiencing the same sensation.  
  
When I finished my two miles, I exited the track and went to find Grandpa in the stands. He turned to me and smiled, “This is my Granddaughter, Ruby. She’ll be a first year in the fall.” The men eyed me up and down, focusing on my breasts and looking through my mesh shorts. Standing there, fully exposed in front of so many men was embarrassing. I had never been ogled so much in my life and I felt myself blush.  
  
One of the men spoke to my Grandpa, “I haven’t seen pubic hair in quite a while, you gonna wait to have her waxed?”  
  
“I was thinking of waiting, we’ll see.”  
  
Waxed? I wasn’t going to have ANY pubic hair?   
  
“Well, before you have it done, someone should enjoy it, don’t you think?”  
  
Grandpa stood up and gestured to me that we were leaving, “We’ll see, Josh.”  
  
I was shivering by the car when Grandpa unlocked it for me and watched me lower myself onto the dildo before shutting me in. My nipples ached and my skin felt cold, despite the exercise.  
  
“You’re a good runner. Next time we’ll push it to three miles.” Grandpa headed for home, glancing now and then at my grimacing face as I was impaled on the dildo. I can’t be sure, but I think he hit some potholes deliberately on the way back to watch me bounce and to see my face when the dildo slammed into me.  
  
  
When we got inside, Grandpa gestured toward the kitchen, “Go fix an early dinner now. We eat vegan in this house, if you hadn’t noticed by the items you bought. Healthy bodies are important. You’ll learn.”  
  
I went into the kitchen to start cooking the items I’d bought. Had I really only bought enough for one meal? How many trips to the store would I have to make!?  
  
As if he was reading my my mind, Grandpa answered, “Larger amounts require harder work and in some cases, sexual favors to be paid off.” Grandpa came to sit at the dining table and watch me cook. “I’m keeping the amounts low for you to ease into this. Understand?”  
  
“Thank you, Grandpa.” I was looking for pots and pans and knives and such in the cupboards and felt his eyes on me.  
  
I was shivering from the cold still, though I could feel my body warming up a little. Of course, my inner thighs were wet with my juices. I searched through the drawers and cupboards to find the items I needed. When I had to crouch down, he yelled at me, “Always bend, Ruby, never crouch! You’ll be punished for crouching whether it’s here at home or anywhere in public. They’ll report every infraction to me.”  
  
I straightened my legs and bent over, exposing my ass and my juicy inner thighs to him as I looked for the pan I needed. So women were really objects to these people, weren’t they?  
  
“Looks like you enjoyed your ride.” I noticed him staring at my thighs.  
  
“Kind of, yes.”  
  
“You’ll get used to it.” He was looking through a booklet, “They sure do have a lot of rules at this school.” It must have been my handbook. “No orgasms, nipple training, exercise, anal training. Hmm. I guess we should start on that after dinner. Don’t want you showing up to work and everyone knowing you haven’t started that yet.”  
  
“Anal training? Like, my ass?” I had never even thought of my ass being part of sex.  
  
“Your kit is here. I’ll get you started and we’ll work up to what you have to have for school.”  
  
I cooked dinner and we ate in silence, me squirming on the dildo that was attached to my dining chair. Being filled and wet with my still-damp sports bra teasing my nipples was curbing my appetite.  
  
“Eat. You need nutrition and you need to stay hydrated. 60 oz. Of water each day, understood?”  
  
“Okay, Grandpa.” I guzzled my water and finished my food with little excitement. While I was cleaning the kitchen, Grandpa went upstairs and came down to tell me it was time to get ready for work.  
  
On the bed were my clothes. I was never going to choose my clothes again, was I? There was a pair of black leg-hugging chaps made out of a comfortable stretchy material, but when I put them on, my entire crotch and ass were exposed. The shirt was a white, sheer jersey material, spaghetti straps and a small bit of fabric that tied between my breasts, covering the nipples but little else. I didn’t see the point, you could see right through it.  
  
Black heels and a high, tight ponytail and I was down the stairs.  
  
Grandpa had me bend over in the living room and he spread my ass cheeks to rub a small dab of lubricant just inside of my rear hole. I jerked in surprise at first, but took a deep breath and waited.  
  
He eased something that felt cold and metal in just a bit, then pulled it out again. He kept doing this, pushing a little further in each time until whatever it was settled inside of me and my hole clamped down comfortably around a small rod.  
  
“Your anal training. This is the smaller plug, we’ll get the bigger one in when you’re ready.”  
  
“I leave it in like this?” How was I suppose to walk? It felt like I had to go to the bathroom.  
  
“Yes, Ruby.” He seemed tired of explaining things to me.  
  
I reached back and felt what was sticking out of me. It felt like a round, flat knob.  
  
“It’s a white jewel. It will be just visible between your cheeks. If you need to use the bathroom, you’ll have to take it out and put it back in yourself.”  
  
When I walked toward the door to leave, I was surprised that it didn’t bother me as much as I thought it would. I just felt full back there.   
  
Grandpa made small talk on the way to the car, “We don’t usually see pubic hair on women in this town, you’ll make good tips tonight.”  
  
“Do I keep my tips?”  
  
Grandpa laughed, “In a matter of speaking, yes.”  
  
I lowered myself into the car onto the dildo and we drove into town.

**Ruby's New Life Part 2**

*Introduction:*

*Ruby has settled in with her grandfather*

When we arrived at the bar, my heart was racing and I was dripping wet again. The sensation of both holes being filled was something I had never experienced and I couldn’t decide whether I liked it or not. Grandpa had me clean the dildo when I got out but I was left to show off my wetness as we walked inside.  
  
Grandpa greeted the bartender and told him I was reporting for a shift. The bartender looked me over, pausing at my crotch.  
  
“The guys will love her.” They filled out paperwork while I surveyed my surroundings. The bar seemed what would be typical, though I’d never been in a bar at 18. Tables, barstools, everything was black and stainless steel. Then I saw the cages. Huge, tall, black birdcages suspended from the ceiling along one wall. There were five of them, each one with a hairless naked girl inside, covered in oil, rubbing her body and twisting and writhing. I blushed, praying that this would not be what I had to do tonight.  
  
“Get behind the bar and get your instructions. I’ll be back in two hours to pick you up.” Grandpa left me there to fend for myself at my first job.   
  
The bartender introduced me to two other girls, waitresses, who were dressed in revealing clothing and told them to show me the ropes.  
  
The first girl had red hair and was muscular and fit, her breasts were huge and stuck out like headlights. Fake, she told me. “I’m Amber. This is Katie.” She gestured toward the curvy girl next to her with black hair and dark eyeliner. Katie was in a black vinyl cat suit, her nipples poking through and a slit of fabric missing from her crotch.  
  
“I’m Ruby.”  
  
“Student, right?” Amber eyed me up and down.  
  
“Yes. I start in the fall.”  
  
“The guys will love the hair. You allowed to keep it until school starts?”  
  
I shrugged, “I’m not sure.”  
  
“Well listen, we don’t make the drinks, we just serve them.” Katie handed me a notepad, “Write the orders down, put the table number at the bottom and bring them to the bar.” She pointed to a table map on the wall, “You get tables 1 through 6. Keep ‘em happy.”  
  
Amber came behind me and reached over my head, clasping a 1” steel collar around my neck with a white heart dangling from the front. I flinched before I knew what was happening. “Easy, newbie. This will just remind the guys that you’re a student and the rules are different. They can’t take as many liberties with a student.”  
  
“Liberties?” I felt naïve not knowing what to expect.  
  
“You’ll see. Now, be friendly, introduce yourself to each table and ask how you can serve them tonight. You’ll get rude comments, just smile and wink. I know you’re new at this, but be flirty. If you act like a prude, they’ll lose interest and leave sooner. If you’re friendly and accommodating, they’ll stay longer and drink more. Get it?”  
  
“I think so.”  
  
Katie handed me a shot glass with liquid in it, “Drink this. One an hour. It will loosen you up a bit.”  
  
I smelled it and went in for a sip, but Amber interrupted me, “Just pour it down your throat and swallow, love. Tequila isn’t for sipping.”  
  
I poured all of the liquid into my mouth and took it in one swallow. Everything burned and I felt like gagging.  
  
The girls laughed, patted me on the back and went to their tables to take orders. I waited for the burning to subside and looked at the table chart. I looked out into the bar and noticed one of my tables had a group of men just sitting down. They all looked near my Grandpa’s age.  
  
I took a deep breath and walked to the table, smiling. “Hello, I’m Ruby, I’ll be your waitress. How can I serve you this evening?” It seemed like my best Brothel Madame interpretation.  
  
One of the old men looked up from his menu and eyed me up and down, “A fresh, young student.” The other men ogled me in unison, all eyes on my pubic hair. One man reached out to run a finger through the hair and I managed to avoid flinching and jerking back as he tickled the tuft.  
  
“I’ll have a number six and a light beer.” I scribbled quickly, remembering the man’s face.  
  
The other men ordered and I thanked them and headed for the bar. As I walked away, I heard the comments about my ‘fresh young ass’ and something about my ‘tits’. I felt embarrassed and self-conscious. I gave the bartender the order and found Amber by the table chart, arranging a tray of drinks.  
  
“Amber, um … are they allowed to touch us?” I had heard rumors about strip clubs and the strict rules about no touching before. Wasn’t this a strip club?  
  
“Honey, they can do whatever they want to you, and you better let them. If you don’t, you’ll get reported.”  
  
“Oh.”   
  
“Don’t worry, students are off limits in a lot of areas. They’ll keep it pretty innocent. But watch Katie and I, because when you’re out of school and married … the rules change.” I looked at her collar and saw a black heart staring back at me.  
  
“What does the black heart mean?”   
  
“It means I have no restrictions.”  
  
“Restrictions?” I felt like a child asking these questions, but this town was like a whole new world.  
  
“Weren’t you raised in the lifestyle?”  
  
“My mother left when I was little, and my father didn’t tell me about his lifestyle until ...”  
  
“Your husband will give you whatever color heart he wants you to wear. It depends on their kink and their possessiveness. I’ve known some wives who never lose the white heart. If you have a steel heart, no one is allowed to even touch you.”  
  
“Oh.” We were again reduced to possessions. I was beginning to understand why my mother wouldn’t have wanted her daughter raised like this.  
  
When the old men were finished eating, they finished their beers and called me over to settle their tabs. I did a lot of smiling and ‘Yes, Sir’ing and collected their payments.  
  
When I returned to the table with everyone’s receipt they all yelled, “Tips, boys!” as if they were reminding each other not to be rude.  
  
One man with a beard rubbed my clit for about 30 seconds, another sucked one of my nipples and gave it a little bite, my anal plug was pulled out and pushed back in a few times, more clit rubbing and an open-mouthed kiss.  
  
By the time I had collected my ‘tips’ and headed back to the bar, I was turned on and ready to beg anyone to fuck me.  
  
I watched Katie and Amber collect their tips throughout my shift and noticed that they were rewarded with orgasms and rides on men’s cocks, even some blow jobs and swallowing. When I asked Amber how giving a guy a blow job was a ‘tip’ she told me that she loved doing it and swallowing their cum made her horny.  
  
I was happy to be the student for my shift, I wasn’t incredibly good at blow jobs and I hated the taste of semen.  
  
The two hours flew by quickly, though I was so turned on by the time my Grandpa came to get me that I was trying to form a plan to seduce him when we got home. The girls in the cages switched out every half hour, then they would walk through the bar, oiled up with a sexy, turned-on air about them. The men would fondle them and slap their asses, sometimes taking them from behind over a table. Watching them made me wet.  
  
The atmosphere of the tavern itself was designed to be visually stimulating, and it was working on me as well. My ‘tips’ kept me on edge and I secretly wished now that I could be one of the oil girls just to get more than kisses and touches and sucks.  
  
When we got home, I was told to shower while Grandpa waited on the toilet with a magazine. No privacy.  
  
When I was finished, he handed me a towel without so much as glancing at me and I dried off. The anal plug had been washed and put back into the kit on the back of the toilet. I looked at the various sizes of plugs and wondered how the biggest one would ever fit inside of me. My hole cringed at the thought.  
  
I was put to bed, my wrists and ankles cuffed again and the sheet laid over my body. The heat was turned up so I wouldn’t get cold and Grandpa turned off the light.  
  
During the night, I heard a woman come into the house and go into Grandpa’s bedroom with him. The sounds of their wild sex kept me awake and frustrated. When I heard the woman moan and squeal as she had an orgasm, I pulled at my restraints and began thinking it would be worth the punishment to make myself cum. The restraints weren’t giving and I wanted to scream. Eventually they quieted down in the bedroom and I drifted off to sleep.  
  
Grandpa woke me up when he was taking off my restraints. My arms were sore and I curled into a ball, enjoying the freedom.  
  
“Breakfast, Ruby.” He walked to the door and stood, watching me.  
  
I slowly sat up and looked on the nightstand for my clothes but there was nothing there.  
  
“Breakfast and then some time in the sun. It’s 10:00, time to start the day well rested. No need for clothes just yet. Now use the bathroom and we’ll plug you before we eat.”  
  
I followed instructions, my Grandpa watching me to make sure I didn’t touch myself, I assumed. When I had washed my hands, he came into the bathroom and bent me over to insert the plug again. It slid in easily this time, the sensation less of a shock.  
  
“I think we’ll move up a size. The first one is always an easy one to get used to.” He washed the small plug and put it back in its place and chose the bigger size next to it. My hole resisted a bit this time, which seemed to please him.  
  
The plug didn’t feel that much different, I just felt even more full as I walked naked downstairs. Breakfast was already made, sitting on the table.  
  
“Ginger made breakfast this morning. Fruit and sautéed veggies. Drink all of your water, you’ll need to hydrate if you’ll be in the sun.”  
  
I laid out in the sun for two hours, flipping over and listening to the ipod the school had provided me. The songs were dark and sexy and made me think of sex. I was desperate to touch myself, but terrified as to what the punishment would be if I did, so I tried to focus on the words of the songs. It didn’t help. I was constantly wet between my legs.  
  
When the two hours was over, Grandpa told me to take a quick dip and get inside to clean up and get ready for some exercise after lunch.  
  
The cool water felt good on my body and snapped my thoughts away from sex and calmed me down. I made a mental note to do more swimming.  
  
I dried off with my towel and walked naked into the house. A beautiful woman was waiting with Grandpa in the kitchen.  
  
“Ruby, this is Gladys. She does the waxing in town. Time to say goodbye to your hair, it will interfere with your training unfortunately.” He left the room and I turned to Gladys, who was smiling sweetly.  
  
“Can you climb on the table, sweety?” She gestured toward a massage table she’d set up next to a stool with a pot of hot wax sitting on it.  
  
The waxing went faster than I’d imagined and Gladys taught me breathing and relaxing to help with the pain. She plucked a few stray hairs she saw and then asked me to get on my hands and knees. I didn’t question it.  
  
“Oh my. We’ll have to remove this.” She tugged at my anal plug and set it on a towel. Then she cleaned around my anus with a wipe and waited for it to dry before she started on the tiny fuzz that grew anywhere in the crevices.   
  
When Gladys was finished, I was completely bald anywhere and everywhere between my legs and beyond. Gladys rubbed some lavender oil that she’d made over the sore hair follicles and announced that she was finished.  
  
Grandpa made me bend over the kitchen table and checked my plug. He pushed it in and out slowly. When I moaned with pleasure, he decided it was time to go up a size again.  
  
When the bigger plug was pushed into me, I grimaced and grunted in protest. This seemed to please Grandpa and he patted my ass cheek to let me know he was done. I felt stretched and full and it consumed my thoughts.  
  
When lunch was finished, I found my clothes laid out on the bed, but they were different this time. The shorts were tiny and white with a thick seam in the center and I saw a plastic ring in the center of the crotch. I looked at Grandpa with a questioning expression and he held up what looked to be an 8” white dildo.  
  
I pulled the shorts over my feet and when I got them to my knees, Grandpa snapped the dildo into its place and pulled the shorts up, positioning the dildo at my bald, wet opening. He pulled the shorts up higher than I would have and the dildo slid easily into me. When I looked in the mirror, the thick seam was finding its way into my slit, outlining my new, bald lips.  
  
The thick seam in the back pulled the shorts up between my ass cheeks and barely covered them. The waistband was tight enough that the shorts would stay in place. My new bald pussy was sensitive and the seam rubbed parts of my pussy that I never knew could feel so good.  
  
The shirt was a white cropped shirt made of thin fabric that hung loosely over the top half of my breasts, just grazing my nipples as I moved. I put on my jogging shoes and put my hair into a ponytail. As I walked, it felt so strange to have the dildo sliding ever-so-slightly in and out of me as gravity worked with the shorts to fuck me with every step.  
  
I walked slowly, the feeling of both holes being stuffed was agony. I wanted to cum so badly. I had a whole summer of this torture!?  
  
At the track, when I began to run my knees almost buckled under me. The other girls who had already been running were grunting and moaning in frustration, already having found their stride.  
  
The jolting movements of running forced gravity to tug at the plug in my ass with each step, and the dildo bounced in and out of me, teasing me from the inside. All I could think about was my brother’s cock sliding in and out of me. I missed being fucked. The thoughts occupied my mind for three miles.  
  
By the time I was done running, the silky fabric was clinging to my erect nipples like a second skin and my shorts were soaking wet, making my camel toe seem swollen. The seam had rubbed my clit just enough to tease me, but not enough to pleasure me. I was beyond frustrated.  
  
When I returned to the stands where Grandpa was talking to a few men, all eyes were on me, panting and soaking wet, barely clothed.  
  
“Good news, Ruby. I have several offers for marriage arrangements for you. Josh here has a son just about ready to graduate college with two other boys from town. They’ll be moving back in the fall, looking to settle down.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t even get to choose my own husband?  
  
“Their profiles will be sent over this evening, we’ll have a look and I’ll make my decision by the end of the summer.”   
  
“Yes, Sir.” My heart rate was slowing and I was catching my breath, but I still felt like I was out of breath.  
  
On our way home, Grandpa stopped by the grocery store and handed me a list. I made my way into the store, being fucked with every step. My pussy seemed to have a never-ending reservoir of juices. I was sopping wet and I could smell my musk.   
  
At the register, the same boy checked me out and made small talk. He was so good looking, in my state I wanted to jump over the counter and fuck him until he collapsed.   
  
“It’s going to be a hot summer, are you staying busy?” He smiled and stared freely at my breasts.  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I smiled and imagined him naked.  
  
“We should hang out sometime. I could introduce you to some other people our age. Most of us guys are headed to college in the fall so this is our last summer home. We’re making the best of it.”  
  
“That would be fun, thank you Sir.” I was hoping there would be wild orgies and orgasms handed out like candy.  
  
“I’ll contact your Grandfather.” Back to being an owned ‘thing’. He handed me my slip without being asked.  
  
“Thank you, Sir.” I smiled and left. I didn’t look at the slip until I was in the car.  
VIDEO STORE, TWO HOURS  
  
Grandpa read the slip over my shoulder, “Ah, that will be later tonight. I’ll take you by at 9:00. Let’s get home, we have dinner to make and you have some videos to watch.  
  
More of the machine. How was one body suppose to endure this kind of teasing? If only I could find a way to come without touching my clit. I would have endured any punishment if I could come.  
  
When we got home, I was strapped down and the machine was set to fuck me. This time, with my anal plug inside of me. The double penetration was much like running at the track, but this dildo was far bigger and wider and the incredible feeling of being stuffed in both holes was overwhelming.   
  
When the video came on and Grandpa turned on the machine to slowly begin fucking me, I moaned with crushing pleasure. Then came Grandpa’s warning, “There is still punishment if you come. Remember that.” He left the room, the door open and went into his bedroom.  
  
The videos were nothing but beautiful naked women masturbating. Dildos, vibrators, slow finger fucking … any and every way I could imagine getting off, these girls were doing it. I was so envious of them. As the machine sped up, there were a few moments that I thought if I concentrated, I could come.   
  
When the movies were over, Grandpa came and unhooked me, finding me the same as before, covered in sweat and panting like a dog in heat.  
  
“I got a phone call from Ryan at the grocery store, he asked if you could go on a hike with some of the other kids in town. I told him tomorrow you could go during your exercise time.”  
  
I thanked him between breaths.  
  
“He’s a nice boy, I don’t think the lifestyle is for him. I expect him to make a run for it after college. But he insisted on sending his profile over for consideration tonight as well.”  
  
“For marriage?”  
  
“Yes, Ruby, for what else?”  
  
“But he doesn’t even know me.”  
  
“He doesn’t need to know you, he’s seen you.”  
  
“But how is a marriage suppose to last if two people don’t even know each other?” I was sitting on the edge of the bed rubbing my wrists, sore from the restraints.  
  
“Know each other? Do you think these men care what your favorite movies are? What your hobbies are? Your hobbies will be pleasing them. Your favorite things will the THEIR favorite things. You aren’t to have opinions, you’re to be obedient. This isn’t a proposal for a best friend, Ruby. It’s a proposal to be your provider and your husband.”  
  
“Women here are treated like trophies; slaves! We have no opinions apparently, we do as we’re told and we’re exploited like sex objects every minute of every day.”  
  
“You ARE objects, my dear. Marriage is an ownership. Men are the head of the household and women are their prized possessions. Your husband will take care of you, you’ll never want for a thing. In return, you make sure that HE never wants for a thing and keep yourself healthy so that everywhere you go, you represent him well.”  
  
“And don’t misbehave. And call everyone ‘Sir.’” I was getting negative.  
  
“Yes, Ruby. If you’re disrespectful, it looks bad on your husband. If you’re not pleasing to the eye, he looks neglectful.”  
  
“It’s barbaric and sexist and demeaning if you ask me.”  
  
Grandpa laughed, “If you ask the rest of the world, yes. But I grew to love my wife very much. She made me proud and treated me like a king. In return, I treated her like a queen.”  
  
“And shared her with the entire town.”  
  
Grandpa stepped forward and slapped my left cheek, hard. “Don’t you EVER disrespect my marriage. You know nothing about it. My job is to train you for this lifestyle and send you to school for a year to learn what I can’t teach you. When school is out, you can either run away to your mother or take the husband chosen for you and stay here. But I assure you, after a year in school, the outside world will look very different to you.”  
  
I stayed quiet, afraid to say another word.  
  
Grandpa turned his back to go upstairs. “Get dinner ready.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I managed to find my voice, but it shook as I spoke.  
  
We ate dinner in silence, me impaled on the dildo, daydreaming of a hiking trail orgy the next day.  
  
After dinner, I was told to get dressed for work. I had completely forgotten about the video store.  
On my bed was nothing but a black silk robe. I wrapped the robe around me and found some basic black pumps sitting beside the bed as well. When I walked into the hallway, Grandpa motioned for me to follow him into the bathroom.  
  
I was bent over the sink and my robe lifted. Grandpa slowly removed the anal plug and washed it before returning it to the training kit. Then he showed me what he would be putting in my ass for work.  
  
“This is your uniform for the video store.” It was a thick, very soft and rubbery anal plug that was definitely longer than the training plugs I had been using. Attached to the base of the plug was a long horse tail. “Real horse hair, very nicely made.” I looked at the bushy, long tail and tried to imagine myself walking around in public with only this, hanging proudly from my ass.  
  
I was silent, and Grandpa laughed. “A little humiliation is good for the soul. Now let’s get this in.” I turned around and bent over, trying not to shed any tears of embarrassment.  
  
I stole one more look at what was about to be put inside of me and my heart began pounding. It looked about 8 inches long, twice the length of anything I’d ever had up there. The thickness was about an inch and a half but widened to 2 inches thick every 2 inches of the plug. It was curvy and beautiful, but terrifying at the same time. The base where my hole would contract was a tiny steel rod before it attached to the tail.  
  
Grandpa used plenty of lube on the head of the plug and slowly pushed it inside of me. I focused on my breathing as my ass opened wider and each curve of the plug. I couldn’t believe it all fit inside of me. When my hole contracted around the tiny rod, I felt stuffed so full that I was afraid to walk.  
  
“This plug is incredibly flexible, it moves and bends with you and your body. It lets you enjoy the full feeling without any pain. Especially since it’s so long. It’s all necessary training for anal sex and keeping your body ready for anything that your future husband may need from you on any given day. No man has a 4” cock, am I right?”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I didn’t want to argue that I’m sure someone somewhere had one. I was trying to get my bearings and focus on anything but the full feeling of my ass. It wasn’t working well.  
  
Grandpa asked me to stand straight up so he could put on my collar with the white heart. When I did, I was surprised that Grandpa had been right. The plug didn’t shift and hurt, but bended to my curves. I felt just as full, but there was no pain that a stiff rod would have inflicted shoved that far into me.  
  
When the collar was on, Grandpa led me into the bedroom to look in the full length mirror. My hairless body stared back at me, my nipples hard. He turned me to the side and there I was, a naked girl with a black horse tail that reached the floor. The rod was just long enough and curved upward to hold the tale so that it looked like it really did sprout out of the top of my ass rack.  
  
“Come on, pony. Let’s get you to work on time.” He tossed me my robe and we left.  
  
In the car, when I lowered myself onto the passenger seat dildo, I flinched and moaned. Double penetration so deep in both holes was a new experience for me, and the car ride was delightful agony.

**Ruby's New Life Part 3**

***Introduction:***

*While getting to know her prospective husbands and her new life, Ruby makes new friends.*

When we arrived at the video store, I obediently got out of the car and followed Grandpa inside. I should have realized that it was an adult video store. No romantic comedies here unless they involved anal from the pizza guy.  
  
The walls were lined with sultry movie cases and there were other girls there, naked but for black pumps and horse tails. We all had our hair up in buns. Grandpa took my robe and hung it on a hook behind the counter. He turned to a busty older woman, “This is my grand daughter, Ruby. She has a two hour shift.” He handed the woman the slip I’d received at the grocery store.  
  
“She’s lovely. We’ll show her the ropes. See you in a few hours.” And just like that, I was left in the hands of Dolly.  
  
“We’re here to rent videos, plain and simple. Store opens at 9pm and closes tomorrow at 4pm.” I thought what strange hours they were. “Evenings are for family.” Dolly smiled and motioned be to a door into the back half of the building.  
  
Through the door was a long corridor with doors on each side. Dolly opened one and motioned me inside. I walked into a 10 x 10 room, painted all black with a small sofa on the wall beside the door, facing a large TV screen on the opposite wall on the right. On the left of the opposite wall was a ceiling to floor metal pole, a parlor chair and a shelf with stereo and video equipment. Each ceiling corner had a speaker, and I could see other speakers hidden throughout the room.  
  
“Each room has surround sound, sound proof walls….state of the art! You girls entertain. Now, I know you’re a student and you’re not allowed to be fucked. We’ll send you clients that understand this, don’t worry. You just put in the video they choose, and follow their instructions.”  
  
“Yes, Ma’am.” I was terrified.  
  
“Don’t look so scared, darlin. Just be sweet and inviting and never judge them for whatever perversions you may see. To each their own. If they ask you to dance, be as sexy as you can. Now, they’re not allowed to fuck you or make you cum, but I will tell you that they’re allowed to shoot their load wherever they feel like it. You, are responsible for keeping your room clean. If they get any on you, you’re to leave it where it lands.”  
“On me?”  
  
“Don’t tell me nobody’s ever shot their jizz on you?”  
  
“Well, it’s happened, but …. “  
  
“Well, tonight it might happen on purpose, many times sweetheart. Clean the floor, the furniture, the walls, whatever but if it’s on you, that’s where it stays. Some men come early in the night for fresh bodies, some come later looking for grossly defiled women.” She widened her eyes at me, “I told you not to judge.”  
  
I surveyed the room and walked to the pole, trying to sway my hips and gyrate the way I’d seen strippers do in movies. It wouldn’t be so hard.  
  
There was a knock on the door before long and I opened the door, smiling. A middle-aged man handed me a video and went to sit on the couch, pulling his pants down and getting comfortable.  
  
I put the video in and pressed play. The whole wall lit up with two men undressing a woman and letting her take turns sucking their cocks.  
  
I was watching the movie, wishing I had a cock to suck when I heard a voice behind me, “Dance.”  
  
I walked to the pole and swayed my hips, holding on to the pole and throwing my head back as seductively as I could, my tail swaying behind me.   
  
“Rub your pussy on the pole.”  
  
I tried not to look surprised by the demand as I pressed my crotch into the pole and it slid into my slit and against my clit. I slid up and down on the pole, moaning at the friction. I moved around the pole a few times, assuming the guy would probably want to see different angles of his request.  
  
I threw my head back and rode the pole so I didn’t have to see him jerking furiously at his cock. It felt dirty and weird to be watched like that.  
  
The girl on screen was being fucked in both holes now and her whimpers and cries were getting me wet. I wanted to be her. The guy was enjoying it immensely and was jerking even faster now. “Get on your knees in front of me.”  
  
I walked toward him and placed myself on my knees between his legs. He leaned forward, aiming his swollen cock at my chest and staring at the movie. When the girl let out an animalistic cry, the guy’s eyes rolled back in his head and he grunted. Semen shot in streams onto my chest. He aimed shots at each of my tits and it started running down over my nipples and into the curve on the underside.  
The man grabbed a tissue from the box, wiped his cock clean and threw it on the floor before leaving.  
  
I had never felt like such an object in my life. I had a stranger’s jizz on my tits and now I had to clean up his mess before I did it all over again. The night was just beginning.  
  
I returned the video to the front, the cum slowly beginning to dry on my chest. I returned to the room and put the tissue in the waste basket and waited, trying not to think about what would come next.  
  
I must have been put in the room for men who just wanted to shoot onto someone. In the next hour or more, I was splattered with semen in various parts of my body, sometimes where they weren’t actually aiming. One aimed for my face, but his stream wasn’t as strong as he’d anticipated and he dribbled onto my neck.  
  
I could feel the dried cum tight on my body everywhere. I cleaned up the tissues from the last man and went to return the video. My time working was nearly over.   
  
On my way back to the room, Dolly pulled me aside, “Your next customer is one of your potential husbands. I phoned your Grandfather to verify that he had his application on file. Men who have applied for marriage are allowed more liberties than others.”  
  
“What does that mean?” My heart began to race a bit.  
  
“They can’t have sex with you, but they can touch you. Blow jobs are allowed, since it gives you no pleasure.” She winked at me, “Just gets you worked up. So, do as he says. This is an opportunity for you to get to know what he enjoys, for him to get to know how you perform.”  
  
“What if I don’t like the things he wants from me?” What if I got a total sicko?  
  
“You have no choice right now. This summer is for you to explore and be explored. You must do what they ask of you. We’re here to serve them, my dear. We’re made for their enjoyment.” She turned before leaving, “Don’t worry, you’ll have a bit of a say in who you marry.”  
  
I returned to the room and waited nervously. That sweet boy from the grocery store … oh how could I let him defile me? I would be mortified.  
  
When there was a knock on the door, I opened it and smiled. It was not the boy from the grocery store, but a tall, dark and devastatingly handsome boy with green eyes. When he smiled I thought I would faint. He was beautiful.  
  
“Hi Ruby, my name is Chance.” He eyed my body from head to toe, covered in semen, “I grabbed a movie, but I have no interest in watching it. I’d rather watch you.”  
  
I was afraid to say anything. I backed up so he could come inside and shut the door. He sat on the couch and leaned back. “Take my pants off, Ruby. Let’s get started.”  
  
I felt like I would shake to the ground as I stepped forward, kneeling to unzip his pants and pull them off. He didn’t wear any underwear. His cock was soft, waiting for me to work my magic. I pulled his pants down to his ankles and took them off, laying them on the arm of the couch.  
  
“Show me what you can do with your mouth.” He laid his head back, keeping those piercing eyes on me.  
  
I felt like I was out of practice, but I cupped his balls with my hand and kissed the head of his dick softly. I could see it slowly coming to life. I took the head into my mouth and swirled my tongue around the tip a few times, giving the tip a swift suck before letting it fall free. It was still growing.  
  
I lifted his cock and placed it at my mouth, sucking slowly as I worked my way down the shaft to the base. I sucked and slurped until a full 9 inches of rock hard was in front of me. It was just as gorgeous as he was.  
  
I grabbed the base of the shaft with my hand and began working it into my throat, bobbing up and down.  
  
“Oh Ruby, your mouth is amazing. Take it into your throat. All of it.” Chance moved his hand to the back of my head and pressed me down. I opened my throat and felt his cock stretch and push its way down. I tried not to gag.  
  
Soon, he was ramming it down my throat, pushing my head down until my nose slammed into his pelvis. The saliva was dripping out of my mouth as I tried to keep my throat open and keep from gagging. Tears began to leak out of the corners of my eyes from straining so hard.  
  
His breathing increased and his moaning started. I thought he would cum immediately, but it seemed to be slowly building. “Fuck, Ruby, yeah. Take it all, that’s it.” He started thrusting up, “Mmmmm fuck yes. I’m gonna cum in your throat, baby. Swallow it all, I’m cumming! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!” It was a desperate cry of release and I could feel streams of jizz pouring into my throat. I did my best to swallow around his cock in my throat, fearing what would happen if I didn’t swallow every drop.  
  
When he stopped thrusting, I worked my mouth up and down the shrinking shaft, cleaning all the saliva and cum with my tongue, swallowing every drop I could find and milking what was left from his shaft. When I was confident he was clean, I leaned back on my heels and wiped my mouth.  
  
I was smiling at me, “You’re a natural, Ruby. I’m impressed.”   
  
“Thank You, Sir.” I smiled and swallowed, trying to get my throat to feel normal again. I had never thought I was good at sucking cock.  
  
“I can’t wait to spend more time with you this summer.” He let out a sigh and stretched a bit, “I need to piss. Open your mouth for me.”  
  
“Sir?” Was he fucking serious!?  
  
“Hey, we have to get to know each other, right? This is something I like, something I’ll need from my wife.”  
  
“I don’t mean to be disrespectful sir, but may I ask why?”  
  
Chance chuckled and leaned forward, “That’s okay, it’s a valid question. See, I was raised in a house where the women cater to the men without question. My mom literally did everything for my father. She was rewarded, I’ve heard her screaming orgasms my entire life. But she enjoyed making him happy, whatever it took.”  
  
“Oh.” I pondered that thought.  
  
“Hey, if I need to take a shit, I want my privacy. But when I’m relaxed and comfortable, getting up to piss is an annoyance I shouldn’t have to deal with. My wife can help keep me comfortable by taking care of that for me.” I kept my face blank and he continued, “Look, I’m healthy, I eat organic and vegan and I stay well-hydrated. As far as piss goes, it doesn’t get any cleaner.” He touched the side of my cheek and stared into my eyes.  
  
When he leaned back again, he held up his flaccid penis, “Now open your mouth and take just the tip into your mouth.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I moved forward, trying to put the thought of what I was about to do out of my head. If I refused, I would be severely punished and that thought terrified me far more than drinking from this man’s cock.  
  
“I’ll try to keep the stream slow for you, just keep swallowing. I’ll tap your forehead when I’m finished.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I took a deep breath and wrapped my lips around the head, waiting. The stream did start slow. I swallowed over and over and pretended I was chugging apple juice. It wasn’t that bad, though swallowing warm liquid wasn’t something I was used to. He was right, it didn’t taste that bad. I managed to obediently swallow until I felt a tap on my forehead. I slurped the tip and let it fall out of my mouth, clean.  
  
“Was that so bad?” He smiled, “Look how happy you’ve made me! You should be very proud of yourself, Ruby. Usually the first time girls do that, they gag and make a fucking mess.” He stood and began putting his jeans back on.  
  
“Thank You, Sir.” I needed to burp. Oh dear Lord I didn’t want to burp! I held it back and smiled, waiting.  
  
“I have to go, but I’ll be in touch with your Grandfather. I’ll let him know I’m very interested in you, Ruby.” He kissed my forehead and left, leaving the door open.  
  
When Grandfather picked me up at the end of my shift, I wrapped my robe around my cum-drenched body and we left.  
  
The ride home was full of marriage talk.  
  
“So, you met Chance I hear?” Grandpa was watching the road.  
  
“Yes, Sir.”  
  
“What do you think?”  
  
“He pissed in my mouth.” I wasn’t sure that was something I could do ‘til death do us part.  
  
“Ah, that’s common. He’s a clean kid, you’d be well hydrated.”  
  
“Is that even sanitary?”  
  
“Sanitary?” Grandpa laughed, “It’s not dangerous, if that’s what you mean. It’s simply his preference. If you don’t take to it over the summer, we’ll consider that when choosing your husband.”  
  
“Do I get any say in who marries me?”  
  
“I’ll ask you a few questions about each one, see what your thoughts are. Ultimately, it’s my decision as your guardian and trainer.” He was quiet for a few minutes as the road got bumpier and I groaned, impaled on the dildo.  
  
“Have you thought about whether you want to stay in the lifestyle? I know several men who would be heartbroken if you decided to leave.”  
  
“I’ve thought about finding my mother. I’ve also worried that I won’t be happy with a conventional man. But I hate being thought of as a possession as well.”  
  
“And what do you think your father and your brothers used you as at home? You were a possession to be used as they saw fit.”  
  
“I guess you’re right.” I wasn’t allowed to have boyfriends, the only people who had enjoyed my body were my family. I never cared then, why did I care so much now? Because I didn’t know the men?   
“After summer is over, these men won’t be strangers anymore, Ruby. You may even grow fond of one or more of them.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” He was probably right.  
  
When we arrived home, I was hooked to the machine and videos were put on to loop throughout the night. The machine was put on a low setting and moved in and out of me slowly.  
  
Grandpa left the door open and stepped into the hallway, “The machine is set to secrete a lubricant every half hour through the night just in case things dry up. See you in the morning.”  
  
All night I was aware that I was being violated. I slept, but my dreams were filled with sex and visions of Ryan and Chance, each doing unspeakable things to me. When I woke up, I was covered in sweat and I could feel liquid dripping from my pussy onto the rubber sheet. My ass was laying in a puddle.  
  
“Good morning, Ruby.” Grandpa shut off the TV and stopped the machine, which slowly pulled out of me and stopped. I was panting and dying of thirst as Grandpa released my wrists and ankles and I curled into a ball. He set a large bottle of water on the night table and told me to shower when I was ready.  
  
When I’d rubbed my wrists back to life and drank as much water as I could stomach, I went to the bathroom to pee. Grandpa stood in the doorway, keeping watch. I thought I would cum just wiping when I was finished.  
  
“Today’s the big hike, huh? We better get you ready, Ryan will be here in 45 minutes.”  
  
I showered quickly and was careful with my sore pussy. My ass was a little sore as well from the large plug the night before.  
  
Grandpa followed me into the bedroom to lay out my clothes for the day. Denim shorts that put daisy dukes to shame. When I pulled them on, they had been modified to button just above my pubic hair line (if I’d had any left) and cut so far up the back that they nearly fit like a thong. When I looked in the mirror, my round athletic ass cheeks were on display. Next, Grandpa handed me a white, sleeveless shirt that he tied just below my breasts so that my breasts were nearly half on display.  
  
“Pony tail and hiking boots and get downstairs for breakfast.”  
  
When I got to the table, Grandpa had pulled my chair out for me. I lowered myself onto the dildo and scooted forward to eat.  
  
“Depending on how your hike goes, Ryan may be sending me his list of desired alterations this evening.” Grandpa was reading through the information on my marriage prospects.  
  
“Alterations?”   
  
“Every man has specific tastes in a woman, Ruby. It’s very rare that a woman is born with everything we desire in a mate.”  
  
I stayed quiet with my opinions and simply asked, “So like … blonde hair and piercings and stuff?”  
  
“Those are common, sometimes breast augmentation is suggested, but in your case I doubt that will be on anyone’s list.” He smiled at me sideways and kept eating.  
  
“When does all of this happen? When I graduate from the school?” When do I know what has to change about me?  
  
“When you help me go through the applicants and start narrowing them down. If there are any that have completely unacceptable terms for you, I’ll consider turning them down so they can focus on other girls in town.”  
  
“I think drinking piss should be unacceptable.” I couldn’t imagine doing that for the rest of my life.  
  
“That is something that takes getting use to, adaptation. That’s not something to consider as unacceptable right now.”  
  
I finished eating and got up to rinse my plate. I was supposed to help him narrow down the list but I didn’t have any say in what was unacceptable to me? Once again, I was merely property.  
  
The doorbell rang and Grandpa went to answer it. Ryan was in cargo shorts and a tank top with hiking shoes. He looked me up and down and smiled, “Good morning, Ruby. I look forward to getting to know you better today.”  
  
“Yes, Sir.” I didn’t know what else to say, but that was the one thing I knew I shouldn’t forget to say.  
  
Grandpa waited until I was outside and shut the door behind me.  
  
In Ryan’s convertible were three other girls dressed exactly as I was and smiling. Two were in the back and one in the front seat. He must have money? He was a cashier at the grocery store, he couldn’t afford a car like that unless his family had money.  
  
Ryan took over introductions, “Ruby, this is Tasha, Naomi, and in the front is Blaire.” They all smiled and gave little waves and polite greetings. We were all brunettes with brown eyes, except for Blaire. She had striking blue eyes. We were all similar in build but I noticed I had the largest breasts; everyone else looked to be a small C. That wasn’t unusual for me.   
  
Tasha scooted closer to Naomi to make room for me in the back seat. I sensed that we were all curious about each other but no one spoke. It seemed we didn’t want to bother the man in the car with chit-chat.   
  
“Girls, don’t be shy. At ease, get to know each other.” Ryan put on sunglasses and drove toward the hills.  
  
Tasha turned to me instantly, “You didn’t grow up around here, how do you like it?”  
  
“It’s….all very new.” I knew my opinions wouldn’t impress anyone.  
  
Naomi leaned forward and talked to me over Tasha, “I’ve never seen a girl who didn’t grow up in this lifestyle just move here and jump in like you have.”  
  
“I didn’t really have a choice. I was sent here by my father.”  
  
“Are you a virgin?” Blaire didn’t even turn around, just spoke the question into the wind.  
  
“Um, no.” I looked at everyone else and I saw no judgement.  
  
“None of us are.” Tasha smiled, “We’re just curious about an outsider. Did you have a boyfriend at home?”  
  
“No. I wasn’t allowed.”  
  
“So you just fucked family then?” Blaire still had not made eye contact with me.  
  
“Yes? My father and my brothers.”  
  
Tasha and Naomi spoke in unison, “Us too!”  
  
Blaire finally turned around to look at me, “Ryan doesn’t approve of incest.”  
  
I didn’t know how to respond, but Ryan decided to speak up for himself, “Blaire, I think it’s best you just face forward and enjoy the drive.” He glanced back at me in the rear-view mirror, “Everyone was raised differently, I don’t judge. All I can speak to is how I will run my own household and handle my own family.”  
  
“So your Grandfather …. How is he?” Tasha seemed hungry for information.  
  
“My Grandfather doesn’t believe in incest either.”  
  
“That’s too bad. I’ve always wondered what he would be like. My whole life I’ve had a crush on him.” Naomi seemed disappointed. “He’s always been so handsome and his wife … she was never altered, not at all. He loved her just as she was and …. God they were so in love. It was hot. Do you know that he never slept with other women or girls? Never.”  
  
“He has a woman who sleeps with him now.” I didn’t imagine it was a secret.  
  
“Ginger, right?” Tasha seemed to know the story, “She’s super sweet. She’s just taking care of his needs until he decides to take another wife. Her husband is sort of loaning her out to him.”  
  
“Another wife?”  
  
“Probably a younger one, but yeah. A man can’t just be alone!” Naomi said it as if it were an impossibility.  
  
“People do it all the time.” I regretted sounding so judgmental but the thought of someone taking my Grandma’s place didn’t seem right for the sake of sexual gratification.  
  
“Not here.” Blaire spoke her last comment for the remainder of the drive. I forgot that I was in a sexual vortex where the rules were all upside down.  
  
The rest of the drive was very imformative. Tasha and Naomi filled me in on a lot of details about the town and its inhabitants. I didn’t know most of them and wouldn’t remember the stories about them if I met them on the street, but it was nice to talk with other girls.  
  
Ryan seemed to enjoy that we got along as well. He would watch us in the rearview mirror and smile or laugh under his breath.   
  
I was most curious about Blaire, but she didn’t speak, just listened. I wondered who I could ask about her.  
  
When we got to the trailhead, we all got out and stretched and grabbed a water bottle from the cooler Ryan had brought. We started down the trail, Blaire leading. Ryan fell behind everyone and pulled me back with him.  
  
“Sorry about Blaire. She’s not very happy today.”  
  
“It’s fine, really, Sir.”  
  
“See, we grew up together ; we were neighbors. It was sort of always assumed that we would just grow up and get married. She doesn’t like that I’m considering other women.”  
  
I nodded but didn’t say anything.  
  
“But … my father told me that I shouldn’t limit myself and I should make an informed decision. And Blaire has become so disobedient as we get older. I think she’ll need a lot of discipline and that’s just not something I want hanging over my head every day of my life.” He sighed and looked forward at the three bouncing asses hiking in front of us, “I think I’ll end up marrying a sweet girl.”  
  
“Good choice, Sir.” What else could I say? I knew for a fact that I wasn’t sweet. But …maybe with a sweet husband that just happened? It seemed like one of those things Grandpa would say could change over time.  
  
“I’ll marry one of you four girls. That much I know.” He ran to catch up with the other girls, then turned to walk backward and watch me run to catch up. I knew he was just enjoying my tits bouncing down the trail.  
  
When we stopped for a break three miles in, we sat in a small grassy area and caught our breath before anyone said anything. I looked around and thought it must me every man’s fantasy. Alone in the woods with scantily-clad women who were sweaty and panting.  
  
Blaire took off her clothes and pulled Ryan’s shorts down, immediately attacking his cock with her mouth. She didn’t waste any time! Naomi stripped down and took her place next to Blaire and began licking and sucking on his balls while Tasha knelt next to him and made her breasts available to him to suck and play with.   
  
It took me a moment to realize that I was suppose to be joining in all of this. I left my clothes in a pile and went to kneel on the other side of Ryan, offering my chest for him as well. I instinctively began running a hand over his chest and admiring his muscles under his shirt.   
  
When he turned to me, he smiled and began nibbling at one of my nipples, rolling it between his lips. I couldn’t help it, I moaned. It felt amazing.  
  
Tasha moved closer and kissed me. I was surprised and didn’t move for a minute. She giggled and kept working her tongue into my mouth.  
  
Ryan seemed encouraging, “Go ahead Ruby, you’re not breaking any rules. My future wife will have to be very comfortable with other girls.”  
  
I didn’t care what his future wife would have to do, but curiosity got the better of me and began kissing Tasha back, moaning as Ryan continued to tease my nipples.  
  
“You girls are all so beautiful, it’s overwhelming.” He leaned back and observed his situation with wide eyes. Two women lapping at his crotch and two more women pressing their breasts against one another, kissing. In this bizarre man world I was now a part of, this was just a normal hike.  
  
We continued like that for quite a while, all of us taking turns stuffing his cock in our throats, making out with each other and watching him enjoy it all. Finally, he started breathing hard and closed his eyes. “I’m gonna cum.”  
  
No sooner were the words out of his mouth, Blaire shoved two of us out of the way and started deep-throating his dick like it was a contest. She squeezed his balls and when he came in her mouth, she moaned and swallowed like it was the greatest gift she’d ever received.  
  
Tasha and Naomi rolled their eyes and began dressing for the hike back while Blaire dutifully cleaned Ryan with her tongue and then dressed as well.  
  
On the hike back, Ryan had a quiet argument with Blaire and she again took the lead, anger fueling her speed down the trail. Ryan paced behind her, obviously wanting some time to himself as well.  
  
Tasha was full of chatter, “Blaire is so selfish. I think Ryan wanted to have you swallow him, Ruby. Since you’re the newest of us.”  
  
“Me? Oh. Well, he should have said so.”  
  
“Blaire didn’t give anyone the chance to say anything. I’m so tired of her attitude.” Naomi was pouting a little.  
  
Tasha patted her on the shoulder reassuringly and kept talking, “I heard he only chose her as a prospect because of their families. I don’t think he has any intention of marrying that girl. I overheard his demand for regular threesomes and orgies with other girls … her jealousy wouldn’t stand for it.”  
  
I was finally curious, “So, how many marriage proposals do you guys have?”  
  
Tasha grinned, “I have five. Naomi has three. How many do you have?”  
  
“I don’t know? Grandpa hasn’t told me.”  
  
“You should find out. And read their profiles. Get rid of the absolutely-nots right away and don’t waste time with them. You’re being given some say, right?”  
  
“Of course.”  
  
“Well, some girls aren’t.” Tasha sounded sorry for them.  
  
Naomi finally chimed in, “I know two girls who have no say in who they marry. Can you imagine? NO idea what you’re in for? No thank you.”  
  
“When do we choose a husband? Or … when are we promised to one or whatever?” I had been wondering how long this courting ritual went on.  
  
“By next week. Once school starts and we spend six months being trained, they have to know which classes our husbands want us in. And since we may need part of the summer for alterations and such … the decision has to be made sooner than later.” Tasha looked at me, trying to see how I was processing the information.  
  
“So, it’s like a sex school, right?”  
  
They both giggled, but Tasha finally answered me, “It’s a finishing school. Once we graduate, we will be the perfect wife for our husband. We’ll know exactly what his desires are, what turns him on, how he expects us to behave at home and in public . . .we’ll be ready. Then it’s wedding season! It’s huge here in town.”  
  
I didn’t say anything. They sounded giddy. I was horrified. Sent off to school not to learn anything but to be turned out as a perfect wife and sex slave? What planet was I living on!?  
  
“Don’t worry.” Naomi put her arm around me as we walked, “You’ll like it! That’s why it’s good to have a say in who you marry. Hopefully you guys will have the same tastes in all of those areas.”  
  
“I came from a very different world. Men have to make fools of themselves to get a woman to marry him in the real world.”  
  
“The ‘real’ world?” Tasha sounded offended, “Where sexuality is buried so deep that you have sexual deviants, predators and rapists roaming the streets? Honey, the crime rate here is nil. There’s no use for it, everyone is satisfied.”  
  
She had a point. I was still fighting it instead of trying to fit in. “I’m just having a hard time with a town full of women who are fine with the fact that they’re nothing more than property.”  
  
“Property … technically. But I dare you to find a woman in this town who isn’t head over heels in love with her husband. We LIKE this life, Ruby. The ones who don’t … leave. And they’re free to go, no shame and no judgement.”  
  
“So you CAN leave if you want? That part is true?” I still wondered.  
  
“Of course!” They both giggled, “But I think you’ll stay!”  
  
We finished the hike with girl talk and the ride back was plans for the summer. Tasha wanted to come over in a few days and have some pool time with me. It actually sounded nice.   
  
Blaire didn’t say a word in the car and looked at no one. When I was dropped off, I hugged Tasha and Naomi and made them promise to stick to our summer plans. Ryan got out and walked me to the door.  
  
“Looks like you made two friends today.” He smiled and ran his hand over my cheek.  
  
“Yes Sir. Yeah, they’re really nice. I’m sorry about Blaire, I know drama is tough to deal with.”  
  
“It’s fine, I’m calling her parents over tonight to retract my marriage offer. I just don’t think it’s going to work out. It will be the talk of the town, you wait and see.” We laughed and then he leaned down to kiss me. He was a good kisser, but so sweet that I didn’t feel any passion from him.  
  
“Thank You for the hike, Sir.”   
  
“You’re very welcome. I hope to see you again soon. And I know I’ll see you at the store.” He winked and headed back to the car.