**The Slime Pit at The O Club**

by[The\_Technician](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1324532&page=submissions)©

Sally's hidden yearnings are brought to the surface when three of her friends convince her to go with them to experience The Slime Pit at a local place called The O Club.  
  
Sally Winters was standing in the middle of her college dorm room slowly shaking her head from side to side. She couldn't believe what her dorm mates, Kelly, Tawana, and Julie were asking her. "No!" she said loudly in disbelief. "I don't want to go down to The O Club with you tonight and experience the divine decadence of The Slime Pit."  
  
She raised her left hand with her pointer finger extended upward. "One," she said, "I'm not into girls."  
  
She raised her middle finger, "Two, I'm not into pubic sex."  
  
"And three," she said as her ring finger joined the other two, "... and this is perhaps the most important... there is NO way I am going to spend the two hundred dollar cover charge as a guest at a private club- no matter how exclusive it is- just so I can slide around in a bunch of slime with a couple hundred other naked women."  
  
"So it all comes down to money?" said Tawana with a sly grin.  
  
Julie laughed and said, "I'll bet if we paid your way in, you would join us in a minute, wouldn't you?"  
  
"I'm not saying that I would," answered Sally, looking down at her bare feet squirming on the floor, "but the two Benjamins are a major part of my reason for not joining you."  
  
"You ARE going with us, Sally," Kelly replied as she raised her hand to match Sally's. "And there are three reasons that you will." Her pointer finger was now extended upwards as Sally's had been.  
  
"One," said Julie, "you are into girls, and everybody knows it. You have been checking out the other coeds every chance you get since the day you arrived here at the university."  
  
She laughed and smiled broadly at Kelly's open mouth and now very wide open eyes. "Didn't think we noticed, did you?"  
  
She laughed again and said, "Do you know what the girls in your gym class call you behind your back? They call you Cliff, that's spelled CLILF, and stands for Closet Lesbian I'd Love to Fuck."  
  
Sally tried to stammer out something, but Tawana cut her off with, "Two..." Kelly raised a second finger, "... you may or may not like public sex, but you sure as hell like showing off your body in public."  
  
Tawana held up her cell phone with an image displayed. She put it in front of Sally's face before starting the video and saying, "Campus police have been trying for months to figure out who 'The Midnight Flasher' is. They almost caught her on her last run through the quad because she posted when she was going to do it in advance on the school message board."  
  
Her voice became sarcastic as she continued,"The cape and full mask are a nice touch, and you have almost everybody totally baffled as to who you are. But we've seen you in the shower and you have a very distinctive birth mark on your ass."  
  
She swiped the phone to switch to an enlarged capture image from the video. "See," she said, "it shows up really nice under the lights as you run down the sidewalk back into the darkness."  
  
Sally stood silently with her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water.  
  
Kelly held up a third finger as she, herself, said, "And three, tonight is an open invitation night for new members at The O Club. There is no cover charge for anyone as long as you are either joining the club or are willing to be in the lottery to be a pole girl. There are going to be four or five hundred girls there, so the odds of any of us ending up on a pole are 250 to one."  
  
"You like girls," Kelly said as she closed one finger. "You are a closet exhibitionist," she added as she closed the second finger. "And you ARE going with us to The O Club tonight to experience the Slime Pit." Her third finger closed and she held her balled up fist in front of Sally's face.  
  
Sally dropped her arms to her side and slumped her shoulders in defeat. She started to say something else, but Kelly cut her off. "Put on your green sun dress," she ordered. "And nothing else. You have to be naked to get through the front door anyway."  
  
Again, Sally started to say something, but Kelly once again cut her off with a loud, "No arguing. You're coming with us if we have to drag you down there naked."  
  
For a moment the thought, 'That works for me,' flashed through Sally's mind and a smile flickered across her face. But since she never told anyone her secret wicked thoughts, rather than saying that, she groaned out, "Ooooo K, if that's my choices, I guess I'm coming willingly."  
  
"Oooh," said Julie with fake excitement. "Can we watch you cum?"  
  
Kelly again groaned loudly and said, "I'm GOING with you, OK? Just let me get changed and we'll go."  
  
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The O Club was the newest favorite nightclub for the sexually adventurous elite of the city. From the outside it was a very low-key type of place that blended in very well with the warehouse area in which it was located. There were no flashing signs or garish neon arrows marking the entrance. In fact, unless you saw the simple sign next to the entrance to the parking lot, you would never notice it. That sign said simply. "O Club Parking Only."  
  
There was very strict security that kept anyone under the age of eighteen from even getting through the outer doors which faced the parking lot. There weren't even lines outside the doors to attract attention because, except for proof of age, anyone could come into the huge, open area that served as a lobby.  
  
Once inside the lobby, however, there were much more stringent requirements. Those who didn't meet the inside bouncer's appraisal, or who chickened out after they saw exactly what the club was, were ushered out a side door into the alley so that they could walk back to the parking lot.  
  
Assuming that you passed the bouncer's inspection and that you didn't flee in fear, you passed through a set of doors into an inner lobby. That still didn't get you into the club. Every time you came to the club, before continuing into the club rooms themselves, members and guests had to sign a paper saying you were there of your own free will and you knew that nudity was expected. There was also a release form saying that you knew that pictures might be taken of you and that those images were the property of the club to do with as they pleased. Those short forms were followed by several pages of other fine print that went on and on and ended with a another place for your signature and the signature of two witnesses.  
  
Almost no one ever bothered to read the full form. They signed the first portion and then accepted the explanation of the security woman at the desk about the rest. She said to each person, "That first part is primarily proof you know what kind of club we are and that we are taking pictures and video. The rest is mainly legal stuff so you can't sue us if things don't turn out like you think they should."  
  
For Sally- whose form seemed to be a slightly different color and had an additional page for signatures- she added, "At Club O, we treat you like a big girl who knows exactly what she is doing."  
  
She then looked directly into Sally's eyes and said, "You DO know what you are doing, don't you?"  
  
When Sally didn't immediately answer, she pointed to the side exit, "If you don't know what you're doing, honey, or aren't sure you really want to do this, there's the door."  
  
Sally angrily took the pen from her hand and signed the paper. "That's my girl," said Kelly with a laugh as she wrapped the blue ID bracelet around Sally's wrist.  
  
The club, itself, was divided into three areas with two "O Poles" in the lobby in front of each area. Since this was an inner lobby, the poles were not visible from outside the building. All six were currently empty.  
  
"The Slime Pit" was part of area FF. "The Roman Baths" was a similar facility in the MM area. HA, the heterosexual area, was actually on the second floor overlooking both The Slime Pit and The Roman Baths. It had a huge hot tub recessed in the floor toward the back of the building as well as many other champagne glass shaped plexiglass hot tubs scattered throughout the area. There were also several smaller hot tubs and slime pits located on- or actually in- small balconies that encircled both The Slime Pit and The Roman Baths.  
  
Those tubs had a glass side facing inward so that people in the tubs could see everything that was going on in the areas beneath them- and, of course, everyone beneath them could see exactly what was happening in the tubs.  
  
Men were not allowed in the FF area and women were not allowed in the MM area, but Female-female or Male-male couples were permitted in the HA area. To insure that someone didn't accidentally end up in the wrong area, there were thick, glass, swinging doors across the entrance to each area. Etched into the glass were the designations FF, MM, and HA. On the FF doors it said, "No Males Allowed." On the MM doors it said, "No Females Allowed." And on the HA doors it said "Everyone Welcome."  
  
"Forty years ago, this wouldn't have been possible," said Tawana as she pushed open the FF door to enter that area of the club.  
  
"You mean a black girl and a red-headed Irish girl couldn't go into a club together except in a joke?" asked Julie with a laugh.  
  
"That too," replied Tawana as she joined her laughter, "but I meant this whole club. When my parents were in college, they shut down a club here in town because a stripper's tassel came off when she got it whirling too fast. Now- as long as the owners pay the proper taxes- anything goes."  
  
"The world has indeed changed," said Kelly. "There are now four states, including this one, who legally allow voluntary sexual slavery... again, as long as you have purchased the proper license and pay the yearly taxes for it."  
  
"Why would anyone ever agree to being someone's slave?" replied Tawana, shaking her head.  
  
"Oh," answered Kelly, "I don't know. Some girls are just submissive at heart and get off being dominated and made to do things that they otherwise couldn't bring themselves to do." She turned to Sally and added with a smirk, "Isn't that right, Sally?"  
  
"Uh..." stammered Sally, turning a deep shade of red, "I guess so." She was very glad that they hadn't yet reached the clothing check area so the girls could not see that Kelly's comment had caused her nipples to spring to full attention and her cunt to become glistening wet.  
  
Kelly suddenly swirled around and put her hands on Sally's shoulders. "Take it off," she said sternly.  
  
"What?" Sally stammered out as her face drained of all color.  
  
"The dress," answered Kelly. "Take it off so we can check it. You have to be nude from this point in."  
  
"But we are still in line," whined Sally. "Couldn't I wait until we actually get to the check room? That's where it says 'No Clothing Allowed Beyond This Point.'"  
  
"We could wait until then," Kelly responded, "but you won't. You will take it off NOW and hand it to me!"  
  
"What about my purse?" Sally asked holding the small clutch up with both hands.  
  
"It goes into the check room with your dress," answered Kelly. "... so you might as well hand that to me too. You don't need it. If you get a drink or whatever, they just scan your ID and it gets put on your credit card. That's why you had to show the card when we came in."  
  
"Oh," said Sally as she pulled the dress over her head and stood there naked next to her three friends. She turned slightly pink as she realized that everyone else in line was waiting until they actually went into the clothing check room before they disrobed. A familiar tingle surged between her legs as she watched the people in line turn to look at her. There was a slight draft in the hallway and she felt the coolness of the air as it blew across the moisture between her legs. That sensation caused her to look down at herself and she turned even redder as she realized that her erect nipples and now sopping wet cunt were totally on display to all.  
  
"Somebody is liking this already," said Julie as she reached up and stroked one of Sally's breasts.  
  
Sally intended to say, "Stop that!" but instead all that came out was a soft moan.  
  
"Save it for the pit," ordered Kelly.  
  
A few minutes later, they reached the open counter and Sally's three friends also shed their dresses and handed over their purses. Once inside the FF club room, Kelly pointed to a table near the wall and said, "I'll buy the first round. Let's loosen up a little before we go get slimy."  
  
Julie, Tawana, and Sally sat down at an empty table while Kelly went up to the bar to order. She was back moments later. "They're backed up with the opening rush," she explained. "They'll bring the drinks out to our table in a few minutes." She then set a small red cube down on the table.  
  
"There's no number on it," said Sally. "How will they know which order is ours?"  
  
"Welcome to the twenty-first century," laughed Julie. "There's an RFID chip in the tag and the waitress has a locator built into her tray."  
  
"Oh," said Sally, still not quite understanding how the waitress was going to find them.  
  
A few minutes later, a waitress approached the table. Like all of the women in the club, she was naked... almost. She, like all the other waitresses, was wearing 4" black, stiletto heels and shiny, vinyl-like stockings that came up to the middle of her thigh.  
  
"She's at least got a little bit of clothing on," said Sally, "but she looks more naked that we do."  
  
"That's the idea," said the waitress with a smile as she set a tray laden with drinks on the table. "It also makes me stand out in the crowd."  
  
On the tray with the drinks was a small black box that was flashing "FF41."  
  
"That's our table number," explained Julie.  
  
Kelly held up her wrist and said, "Scan it for five for the tip."  
  
"Want to go double or nothing on the tip if I can guess who gets which drink?" asked the waitress.  
  
"Why not?" answered Kelly, matching the waitress's smile.  
  
"Double Jack on the rocks for the woman in charge," said the waitress as she placed a drink in front of Kelly.  
  
"Rum and coke for the dark Jamaican beauty," she continued as she set the second drink in front of Tawana.  
  
"White wine for the pale Irish lass," she said with a laugh as she set the wine glass in front of Julie.  
  
"And, of course," she finished, "a blue band special for our newbie blue bander."  
  
As she set the fourth drink in front of Sally, Kelly raised her wristband and said, "It was worth the extra five to see the expressions on their faces... especially hers." She pointed at Sally.  
  
The waitress scanned Kelly's wristband and then picked up the little box from the table and set it on her tray with the remaining drinks. The flashing number on her tray immediately changed to FF23 and she hurried off.  
  
"What's this 'newbie blue band' stuff?" Sally asked as soon as the waitress had stepped away from the table.  
  
"Newbie means that this is your first time here," Kelly answered. "The blue wristband means you belong to us. We three have already signed the paperwork to become members, so you are here sort of as our guest." She patted Sally's hand. "That is OK with you isn't it?"  
  
"Yeah, I guess so," Sally answered quietly.  
  
"What's in the drink?" she then asked, holding the blue band special up to look at it in the light.  
  
"No alcohol," answered Tawana. "Since we are effectively members, the age restriction doesn't apply- that's a weird loophole in the law- so we can have real booze. But it doesn't apply to someone beneath us."  
  
Sally was going to ask about that "beneath us," comment, but Julie cut her off by continuing, "It's just some soda water, a little flavoring, a little blue coloring... and some very special herbs and stuff like that to help you relax and get you all horny."  
  
"Oh, OK," Sally replied as she took a tentative sip of the drink. It tasted wonderful and the herbs, or whatever they were, felt so soothing on her tongue and throat. "You sure there's no alcohol?" she asked again.  
  
"No," they answered together.  
  
"Promise... you're sure?.. no alcohol?" Sally continued. "... cause if they help me relax, I might be having several of these tonight and I don't handle alcohol very well."  
  
"There's no alcohol and I'll buy you as many as you want," said Kelly with a laugh. Just relax and enjoy the evening.  
  
They were about half-way through their drinks when a dozen small spotlights began sweeping throughout the room. "It's time to select our first pole riders for tonight," said a deep male voice. Sally thought his voice sounded familiar. She knew that she had heard it somewhere before, perhaps from a game show or commercials on TV.  
  
"Our first lucky rider is Tracey Douglas!" the announcer gushed as if presenting the grand prize for the day. The twelve lights suddenly converged on a young, blond girl sitting at a table with four other women.  
  
She stood up and waved to the crowd as four women in black jeans and T-shirts approached the table. The back of the shirts said "Security" in bright neon yellow letters that probably glowed in the dark. The women themselves looked like they had just stepped off the set of a "Dykes on Bikes" porno film. They were massive and probably could have individually taken care of anyone in the place, if necessary.  
  
The blond stood in the middle of them as they walked toward to the entrance. She continued to wave to people as the spotlights followed her out the door.  
  
"How did they know where she was sitting?" Sally asked. "And how could the spotlights follow her like that?" The surprise and puzzlement showed clearly on her face.  
  
Tawana held up her wrist band. "RFID chips," she said. Then she lowered the tone of her voice and said in almost a deep rumble, "Big Brother is watching you."  
  
Kelly and Julie laughed, but Sally looked at her wrist with furrowed brow. "They know exactly where I am?" she asked quietly. Her three friends just laughed even louder.  
  
"And our second winner for the night... " came the voice of the announcer. " is an involuntary rider. And that rider is... ..." He drew out the word "is" for several seconds before exclaiming, "Wendy Blake!"  
  
"No!" came a shriek from the slime pit as the spotlights zoomed in on a well-endowed brunette who was intertwined between another brunette and a redhead.  
  
"Wendy is already a member," the man continued in his game show announcer voice, "but the checks for her dues payments bounced the last two months, and that puts her at the top of the list for our involuntary pole riders tonight."  
  
As the four security women waded into the pit in pursuit of Wendy, who was now trying desperately to climb the wall into the HA area, Kelly leaned over to Sally and explained. "One of the poles is for volunteers. You can pay your dues, or even your bar tab, with time on the pole."

She paused to watch the security women attempt to subdue the thrashing Wendy. "The other pole is for involuntary riders, like Wendy there, or people who lose the evening's lottery, or a couple other special cases."  
  
Wendy was still shrieking and crying out, "You can't do this to me," as the four women in black, now covered in slime from the pit, carried her out to the pole.  
  
"Let's go out and see them," said Julie. She was practically bouncing up and down with excitement.  
  
"Don't have to," replied Kelly as she pointed up at the wall above the bar where six huge screens showed the six poles in the lobby. The blond was already in place. The poles came up about four feet out of the floor and were topped with what looked like a saddle except that in place of stirrups, there were long flat bars sticking down at an angle with restraint cuffs on the end. The ones on the first pole were securely attached to the blond's ankles, holding her firmly on the saddle with her legs widely spread. A large C-shaped section went around behind the saddle and rider to attach to an identical pole which descended from the ceiling.  
  
The blond's arms were stretched above her head and her wrists were in restraint cuffs that were chained to the upper bar where it joined the bypass section. The whole mechanism was moving up and down like a horse on a merry-go-round and Tracey was moaning and squirming in obvious bliss.  
  
The security women were having a little bit of trouble holding on to Wendy since she was still coated in the slime from the pit, but they managed to get her upright and pulled one of her legs over the saddle. The camera zoomed in for a close up and it was obvious that there were two large, pink, dildos sticking straight up from the top of the saddle.  
  
"That's actually a modified Sybian," Tawana said.  
  
"What's a Sybian?" asked Sally.  
  
Her three friends looked at each other and giggled slightly. Then Kelly explained, "It's the world's strongest female masturbation machine that not only vibrates your twat like a jack hammer, it also rotates inside of you like no man could ever do." She laughed and added, "Guaranteed to hit your G-spot at least once every time around.  
  
On screen, Wendy suddenly pulled her leg up as far as she could and kicked violently at one of the security women. The woman went down, but the other three were still more than enough to restrain her. They pushed her down violently on the two dildos and you could hear her cries of pain as they entered her so abruptly. Soon her legs and hands were restrained, just like the blond woman's.  
  
The security women stepped away from her for a moment and then returned. They were carrying a small black box with wires leading from it. One walked behind Wendy and hung the box on the pole. Since it stayed firmly in place, it evidently was built to hang there. She then began connecting wires to the saddle itself.  
  
"You really shouldn't piss off security," said Julie. Then she gave a deep laugh.  
  
"That's a TENS unit," explained Kelly. "It electrifies the saddle and the dildos with high voltage pulses. She is going to regret kicking that bouncer."  
  
The security woman who had been knocked down limped back into view. She was holding another set of wires that ended in what looked like small bottle caps or suction cups. She pressed one of the cups against Wendy's nipple and she screamed. When the bouncer's hand let go of the cup, it stayed on the nipple. Wendy screamed again as the second cup was applied to her other nipple.  
  
After all the wires were connected to the box, the pole began moving up and down. As the pole reached the top of its movement, the TENS unit would evidently trigger because Wendy would scream and thrash in the saddle as the pole came back down.  
  
Attached to the pole above each rider's head was a small display screen. In bright red letters and numbers ,Wendy's said, "Payment required: 20." Beneath that it said, "Punishment minutes remaining: 30." A bottom line said, "Orgasms: 00"  
  
"What does she have to pay?" asked Sally. "I mean, is that payment in dollars or minutes or what?"  
  
"Well," said Kelly as she took Sally's hand, "this is 'The O Club.' And O stands for orgasm. You pay for your membership here in cash- lot's of cash- or in orgasms. The club converts your orgasms into cash by streaming the poles live on internet pay channels. Wendy is two months behind, so she owes 20 orgasms. Tracey is just putting O's on account, so her counter is set to 10."  
  
"But first," said Tawana, "Wendy has thirty minutes of electro-punishment for resisting security when they came to take her to the pole. Her orgasms won't even begin until after that is finished."  
  
"Don't be too sure about that," huffed Julie. She then laughed and said, "I've seen Wendy in action before. I bet she gets off at least five or six times just from the pain." She laughed again. "If they turn on the Sybian at the same time as the TENS unit, she will probably be paid in full before the 30 minutes are up. She's worse than you, Sally. Hell, she probably intentionally wrote bad checks so she would end up there like this."  
  
"Can they really do this to her?" asked Sally. Her eyes were wide open as she continued, "I mean, is it legal? What if she wants to go to the police afterwards?"  
  
"Always read the fine print, my dear," said Kelly. "This is obviously a kinky sex club and when you sign the paperwork at the door you agree to all of this... and more. The police would just tell you that this is a legal, licensed, tax-paying establishment and they don't care what happens in here as long as it is consensual."  
  
"And there is nothing more consensual," added Tawana, "than agreeing in advance to something in writing and signing that agreement in front of witnesses."  
  
"That's why they video everything as we come in," chimed in Julie. "You can't say later that it wasn't you or your signature."  
  
"So once you're in here, you're screwed," said Sally.  
  
"Not yet," chirped Tawana, "but once we get into that slime, I am going to make you wish I was screwing you."  
  
"Finish your drink," ordered Kelly. "Then we'll go have some fun in the pit. There are also some private rooms where we can shower off and play in other ways, but that's for later."  
  
Sally picked up her glass. It surprised her that it was almost full. She was sure that it had been almost empty just moments ago, but then again, once before- or maybe it was twice before- she thought it was almost empty. She had never heard of a bar that topped off drinks for free, but since hers wasn't alcohol, maybe it was like iced-tea in a restaurant. The waitress just refills it every time she passes by.  
  
Sally downed the rest of the blue liquid in one long gulp. "That's good stuff," she giggled to Kelly. "It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy inside."  
  
"I'll bet it does," laughed Tawana. "I'll bet it does."  
  
As they walked toward the entrance to the slime pit, Sally stopped to look at the images above the bar. Tracy and Wendy were the center two images. Both had their heads back and were obviously in the throes of another orgasm. Sally found herself rubbing her own tits as she looked up at the women in ecstasy and imagined herself in their place.  
  
The other girls stopped with her for a moment to check the action on all six screens. In the left two monitors, two men were seated on saddles similar to what Wendy and Tracy were on. "How's that work?" Sally asked Kelly, pointing up at the images.  
  
"Boys have an asshole, too," Kelly replied. "But if you look close you will see that there is a little tube-like thing around their pricks that is attached to the front of the saddle. It inflates and deflates and moves back and forth sort of like an artificial cunt as the saddle goes up and down."  
  
"But the counter above them says they need to orgasm ten times," Sally replied with a loopy grin. "I thought guys could only get it up two or three times in a night."  
  
"The marvels of modern science," said Tawana. "A couple purple pills and then electro-stim to the prostrate and a hundred year old man could make ten times." She laughed again. "It might kill him, but he would die happy."  
  
"Besides," said Julie, "some of the gay guys I know are so far into their fem side that they can orgasm without spurting, sort of like a woman, just from getting it in the ass."  
  
"I guess they have it easier than the guy on the HA pole, then," said Sally with a small giggle. She thought to herself that she was starting to get slightly silly as if she had had one too many drinks.  
  
"Are you sure there is no alcohol in those blue band specials?" she asked Kelly.  
  
"No alcohol," Kelly answered. "Just stuff to relax you and make you feel good." She reached up and rubbed her finger across Sally's nipple. "And they make you super sensitive to sexual stimulation."  
  
Sally shuddered as the sensations went through her body, "Oh, God," she groaned, "that felt sooooo goooood."  
  
They were now descending into the Slime Pit. It was, in theory, a dance floor and there was loud music blaring from speakers on the walls. Some of the couples were even dancing in the knee deep, clear muck. Most, however, were standing around smearing the slippery slime on each other's bodies or sliding along the long ramp that wound around the edge of the pit like a long, low sliding board on a children's playground. One couple went to the top of the ramp, got into a classic 69 position and began the slide down toward the pit. Sally watched them slide by above her as she and her friends stepped down into the pit itself.  
  
"That looks fun," she said to Kelly.  
  
"Then you really have got to try the banister," Tawana said as she scooped up some of the slime and began massaging it into Sally's breasts.  
  
"What's the bannister?" Sally responded.  
  
"Let's get you fully slimed up first," said Kelly. Then all three of the girls began rubbing handfuls of the slime onto Sally's body.  
  
"Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, GOD!" Sally began chanting as six hands swirled over her body.  
  
"I think she's ready." Julie said as Sally stood there panting heavily. Kelly took her hand and began leading her up a spiral staircase that rose from the very center of the pit. The treads of the stairs were covered with a thick non-slip carpet that felt almost like a soft brush on her feet. When they got to the top, it didn't go anywhere, but ended with a small platform that towered over the middle of the room.  
  
Sally looked over into the HA area which was just slightly below her. "Now what?" she asked.  
  
"Now you slide down the banister like a little kid," Tawana said. She and Julie then pulled Sally over to the middle of the platform and lifted her leg so that she could straddle what looked like an oversized white bannister that wound its way back down to the pit alongside the stairs. After she was in place, Julie positioned her feet so that they were on two large metal pads with a non-skid surface on them. Sally was thinking that the mechanism reminded her a lot of the chair thing her grandmother used to use to go up and down the stairs at her house.  
  
Meanwhile, Kelly picked up something that looked like a strange set of handlebars and set it over the banister. Prongs under the handlebars somehow clicked into place in a track beneath the wide top of the railing. "Can't have you accidentally falling off, can we?" she said as she opened what appeared to be wrist restraints attached to the ends of the handlebars.  
  
"Give me your hands," Kelly ordered and Sally held out her arms.  
  
"I don't know if I want to do this," Sally said as she looked down over the edge into the pit more than two stories below.  
  
"But I want you to do it," Kelly responded as she strapped Sally's wrists in place. She then reached down and began wrapping restraints around Sally's ankles. When she was finished, Sally was held firmly in place with her cunt pulled tight against the bannister.  
  
Kelly stood back up, smiled at Sally and said, "I know that you aren't sure that you want to do this, but I am sure that I want you to do it, and that's all that's important. Besides, the cameras are running and the people are waiting for you." Sally looked around and realized that everyone in the club- including the couples in the HA area- was staring intently at her. Also, the six huge screens above the bar all now carried her image from different angles. She immediately felt the heat of a fresh flood of juices between her legs.  
  
"We have someone who is going to attempt to beat the bannister tonight." the announcer said loudly. "Remember, if she makes it all the way to the bottom without the big O, she gets six month's membership FREE."  
  
The crowd hooted and applauded. The announcer then continued, "But if she doesn't make it and has an orgasm on the way down, she gets to give us another ten orgasms on the pole as soon as it is available." The crowd screamed even louder.  
  
After a pause he shouted, "Is she ready?"  
  
Sally tried to say "No," but Kelly, Tawana, and Julie all yelled "Yes!"  
  
The platforms on which Sally was standing suddenly lowered slightly and began moving backwards pulling her even tighter against the rail. The huge bannister was now sliding slowly between her legs while her grip on the handlebars kept the rest of her upper body in tight contact with the top of banister railing. Walking up the steps, that railing had looked smooth, but sliding slowly down with it between her legs, Sally could feel that it was irregularly shaped with bulges and bumps at regular intervals. It was now also vibrating very heavily.  
  
"Oh...," she moaned as the sensations tore through her body. "Kelly, make it stop," she cried out, but Kelly, who was walking down the steps rapidly alongside her merely laughed and said, "No blue-band girl has ever made it down the bannister, Sally. You might as well just let yourself go and give these nice people a good show."  
  
She reached over and put her hand on Sally's ass and let her slide past under her hand. Her fingers slid between Sally's legs as she was dragged slowly downward. "You know you want to do that," Kelly crooned. "And besides, I'm ordering you to orgasm... NOW!"  
  
Sally had never had a climax overwhelm her so rapidly before in her life. One second she was struggling with rising sensations in her loins, the next her body and mind were exploding as she cried out, "Fuck Me!" repeatedly and began humping herself frantically against the surface of the bannister as it slid between her legs.  
  
By the time she had gotten to the bottom, she had orgasmed twice more and was a quivering mess. The spotlights converged on her still humping slowly against the rail and the announcer said, "Sally Winters, you didn't make it. There are three girls in front of you, but then you will get to show us some real O action on the poles."  
  
Tawana and Julie unfastened the restraints and helped Sally off the railing. As they led her back into the slime pit, Kelly said, "Let's clean up and use one of the private rooms for a little while."  
  
The shower room itself was a large open area with shower heads along the walls. Towels, shampoo, and so forth were available as you entered. The three girls quickly rinsed the slime from their bodies and washed their hair. They then turned their attention to Sally who was standing under one of the shower heads letting the water run down her body.  
  
"Let's get you squeaky clean," Tawana said as she began rubbing Sally's tits with a wash cloth full of body soap. Julie began working on Sally's hair, and Kelly started washing between her legs. Soon Sally was once again moaning and crying out just short of orgasm.  
  
"I think she's clean," said Kelly as she pulled Sally out from under the shower and handed her a towel.  
  
When they had dried their bodies and combed back their hair, the three girls led Sally out of the shower area to a private room. "Private" was a bit of a misnomer because one wall of the room was glass and faced into the slime pit. Once the lights were turned on in the room, everything was visible to everyone.  
  
A new round of drinks was awaiting them when they arrived in the room. Along with another double Jack, a rum and coke, and a glass of white wine, three glasses of the blue liquid were on the table. "I told them that you were thirsty after your ride," said Kelly. Then she ordered her, "Drink up. We don't have a whole lot of time before you go on the pole and we want to get in a little pleasure first."  
  
She handed Sally one of the drinks and she downed it. Sally started to pick up another glass, but Kelly told her, "That's for after you finish me." Kelly lay down on the low bed and pulled Sally down between her legs. "You can have another before your start on Tawana."  
  
Sally had never actually gone down on another girl before, except in her fantasies, but she was a girl, so she knew what felt good to her, and she had read enough porn on-line to know what was expected of her. Besides, she could tell that the herbs coursing through her system were not only highly stimulating her sexually, they were also lowering her inhibitions. Actually, having finished her fourth glass, she could tell that her inhibitions were now pretty well gone, so she dove between Kelly's legs and began lapping and slurping. Soon Kelly was bucking up to grind into her face, and shortly thereafter, Kelly grabbed Sally's head and crushed it against herself as she screamed out a long drawn out, "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeesssss!"  
  
When Sally raised her head, Tawana was standing there with another glass of the blue band special. "This stuff's got a drug in it, doesn't it?" Sally slurred out. "It's an apple... aphro... apharodeo... ... it makes me horny, doesn't it?"  
  
Before any of her friends could answer, Sally gave a really loopy grin and said, "I like it." She then took the glass from Tawana and downed it in one long gulp. "Next!" she said, and Tawana slid onto the bed in front of her. As she was driving Tawana higher and higher with her tongue, Julie knelt behind her and began lapping at her from behind.  
  
Sally started making shrill grunting noises in time with Julie's attacks on her ass and cunt. Tawana grabbed her hair, pulled her in tighter and said "If you cum before you get me off, I am going to beat your ass purple."  
  
After that, her grunts were a little less shrill and sounded like she was trying to hold them back. Finally Tawana threw her head back and gave a shrill scream of climax. Sally's very loud cry immediately followed as Julie drove her flat against Tawana and continued to nibble and bite between her legs.  
  
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It took Sally a few moments to realize that the bright flashing lights were not part of her intense orgasm. The small spotlights were shining through the glass wall onto the bed, and the lights within the room were flashing on and off. The announcer's voice boomed through the speakers in the room, "Sally Winters, your ride awaits you. Come on down!"  
  
The four security women were already in the room by the time Sally got up from the bed on very wobbly legs. She grabbed the last glass of blue liquid from the table and was hurriedly chugging it down as they led her back out to the lobby where the pole awaited her.  
  
Sally realized that with the amount of the herb stimulant that was now in her system her thinking had to be fogged with pure lust, but it still registered on her befuddled mind as they strapped her into place, that the display on the pole above her said "Payment required: 40."  
  
"Why 40?" she asked Kelly who was now standing alongside the pole with Tawana and Julie.  
  
"That's 10 for failing the bannister ride challenge," said Kelly. "And ten for my membership dues," added Tawana. "And ten for my membership dues," said Julie. "And of course, 10 for mine," finished Kelly.  
  
"Why am I paying your dues?" Sally asked. Her voice was somewhat shaky as her body moved closer to her first orgasm on the pole.

"Because you are our blue band girl," answered Kelly.  
  
Julie stepped in front of her and explained, "The blue wrist band indicates that you are a sex slave- our sex slave. That extra section that you signed is a slave contract that is legal in this and three other states. You can probably go to a lawyer and have the slave contract revoked, but the rest of the paperwork says that, regardless, you would still be liable for twelve month's club dues for each of us."  
  
"You mean I have to come back with you and ride the pole for 30 orgasms every month?" Sally shuddered out as the first orgasm overtook her.  
  
"That's what it means," answered Kelly.  
  
"As long as I can have enough of the blue stuff," Sally slurred back, "I think I can handle that."  
  
"It has nothing to do with the blue stuff, honeybuns," said Tawana with a grin. "You can handle it because you are a naturally submissive slut, and you have wanted to be our sex slave ever since we first met."  
  
Sally gave a guttural moan as the saddle again came to life and the pole once more began moving up and down.  
  
"The blue band special," Julie said with a big smile, "is just 7-up with a little blue food coloring in it... nothing else. The club won't allow alcohol to be served to sex-slaves. That way a girl can't say she was drunk and didn't know what she was doing. If you are wearing a blue slave's wristband, all they will serve you is blue 7-up."  
  
"So there were no herbs making me act like a wild, sex-starved, slut-slave?"  
  
Kelly laughed. "Nope. Nothing but a small glass of 7-up and blue food coloring."  
  
"So, that means I'm just a natural born slut-slave that you girls have forced out of the closet?" asked Sally with what looked like an expression of concern on her face.  
  
"Yes," the three girls answered in unison.  
  
Sally looked like she was thinking very hard, or trying very hard to think. Then her face changed and she giggled. With an even loopier grin on her face she began humping herself more strongly against the vibrating saddle and said, "I think I can handle that even better."  
  
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END OF STORY