**With Strings Attached**

by[maxout09](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1083232&page=submissions)©

**With Strings Attached Ch. 15**

I walked nervously through the room serving tray in hand trying to negotiate my way past the many women with the least amount of groping. Ever since that night several months ago where Susan forced me into dating Nicole, a very dominate voyeuristic lesbian, I had been trapped in a never ending nightmare of sexual perversions. But faced with the possibility of my parents going to jail if I did not play along, I had no choice but to sink deeper and deeper into Nicole's fantasy world.  
  
It wasn't always like this. For most of my life I was a social exile a virtual unknown at my school let alone anywhere else. Now, after a few short months with Nicole, I was famous as the kinky lesbian constantly on the prowl for other women. Having never as much as kissed a boy, it seems I'm now kissing a new woman every week not to mention the more intimate moments, all at the blessing and insistence of my girlfriend. However the worst part is everyone seems more than happy that me a shy heterosexual girl has come out as a lesbian.  
  
"Your drinks ladies," I announced finally at my destination.  
  
"Thank you cuttie pie," purred the larger of the two.  
  
I gave a false smile back as I nervously remained in the serving pose Vicky taught me, legs together and bent at the waist so the people behind you could get a good look at your ass and the people you were serving got a good look at your breasts.  
  
"My pleasure ladies," I replied straightening up and rubbing my hand along my exposed waist, another trick Vicky taught me. With my small breasts and lack of hips my midriff was my best asset and gently caressing it drew attention to it in the mind of my audience. I simply stood there nervously as the two women remained fixated on my body, there eyes scanning every detail.  
  
For me this was the worst, nowhere to hide with my body on display. Being shy by nature I would prefer to be in the background, hidden away unnoticed by all. Not for wearing this sexy costume. Not that I had much choice. Thanks to my attempt to get Nicole back with her ex girlfriend Kathy things had gotten much more complicated. My hope was that she would be a release valve someone who would take some of the spotlight off of me and preoccupy Nicole's time. However Susan was not too happy with my attempt to spoil her fun and decided that every time Nicole choose to be with Kathy she would post a picture of me from Nicole's vast collection to one of the media accounts she controlled in my name.  
  
Now instead of being a diversion Kathy was my competition, making her a benchmark that I had to make sure I kept in front of. For me it was hard to compete with such a beautiful girl who was a real lesbian and who enjoyed flaunting herself before Nicole and other women. Now I had to not only play the part of a lesbian submissive but strive to enhance my appeal to our shared mistress. To this end I focused on what Nicole wanted and Kathy would or could not do. Kathy, being in the closet with John as her fake boyfriend, could not be as public as Nicole wanted while I was free to play up the public exposure and be with as many women as Nicole desired. I also did not care that Nicole wanted to spend time tieing me up, it meant less time for sex. Kathy just wanted to get to the sex, complaining if the bondgae took more than a few minutes. Kathy also looked for physical punishment, an added incentive to complain, something Nicole greatly disliked.  
  
So when Nicole offhandedly stated that Kathy and I should be the waitresses at the football party Kathy jumped at the idea even suggesting that we dress as cheerleaders and perform a halftime show. For me it was yet another opportunity to parade myself as a sex object in front of a group of lesbians. Hence why I'm dressed in a black sports top with gold trim, a pair of black and gold hot pants, sheer tights and a pair of black knee high leather boots serving the party guests at the behest of my girlfriend. Kathy was dressed similarly but in white with red accents. Both representing the cheerleaders of the two teams playing in the big game, the Steelers and the Cardinals (story takes place in 2009).  
  
"Would either of you two ladies like to buy a square in my pool," I inquired, "it's only $20 and you get me the whole Memorial Day weekend." Nicole's perverted mind came up with the idea of a football pool where a woman could buy the chance of winning the seller for a weekend. Now I was not only a sex slave to my girlfriend but a commodity that could be awarded to the woman lucky enough to win me. As much as I did not want to offer myself up as a prize, I had little choice. Susan had made it abundantly clear that if I did not outsell Kathy she would post a naked bondage photo of me. With thousands followers including all the girls from Nicole's and my schools I could not let a naked photo of me make it on the internet.  
  
I knew I could not compete against Kathy's body, and I decided my only option was to maximize what I had. So I choose to wear a pair of support briefs, and while not noticeable, they did separate my butt cheeks and defined the gap between my thighs making my legs look better. A push up bra under my sports top lifted my breasts and gave my normally flat chest the look of cleavage The final piece of preparation was to go to the beauty salon to have my hair and makeup professionally done. Kathy meanwhile had decided to forgo underwear leaving her nipples and cameltoe visible to everyone on the room. In the end I looked more like an authentic pro cheerleader to Kathy's sluttly costume look. Oddly the better looking costume, the black, was awarded to me because of Nicole's insistence that as I was no longer a virgin I could not wear white.  
  
"No cuttie pie," laughed the larger of the two. "We're a couple and don't need a pretty thing like you to come between us.  
  
"I can respect that," I replied. "I would never want to get between a couple. But you can use me for other purposes," I continued with an idea springing into my mind.  
  
"O-T-H-E-R purposes?" asked the smaller of the two.  
  
"Yes, I work as a maid for a number of women," I responded pretending to lift an imaginary dress in a courtesy. "If you win me I will do whatever you want even if that means cleaning your house for three days top to bottom."  
  
"You would really spend the whole weekend cleaning our house," repeated the smaller of the two.  
  
"From top to bottom," added the larger one, now using a whimsical tone.  
  
"We'll take two," announced the smaller woman after a nod from me  
  
Please with my new strategy I continued to serve and sell chances. Forgetting the embarrassment I felt parading around the room as some erotic eye candy to be bought, I was now emboldened by my strategy of beating Kathy while not having to prostitute myself out like some whore at the direction of her girlfriend. Freed of the thought that I would need to have sex with the winner I embraced the character I had to play and soon reduced Kathy's sales lead. By halftime I was sold out assuring a tie and that no pictures would be released.  
  
This feeling of victory was short lived as the sportscasters announcing halftime brought me out of my sense of calm. It was now time for our halftime performance and I walked up in front of the TV through the the cheering crowd of woman. As the ultimate showing of exibitionsim, Nicole had decreed that during halftime Kathy and I would perform. Wanting it to be as sexy as possible Nicole had ordered me to ask April for help. Help that April was all too eager to give.  
  
April was another complexity to my life, a stripper who had a kinky fantasy of having everyone believe we were sisters, a fantasy that Nicole liked and had Alice play to the max. Nicole had even directed me to accept April's desire to have an affair. As far as April was concerned Nicole did not know of our illicit relationship and all the while I was reporting to and directed by Nicole.  
  
As soon as "I'm a slave for you" began the play we began our routine. With my ballet and Kathy's cheerleader experience our performance was flawless and thanks to April's corgorphy, bordered on pornagraphic. Not wanting to face the humiliation of dancing in front of an audience of lesbians I blocked out everything and instead focused our dance. As I moved to the music I could not help but admire how sexy Kathy looked in her little cheer uniform, how perfect her body was with large firm breasts and a rounded ass that was celebrated so much by society. A body I had been intimate with many times since the start of the new year, now dancing beside me with cheese powder fingerprints of the women who pinched and groped her body evidenced on her costume.  
  
The song was soon replaced with the more upbeat "Super Freek" and the performance moved into the more kinky innuendos. Each of us bending over to be spanked by the other to the cheers of the women in the audience and running our hands over each others bodies that would have been illegal if done in public. The performance culminated with me having to kneel behind a bent over Kathy and placing a hard kiss on each of her ass cheeks leaving a set of deep red lipstick marks on her white shorts.  
  
After the performance the women got even more aggressive, pinching my ass, coping a feel or cupping my crotch as I moved about taking and delivering orders. As I was no longer attempting to sell myself I attempted to avoid as much as I could with being obvious and breathed out a sigh of relief as the game clock counted do to zero marking the end of my maltreatment, yet knowing the worst was about to come. Returning to the front I was about to find out which woman had won me.  
  
Steelers won 27 to 23  
  
When Nicole announced that Trish had bought the winning square I nervously scanned the room. A shiver ran through my body as I spotted Trish sitting to the side with a vixenish smile playing across her lips. She was in her mid twenties with slim but toned body. Her black hair was cut in a short mannish style but combined with her feminine features give her a distinctly mature tomboy look. My hope of simply working the weekend as a maid vanished and my nervousness changed into arousal at being owned by this woman.  
  
In the past I was always able to identity attractive woman and appreciate the feminine form, her smile the way she looked and the way she smelled. However since Susan force me to claim to be a lesbian and date Nicole I had to not just identify pretty women but also take note of what made them attractive to me. This requirement to 'ogle' other women combined with my constant sexual torment ment created a perverted feedback loop where I started to actually associate those characteristics with my sexual desires. Knowing I have to choose female lovers I was rating woman by who I was willing to be with and knowing I was appraising other women for sexual purposes made me feel uncomfortable. However the longer I had to do it the shame became less and less and I now found myself becoming engrossed in my web searches or the sight of a beautiful woman thinking about what it would be like to be with her.  
  
I knew this was altering my perceptions of my fantasy lover. Before this nightmare began I used to dream about strong aggressive hunky men claiming me as theirs. This morphed into the slender and soft boy band look, not associated with strong or aggressive. However the female tomboy version that had been infiltrating my fantasies did. And now the embodiment of that fantasy had won me for a weekend.  
  
"Hello," purred Trish in a low sultry voice.  
  
"Hi," I squeaked as I nervously rubbed her hands over my exposed midriff.  
  
"So you will be mine for a whole weekend," teased Trish.  
  
"Yes ma'am," I replied.  
  
"Trish!" she responded in a sharp tone. "I'm too young to be a ma'am. Besides we will need to get on much friendlier terms for what I have planned." Standing up Trish reached out and began to caress my breasts. A small gasp escaped escaped lips as I felt my nipples getting hard from the woman's touch.  
  
"Yes I think we are going to get much better acquainted," purred Trish as she ran her hands down my hips before sliding them around to my lower back and then to my ass.  
  
I could only look into the eyes of my tormentor as she held me close to her body and then as she slowly dropped to her knees. Breaking her gaze Trish held my ass firmly keeping my crotch before her face and placed a kiss on the front of my hot pants causing me to break free and jump back. The crowd of horney women cheering in the background seeing the pink lipstick print on the crotch of my shorts.  
  
I could only watch as my newest girl crush took my hands in hers and stood up. Closing the distance between us I closed my eyes in anticipation of the kiss I knew was coming.  
  
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"Perhaps the best thing would be to have Kathy date Jaclyn," I stated nervously. After the party Nicole had taken Kathy, Jaclyn and myself back to her house for a little fun. Meaning a photo shoot with Kathy and me making out in our cheer uniforms. However Kathy was too aroused from the party to play the part and do what Nicole directed. The shoot fell apart when Jaclyn threatened to punish both of us for disobeying and Kathy actually liking the idea. In the end Nicole was not happy with Kathy and Jaclyn or the shoot. Now after listening to Nicole vent the whole ride over I saw my chance to maybe fix some of my past mistakes.  
  
"Give Kathy to Jaclyn!" repeated Nicole in a surprised way. "Why should I just give up one of my pets!"  
  
"Just think about it," I replied quickly ignoring the fact that my girlfriend just called me a pet, a possession. " Kathy has to keep her sexuality a secret just like Jaclyn. Kathy likes the punishment aspect much more than the bongage and Jaclyn is more the 'physical' dom then a mental one. They are both attending the same college next year both like the same things, they are perfect. Jaclyn can even start pretending to date John's boyfriend Scott, that way everyone will have a cover.  
  
"Well that is all well and good for Kathy, Jaclyn, John and Scott but I still loose a slave," replied Nicole. "You even get me all to yourself."  
  
"True," I replied, "but things will be simpler. We are much more in sync and we never seem short of partners. Kathy and Jaclyn can develop together. You can invite them to play whenever you want."  
  
"I can focus more on you puppet," purred Nicole as she caressed my hand. "If I do give up one of my girls, things will have to be my way and only my way."  
  
'Your way!' I screamed in my head. 'I'm dating you because I have too. I'm having sex with women because of you. I'm not allowed to do anything other than your way and pretend it is what I want most.' "Of course," I replied.  
  
"You will need to up your game," smiled Nicole.  
  
"Up my game," I asked nervously.  
  
"Yes up your game," continued Nicole. "You have come out of your shell nicely, but if you want me to release a lover you are going to have to work harder to get replacements."  
  
"Replacements?"  
  
"Yes replacements. Other women to entertain me. Vicky and April are nice but you will have to work harder to entice others. In fact I think it would be fun if you made it a goal to be with each member of Kathy's cheer squads, you already have one down. Also someone older, your mother's age perhaps, someone mid 40s."  
  
"Lastly, I want your ass."  
  
"My ass?" This was it, with this last demand Nicole will claim my last sexual act. She had been my first kiss, the first person I had orally pleasured, the first to orally pleasure me, The person who gave me my first orgasim, the person who took my virginity, the blood from which still hangs around her neck like a trophy. The only carnal act remaining was anal and now Nicole wanted that prize as well.  
  
"Well?"  
  
"Yes, of course," what else could I say. If Nicole wanted it she could just take it. But I had given her the opportunity of having me offer it to her.  
  
"Hi, how was the party?" chirped Vicky as she broke the improper bargain I had just made.  
  
Wanting anything to draw my attention away from the deal I just made I turned towards Vicky and gaped at the swell of her breasts. She had assumed the serving pose she taught me. Dressed in a sexy parody of a referee consisting of a snug white and black striped shirt and black shorts instead of her usual orange and white uniform. I had the consciously will myself to lift my gaze to her face, her large smile evidence she knew I was focused on her two mounds.  
  
"It was very good, I made $2,000 and Alice made a new friend," responded Nicole.  
  
"Oh really," replied Vicky. "Well I hope that does not take time away from me."  
  
"She is too infatuated with your breasts to ever let that happen," laughed Nicole.  
  
Blushing I could only turn my head down bringing my stare to Vicky's toned legs.  
  
"I'm glad to hear that because I need to borrow Alice for a wedding," responded Vicky in a serious tone  
  
"A wedding! Wow that is the strangest proposal I have ever heard." joked Nicole.  
  
"Well as appealing as that would be it is not ours," continued Vicky, now standing up and rubbing her hand across her chest. "My ex-boyfriend is getting married to a real bitch and she only allows him to remain friends with me because she thinks I'm a lesbian so a need a girl. Can I please borrow your little lover here for my date?"  
  
"Now that sounds delicious," purred Nicole. "I tell you what, I will let you have her on two conditions. One; I get to choose your dresses. And two; We do a little photo shoot tonight with you in your referee costume and Alice in her cheer uniform.  
  
"Cheer costume," inquired Vicky.  
  
"Alice, why don't you take off your coat and show Vicky what she gets to play with," order Nicole.  
  
Reaching for the front of my coat I slowly untied the sash to expose my costume.

**With Strings Attached Ch. 16**

Janet  
  
I was nervous as a schoolgirl anticipating her first real date as I sat waiting for April to arrive. Having to do an open house, I was dressed in my customary realtor uniform; black suit with a tight pencil skirt that hugged my hips and thighs. However in anticipation of our rendezvous I'm going commando.  
  
When Nicole first mentioned that the young woman who was interested in dating me was a stripper I was more than a little nervous. But my worries about entering a relationship with an exotic dancer quickly turned to lust as Nicole took me to the club and I saw the seductive creature on stage. Every male was captivated by her beauty yet none could have her, the young sirens interests were with me.  
  
After our introductions we spent some time together as any new couple would. My admirer was relentless in her pursuit going to great lengths to prove her desire for a relationship. It was during this courtship that I got my first experience with sexting. Every day April would send me a picture showing she was thinking of me and telling me what she was going to do on our date. I even sexted back a few times at the advice and insistence of Nicole, my daughter's girlfriend and my secret partner.  
  
Taking a drink, I quickly returned the glass to the table as I saw my paramour enter. She was dressed in the same tight fitting sweater, mini skirt and heels she wore in the photo she sent me this morning. I could not help think of the picture of her holding up the front of the skirt showing she was going commando. The caption "Cannot wait for lunch, I'll bring dessert," still burning in my memory.  
  
Standing up I grabbed both of her hands before attempting to kiss her cheek. A slight giggle escaping her lips as she maneuvered to make contact with my mouth.  
  
"Hello, Janet," stated April as she sat across from me. "Did you get my text this morning?"  
  
"Yes, I did," I replied excited to see the image I was lusting after all morning come to life before me. "I have to say it inspired me to do the same."  
  
"Really, I'm glad I was able to inspire you," cooed April, the smile on her lips more from the secret that the photo was taken by my daughter Alice after she spent the night.  
  
The conversation continued as we ate. April being very interested in even the most boring parts of my life. However I was still coming to grips with everything that had changed. At the insistence of my daughters girlfriend I had brought another woman into my marriage, a woman very interested in talking my place in my husbands bed. As an award for this betrayal Nicole seized his place as my mate and declared me a lesbian. Her thirst for carnal adventure placing me in this relationship with April. A very sexual girl looking for an older someone, a woman, to have an affair with.  
  
"So tell me, inquired April, "why do I make you so nervous?"  
  
"It's not you really," I responded looking around the room, "it's us". I mean people seeing us, me. I'm married and old enough to be your mother. I guess I'm nervous about the attention and what they think."  
  
"I can understand that," replied April. "My last lover was caught by his wife, and she was not happy. Are you worried about your partner finding out about us?"  
  
"What! No," I responded comfortable in the knowledge that Nicole was very agreeable to this relationship, not even thinking about Peter. "That is not an issue, it's more people assuming why someone so young and beautiful is with someone as old as me."  
  
"Don't be," stated April. "In fact we can have some fun with it. We can play mommy daughter! We do look alike and you did say you are old enough to me my mother. I will call you mom and you can call me sweety. That way everyone will think we are just a close family."  
  
"All of the other woman will be jealous of our close relationship," whispered April as she leaned in. "In fact I kind of like the mommy fantasy."  
  
So that's her kink, and looking across the table April did look like she could be my daughter, I fact with her auburn hair almost matching mine she looked more like me than Alice. "Yes it does sound like fun," I replied thinking of the two of us walking around in public and people thinking nothing of it.  
  
"Sorry about your last relationship," I continued. I hope it was not too bad.  
  
"Oh it wasn't," laughed April. "I was only in it for the gifts and was kind of glad it's over, men are so boring. A bit of a shame though. Here he paid to have a stage and stipper pole built into the living room of the condo he bought me and never got to see me use it. Would you like to see it?"  
  
I could only nod as I watched her playfully suck on her straw.  
  
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Alice  
  
"Wow! We look so hot," exclaimed Vicky as she ran her hands over her hips.  
  
Part of Nicole's demands for allowing Vicky to take me as her wedding date was Nicole got to pick our dresses. Given her perverted nature Nicole had decided to dress us both similarly and different. Similar in that both dresses were made of the same purple metallic shimmery material. Different in the cut of the dresses. Vicky's had a neckline that plunged into a deep V that bared the milky valley of her busem and continued to just above her pubic bone while completely covering her back. Mine was the exact opposite, with a high neckline that completely covered my chest but left my back completely exposed plunging so deep that you could see ass cleavage in a sexy play on plumber's butt. The skirts for each dress were floor length sheaths that would have been impossible to walk in if not for the slits. For Vicky running up the back to just under her ass, and mine running up the front and ending within inches of my crotch.  
  
Already caught by Vicky looking at her chest, I focused my attention on my own image in the mirror. I nervously bit my glossy pink lips, done up to match Vicky's, as I held my hands in front of my crotch knowing that any move threatened exposure. Nicole had forbidden us from wearing underwear adding to my humiliation. Even though this dress had more material than anything I had worn since I started dating Nicole I never felt more naked. There is something about revealing clothes that makes you feel more exposed than if you were wearing nothing at all. Forcing you to remain on the fence. Not quite exposed but leaving you feeling that any moment some part of your body can be inadvertently displayed only to begin all over again. With the top of my ass exposed it was obvious that I was not wearing panties and with the slit of the dress cut so high, leaving a band of material of only five inches running completely around my hips, flashing my crotch was inevitable.  
  
"Yes, the two of you are going to be the toast of the party," added Nicole. Now hold hands and look straight into the eyes of each other's reflection. I want to make sure I can get a photo showing both the fronts and backs of those exquisite dresses.  
  
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Janet  
  
I leaned back into the leather recliner placed before the stage in April's condo, my eyes focused on my young siren spinning around the chrome pole to the beat of the music. For me it was all so surreal. Here I was, a married woman, now a cougar, sitting in the living room of what would be considered my kept woman and kitten as she, a professional stripper, danced for me. The scenery was a melding of the intimacy of one's home and the carnal nature of a den of ill repute. The backdrop was a stage set for an erotic performance yet for an audience of one, a private dance by an artist for her lover.  
  
Even the characters seemed unusual as I stared at my seducer, a young woman dressed to please as she danced before me, her intent clear. I sat mesmerized, my shirt unbuttoned exposing my bra, and my skirt discarded as I gently caressed the dildo strapped to my hips and sticking up obscenely as its concealed end buried within my pussy slowly stirred my juices.  
  
As the song ended April stood naked, her attention now focused on me. With the start of a more upbeat song April stepped towards me and began dancing mere feet from my chair. Her hairless crotch, now within arm's reach, glistened from her secretions evidencing she was just as aroused from her performance as I was. Tentatively I reach out and let her rub herself on my extended fingers. With a naughty smirk she took hold of my hand and pushed my fingers deep within her as she released a lust filled moan. Pulling back, my fingers slid out covered in her juices. Bending forward she once again took my hand in hers and slipped my fingers into her mouth it suck off the sweet nectar.  
  
With our eyes locked it seemed as though time had stopped as she dropped between my legs and pulled my hips to the edge of the chair. The purple phallus rising from my groin between us as she reached up and place her hand over mine and we slowly stroked its length like some magical idol. Releasing her grasp April stood up and pushed my legs together forcing my vaginal walls to tighten around the shaft embedded within me. It felt so unnatural to press my thighs together in anticipation of sex. As a woman I'm used to opening myself up the be entered by my lover. However this time my lover was straddling my closed legs, her sex open and positioned above my penis. With one hand on my shoulder and the other on the dildo she slowly began to lower her body. A sharp gasp escaped from her mouth as her slit came in contact with the appendage and turned into a low moan as it sunk deeper into her passageway.  
  
As her pelvis reached the base of the dildo, April kept her hands on my shoulders as she rested, allowing her body to accommodate to the appendage now linking us. We stared into each other's eyes as April leaned in for a kiss. It wasn't long before the passionate embrace turned into a heated free for all as our tongues danced in each others mouths. Stepping up her game April started oscillating her hips causing the appendage held firmly within us to slowly stroke our desires.  
  
Breaking from my embrace April carefully lifted herself several inches, her pussy making a slurping sound as air tried to fill the void vacated by the dildo only to be replace by a hard grunt as April impaled herself once again. Now accustomed to the size and shape Alice entered a steady rhythm bouncing up and down, the slurping sound now accompanied by our moans.  
  
As April quickened her pace she released her firm grip on my shoulders to grab my wrists and push my hands against her breasts. Understanding her message I began to pinch and need her luscious mounds as the bounced before me. Happy with my actions April hands released mine and worked their way under my bra to grope my own swollen breasts.  
  
With each piston like stroke April drove the dildo deep into her passageway causing our clits to be crushed between our pelvic bones. The movement of her hips causing the member embedded within me to rock stirring my juices and the harness to rub against my stimulated clit. This was repeated over and over until I felt her body tense up. Arching her back April let out a deep moan as the intense orgasim ripped through her body. Grabbing me tightly I felt her whole body shiver as she came triggering my own climax.  
  
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Alice  
  
"Hay are you okay?" inquired Vicky as we walked towards the door of the reception hall.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine," I replied, "just a little nervous."  
  
"Well I hope it is not because of me," stated Vicky taking hold of my hand.  
  
"What! No!," I answered. "It's just this is my first wedding and I'm a little scared about this dress."  
  
I have to agree," laughed Vicky. "These are not the dresses I would have picked for the event. I feel more like a model at an auto show than a guest at a wedding. But don't worry, after our initial entrance all the attention will go back to the bride and groom and we can fade into the background."  
  
Stopping Vicky turned towards me and held both my hands. "Look I know you jumped into the lesbian thing and your unique relationship with Nicole at the same time. That can be pretty overwhelming, especially for a teenager. But you came to terms with who you are and accepted it no regrets, that can make anyone nervous. I'm just glad I get to share you."  
  
"Thank you", I responded. More to the comment about fading into the background than Vicky's acceptance of me. I could not tell her the real reason I was nervous. That I was heterosexual and not the least bit gay. That my whole perverted relationship with Nicole was forced on me by her cousin Susan, who was threatening to tip the feds that it was my parents who blew the whistle on the university's military research. That if anyone found out I was not 100% into my relationship with Nicole, my girlfriend and my mistress my parents would go to jail. If I told Vicky I was not interested in her or anything we did would she help me keep up the charade?  
  
"Happy to have you by my side," she responded leaning in to give me a soft kiss. "How lets go in there and get this party started."  
  
Vicky's assessment of the bride was right, she was not happy to see her especially the way we were dressed. In fact she pushed us off the receiving line before Vicky could say hello to the groom or even introduce me. Fortunately, for me least, she placed us in one of the back tables away from prying eyes with only three other guests, two of which could not make it due to illness. I was just happy to be sitting, my exposed back pressed against the chair and my exposed thighs and crotch covered by my napkin and the tablecloth. That was until I heard her voice.  
  
"Nicole!?!"  
  
Looking up I saw Holly, dressed as one of the bride's maids. Holly the sister of the bride. Holly the teacher Nicole and I met at the adult store when Nicole was picking out the dildo that was to take my virginity. Holly the woman Nicole talked into buying a beltless strap-on as a gift for her sister's bachelorette party.  
  
"No Alice," I was finally able to squeek.  
  
"You two know each other," inquired Vicky.  
  
"In a way," responded Holly. "Alice and Nicole talked me into buying a rather intimate gift for my sister".  
  
"Yeh that sounds like Nicole," laughed Vicky.  
  
"Well my sister did not like it," growled Holly. "It was the first gift she opened at the party and made a big issue that she did not need such a thing as she had Tom for that. And as I currently did not have a boyfriend that I should keep it so it could be of some use."  
  
"That bitch!" shot Vicky.  
  
After that Vicky and Holly talked and drank as they bonded over the their stories about the bride. It seems that Holly was anxious for some form of release. The breakup with her boyfriend just as the wedding planning went into high gear and all the stress her sister but on her was finally over and she was able to breath and enjoy herself again. It was only by chance that this happened while she was sitting with two leabians. I was delighted to be able to fall into the background only participating occasionally in their conversation. How good the groom was in bed from Vicky and how Carmon, Holly's fellow teacher and mentor, who accompanied her to the adult store had been flirting and coming on to her ever since. It seems that Carmon was bi herself and had a thing for Holly. I wanted to warn her against ignoring her behavior. However being forced to project an aggressive lesbian persona I simply supported Vicky's position that a little office romance could be just what she needed.  
  
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Janet  
  
Standing before the mirror I nervously checked my appearance wanting to make sure everything was perfect for Nicole's arrival. Before Nicole, I was never one to be overly concerned with my appearance however now I lived for the girls approval. As instructed I wore a black with red polka dot nylon vintage housewife dress. The halter neck showing off my shoulders and bust, the tight bodice holding up my breasts without the need of a bra. The A line skirt ending a bit above the knee, held out by a petticoat. A wide leather belt clinching my waist, red four inch heels and a red half apron completed the look of a 1950s pin up girl/housewife. My hair and makeup done with a high bun and red lipstick to match the dress and shoes.  
  
I have come to learn that not only does Nicole like to be in charge, but she has a flair for theatrics and likes erotic role play. My character is that of the obedient housewife, not to my husband but to my 'stage' spouse Nicole. She went to far as to have me dress in my original bridal gown and conduct a ceremony nullifying my marriage and pledging myself to her as her mate. Nicole even endowed me with a new set of wedding bands to symbolize our union. Bands only she is allowed to remove, like a collar secured around my neck identifying me as hers. My old rings locked away in a steel box buried deep in the basement.  
  
Nicole's arrival for dinner is just another scene of our performance. Nicole was very explicit in what she wanted. A dinner and spouse that would fit right into the plot of Madmen and I was to play the part of the doting wife. Even with the absurdity of a 45 year old married woman playing the wife to the 18 year old girl that is dating her daughter could not stop my portrayal, I craved a dom/sub relationship too much. I loved how Nicole had taken total control of my life, in effect becoming the matriarch. She writes the script for my performance. Any illusion of choice or free will on my part is simply what is written into my character. Nicole decides when and where we have sex and I simply comply with her wishes, it is my duty as a spouse to never refuse or disobey her.  
  
The opening of the front door was like the opening of the curtain. Show time.  
  
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Alice  
  
I was able to convince Vicky to let me stay seated during the bucay toss. When it was over Holly returned to the table flowers in hand, followed by the photographer, who no doubt wanted more pictures of Vicky in her dress.  
  
"So why didn't you come up with us Alice," asked Holly taking another drink of wine. "Afraid Nicole would be mad? Or afraid of what Vicky might do if you caught it?"  
  
I cringed at the thought of marrying Nicole. "Nicole would probably be laugh if I did, but we have agreed our relationship will end when we go our separate ways to college and Vicky and I are just friends," I quickly replied. "It's just I was worried about my dress and what I would show reaching for the bucay."  
  
"You're dressed like that and worried about flashing your panties," laughed Holly.  
  
"Not her panties," injected Vicky, "neither of us are wearing any."  
  
"What! No," responded Holly and in her drunken state reached down to pull the napkin from my lap exposing my crotch.  
  
"You're not wearing underwear in that dress," continued Holly unaware of my embarrassment. "You are one audacious woman!"  
  
"Yes it seems you are the only one wearing underwear at the table," purred Vicky as she started to become bolder. "And what are your plans, as you are the one who caught the bucay? Are you interested in our sexy little Alice, hummm? Or are you excited about what I might do."  
  
"What! Do here," exclaimed Holly, the confidence she had while teasing me now gone.  
  
"Does the idea arouse you?" breathed Vicky as she ran her hand down Holly's thigh. Holly remained quiet as she focused on Vicky's actions doing nothing to stop the advance.  
  
My attention was so focused on what was happening before me that I completely forgot about my own exposure, the napkin that protected my modesty laying on the floor. Twisting to get a better view, I unconsciously opened my thighs giving a better view of my now moist pussy. Out of habit my body started to become flush with arousal as I watched the lesbian seduction before me.  
  
Reaching her knee Vicky slowly began pulling up the hem of Holly's dress exposing more and more of the legs. "You know it doesn't seem fair that you are not participating in our tables little secret," whispered Vicky. "Something I think we need to correct."

Knowing that the 'we' meant that Vicky expected me to participate I reached out and began pulling up Holly's dress from the other side. All though our taboo behavior Holly remained frozen in place, watching as her dress was bunched up and her thighs exposed. Completing the task, I held the dress in place as Vicky slid her hand on Holly's now exposed leg pulling her thighs apart as she moved to her goal.  
  
Holly moaned and placed her hands on the table as Vicky pressed down on her panty covered clit. Seizing the opportunity Vicky reached for the waistband of her panties and began to tug. In silent agreement Holly lifted herself off of the chair and I began to pull on the other side of the garment sliding it down her hips and onto the floor.  
  
"Get them," ordered Vicky as she continued her assault on our hapless victim.  
  
Reaching down I quickly grabbed the discarded garment and my napkin. Hiding my moist prize between my thighs where it mixed with my own juices.  
  
Holly inhaled sharply and pressed her palms against the table as Vicky plunged her fingers into her soft wet folds. Holly closed her eyes and was breathing in short bursts trying her best to be discreet as the intimate act took place in the corner of the crowded room. A thin layer of sweat began to form over her body from the fight to contain the carnal lust building inside.  
  
With a sudden jerk of her body, Holly's eyes popped wide open and a deep groan escaped her lips. Head bowed down she began to take deep breaths as she tried to regain control of her body. Feeling odd from watching such an intimate moment I began rubbing Holly's back, hoping to help calm her down.  
  
"Mmmm, delicious," purred Vicky as she raised her cum covered finger to her mouth.  
  
Still breathing hard Holly scanned the room, her head turning from side to side in quick jerks, looking to see if anyone witnessed their lewd act. "I can't believe I actually let you do that," breathed Holly. "I've never done anything like that before"  
  
"Cum in public or cuming by a womans touch?" inquired Vicky.  
  
"Either," answered Holly as she tried to straighten her hair. "Wow! I cannot believe I did that, it's so unlike me."  
  
"Well here is to the new you," stated Vicky as she held up her wine class.  
  
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Janet  
  
Walking to the door with glass in hand I hoped I looked acceptable. Biting my lip I stopped and stood patiently allowing Nicole to get a good view of me. My need for her approval was that great. The fact that I had never felt this way about Peter only heightened my arousal. Waiting patiently as she assessed my appearance I took in the details of her outfit, a women's black Armani pinstripe suite. The long sleeved lapel jacket, left unbuttoned, displaying the fitted white dress shirt beneath and the patterned tie, no doubt one of her father's, hanging undone around her neck. The slim-fit trousers showed off her feminine curves and her black high heeled shoes completed the look of a woman with a masculine touch.  
  
Seeing her lips curle into a smile of approval sent a shiver through me. Pleased that my lover found my appearance suitable I could not help smiling back. My whole body tingled and I wanted nothing more than to kiss her. However I did not. As the obedient wife I was not allowed to initiate, only to follow the lead of my spouse.  
  
"Good evening dear, I trust dinner is ready," inquired Nicole.  
  
"Of course. I just hope it is up to your standards," I replied as I handed the 18 year old a glass of scotch.  
  
"Thank you love," stated Nicole taking a sip of the drink while appraising my appearance. "How was your.. LUNCH ... with April, enjoyable?"  
  
"Yes, it was very invigorating and thank you for granting me the opportunity," I replied with a smirk.  
  
"Well you will have to tell me all about it," respond Nicole as her finger nail grazed my skin tracing the top of my dress.  
  
Walking behind me I could feel Nicole's hand slide around my body gliding down my lower back and coming to rest on my ass. "I'm happy to let my little filly out to play out to play," purred Nicole her mouth now next to my ear. "However I cannot tolerate my wife misbehaving and if needed I will not hesitate to offer correction with my belt," continued Nicole slapping my ass.  
  
"Yes," I squeaked, the slap sending my arousal into overdrive.  
  
Steering me to the living room Nicole placed her drink on an end table before bending me over the back of the sofa. I braced my hands of the cushions in front of me as Nicole rubbed her hands over my hips before securely grabbing my waist.  
  
"So tell me, has my wife been a good girl," inquired Nicole as she pushed her crotch against my ass and I could feel the harness of the strap-on.  
  
"Yes," I groaned as I twisted my hips in an attempt to entice Nicole for more.  
  
My answer was returned with a hard slap to my ass. "My dear Janet, April is not the type of woman one meets to be good. What is important is did you obey your spouse," corrected Nicole.  
  
"I'm sorry, yes I have been bad and yes I was obedient," I replied as I felt her slowly begin the pull the hem of my dress up.  
  
"Much better" continued Nicole, my dress now pulled over my waist exposing my panty covered ass to my young lover. "I do not wish my wife to be good, but I do expect her to be obedient.  
  
"I vowed to be obedient to your wishes and will behave as you desire," I proclaimed to my lover.  
  
"Very good," continued Nicole as I heard her unbuckle her belt. The sound of the leather slipping against the wool being the most erotic I had ever heard.  
  
"So tell me dear, did you fuck her?"  
  
"Yes"  
  
"Did you have sex with her?" continued Nicole as I felt the belt rub against my ass.  
  
"I ... Yes," I replied becoming confused in my lust.  
  
SMACK! I heard the whistle of air just before the belt came into contact with my rear, causing a strip of fire to be felt over both cheeks. "You are not permitted to be penetrated by anyone other than your spouse," commanded Nicole. "Now did you only fuck her or did she also fuck you?"  
  
"I only fucked her," I responded in an excited voice. "I fucked her twice and she ate me out."  
  
"Better," shot Nicole. "Sometimes the stick can be just as effective as the carrot."  
  
"How, have you been faithful," inquired Nicole the belt sliding over my ass again.  
  
"Yes," I shouted.  
  
"Did you fuck Peter?" asked Nicole.  
  
"I ... yes," I squeaked bracing myself on the sofa as I heard the belt whistle through the air again before coming into contact with my ass.  
  
"Is Peter your spouse!?!," challenged Nicole.  
  
"He ... I mean we ... We," I stuttered trying to reconcile the the command. Peter was my husband, the man I was legally married to. But the ring on my finger was Nicole's. "No, you are my spouse."  
  
"Then why did you let someone other than your spouse fuck you," continued Nicole, as I felt another wip from the belt.  
  
"You are my wife," Smack. "Not his," Smack. "You have sex only with whom I allow," Smack. "And you get fucked only by me," Smak. "Understood!" Smack.  
  
"Yes, I understand," I whimpered.  
  
"Good girl," panted Nicole as the belt was replaced with her soft hand. I moaned out loud as her fingers moved between my legs and she began rubbing my crotch.  
  
"I see we have a bit of a legacy issue that we must deal with," stated Nicole. "Tell me isn't your beard seeing Lisa now?"  
  
"Yes... ahhh... Nicole," I moaned as her finger was now pressing against my clit. Dr. Kalmer and Dr. Bless, as Dr. Kalmer now required me to refer to them, were getting much closer since the kiss on New Year's Eve." In fact I thought that Dr. Kalmer was doing a number of things behind my back with Dr. Bless.  
  
"You mentioned before that Lisa was trying to take control of the relationship between the three of you," continued Nicole  
  
"I think she succeeded in that," I replied wiggling my ass in hopes of increasing my pleasure.  
  
"Excellent," proclaimed Nicole. "We need to strengthen that position. Tell me my wife, have you ever heard the term 'cuckquean'?"  
  
"Cuckquean? No I do not know what that is," I grunted, trying to control my arousal enough to keep my mental abilities.  
  
"Well my dear, it is you," laughed Nicole, "and I believe it is a term the good doctor knows very well. A cuckquean is a woman who gets off on watching another woman having sex with her partner. Basically a woman who is denied sex and gets her gratification watching a superior woman pleasuring her alpha male."  
  
I had to laugh at the last part. While Dr. Kalmer had taken a superior position to me Dr. Bless was not a stud by any stretch. In fact if anything it would be him dancing on the stripper pole for the pleasure of Dr. Kalmer than anything else.  
  
"The next time you are alone with Lisa you will mention how aroused you are watching the two of them together. How you feel you are interrupting them when you join in. I'm sure she will take the bait and become the cuntcake," proclaimed Nicole.  
  
"As you wish," I replied, just wanting Nicole to push me over the edge.  
  
"She may even require you to help prepare the nuisance for their dates," continued Nicole. "Then you will be mine."  
  
I could only moan in response as my orgasim ripped through my body.  
  
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Alice  
  
I stood motionless waiting for the elevator door to open and give me an escape from the judging eyes. After the spectacle at the table Vicky was able to get Holly's room key and as we left I knew a number of people noticed Vicky running her hand over my ass. The humiliation heighten by my dress exposing the top of my ass cheeks. As the elevator doors opened Vicky pushed me in and after pressing the floor pinned me against the back wall as she leaned in for a kiss. Out of habit I placed my hands on her shoulders allowing my arms to press against the sides of her ample chest. Suddenly the hand that was groping my ass slowly slide up to my lower back before plunging back down only this time beneath the dress. I moaned deeply into her mouth at my surprised reaction to having her run finger over my rosebud and I began to feel flush. A few months ago I would have never dreamed I could get aroused by another woman but my body had been trained otherwise. The ding of the elevator signaling the end of our liaison.  
  
"Come, let's go prepare for your friend," breathed Vicky taking my hand.  
  
Reaching the room Vicky opened the door and quickly ushered me in where we resumed our activities. However this time Vicky ran her fingers through the slit in the front of my dress pressing her palm against my pubic mound. Already wet I willingly accepted her advances and started grinding my hips against the movement of her hand. Surrendering to my arousal I slid my hands off of her shoulders until they met over the exposed skin of her belly and slipped my fingers under the fabric of her deep neckline. The pressure holding my hands against her soft skin lessening as my hands migrated upwards. Finally coming to a stop as my fingers made contact with the bottoms of her ample breasts.  
  
Vicky let out a soft moan as I began to play with her breasts. Ever since I first saw Vicky I was enamored with her D cup breasts and since the start of our sexual play I could not resist the opportunity to explore them. So much larger than my own A cups, Vicky's felt like an extension of her flesh. Large firm sacks protruding from her body proclaiming her maturity and womanhood.  
  
We played with each others bodies as we continued to kiss. Our arousal making our movements quick and urgent. Soon we were gasping into each others mouths as her fingers rubbed against my clit and I manhandled her breasts. The whole situation was so surreal to me. Here I was in a hotel room of a woman I barely knew making out with another woman as we waited for her arrival. And then what. There would be three of us and Vicky has made it clear that this was a seduction by both of us.  
  
Shamefully I was already experienced with lesbian three ways, Nicole saw to that. Ever since we started dating she had been very aggressive in our sexual exploration and thanks to her need for control made me a proxy for her adventures, choreographing routines for me to memorize and administer as she directed. Susan even got into the action ordering me to search out and watch videos of actual lesbian threesomes. The fact that I was heterosexual was irrelevant as I became an expert in lesbian romance, BDSM, or other kinky behavior.  
  
"We should get prepared," I gasped breaking free of my body's yearning, not realising my hands were still cupping Vicky's ample chest.  
  
Vicky simply nodded in agreement.  
  
When we heard a soft knock we were ready. Turning to the door Vicky did a very seductive walk, the high slit in the back of her dress exposing her legs with each step all for my benefit and I felt like a pervert for staring.  
  
Holly quickly slipped in and was immediately pinned against the wall with the exact maneuver Vicky used on me not long ago. However this time I was the spectator watching Vicky take command of Holly. Silencing her with a kiss and pinning her in place with her leg Holly had no choice but to acquiesce to Vicky's assault.  
  
Taking a deep breath I closed in on the two lovers.  
  
Holly had never been with a woman before, much less two, and I knew I had to set the tone. Stepping beside the two lovers I waited for a break to pull Holly's face towards mine for a passionate kiss. Knowing that I had to drive the point home that this was not an intimate act but one of carnal lust I made sure Vicky and Holly remained pressed together. After I noticed that Holly had given in and fully accepted my advances I broke the kiss and immediately turned to kiss Vicky. Now with the three of us cuddled together Holly had not choice but to watch the two of us makeout inches from her face. Participating in a threesome is just as much about visual and mental participation as it is physical.  
  
The kiss continued with the three of us standing in a tight circle, a hand on the asses of the other two women. The kiss migrating around and sometimes join by all three creating a sense common purpose and companionship.  
  
Knowing that it was time for the next phase I broke free of the ring and moved behind Vicky sandwiching her between us. Taking Holly's hands in mine I guide them up to Vicky's shoulders and pushed the top of her dress, letting it fall to her feet. In one quick move Vicky now stood naked, her magnificent breasts bare and inviting Holly to explore just as I had earlier.  
  
While Holly was infatuated with Vicky's breasts I circled the two women stopping behind Holly. Placing my hands on her hips I began caressing her body and kissing the back of her neck, reminding her that her pleasure was not dependant on Vicky reciprocating. Both women were moaning and cooing as Holly continued the heed Vickys breasts and our combined hands roamed over her body.  
  
Sensing the moment I removed my hands from the action and started to pull down the zipper on Holly's dress. Accepting my actions my two companions halted there play as Holly dropped her arms and I slid the dress down and over her hips, Vicky watched the unveiling as Holly stood before her and I undid the clasp of her bra. Now, both naked, the two women studied each other taking in the sight of each others bodies. Still being in the background, I was in the perfect position to compare the two as well. Vicky was slightly taller and curvier, with larger breasts, a trimmer waist and wider hips. Holly was a little rounder with a little extra weight in her waist and hips, but by no means unattractive, she was also unshaved with I thick mat of hair.  
  
With Holly now naked I knew I had to reestablish the moment or the awkwardness would start to distract her from the goal. Reaching out I pinched Vicky's hardened nipple with one hand as I gently caressed Holly's ass with the other. My intent was for Holly to focus on Vicky and not her own nakedness. My soft touch to give physical contact without being overly intrusive. Letting out a low moan Vicky swayed her body as she raised her hand to caress her other breast. Taking advantage of her interest I moved my hand to Holly's chest and began to fondle her was well. Having a hand on each woman I could not help but compare. Vicky's breasts were noticeably heavier, but not just from sheer size, they also felt denser. More like a foam pillow to Holly's softer liquid-like breasts. Following my lead both women started caressing each other breasts. And now that they were distracting each other I silently pulled my dress from my shoulders and stepped out of it.  
  
Spotting my nakedness, Vicky broke off her her exploration of Holly and turned to me. I could feel both sets of eyes on me scanning my body, my crotch, my abs, and my small breasts. Leaning in Vicky gave me a deep passionate kiss as her mature body pressed up against mine. Suddenly I felt a set of soft hands glide along my shoulders as Holly pressed her body against my back. Soft kisses placed on my neck and ear as Vicky and I continued our kiss. A firm pull on my shoulders pried me away from Vicky's lips and I was turned to face my other suitor. With equal enthusiasm Holly kissed me, her tongue pushing deep into my mouth. After what seemed like an eternity we broke off the suffatic display of affection.  
  
"I believe I have just what we need," gasped Holly as she hurried over to her suitcase. "After the bachelorette party my sister told me to keep this saying I would need it not her. I never thought she would be right." Standing back up Holly held the strapless dildo.  
  
"What the hell is that," inquired Vicky of the strangely shaped sex toy.  
  
"It's a strap on without the strap," explained Holly. "You stick this little bulb part into your pussy and the didlo sticks out like you had a penis.  
  
Wanting to choose my role in our menage, I took the toy from Holly and pressed the bulb inside me. The shape allowed me to grab on with my kegel muscles and once I let go made the shaft protrude from my body. "See instant man," I proclaimed showing off my new appendage.  
  
"Mmmmm, you are going to be one lucky guy," purred Vicky as her finger danced along its length.  
  
"Now let's get this party started," I ordered.  
  
I have to admit that my training had proved devastatingly effective and for not being gay I did find the two female bodies arousing. Both women were not only wet but dripping. With both girls now lying next to each other on the bed I knew that with the penis I had the lead and it was my job make sure both girls came and that neither would be left out. Grabbing Holly I flipped her so she was on all fours above Vicky. Her knees at the sides of Vicky's hips and her breasts hanging down so that they were playfully teasing Vicky's hardened nipples.  
  
With the dildo in hand, I straddled Vicky's legs and pressed the tip of the shaft into Holly's fuzzy mound. The moan from Holly's mouth was muffled by Vicky's kiss as I pushed the shaft into her dripping hole. Holly remained anchored in place as I plunged the dildo in and out. Vicky's fingers reaching up to rub Holly's clit as I did. With a loud squeal Holly came and collapsed into Vicky's arms.  
  
Knowing I had more to do I maneuvered my knees between Vicky's thighs pushing her legs apart. Sensing what I was planning to do Holly slowly crawled up Vicky's body, turned and strattled Vicky's face. With practiced ease I slid the shaft, covered in Holly's juices, into Vicky claiming her as well. As I worked the shaft in and out, Holly braced herself with her hands on my shoulders attempting to fondle me as Vicky orally pleasured her. In the end all three of us came before collapsing into the bed and a deep sleep.  
  
I was awoken by a high pitched whistle and movement in the bed.  
  
"What the hell was that," groaned Vicky.  
  
"Sorry, it just the blushing bride telling me that she and Tom are leaving for their honeymoon," droned Holly.

"She had to text you at 4:45 in the morning to tell you that," spat Vicky.  
  
"Well her royal highness decided to book an early flight and wants me to clean out the bridal suite after they leave," complained Holly.  
  
"So the dress will still be there," inquired Vicky sitting up in the bed.  
  
"Should be," replied Holly, "why?"  
  
"I was thinking," stated Vicky, "you look a lot like your sister and are about the same size. You should be able to fit into the dress."  
  
"You want to make out with the bride," laughed Holly.  
  
"More like getting photos of making out with the bride," teased Vicky. "She was very drunk last night and I doubt she will remember everything. If a photo of her making out with me or Alice pops up she can deny it but will everyone believe her."  
  
I didn't like where this was going, but was too nervous to jump into the conversation. Vicky wanted to do a photoshoot with Holly in the wedding dress pretending to be her sister. Nicole would have a field day with those. However my worries were overruled after Vicky said it would help with Nicole's request for photo's.  
  
The suite was bigger than your normal hotel room with a small sitting room and a separate sleeping area. As expected the room was a mess with presents and clothes thrown about. Holly was quick to gather up all of the brides things and while I cleaned Vicky helped Holly prepare.  
  
Once finished Holly stepped out, the perfect image of a bride. The dress was eerily similar to the outfit Nicole made me wear when she took my virginity. The bodice was a satin corset with a sweetheart neckline, small shoulder straps and basque waist with little bead detailing. However where mine had a little parity of a skirt Holly's was floor length and rustled when she walked.  
  
"Well what do you think of the bride," announced Vicky as she stepped out from behind Holly.  
  
"She looks beautiful," I replied as I took in the image of the now blushing woman before me.  
  
"I agree," stated Vicky, "but we do not have time to admire, we have a photoshoot to do and a bride to corrupt. Now lets remove the furniture from this wall. Luckily the paint, drapes and chairs match the ones in the reception hall entryway."  
  
After we rearranged the room Vicky wanted to be the first to kiss the bride so using her camera phone I line up the angle so you saw Holly's back and a bit of the side of her face and Vicky standing before her facing the camera as if in a conversation. As I clicked away the scene became more sensual with Vicky caressing Holly's cheek before moving in for a kiss. From my angle it looked exactly like bride was making out with the groom's ex girlfriend.  
  
The photo shoot continued with Holly pressed up against the wall, dress raise and Vicky kneeling before her eating her out. I made sure the photos were centered on Vicky keeping the supposed bride's face out of the frames.  
  
Switching places the now amarious Holly agressively made out with me before the camera. The sounds of lips smacking and slurping filled the room along with the sound of the camera phone clicking away. My own body caught up in the perverse scene of making out with the bride.  
  
Dropping into a chair Holly pulled up her voluminous skirt as I knelt down before her. My vision was now filled with a sea of white, the one color I was forbidden to wear. Reaching out I ran my hands up along Holly's spread thighs stopping to play with the garter straps holding her sister's stockings in place as the camera clicked away. Everything was worn by the bride less than 8 hours ago. I could smell the aroma trapped within the confines of the skirt and could not help wonder how much of the brides juices were mixed in with Holly's.  
  
Two days and three women make for quite a weekend. :(  
  
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Janet  
  
Hearing the doorbell I put down my coffee and walked to the door still in my sleep tee and shorts thinking Dr. Bless forgot his golf clubs again. Opening the door I let out a slight gasp at the sight of a beautiful blond in a very sexy cheer uniform standing before me.  
  
"Hi, Ms. Janet, my name is Kathy," stated the girl shyly. "I have an oral exam in human sexuality tomorrow and if I don't pass I'll be kicked off the team. Nicole said you can help me."  
  
I could only smile. Two days and three women make for quite a weekend! :)

**With Strings Attached Ch. 17**

Even though the restaurant was empty I still felt a sense of relief as I slipped into the safety of the semi circular booth, my bare ass sliding on the red leather. Not that I was apprehensive about how I looked, the deep red dress was no more revealing than my other clothes. It was more the image that Nicole and I made. Me in a strapless mini dress with my hair and makeup done. While Nicole went for a more masculine look; dressed in a pinstripe Armine pantsuit with her hair pulled up and minimal makeup.  
  
Anyone who saw us knew we were a couple and that Nicole was the alpha. Everyone would just assume I was a lesbian and even though I have been playing the part of Nicole's submissive girlfriend for several months now I'm still a heterosexual. Its due to Susan's blackmail that I have no choice but to pretend to all the world that I'm a lesbian. Out and proud, or at least what is what everyone thinks.  
  
"Here you two love birds go," stated Alex as she placed the menus before us. "Is there anything else I can get you?"  
  
"Not now, we're good," replied Nicole.  
  
"Let me know if there is anything I can do" offered Alex as she looked at me and winked before she turned to leave.  
  
Blushing, I could only look at the table. Alex had been one of the guests I served at the football party. Dressed as a pro cheerleader I spent the afternoon being eye candy to a group of lesbians and debasing myself by selling chances to win me for a weekend.  
  
"Cheer up puppet," stated Nicole taking my hand in hers. "Are you still nervous about tonight?"  
  
With a fake smile I nodded my reply. As part of my agreement for Nicole to drop Kathy I had promised her my anal virginity. Oddly, in what used to be my very limited knowledge of sexual experiences I had associated anal sex as sex between two men and not something done between two women. Nevertheless I now found myself preparing for such an event. For me it was the final sexual act I had yet to experience and it was going to be with Nicole.  
  
In fact all of my firsts had been with Nicole, marking and end to my sexual development that started the night we met with my first kiss. The only benchmarks that would be left would be doing anything remotely sexual with a boy, something that both Nicole and Susan have strictly forbidden. In fact Nicole has gone to great lengths highlighting that my endeavors count fully and the gender of my partners was meaningless even forbidding me from wearing white so no one would mistake me for a virgin. Given my nerves I could hardly eat when our food arrived, taking the occasional bite and moving the bits around my plate.  
  
"You do not seem interested in lunch," stated Nicole turning away from her meal.  
  
"Sorry mistress," I murmured, "I guess I'm not that hungry."  
  
"Well if you are not going to eat then I think you should entertain me, take off your dress," ordered Nicole.  
  
"Here! Now?" was all I was able to squeak out as I looked into Nicole's eyes. I had seen that look countless times before when she challenged me. Nicole thrived on my nervious exibitionsim seeing me naked in some public place with the rest of the world going about their business was like a drug to her, but for me it was mortifying. Even though I was accustomed to being caressed, kissed and even orally pleasuring other women I still found being naked in public distressing.  
  
Looking around nervously I could see that none of the other patrons had a clear view of me, with only the wife of an older couple visible if I sat in the middle of the booth.  
  
"Yes puppet, here and now," replied Nicole. "Try my patience and you will be walking out of here naked as well."  
  
Knowing that challenging Nicole would only make things worse for me, I hooked my finger in the ring of the zipper hanging between my breasts and began to pull it down. The sharp sound offering an audio signal to what I was doing. As the zipper made it to the bottom of my dress I pulled the two ends apart removing the only clothing that covered my body. Looking up I was rewarded with a smile from Nicole as she knew she won yet another challenge. Lifting my bottom to pull the dress free I dropped the it on the bench between us.  
  
Reaching down Nicole took my discarded dress and placed it on the other side of her. For the second time I was sitting naked in a restaurant, but unlike Hooters and the attractive Vicky I was hoping I would not be a gift to our waitress. Looking around, I positioned myself out of view from the other dinners while fighting the urge to cover myself. Too much to my left and I had to potential to be exposed to the tables in front. Too much to my right and I would be visible to the woman sitting down the aisle.  
  
Nicole went back to eating without a glance, content just knowing I was naked. I could do nothing but sit there with my hands on my lap as any attempt to cover myself would be challenged by Nicole. Being naked changes your perspective of your environment, the taboo act of being undressed in a situation where everyone else is heightens the nerves. Your sense of touch is amplified as areas of your body come in contact to things they normally do not. The leather felt abrasive and unyielding without a soft layer of clothes. The teasing sensation of the table cloth over the tops of my thighs and my stomach were a soft reminder that I had on no clothes.  
  
However my attempt to shut out the world was interrupted by the sensation of Nicole's nylon covered toe caressing my calf. Making eye contact I could see the wicked smile on Nicole's face as she slid her foot higher up my naked leg. The sensation of nylon rubbing my bare thigh was sending unwelcome shock waves through my system and I found myself getting aroused. With my hands at my sides I closed my eyes and opened my legs as I felt her foot sliding along my upper thigh. A small groan escaping my lips as I felt her toe press against my clit.  
  
"Mmmm, yes puppet," purred Nicole, "Now this is a much more entertaining dinner. Don't you agree?"  
  
"Yes mistress," I grunted. Nicole's assault on my mositening pussy usurping my concern about being naked in a public place as I angled myself to allow better access. I was shocked to discover myself getting more and more aroused, mentally blaming the feel of Nicole's nylons as her toe slid up and down my slit.  
  
Holding my breath I was red with embarrassment from getting off on another woman, my mistress, playing with my body in a public place. Worse yet with my nipples growing into hard buds I knew Nicole knew this as well. After what seemed like an eternity of torment I felt Nicole press the ball of her foot firmly against my clit before pulling away causing a whimper to escape my lips and my eyes to pop open. As I looked up at our watriss I felt my humiliation rising at being caught.  
  
"I know we are a casual dining establishment, but I think you are taking it a bit too far sweety," laughed Alex and she stood before our booth.  
  
"I'm just trying to liven the place up a bit," replied Nicole as she ran her finger through my hair. "This place looks a bit dry."  
  
"I'm not complaining," answered Alex, "and personally would love to have a clothing optional policy for the ladies but it's not allowed. I had to quickly divert a couple I was planning to sit across from you so back in your dress young lady.  
  
Holding back a smile I looked at Nicole waiting for her to return my dress. However the serious look on her face told me she was thinking of something and it would not be good for me.  
  
"Can you take a picture first," asked Nicole pulling out her phone.  
  
"Only if you send a copy to me, smiled Alex.  
  
Scooting to the middle I let the fully dressed Nicole place her arm over my naked shoulders as we posed for the picture. With the flash of the phone I pulled away to my safe spot hoping the older woman did not see us.  
  
"Get dressed puppet and fix yourself up," order Nicole, "we have a busy day."  
  
Zipping up my dress I slid out of the booth and walked quickly across the restaurant. Embarrassed I could not even look at the older couple as I passed, not wanting to see if they witnessed what had just happened. Entering the bathroom I was relieved to find it empty as I tried to calm my nerves. Catching my breath, I moved over to the sink seeing my hardened nipples were clearly visible through my dress. It was then I heard the door opening and the woman walk in.  
  
I could only stare as we made eye contact through the mirror, my body stiffening in place causing my nipples to poke at the front of my dress. The slight smile of a predator stalking her prey appearing on her face as she established we were alone and locked the bathroom door. The sound of the latch engaging silencing the gentle mumbling of the restaurant. Her eyes once again catching my gaze she walked towards me, the steady taping of her heels the only sound reaching my ears. Stopping to my right, the two of us stared at each others reflection. She was of Asian descent, most likely Chinese, probably in her upper 40s, with shoulder length black hair and wearing a figure hugging long sleeve black velvet dress with a hem that ended above the knee and a low cut neckline that displayed the tops of her ample breasts. While I was fixated on her chest, that I estimated to be a D cup, I saw her hands slid up.  
  
"My eyes are up her sweete," laughed the woman as she caressed her mounds.  
  
Knowing she saw me looking at her body caused me to divert my eyes in shame. My heart was still beating fast from the incident in the booth making my breathing heavy and my face flush, signs she was no doubt seeing as arousal.  
  
With my submission assured her hand moved towards mine. A small whimper escaped my mouth as her finger made contact with the back of my hand and began to playfully dance up my bare arm. Moving behind me she gently pulled my hair back and started to caress my shoulders.  
  
"That was a very captivating performance you put on for your girlfriend," purred the woman, " I enjoyed it very much".  
  
Looking up I could see the woman's face watching our reflection. "Thank you ma'am," I murmured in reply.  
  
"You American girls have it so easy," she continued as her hands explored my body. "When I was your age we girls could not do that. It was forbidden in my culture to go against your parents wishes. I could only look at my girlfriends knowing I could never let them know my secret. Then I met my husband. He was 35 and I was 18. He liked young women and my parents were more than willing to send their daughter to America. Looking back it was the best for me as well. America is much more open and like my husband I like young women."  
  
I stood obediently as she spoke, her hands caressing my neck and slowly moving to my collar bone. With one deep stroke her hands moved down my chest and I released a soft hiss as her fingers glanced over my erect nipples.  
  
My body knowing flight was not an option became receptive to the woman's touch and I licked my lips and closed my eyes. However my attention returned as the woman rested her hands on my hips causing a whimper to escape my mouth. With a commanding smile the woman resumed rubbing my breasts in small circles causing me to shudder.  
  
"Yes American girls are much more open to their desires," continued the woman. "So arousing to watch as they flaunt themselves about. And then there are those you catch."  
  
Pushing herself into my back I could feel her ample bosom as I leaned forward, her hips forcing my groin into the vanity before me. A hiss escaping my mouth as my sensitive clit was pressed against the edge.  
  
"I must confess I have never had a redhead before," whispered the woman.  
  
Grabbing my shoulders I was turned around and I looked into the eyes of my captor without the aid of the mirror for the first time.  
  
Reaching up the woman began to gently caress my face. "Yes you are a very pretty one," purred the woman. "A very fitting present for valentine's day. Now let's have a closer look"  
  
My heart rate doubled and my breath became quicker as the woman tugged on the zipper of my dress. I stood obediently as more and more of my body was exposed. Reaching the bottom tab the woman gave one final tug pulling the dress away leaving me in only my heels as I stood before the fully dressed woman.  
  
"Yes very nice," growled the woman as she ran her hands over my now exposed nipples before leaning down to place one in her mouth, "and tasty".  
  
Placing her hands on my shoulders and pressing down I knew what was expected. I dropped to my knees before the woman as she slowly pulled up the hem of her dress exposing a pair of black lace panties. The smell of her arousal filling my senses.  
  
"Kiss it," she commanded.  
  
Placing my hands on her thighs I leaned forward planting a soft kiss on damp lace covering her mound.  
  
"Now pull them down with your teeth."  
  
With the skill taught to me by Nicole I bit down on the band near her hip and gently tugged. Repeating the action on the other side causing the woman's panties fall to the floor making a slight plopping sound. Before me stood her secret garden glistening with her secretions.  
  
"Now kiss me again," commanded the woman and she guided my face into her hairy bush.  
  
Without even thinking I tilted my head back and pressed my mouth against her and wiggled my tongue through the thick matting of hair. The woman let out a deep hiss as I continued to lap my tongue up and down her slit. Knowing she was close and wanting to get this humiliation over with as quickly as possible I plunged my tongue deeply in her as I sucked out her nectar. Her moans turned to short gasps as her body grew rigid and she ground herself against my face.  
  
"Oh yes, she squealed," as she leaned on me for support. "You are a very good cunt licker, the best I ever had."  
  
Now that the deed was done I just knelt before her cleaning up her secretions as Nicole taught me. The idea that a mature lesbian thought that I, a hetrosexual girl, was the best pussy licker she ever had made me shiver.  
  
After the woman regained her composure she didn't even bother to pick up her underwear. She just straightened out her dress and walked out of the bathroom. I remained naked kneeling for a few moments as I regained my composure before standing up and quicking replacing my dress and fixing my makeup, finishing just as the door opened. Like a scarred child I quickly walked out hearing the gasp from the woman as she discovered my aggressors panties on the floor. Mortified at the thought that the woman would assume the wet underwear was mine.  
  
"What kept you," inquired Nicole as I slide back into the booth.  
  
I was just working out my statement as I saw the woman and her husband approaching, Nicole's question forgotten. Reaching the table her hand purposefully slides by Nicole's depositing a business card and a 100 dollar bill.  
  
"Oh I see," laughed Nicole as she picked up the card and money. "It looks like you picked up a little side job."  
  
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"Now on that bed and let me claim that ass," barked Nicole as I was tossed onto my bed.  
  
The whole scene was planned out and I landed on my mark, the center of my bed facing the space between the pillows where Nicole had placed a camera to capture my facial expressions. This combined with the rest of the cameras scattered about my room would give Nicole all the footage she needed to create her movie. For giving up Kathy, I had promised Nicole my anal virginity and we spent the afternoon shooting the introduction. As Nicole saw this as my last virginity she wanted to make it a sequel to the time she took my true virginity.  
  
While Nicole still wore her suit my only clothing was a pair of red panties with black trim and a unique design, a heart shaped cut out exposing most of my ass. In my current position my anus was right in the middle making a sexual target in a heart shaped bullseye.  
  
"Yes lovely," purred Nicole as she rubbed lubricant up and down the shaft of the anal dildo poking out of her pants.  
  
"Thank you mistress," I whimpered in reply, "it is my gift to you."  
  
"Yes a worthy booty it is," continued Nicole, now spreading the excess lub around my entrance. "And it is now mine!"  
  
"Yes mistress," I squealed as I felt her finger press against my bud.  
  
I bit my lip in nervous anticipation as Nicole prepared me for my final carnal act. My body was a blend of emotions as I remained in position my body shivering. My whole body began to tingle as I felt the coolness of the lubricant against my skin. Ever since we shared a glass of champagne before the scene I seemed to go from a sense of nervous dread to needed arousal. As I did not know the bottle was spiked with liquid ecstasy I assumed the alcohol had loosened me up. All I knew was I wanted Nicoles hands on my body.  
  
I let out a short gasp as Nicole pressed the head of the dildo against my sphincter making it open followed by a groan as Nicole pulled back. My breathing was heavy as I felt the hard tip pressed against by backside knowing I was about to be penetrated. I let out a low moan as the dildo was pushed in several inches stopping only when my muscles started to pull it in rather than expel it. This continued with the dildo penetrating deeper with every stroke causing ever longer gasps and groans.  
  
Finally I felt the front of Nicole's pants press against my naked ass signaling I had taken the whole dildo within my bowels. I felt so full, like I needed to go to the bathroom but having no control of the movement of the blockage. Once I became accustomed to the penetration and my ass loosened to accommodate the phallus I could feel it massaging my inner walls and the rhythmic stroking began to feel pleasurable in a new and unique way. While it was satisfying my bodies need for stimulation caused my crotch was moisten with anticipation as I was receiving sexual pleasure without contact to my vagina. I felt arousal like I had never felt before and found the moans from earlier were replaced with yeses as the dildo was pressed forward. Then suddenly I felt my body shudder as Nicole pulled back on my hair forcing my face to look straight at the camera as I received my first non vaginal orgasim.  
  
"Did you enjoy the puppet," cooed Nicole as she used her free hand to rub my ass.  
  
"Yes mistress," I replied between gasps, mortified that I was speaking the truth. I had just enjoyed anal sex with another woman and instead of satisfying my sexual need it left it in a heightened state as my pussy demanded attention.  
  
"I can tell," continued Nicole as her hand slide over my wet vagina. "Tell me are you still aroused puppet?"  
  
"Yes mistress," I groaned as I fought against the pull of my hair and the dildo to move my crotch against her fingers.  
  
"Then beg me to fuck you, slut," growled Nicole as she released my hair and pulled the dildo out.  
  
"Please mistress fuck me," I whimpered as my eyes began to water. "I need you to fuck me." It felt so humiliating to have cum from getting my ass reamed and to beg another girl to fuck me. Lifting my head I could see the camera still in front of me the little red light showing that my last virginity was captured for Nicole's collection.