**With Strings Attached**

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

**With Strings Attached Ch. 21**

As I reach the door I let out a sigh as I prepared to enter a new chapter of depravity in what my life had become. It all started a few months ago when Susan, the friend of my then best friends boyfriend, invited us to a party. The only catch, I had to be the date for Susan's cousin Nicole. I never really liked David and not just because he came between me and Kim, my only real friend, he also had a very weird vibe to him. Susan was even worse giving me the feeling she was truly evil and I made sure Kim knew my feelings. If I only knew then how right I was. It was during that charade that Susan told me that Kim had told her my secret, that my parents were the ones who broke into the lab and exposed the government's research and she would tell the police if I did not play the part of Nicole's love sick girlfriend, a lesbian with a desire for BDSM and voyeurism.

Thanks to Nicole's cunning manipulation, my parents and everyone else now thinks I'm a full fledged lesbian with only my tormentor knowing I'm a heterosexual. At the time I was a virgin in every sense of the word, a complete novice when it came to sex never having dated or even kissed a boy. The most ironic thing is I still haven't, but I've given in to the realization that doing anything with a boy is my only first left. Nicole claimed my first kiss and my virginity, leaving virtually nothing in the way of sexual milestones. She had even made me become sexually active with other women, most notability Vicky a hooters waitress, a stripper named April who likes to pretend we are sisters, and Annette a costume and latex loving MILF.

It was when I accompanied Annette to her office that I first met Lisa, her secretary. I was nervous from being in a strange place with the woman I was having a secret sexual relationship with and when Annette introduced us I subconsciously started to assess her sexually, a habit Nicole had instilled on me. I lingered too long on her breasts and Annette noticed my exploring eyes. Believing I was a young lesbian coming out of her shell, Annette interpreted my stare as lust and wanted to see if Lisa would be interested in me as well. Sitting with Lisa I had no intention of starting anything but having been told been told I was a lesbian and my embarrassing infatuation with her breasts the conversation quickly turned to sex. Before I was able to change the subject Lisa saw rope marks on my wrist and believing I was not seeing anyone assumed it was from self bondage. She then admitted her own fascination with the kinky behavior and her desire to try it with a partner, even if it was with another woman.

My hope of turning her down before Nicole found out was dashed when she sent me a short text. "I cannot wait until we get together and share our hobby, I'll bring the rope :)." With that one text I lost. Deep down I knew I would not be able to keep her a secret. With the control Nicole had over my life and the monitoring Susan did of my cell phone there was no way I could not reveal Lisa to them.

As usual Nicole had taken control, interrogating me about our interaction and directing things to fulfill her own perverted lust. So after a round of texts between Nicole, under my name, and Lisa I'm now at the door of Lisa's apartment, with a gym bags of tricks, where she should have tied herself to her bed.

Knowing how important that first wow factor is, Nicole made sure I looked perfect. Spending the morning at the salon my makeup was done in a very sultry style and my hair fluffed and teased. Nicole had also chosen a black leather sleeveless dress that zipped up the front and while snug at the hem and shoulders was tight and unyielding throughout making it hard to breath. While uncomfortable, I looked like a tigress stalking her prey, a fitting image of a sexy young dom.

With a shaking hand I reached into the side pocket of the gym bag and pulled out the small earpiece. Tucking it in my ear and hidden under my hair I open my phone and dial the number. Given everything I had to do today this was by far the worst.

"Hello my lesbian slut," purred Susan. Are you ready for your little adventure?" The sound from the ear piece making Susan sound almost god like.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I snapped back.

"Now that is not a very nice way to respond to your betters," shot Susan, "especially ones who can destroy your life. You should be excited to get your mouth on another delicious pussy. Remember you are a lesbian slut. Now! Are you ready for your lesbian adventure?"

"Yes miss Susan," I responded with a fake level of excitement knowing what she could do.

"Good," continued Susan. "Are you at her door?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Open it," she commanded.

Reaching out I carefully turn the knob. I had never been to Lisa's apartment and was not very comfortable about walking into a strange home. Especially not being completely sure it was Lisa's.

"Lisa?" I squeaked out.

"Alice? Finally, I'm in the bedroom." responded Lisa, the sexual arousal clear in her voice.

"Mmmm, she sounds like she is very anxious," laughed Susan. "Now take it slowly. After all this is technically your first date. Let her wait before you make your grand entrance. Start the video so your accommodating girlfriend can watch your performance."

Susan's statement felt like a knife. If you enter the apartment of a woman who was tied naked to a bed with the expectation of having sex it is not just a first date. Taking my phone I activated the video link to Nicole. She insisted on watching my whole seduction and requested I broadcast it over video chat. With access to my phone it also meant Susan would be able to see everything as well. Neither Lisa nor Nicole would know Susan was directing me through the hidden earpiece. To both it would look like like I was the one in charge.

"Ok slut, remember you're an evil lesbian. I want to see you playing the part of an experienced lesbian dom with a sweet straight girl in your clutches. You do have experience right?" laughed Susan. "If you are not convincing or do not get your target pledging her soul to you before you bring her to the greatest orgasm of her life I have some photos your future college classmates will be very interested in seeing."

The idea of Susan sending erotic photos of me to my future college terrified me. As much as I disliked being intimate with women I had become almost numb to it, making me feel more like an undercover agent than myself. Making sure the camera of my phone stuck out of the side pouch of the gym bag I put a smirk on my face and strutted into the bedroom. My facade cracked the moment I approached the bedroom. "Wow," escaped my lips as I saw Lisa naked and tied spread eagle just as Nicole had requested.

"Wow indeed," laughed Susan. "How many guys would kill to be in your place? I mean having a woman you just met tied naked to a bed waiting for you to do with her what you will. How do you find them? Now place the camera so we get a good view of the show."

'Yes,' I thought to myself. 'How did I get into this mess?' Looking around I spot a dresser to the left of the bed and place the bag on top.

"Perfect," stated Susan confirming my placement of the camera. "Now strut like a streetwalker to the far side of the bed and say hello to your newest lover."

Knowing what Susan wanted, I slowly move to the other side of the bed, never letting my eyes leave Lisa's body. I scanned her carefully, knowing Nicole could ask me almost anything about her. Naked and tied spread eagle she was completely exposed, her body glistening with sweat. While a little heavyset, Lisa had amazing curves with a shapely hip to ass ratio. A curly bush covered her pubic area with a thick pink string sticking out, hinting something mechanical was adding to her arousal. But what held my attention were her breasts, most likely a large D cup with light pink areolas. They looked amazing as they rose up from her chest and even laying down seemed to defy gravity.

"Well, it looks like you did a very good job tying yourself," I purred leaning over the bed and caressing the leather restraint securing Lisa's wrist to the bed. "Can you get out on your own?"

"No, I'm trapped until you release me," gasped Lisa, her eyes were focused on mine and I could see the lust in them. She was desperate for release and she didn't care from who or what, she just needed to cum.

"Show time," barked Susan. "Give her a compliment."

"You look sexy naked," I stated knowing her weight was probably making her nervous about being naked, as my fingers danced down her arm. I watched as my bright red nails traced there way to Lisa's chest and scratched around the base of her breast. Her deep gasp masking my own as my hands slid around her breasts.

I was still getting used to my preferences in women. Being small chested I was always envious and fascinated by larger breasts. Now I got the explore them in all their forms. However it was still the big ones that seemed to hold my curiosity. I wanted to pull my hands away, but I knew that was not an option. Instead I mentally made the most of it as I cupped them and pushed them around. They were so different from my own; soft, round and fleshy. You could feel their weight, almost like gel filled pillows. Lisa let out a gasp when my fingers circled her nipples and she quivered from my touch. I imagined my lips around her nipples, sucking and licking them.

"These are incredible," I absentmindedly whispered

"I'm so close, please...," begged Lisa as she arched her back attempting to press her breasts into my hands.

I shook my head clearing out the thought as I pulled my hands away from her breasts. I did not want to fantasize about other women. I'm not a lesbian, no matter what everyone else thought. I like boys, not girls. This is all just an act. However the wetness in my own crotch was hard to reconcile with my proclamation. The months of conditioning was making my body react to other women just as if I was attracted to them.

"NO... PLEASE..." whimpered Lisa as she struggled against her bindings. "I was so close!"

"I knew you were a breast girl but wow," stated Susan. "Any guy who could do that would never be single again."

I didn't need Susan to point it out. Even being forced, I was still embarrassed by my infatuation with women's breasts. And this time I had almost made Lisa orgasm by just playing with hers. The poor girl must have been close to cumming for a long time and just needed a little push. Not good, as Nicole said I needed to keep her on edge for at least 30 minutes. Knowing I needed to slow her down I turned my attention to the pink object sticking out of her pussy.

"You seem to be a little too revved up," I stated to my captive. "It won't be much fun if you cum too soon."

Even with everything I have done, physical contact with another woman's pussy was still something my mind couldn't accept. In a way it pushed my fascination with tits and asses. A large amount of female clothing is designed to display a woman's breasts and the main purpose of a tight pair of pants is to showcase her ass and hips. These were both physical attributes that make women attractive and can be admired by straight women.

But a woman's vagina is her secret garden. It is the organ that represents sex and is usually hidden from view to all but her lovers. Even in the skimpiest of bikinis a womans tits and ass will be on display but her crotch will still be covered. In the minds of young boys everywhere putting your hand on a woman's vagina is considered 3rd base and sexual intercourse a homerun. There is no way around it, when I have my mouth on another woman's pussy we are having sex, scoring a run for the home team.

"What is this little toy," I enquire as my finger touches the tip of the pink wand.

"It's called a pleasure mouse," breathed Lisa, trying to regain her composure. "It's a vribrator controlled by my cell phone."

"Very interesting," chirped Susan. "Have her tell you more."

"What a fascinating little toy," I responded. "You have a little mouse to play in your pussy."

"Oh I love that," echoed Susan in my head. "Tell her she is your pet pussy cat."

"So if you enjoy playing with a mouse that makes you a pussy cat. Are you willing to be my pet kitty," I stated following Susan's directive as I twisted the little stem around.

"Yes," moaned Lisa as she tried to move her hips to enhance the movement of the mouse. "I'll be your pet kitty, just please let me cum."

"All in good time my pet," I continued as I grabbed the end of the vibrator's tail with the intent of pulling it out.

"Ask her to give you her phone and passcode," shot through my head as Susan gave me another order. "I have already started downloading the app to your phone. It seems that a pleasure mouse can be remotely controlled and the user can surrender the ability to control it."

"Kitty," I said in a nervous voice. "Where is your phone."

"On my nightstand next to the bed," replied Lisa.

Looking to my left I spotted the phone laying in front of the clutter covering the top. Reaching out I picked up the phone. "What is your passcode?" I inquired, my hands now completely off of her body.

"What are you planning to do?" asked Lisa nervously.

"Tell her it's none of her business," ordered Susan.

"It should be obvious kitty," I purred thinking Susans order was a bit to harsh. "Now your passcode please".

"225467," replied Lisa.

Once in I went to the app and added my phone number to the mouses access list as Susan directed. I then transferred primary control to me and removed Lisa's. For all intents and purposes Lisa no longer had any control over her sex toy. As I watched I could see Susan manipulating my phone and taking control of the pleasure mouse as the unexpected reving up caused Lisa to moan.

"Tell her she is not allowed to change her passcode," barked Susan and she continued to play with the settings.

Wanting to keep the fact that there was another woman controlling our intimate liaison and at least one more watching, I kept Lisa's phone in my hand as I started to caress the side of her breasts once again. "You do know you are not allowed to change your passcode," I softly stated as I was drawn into playing with her breasts yet again. It was an old nervous reaction I had since a kid. If I had to do something I truly did not want to do I would always focus on the least negative part and build it into something I enjoyed. In Susans and Nicole's little games it had become breasts and added to my infatuation with them.

"Okay," responded Lisa as she too was becoming lost in my playing with her breasts.

"Now I think it's time your new lover gets to see the whole you," giggled Susan. "Stand up and drop the dress."

For once today the playful smirk on my face was not acting. I spent most of my childhood getting undressed in front of girls, changing for ballet. And thanks to the public places Nicole had me naked, removing my dress in Lisa's bedroom was not as humiliating as Susan thought it was. If anything I would be happy to get it off as Nicole's desire for it to be tight fitting made the fou leather dress very snug.

Making a show for the camara I slide my hand up the front of my dress and grasp the chrome ring attached to the zipper and give it a tug. The high neck collar releases its tight grip of my throat as I take an unrestricted breath. The gentle sound could easily be heard in the quiet room as the zipper made its way down causing the dress to pull apart revealing my naked body.

Now it was Lisa's turn to assess me. I could see her eyes scanning my body, studying me like a piece of art standing before her. I wondered if she was attracted by my A cup breasts and petite body for the same reason I was attracted to hers, you like what you don't have. I knew large breasts made it hard to do a number of things and society adores skinny women. Would Lisa like to give up her curves for my body? Did she find me attractive?

Not wanting to dwell on the fact that two heterosexual woman were sexually assessing each other I moved back towards the bed, knowing this time we were both naked. As I opened my legs to straddle Lisa's hips I could feel her flesh below, the softness of her skin against the sides of my legs. Looking down I could see the nervousness and lust on her face. She was scared too but did not want to turn back.

"Ask her if she has ever kissed a woman," ordered Susan, shattering the quietness in my head.

"Have you ever kissed a woman before?" I ask as my hands caress her sides.

"No," whispered Lisa in reply, "you will be my first."

'You will be my first' a statement that has come to define my life. Since this whole sexual adventure started I have done almost every first imaginable and have been a number of first experiences for more woman than I can track. No longer wanting to think about it I lean forward letting my hair fall around her face giving us at least a bit of privacy as I give Lisa a soft tender kiss.

"Mmmmm, your lips are soft," giggled Lisa as I pulled back.

For a girl's first time I found a simple tender kiss was best. It's quick, innocent, and shatters the taboo of kissing another girl. Nicole's lessons in the art of kissing had been quite extensive. For women the kiss starts long before their lips meet. It begins with the image we build in the minds of our partner through their senses of touch, sight, scent and sound. Which is why Nicole spends so much time crafting my image. Once you have won the mental battle the kiss is just crossing the finish line.

Our second kiss is far more passionate, lasting longer as our tongues swirled in each others mouths mixing our saliva. After what seemed like an eternity I straighten up and we look into each other eyes and catch our breath. As I contemplate what was next I realized that my palms were resting on her breasts. Nervous and not knowing what to do it took me a few moments to move my hands away and rub the sides of her torso.

"It looks like you are really into her," purred Susan, "and cannot keep your hands off of her huge titties so why don't you go back to playing with them."

I shifted my body down so I was straddling Lisa's hips as I brought my hands back to her breasts. Having to open my legs to accommodate Lisa's spread thighs my crotch settles over her pubic mound. A deep gasp escapes my lips as I feel the vibrations from the mouse enter my body.

"Yes, you like them don't you," hissed Susan. "You like playing with big titties. Now pinch them I want to hear her moan.

Yes, that's it," continued Susan as I took her nipples between my fingers and Lisa let out a deep groan. "Look at those luscious mounds. You like the fact that they are yours now don't you? An ample set of breasts for you to play with, so much bigger than your own."

'I'm not a lesbian, I'm not a lesbian,' I kept repeating in my head as my hands continued to play with anothers womans breasts. My breathing quickened as I continued play with her soft flesh as my own nipples hardened. My crotch was getting moist from the vibrations emanating from Lisa's groin. When did my mind shift from admiration of other women to lust and homosexuality? Here I was getting aroused from fondling and kissing another woman even as I knew I did not have any interest sexually. Would I ever fully break this conditioning?

"Tell her you love her breasts," commanded Susan breaking my inner reflection.

"I love your breasts," I repeated.

"Mmmmm, I can tell," cooed Lisa as she pressed her chest into my hands.

"Tell her you cannot wait to taste her delicious pussy," continued Susan.

"I cannot wait to taste you," I stated not willing to use Susan crude language.

"I cannot wait either," moaned Lisa as she tried grinding her hips into mine. "I so need to cum."

"Tell her there is something she needs to do first. Have your little kitty lick you to orgasm and I do not want to see one drop of your precious nectar waisted," ordered Susan.

Looking down I could see Lisa was overcome with lust. Enough to override any resistance she may have had to kissing another girl or having her body felt up. However asking a straight girl or even a bi curious one to go down on another woman would be really pushing it.

"Now, kitty," I stated in an almost motherly tone as I moved up her body. "I know you want to cum very, very badly, but there is something you will need to do for me before I give you the greatest orgasm of your life. Okay?"

"Yes anything," answered Lisa, "just please let me cum."

"I need you to lick me," I shot quickly.

"You want me to lick you?!" responded Lisa nervously.

"Yes," I responded as I ran my fingers over my clit hoping to bring myself as close to orgasm as possible. "I know you haven't done it before, but once you get started you will see it is not that bad." I knew this was a big step for Lisa and if she was not comfortable with it her own arousal would crash and I did not want to think what Susan and Nicole would do to me. I had to convert her and to do that I had to tie my pleasure with her own. "I know you are a bit nervous, we all are our first time but trust me it will be alright in the end. Once you do this for your mistress I will take care of your little pussy. Just stick out your tongue and give it a good lick. Start from the bottom and run all the way up."

Tied to the bed Lisa had no choice but to submit as I lowered my crotch over her face. Hesitantly she stuck out her tongue and gave me a quick lick.

"You did it, that wasn't so bad was it?" I cooed. "Now be a good kitty an lap up your treat and I will give you the reward you want."

Hesitantly Lisa continued to lick, lapping up my juices in a steady rhythm, but as a novice not doing a very effective job. I continued to rub my clit with my finger trying to assist. Closing my eyes I tried to think of something to help get me off. No matter what I just couldn't get my arousal to increase. Relaxing my legs I lowered myself into a more sitting position causing my ass rub up against her breasts. A sudden spark shot through me as I felt her luscious mounds press against my ass cheeks. Knowing it would work I bit my lip and started to rub furiously thinking of her breasts, bringing myself off after a few seconds.

Lifting my crotch off of her face I allow her to catch her breath as I regain my composure. Looking down I could see Lisa looking up nervously, her face covered in my cum. "Good kitty," I breathed as I brushed her hair away from her face. Wetting my lips I lean down and gave Lisa a slow deep kiss before kissing around her face cleaning my juices.

"Now are you ready for your reward?" I whisper into her ear wanting her to stop thinking about what she had just done.

"Yes," whimpered Lisa.

Not wanting to delay, I plant one last kiss on her lips before I start to softly kiss her throat, chest and breasts, stopping to nibble on each nipple before kissing my way down her stomach. I could feel Lisa's body quiver as my hair brushed against her legs, her whole body straining. The bed between her legs is soaked as I placed a kiss on each inner thigh. A deep growl escapes her mouth as more juice escapes her nether lips.

"Now I want you to pull that mouse out her pussy and lick it clean," ordered Susan, breaking the spell that we were alone.

Lisa lets out a slight moan as I began to pull on the pink tail. A slurping sound fills the room as the juice covered toy is removed. Holding it I carefully I lick her secretions tasting her salty honey flavor for the first time.

Looking down I could see her cavity was still open from the removal of the toy and her thick liquid seeping out. I quickly draw in a deep breath and release it as I drive my face between her thighs and press my lips against her body forming a seal around her crotch. With my next breath I slurp the juices from her body. My tongue moving more like it was in her mouth than a confining pussy.

"Damn!" laughed Susan. "You really love pussy."

Pulling back it took several gulps to swallow all her juice. My deep breaths sounding more like lust filled passion than the need for air.

"Ask her if she likes having a girl go down on her," order Susan.

"Do you like having a girl go down on you?" I ask after catching my breath.

"Oh yes," gasped Lisa, her desperation clear in her voice.

"Better than a boy," pushed Susan.

Knowing where this was leading I repeated Susans question. After every request I revved Lisa up again bringing her to the edge only to ask her another loaded question about her sexuality, how women are better at pleasing other women or her promise to be my sexual kitten. Before starting the process all over again. I was so humiliated. Here I was, a heterosexual woman forcing another heterosexual woman to proclaim her willingness to become a practitioner of sapphic love. I felt like a traitor or a double agent, subverting members to switch teams.

I slowly licked her pussy, up and down pushing her outer lips apart with each stroke. I gave her clit a quick flick of my tongue. Lisa was moaning continuously her body fighting against her bonds. For the next 30 minutes I brought Lisa to the brink before pulling back and kissing her inner thighs. Her moans turning into whimpers as she was pushed to the edge again and again.

"You will never want a man again," I proclaimed as I was given the okay to make her cum. Pushing my tongue into her as my fingers pinched and scraped her clit for maximum effect. So close to the brink for so long Lisa's orgasm grew quickly and erupted as her whole body spasmed.

"Oh yes, yes...yes...!" screamed Lisa as I lapped the abundance of cum that flooded my mouth.

Straightening up, I looked over Lisa's heaving breasts at her exhausted face, her deep breaths working to replace the oxygen pulled from her body. Moving to her side I cradled her as I gently stroked her soft skin and I repeated the statements Susan whispered into my ear.

"You know you are now my kitty right?"

Lisa just nodded in reply.

"I can do whatever I want with you. I can kiss you. I can dress you as I want. I can tease you as much as I want."

"Yes," mumbled Lisa in reply.

"I'm going to train you to eat pussy."

"Okay," promised Lisa in response.

I began teasing her again. Mentally and physically exhausted she did not have the strength or will to resist as I made her confess all her secrets to me, her fantasies, arousal zones, what she liked and what she did not. Before I allowed her to cum a second time I knew everything a skilled lover would ever hope to know about their partner, all to be used by Nicole and her perverted games. I was then ordered to the gym bag to retrieve the shaving equipment. Lisa's pussy was shaved bare.

"There you go kitty," I stated, "all cleaned and groomed. I expect you to remain completely hairless going forward."

"I will," mumbled Lisa.

"Good kitty," I replied as I caressed her thighs. "Now I have a few more rules you are going to need to follow. First; from now on I choose your clothes. That includes what you wear to sleep, in your apartment, as well as when you go out, to work and what, if any, underwear. You will also always wear something with either a picture of or a word for cat. If not on your clothes then a silver kitten pendant hanging from a collar, a domesticated kitten should never be without one. To ensure you are obeying you will take a photo and send it to me after getting dressed or whenever I ask. No hesitation."

"Secondly, you will always keep your apartment clean. Like your physical appearance, how you live is a reflection of you and your home is to look well kept. That means making your bed every morning, doing the dishes immediately after each meal and putting your clothes in their proper place; dirty in the hamper and clean put away right after washing. At least twice a week you will dress in a french maid uniform and do a thorough cleaning of your entire apartment.

"Next, we are in a sexual relationship and as such I expect you to look your best at all times. That means your hair and makeup must be impeccable whether you plan to see me or anyone else. Even when you're by yourself cleaning your apartment, your hair and makeup will be perfect."

"Lastly, your sex life. It now revolves around me. As someone new to lesbian love I know it will be an adjustment. However as you become used to getting sexual gratification from a woman you will begin to associate females with sexual pleasure."

"Do you understand these laws?"

"Yes," proclaimed Lisa.

"Show her the belt," purred Susan.

Climbing off of the bed I walked back to the bag. Of all the torments Nicole had done to me or made me do to others this one was new. In a way I wished it would have been done to me. Locked away unable to have pleasure would be welcomed to the torment of having to be the seductress.

"Is that a chastity belt?" gasped Lisa as she twisted in her bondings.

"Yes, it is," I purred as I walked back to the bed. "You agreed to let me control your sex life, this belt will ensure you are keeping that promise. I will be the only one able to offer you release, both from this belt and sexually. You will never be free of my control, always bound in some form."

"Place the mouse back in," echoed in my head as Susan came up with a new twist. "I think it would be delicious to let your mistress Nicole control your slave."

Placing the belt on the bed beside Lisa I turn to the nightstand and retrieve the mouse I pulled out of my new kitten.

"What are you going to do with that?" inquired Lisa nervously.

"Just a little idea to keep you thinking of me," I respond not wanting to think what Nicole would do to her. Knowing Lisa had become a little dry I lick the mouse just like when I pulled it out and slipped it back into its nest. Taking the belt I order Lisa to lift her hips. The metal is flexible and I wrap it snugly around her waist before pulling the crotch strap and guard up imprisoning her pussy tormented by its little mouse warden. With the tail sticking out the side Lisa would be able to keep it charged and ensure it gets a good signal.

With a click it was done. Lisa a heterosexual women was now the sex slave to me, another heterosexual women pretending to be a lesbian and secretly controlled by a lesbian.

"Bravo, bravo," cheered Susan as the belt clicked closed. "You just trapped a another straight girl into lesbian servititude. And I expect you to play your part to the fullest my sweet little lesbian slut. I cannot wait to see the adventures Susan dreams up for you."

"Now if you ever remove this belt we are done, no more play time," I warn, more in hope that she will remove it and we could stop. However deep inside I know that will not happen.

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Nicole collapsed on her bed, her breathing heavy from the third orgasm she had given herself while watching the show. Of all the seductions this was by far the best, and by far better than any lesbian porn she had seen. In the past Alice had always be hesitant, almost innocent in her actions needing to be pushed along and out of her comfort zone, something she enjoyed doing very much. However this time it was almost like Alice was driven by a higher force, cracking her sweet exterior and letting the assertive lesbian within out. Lisa was now the shy innocent one, while not as pure as Alice had been when they started dating she needed Alice to push her boundaries and dive head first into lesbian love. Now, thanks to her puppet she had a pet kitty to play with.

Looking up Nicole began to think. Alice had now entered a new stage of sexual intrigue, the question now is what could be done to step up the game.

**With Strings Attached Ch. 22**

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

Kiss me $$$

I let out a deep moan as the girl kissing me groped my ass, the whooping and hollering from the women around us now mere background noise. Finding a LGBT friendly spring break location, Nicole proposed spending the week there as a way of getting a taste of college life. Not really having a choice I traveled with Nicole, my voyeuristic girlfriend/mistress, April my pretend sister, Vicky my Hooter booty call, Jacklyn my dominant classmate and her girlfriend/slave Kathy, along with Scott and John who were pretending to be Jacklyn and Kathy's boyfriends but were spending spring break together without us girls. Nicole even came up with the challenge of seeing if I could raise enough money to cover my expenses and the "Kisses $1" button pinned to my shirt had already earned me 185 dollars in the first two days. It seemed a large number of girls where interested in kissing a real life Ariel, my cartoon doppelganger.

For me it was a completely new low. At $1 a kiss 185 dollars meant 185 women kissed, easy math. This combined with all the other women I kissed would ensure that the number of women would greatly outnumber the number of boys I would ever kiss. I never liked trying something new and was usually pushed into it by my parents or my friends. Going to an all girl high school helped keep that choice at bay. Now at 18 I have yet to kiss a boy. Yes I thought about it, or used to think about it, but my current situation made it hard even to fantasize about boys. I mean would kissing that many boys make me a slut, and if I had sex with as many boys as I had women would that make me a whore? Was I a slut and a whore now even though I have never even touched a boy? Those labels seemed to apply only to women being with men. Boys want women who are willing to have sex but at the same time think badly of them. Boys have no such thoughts about lesbians, and women do not seem to judge them the same way either.

But Nicole had added a new element, money. Nicole was now charging money for an intimate act with me. Yes, it's only for a kiss and nothing like the feeling I got when the woman from the bathroom on Valentines Day dropped money on our table. But it added a new label; Prostitute. Was Nicole now prostituting me to other women? Does she have a new label; Girlfriend, mistress, and now pimp? Or like the other labels, did it even count? I was a heterosexual girl, and if kissing and sexually performing with large numbers of women did not make me a slut or a whore, would getting paid for it make me a prostitute? For me, mentally the answer was no; so long as I was Nicole's puppet it was not my choice, and as long as I liked boys the answer is no.

Finally having enough, the girl pulled her head back but kept me firmly pressed against her breasts. The young coeds seemed to know no boundaries, and the act of paying a dollar for the privilege to kiss me gave them the impression they could feel me up in the process, an assumption Nicole not only allowed but encouraged. When Nicole first made me wear the button one of the kissers slid her hands under my skirt, exposing my bare ass to anyone looking. Knowing this was too risky, even for Nicole, my customary skirt was replaced with a pair of tight purple low rise yoga shorty shorts. The shorts molded themselves to my ass so you could make out each buttock as well as the tight furrow between them, offering a tempting target, with a figure hugging green tank top that exposed my midriff and rubbed against my nipples making them constantly hard. Per the rules I was not allowed to wear any underwear, so a pair of flip flops were my only other clothes. Nicole had also placed my hair in a high ponytail, keeping it out of the way of my face as well as only strawberry lip gloss to keep my face smudge free. With a giggle the young woman gave my ass a final squeeze and a quick peck on the lips before releasing me.

"Any other takers?" shouted Nicole, "Only a dollar!"

I hated it when she did that. It made me sound like some trinket she was hawking on the street corner. But at $1, Nicole was going for quantity not quality.

"I'm in," replied a blonde leading a pack of young coeds.

I let out a gasp as I saw Catchmer University, the college I was going to attend in the fall, written across her chest. While Susan had blackmailed me into a lesbian relationship with Nicole and made everyone from my parents to my classmates believe I was a lesbian, this was all supposed to end when I left for college. I was supposed to be able to put this false lesbian lifestyle behind me and get my normal life back. Now future classmates were witnessing my deception, violating that separation.

"Say isn't that the school you're going to next year?" inquired Jacklyn.

Never a good liar, I simply nodded, too overwhelmed to speak. The fear of this tainting my college years had put me on autopilot, all I wanted to do was run and hide but my present circumstances prevented that, I had to pretend to like this, that this lifestyle was me.

"Seriously? You're coming to Catchmer next year? That's awesome!" responded the coed as she walked up and gently caressed the side of my head. "You'll be an awesome addition to the student body, not to mention our sorority."

I could only look into the girls eyes as her fingers playfully danced over my exposed shoulders before sliding down my arms.

"It seems we have a potential future pledge here," shouted the girl as she pulled a crisp $20 out of her pocket and slid it into the front of my shorts. "You know I'm going to be the pledge mistress next year," whispered the girl as she slid her hands around my body and fondled my ass. "Now give your future mistress a good kiss."

I did not have time to think before she pressed her lips to mine and pushed her tongue into my mouth. Falling into my training I wrapped my hands around the girls neck and sucked on her tongue. As usual I pretended to be a good lesbian, even though the kiss was with a girl who would carry my secret to my future college where I was planning to be a normal, heterosexual girl.

Take that ass!

"Oh Yes! That's it! YES!" Screamed Vicky as her fingers anchored into my hair, pinning me to her crotch. Her familiar taste filled my mouth as she came and I dutifully lapped up every drop, just as Nicole required of me.

"You must be the best pussy licker alive," purred Vicky as she released her hold and gently caressed my hair. "I'm going to so miss our time together."

"What do you mean?" I asked, taken off guard.

Sitting back Vicky crossed her legs. "Do you remember the wedding we attended, and Holly?"

"Yes," I replied as I mirrored Vicky's posture. How could I forget it? Vicky had asked Nicole if I could accompany her to her ex boyfriends wedding. Apparently the bride was not too happy that he was still friends with an ex, and only allowed it because he had told her Vicky was now gay. It turned out that one of the teachers Nicole and I met when she was choosing the dildo to take my virginity was the sister of the bride. Not happy with the dildo gag gift, Holly's sister banished her to the back of the reception with the two lesbians. The three of us wound up in a threesome in Holly's hotel room. Holly even took us to the bridal suite after the newlyweds left, to do a photo shoot with her in her sisters wedding dress. The pictures of me going down on the bride are some of Nicole's favorites. "How could I forget that night?"

"It was wicked crazy," replied Vicky with a naughty grin. Anyway Holly and I kept in touch and well; we're kind of dating."

"Really, that's awesome," I responded, wondering how you could explain that you were involved in a lesbian threesome the night you met.

"Thank you," stated Vicky as she rubbed her hand up and down my arm. "However, I want to, we want to, take it to the next step."

"It sounds serious."

"Yes it is, and as much as I love being with you, I cannot continue if I want it to work with Holly. Not that what we do is wrong, I mean, I did the craziest things in my life with you. I never had a threesome before I met you, and we have had several since, not counting all that other kinky stuff. However it was never meant to last forever. You and Nicole even agreed that you would be going your separate ways once you start college, I just need to go a little sooner, Holly even convinced me to go to college too, to become a teacher like her. How about that, we'll all be in school at the same time."

"It sounds great," I replied as I lean in to give her a soft kiss without knowing what I was doing.

"However, I promised myself that this would be my last hurrah before settling down, so we have a few more days together before I need to become a responsible adult. Now it's getting late and Nicole wants to go clubbing, so we better get showered," stated Vicky as she climbed off the bed.

I couldn't help staring at her body as she walked towards the bathroom. She had a nice curvy waistline that widened into a perfect set of hips, and her o-shaped butt swayed hypnotically as she walked. It captured my attention and I was powerless to look away just like the first time I saw her. I could only think of kissing those lovely cheeks and pushing my face in the valley separating them.

For a self proclaimed heterosexual believing she was only pretending to be a lesbian, I was infatuated with her. Since the beginning I had taken the position that I was being forced into sexual relations with other women, that it was not me but something I was made to do and something I expected to get away from as soon as I left for college and became free of Susan's control. However, meeting the sorority girls from Catchmer had put a wrinkle in that dream. Now people involved with what I hoped would be my new life knew of my present life.

More importantly how could I justify my infatuation, my girl crush, with Vicky on being forced to play a lesbian? Was I bi? True, Vicky had a body to die for, and who wouldn't be turned on by her full breasts, shapely legs, gorgeous ass, or the silken texture of her skin? Anyone, man or woman, would agree she was beautiful. But to lust after her? Why would I want to do that if not forced?

"Care to join me?" purred Vicky as she leaned seductively against the bathroom door pulling me out of my thoughts. Gay or not, this was the last week I would be spending with my friend, and the last chance to explore her body.

Vicky pressed her amazonian like body against me, her thigh pressing into my crotch forcing my legs apart. My back to the wall, I had no choice but to stand on my toes as Vicky placed her hands on the wall under my armpits, effectively pinning me. We kissed for a long time as the water rained down on us. Even with my dislike of Nicole's control over me, I felt more comfortable taking the submissive role, and with Vicky being a good eight inches taller than me, it was very easy to just let her lead.

"I'm going to miss our little play times," whispered Vicky as she broke the kiss.

I let out a low moan as her body shifted and rubbed against my clit.

"Are you going to miss our play times?" Inquired Vicky as she shook her leg seeing what it did to me.

"Oh, yes," I gasped as I started to rotate my hips.

"Seriously, even with all of your other lovers you'll still miss me?" Purred Vicky.

"Of course I'll ..ahh...uhhh... miss you. You're ... ahhhh... gorgeous... Everything anyone ...ahhh would want in a woman."

"How sweet of you to say," responded Vicky flashing her beautiful smile before moving in for another kiss. "Now rub yourself against my leg, I want to see you cum."

With that statement I relaxed my legs, pressed my crotch into her thigh, and started grinding. My breath deepened with each thrust like, a bitch humping her masters leg. Her breasts now right in front of me, I could not resist pushing my face in between them as I slid over her smooth thigh.

"You like this?" Asked Vicky coyly. "You like worshiping my body?"

"Yes," I moaned into her breasts as I rubbed faster, my own fluids adding to the lubrication of the water.

My whole body shivered as my scream was muted by Vicky's ample breasts, my pussy gushing as I came on her thigh.

As I slowly came down, Vicky held me in place, gently kissing the side of my face and neck. Removing her hands from the wall, I slid down her thigh and then to my knees before her.

Pulling away, Vicky turned around and leaned against the far wall, arching her back as she pushed her ass towards me. It was now her turn and she knew my obsession well. Moving forward I focused on her ass as I bent my neck back so I could position myself between her legs directly under her sex. Looking up I could not help but think about what sort of pervert I was turning into. Not only was I about to perform orally on another girl, but I was about to do it with my face buried in her ass. Wrapping my arms around her thighs I slowly moved up until my face came in contact with her bottom, my cheeks wedging themselves between her thighs until my lips came into contact with her sex and my nose pressed against her puckered opening. Looking up all I could see were her twin cheeks rising like two flesh colored pillows. In this position I could orally pleasure her and see her glorious ass at the same time. It was almost like I was worshipping it.

"Ahhhh," purred Vicky. "Your nose feels so good. You're the only one who has ever done this to me ... I love it!"

At that moment a thought entered my head. A very wicked and very perverse thought. Knowing that if I thought too much I wouldn't do it, I gripped Vicky's thighs tightly and pushed my face up. Until now Nicole had taken all of my firsts; She was my first kiss, the first person I performed oral sex on, the first to perform oral sex on me, she even took my virginity. Now that I knew I would no longer be with Vicky, I wanted to give her a first.

I felt her body shiver as I shifted my head and my lips made contact with her rose bud. She let of a deep gasp as she tightened at my unexpected move and after the initial shock I felt her muscles loosen and turn to butter. Her legs weakened and it felt like she was sitting on my face as I continued my assault. Her thighs rested on my shoulders, forcing my face deeper into her ass. Her soft flesh surrounded me as my cheeks pressed tightly against hers. With no way to move my head I began to lick her slowly, around the perimeter of her hole. Puckering my lips I placed a quick kiss right on her opening, causing her to clinch her ass, pushing me away from her rose bud. Extending my tongue I gave her a wet lick as her muscles relaxed and I was able to give her a second kiss. This one was more passionate and caused her anal ring to shiver.

I kissed her asshole several more times, each time getting a delightful moan in response. I took several more licks along her ass before circling her anal ring once again. Then pointing my tongue I pressed my lips to her one more time, forcing my tongue in.

Vicky let out a sharp squeal as she tried to keep her body still. Her asshole had a firm grip, but I was able to move my tongue back and forth in a steady rhythm. This continued and I began to wonder if I would be able to bring her off in this position. As I had no way of getting out of it and Vicky showed no sign of wanting to release me I began to wonder if I would remain a prisoner of her ass. Just then I felt Vicky's body convulse as she groaned deeply. I had trouble maintaining our balance as her body continued to spasm.

After several moments she collapsed. I held tight as her legs gave way and she slid first to her knees forcing me onto my back beneath her before passing out and collapsing on the shower floor pinning my face in her crotch, her cum oozing down onto my face. Unable to free myself I dutfully began to link her clean.

Clones

I kept my head down, tormented at what I had done with Vicky. Not only did I have sex with her, something Nicole had made me do with her and countless other women, but I had really gotten into it. It was not just sex, I made love to her. I made love to another woman. Yes she's very beautiful, and even heterosexual girls could be attracted to her, but I was starting to become sexually attracted to her.

When she told me we were no longer going to be together, emotionally I wanted to be relieved. It was the first time that one of the sexual scenarios Nicole had forced me into was coming to an end, it should be a victory, I would no longer be made to have sex with her. But I was also saddened, like my girlfriend was breaking up with me. Why? Did I see Vicky as my girlfriend? Did I want her to be my girlfriend? Was she my lesbian crush? Several months ago the thought of being in a long term sexual relationship with a woman wouldn't have been something I would have even remotely entertained, but now the whole situation made me feel worse. I was losing Vicky, a woman I seemed to be making into my ideal lover, and was conflicted over being free of a forced relationship and a relationship I wanted. Also in my haste I not only had sex with Vicky but rubbed myself off on her and ate her ass. What would Nicole do when she learned this? I wanted to tell Vicky to keep it private, but what if Nicole discovered I wanted it a secret, or worse Susan? For now I did not want to think about it and just played the part I was supposed to, that of Nicole's submissive girlfriend.

Nicole was being very particular about the bars we entered, even though most of the males celebrating spring break here were gay she still wanted to keep me away from boys as much as possible, and focused on lesbian themed locations. By the time we entered the third bar I was too drunk to care who saw me or what they thought. As I had been trained I scanned the room to assess all the women and that is when I saw them, a blonde and brunette who looked absolutely gorgeous.

However what shocked me was the fact that we looked so much alike. Both girls were about the same height as me with the same facial features and firm petite bodies, in fact I would have been surprised if we were all more then five pounds off of each other. We each had on the exact same sinfully tight sleeveless little black dress, ending on the upper thigh, and black stiletto heels. If it wasn't for the fact that one was blonde, who I mentally named Aurora and the other brunette, Belle, we could have been triplets.

"So you see them too puppet," whispered Nicole as she wrapped her arm around my lower back.

"Yes mistress," I responded my body becoming aroused knowing Nicole would command me to seduce my doppelgangers.

"Can you imagine the three of you together?" purred Nicole as she caressed my ass. "It would be like caressing yourself, kissing yourself, making love to yourself and in a way it is even better. With three of you, you can watch yourself."

Nicole's was creating a brand new fantasy. A fantasy where I make love to myself. This new seed was planted in my mind next to all the others growing within my head, planted and nurtured by Nicole. Fantasies of public exposure; lesbian love and sex; bondage; submissive fantasies; domination fantasies; incest fantasies with my sister, even if she is only pretend; cosplay and many, many others. All crowding out my dreams from before this nightmare began.

My clones welcomed me with open arms. Living in the same dorm as freshmen, both being exhibitionists and free spirited, they became lovers and roommates. It seemed they too shared Nicole's fantasy about being sexually active with oneself, and had no issues turning their sexy twin fantasy into a triplet one.

On the dance floor, sandwiched together, we danced as one, moving to the music, ass to crotch, our hands roaming over each others bodies like some mirrored version of self play. Nicole made sure we were all well supplied with drinks while she photographed and filmed the display, adding to the record of my sapphic lifestyle. I had given up fighting and just allowed myself to be swept away. It was easier to be directed as a puppet controlled by her mistress than to fight. I did not have to think, just keep our hips pressed against each other. We continued our intimate encounters even while sitting. Taking turns being in the middle, the center girl kissing her copy on the right and then the left. The three of us kissed like we were lovers for years, an identical threesome that had been doing this their whole sexual existence. Nicole even came up with the idea of charging $20 to kiss the three of us, we made $860.

When Nicole suggested I go with my clones to their hotel room I was already mentally prepared, having convinced myself that I had to do this for Nicole and not myself. Entering the elevator I grabbed my two clones by the waist and pulled them both in for a three way kiss just as I had been trained. When playing with novices it is important to keep both engaged so neither feels less important or left out.

Once we entered their room, I left both at the door and walked towards the center, unzipping my dress as I walked. Upon reaching the foot of the bed I let the dress slide off of my shoulders, exposing the fact that I was not wearing any panties. Turning around I faced my two new lovers in only my heels, seeing the look of lust in their eyes as they drink me in before we continued this perverted fantasy, a fantasy I'm tasked with fulfilling.

The girls got the hint when I placed my hands on my hips and giving each other a mischievous smile they reached back and unzipped their dresses. As I watched their arms move down their backs, I nervously slid my hands over my naked hips. These girls like to pretend they are one so I will be the center of attention in this threesome, coordinating my pleasure as opposed to their's. As their dresses fell to the floor their bodies came into view, covered only by a pair of black panties, keeping me as the only fully naked one. I have always been a little self conscious about my breasts, being small they never met the societal ideal. However looking at the two copies before me they looked perfect. The small pear shaped breasts fit their petite bodies making them look more like models than pin ups. Raising my hand I slowly rub my own nipple and thought I was being a bit hard on myself as these two women looked perfect.

Knowing that letting things stop can kill the mood, I took a deep breath and approached the two girls. They remained motionless, expecting me to take the initiative. Needing to engage with both of them, I reached out with both hands and caressed their breasts. Like my own they are very firm, not soft and malleable like Vicky's or Nicole's. They are compact, easily fitting into the palms of my small hands. Dancing to my touch they let out a soft moan as they turn to kiss each other.

Taking my cue I drop to my knees and caress the outer hip of each girl. Their skin is soft and smooth, twitching from the slow strokes of my hands. I give each a kiss at the top of their panties, inciting a giggle as they continue to kiss. Grasping the tight bands wrapping around Aurora's hips I pull the thong to her ankles allowing the aroma of her arousal to escape and exposing her neatly trimmed blonde bush. The smell instantly caused my pussy to clench, signalling my own arousal. Her clit was stiff and her lips were engorged as her juices slowly seeped out to cover her groin. Licking my lips I could not help but move in for a taste, smooth and creamy, different from my own, lessening to perception we are identical. Doing the same for Belle I see her neatly trimmed landing strip leading to her mound before tasting her slightly cinnamon flavor. Being the only one completely shaved I resigned myself to the fact that even without clothes I'm still the most exposed.

Knowing that I had to keep the momentum moving, I guided my copies to the bed where they laid down and continued to kiss. Letting them get comfortable with the progression I simply watched, slowing stroking my hands up and down their sides, caressing the small of their backs and fondling their asses. Seeing their juices begin to flow again I carefully push their bodies apart, giving me access. Sliding my hands around their hips I gently rub my fingers over their mounds before sliding my index fingers between their lips towards the entrance of their vaginas.

Muffled whimpers escape their mouths as my fingers begin to explore their inner sanctums. Adding a second finger, the soft sponginess of their well lubricated inner walls grip my fingers as I bring them both to climax, their pussies clenching down as my hands become covered in their cum. Withdrawing my fingers I begin to clean them with my mouth as my clones attempt to catch their breath still in each others arms. As I savor their fluids I see them turn their lust filled gaze towards me.

I'm almost attacked as both girls fought to kiss me, their hands roving over my whole body. Then, pinned on my back, each girl takes a nipple in her mouth and begins to nibble and suckle. I moan in pleasure as my sensitive breasts are overwhelmed. With my hands pinned to my sides I cannot get them around my two attackers to reach my own crotch and have to rely on their roaming hands, a whimper escaping my lips as one of their fingers makes contact with my clit. Sensing my need, the girls hands homed in on my pussy as they started to attack it with equal vigour.

I was awoken by an elbow bumping into my face, my head pounding from the hangover as the memories from last night seeped back. Meeting my blonde and brunette twins at the bar, the dancing, the flirting, the groping, the kissing and the sex. Returning to their hotel room I was effectively double teamed, having to pleasure both girls at once and having both girls pleasure me. The dueling went back and forth until they both fell asleep and I dropped off immediately after.

Now sober I did not want to have to deal with the two sleeping nymphs and carefully rolled off of the bed. I picked up the first dress I saw and slipped it on along with a pair of discarded black heels, knowing that neither were probably mine. I just wanted to get out of the room before they woke up.

Amateur Night

However my attempt to get away from my two doppelgangers was short lived, as Nicole got their contact information yesterday. The Britney's, yes, they both shared the same first name, were invited to join us on tonight's adventure, an amateur stripper competition. Nicole thought it would be great if the three of us were paired up with a matching hair colored partner. The blonde Britney, who I nicknamed Aurora would strip for Vicky, the brunette Britney, I named Belle, would dance for Nicole, and I would be dancing for April. A professional stripper going by the stage name Ruby, April had been pretending to be my sister since our first encounter and while we were having a supposed secret affair, Nicole knew of it and actually insisted I do it. Now I had to strip for, who everyone one in our group believed to be, my older sister.

Nicole had brought an outfit specifically for my routine. A pair of dark blue court shoes with light blue sport socks covered my feet. A short dark blue skater skirt, meeting the pinkie rule, with a thin black belt wrapped around my waist covering a pair of dark blue boy shorts with side rip panels and a light blue thong. A figure hugging light blue short sleeved crop top with front buttons, sports bra and a light blue headband completed my outfit. With a stripper pole and small stage in her condo April had spent months teaching me the art of exotic dancing. That dancing for women is very different than dancing for men. Where the latter is all visual the former is mostly mental. A woman dancing for women is all show, it's the mood more than the visual. As such my outfit is sexy and flirty as opposed to raunchy.

Looking around I see they arranged us in a semicircle on the dance floor. I was a little to the left end, the two Britney's were to my right with April, my "client", sitting in a chair before me.

"Ladies, we are about to begin," announced the mistress of ceremonies as she drew the crowd's attention. "Today we have 36 sexy ladies who think they have what it takes to be a stripper, all competing for $500 in prize money. The rules are simple; we will play three songs and they will strip. At the end of the first song our judges will remove 18 girls. At the end of the second song there will be only 9 left and at the end of the third song you will vote for the best stripper!"

The crowd cheered and clapped as I tried not to think of what I was about to do, take my clothes off in front of several hundred women. I knew the format, I had to tease my way into the final round and the last song where I needed to win the crowd's attention.

"However," continued the speaker, "house rules apply. While the strippers can touch the clients they cannot grope or fondle. Also the clients cannot touch the stripers. Are we ready? Music!"

As the song started playing I danced to the beat, shaking my ass and letting my skirt fly. While many of the girls began by taking off their clothes I toyed with my client and the crowd, teasing them on what was to come. At about half way through the song I knew I had to get the approval of the judges. Doing a quick spin like a figure skater, I moved out to the center of the floor. Coming to a stop, away from all the other contestants, I undo the belt buckle and quickly pull the leather belt off. The resulting snap grabbed the attention of everyone as the belt became a prop for my performance. With a runway models strut I walked back to April, the belt hanging loosely by my side. Upon reaching the chair I slid the belt through the buckle and placed the loop over Aprils head, making a collar and a leash, and making the first cut.

As the second song started most of my competition were already naked or nearly there, leaving me the only one with major items to shed. Holding the end of April's tether, I stepped back and continued to run my hands over my body to the music. Releasing the belt I turned around and bending at the waist pulled my skirt down, revealing the dark blue underwear. The crowd cheered as they were now mostly vested in my show. Removing the skirt was not random, with small breasts my ass is my best feature and giving them a glimpse of it first kept them interested. I feel the music as I move my hips showing off my butt to its best advantage. Before my performance became stale I stepped back and pulled my shirt apart, exposing my bra to the cheers of the crowd as I swung it around over my head.

"All right ladies pay attention," barked the speaker. "We have our final nine and you get to choose the winner!"

With the start of the third song several of the dancers to my left and right are gone, giving me more room to perform. Dropping to my knees I crawl back towards April, my ass on display for the crowd. Reaching her legs, I bend down and place a soft kiss on each of her feet, causing the crowd to cheer yet again.

Placing my hands on her knees, I push myself up doing a handstand on her lap and scissoring my legs to form a T shape, giving April a close up view of my crotch. Twisting I drop my feet to the floor and in one move pull the boy shirts off exposing the thong beneath. Bending at the waist I show my ass to the crowd again. Reaching out I grasp the end of the belt and pull April forward until her face is just in front of mine. Taking my panties I place them in front of her mouth where she takes them with her teeth. As the song comes close to an end I pull off my bra exposing my breasts to the audience.

"All right ladies was that exciting or what?" asked the speaker as she returned to the center of the dance floor.

The cheer of the crowd answered her question.

One by one she asked for the crowds vote by applause. Each got a cheer and applause. When she announced me I did a deep ballet bow to the roar of the crowd, clearly winning the competition.

Kissing Contest

"Names?" asked the young woman sitting at the table.

"April and Alice Bless," replied April giving me a wink.

Bless was my last name and while everyone, except for Nicole, believed we were sisters, hearing her use it as hers always made me quiver. Sort of made our relationship official. Nicole was officially my girlfriend, officially my mistress. April was my big sister or how everyone knew us. She was also my mistress, not in the same sense as Nicole is my dom, but the woman I'm supposedly having an affair with. It was just unknown to me just how far Nicole and April were taking it. Yes I knew April and Nicole were probably having sex but I did not know Nicole was also having an affair with my mother or that she had introduced April to my mother as well. Making April the mistress in four relationships, mine and Nicole's both sides, my mother and Nicole and my mother and father. Furthermore my mother's office now believed that April was me and April started a further affair, as me, with one of my moms co-workers. Nicole knew about everything and loved it.

"So you two are married?" Asked the woman.

"No, we're sisters," proclaimed April proudly as she grasped my hand. I could only blush and look at the floor picturing the look on the woman's face as she heard the news.

"Biological sisters," clarified the woman.

"Yes," answered April.

"You do know this is a kissing contest right?" asked the woman nervously.

"Yes we do," replied April calmly, knowing what she was doing to the woman.

"And that you are signing up to be a partner. With your sister. Kissing partners," the woman letting the obvious statement hang.

"Yes we know," answered April, opening up her big reveal. "We are very... close. Always have been and have kissed many times before. You can say we like being naughty."

"Well that you certainly are," responded the woman with a slight laugh. "Here are your numbers, good luck."

I stood on what normally was the dance floor holding April's hand, a #27 pinned to my back. Just one of dozens of lesbian couples participating in the contest, a kissing contest for women only. Looking around, I think about why I should not be here. I'm not a lesbian and did not want to kiss a girl. April is my pretend sister and sister's do not kiss. It's as if I'm breaking every taboo just because that is what everyone wants and expects from me.

"Okay, welcome everyone to our Thursday Girls Only Spring Break Kissing Contest," announced the woman. "The rules are simple, each couple must continuously kiss, meaning lips or tongues must be touching at all times, any separation will remove you from the competition. The contestants will have a break every hour from quarter to, to the top of the hour. If you need to pee, eat, or drink you do it at this time. Lets just hope our couples are comfortable kissing each other as they will probably be doing it for a very long time."

As she made that last statement I knew she was referring to April and me. How perverted do you have to be to enter a kissing contest with your sister? Turning to April I could see the look of lust in her eyes, the thought that she was about to be intimate with her sister was turning her on. Closing the distance, April slipped her left hand into my right back pocket and rested her right on my left shoulder cradling the back of my head. Nervously I copied her position.

Like yesterday we came dressed for the event. This being a test of endurance as opposed to a popularity contest, we dressed for comfort, April in court shoes and me in three inch wedge heels. It made us about the same height, but comfortable when standing for long periods of time. Both of us were wearing denim shorts, tight tee shirts and sports bras for the rest of our outfits. With our hair up in ponytails, we could hold these positions all day without any physical strain.

As the crowd started to countdown to noon and the official start we leaned against each other, tightening our embrace and pressing our breasts together. Seeing the mischievous smile on April's face caused me to make one of my own. She bent forward, slowly her smile morphing as her lips approached mine. Our kiss started before the buzzer, a fact some of the other couples failed to understand and were disqualified. Our tongues brushed each others lightly as the soft affectionate kiss progressed. Soon we were kissing like lovers, our mouths open and our tongues deep into each others mouths. April's hand tightened its grip around the back of my neck, locking me in position as her other hand squeezed my ass through my pocket.

I could feel my nipples harden from her actions, and my engorging pussy lips rubbing against the fabric concealing them as my arousal grew. I had to fight to keep control. My mind was telling me I was heterosexual and kissing another girl infront of a large crowd who thought we were sisters, while a thrill shot through me as my body responded to the lewd act, accepting the stimulation it now associated with sexual pleasure.

One of the first things Nicole insisted I learn was how to be a good kisser. Having never kissed anyone, boy or girl, Nicole took it as her mission to mold me into the perfect lover. With no other benchmarks I now referenced everything on other females. Freed from having to determine how the male mind and body worked I was trained only in female arousal and as such, my own body started to get the same reactions I was working to achieve in my female partners.

Mentally I was humiliated by my actions and the display we were making before this crowd, while my body gathered pleasure from our activity, ignoring everything around us. Forced to continue, I choose to have my mind surrender, letting my body's lust and emotions carry me through.

By five o'clock half of the couples had dropped out, and by nine there were only five. Now small enough, the bar moved us up on their small stage as the spectators danced on the floor below. It wasn't until 1:30 in the morning, a full 13 1/2 hours after we started, that the last couple gave up, leaving April and I as the victors.

Body Paint

Leaving the beach I was a little nervous for what Nicole had planned for our last day. Over the past week Nicole had me kiss several hundred women for $1 each, make a public display and bed two girls who looked exactly like me if not for the hair, perform a stripper routine, and spend a whole day doing nothing but kiss April. Outside of public bondage I could not think of anything else. But of course Nicole could.

"Here we are," announced Nicole, stopping before a tent.

Looking up I saw pictures of animal painted faces and colorful bodies. In the back corner was a rather butch looking woman with what looked like a little paint gun, creating a tiger on a girls stomach.

"Are you interested in some body painting today?" inquired a woman in a pair of paint splattered overalls and shirt.

"Yes, my girlfriend Alice here was wondering if you can do some illusionary art," responded Nicole.

"What do you exactly mean by illusionary?" asked the woman as she looked me up and down.

After about an hour and a half the woman was finished, not that she had a lot to paint or that it needed a lot of detail, it just needed to look like a real bikini.

After I had stripped naked, the woman went to work. First she wrapped a black string around my chest, just below my breasts and tied it off behind my back. Two more strings were placed above my crotch and ass and similarly tied together over my hips, using some contact glue to hold them in place. She then carefully glued more strings, creating an outline of a triangle around each breast with the outer strings extending up and tied together behind my neck. Looking at myself in the mirror I saw what looked like the outline of a string bikini.

Then using some base paint that had some texture, she sprayed it over my breasts and crotch, making sure it was thickest around my nipples and outer labia. Once they were camouflaged, she went to work. The black latex spray paint felt cool as it made contact with my ass, first filling in my crack and then fanning out over my buttocks until it reached the string. Moving to my front she proceeded to do the same over my crotch using cardboard curves to ensure clean lines as she filled in what was supposed to be the bottom of my suit and the tringles over my breasts. Then using some red paint, she added some depth with curves and swirls. The end result was my breasts looked rounder and my nipples less noticeable. Similar lines helped cover my crotch. Over my rear, subtle painted on creases made it look like my suit was designed to ride into my ass.

Once done Nicole refused to let me cover up in any way, a pair for flip flops my only clothing as we exited the tent. I felt mortified as we walked down the street. I had to restrain myself from trying to cover myself with my hands, as it would draw attention to my fake swimsuit. Here I was naked on a crowded street and no one seemed to pay any attention. The paint job looked so real that if anyone only gave me a quick glance it would look like I was wearing a black bathing suit, where in reality I was completely naked. Nicole also cleverly added to the distraction by standing to my left with Jacklyn, Kathy, April, and Vicky to my right, all dressed in their own rather small bikinis. If anyone focused on us, it would be as a group and the two maturest, April and Vicky, were at the other end, both in revealing thong bikinis and ample cleavage to distract from my simple suit.

It was almost surreal walking down a crowded street completely naked and not getting a second glance. It was like my earlier adventures where Nicole made me go outside wearing only a coat. For me, nudity was something that you shared only with your lover. But Nicole did not see it that way, and wanted to expose me to the world. Mentally, I knew this was not right and meant only for lovers, but exposing yourself to women was nothing horrid, women did it all the time in locker rooms. My body just associated the two together, being naked in front of women was nothing to be ashamed about and nudity was something shared between lovers. The worry of discovery heightened my senses and arousal. Now thankfully, the water tight latex coating over my crotch kept anything from leaking out, but what would Nicole think once she pierced my seal, would she associate it with my enjoyment of exposure, and not my hopes of getting away with it?

That is when I made eye contact with her, the girl from Catchmer, the one who paid $20 so she an all of her sorority sisters could kiss me. Pam, one of the few women who would focus on me.

"Hey there," called Pam as she sauntered towards us. "I see you are not wearing your button today. Not working today, or could you not pin it to..."

My tenuous veil was removed as Pam realized the assumption I was wearing clothing was wrong, and that I was walking down the street naked. Now with my cloak removed, I was at the mercy of a stranger to keep my secret from everyone else. Looking nervously at my tormentor, I was trapped.

"You're naked," whispered Pam excitedly as she moved towards me for a closer inspection. "I don't fucking believe it. You're not wearing anything." Reaching out she carefully touched the strings tied around my body before running her hands over my painted skin.

"That's amazing," continued Pam as she twisted my body to get a look at my ass. "How long have you been walking around like this?"

"For a good 30 minutes," responded Nicole was she wrapped her arm around my waist. "You're the first person to notice."

"How could anyone not notice this sweet piece of eye candy walking down the street, let alone like this?"

"Oh, you would be surprised at how much can go unnoticed," replied Nicole.

Yes I thought, like the fact that I'm not a lesbian, or the fact that I do not like being out in public naked.

"Can I have a picture?" asked Pam, not to me but of Nicole.

"Of course," smiled Nicole as she gently pushed me towards Pam and took her phone.

Since my very first night with Nicole she had been taking photos and movies, documenting all the perverse things I had been made to do. And while she did post some, most have been kept private and I hoped to have them remain so as I continued to follow Susan's orders. Now this girl who will be my classmate will have a photo of me naked on the street to do with as she wishes. I nervously smiled as she wrapped her arms around me, the ceremonial click confirming one photo was in the hands of another.

Walking through the airport I was relieved the trip was finally over. Soon we would be home and I could block this adventure out of my mind, not wanting the think of what I had done or of my future college stalker. However what I could not stop thinking about was that I had not only achieved Nicole's goal of paying for my trip, but hers as well, with about $25 to spare. Nicole bought me a tee shirt as a memento.

**With Strings Attached Ch. 23**

Alice - Friday, late evening

As I sat on the back of the motorcycle alone with my thoughts I could not help ponder the mess I was in. My parents, discovering the military research the university my father worked for was doing took it upon themselves to steal and release evidence forcing an embarrassing shutdown of the program. The one catch was the police had my moms fingerprints and a simple tip would put them away for a long time. Needing to talk to someone I told my best and only friend Kim. At the time she was dating David who I felt was a bad influence on her and I made sure she knew it. However before I was able to convince her to break up with him his friend Susan blackmailed me into dating her lesbian cousin Nicole. Now if I did not pretend that I was a submissive exhibitionist lesbian my parents would go to jail.

It was Nicole who playfully thought it would be entertaining if Kathy, her ex girlfriend, and I dressed ourselves as the pro cheerleaders for her lesbian biker big game watching party and sell football pool squares. The prizes were a weekend with the cheerleader selling the chances. Susan, wanting to make sure I did my best, threatened to release several naked photos of me if I did not outsell Kathy so to sweeten the pot I offered to spend Memorial Day weekend with the winner.

Trish, the winner, decided to take advantage of the extra day with a road trip and I spent what felt like hours riding bitch on the back of her Harley. With my head confined in the helmet and the visor blacked out my only source of input is her body and the vibration of the powerful machine between my legs.

When the motorcycle finally came to a stop Trish had to help me off, being effectively blindfolded and riding for so long I needed her assistance. Balancing on one leg my tight latex pants stretched as I was pulled my leg over the large bike. Standing firmly I let my leg muscles relax and worked the remove the helmet. As my eyes became used to the bright lights I gasped, "We're in Vegas!"

"That's right my pet," replied Trish in a sultry tone. "I cannot think of a better place to spend time with a sex slave then sin city."

I bit my lip as my body shivered from the statement. With no phone or money I was effectively trapped

"Come my sweet," purred Trish "Lets get settled in."

Moving towards the lobby I slowly regained feeling in my legs and the ben wa balls become noticeable again. Nicole dropped me off at Trish's house right from school so I met my 'owner' for the weekend wearing my school uniform. Trish slowly walked around me like a cat toying with her prey, her hand playfully gliding across my body. Stopping before me she gave me a mischievous smile as she moved her hand below my skirt and I felt the tip of her finger make contact with my uncovered vagina.

On instinct I spread my legs and let out a sharp yelp that was quickly silenced when her mouth covered mine in a deep kiss. Our lips molded together as I gave in to her aggressive advance and my yelp turned into a muffled whimper as her finger pressed into my cavity. Trish pressed her advantage and slid her tongue deep into my mouth taking ownership. As she broke away we both gasped for breath, my body craving her touch.

She then commanded me to strip handing me a black leather bra and a pair of black latex pants. As I struggled to pull the tight garment up my legs Trish once again pulled me close, still wet from her finger she pushed the two ben wa balls easily into me before pulling the pants over my hips trapping them inside. A pair of knee high black leather boots and a tight fitting black leather jacket completed my ensemble.

I looked out over the colorful casino floor as I waited for Trish to get the room, my hips swaying back and forth to keep ben wa balls moving. After so many hours without my sight and hearing the stimulation was overwhelming. As I looked over the waitresses in there erotic uniforms I realized that Trisha had successfully kept me on edge for the last five hours and now like a bitch in heat I wanted release.

With a flick of her finger I followed Trish towards the elevator, the ben wa balls continuing to do their magic. Dressed in a pair of black combat boots, a pair of stone washed jeans and a black biker jacket over a white tank top she still held that tomboy look and my mind tried to picture what she looked like without clothes.

I had to shake my head to get the thought out of my mind. I did not want to think about what she looked like naked. I would find that out soon enough. For now I just followed her into the elevator.

As we entered the room I noticed it only contained a single king sized bed and given the nature of the weekend it wasn't a surprise. Not knowing what to do I simply stood in place as I watched Trish shed her leather jacket. Being in her mid twenties Trish was beautiful, in a tomboy/rocker sort of way. She was thin and athletic, toned not but not muscular. She had a youthful face and her short black hair gave her a feminine boy butch sort of look that I was starting to find attractive. The tattoos on her exposed arms and chest gave her a bit of a dangerous vibe, while not overly appealing to me the the exquisite artwork fit her personality. Taking a seat in the chair by the window her eyes locked with mine as she crossed her legs.

"Take off your jacket," ordered Trish as she started to undo the laces of her boot.

Nervously I removed the jacket exposing the soft black leather bra. While wearing more clothes than usual the fact that I was being appraised like some erotic work of art made me feel vulnerable. Uncomfortable, and not knowing what to do, I reach up and ran may hands though my hair in an attempt to straighten and fluff it out after being pinned in the helmet for so long not realizing the visual I was giving Trish.

"You have a very sexy body," purred Trish. "Beautiful skin, a gorgeous figure, and the most amazing hair. Now turn around and let me look at that butt of yours."

I slowly turn around stopping once my back is to her so she could get a good look at the twin polished curves of my ass separated and held by the tight latex.

Feeling nervous I simply stood there as I let a lesbian who obviously found me attractive ogle my body. Being petite with no hips and shy of a B cup I never believed I could match up to the male ideal of big breasts, full hips and sexy curves but have come to believe I have the body and waist envied by most women.

"Lovely," commented Trish. "Now take off that bra and show me those beautiful breasts."

I reach behind my back and undo the clasp revealing my creamy mounds capped by my erect nipples. Taking a deep breath I turn around to face my newest lover. Trish licked her lips in approval as she took in the site of my naked chest.

"Beautiful," growled Trish. "Now play with your breasts. Show me what a naughty girl you are.

There is a huge power differential when you are exposed and the other is fully clothed so I nervously obeyed and moved my hands up towards my chest. I let out a gasp as my cold palms slid over my breasts making my nipples hard. My hands coming in contact with my sensitive breasts sent shock waves into my chest and to my groin causing my arousal, already heightened from the motorcycle ride, to jump.

Yes, very good," hissed Trish her own hand playfully dancing over the tops of her breasts. "You like that don't you?

"Yes," I whimper answering for my body as my brain was shutting down at this point. The long ride and constant stimulation from the ben wa balls and now the stimulation of my breasts allowed my body craving relief to take over.

"Now I want you to pull and pinch your nipples for me," ordered Trish.

Aware that I was half naked and fondling myself in front of a fully clothed woman I rake my nails over my nipples while releasing a soft moan that turned into a hiss as I pinch and twist each nipple. My legs squeezed together in an attempt to get more stimulation from the ben wa balls embedded within me.

"Now the only rule Nicole gave me is that you are not allowed to interact with males whatsoever. Is that correct?" Inquired Trish.

"Yes that's correct," I respond.

"Why?" Asked Trish.

I hesitated while I tried to think how to respond. Nicole created the rule when she found out I had so little contact with boys. She thought it would be good for me to explore my lesbianism without any conflicting influences. "I go to an all girls high school and have had very limited interaction with boys over the years," I state.

"So you have not talked to any boys over the last four years," pressed Trisha with a little sharpness in her tone.

"No I have talked with boys, just not many," I quickly respond.

"How many over the last year?" Asked Trish.

"Two, my dad and my ex friend Kim's boyfriend David," I answer no longer trying to filter my answers.

"Two! You have only talked with two males all year," laughed Trish.

I was now too ashamed to answer. Until I was forced to date Nicole I did not see this as an issue. It was just how things were.

"And over the last four years how many males have you talked to?" Inquired Trish further.

"I don't know dozens, hundreds," I shyly respond believing I had to interface with boys occasionally.

I don't mean at the store or in line, I mean real conversations," pushed Trish.

"I've had four males teachers and then there's Kim's dad," I stated defensively before I had to stop and think if there where any others.

"So I take it you have never kissed a boy?" Trish interjected breaking my train of thought and switching the direction of questioning.

"Correct," I stated as I remembered this exact line of questioning from Susan on New Year's Eve.

"Have you ever seen a boy naked?" Asked Trish.

"No," I repeated, knowing a defense was useless.

"Ever hold hands?" Trish continued.

I thought back to the seventh grade when Michael wanted to hold my hand but I refused. Was that my last romantic opportunity with a boy? Was it over five years ago? Thinking back I could not remember any other. Unable to talk I just shook my head no.

"So basically for your entire sexual maturing you have not had any real contact with males," thought Trish out loud.

I could not answer. My scorecard had been enormously skewed while dating Nicole. A heterosexual girl with no male experience but extremely high in the lesbian category.

"That's okay I discovered who I was at a young age too," stated Trish softly.

I simply bit my lip as I continued to play with my breasts and looked at the floor. I was not a lesbian and did not even like girls but thanks to Susan's blackmail and Nicole's conditioning my body had come to associate women with sex and my arousal prevented my mind from winning the argument.

"Is Nicole your first girlfriend?" Asked Trish.

"Yes," I mermer in response.

"But you have kissed other girls?" Inquired Trish.

Like the first line of questions I had to think for a moment, but unlike earlier I had to mentally count the number of women. "A couple hundred," I finally respond thinking of my 'kiss me' button over spring break.

"A couple hundred," laughed Trish. "Wow! And how may have you made love to?"

I stumbled as I thought about how was I supposed to answer as it was apparent Trish was just looking for a yes no answer and not a number in the hundreds. Now to flustered to think I did not want to mentally count the number of women I had sex with.

"That many huh," teased Trish as she saw the look of torment on my face. "And here I thought I was special."

With that statement I dropped my hands from my breasts and wrapped them around my waist. Was sex no longer special for me? With me? I had been with so many woman? Done so much? I have had sex with strangers. I had a multiple threesomes, some with women I did not even know. Here I was a heterosexual and nothing with boys but very few boxes left with women.

"Come here my pet," purred Trish as she saw my distress.

Feeling I had no choice but to obey I walk over to Trish and stand between her open legs.

"It's nothing to be ashamed about," whispered Trish as she wrapped her hands around waist and caressed my ass. "You are just exploring who you are and what you like. And we are here to have fun nothing more. Now I promise to keep the boys away from you and we can explore some more of your sexuality."

Relieved the situation is over and not wanting to argue about my sexuality I smile and nod.

Trish smiled back as she brought her hand up and raked her nails over my exposed breast grazing my nipple. Goosebumps rolled over my skin as I let out a soft moan.

"What a delicious body you have," professed Trish, "and it is mine for the weekend."

Feeling a little pressure, I drop to my knees as Trish moves her hands to caress my face. "And now for a little fun," stated Trish as she moved to unzip her pants.

Knowing what is expected I assist her in removing her pants leaving her naked from the waist down, the exact opposite of myself. I could smell her deep musty aroma as it must have been trapped in her jeans for much of the long ride. Leaning forward I place a kiss on each of Trish's thighs before her hands pull my head forward and I felt the matted hair of her pussy.

"I want you to kiss it," growled Trish. "Put those pretty lips of yours to work on mine."

Obeying my newest lover I gently kiss her lower lips before teasing her clit and running my tongue the length of her slit before drilling it into her. Trish's soft moans filled my ears as fresh nectar flowed over my tongue. Soon my face is covered with her secretions as I worked to bring her off. Wanting to complete the task I pinched her clit while wiggling my tongue causing her to scream loudly as her pussy spasmed.

With my boots and latex pants finally off Trish guides me to the foot of the bed and once my knees make contact bends me over. With her hand guiding me lower until my cheek is pressed into the the mattress and my ass high in the air.

"Yes. A very lovely ass," purred Trish as her hands caressed my back side. "Nice and firm."

"I used to dance ballet," I mumbled nervously.

"Well it shows, laughed Trish as she gave my ass a hard smack.

The resulting sting causing me the yelp and jerk my body against the bed.

"Now, now my little pet," soothed Trish as her hand rubbed my exposed ass cheeks. "I want you to stay still while I enjoy this lovely ass of yours."

Trish squeezes my ass before giving it another hard slap. This time I held firm.

"Good girl", cooed Trish as she moved her hand between my thighs pushing my labia apart.

I let out a soft moan as the two ben wa balls that have been tormenting me for the past several hours fall to the floor making a deep thud. I clench my muscles getting used to their absence.

"Who owns this ass," asked Trish as she worked her hand into my mound sinking her fingers deeper and deeper.

"You do," I gasp as I start to move my ass against the rhythm of Trisha fingers to enhance the stimulation. The constant teasing of the ben wa balls replaced with the more effective fingers.

"That's right," growled Trish as she spanked my ass again with her free hand.

The sharp sting mixing and enhancing the pleasure she was giving me. It was quickly followed by a second slap and another shot of pleasure. I was totally aroused now and the fact that yet another woman was bringing me off or that the pain was registering as pleasure no longer mattered to my shy heterosexual brain.

"There's a fine line between pleasure and pain," stated Trish, "and when one is aroused the brain cannot process the difference and registers both as pleasure. A trait we are going to explore tonight."

Another wimper escapes my mouth as she slaps my ass again. I notice the normally burning sensation registering as a tingly pleasurable feel melding with the sexual pleasure emanating from my pussy. Nicole has experimented a little with this and Jaclyn loved it. While Jacklyn was unskilled and unable to link the two emotions and Nicole was mildly successful Trish was a true master and my body registered the slaps as pleasure instead of pain. I unconsciously spread my legs wider so she would have better access to my pussy.

"You're really enjoying it aren't you my little pet," purred Trish her finger sliding in and out of my wet hole faster due to my wider stance.

I thought about speaking out, but I didn't know what to say. My body encouraged Trish's assault without my minds consent, actively participating in my lesbian seduction. I simply bit my lip and whimpered knowing it would satisfy both urges. My brain knew it was not attracted to women and was being forced to accept it but this is what my body now expected and was conditioned to respond to and now Trish was adding a new fetish to my list of vices: Pain.

My traitorous pussy was getting wetter and wetter from Trish's finger, I could feel my orgasm building but still couldn't cum. She just kept pumping in and out of me keeping me at the edge in exquisite torment. With a mind of its own my hand moved up to my breast to pinch my nipple.

"Hands on the bed," barked Trish.

I immediately obeyed leaving her as the sole source of my pleasure. My brain surrendering to my bodies needs began working on the puzzle of how to climax. Knowing I needed Trish to do it I began to move my hips putting on a show for my tormentor.

"Yes you are enjoying it my freaky pet," laughed Trish. "Move that ass for me make me want it more."

My hips continued to sway and I began to grind against her hand debasing myself to entice the woman who now controlled my body. Trish resumed the spanking of my ass as her fingers continued sliding in and out with increased force.

"What do you want my dirty little pet," growled Trish as her fingers continued to stroke my inner flames. "Tell me what you want!"

I wanted to cum but my mind did not want to admit I it was willing to allow another woman to make it happen. If it was not my choice then I would be free of the guilt. If Trish just forced it on me I would not be an active participant.

"You have to tell me," commanded Trish another hard slap hitting my ass cheek making me moan again.

"I...I...want to cum," I whimper my mind surrendering to my bodies desires.

"How do you want to cum," asked Trish her fingers keeping me so close to the edge.

My eyes were closed and my fingers were clutching the bed spread in both shame and desire. My thoughts ran unorganized though my head trying desperately to figure out the answer that would grant me release.

"I...I ... need you to spank me and make me cum!" I shout as I push my ass towards my tormentor.

A quick hard slap and a firm push of her fingers was all it took. "Your ass is mine now my freaky little whore," proclaimed Trish, "and I intend to enjoy it all weekend. Do you understand my pet."

"Yes," I scream my orgasm was finally released by the hard slap and waves of pleasure flowed through my body.

Janet 12:00 AM

I let out a little squeal when Nicole pinched my ass. We just walked out of the hotel on our way to one of Vegas's many strip clubs. With Paul spending the weekend with Professor Kalmer and Alice at a school getaway I was excited at what surprises my husband Nicole had for me. The title still made me shiver a little each time I thought of it. Nicole, the 18 year old girlfriend of Alice, had in effect made me her wife usurping the position once held my my husband. Not only that but she had also arranged an amorous relationship with a young stripper named April who not only got me to pretend she is my daughter but now had my office believing she was my real daughter Alice. For me the whole thing is making my life feel like an allusion. My marriage to Paul and my marriage to Nicole. My affair with a stripper pretending to be my daughter and my daughter who is the girlfriend of my husband/wife.

What was real and what was pretend was blurring quickly. But the one constant was Nicole who very much was at the center of it and my life. So when she texted me this afternoon with instructions I made sure I was ready when she arrived. Dressed in a fitted red satin blouse opened to expose the top of my breasts, the black leather bondage skirt I received for Christmas, secured tightly to my ankles and my thigh high black leather boots with four inch heels. As a finishing touch a red satin headband and black choker were added.

"Are you excited," inquired my husband/wife as she wrapped her arm around my hip.

"Yes very much," I replied as I kissed her gently on the lips, "and I plan to thank my husband properly as soon as we get back to our room.

"Mmmmm it sounds like you will be spending a lot of time 'thanking' me this weekend," purred Nicole before pinching my ass a second time.

I let out a yelp and a giggle as I wiggled in Nicole's embrace. "There is nothing I would want more," I reply moving closer to my lover.

"Then why don't we start now," stated Nicole with a sly grin. "Do you see that statue?"

Looking to my side I see a life size statue of Venus with her arms behind her back and her head at a slight angle. "Yes I respond," not knowing what she had in mind.

"Well as the strip club does not allow touching I want you to give her a passionate kiss," ordered Nicole as she took my hand and led me over to the statue.

Using a post as a step I climb onto the base of the statue and wrap my arms around my stone lover. Looking down I see Nicole watching, camera at the ready. Taking a deep breath I pull myself to the statue and press my soft lips against her hard chiseled ones.

Alice - Saturday 8:30 AM

Trish and I both woke early from hunger as neither of us ate since lunch yesterday, the long ride and sex causing both of us to pass out. And while I fell into a deep sleep it was troubled by my perverted dreams. Dreams of my mother spanking me all under Nicole's watchful eye. Dreams that not only scared me but excited me at the same time causing me to wake up wet, a discovery that horrified me but pleased Trish.

After breakfast it was back to the room for another spanking and sexual romp before showering and a trip to the pool. Being late May, the desert temperature was already in the upper seventies making my plum bikini comfortable in the sun.

The pool area was quiet with just a few older couples scattered about. Trish walked over to an empty section and draped a towel over one of the loungers. Knowing what is expected I take her hand and lower myself onto the chair. A slight hiss escapes my mouth as my ass, stinging from the earlier spanking, makes contact with the lounger. However after the initial shock it turns into a deep moan as the burning of my ass melds with the heat in my crotch mixing pleasure and pain once again. Looking up I see a smirk on Trish's face showing she knew what was happening causing me to blush.

As the sensations settle into a gentle throbbing between my legs I lay back feeling the sun on my skin. The bandeau top and hipster bottom of my bikini was not out of place for the pool and was more concealing than the black string bikini Trish wore. However being a redhead with fair skin I can burn rather quickly in the sun and was pleased to see Trish pull out a tube of sunscreen.

"Let's take care of you," purred Trish as she grabbed small black remote to the vibrator embedded in my crotch. I jerk my body and let out another slight moan as I feel it come alive. I close my eyes as I work to control my emotions but the soft vibrations, the stinging of my ass and now Trish's hands rubbing lotion over my legs is making it a losing battle. I let out deep moan and stiffen by body as I feel Trish's hands rubbing my inner thighs and sliding against the gusset of my bikini bottoms.

"We have to make sure you are fully covered," laughed Trish as she placed a second glob on her hands and leaned over my reclining body. "The only pain your skin should receive is from my hand and not the sun." With that statement Trish started rubbing lotion over my upper chest and then my stomach before letting her fingers dance and play with the top of my bikini bottoms.

I simply laid still with my eyes closed and my breathing heavy fighting the sensations running through my body. Then all of a sudden her hands were gone and I could feel her weight leaving the side of my lounger. Looking up I could see Trish standing over me bottle in hand as she clips the remote to her bikini bottoms. "Give me your hand my pet," orders Trish, "and finish covering your face and arms."

Embarrassed by the display I had just made I take the lotion. Knowing Trish is in full control I lay back into the lounger and close my eyes trying to to fade into the background. However my attempt to ignore the world around me was hampered by the gentle yet persistent pulse from the vibrator. Not enough to get me off but enough to tease. As I lay quietly my breathing becomes heavier and my nipples harden and poke against my bandeau top. My subtle attempts at moving my hips and rubbing my legs are more noticeable than I believe as my hand moves to caress my belly and a small wet spot is visible on my bikini bottoms.

However my inward reflection is quickly broken as I felt someone kneel beside me. Opening my eyes I see a young pretty woman with dark hair, done up in a neat ponytail, with nice round breasts straining against a deep blue bikini top.

Because of my training I leaned up on my elbows to get a better look at her lower body. She has a toned waist and the sheer gold sarong was tied over the hip nearest me giving a glimpse of her dark blue bikini bottom and firm thigh.

"Hi I'm Grace the pool waitress," she said by way of introduction.

Slightly flush from my arousal I managed a weak smile, "Hi, I'm alice."

"My you are a pretty one aren't you," responded Grace, as she placed her hand on my mid thigh.

"Thank you," I mumble shyly as my body shuddered from the touch. "You are very pretty yourself."

"I would say sexy," added Trish with her velvety voice. "Your body was made for that bikini."

"Thank you," replied Grace as she straightened her back pushing her breasts forward and closer to my face. "We're not hired just because of our serving skills."

"Yes, that is why I love Vegas," laughed Trish her eyes continued scanning Grace's body.

"So are you lovely ladies having fun," inquired Grace still looking at Trish but her hand was slowly caressing my thigh.

I was breathing heavy now as I tried to maintain control, the tingling of my ass and the gentle stimulation of the vibrator and now Grace's soft stroking hand was causing a wave of pleasure from my crotch to spread throughout my body. My eyes traveled back and forth between Grace's hand and her body as I studied my unsuspecting tormentor while erotic images passed through my mind.

My daydream was broken as Grace gave my thigh a gentle squeeze, resulting in a quick gasp, as she stood back up and walked away. I couldn't help staring at her body. Her ponytail swayed back and forth phonetically in sync with her perky heart shaped butt playfully hidden by the sheer sarong.

"What an amazing ass," stated Trish. "Very spank-able."

Her statement causing me to blush as I pictured Grace on her hands and knees moaning in ecstasy as Trish smacked her ass. Memories of my own spanking by her hand earlier this morning going through my mind as I moved my ass against the lounger.

I caught sight of our cute waitress returning with a tray of two colorful drinks balanced in one hand while her hips and other hand moved back and forth a repeat of her earlier sway but facing us. This time it was her luscious breasts bouncing in her tight bikini top and her curving waistline that held my attention.

Kneeling beside me once again Gace leaned over me to hand Trish her drink, a tequila sunrise, as I got another close up look at her breasts I found myself staring and noticed that her nipples where now pressing out against the tight Lycra spandex material. As she pulled back we made eye contact and she gave me a quick wink acknowledging my discovery.

"Now is there anything else I can do for you two ladies," inquired Grace her hand back on my thigh sliding gently up and down my hip. The placement of her hand and a unexpected spike in the vibration in my pussy caused me to yelp and jerk my body causing my legs to open slightly.

"Sorry," giggled Grace," I guess my hands are a little cold from the drinks.

"It's ok," I crook feeling the vibrations course through my body.

Taking advantage of the change Grace slides her hand over the top of my leg her fingers now caressing the inside of my thigh dangerously close to my vibrating crotch.

"Here you go," stated Trish as she held out two twenties. "Keep the change."

Grace squeezed my thigh as she reached over for the money. "Wow thank you," replied Grace folding up the money and placing it in her bikini top. "That's very generous."

"Well, we want to make sure you come back to visit us often," stated Trish in a playful voice.

"Well given how empty the pool is you do not need to pay me the spend time here," laughed Grace.

"Think of it as an incentive then," added Trish. "Why do they have such a lovely waitress working such an early shift?"

"In Vegas you always work more than one job," explained Grace. In the evenings I'm a showgirl. I just work the morning shift here before I go home to bed.

"A showgirl! Exciting," announced Trish.

"Yes. I wear a swimming bikini in the morning to serve drinks and a glittery bikini with giant feathers at night to dance," laughed Grace.

"Wow! When do you get a chance to date," inquired Trish. "With a schedule like that it sounds tough."

"The short answer is I don't," sighed Grace. "It's normally one to two shows a night and on weekends an added matinee with rehearsals and my morning here there is not much time. Besides the local dating pool is not the best for long term relationships and I don't like being the what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas girl."

"Then what do you do for relief," asked Trish.

"Well, I have my trusty BPB, battery powered boyfriend," laughed Grace with a sly smile crossing her face. "However, if I'm in a bi curious mood I might play with my roommate, no string attached. She is in the show with me."

"Really," said Trish with a pleased grin, "So there is hope for us yet. Interestingly Alice is using her battery powered friend right now.

"What! Seriously?" gasped Grace her hand sliding from my thigh to my crotch as Trish amped up the vibrator so it could be heard and felt.

Taken by surprise by the vibrations I bit my lip and groaned as I pressed my legs together. Emotions split once again my sense of embarrassment from Trish sharing our public secret clashed with the pleasure my body was feeling from my approaching orgasm. My sense of sham keeping me from going over the edge even as my subconscious wanted my body to win .

"Easy girl," laughed Grace as I pinned her hand between my thighs. "You may want to turn that down before she has an accident."

"I think you're right," purred Trish as she returned the vibrator letting me simmer. "However I think she has had enough torture for one day and deserves some release. Why don't you take her to the bathroom and help her."

I stared as Grace, as her eyes scanned my body before locking on her hand trapped between my thighs. Noticing it still pinned to my crotch I open my legs. For a brief few moments neither of us moves. Grace contemplating Trish's invite, me too nervous and afraid to move hoping she would say no and yes at the same time.

I see her start to smile as she begins to slide her hand slowly up and down my bikini covered slit. While an increase in the power to the vibrator causes me to gasp. The turmoil from my earlier conflict over my arousal begins to increase and I knew it would not take much to push me over the edge. However Grace quickly pulled her hand away causing me to look at her with despair. Taking my hand Grace pulls my up from the lounger and guides me across the pool deck. Her pony tail bobbing back and forth as she leads me away.

Reaching a small bathroom Grace pushes me in and locks the door. Turning around her eyes lock on mine as she moves her hands up behind her head and releases her long back hair from the ponytail allowing it to cascade down her back. After ruffling it out a bit Grace had the look of a wild predator as she slowly approached me.

I simply stood in place as my newest suitor closed in, shocked at how fast things evolved. Here I was hundreds of miles from home no money, no cell phone, no room key locked in a Las Vegas hotel bathroom wearing only a bikini with a amorous showgirl. My only link to my real life or the life I'm being forced to live is a female biker, who's last name I didn't even know, that won me for the weekend.

As Grace reach me she wrapped her arms around my waist. Her hardened nipples pressing against my own embarrassingly hard nipples as she pulled me in for a kiss. The soft vibrations from my pussy maintaining my arousal as I wrap my arms around her.

The kiss gradually becomes more passionate as our tongues intertwine and we probe each other mouths. Finally breaking contact we both breath heavily as Grace drops her hands to my ass and gives it a little squeeze. The silent yelp escaping my mouth causing a gentle smile to form on her lips as she slides her hands up and down my sides before resting them on my hips.

"That's a very pretty bathing suit your wearing," stated Grace softly. "But I want to see you without it."

Grace twisted me around so I was facing the large mirror on the back wall, Grace behind me her hands rubbing my hips. She pressed up close and I could feel her breasts against my back as she rested her chin on my right shoulder.

"Mmmm, you have such lovely skin," whispered Grace as she slides her hands up my sides and over my stomach. "Kick off your sandals."

Without a bit of hesitation or I step out of my flip flops and kick them to the side. I was rewarded with a giggle and a soft kiss on my neck. I continued to stare at our image as Grace pulled away and moved her hands behind my back unclasping my bikini top. Sliding her hands around she cupped both my breasts causing me to gasp as my hardened nipples rubbed against her palms.

"Such nice little breasts," purred Grace. As we watched ourselves in the mirror Grace continued to grope my breasts before pinching and rolling my nipples.

Graces breast play, combined with the teasing from the vibrator was driving me wild. I closed my eyes to the erotic image before me not wanting to watch myself sexually engage with another woman. Blinded to the scene playing out I began to roll my hips rubbing my ass to her crotch and my hands caressed my stomach and groin.

Grace continued to rub her palms against my breasts, stopping occasionally to pinch and roll them. Her fingernails scraping lightly around my breasts teasing them and grasping and squeezing my whole breast.

"You like me playing with your breasts don't you?" Hissed Grace.

"Oh yessss," I moaned in reply lost in my arousal. I knew Grace was also excited as I felt her hardened nipples poking into my back and her damp bikini bottoms rubbing against my ass.

"My horny little slut is ready to cum isn't she?" Continued Grace.

"Yes please," I whimper in reply wanting nothing more to rub my own hands over my crotch releasing my lust.

"If I let you orgasm will you return the favor?" teased Grace her hands leaving my breasts and making there way down to my crotch.

"Yesssss," I hiss as my body shivered in anticipation.

Sliding her fingers under the waistband of my bikini bottoms she pushes them down my hips and falling to my ankles. Kicking my swimsuit to the side I open my eyes and looked at my naked reflection. My successful seductress behind me as I watched her hand move over my pussy her fingers sliding around and between my vaginal lips and her palm over my clit. It was all it took to make me cum. With a loud moan I came and dropped to the floor before the mirror gasping for breath.

Looking up at the reflection I saw myself on my hands and knees naked and panting almost like a pet sitting beside her mistresses leg. After catching my breath I turn so I was facing Grace's crotch. Straightening up with my ass resting on my heels I slowly reach up and untie her sarong knowing I had to return the favor.

Janet - Saturday 10:00 AM

"Now that is a showgirl costume," stated Nicole.

I could only blush as I looked at the costume before us. Nicole had insisted we get up early, well early for Vegas, to go to the edge of town where I could pose topless at the side of a desert road next to a Las Vegas city limits sign. On the way back she spotted this Las Vegas costume museum/store and just had to stop. Being a good wife I could not argue with my spouse.

The costume was your traditional showgirl outfit; basically a bikini covered in blue and clear crystals, high heeled shoes and shiny sheer pantyhose. Finger-less shoulder length gloves and a headpiece completed the ensemble. But the part that really stood out was the large three foot blue feathers attached to the top of the headpiece and fanning out from the back of the bikini bottoms. Seeing those feathers rising from the ass I could only imagine how they were held up. The costume was part of a set from one of the current Vegas shows consisting of a red version with red feathers a clear crystal with white feathers and a black and red crystal with even larger red feathers.

"I would love to see you in that one," purred Nicole as her finger caressed my ass.

"I would be happy to wear it for you," I crooked in reply blushing at the thought of wearing the costume.

"Then let's get you fitted," stated Nicole as she moved me towards a sales assistant.

As I stood in the fitting room putting on the extravagant costume I was unaware that Nicole was ordering the black and red one in Alice's size.

Alice - Saturday 10:30 AM

As directed Grace and I knelt naked side by side on our hands and knees. Trish maneuvered us both into the position I have come to believe was her favorite, on all fours with my ass exposed. My heart beated rapidly as I await the sharp sting that will signal the start of our love making.

"Such a lovely pair," cooed Trish as she caressed our asses. "So firm and inviting just begging to be played with."

Grace and I both yelped as Trish give us a swat. After tormenting Grace with the remote vibrator the rest of her shift she was eager to come to our room for what she assumed was a threesome. However when Trish ordered use to remove our bikinis and kneel on the bed side by side while she remained dressed I knew she had a more perverse plan in mind. Positioned like two horses harnessed waiting to be driven by a charioteer. Trish's intent was clear she wanted to train the two of us.

Having been in this position before I knew what Trish had planned and my pussy was already starting to moisten from my conditioning. The pain and nervousness I felt melded with my feelings of pleasure and desire as Trish started to rub her hand over my vaginal lips and clitoris. As Trish continued to masturbate and spank us my breathing and arousal increased. And based off Grace's loud moaning and facial expressions hers was as well.

Each spank and caress of my vagina sent waves of intense feelings up my spine. My brain could not deny the pain but with the pleasure my body was receiving the two mixed forcing it to not focus the pleasure it was receiving. Trish had succeeded in making spanking my ass surprisingly pleasurable. I started to listen for the sound of Trish's hands hitting our flesh the sound echoing throughout the room and my head acting as an aphrodisiac sending a shot of endorphins into my body.

Trish gave our asses a few more smacks before sliding her fingers into our well lubricated love channels. As she started pumping faster both Grace and I attempted to move our bodies in rhythm with her thrusts. Her barely audible moans mixing with my own as we endured Trish's manhandling. Trish pulled her fingers out and slapped our assess several times before adding a second finger. The added stimulation causing us both the gasp and moan as we both came closer to climax. Making eye contact Grace reached over with her left hand as grasped my right. Trish's actions making it more of a shared intimacy between the two of us then then a group experience.

As Trish's finger slid in and out of our pussy's she would rub our assholes with her thumbs making contact with every inward stroke, only adding to the mashing of sensations. Trish sensed we were both close and pulling her lubricated fingers out of our pussy's drove them deep into our assholes.

The tension inside of me tighten as I arched my back and pressed backward forcing her finger deep into my asshole. Our hands tightened as Grace pulled me in for a kiss while our bodies spasmed in pleasure. The intense contradicting feelings from my ass seemed to ignite my pussy triggering waves of pleasure to ripple throughout my body. Breaking contact we both lay looking into each others eyes gasping for breath and Trish held us in position with her fingers embedded in our asses.

The lust that drove me over the edge was replaced with embarrassment that I had been brought to orgasm by a woman. That I had willingly shared this experience with another woman and that I came from anal sex. And that I was now held in position by a hand up my ass like some ventriloquists puppet. Breathing heavily I just closed my eyes as Trish fingers held claim to our bodies.

"Wow," panted Grace as she released my hand and stroked the side of my face. "That was amazing. Thank you."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it," purred Trish as she gently pulled her fingers out of our butts causing both Grace and I to moan in unison.

Sliding her hand over my stinging ass I felt completely betrayed by my own body as it registered the sensation as arousal instead of agony. The effect caused me to pull Grace in for a second kiss. A soft moan escaped her mouth as she welcomed the kiss.

"Both of you on your knees facing each other," commanded Trish slapping of our asses causing us to break the seal of our kiss.

As we moved into position Trish removed her bikini bottom and stood between us. I looked at Graces face between Trish's legs as she faced Trish's exposed pussy.

Trish reached down and placed a hand on the back of each of our heads and pushed us towards her body. Trish's toned ass filled my vision as I let her guide my face snug into her crack. I could feel Grace's breath as we were both positioned on opposite sides of Trish's crotch the smell of her arousal filling my nostrils.

"Now I want both of you to lick," ordered Trish.

Extending my tongue I lap at the bottom of her vagina scooping up her fluids like a cat drinking cream as Grace licked from the front. With my face wedged up Trish's ass I effectively lost my sight making me lost in a world of taste, sound and touch. The taste of Trish's pussy, the sound of her deep moans and the feel of Trish's ass cheeks pressed against my own. The feel of Trish's smooth skin and moist folds on my tongue. The feel of Trish's ridged legs pressing against my body and the stinging of my ass causing my vagina to become aroused again.

As Grace and I continued our two front assault our tongues dance over Trish's vagina occasionally touching and dueling below Trish's crotch as if we were kissing through Trish's body or involved in some perverted three-way kiss with Trish's lower lips. Soon Grace augments that feeling by wrapping her arms around my body pressing me tight against Trish's legs. Going with the moment I do the same to Grace and we embrace each other as we pleasure another woman. The move forces my face deeper into the crevice of Trish's ass shifting my head up and out of reach of her vagina.

With my head firmly embedded in her ass, I could not help thinking about my face pressed between Vicky's soft cheeks. Since then the perverted act supplanted everything else as the most degrading thing I had to do. Making kissing and orally pleasuring other woman almost normal and the licking of other women's feet seem tame. Since that first time Nicole tried the act I had to also eat Kathy's and Jaclyn's asses. With no other options I twirled my tongue over Trish's asshole causing her to moan loudly and lean forward so my lips were able to kiss her sphincter.

Trish started to move her hips grinding our faces against her body as our tongues and lips continued their magic. Within seconds Trish's body spasmed and I felt her asshole clenching my tongue as she came. Grace and I with our arms wrapped around her legs holding her up as she screamed in ecstasy. However neither Grace or I release our embrace as we forced Trish to stand between us as we brought her to two more earth chattering orgasms before she was finally able to break free of our embrace.

As Trish laid on the floor recovering Grace pulled me in for a kiss and I began the task of licking Trish's juices licking off her face. "I think I'm going to have to have a talk with my roommate about being more than occasional partners," laughed Grace. "She had been hinting she wanted more and after that I think I do as well. There is even another dancer that has expressed interest in us and I think a three-way roommate situation would be beneficial especially if we can do things like this."

Hearing that statement I kiss Graces cheek and move in for a hug. With my face over her shoulder she cannot see my frown from having converted another basically heterosexual woman to lesbianism.

Nicole - Saturday 9:45 PM

As I looked at the text and pictures from Trish I couldn't help but think that Alice was the perfect girlfriend. I had always loved the thrill of the hunt, that feeling of breaking a new hesitant paramour, as well as pushing her deeper into sexual perversion. Alice never stopped being both. Her beauty and sexuality was beyond compare, also she was sweet and innocent only having her first kiss the night they met. This purity was contrasted with a freaky sexual beast unable to be free without someone in control. It was this duel existence that I loved so much. The shy submissive girl watching from the sidelines waiting for lover/mistress to force the femme fatal out and into the game.

However my true fetish had always been manipulating others to break those barriers without my participation. Hence why I always got a thrill of setting up two girls who had never been in a lesbian relationship to start one. With Alice I got the perfect vessel. The fact that she did not seem to lose her little girl innocence kept her attractive. Her willingness to to play the part of the femme fatal corrupting other women at my bidding was a high greater then sex.

The results of Alice's actions were extraordinary. Pulling Vicky into our sexual game and then getting her to start a serious relationship with Holly. Getting a MILF to start a secret relationship and then turning her secretary into a slave and conditioning her to love pussy. And then there was April. A stripper who supposedly was having an affair with both myself and Alice while pretending to be her sister. Claiming Alice's mother was yet another achievement. Making her not only cheat on her husband with her daughters girlfriend but starting a relationship with April as well had put me into overload.

However my focus was now on Janet as we prepared for the hunt. In order to not outshine my older wife I choose a blue sleeveless mini sheath dress with a curved neckline to show a little cleavage. Black stay ups and blue 4 inch stilettos completed my look. For Janet I choose all black, the unofficial color of prostitutes in sin city. Starting with sheer bra and panty set that displayed her nipples and shaved vagina. A garter belt and sheer black stockings completed her undergarments. Black four inch stilettos brought her close to my height.

I watch as her creamy skin disappeared as she stepped into the black sequin bodycon dress and pushed her arms into the full length sleeves. The fabric of the dress pulling tight as I pulled the zipper up. Reaching the top Janet steps away and turns to face me. Straightening out her skirt Janet stands before me awaiting my approval. The wide v-neckline puts her ample breasts on display and curve enhancing dress shows off her body while hiding her imperfections.

After drinking in the site a smile grows on my face causing Janet to smile as well. "Ready my wife," I purr as I take her hand and lead her to out the door.

The casino is quite crowded as we make our way across the gambling floor but thins out as we reach the bar. Scanning the room I do not see any single or groups of women that look promising but spot a couple sitting at the bar. The male looks to be about 50 and handsome for his age dressed in a gray suit with a black silk shirt. The woman looks to be 45 with wavy black hair. The sleeveless little black dress has a deep neckline and the short hem shows off her legs very well. They are together but obviously like to flirt.

"She's the one," I whisper before walking towards the bar. Our target while observant of our approach is a bit surprised when Janet takes the seat next to her and me next to Janet instead of next to her partner.

A lot of my gratification comes my ability to manipulate the interactions of others. To get Janet to ignore the fact that she is having an affair with her girlfriends daughter and to develop a alternate life with new experiences and norms separate from her old life. To promote talents and desires she did not have or could not have in her old life. Reality becomes subjective. Janet now desired me more than her husband who is openly having a relationship with another woman allowing her to do the same. Alice, her daughter is in a relationship with me but we are both allowed to see other women. As she is dating other women so there is no reason I cannot do the same and no reason why we cannot have the relationship we desire. Janet's relationship with April simply adds to it. That relationship was created for her by me. A relationship where her daughter is now someone else, someone she is having a sexual relationship with. Now Janet can become a puppet under my control as well having intimate lesbian relationships at my direction.

"Hello," stated Janet in a pleasant voice.

"Hello yourself," purred the woman in reply. "I'm Clare and this is my husband Mark."

"I'm Janet," stated Janet reaching out to shake Clare's hand.

"And I'm Nicole," I added waiving to the couple, "Come to Vegas often".

"We try," stated Mark picking up his drink and taking a sip. "Clare is a flight attendant and gets a number of flight vouchers. It just happened that there was a window to come to Vegas. Are you two here together?"

"Yes," I responded before Janet had a chance to control the story. "We're related by marriage."

"So you're married and your husband let you come to Vegas alone?" Laughed Mark.

"Yes, so long as I stay away from men there isn't any problem," responded Janet continuing the play on the secret that I'm her husband.

"What about women," purred Clare.

"Never said no," responded Janet reaching out to caress Clare thigh. "Besides what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas."

We continued the playful banter and confirmed my guess was right. Mark and Claire liked to play singles and watch their spouse being hit on. However this time Clare was going to be hit on by another woman and if we were lucky Mark would be more that happy to watch his wife have sex after being seduced."

"So have you only flirted or have you done anything further," I ask in a playful voice.

"No we have an agreement I can flirt with guys all I want and Mark with woman but it has to be in the each others presence and no kissing or anything more" responded Clare turning to her husband who nodded in agreement.

"So, so long as you stay away from men there isn't any problem either," asked Janet in a velvety voice turning Mark's question on his wife. "What about women?"

"Never said no," replied Mark with a smile on his face

"So I guess that is still open for debate," added Clare as she gave him a challenging stare.

"I'm sure he will be okay with that," purred Janet as she caressed the inside of Clare's thigh.

Defensively Clare crossed the legs knowing that her husband was happy to watch the seduction of his wife by another woman. "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas. Right honey" stated Clare nervously.

"That's the rule," replied Mark.

"Well let's put that to the test shall we," stated Janet as she got up from her chair and twisted Clare's so her back was to the bar. From this angle Mark was was sitting on their other side and rather close to the action. I was a seat away and got the bigger picture. Reaching up with her left hand Janet brushed Clare's hair away from her face so I could get the best view of the action. Not wanting to moment to be lost I pull out my camera phone as Mark does the same.

Janet leans in and gives Clare a soft kiss. A soft moan escapes their lips as Clare reaches up with her left hand and grasps the back of Janet's neck. I can see Janet pushing her tongue past her lips and Clare surrendering to the assault. As the kiss continues Janet drops her left hand from Claire's neck and slowly slides it down to her breast. Meanwhile Claire had uncrossed her legs and Janet's right hand was making its way up her thigh.

My view was perfect to photograph the scene. Clare holding Janet's head in place while there tongues explored each others mouths Janet cupping Clare's breast in one hand while her other was under her skirt. The space left between them giving me a clear shot of the action and Janet having to lean forward caused the hem of her dress to ride up exposing the tops of her stockings.

Suddenly Clare broke the kiss and pushed Janet back. "I'm sorry its a bit too much," babbled Clare as she stood up and pulled Mark off his chair. "I'm sorry."

With that I watched are target escape into the night. "Well you win some and you lose some," I state. "Personally I thought you had her. You were able to kiss and grope her in front of her husband and I was able to get some very good photos. Now we just need to find our next target."

"Bachelorette party," stated Janet.

Looking out into the casino a smile crosses my face and a deliciously wicked idea pops into my head. "Which one."

Alice - Saturday 10:18 PM

As we walked out of the casino I was glad Trish had me wear my leather coat as the Las Vegas desert cooled off after the sunset. After the secession of wide sex Grace thanked us by giving us free tickets to her show.

Given all my conditioning I could not help but get wet watching her dance in a blue crystal covered bikini with large blue feathers. We were even able to identify her roommate in her red costume and the showgirl hitting on her in her black and red crystal costume. As I sat in my seat I could not help but think what the night was going to be like for the three of them. However my thoughts came to a end as Trish stopped and turned to the side.

"It looks like Venus got lucky," laughed Trish.

Before us is a life size statue of Venus with her arms behind her back and her head at a slight angle. But what Trish was referring to was the red lipstick over her mouth. It was obvious that a woman kissed the statue.

"Why don't you climb up and give her a kiss," order Trish.

Taking a deep breath I climb up and wrap my arms around the cold stone and give the statute a kiss as Trish snapped a picture.

Janet - Saturday 10:35 PM

I was a bit taken aback by Nicole's bravado approaching two large groups of young women, but then Nicole was not one to shy away from what she wanted.

I could tell that both groups hand been drinking heavily for some time. The first bachelorette party was lend by a 5'5" young twenty something with wavy golden blond hair cascading over her bare shoulders and wearing what could only be described as a sexy parity of a wedding dress. The white bridal satin corset style dress had a sweetheart bust line displaying her C cup breasts and an abbreviated ball gown skirt that ended mid thigh showing off her well toned legs. The second bachelorette was a little older, almost thirty, with straight black hair complementing her pale skin tone. Taller at 5'8" and was wearing a halter style sleeveless mini dress of white bridal lace that pulled tight clinging to her body showing off her nice curvy hips and the plunging neckline giving a very good view of her firm B cup breasts. But what really caught one's attention was the sheer detailing that started at the hem above her legs and curved in slightly as it rose displaying her thighs before curving out and over her hips to repeat the pattern in back.

"Don't tell me the two of you just got hitched," asked Nicole in a playful tone.

"What," stated the blond bachelorette, "We just met."

"So it was love at first sight," Nicole snapped back without a hesitation, making the two drunken groups laugh.

I listened as Nicole took command of the conversation and learned that the blonde bachelorette was named Emily, age 25, from Ohio partying with some of her college friends, she was a ex-college cheerleader. The brunette bachelorette was named Krista, 28 from Washington and also a former college cheerleader resulting in an impromptu cheer from both groups. After introductions of all the other girls it was obvious they were all very much drunk. Both had very similar plans with each bride wearing a cheap sexy homecoming dress in white for the weekend with veils and a "bride" sash added for effect. Both groups went to the same male strip club, where they met and sort of became one large group before coming to the hotel for a show that was sold out.

"It's a shame that the show was booked," I stated, "but at least you had fun at the strip club."

"I know," giggled Emily, "Lots of man meat."

"We even got a video of the two of them walking down the stage to "Going to the chapel," added one of their friends.

"Seriously," replied Nicole liking the direction of the story.

"We even kissed," boosted Emily

"Wow, that would have been a sight worth seeing," stated Nicole.

"My fiance thought so," sang Krista.

"Mine wanted to know if Krista was going to be a surprise addition to our wedding," added Emilly.

"Why not do it then," challenged Nicole.

"What!" shot Krista accompanied by the surprised looks from most of the other girls.

"Not to your fiance," explained Nicole, "to you."

It was here that I realized Nicole's perverted intent. She wanted to see these two bride's, who planned to marry the men they loved in matter of weeks to marry each other. Nicole was going to manipulate these women to put on a kinky show for us. I could see why Nicole insisted I enter a relationship with April and why she had a relationship with both Alice and myself. She had a fetish for presiding over the relationships of others. As Nicole made her argument and cast her spell over two new victims I felt my arousal grow.

"Look text your fiance's and ask them whether you should marry each other," stated Nicole. "If they say yes then we send them updates as you go through the process. After all you two are already dressed for it."

The thought of the two of them walking down the aisle was causing me to shiver. The option was much better then Nicole and I getting one or both of them into bed and the odds of that happening was small given all of their friends. At least this way we could have some very good erotic fun.

"Look this is what we do," continued Nicole. "First we text a picture of the two of you together and ask your fiance's if the two of you should get married. If they text back yes, which I'm sure they will, we go to city hall and text a picture of the two of you getting a marriage license.

"How do we get a marriage license at 11:00 PM," asked Emily.

"This is Vegas," answered one of the other girls. "You can get a marriage license 24 hours a day."

"Exactly," continued Nicole," Then we text a picture of the two of you standing in front of one of those cheesy 24 hour wedding chapels. Lastly we text a few photos of the ceremony and the two of you kissing.

"Wouldn't they then be married," argued Kim, one of Emily's friends.

"No," I respond. "The marriage is not official until the licensed is filed."

"That's right," stated Krista. "When James and I got ours they said it would not be effective until it was signed and dated by the pastor and filed with the state."

"Yes," added Emily, "We were told the same."

"Perfect, then it's settled" said Nicole. "I will go with you and Janet will go and scout out chapels willing to do the ceremony. With a pinch of my ass I new what Nicole wanted of me and I did not intend to let her down as I now wanted to see this as much as she did.

Nicole - Saturday 11:20 PM

"Okay, now how hold hands and walk towards the chapel," I direct while everyone was taking photos of the soon to be couple. "Look over your shoulders and smile."

"I cannot believe they are going through with this," whispered Janet, "It's so hot."

"Never underestimate the power of alcohol and group think," I reply. While I shepherded the girls through the marriage license process Janet had scouted out a chapel. The one she got was classical Vegas and more than willing to do a lesbian wedding.

As we entered the chapel we were greeted by an older woman wearing a black robe. "So these are the lovely brides," greeted the woman. "I'm Reverend Cassy and I'm sorry to hear that your original location decided refused to perform the nuptials."

"Yes we are just happy you were able to come to the rescue at such short notice," replied Janet with a smile on her face. "Emily and Krista are very excited to finally be able to tie the knot. I feel this was in the works from the first day they met."

"How sweet," cooed Cassy. "Now Emily's mother filled me in on everything and as you want to be married today we have to hurry. If we can have the bride's maids and the mother of the bride stand up front the rest of you can take your seats. Brides, if the two of you will stand here at the end of the aisle we can get going. Oh! I almost forgot who has the marriage license."

"Right here," I respond handing over the certificate.

"Thank you young lady," replied Cassy as she did a quick scan before signing the document. You wouldn't believe how many couples rush out without getting this signed."

"We wouldn't want that," I laugh taking the paper back.

"Okay, let's get this show on the road barked Cassy as she walked up to the altar and pressed play on a remote.

I had to bit my lip to keep from laughing as 'Going to the chapel' started to play and I watched Emily's and Krista's asses sway as the strutted down the aisle. I couldn't help but think that when they met a few hours ago pretending to get married at the strip club that they never expected to be walking down the aisle for real before then end of the day. However, I had to control my urges. Looking to my left I saw Kim standing in the back with me.

"Hay Kim you do not look too pleased with Emily doing this," I whisper. "You're not mad at us are you?"

"Mad at this no," replied Kim. "I'm just mad at Emily."

"What? why?" I ask.

"Emily and I were high school friends and then roommates and sorority sisters. I dated her fiance, Travis, first. She wouldn't have given him a second look if she did not get to know him while we were dating. It was a month after we broke up that she started dating him. I mean he was mine and how could I compete against a sexy college cheerleader. We would have gotten back together and she would not have even known about him if it wasn't for me."

"So your mad at Emily for marrying Travis and not for marrying Krista," I inquire.

"Believe me I would love it if Emily married Krista," growled Kim. "Then miss perky little ass can get what she deserves."

"Well you can make that happen," I reply with a sly smile. "You can take this certificate into the office over there and make a copy. It's next to the bathroom as no one will question why you walked away. Then after everyone is asleep you can file the certificate at city hall. Then our two lovely brides will officially be married. And once married any future weddings will be void. Emily and Travis would be having an affair. She would be cheating on her wife just as Travis cheated on you."

I could see the conflict in Kim's head as she looked at her betrayer at the altar and then the copy machine. "They look so good together," I hiss, "why not make it official." As I press the certificate into her hand she turned walked over to the office.

Kim returned a few minutes later with a wicked grin on her face. Standing by my side she give me the copy. I couldn't help smiling as I filmed the last of the ceremony.

"Do you Krista take Emily to be your lawfully wedded wife. In sickness and in health for richer or for poorer until death do you part." Asked Cassy.

"I do," replied Krista looking into Emily eyes.

"Do you Emily take Krista to be your lawfully wedded wife. In sickness and in health for richer or for poorer until death do you part." Repeated Cassy.

"I do," smiled Emily.

"Then by the power vested in me by the State of Navida I now pronounce you married," proclaimed Cassy. "You may now kiss the bride."

I had a small orgasm as I heard the proclamation and watched the two brides passionately kiss at the altar unknowingly cementing there bonds in matrimony to the applause of their friends.

Janet - Sunday 7:30 AM

"Easy there, it'll be okay," I say while rubbing Emily's naked back as she braced herself against the sink. Even nursing a hangover her naked body looked exquisite and I couldn't help gazing at her ass thinking everything we did to it last night. After the wedding Nicole proclaimed that the two love birds needed to consummate their marriage and to the cheering of their friends entered the back of Nicole's car.

I couldn't believe Nicole was not only able to get Emily and Krista to act out a pretend marriage but also separate the two bachelorettes from their friends and return with us to our hotel room. When we met them they were two strangers each celebrating their upcoming marriage to the men they loved. After getting hot and horny at a male strip club Nicole was able to charm them into performing a fake lesbian wedding to tease their fiances. The act of performing a ceremony normally done by two lovers redirected that lust from earlier in the night at each other. In effect Nicole was able to convince Emily and Krista that it was all in fun and that it did not end with the fou wedding ceremony but continued into wedding night as well.

Nicole had both women stand in front of the hotel rooms large picture window in there sexy parodies of wedding dresses. While I filmed Nicole got them to hold hands and look into each other eyes.

"I love you," whispered Emily.

"And I love you," purred Krista as they kissed with the bright lights of Vegas in the background.

The image was the most erotic I had ever seen. Watching the gentle loving peck turn into a sloppy make out session as they wrapped their arms around each other drove me insane. At Nicole's signal I stopped filming and walked behind Emily as Nicole walked behind Krista. As the two new lovers continued their kiss I undid the clasp of Emily's dress and pulled down the zipper exposing her bare back. As the zipped reached the bottom her perfect ass, encased in a white lace thong, came into view. Releasing the dress her naked body came into view.

Breaking the kiss Krista and Nicole gazed at the near naked young bride before them as I caressed her sides. Looking on I watched as Nicole pulled Krista's dress from her body revealing her own white lace lingerie. Both Emily and I gasped as we drank in her beauty.

With a victorious smile on her face Nicole pushed Krista and the two brides kissed once again only this time their naked breasts pressed against each others. As their tongues explored each other mouths Nicole walk over to our toy bag and removed her strap-on. It was my favorite toy and the one Nicole used to consummate our marriage. Now it seemed it would also be used to consummate the two lovely brides nuptials as well.

Emily and I watched in silence as Nicole removed Krista's lace thong and pulled the straps over her hips. A soft moan escaped her lips as small fat appendage disappeared into her and Nicole buckled it snugly. Krista stood before us now equipped to mate with her wife. Sliding her hand gently over the penis how attached to her pelvis Krista closed in on her bride. With a decisive push Krista puts Emily on her hands and knees. Removing her panties Krista positions herself behind her.

"Are you ready to consummate our vows," purred Krista as she rubbed the tip over her opening.

"Yes take me," breathed Emily as she pushed back and Krista plunged the appendage deep into her channel.

The night continued with the wedded couple switching places and Emily taking Krista missionary style consummating their marriage. We played into the night until both brides collapsed in each others arms.

"I cannot believe I did that," moaned Emily. "What will Trevor think."

"Sweety," I purred, "just tell him you had a fun time pretending to get married and were too drunk to remember much of the night."

"What about the sex," whimpered Emily. "I cheated on my Fiance, this is bad."

"No it's not," I state pulling Emily up and cupping her face in my hands. "You played in Vegas with another girl, ignoring the fact that she played with three girls. Nothing bad will happen. When he brings this up and he will bring it up tell him you can always go back to your wife if he wants. Believe me nothing will turn him on more than thinking of you with another woman. In fact I would frame a picture of you and Krista posing in your wedding dresses, keep the issue in the open."

"Thank you," breathed Emily. "I feel better and I should get back to my friends.

"Agreed," added Nicole. "Janet can you take care of Krista while I will drive you back to your hotel."

Nicole - Sunday 8:20 AM.

I couldn't help but smile as I looked at Emily. I had always had a thing for lesbian virgins, opening them up to something new. And Emily sitting quietly in my car in a white wedding dress with her hands on her lap gave her that innocent girl vibe which contrasted nicely with her sexy mature body and the sexiness of the dress.

Last night was simply amazing. Emily and Krista were both true beauties flaunting their bodies in a playful last hurrah before promising themselves to the men they loved. Anyone attracted to women would have been aroused by the thought of the two of them promising themselves to each other. After getting them to agree to the fake wedding I was blinded by lust and needed to see that though become a reality. Janet did a wonderful job at the chapel and I had not been that aroused since first meeting Alice. I just had to make that moment continue and Kim was the perfect person to make that desire a reality. Filing would make my fantasy of them marrying a reality. There act of making love in actuality would consummate their marriage binding them in matrimony was truly an erotic moment. Unknown to them after videoing them kissing in there wedding dresses I placed my phone on the dresser filming their copulation completing the record of their marriage. Now only myself and Kim would know they truly were married and I alone would have the evidence of there wedded night.

Parking in front of the hotel I know my adventure is coming to an end. "I really enjoyed last night," I state turning the now married Emily.

"It was definitely different than I expected it to be," replied Emily. "I cannot believe I did that."

Getting out of the car I stop Emily "It was a fun adventure and you have to look at it that way. You will never see Krista, Janet or me ever again. So no one but you will ever know everything that happened. Keep the memory and move on with your life."

I will," breathed Emily as she reached out to give me a hug.

"Kim!" babbled Emily in a nervous voice. "What are you doing here!"

Turning to the side I spotted Emily's friend Kim walking from the taxi stand. "I texted her saying I was dropping you off," I injected quickly covering Kim's return from city hall. "I wanted to make sure you got in safely."

Then turning to Kim. "I'm glad I got your cell number last night. Emily passed out in my car and we didn't know which hotel you girls were staying and you weren't answering your phone."

"Yes sorry about that," Kim replied. We were all drunk and I do not think anyone even noticed you did not make it back. Did you enjoy your wedding night?"

"Funny Kim. No more drinking for me. I do stupid stuff." Replied Emily as she walked towards the hotel

"Well think of it this way you got a sexy wife out of it," smirked Kim.

"Kim!," laughed Emily, "that's my wife you are talking about."

Watching her sexy little ass sway back and forth in her sexy little white dress I had to smile. Yes she had. Getting back into my car I had to return to my wife as I was still very horny form last night's activities.

Alice - Sunday 8:30 PM

I kept my eyes down as I followed Trish. Tonight she had decided that we were going to a strip club. While early the club was still rather full due to the holiday weekend and for some reason Trish wanted to sit at the far end, requiring us to walk around the stage.

Dressed in what Nicole affectionately referred to as all skin; Black leather booty shorts, with a black leather jacket over a black leather bra and black leather knee high boots. The shorts hugged my hips tightly and lifted my ass cheeks requiring me to walk with a sexy gant.

However the most humiliating item was the black leather dog collar Trish strapped around my neck. Nicole had me wear these before heightening my sense of being a possession. While Trish did not add a lish I still felt the invisible tether to the woman who won me for the weekend.

As we reached the table I quickly sat down letting out a moan as my ass came in contact with the chair. Trish had spent the morning and afternoon training me to associate the physical pain from spanking with the sexual desire from my pussy. She kept me on edge for what seemed like hours. I felt my body doing things, making connections, associating the sting from my ass with arousal in my vagina. My body was being conditioned to automatically become stimulated from having my ass spanked. With each blow I felt the stirrings of an orgasm, my body responding with a mini tremors. Even the sound of the slap ringing in my ears took on an erotic tone as my mind associated the audio que with sex. My brain felt like a helpless victim to what my body now defined as pleasure.

In the end, I was begging her to spank me as it brought me closer to release. Ordering me to spread my legs wide I felt the slap against my vagina, the pain now focused on the source of my desire pushed me over the edge causing me to spasm as sparks appeared before my eyes. I came just from spanking. Gasping, I passed out from the orgasm.

"A fellow leather lover," giggled a female voice.

I was speechless as I studied the woman sitting at the next table. Nicole had insisted I check out every woman I see not only gauging their beauty and sexual attributes but their potential willingness to be intimate with another woman. She was in her forties but still rather attractive. Her full sensuous lips were covered with bright red lipstick and the deep dark eye shadow around her brown eyes complemented her pale skin and black wavy hair that flowed over her shoulders to just above her breasts which were displayed to maximum effect in a figure hugging leopard print top cut so the upper parts of her firm breasts were exposed. She sat with her leg crossed one over the other exposing her upper thigh showing hints of her hip as her black leather mini skirt rode up her leg. She looked every bit like a cougar on the prowl. To her side was an older man that I assumed was her husband.

"I just love the tight feeling," continued the woman as she gently caressed her leather covered hip, "it's almost primal." The nervous smile turning into a flirty grin as she caught me staring at her thigh.

I could only nod as I was too nervous to answer. But what really made me nervous and aroused was the fact that she seemed open to a sexual encounter.

"I'm Clare by the way," stated the woman, "and this is my husband Mark," gesturing to the man sitting beside her."

"Trish and this little nervous doe is Alice," offered Trish as she stroked my hair.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," purred Clare as she offered her hand.

Not knowing what else to do I took her hand but instead of a friendly handshake she just held my it in a soft warm embrace.

"You have lovely hands," stated the woman as she caressed mine.

Unable to engage her I looked down blushing at the complement.

"Not much of a talker," laughed Clare.

"No, she's more of a doer if you know what I mean," replied Trish her fingers now tracing my collar.

"I do," purred the woman stopping her caress but not releasing my hand. "Do you two come here often?"

"No, we're from Phoenix and just came for a weekend of fun," responded Trish in her velvety voice. "How about you are you here for fun?"

"That's why we're here," stated Mark as he placed his hand on Clare's crossed leg. "What about the two of you. Are you two looking for ... fun?"

"With the right woman, yes" replied Trish, "as we are not interested in boys. Alice is not even allowed to talk with men. Isn't that right Alice?"

"Yes," I nervously mumble finally finding my voice. Nicole had forbid me from talking with boys saying it would corrupt my focus on women. However I found myself increasing reluctant to even want to engage a discussion with a male, especially an older man in a sex filled strip club. However Trish's statement cleared me from having to interact with Mark.

"You hear that honey," laughed Clare as she lifted his hand off her leg. "Watch the show while we have some girl time." Twisting towards me Clare looked around and then placed her hand on my thigh just below the hem of my shorts gently drawing circles with her fingers.

I did not challenge her uninvited touch afraid to move or breath as her fingers gilded against my thigh adding to the arousal already coursing through me. Knowing I couldn't reject her advances I nervously turn to Trish but the slight nod only confirmed her approval of Clares action. Turning to Clare I see the lust in her eyes and the smile forming on her face as neither Trish or I object to her actions.

"Such nice skin," purred Clare and she wedged her warm hand between my thighs prying them apart so she could caress the inside adding to the tingling feeling between my legs. "You know Mark she reminds me of that girl Amber, do you remember her?"

"How could I forget," replied Mark proving he was listening to the conversation as he watched the stage.

"Amber was a girl on our daughters high school cheer team last year," explained Clare. "She was a senior and our Julie was a freshman. Just like you, she had bright red hair, an angelic face, a petite little body and legs that went on forever. She also liked her skirts very short and whenever she bounced her cute little ass was exposed. I don't think Mark and I missed a single game. To support Julie of course."

"Can I get you ladies anything to drink," offered a waitress her voice hinting she did not get to say that often.

Relieved that the conversation about the cheerleader Clare and her husband lusted over was finished I turned to the young Hispanic woman. Her jet black hair tied in a high ponytail and her C cup breasts held in a red satin corset and black satin boy shorts wrapped around her curvy hips the woman looked every bit the waitress at a strip club.

"I'll have two Manhattans," order Trish.

"And I'll have the same," added Clare as her hand moved up my thigh.

"As you ladies wish," the waitress replied with a smirk and a wink.

When the waitress returned I focused my attention on my drink as Trish took over the conversation with Clare. It seemed Clare and her husband were from San Francisco on a weekend vacation while there daughter was on a school trip. Clare confessed that they loved to flirt and enjoyed going out and watching each other 'work the market'. While they agreed that the other could flit all they want, Mark with other women and Clare with men, they discouraged any kissing and they would always leave together and never go father. Nothing farther ever came from it until yesterday when they were sitting at their hotel's bar.

That's when a rather sexy redhead changed the game. At first they thought she was a professional as she wore a black dress, Vegas dress code for a prostitute. However Clare was surprised when the woman took a seat next to her and not her husband. Up until then she flirted with men. Now it was a woman coming onto her and the flirting got hot and heavy with the woman interested in going much further. When the woman kissed Clare she knew she was going beyond the rules of the game and pulled her husband away worried about what could happen.

Later Clare admitted she was interested in going farther but did not want to cheat on her husband. Mark for his part liked watching his wife with the other woman and confessed he did not call a stop to the game because he was also interested in watching Clare go farther. In the end they agreed that the limits would not apply if Clare was flirting with a woman and she would have an open pass so long as Mark did not call a stop to it. Feeling emboldened by the expanded rules they decided to come to the strip club, oddly suggested by the woman from last night, for some excitement and a few lap dances.

"So are you happy with your decision to come to the club," asked Trish with a flirty tone.

"Oh yes," answered Clare with a sly grin. "Mark gets to enjoy the show while I get to explore my expanded rules."

I took in a deep breath as I struggled to keep my legs still and my eyes from looking at what Clare's hand was doing. Her fingers pressed against my thigh and under the hem of my tiny shorts mere inches from my wetness. It seemed that Clare's expanded rules also made her changed her tactics. Where in the past she toyed with the men trying to seduce her, playing hard to get and a tease. She was now being the seductress where her ultimate goal was to bed me.

As the night went on I had more drinks, now purchased by Clare, as she continued her flirtation. Her hand never leaving my thigh staking her claim as she was keen to try her new freedom. However being a strip club the attention was not solely on me. A constant stream of young woman came to our table offering their services and Trish was more than happy to ensure Mark got all the attention he could handle paying for several lap dances.

The latest was a blond with breasts that looked ready to pop out of her top. Like me, Mark was a breast lover and gawked at her D cups. Even though I knew they were fake they made me a little self conscious of my A cups covered only by my leather bra. Her dance was fast paced and basic as she showed off her large globes and ass. I could not help but see the differences from the technique that April, my pretend stripper sister, had been teaching me. Where her dance was fast paced I was taught to to be slow and sensual, where she put her breasts and ass front and center I was taught to tease with them make them part of the visual meal I was creating for my client where she seemed to only be feeding the sinful desert. Where I was trained to please women she only wanted to get her males clients off quickly. When she completed Clare slid an extra tip in her g string.

"You know for $200 we can go to one of the private rooms for a better show, you can even bring your friends to watch," offered the stripper as she caressed Marks arm.

"We friends are just fine right here," replied Clare, "but why don't you take my husband for a private show." Pulling the cash from her purse Clare folded the money and slid it between the strippers breasts.

"The wife is always right," purred the stripper as she took a smiling Mark's hand and pulled him from the chair.

"Now what shall we do while we are alone," purred Clare as she ran her nails over the inside of my thigh.

Trish turned the conversation in a different direction. "You know for $200 your husband is only allowed to touch her a bit while she dances."

"I know," replied Clare wondering what Trish meant.

"So, explained Trish letting the word hang, "what if I say for $200 Alice here will give you your own private lap dance and some more intimate acts."

Nicole - Sunday 10:00 PM

What do you think of those two," I whisper into Janet's ear as I pointed at the two showgirls in costume posing for pictures.

"They look incredible," purred Janet in reply.

After last night with the two bachelorettes I knew Janet's confidence was high and she would have no fear in going after any prey. Hearing Trish's story about their tryst with the showgirl Grace I knew I had to get in on the action. The fact that she performed in the show with the costume I bought for Janet just sweetened the deal.

"Yes indeed they do," I responded, "and tonight they will be ours my obedient wife. You take the one wearing the red costume I bought for you and I will take the one in blue."

"As you wish my love," smiled Janet ready for adventure.

I could barely contain my arousal as we approached the lovely showgirls. "You look incredible in that costume," I purr as I slip my arm around Graces waist and rest it just above the plume of feathers fanning out from her ass.

"Thank you, you look very sexy yourself," giggled Grace as she wiggled her hips playfully and moved her own hand to cup my ass. Willing to call her challenge I rub my fingers over the waistband of her costume. Grace responded by squeezing my ass. Our laughter caught by the photographer.

"Flirty as well as beautiful," I smile letting my eyes wander over her shapely exposed body, "I like it."

"Thank you," responded Grace stepping back and getting in a classic showgirl pose, "I'm glad you like."

"You are such a slut," interrupted the showgirl in red, her hand still around Janet's waist. "After the conversation we had last night you're already flirting with other women."

"What happened last night," I inquire.

"The hours we work in this town leaves very little time for a relationship. After we became roommates we became friends with benefits to help sedate our needs. Yesterday she came home and asked if we could make our relationship official. It turns out she spent the morning in a threesome with two women and it rocked her world so much that she was willing to give up guys. Now less than 24 hours after officially agreeing to be a couple she is flirting with the first beautiful woman who shows her attention," explained the showgirl.

"Well you two are still in a relationship and I'm a girl so she is not flirting with guys," I respond.

"I'm Nicole by the way and the lovely woman you have your hand possessively around is my... companion... Janet."

"Companion," responded the showgirl, "well if you are trying to steal my girlfriend is is only fair I steal your... companion."

"Mmmmm, that sounds fair to me," purred Janet.

"No one is looking to steal," I explain, "Janet and I are a couple who enjoy sex with other women. So long as I know what is going on there is no cheating and in the end we are still a couple. We simply enjoy being with other women. So whether that changes your relationship is up to the two of you. You where both OK with just being friends with benefits. Are you willing to be a couple with benefits?"

"Now that is very interesting, responded Grace. "I'm Grace and my 'companion' threatening to steal your 'companion' is my girlfriend Kelly."

"Grace Kelly," I giggle. "That is an awesome couples name. Two lovely woman named after a third lovely woman."

"We never looked at it that way," stated Kelly. People usually tease us after first hearing it, your the first to complement us on it. I guess it is a good name for a couple."

"Of course it is," I state, "and let me just say that Janet and I would love to have sex with Grace Kelly."

Alice: Sunday 10:30 PM

I kept me head down as Trish knocked on the door, not wanting to look anyone in the eye. If being made to pretend to be the lesbian girlfriend/slave to Nicole was not bad enough, I was raffled off to Trish like some prize for a weekend. Now here I was standing outside of the hotel room of a woman I'm was being pimped out to for the price she paid for her husband's lap dance. As we waited for the door to open I felt more and more inhuman. Like I truly was Nicole's puppet, my actions controlled by who ever pulled my strings.

As I heard the knob turning I nervously looked up. Trish positioned me right in front of the door so I would be the focus of attention. Clare's husband must of had the same idea as Clare stood before me with her arms to her sides. As I ogled her female form I saw she now wore all leather. Still wearing the tight leather mini skirt from the club she had removed the tights and cougar print top and replaced them with knee high leather boots and a leather basque leaving more of her flesh exposed.

With a prompting from Trish I walked towards my 'John' for the night. They had rented a room very similar to Holly's sisters bridal suite where Vicky and I took turns ravishing Holly dressed in her sisters bridal gown. A two room setup with a large entry room a couch and chairs with a bar and double doors leading to the bedroom on the left. Clare stood at the far end of the room in front of the sliding glass doors leading to the balcony overlooking the Vegas strip

"Hello again," purred Trish as she lead me across the room. "I must say Clare you look very...primal."

"Thank you," replied Clare nervously. "I thought it would compliment Alice's outfit perfectly."

"Well I thought you would enjoy a different fantasy tonight. Say hello to Amber," responded Trish as she removed my leather jacket revealing Jessica's old cheer uniform.

Nicole had me strip at Jessica's, a classmate of hers, eighteenth birthday. A member of both the high school cheer and a competitive cheer squad, Nicole made it a goal for me to get her junior year uniforms. After orally pleasuring all the senior cheerleaders I left with the two uniforms. Nicole had taken much joy out of them. Making me wear them on numerous occasions to photograph me in provocative poses or bound in ropes and a number of amorous activities.

I felt very exposed as I stood before Clare in the black and blue competitive uniform; A crop top with shoulder cutouts that tightly hugged my chest making my small mounds press against the high performance stretch material. The keyhole back evidencing I wasn't wearing anything underneath and the mesh sleeves looking like long opera gloves. The high jeweled choker neck giving it the look of wearing a collar. This was paired with the matching low rise A line cheer skirt, minus the cheer briefs, that hugged my hips. My black knee high leather boots completed the outfit.

Unsure of how to react I remained frozen in place with my arms at my sides. After what seemed like an eternity the shock wore off Clare's face. "Wow, you are beautiful," stated Clare. I managed a weak smile from her complement as her eyes slowly explored my body gazing at my breasts my exposed belly and my bare legs before returning to my face.

I shuddered feeling completely humiliated. Here I was in a city far from home with a woman who won me in a raffle standing in a complete strangers hotel room dressed as a cheerleader just so she could live out some fantasy of being with her daughters friend.

"Such a lovely body, and such a cute uniform," purred Clare as reached out and placed her hands on my exposed shoulders. Shivers ran down my spine as her hands slid down over my smooth top. I let out a slight moan and forced myself to remain still as I felt her hands groping my breasts. My heart beating rapidly and my breath quickening as she pinched my nipples and rolled them between her fingers. The tight top showing off my nipples as her hands continued their journey over my exposed midriff.

"You like this don't you?" Whispered Clare as her hands continue to roam.

I could feel my arousal start to rise and I let out a low moan, too ashamed to answer her question. Nicole had conditioned my body to respond to a woman's touch like this. Molded and shaped into the perfect lesbian toy. It was now normal for my heterosexual brain to be overruled by my body.

Sensing my bodies acceptance of her advances Clare took hold of my hands she guided me out to the balcony. The cool night air caused me to shiver as I felt the desert breeze sneak up my skirt and blow against my exposed vagina. Wrapping her arms around me Clare pulled me tight against her body causing me to stand on my toes pressing my small breasts against her ample chest. I could feel it rise and fall as we looked into each others eyes. Nervously I rotate our positions so I would not be exposed to Trish and Mark's cameras as my skirt rode up revealing the curve of my ass. Clare held me in the tight embrace for a long moment as her hand possessively rubbed my ass through the material of my cheer skirt.

It was impossible to ignore how erotic our position was as I felt the heat of her arousal on my exposed skin. Clare was now more excited from what we were about to do then the nervousness from the nature of our relationship.

"Oh Amber," moaned Clare just before she leaned forward and placed her lips against mine. As Clare kissed me I felt her hands moving back to my butt pulling up the tight skirt and groping my naked ass. Out of habit I respond to Clare's kiss, my hands move to her hips pulling her close to me. As her tongue presses against my lips I dutifully opened my mouth to allow it inside.

Clare finally pulled away smiling as she looked into my eyes. Our shared deep breathing causing my smaller breasts to rub against her bigger ones. Turning she gave her husband a quick glance before instigating a second kiss. For a few minutes our tongues danced together punctuated by gasps and muffled moans as we kissed.

Clare's tongue eventually retreated from my mouth and she released me from her embrace. Taking my hand she strutted across the room before pulling me into the bedroom and closing the double doors giving us some privacy.

Janet Sunday 10:35 PM

"I cannot believe we got Grace Kelly to agree to come to our room," I squeal as I nervously walked around our hotel room.

"Yes but don't claim victory before the prize" warned Nicole as she wrapped her arms around my body placing her face mere inches from mine. "Once they are here we will make sure to claim victory and they will not want another man again, right my lesbian wife".

"As you command my husband," I purr before Nicole rewards my response with a kiss. I'm in awe of Nicole's ability to seduce and control other woman. Here she was a high school student, a teenager who I first met when I discovered she was dating my daughter, A relationship that is still ongoing. A young seductress that got me to agree to not only have an affair with my daughters girlfriend but got me to forsake my vows to my husband and accept being her obedient wife. A relationship where she has directed me to start another relationship with a stripper named April and now a wild trip to Las Vegas.

"These adventures are so arousing," breathed Nicole as she broke the kiss and walked to the balcony overlooking the strip. "Vegas has so much potential. Everyone is more open in sin city. Just imagine what naughty deeds are happening out there right now. Oh my..."

Looking out across the strip I try to see what had gotten my spouse's attention. "What?" I ask my eyes scanning the hotels.

"Up there near the edge of the hotel across the street," responded Nicole. "On the balcony. It looks like a woman kissing a red head in a cheerleader uniform."

Scanning the building the spot the flashes of someone capturing the images of the two women in there intimate embrace. The woman, dressed in black clothing, and a redhead in what looked to be a blue cheer uniform. "I see it!" I exclaim as Nicole pulls out her phone in an attempt to photograph the event.

"Stand with you back to the balcony and hold up your hand like the lovers are in your palm," ordered Nicole.

I get into the position my young paramore ordered as she took several pictures of me pretending to hold the lovers in the palm of my hand. Smiling at the camera. Smiling and staring at the miniature lovers and blowing them a kiss. All for the enjoyment of my spouse.

"Perfect," stated Nicole after she completed her photo shoot. "Tell me do you approve of that those two women are doing?"

I can see how aroused the display has made Nicole and I know how she wants me to respond. "Yes very much."

"Would you like to kiss that cheerleader," inquired Nicole wrapping her arms around me and pulling me close. "To have that sexy young vixen in your arms willing to do anything to please you?"

"Only if it would please my spouse," I respond.

"Would it please you as well? Do you want to be intimate with her," pushed Nicole.

"Yesss, I want her," I growl in response. "I would love to have that little slut go down on me."

Nicole pulls me in for an aggressive kiss. I do not know why this young woman has aroused Nicole so much more than the other women she has had me with I'm pleased with the results.

Alice Sunday 10:45 PM

The center of the room was dominated by a king size bed. Two comfortable chairs and a small table sat before the large window overlooking the Vegas skyline. While older and more mature I knew this was Clare's first lesbian experience so I led her to the edge of the bed and had her sit down.

Standing before her I gazed at the woman I was about to make love to. For her age Clare was still a very beautiful woman. Looking down I could see the tops of her full breasts held tightly by her basque and her bare legs extending out of her short skirt hinting at what hide beneath. Her mature look and leather clad body was in stark contrast to the nervousness she portrayed. The confidence she exhumed during our kiss on the balcony was gone and the hesitance I saw when I first entered the room had returned. The sight for some reason aroused me. I was now the predator and she was now my pray.

The strong drinks clearly loosened my inhibitions as I close my eyes and moved my hands across my exposed torso to grope my breasts before moving my hands up around my neck fanning out my hair. We switch perspectives and I could not help but study her legs, the milky white flesh expose. Reaching out I place my hands on her knees and slide them up her smooth skin. Butterflies are running wild in my stomach and time slows to a crawl as I grasp the zipper in the middle of her skirt. I can hear her pant loudly as I pull the zipper revealing her panty covered crotch. With a slight pop the skirt splits open falling to her sides. Running my hands back over her thighs I push her legs open giving me access to her secret place.

Taking a deep breath I lean forward and gently kiss the insides of her thighs working my way up. I could feel her muscles tighten with every kiss as her soft moans and aroma fill my senses. She is ready for sex. Reaching her juicy center I see her panty covered crotch is well and truly soaked with her secretions and slow trickles run down her inner thighs making them glisten in the light.

I extend my tongue and licked her panty covered crotch tasting her for the first time. Clare whimpered in frustration. Knowing she is ready I pulled at her panties. Clare lifts her ass assisting with there removal. Her engorged pussy lays bare before me, her lips glistening with moisture beneath a neatly trimmed patch of pubic hair. No longer restrained by her underwear Clare's juices now run freely down her thighs. Moving my head deep between her legs I extend my tongue into her channel and lap at the escaping nectar.

Besides having an extremely acute sense of taste, being able to identify a woman simply by the taste of their cum, I have a very long and flexible tongue. It's not only long enough to touch the tip of my nose but I'm also able to keep it firm and move only the tip, roll it like a hotdog bun or cause ripples to move over its length. As a kid this was a fun trick, however once my fellow classmates started to learn about oral sex my cute parlor trick took on a whole new meaning. Embarrassed I kept my ability hidden throughout high school my friend Kim the only one knowing my secret. That is until my mother revealed it to Nicole who used it for her own sapphic purposes. Training me to give the ultimate oral pleasure even going so far as to make videos of my ability revealing it to the world.

Clare shrieked in pure delight from my tongues abilities as her body writhed from the pleasure. Her juices flowed from her pussy like a spigot into my mouth. My lips sealed over her tender organ I drank as deeply as I could. Clare's moaning continued as I continued my assault bringing her quickly to climax.

Falling backwards onto the bed I kept my mouth firmly in place as her arms lashed wildly about before anchoring themselves firmly on my head. Lifting her legs she threw them over my shoulders and crossing her ankles behind my back trapping my in place.

"Oh Yes! Oh yes! Oh Yessssss!" screamed Clare as her thighs shuddered against the sides of my head. The hotel room echoed with her cries of ecstasy as I was forced to continue my oral pleasure bringing her to several more climaxes before her body went limp releasing me from my duties.

Breathing deeply I slowly make my way back to my feet. Clare still laying on the bed eyes closed as her body body twitched and throbbed from the aftershocks of her many orgasms. Not wanting to deal with the shame of just bringing another woman to sexual climax I exit the room to a waiting Trish, my coat in one arm and a drink extended to me in the other. Wanting to get the taste of my latest lover out of my mouth I take the offered glass and drink it down quickly given its level of potency.

Without delay we leave the room, walking across the crowded casino floor towards the exit in my cheer uniform only adds to my humiliation. Everyone knows that I'm either a stripper or what I really am a prostitute adding to the lore of Vegas. I finally get a feeling of relief as we enter a waiting cab. Leaning back in the seat I start to feel dizzy and wonder if there was more than alcohol in the drink. The last thing I remember is seeing a neon sign as I'm pulled from the cab.

Nicole Sunday 11:00 PM

I could not believe my luck spotting the two lovers across the street. While they were too far to identify I knew it was Alice. Even in Vegas the odds of another redhead wearing the the same blue and black cheer uniform Alice had acquired from Jessica was too great. Plus the fact that Trish and Alice were not staying at that hotel only meant they were having an adventure as well.

Getting Janet to talk about how sexy the scene was and pose displaying her own daughter kissing another woman only sweetened the moment. Being Alice's mother I knew I could only push Janet so far. I made sure Janet knew Alice and I were okay and even encouraged each other to see other women so she did not see herself cheating with her daughter's girlfriend. In fact I never referred to myself as Alice's girlfriend or talked about Alice as her daughter. I made sure to refer to April, her stripper girlfriend, as her daughter making the term a kinky label rather then describing a maternal relationship.

My cousin, Susan, had been relentless in trying to get me to have Janet and Alice be intimate together but I did not want to destroy their mother daughter relationship just so I could satisfy my voyeuristic thrust. Seeing Janet play with Alice while not knowing it was her gave me an idea. However the knock on the door signaled that now was not the time.

Opening the door I was happy to see both Grace and Kelly standing side by side, holding hands. The change was quite dramatic. The showgirl costumes they wore displayed their bodies and the fancy headdresses removed there individuality making the dancers appear like a group of interchangeable dolls. Now they stood before me in there street clothes there bodies, while still sexy, were covered and there beautiful faces were on display.

Grace was a lovely brunette in her mid twenties with large brown eyes. Her angelic face a perfect complement to her incredible body. Kelly, while having a very similar body, had wavy blond hair flowing over her shoulders with deep piercing blue eyes. Both girls looked beautiful and together befitted the couple name - Grace Kelly.

"Hello ladies we're glad you decided to come," I state with a sly grin, "Please come in."

"Grace can be very convincing when she wants to," replied Kelly as Grace led her into the room.

I could not keep my eyes off of there asses as they passed. Both wore belly shirts stretched tightly over there breasts revealing their toned tummies and yoga pants hugging there long lean legs allowing me to see every detail of there perky butts. "New adventures can both be nervous and fun as couples set boundaries," I state as I take Kelly's other hand and pull her free of Grace's grasp.

"Your girlfriend sounds like she's up for an adventure," I purr as I move my head closer to hers giving her a gentle kiss. I knew Kelly was the one who needed convincing. Grace had already been primed by Alice and Trish and knowing Alice's abilities would still be interested in kinky play. Kissing her first would temper Kelly's feelings of jealousy and make her the one expanding the boundaries. Seeing that Grace was okay and aroused by it would let her feel it was acceptable.

Pulling back we both looked to Grace, the lusty smile on her face showing my judgment was correct. Placing my hand behind Kelly's head I pull her in for a second kiss. A soft moan escaped her lips as my tongue pushed forward, her mouth accepting my more aggressive kiss.

Meowing sounds filled the room as I took control of her body, her mouth by my tongue and her breast and ass by my hands. Kelly accepted my lead as her tongue began to dance with my own and she slanted her head to the side allowing for a deeper kiss. As her fingers made it up to my breasts I broke the kiss, each of use breathing deeply before Kelly turned her eyes to her girlfriend Grace.

Knowing Kelly was nervous about Grace's reaction to our display of affection I break away from her and walk slowly towards Grace. I had to even the score, neither girl could be mad or jealous if they both kissed me. The act becomes a shared experience rather than a betrayal. Reaching my prey, Grace is ready to participate as we wrap our arms around each other. Her deep brown eyes piercing into mine as our firm breasts press into each others and my hands move to her delicious ass. My fingertips pressing the fabric into her crevice as my palms glide over her cheeks to cup them from below.

Leaning in I give Grace an open mouth kiss. With no resistance this kiss is more mutual and less aggressive then the one I shared with Kelly. Our tongues do a slow dance in each others mouths as our passions rise. Looking over my shoulder I see Kelly in Janet's embrace as they share their own moment of passion, each of us now exploring the others lover. My fingers become bolder as the kneed her ass. Moving up I grasp the hem of her shirt and pull it over her incredible body. Her large full breasts cuddled in her satin bra now exposed as I pull the garment over her head.

Seeing my change in direction Janet breaks their kiss and moves behind Kelly positioning her body so it is facing Grace and myself. With a smirk on her face Janet grasps the base of Kelly's shirt and begins to pull it up putting on a show for Grace and my benefit. As she is doing it I cannot help but picture Janet undressing Alice, a mother reading her own daughter for sex. A deep moan escapes my lips from the fantasy causing Kelly to smile, believing my reaction was due to the revealing of her body.

With both girls shirts removed I guide Grace towards her lover and position them for their own kiss. I couldn't help but admire the site of the two showgirls. Their soft curvy bodies molding together in an intimate embrace. I had always had a thing for naked or semi-naked women displaying themselves before me. The thought of being fully clothed while they dressed provocatively was just such a turn on for me. Whether it was Kathy in her cheer uniform, Vicky in her hooters uniform, or Alice in her maids outfit they were dressed to please. It fed into my lust for power and control, my voyeuristic desires. Like my kinks for bondage and obedience it fired something primal within me making my drunk with sexual desire.

I guess that is why I'm so captivated by my sexy puppet Alice. A beautiful young woman, completely innocent, yet so willing to obey my commands and desires. A devotee willing to do, become, all I asked. A true puppet I could mold into my ideal lover and yet keep her childlike innocence. I had always loved the chase, the seduction, the act of having others play to my will. To behave and become what I wanted. Alice my seducer, no matter how twisted the adventure it always seems like she is acting by my will and not her own with me pulling her strings. Janet my obedient wife, sacrificing her husband and daughter. Emily and Krista the two brides who were now married to each other and now Grace Kelly. The thought of turning these two bi curious girls from a monogamous couple into an exclusively lesbian duo thats seeks adventures with other woman

The two continued their embrace as Janet and I worked to remove their shoes and pants revealing their exquisite legs and asses now only cloaked in thongs. Having allowed them to reestablish their relationship it was now time to broaden their boundaries. Pulling the lovers apart I lead Grace and Janet leads Kelly to the end of the bed.

Small whimpers escape Grace's mouth as I feast on her mostly exposed body and my hands caress the areas still covered by her undergarments. Sensing the time is right I remove her bra allowing her luscious mounds to bounce free. Her hardened nipples aching for attention. I pinch and bite them as I trace my fingernail up and down the center of her panties, feeling how her juices had soaked the shear cotton material.

"Oh Yesssss," hissed Grace as my hand slides under her thong and my finger penetrates her body. We kiss again, our tongues twisting wetly over each others as Grace's hips rock back and forth, her walls squeezing my finger as it glides in and out.

We break the kiss as I remove my finger from her quim. "Get on the bed hands and knees both of you," I command. Without hesitation both Grace and Kelly follow my order positioning themselves shoulder to shoulder, hip to hip on the bed. Their breasts hanging freely below them as their fantastic asses faced Janet and myself.

"What wonderful asses," I purr, giving positive reinforcement as I reach out and caress their outer cheeks and up and down the backs of their thighs. Their flesh felt so good, so warm and soft. Their bodies shiver from the contact and their breathing deepens but neither dares to move. The sexual duo of Grace Kelly were primed for action. Getting aggressive I set out to make them what I wanted them to become.

"Are you two enjoying our little playtime?" I inquire, my fingers now sliding up and down between there moist lips.

"Oh yessss," breathed Grace, her hips now trying to move in time with my finger.

"How about you Kelly?" I pressed. Stopping my finger when she did not immediately respond.

"Yes, I like it very much," shot Kelly as she realized she could not be passive.

"Very good," I cooed resuming my caresses.

"Grace, do you feel betrayed by Kelly because she is receiving pleasure from me?" I ask.

""No," responded Grace.

"And Kelly," I continued, "do you feel Grace is being disloyal by me pleasuring her body?"

"No," squeaked Kelly trying her best to answer my questions.

"See, so long as you are sharing the sexual experience having others involved can still be very fulfilling,"

"Yes," replied both girls understanding they need to respond to my questions, just like a teacher or parent imparting a code of conduct on young girls.

"You love being touched by each other?"

"Yes."

"You love being touched by another woman?"

"Yes."

"You love being exhibitionists, dancing on stage and showing off your incredible bodies?"

"Yes."

"Then promise me, promise each other that you will continue to explore this. Explore the sexual delights you can give each other and other women. Two beautiful lesbians committed to each other yet enjoying other women" I growl as I press my fingers against their clits."

"Yes we promise," Grace Kelly moaned in unison.

"Just please, please let us cum," added Kelly.

As you wish," I smile. Directing Janet over to Kelly we each pull off their panties allowing their delicious aroma to fill the room. We each move in tasting the sweet nectar oozing out of the new lovers. Their breathing was agitated and their bodies skittish as they were desperate to cum.

Pulling me face away I bury my fingers deep into Grace's crotch, my pressing on her stiff clit. "I want both of you to cum at the same time," I command.

"I'm ready," moaned Grace grinding herself on my hand.

"Me too," gasped Kelly as she road Janet's finger.

"Then cum now," I order pumping my fingers in and out of Grace's wet cavity.

Both women cry out from the earth shattering orgasms. Grace with a shudder and then again with a jerking motion before collapsing on the bed in exhaustion. The two lovers rapping there arms over each other.

Standing up I glance at Janet giving her a smile for a job well done. Then grabbing Grace's legs I flip her over and twist her so her legs are now dangling off the side of the bed as Janet does the same to Kelly. Leaving both their heads in the middle of the bed. Hiking up my dress I climb over Grace's body while Janet did the same to Kelly. Our knees touching as we face each other our crotches hovering above their faces. Leaning forward I give Janet a kiss as Grace Kelly look up at our exposed crotches.

"Now it is time for you two to return the favor," I giggle and I lower myself onto Grace's face.

Grace's tongue begins to lap between my lips at my cunt settled on her mouth. Janet and I moaning into each other mouths as we kiss each other passionately while they continue to lick.

"That's it, that feels soooo good. Ahhh yes that's the spot right there," I hiss just before climaxing.

Alice Monday 10:00 AM

Settling down on the back of Trish's motorcycle I let out a quite groan. While I'm relieved to finally be going home I cannot remember anything after leaving Clare's hotel room and woke up this morning with a dull pain over my crotch, hips and ass. Upon inspection I discovered the area covered in bandages and what felt like a large tampon. Trish stated is was a gift for Nicole, a thank you for loaning me to her for the weekend. No thanks for me, just my mistress.

As she started the bike I let out a whimper. Even without the ben wa balls the training Trish gave to respond positively to pain and the stinging from what ever was do was going to make the ride back arousing.

Nicole Monday 10:15 AM

Driving out of Vegas I couldn't believe how well the weekend turned out. And while I was saddened it had to come to an end I'm also anxious to hear more about Alice's little adventures. The pictures and short updates Trish had been sending me hinted at a weekend wilder than my own.

"That was the best trip I had ever taken," confessed Janet.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it my wife," I replied. "You behaved very well this weekend and we definitely need to do things like this more often."

"Thank you, I will like that," giggled Janet. "You're a very loving husband."

Looking in the rear view mirror I spot Trish's motorcycle. Letting her pass I move in behind her and match her speed.

"Now these two look like an interesting couple," I state. "I think the girl on the back is her bitch, what do you think."

"Oh definitely," response Janet. "And look she's a redhead! Maybe she was the one on the balcony yesterday!"

"You never know," I flirt back. "Why don't you hike up the skirt and finger yourself while you come up with a story of how they spent there weekend. I'll stay behind them so you can look at her ass as we drive."

"Mmmm is sounds like fun," purred Janet as she pulled up her hem.

Alice 3:30 PM Monday

Arriving home I find it empty and let out a sigh of relief as I do not want to face questioning from my parents. Moving to my my mirrored closet I quickly take off my clothes and carefully remove the bandages to see what Trish had done to me.

My skin is still red from the tattoo wrapping around my body! Butterfly wings in the colors of the LGBT flag covers my groin with my outer labia making up the butterfly's body. From the tips of the wings is a daisy chain of women one on her hands and knees with her face buried in the crotch of the woman laying on her back knees up who then has her face under the woman kneeling in front of her. These black silhouettes run over both hips and to the top of my ass where they end in gothic letters. Starting at only an inch they slowly enlarge as they cover the cheeks of my ass. On my left cheek the word "Lesbian" and "Sex Slave on the right. In the middle is an image of a redheaded mermaid with her hands bound to the n and s, her green tail disappearing into the crack of my ass. Topless, her breasts are covered by a black octopus tendril. A homage to my similarity to the little mermaid captured by Ursula.

Looking at my tattoo I can see why Trish wanted to lay out by the pool. The tattoo is completely within the tan lines from my bikini bottoms. So long as I'm wearing normal underwear no one would see it. Even naked from a distance it would look like I was wearing some kind of thong.

Once the shock of what was done is over I notice something about the the black borders of the butterfly's wings. They seemed to define letters. On closer examination I can make out "GIRLS" on the left wing and "ONLY" on the right. Trish had labeled my pussy as for girls only!

I was now permanently branded as a lesbian sex slave and my pussy being for 'girls only'. How would I ever be able to show this to a boy! What would my future husband think if every time he saw me naked he is reminded of what I was. How could I ever have a relationship with a man with this claim to my most intimate part of my body. Not being able to control myself any more I drop to my knees and cry.