**With Strings Attached**

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**With Strings Attached Ch. 24**

A deep groan escaped my lips as the corset dug into my stomach as I leaned forward to exit my car. Straightening up, I breathe a sigh of relief as the corset returned to its natural shape.  
  
Rubbing my hands over my sides I reach gown to grasp the hem of the skirt and wiggle to pull it back over my ass. Nicole loved to dress me in revealing outfits and my current ensemble was no exception. Tonight, for my date with Lisa, I was costumed as a dominatrix. A strapless red leather corset encased my torso like a piece of leather armor. The figure hugging black leather skirt, with a tendency to slide up my hips, did more to show off my legs then protect my modesty. And the knee-high black leather boots highlighted my legs more than cover them.  
  
Bending at the knees, to keep the corset from pinching my waist again I feel the leather skirt tighten against my ass as I reach into the car for my duffle bag. Straightening up I once again have to pull at the hem before turning towards Lisa's apartment.  
  
As I walk I could not help but ponder my situation. Here I was a heterosexual female being ordered by her mistress to dom another straight woman. This whole ordeal started a few months back when Susan tricked me into being the date for her cousin Nicole. By the end of the night, Susan had blackmailed me into a submissive relationship. Now everyone thought I was a lesbian and my only hope was to make it the end of summer when Nicole and I would go to separate colleges and I could start rebuilding my life.  
  
But even after I escaped I would not be completely free. This persona I've been forced to live was very different from the real me, or at least the me I used to be; a shy introverted heterosexual. Just a normal unassuming schoolgirl who had never kissed a boy. Now I lived the life of some kinky lesbian with a tattoo over my crotch and ass proclaiming me a lesbian sex slave. I'm even being used to seduce other heterosexual women to become lesbians, which is how I got into this present situation.  
  
It started when Susan ordered me to seduce Annette to fulfill Nicole's desire for me to have a sexual relationship with a woman older than my mother. A 45-year-old widow, Annette could not bring herself to cheat on her deceased husband's memory with another man but her repressed sex drive was open to having a relationship with a woman. A loophole I was able to exploit to start a cougar/cub relationship. It was when Annette took me to her office for 'bring your daughter to work day' that I met Lisa, her secretary.  
  
Since I started 'dating' Nicole I had to assess the attributes of every woman I met and while I had always admired beautiful women I now found myself looking a little more appreciatively. Due to my own small breasts and lack of curves my conditioning towards women morphed my envy into an attraction to breasts and plump asses. Thus, when Annette introduced me to Lisa, I could not pull my eyes away from the swell of her chest. Caught looking, Annette made the assumption that I was attracted to Lisa and because our age difference and open relationship Annette decided to play matchmaker. While Lisa and I were talking she noticed the rope marks on my wrists from when Nicole tied me up. Having told her earlier that I was not in a relationship Lisa concluded that I must have tied myself up and admitted she also practiced self bondage due to the lack of a partner and expressed her desire for a playmate even if it was a female one.  
  
When Nicole saw Lisa's texts she directed me to fulfill Lisa's desires, an order Susan delighted to twist in her own perverted way. Susan, pretending to be me, convinced Lisa to secure herself to her bed for our first date. She then directed me to tease Lisa, making her orally pleasure me, and agree to allow me to convert her to lesbianism. Before releasing her, Susan directed me to embed a remote controlled vibrator in her vagina and secure her in a chastity belt; effectively putting her under my control 24/7. Nicole even had me place cameras in Lisa's living room and bedroom so 'I' could monitor her compliance.  
  
It had been two weeks since I imprisoned her sex. 14 days of being tormented remotely by Nicole and Susan in my name. Now I was heading to Lisa's apartment to implement Nicole's newest plan; to have me bring Annette and Lisa together. Lisa would become Annette's Girl Friday in the office and her pet pussy at home.  
  
When someone is desperate, it's easy to train them to do something they normally wouldn't. Then it's just a matter of conditioning them to associate a desired action with receiving the release they crave. I would continue to train Lisa to accept performing oral sex on women as part of her bondage fetish, condition her to accept women as lovers or one specific woman, Annette. Meanwhile, I would morph Annette's love of cosplay into a more dom/sub theme. The first step now required me to clean Annette's home dressed in one of my many maid outfits and orally pleasure her. I would also encourage more dominant behavior by Annette. Making her to crave having a woman orally pleasure her but not requiring her to reciprocate. Getting her used to the dominant role and keeping another woman in bondage. In effect, I was to make Annette a pillow princess with her pet kitty Lisa kneeling between her legs.  
  
Having the key to Lisa's apartment I quickly enter, relieved to escape potential exposure. Focusing my eyes I come face to face with a surprised Lisa. After I trapped her in chastity Susan had ordered me give Lisa certain laws she was required to follow.  
  
Like myself the threat of being spotted on camera not following the rules made Lisa follow them religiously. She made sure she was dressed sexy at all times. Hair and make-up done up as if she was planning to meet her lover at any moment and always wearing some symbol of a cat. Viewing the cameras I knew she was cleaning her apartment dressed per my rules, but I was still taken aback by the image.  
  
After tormenting her for weeks, Lisa was desperate and obeyed my commands in hope of release. Release I had promised for tomorrow if I determined she was behaving correctly. Not knowing when to expect me she was cleaning to be prepared for an early morning visit. The body lace of the little black dress clung to her chest, highlighting her cleavage while the skirt hung loosely over her hips leaving the tops of her black stockings exposed. The dress had been re appropriated to match my kinky demands. Paired with a white waist apron her elegant evening wear was turned into a sexy maids uniform. Complete with a cat embroidered on the corner of the apron, a headband with cat ears and of course her black leather collar with a little cat ornament. And even though she expected to remain at home alone her hair and makeup were done for an evening out, all at my request.  
  
"Alice," stuttered Lisa. "Wow!. You look, wow."  
  
As we appraised each other our appearances clearly defined our relationship, yet mine was not my own. Being Nicole's puppet she was in constant control of my strings, directing my movements. Lisa and Annette would never know of Nicole, but she very much directed their lives.  
  
The shock from my arrival slowly disappeared from Lisa's face, replaced by a flirtatious smile as she realized we were about to play. "I didn't expect you until tomorrow," purred Lisa, and she straightened up pushing her chest out.  
  
"I said you were not going to cum until tomorrow," I replied dropping the bag to the floor, and knowing that Nicole and Susan were watching the camera, strutted closer to my prey. "I did not say anything about then I would come."  
  
Lisa stood at attention and her eyes stayed focused on the leather collar around my neck and the small key hanging from it. As I approached I reached out to cup her breasts. A soft moan escaped her lips as she pushed her chest into my hands. Her breasts felt so sensual and I started to become aroused as I now associated the soft curves of a woman with sex. I knew Nicole's conditioning had changed me and the longer I went down this sapphic path the more entrenched these changes became. Evolving from acquiescence to willingness to inclination to preference to desire to lust to love. How far was I on this scale, when would I reach the tipping point where these feelings would be permanent or did I already pass it. Would I ever want to change back from something I had been conditioned to love.  
  
"You like this don't you?" I whispered as I continued to grope her chest. "You like being under the control of another woman. It makes you wet knowing that I, a woman own your most intimate of places."  
  
"Oh yes," gasped Lisa as I pulled her in for a kiss. My hands moving to grasp her neck and wrap around her waist forcing our bodies together. In complete control I slide my hand down her back. A muffled moan escaped her lips as my fingers made contact with the metal band of the chastity belt.  
  
"So has my pet pussy been behaving?" I ask as my fingers sliding along the metal.  
  
"Yes Alice," whimpered Lisa in response.  
  
"Have you been thinking about me?" I playfully inquire.  
  
"Your all I can think about," responded Lisa rubbing the front shield on my thigh. "Your the last thing I think about when I go to sleep and the first when I wake up. You have even taken over my dreams. Very, very erotic dreams."  
  
"So you haven't thought of boys?" I ask.  
  
"No," replied Lisa. "Your the only person I can think about now. You've captured my full attention and are the only person I want to satisfy me."  
  
"I am the only person who can satisfy you," I stated as I gave a tug on the belt imprisoning her sex as I sealed her lips with a long passionate kiss.  
  
Breaking the kiss we both breathe deeply. Even though Lisa and I were straight we were aroused by our actions. Lisa, or my pet pussy, was willing to sexually surrender to me. A small amount of metal and a simple lock had effectively made her my possession. But our lust was not our own. Nicole was the true driver, the woman who owned me and by proxy Lisa. Even though my brain still loathed the idea of having sex with women, Nicole had made the thought of having sex with a woman arousing and kissing Lisa sent a shiver through my body. It was this understanding that I had to obey Nicole's commands that guided me as I let my hand slide over the hem of her dress. Lisa closed her eyes and let out another moan as my hand made its journey up her smooth thigh lifting the hem. Her breath turned ragged as I came into contact with the metal bands of the chastity belt. Lisa's eyes snapped open as I abruptly pulled away, looking at me nervously.  
  
"Come my pussy," I commanded, "it's time for you to earn your release."  
  
Taking her hand I lead Lisa towards the bedroom. Positioning her at the foot of the bed I slowly began circling her. Lisa remained frozen at attention, face locked forward breasts push out. Her breathing heavy, like a colt ready to bolt. I stopped behind her and untied the knot of her little white apron transforming her sexy maid uniform back into a sensual evening dress.  
  
Pressing my chest into her back I run my hands over her hips along the metal bands of the belt and around her torso coming to rest on her impressive breasts, her nipples pressing against the fabric trying to force their way through. Returning my hands to her back I grasp the zipper, pulling it down revealing her back to me. Reaching her ass I slide my hands up her exposed skin pushing the cloth apart and off of her shoulders, letting the dress drop to her feet.  
  
Turning her around I stare at her breasts mere inches from my face. The black lace push up bra a stark contrast to her pale white orbs. Unconsciously my hands return to her luscious mounds, groping her soft flesh as she reaches behind her back releasing the clasp of her bra causing her breasts to spring free giggling a little before settling into a natural position. Lisa playfully twisted her body making her breasts sway back and forth. My eyes focused on their movement like some hypnotists charm. It was now my turn to moan.  
  
Pushing her to the bed I make her sit as I kneel between her spread legs and slide my hands over her thigh feeling her soft skin inches away from the metal band imprisoning her sex. The cable for the vibrator sticking out the side. Reaching up I pull one stocking off then the other, making her as naked as she could make herself.  
  
"Get into position," I breathe as I return to my feet.  
  
Lisa moved to the center of the bed and stretched out her arms and legs in preparation for the next step. The simple auto release restraints that were once attached to the corners of her bed now replaced with steel locking cuffs. With a final ratchet Lisa is secured.  
  
She looked so helpless and needy locked up and under my control. So willing to surrender her freedom to me in exchange for releasing her sex. Lisa, my pet pussy, was now my pleasure slave. A cute pet whose only purpose was to look pretty and provide sexual pleasure her mistress.  
  
Without saying a word, I get up and strut across the room. Reaching my bag I bend at the waist to present my leather covered ass even though I knew the corset would resist. Returning to the bed I reveal a sleep mask with the image of cat eyes. Lisa watched me wide-eyed as I placed the mask over her face removing her vision.  
  
Highly aroused and breathing heavily I could see Lisa's naked breasts moving up and down. With her sight removed I was able to stare at her body unashamed. Her nipples looking like two cherries atop luscious mounds. Lowering my eyes to the stainless steel bands running over her skin imprisoning her sex I catch myself licking my lips and rubbing my hand over my stomach just before it slid down. Looking up I could see Lisa laying perfectly still craving my touch. A slight whimper escaping her lips as I pull at the hair trapped under the mask.  
  
"Does my pussy want to cum," I purred as my hand caressed the side of her face like one would do with a pet cat.  
  
"Yes," answered Lisa the desperation evident in her voice.  
  
"You want another woman to make you cum," I inquire as I gaze over Lisa's naked body.  
  
"Yes, I want another woman to make me cum!" Lisa proclaimed, her desire clearly in control.  
  
Having a dancers body I couldn't help but be drawn to Lisa's. It being so different from my own. Her breasts stood up from her chest like large soft mounds of creamy white skin. Her waist flowing into the curve of her hips. She reminded me so much of Vicky, the well-endowed hooters waitress. Even though I was, am, a heterosexual I was infatuated by her breasts and ass. The fact that my infatuation turned into sexual attraction was an outcome of that. When Vicky and I stopped seeing each other I was more saddened than relieved as I would no longer have access to her body. But now I had Lisa's curves.  
  
Reaching out I gently run my fingers over her collar bone before the draw became too much and my hand moved down sliding through the valley between her breasts. Lisa's whimpers masking my own soft moan as my hand reacquainted itself with her firm mounds. Spherical in shape they sat atop her chest like two halves of a soccer ball. Far larger than my own, I ran my hand over their smooth curves brushing over her areolas and her hardened nipples. For all intents and purposes I controlled Lisa's sex so in effect her lovely breasts were mine to explore.  
  
Knowing Lisa was completely under my control, I let my fingers move over her stomach studying her body before tracing the upper edge of the metal belt and then down to her leg. Her thighs felt soft but firm, and I was surprised how much caressing them turned me on. Nicole's actions had been very effective at manipulating my arousal. Training I was now using on Lisa's body. My mind felt a bit of betrayal as I still followed Nicole's commands. Like I truly had become her puppet with her pulling my wires from afar as I corrupted another innocent heterosexual for her enjoyment.  
  
This conclusion became my justification as I focused on my ordered task. Leaning up I slide my hand along her hip causing a lustful sigh from Lisa. "How far are you willing to go?" I asked in a low voice, "Would you be willing to let me sit on your face as you eat me out?"  
  
"Yes," responded Lisa squirming in her bindings.  
  
"It will also no longer be a one for one," I continue my hand moving back to her breasts. "No tit-for-tat. Are you willing to eat your key holder out just to please her without a release of your own?"  
  
Lisa let out a whimper her breathing was hard and fast. "Yes," she replied.  
  
Moving up, I let my hair brush against her chest as I placed my face above hers, my breath signaling the approaching kiss. "Good kitty," I state just before our lips make contact. Lisa remained passive as I kissed her forcing my tongue deep into her mouth.  
  
As our kiss became more passionate my mind couldn't help but be reminded of how immoral this was. Here we were, two heterosexual women making out in what could only be described as highly erotic. Both hesitant but made to give in to the manipulation of our primal urges in lesbian fashion succumbing to our desires and accepting the scenario. It was kind of surreal, neither of us were lesbian, and yet we were participating in very kinky lesbian play. Both being driven by elements beyond our control. I was a puppet to my mistress and Lisa was fast becoming my pet. Like me, her body was being tamed, domesticated and trained to accept and crave the sexual touch of another woman.  
  
Moving my hand along her waist I slid it over her hip and press against the metal plate covering her sex. Moaning into my mouth, Lisa pulled on her restraints and arched her back as if she tried to force my hand through the barrier. Straightening up I lift my hands to the leather collar around my neck releasing the small key that hung like some trinket. Lisa remained perfectly still as I maneuvered to release her sex from its prison. With a click the straps of the belt popped free and I worked the metal contraption from her hips. The smell of Lisa's arousal filled the room and her pussy glistened from her secretions covering the pubic hair that grew over the past two weeks.  
  
"Looks like my pussy is ready to play," I purred as I brush my fingers through her stubbly hairs.  
  
"Yes," moaned Lisa as she wiggled her hips to my touch. "Please!"  
  
"Patience my little kitty," I respond. First my pet pussy needs some grooming" With that I reach into the bag for a razor and shaving cream.  
  
Lisa let out a hiss as I started to pull the vibrator from where it had been trapped for the last two weeks. A slurping sound accompanying its removal as I pulled it from her body allowing her juices to pore from between her lips.  
  
Mixing the shaving cream with Lisa's own juices I lather up her groin. "I'm going to let you in on a little secret," I state nervously. "Ms. Belle is not really my aunt."  
  
"She's not," Lisa inquired as she tried to focus on what I was saying.  
  
"No," I reply. "She's actually my lover."  
  
"You're having sex with Annette!" Lisa shouted as the impact of my statement overloaded her lust. "Was she the one who tied you up?"  
  
"Yes," I respond. Knowing that Lisa believing that Annette was a dom would help me reset their relationship. I place a finger against her swollen labia to hold it in place as I position the razor against her groin causing Lisa to become motionless. "And you shall refer to her as Ms. Belle from now on."  
  
"She knows we are seeing each other," Lisa babbled.  
  
"That's Ms. Belle," I correct, "and yes she is okay with it. In fact, she told me to seduce you."  
  
"Ms. Belle wanted you to have sex with me" asked Lisa, switching to Annette's formal name.  
  
"Yes," I confirm. "She, like me, always thought you had a great ass. Why do you think she ordered you a special chair that placed your butt on display."

"Ms. Belle likes to look at my ass." Lisa stated. "But she was married and has a daughter."  
  
"True", I respond as I pull the razor across her flesh removing the last of the stubby hairs. "But her husband liked it when she flirted with other women and after he died she decided not to be with another man."  
  
"There all done," I announce grabbing a wet wipe to clean the remaining shaving cream from her crotch. "All nice and pretty."  
  
Taking a deep breath I blow at her hairless crotch causing Lisa to shiver with need. "Now if you want to cum you will need to take care of me first,"  
  
Lisa remained silent as I twist and positioned myself above her head.  
  
Placing my hands above her breasts I lower myself onto her face. Not fully used to oraling pleasuring another woman Lisa hesitantly began licking.  
  
"Now kitties can lick better than that, press your tongue deep inside," I state as I reach down and slip my finger in her wet cunt for emphasis. My action pushed her through the barrier, and she committed herself to eating me out as she worked her tongue deep into my passage slurping up my juices without hesitation.  
  
"MMMM that's a good kitty," I purred as I wiggled my hips. "I'm going to teach you everything you need to know to please Ms. Belle. You are going to become a well-trained pussy and only when you obey your owner and do a good job are you going to get the opportunity to cum."  
  
Lisa continued licking, eagerly following my instructions as I explained how best to orally pleasure another woman. Under my guidance Lisa built up my arousal as her skill level increased. A shiver and deep groan signaled my orgasm as I pressed my groin into her face forcing my cum into her mouth.  
  
Regaining my strength I lift myself off of her face. "That was very good my pet," I breathe. Looking at the clock I see it's 10 minutes after midnight.  
  
"Now are you ready for your reward?" I sing as I brush my finger over Lisa's wet outer labia.  
  
"Oh Yes, YES please," gasped Lisa as she pulled on her binding trying to push her legs further apart.  
  
I started by licking a little of her nectar that was dripping down her thigh. "You taste very good my pet," I state as I swirl her favor over my tongue. "Luckily for me you are very wet and an attentive lover always licks her partner clean."  
  
With that statement I wrap my hands around her thighs and grab her ass. Pressing my face between her legs I push my tongue between her swollen lips and deep into channel. Her scent filled my nostrils as I lapped up her juices. Lisa moaned and shivered as she pulled on her bindings like a trapped beast fighting for release.  
  
"A good lover knows how to tease and arouse her partner," I continue as I toy with her engorged clit. Lisa's breath grew short as the pleasure mounted but even in her aroused state she was not able to jump over the crest. With a quick lick up her slit and driving my tongue deep within her I explored her treasure that I now kept under lock and key.  
  
Due to her pent-up arousal my actions pushed her over the edge quickly, and she came with a screeching cry wiping away more of the heterosexual woman.  
  
I kissed and licked around the outside of her vagina cleaning up her juices and building her arousal back up to as I continued my mission of conversion. Bound to her bed I used my practiced tongue to bring Lisa to orgasm only to arouse her once more. After many more orgasms and cries of pleasure I maneuvered out from between her legs to prepare for the next part of my seduction.  
  
Standing up I undo the clasp on my skirt and with a little effort I'm able to pull it over my hips exposing the tattoo that now proclaimed me a lesbian slave. Sliding the short confining garment down my legs I reached into the bag and pull out the strap-on harness Nicole had purchased. Made of latex it matched my skin perfectly making me look normal once again, if not for the dildo Annette made of her late husband's penis sticking out from my groin.  
  
Walking back to the bed I pull the sleep mask from Lisa's eyes. Her hair matted to her face Lisa opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling as if in some orgasmic trance. She was panting heavily, her chest heaving as she turned to look at me.  
  
"Now that you know what true sex is like, I'm going to give you to fucking of your life using the mold of Ms. Belle's husbands dick. And all through it, you are going to see that it is a woman doing it," I state.  
  
Her eyes dropping to the appendage Lisa only let out a quiet whimper.  
  
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Early Monday morning Lisa walked through the office hot coffee in hand. Her dress was reminiscent to what a 1950s secretary wore to please their boss. Upon reaching Annette's door she gave a soft knock causing Annette to look up with a playful smirk.  
  
"Good morning Ms Belle, I brought you your coffee," announced Lisa as she walked over to the side of Annette's desk and leaned over to place the cup on the edge giving Annette a clear view of her chest.  
  
"Good morning to you as well," replied Annette. "You're looking very ... pretty this morning."  
  
"Thank you," respond Lisa doing a little curtsy. "I'm pleased it meets your approval."  
  
"Yes it does," stated Annette her eyes roaming over Lisa's body. "I trust you had an enjoyable weekend?"  
  
"Oh yes," giggled Lisa. "Your 'niece' Alice made it very memorable."  
  
"Yes my niece," responded Annette picking up the coffee and taking a sip. "She can make weekends... memorable."  
  
"Is there anything else I can do for you Ms. Belle," asked Lisa. "Anything at all."  
  
"No Lisa just take your seat," responded Annette. "Oh and Lisa please bring me the key to your desks attachment".  
  
"With pleasure Ms. Belle," responded Lisa with a smile as she strutted to her desk to retrieve the key to the ankle shackle.

**With Strings Attached Ch. 25**

"Okay now the hard part," chirped Gracie.  
  
Gracie was Nicole's hairdresser, and for all intents and purposes mine as well. Ever since Susan blackmailed me into a lesbian relationship with her cousin Nicole I have been trapped as Nicole's sex slave. Forced to act the way she wants, dress the way she wants and even have my hair and makeup done the way she wants.  
  
Today what Nicole wanted was a very erotic braiding. The girls at the salon had just finished my makeup, usually the last step. Covering my face in a light foundation, my lips in a contrasting deep burgundy color and my eyes in red and black eye shadow and eyeliner.  
  
With the focus of a surgeon Gracie started to braid the hair along my scalp starting from the center and ending above my ear, leaving a bit of hair in the middle of my forehead. Next, using some of my long hair from the back she started braiding forward until she met the front braid. Incorporating the remnants of each, she braided down towards my ear before breaking the braid in two, a smaller one going behind my ear and a larger one in front. The front braid was parted again just above the level of my eyebrows and braided to the hair dangling over my nose, while the rest was braided to the bottom of my ear. The rear braid was kept tight against the back of my ear and pulled around the bottom where it was merged with the braid in the front. Gracie then braided the combined hair towards my face just under my cheekbone. When she reached the center of my eye she broke the braid into two, the upper was braided moving just under my eye to the top of my nose. With another hairdresser holding it in place Gracie repeated the process on the other side. With an intricate webbing of six braids meeting over my nose Gracie started to braid the hair she left hanging in the center of my forehead, incorporated each braid as she went down the bridge of my nose. She then braided the final lower braids until they emerged over the center of my nose and then braided the remaining hair up.  
  
Unable to see, it felt like Gracie was making a small bun with my hair at the crown of my nose. Using a small pliers and a metal ring she secured them all together. The end result felt like a web of hair covering the top of my face.  
  
"Done! What do you guys think?" Announced Gracie.  
  
Spinning my chair I got to see Gracie's artwork. The lattice work of interwoven braids resembled a fashionably erotic lace mask that was becoming popular.  
  
"It's incredible," beamed Nicole as she surveyed Gracie's work, "a true work of art. What do you think puppet?"  
  
"Unbelievable," I replied almost in a daze as I reached up, my nails colored to match my hair scraping the intricate braiding.  
  
"I know", giggled Gracie. "I cannot believe I was actually able to do it. I was thinking we could add some angel's breath to highlight the style a little more."  
  
"No," replied Nicole placing her hand on Gracie's back and sliding it lower than appropriate. "It's perfect, anything more will just take away from it. How finish up we have a photo shoot to do."  
  
I studied my image as Gracie made short work of my remaining hair. It truly was a work of art and gave my face and me a highly seductive look. The small bun on my nose resembled a flower decorating the center of the mask and was a brilliant way to hold it all together. Once again Nicole made me look my best for her deviate plans.  
  
While I was making my assessment Gracie was making two more braids running down the back of my neck pulling the ends up and weaving them back into their bases, creating two loops. With my remaining hair she created a small bun at the base of my head looking like a larger version of the one she created for my mask. Standing up, I noticed that I had become the center of attention in the crowded salon as everyone stopped to admire the fetish style Gracie created, including Morgan the salon owner.  
  
"That is truly amazing," complemented Morgan.  
  
"Thank you," beamed Gracie from her bosses complement.  
  
"I knew you were good,'' continued Morgan as she examined my head, "but this deserves to be on the cover of a magazine."  
  
"Thanks again," stated Gracie. "Alice and Nicole are doing a photo shoot and asked me to do a style that would make Alice really stand out."  
  
"Well given how beautiful your model looks I can just imagine how well the pictures will turn out," added Morgan. "Say, I have an idea. If you are doing a photo shoot I will exchange the cost of the visit for a head shot we can place on our salon wall?"  
  
"That sounds fantastic," responded Nicole. "How about that my sweet, your first professional shoot."  
  
I could only smile nervously. Nicole did not even ask me if I was okay having a picture of me on a salon's wall, let alone looking like this. But it made no difference as Susan would not allow me to say no.  
  
"Come puppet we have a busy day," ordered Nicole as she guided me out of the salon to the applause of the patrons.  
  
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True to her word it was a busy day. Nicole had me dress in a number of outfits, the bulk of them borrowed from Annette, the MILF Susan forced me to seduce. Heavy into role-play Annette had a number of character outfits as well and a large collection of latex clothing. We had 'play dates' every other weekend when her daughter spent the night at her cousins by way of alternating sleepovers. As this was our off week, I knew she would loan me the clothes.  
  
Hence, I found myself in Nicole's darkened basement wearing a figure hugging shiny black latex dress with a deep scoop neckline that showed off the tops of my breasts and the hem meeting the pinkie rule. Shoulder-length opera gloves, four-inch stiletto heels and leggings reaching to within an inch of the hemline, all in shiny black latex, covered the skin left exposed by the little black dress.  
  
Combined with my hair and makeup I couldn't deny how sexy I looked or how restricted I felt. The gloves and leggings tightly encased my limbs and resisted even the slightest of movements. The dress clung tightly over my body, squeezing my torso and stomach into a more hourglass appearance and stretching over my hips and ass pinning my thighs together. Despite having a majority of my skin covered I felt naked and exposed in the tight ensemble. With the riding crop I gave Nicole for Christmas in hand I stood in position awaiting Nicole's command. Forced to breathe deeply, I could feel the latex of the dress stretch before squeezing the air out of my lungs.  
  
"Okay puppet," commanded Nicole. "Let your arms hang and let the crop point at the ground. Back straight. A serious face and keep eye contact with the camera."  
  
I knew better than to resist and I posed as Nicole ordered. We have done these shoots many times and I knew exactly what she wanted. And like a professional model I started to walk down the lighted pathway towards the camera heel to toe with the crop playfully hitting my calf muscle as the camera clicked away.  
  
The latex leggings tugged against my legs and the hem of the dress acted like a rubber band forcing my thighs together making me fight for every small step. As I walked forward I knew the lights were reflecting off of the shiny black latex presenting an ever-changing kaleidoscope for the camera.  
  
After the dress Nicole had me pose in many more outfits, from latex to leather to lace. But the theme of the photos were all the same, sexual dom play. For some I posed as the aggressor, the dom role, and for others I was the submissive.  
  
"Okay puppet, time for the real fun," announced Nicole as she put down the camera and pulled several red ropes from her bag of tricks, "take off all your clothes."  
  
Nervously I removed the little clothing I was wearing as I watched Nicole methodically organized the ropes. Ever since I was forced to start this sexual relationship my body had been conditioned to associate females with sex. Yet as much as my body now desired the touch of a woman, mentally I was still heterosexual. But my lack of experience with boys gave me little to fight against the softness or feminine curves I had been trained to crave.  
  
While my mind wanted to resist I knew I had to go along with Nicole desires and as I focused on the ropes coiled in her hands a shiver ran through my treacherous body. It's amazing what can be conditioned to start triggering arousal. At the sight of the ropes my body knew my mind would no longer have control and would be free to enjoy the sexual pleasures without conflict.  
  
With a playful smirk Nicole tied a figure eight knot into one of the ropes. My breathing became deep and slow as she moved in front of me and pressed herself against my naked body and centered the knot just above the crack of my ass.  
  
"I know puppet," whispered Nicole into my ear, "rope play makes me excited to."  
  
I felt Nicole pull the rope over my hips as she tied a decorative knot over my pelvis. Taking the ends she pulled them upward and around the small of my waist before directing them back down and through the loops of the figure eight knot on my back. Kneeling down she pulled the two ends between my legs wedging the ropes in the crack of my ass and up along the outside of my labia and looping them over the hip rope on either side of the knot over my pelvis. Pulling the two ends back down Nicole strategically tied a knot to rest on my clitoris before weaving the two lengths. Reaching for her bag Nicole pulled out a remote vibrator, identical to the one I embedded in Lisa, and pushed it into my wet cavity before sealing my slit with the woven rope.  
  
I unconsciously wiggled my hips moving the vibrator and rope into a better position as Nicole pulled on the two ends forcing the ropes to move over my ass cheeks, then wrapping it around my hip, a little lower than the original, before securing it to the rope running up the outside of my outer labia pulling them apart. After repeating the process on my other side I was effectively wearing a pair of rope panties hiding nothing but securely binding my body and keeping the small intruder from escaping.  
  
"Now cross your arms behind your back," ordered Nicole as she retrieved another rope.  
  
A knot formed in my throat and I suppressed a moan as I folded my arms knowing my freedom was about to be taken away. A small gasp escaped my lips as Nicole meticulously wrapped the rope around my arms giving as much attention to its visual appeal as binding me. My whole body felt like an instrument being strung in preparation of being played by its master.  
  
After securing my arms Nicole wrapped one of the ends around my chest just below my breasts. She then repeated the process with the other end wrapping it just above my breasts. The two ends were secured around my arms in the center of my back before being pulled up and tied into a decorative knot at the back of my neck. She then made two loops around my neck, one snug and the other loose hanging almost midway to my breasts and trying everything off behind my neck.  
  
A tingle of excitement ran through my body as Nicole stopped to caress my breasts before she straightened the ropes. Returning to the table I watched as she found the center of another rope and used it to clinch the ropes running above and below my breasts together tightly between my breasts before pulling the two ends up towards to lose rope loop dangling around my neck. Giving the bottom of the loop twist Nicole fed the ends of the rope through the small ring she made and pulled them around my chest and looping them through the knot in the center of my arms. Moving behind me Nicole then pulled the two ends up and through the braided loops Gracie made before pulling them down and tying them to the figure eight knot over my ass.  
  
"There, what a pretty package you make," purred Nicole as she ran her fingers over the ropes.  
  
Secured as I was all I could do was stand at attention as Nicole took liberties with my body. Squeezing her finger under the knot at my waist Nicole half directed half pulled me to a wooden pallet she covered with a deep red velvet cloth. Walking, I felt the full effects of the ropes for the first time as they pulled and pressed against my sensitive flesh.  
  
I stepped onto the makeshift platform where Nicole helped me kneel. After having me wobble forward a little and spreading my legs Nicole was finally happy with my position and had me drop on my knees and press my ass into the heels of my feet. Taking another rope Nicole proceed to tie my thigh to my ankle and repeated the process every six inches until she reached my knee where she poked a hole in the fabric and secured the end to the slat beneath.  
  
After securing my other leg the same way Nicole slowly circled me admiring her work. My breathing started to become heavy as I knelt at attention. Tied as I was I could not offer any resistance. I could only kneel, head facing forward as she made minor corrections to where the ropes lay. Satisfied Nicole retrieved her camera.  
  
I had a sharp intake of breath and my body pulled against the ropes as Nicole activated the vibrator. Nicole laughed at my reaction as she captured my moment of surprise with the camera. After the initial jolt, Nicole reduced the setting of the vibrations to the level she knew would be very arousing but not enough to push me over the edge. The end result was my nipples remained hardened and my body released a steady flow of juices that lubricated the woven ropes pressed against my vagina.  
  
My breathing started to become more and more labored as Nicole took her time moving around my bound body finding the perfect angle. All the while my pussy continued to leak as the vibrator kept up it steady torment. Twisting my body I let out an involuntary moan of frustration.  
  
"Feeling a little frustrated puppet," laughed Nicole.  
  
"Yes mistress," I replied as Nicole knelt down in front of me. Having all the pictures she wanted I knew she now wanted tease me for release. In my aroused state I could not take my eyes off of her round breasts swelling with each breath she took.  
  
"You look so beautiful when you are helpless," purred Nicole as she reached out and caressed my nipple. "I bet you would do anything to cum right now wouldn't you puppet."  
  
"Ahhh, yes mistress," I breathed while trying not to moan. Her touch was electric, and she knew how sensitive my breasts were. I kept trying to make it over the edge, my body was primed and wanted nothing more than to have Nicole bring me off, but she always pulled back just as I was reaching the crest causing my much wanted orgasm to retreat. My stomach clenching with exasperation from both wanting an orgasm from another woman and needing one. Knowing I had no choice I forced my head forward pulling the bindings around my body tighter and driving the rope deeper into my crotch.  
  
"Please mistress I need to cum," I whimpered hoping Nicole would not make me debase myself too much.  
  
"Oh so needy and helpless," teased Nicole as she maneuvered in front of me, camera at the ready. "You may have what you crave."  
  
Nicole amped up the vibrator slightly and I leaned forward. The added pressure tightened the ropes and pressed the woven rope over my crotch against my clit. I started to pump my hips up and down as much as my restraints would allow as if humping an invisible object. My clit responded to the stimulation adding to the effects of the vibrator. Feeling the orgasm build my breathing became more labored, I started to hump faster and forced my head lower pulling the ropes tighter.  
  
With a loud scream by whole body spasmed as the massive orgasm exploded within me. Unable to move, I remained in the ropes tight embrace as I caught my breath and let my racing heart slow. I enjoyed the rush of endorphins as I lifted my head easing the stress on the ropes. Opening my eyes I looked straight into Nicole's camera and with a click of the shutter Nicole pulled the camera away revealing her perfect white teeth as she smiled.  
  
"That was beautiful," stated Nicole. Having its satisfaction my body was no longer fighting against my mind but the endorphins worked to distort my judgement and in my weakened state I could not resist her sexual draw and smiled back. As she stood and placed the camera on the table my eyes shifted focus to her ass shown off by the clinging yoga pants.  
  
With her back still to me Nicole turned her head and made eye contact. With a wicked grin she grabbed the sides of her pants and pushed them down exposing her voluptuous ass. A hiss escaped my lips and my body trembled with lust as I felt it becoming more addicted.  
  
Placing a chair before me, Nicole sat down and scooted until her glistening pussy was in front of my face and the smell of her arousal filled my nose. "Now bring me off," commanded Nicole.  
  
"Yes mistress," I responded and I pressed my head down tightening the ropes once again.  
  
Even before my tongue came in contact with her pussy I began salivate. Nicole's training had been so effective and extensive the mere thought of performing oral sex caused my mouth to water. Worse was how my body now responded to the stimuli. My breasts swelled and my body tingled from the knowledge that I was about to pleasure another woman. As I strained against by bindings to reach Nicole's crotch I felt the woven rope rub against my own pussy heightening my arousal.  
  
As I stretched out my tongue it made contact with her moist lips I let out a deep sigh as Nicole activated the vibrator. As I pressed my body further down the rope tightened over my crotch and I pushed my tongue into Nicole's cavity and lapped her juices.  
  
It was Nicole's turn to moan as my lips came into contact with hers and I began to maneuver my tongue in her love channel slurping out her nectar as I encouraged her body to release more. The familiar shiver of her body signaling she was about to cum I wiggle the tip of my tongue over her g spot causing her whole body to shake.  
  
Laying in the chair I dutifully lap at her pussy as she came down from her high. My eyes staring over the expanse of her flat stomach and smooth curves of her heaving breasts before making contact with her eyes as she looked down at me, her hand moving to the back of my head.  
  
"That was very good puppet," breathed Nicole as she caressed my head. "One more like that and I will let you cum again."  
  
Extending my tongue I run it up to her swollen clit moving her hood out of the way before giving it a little nibble as I worked her arousal back up.  
  
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I stood nervously before the applauding crowd, still uncomfortable being the center of attention. When Nicole presented the promised photo and results of the photo shoot to Morgan she decided to host an unveiling party. Attended by all the stylists, a number of the salons younger more trendy clients and a style reporter from the local paper the salon was filled with women dressed for an elegant reception. Being covered by the press encouraged to attendees to wear sexy cocktail dresses with many having their hair and makeup done by the salon.  
  
The photo, a framed 16×20 print of the facial shot Nicole took just after my orgasm, was hidden behind a velvet cover until Gracie and I removed it. Adding to my humiliation was its companion picture, a copy of a magazine ad with me walking down a darkened hallway wearing the latex dress, horse whip in hand. Susan had convinced Nicole to let her shop the images to an upstart perfume company who bought the set to use as part of a campaign. Susan even got Nicole to set up a modeling/photo company that now owned a number of the stock photos Nicole had taken of me. Erotic and kinky photos now the property of a soulless corporation, 80% owned by my mistress Nicole and 20% by my blackmailer Susan. Playing up my submissive role Susan even got Nicole to have me sign a rather Draconian modeling contract stipulating I could not reject any negotiated assignment.

Looking up I put on a smile for the gathered crowd of women admiring the photo having no knowledge of what was done to capture the shot. As the applause died down a wave of fear passed through my body as I spotted Susan moving to the front of the crowd, champagne glass in hand. The predatory smile on her red painted lips revealing her enjoyment of my current predicament.  
  
Like the rest of the women attending Susan had her hair and makeup done beautifully, yet she still stood out from the crowd. The purple satin maxi dress clung to her body and left little to the imagination. Two thin straps ran over her otherwise uncovered shoulders and the deep cut of the neckline showed a fair amount of cleavage. From there the tightness of the fabric hugged her flawless body accenting her waist before the slit exposed her leg up to her thigh as the fabric to draped down to her ankles. There was no denying it, she looked incredible.  
  
A wicked grin broke out on her face as she walked slowly towards me. I could not tear my eyes away as she approached. She looked elegant and sexy at the same time. Like a true goddess ready to torment us mere humans.  
  
"What a lovely party", purred Susan as she wrapped her free hand around my waist and turned me to face the portrait. "Nicole did an excellent job capturing the moment. The look on your face is the perfect mixture of innocence, naughtiness, and pure satisfaction. Just imagine what everyone would think if they knew you were bound naked on the floor coming off of an intense mechanically induced orgasm."  
  
Too afraid to respond I just looked at the floor in defeat.  
  
"Come my sweet," commanded Susan as she took my hand and led me through the crowd. Still looking at the floor, I could not help but watch her ass sway in front of me.  
  
Reaching the back of the salon Susan turned to face me and lifted my head up to meet her gaze. She studied my reaction, indulging in my turmoil like some fine chocolate. Smiling smugly Susan brushed her hands over my dress like she was smoothing out the material of my strapless body con mini dress.  
  
"I cannot believe that I now literally own your ass or at least photos of it" whispered Susan as her hand dropped to my rear. Her fingers dancing over the smooth fabric as if they were checking if I was wearing underwear. "You would be amazed how many people are interested in your photos too."  
  
"Who," I nervously whisper finally finding my voice.  
  
A number of female on-line lesbian writers for one," responded Susan. "They are all interested in digital covers to help spur sales and the potential to buy an exclusive photo is too good to pass up. Unfortunately they do not pay very much. But then again we are not in it for the money right?"  
  
"No we're not," I reply knowing Susan just wanted to torment me and Nicole would get a kick at seeing me on the cover of an erotic lesbian novel.  
  
"Excellent," stated Susan in a mocking tone. "Now I have one more job for you tonight," added Susan as she turned me back towards the crowd. "I want you to seduce your hair stylist Gracie."  
  
My mouth opened but I remained quite as my eyes caught sight of Gracie standing with Nicole. It seems like Nicole had the same idea as her eyes locked with mine and a smile crossed her lips.

**With Strings Attached Ch. 26**

"I'm going to do what?" I shouted in disbelief. Normally I just kept my emotions in check when dealing with Nicole, but her statement sounded crazy even for the life I was forced to live.  
  
"I said you are going to fuck the senior cheerleaders at my high school," repeated Nicole as she filled me in on the days events.  
  
Several weeks ago I stripped at Jessica's 18th birthday party. The youngest senior on the cheer squad, Jessica and I were close to the same size and Nicole wanted me to get her junior year school and competitive cheer uniforms. Things got a little wild and I performed oral sex on each of the six girls twice. Word of the lesbian cheer 'orgy' spread quickly including how each girl thought I was better at oral then their respective boyfriends.  
  
Their boyfriends were surprisingly not angry. Here was a group of boys who would resort to punches if another guy so much as looked at their girlfriend, yet were enthusiastic and encouraging. Boasting they were better at the real thing and their girlfriends could play with me, or any other girl, as much as they wanted. Several had even convinced their girlfriends to go with them to Sideshow to watch my pretend sister April strip.  
  
It seemed Nicole got into a debate with the boys on how a lesbian with a strap-on would be better than a guy. While the boys agreed that a lesbian was better at oral they were experts with a dick and no silicone replica would compete. In the end the boyfriends agreed to let me fuck their girlfriends and have them vote who was best.  
  
The fact that one girl was going to have sex with all six women just seemed like a positive. Their only condition was the size of the dildo. Nicole thought it would be kinky to use the one molded from Annette's deceased husband's penis. The spirit of his dick living on and claiming a group of cheerleaders was too much for her to resist. After describing the appendage the boys laughed stating it was smaller and inferior to theirs. Several even seemed to suggest that a larger one would be needed to make the competition fair.  
  
"Guys can be so stupid when they think with their little heads," laughed Nicole. "They believe just because they can get a hard-on they are the ultimate sex machine. It's going to be so much fun to make their supposed big dicks curl up between their legs. If we can get the women comfortable having sex with a female and accept their new partner they can be seduced, and seduction leads to great sex."  
  
I wanted to argue how crazy this was. Before Nicole, I was a virgin. Now I have a girlfriend who is more my mistress than my partner, requiring me to have several causal relationships on the side and to seduce a number of other women. Yes, I had already performed oral sex on each of the cheerleaders but this was taking it a step too far. I would be intimate with each woman sharing a sexual experience. However, I knew Nicole and Susan would give me no choice. If Nicole wanted me to have sex with the cheerleaders I will have sex with the cheerleaders.  
  
In preparation, we spent hours profiling each cheerleader, with Kathy, who harbored a crush on each of the girls, filling us in on their likes and dislikes and, to her enjoyment, playing there proxy. By the weekend Nicole had a game plan for each of the five targets. Even the order was carefully planned. Stephanie, the morning person in the group, would be first at 7:00 AM, followed by Veronica, Kathy, Jessica, Hannah and lastly Tamara. Each getting a two-hour slot and an hour in between for me to prepare for the next girl until 11:00 PM. After each encounter the girl would spend the rest of the day and night with one of the junior cheerleaders so there would be no discussions before the big vote.  
  
As usual, Nicole controlled everything from the plan of attack to the clothes I would wear for each date. I just blindly obeyed, not realizing Nicole had somehow got me excused from going to school on Friday or that both my parents were away for the weekend. My dad with his new lover Professor Kalmer and my mom spending the weekend with April her/my pretend daughter/sister and mistress. I could hardly sleep that night and by Saturday morning all of Nicole's preparations were complete and I nervously sat in my parents living room waiting for Stephanie to arrive.  
  
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At 6:45 I spotted Stephanie, a little early just as Nicole had predicted. It also looked like Nicole guessed right on my clothing as she was dressed similarly in a pair of loose fitting yoga pants and a t-shirt. Even dressing down for our encounter her all American cheerleader looks shone through. With her hair pulled back in a ponytail, she was beautiful even without makeup. Images of her in her bikini from Jessica's birthday party filled my mind. Her firm D-cup breasts and full ass replacing the concealed image approaching my house. The nervousness I felt in my stomach was coming to a boil.  
  
"Relax," I said to myself. "Nicole wants me to do this. I have to do this for my mistress. Just follow her orders." With that I stood up to greet my newest lover.  
  
"Good morning Stephanie," I announced as I opened the door, "please come in."  
  
"Thank you," replied Stephanie nervously as she entered my house.  
  
The few moments we stood there quietly felt like an eternity. "Would you like a drink," I asked breaking the silence. "I have mimosa's."  
  
"Yes, please," replied Stephanie.  
  
Walking to the living room I picked up the two glasses Nicole had prepared and handed one to Stephanie. "Cheers," I announced before we both took a drink and I felt the potency. Believing it is just my low tolerance to alcohol and the way Nicole makes drinks I'm oblivious to the fact that Nicole spiked them with liquid ecstasy to help set the mood.  
  
"Thank you for coming," I stated as we both sat on the couch. "I know the situation is a bit awkward."  
  
"Yes it is," laughed Stephanie taking another drink of her mimosa. "I cannot believe my boyfriend actually talked me into having sex with a lesbian."  
  
"Well I hope I can make it a pleasurable experience," I stated turning on the couch to face her. "I think you're beautiful and am happy you agreed to come."  
  
"I bet you plan to say that to all the girls coming to your house today," smiled Stephanie as she took another drink.  
  
"No I mean it," I responded, placing a hand on her leg. "You have a gorgeous face and your body is incredible." But it was her breasts that really held my attention.  
  
"Thank you," responded Stephanie. "Most guys ignore my face and just talk about my body. Sometimes wish I had smaller breasts so boys wouldn't be so focused on them. And lesbians as well," added Stephanie as she turned to face me and catching me staring at her chest.  
  
"I'm sorry," I nervously replied blushing at being caught. "Its just mine are so small that I seem to be attracted to large breasts. They're incredible" Using the seduction as an excuse to reach up and gently caress her chest.  
  
The moment my hands touched her breasts Stephanie gasped and fell back against the arm of the couch. My palms pressed into her soft flesh, while my thumbs rubbed her nipples. My motions were firm but slow and her nipples hardened from my tease. Her head falling back as my hands continued to explore.  
  
"MMM," moaned Stephanie. "A girl hasn't touched by breasts since my friends compared chests when we started puberty. You're much better than my boyfriend. He thinks they're like basketballs.  
  
"I find breasts contribute more to a woman's arousal then their pussy," I purred as my hands become more familiar. Until a woman is truly ready for sex her erogenous zones need much more attention."  
  
Removing my hands I take her empty glass and I place it on the coffee table. With our eyes locked, I each for the bottom of her shirt. Going along with my intention Stephanie helped me pull it over her head. With a little smirk she works to straighten the cups of her bra as my eyes feast on their pleasing roundness. Emboldened, I start exploring her exposed flesh, sliding my hands over her waist and arms, the liquid ecstasy causing our skin to tingle. My hands returning to her breasts I press my palms into her soft mounds.  
  
"You have magical hands," breathed Stephanie as she pressed her body forward.  
  
"Take it off," I ordered as I dropped my hands to her hips.  
  
Without saying a word, Stephanie reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, dropping it to the floor with her shirt. She now sat before me topless. Her two magnificent breasts before me. Leaning forward I lower my head to take one of her nipples into my mouth. Deep moans filled the room as my tongue worked over the hardened nub.  
  
"Your hair tickles," giggled Stephanie as she caressed the back of my head. Deep moans filling the room until her body tensed.  
  
"Alice wait," shouted Stephanie as she pushed me away from her chest.  
  
At first, I thought I was moving too quickly. That the look of shame on her face was from what we were doing. Then I noticed the delicious taste in my mouth.  
  
"I'm sorry they just do that when I'm aroused," apologized Stephanie.  
  
I realized that Stephanie was lactating and the taste was her milk. "Don't be sorry," I quickly replied reaching up to caress her cheek. "You're a woman and that's one of the special features of our bodies."  
  
"Well that special feature is not supposed to turn on every time I become aroused. Only my mom knows this happens to me. I don't want everyone thinking I'm a cow," whimpered Stephanie.  
  
I could see the look of anguish on her face as she confessed to me. "I don't see you as a cow," I whispered. "I see you as a woman, a beautiful woman who can experience what many of us can only do after childbirth. I think it's amazing."  
  
"You do," asked Stephanie relaxing her arms, so I could pull them from her chest revealing the drops of liquid.  
  
"Very much so," I responded as I returned my mouth to her nipple trying to draw as much of her milk as I could, enjoying the sweet taste. With her secret attribute revealed and accepted Stephanie reveled in this new form of arousal, her moans filling the room. After several minutes Stephanie pulled my face from her chest. A strong kiss followed as she drove her tongue into my mouth tasting the mixture of my saliva and her milk.  
  
Breaking the kiss we both look into each others eyes as we breathed deeply. "Now where is this dick of yours?" Asked Stephanie.  
  
Reaching my bedroom Stephanie pulled me in for another kiss. Caught off guard I grabbed her body for support. Regaining my balance my hands slide up and down her back before grabbing her neck and round full ass. Our mouths locked together Stephanie breathed sharply through her nose as our tongues danced together. Squeezing her ass tightly I pulled her towards me crushing her naked breasts between our bodies as she moaned into my mouth.  
  
Needing air, we break the kiss and with our faces only inches apart I could see the desire in her eyes. Without a word Stephanie started to remove her pants and I began to remove my cloths. Naked, except for the latex harness, I turn my back to her as I retrieved Annette's dildo and attached it to my groin. Stephanie's eyes dropped to the penis now affixed to my body.  
  
"It looks so real," stated Stephanie as she caressed the silicone appendage.  
  
"It feels real too," I reply pushing her towards the bed.  
  
Taking the hint Stephanie crawled up and got on her hands and knees. Her magnificent ass displayed before me. Knowing what I needed to do, I kneel behind the curvy cheerleader and rub my hands over her round bottom.  
  
"You have a beautiful ass," I purred. "So smooth. So perfect." Grabbing my penis I rub the tip against her lips. Stephanie hissed and arched her back pushing her ass towards me and forcing the dildo into her channel. Holding her hips I thrust into her, pumping the dildo in and out.  
  
"Oh fuck," shouted Stephanie as she rocked back and forth in time with my thrusts. "That feels so good."  
  
While my breast play was slow and sensual I was aggressive in our love making as I impaled her on my appendage. Given Stephanie's level of arousal it did not take long before she had a powerful orgasm. Her muscles squeezing my fake cock not wanting it to retreat as her body spasmed. Finally, she pulled herself away from my appendage and collapsed on my bed, her breath deep and fast. I spooned her from behind caressing her body as she recovered feeling her soft skin now coated is a sheen of sweat.  
  
"That was incredible," breathed Stephanie as she turned over to kiss me.  
  
"I'm glad you enjoyed it," I replied. "Just be sure to vote for me."  
  
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"Is that the whip from your perfume ad?" squealed Veronica as she rushed to my night stand and bent over to put down her drink.  
  
Watching her from behind my eyes focused on her denim shorts hugging her tight ass and the faint curves of her hips. Just as Nicole predicted Veronica was a little less guarded than Stephanie, pairing a white blouse, tied at the waist exposing some of her creamy white skin, with a pair of denim shorts. The perfect outfit for the petite cheerleader. Not overtly provocative yet sexy.  
  
Confessing to her fellow cheerleaders how she enjoyed having her boyfriends spank her during sex Nicole guessed that Veronica would respond the same way with me and placed the whip where she would see it. Nicole's plan was to use that desire to draw her in, to mold it into her own fetish for pain.  
  
Turning around, she ran her fingers over the shaft causing my ass to tingle in anticipation. Ever since my weekend with Trish my body had been conditioned to associate pain with pleasure. A link Nicole had been more than happy to explore, broadening my fetish with my other conditioned traits enhancing there hold on my sexuality.  
  
"Yes it is," I replied as I took the instrument and smacked it against my thigh. The sting from the impact and snap of the whip sending a shiver through my body and causing Veronica to jump and giggle.  
  
For my date with Veronica, Nicole had chosen an equestrian theme. Dressing me in a pair of black leggings and a blue figure hugging short sleeve shirt. With my hair in a bun Nicole wanted me to project the image of a rider ready to take control of her Philly.  
  
"Do you like being whipped? I inquired in a sultry voice as I rubbed the tip against her thigh.  
  
"I enjoy a good spanking," confessed Veronica blushing but not attempting to move away from the whips caress.  
  
"A whip is so much more that a spanking," I whispered. "For a select few it heightens their awareness and under the right circumstances blends it with pleasure."  
  
Flicking my wrist you could hear the whip cutting through the air before impacting Veronica's right breast. The sudden strike causing Veronica to jump back and cover her boobs. Her eyes and mouth open wide surprised at my audacity. A look not of anger but of mischief.  
  
"Hands down," I ordered.  
  
Biting her lip Veronica obeyed my command.  
  
"Can you feel the arousal of the sting," I continued as I bring the triangular leather keeper at the tip of the whip over her breasts. "Afraid of the impact yet anxious at the same time."  
  
With her eyes focused on the whip I could see the trepidation battling with curiosity as she holds still waiting for it to strike again. With another quick flick I make contact with her left breast. This time she does not move her hands but releases a sharp moan.  
  
"You know it's customary to show respect by kissing the whip," I purred as I bring the tip to her lips.  
  
Raising her hand she presses the keeper against her lips and gives it a tender kiss. Her eyes now focused on mine awaiting my next command.  
  
"Take off your shirt," I ordered sliding the crop down the row of buttons to the knot at the base.  
  
Without saying a word Veronica nervously unbuttoned her shirt and pulled the knot free exposing her white bra. Her B cup breasts did not look out of proportion on her petite frame, the ideal balance of curves. Exactly the type of body you'd picture on the cute girl next door.  
  
Using the whip I caressed the swell of her breasts. A sharp intake of breath revealing Veronica's arousal. Pulling the whip back I struck the exposed skin above the cotton bra leaving a red mark. Her cry turning into a moan as the pain from my strike got processed as sexual pleasure.  
  
My heart was beating like a drum and I hastily wrapped my free hand around the back of her neck pulling her in for a passionate kiss. A kiss she fully accepted. Breaking the kiss I spin her around and bend her over the bed, her buttocks rising up revealing her tight denim covered bottom to me once again. Her gasp turning into deep breathing as I groped her ass marveling at how perfect it felt.  
  
With a high-pitched whistle and a slap the whip made contact with her ass cheek, causing Veronica to moan again. Bent over, Veronica buried her face into the bed stretching her arms above her head grasping the blanket. I deliver several more blows alternating between cheeks as her ass danced to the rhythm.  
  
Veronica remained still as I removed my leggings and retrieved the dildo from the nightstand. Returning to my soon to be lover Veronica offered no resistance as I removed her shorts and panties. She really had a great ass, slender but shapely and her skin was flawless, except for the red marks from my blows. It swayed side to side a little as she tried to contain her arousal.  
  
Taking the whip I slide the long shaft between her legs and up against her crotch. Another moan escaped her mouth as I slid its long shaft against her wet vagina. Sawing it back and forth causing her hips to move with the rhythm as if riding a horse.  
  
"You're so horny, aren't you," I inquired.  
  
"Yes," hissed Veronica in reply.  
  
"You're desperate for my fake dick aren't you," I growled as I pushed the tip of the dildo into her ass.  
  
"Yes," moaned Veronica.  
  
"Then beg for it! Beg to be fucked by another woman," I demanded and I struck her ass with the whip.  
  
"Please fuck me," screamed Veronica.  
  
Positioning the tip of the dildo at her entrance I slowly pushed its length into her wet slit filling her canal. Grabbing her hips I drove my artificial manhood in and out in long slow strokes. As Veronica became accustomed to our love making I quickened the pace hammering my pelvis against her ass with each thrust. Just as she is about to cum I moved my thumbs from her lower back over her ass cheeks and pried them apart. Pulling the dildo free I positioned the tip against her rose bud and drove forward impaling her ass.  
  
Her body tensed from the unexpected intrusion, and she attempted to lift her head and turn towards my but my appendage kept her lower body in position.  
  
"Your in my ass," squealed Veronica as she was held in position.  
  
"Has anyone ever taken your ass," I growled as I begin to slide the dildo in and out.  
  
"AHH, no," panted Veronica as her body started to get accustomed to the new sensation. "It feels weird, so full and so empty at the same time."  
  
I knew that feeling all too well. After becoming aroused, anal sex maintained that arousal level but couldn't bring you over the edge without a little extra stimulation.  
  
"So your anal virginity is now mine?" I stated as I continued to pump her ass.  
  
"Yeses," hissed Veronica, "It's just I need more."  
  
Veronica started to move her hand between her legs. Knowing what she was about to do I smack it with the whip causing it to retreat above her head once more.  
  
"If you want an orgasm you have to beg me for it," I stated slapping her hip with the whip.  
  
"AHH, please let me cum," cried Veronica as she arched her back trying to increase the pressure from the dildo.  
  
Sliding my hand from her waist I reached under and pinch her clit. With a loud shriek she came and almost lost consciousness as her whole jumped and collapsed.  
  
"That was incredible," breathed Veronica.

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When it was time for Kathy's 'date' I was hoping for some relief for myself. Even though I was straight my conditioning combined with the liquid ecstasy Nicole had been adding to my drinks had really driven up my libido and sexual desire for the young cheerleaders. It seemed that working towards their sexual release was creating a need for my own. However, Nicole insisted I treat Kathy like her fellow teammates even though she was part of the planning leaving my growing lust unsatisfied.  
  
So when I opened the door for my 'date' with Jessica a shiver ran through my body. Unlike her fellow cheerleaders, Nicole had directed me to text her to make sure she looked her best for our rendezvous.  
  
She obviously obeyed my request, wearing just the right amount of makeup to highlight her features. Her kissable lips were a shade of red and her doe like eyes were done in a smoldering look. Her light brown hair was soft and shiny and hung loosely over her shoulders. The tight silky black dress clung to her lithe frame perfectly, the deep neckline exposed the tops of her perky breasts and the hem ending high on her thighs. As I gazed at the lovely creature before me it was obvious she intended to look her best for me and my heterosexual leaning conflicted with my sexual arousal. Disgust and embarrassment fought my lust and perverse desire for Jessica's womanly attributes.  
  
I felt my nipples harden as my primal urges won out and I struggled to regain control of my body. Wearing the same red leather corset and black leather skirt I had worn to dom Lisa, Nicole had planned a similar fate for Jessica. Believing she was a submissive I was to be her dom.  
  
"You look beautiful, Jessica," I complimented as she stood on my front porch, the younger cheerleader who was chaperoning her watching from her car, "and all for me?"  
  
"You said I was supposed to look my best," replied Jessica nervously.  
  
"Indeed I did," I stated. "Please come in."  
  
My eyes were drawn to her ass as Jessica entered my house. The dress accentuated her figure in all the right ways, hugging her shapely bottom and the short hem allowed me to soak in her shapely legs.  
  
With the door closed we were safely in the privacy of my home and Jessica stood nervously before me. I took my time admiring how the little black dress molded itself to her body before leaning forward and giving her a short tender kiss to break the ice, the taste of cherry from her lip gloss lingering on my lips. It was followed by a second longer kiss in which my tongue invaded her mouth.  
  
Pulling back Jessica remained still, her breathing now heavier as I walked in a slow circle around her body. The dress really accentuated her ass as her heart shaped bottom could clearly be seen in the black material making me question if she was wearing panties. The image was so tempting. She was here for me and it would be so easy to slip my hand under her skirt and let my fingers caress the soft skin of her rear to confirm my suspicion.  
  
Jessica drew in a sharp breath as my hand landed on her hip and glided over her smooth curves pressing the material of her dress into the crack of her ass as it made its way to the hem. Toying with the edge, I pull it higher revealing inch after inch of her bare thigh before exposing the dimple of her ass.  
  
Jessica released her breath in a low moan as my hand explored her flesh taking my time rubbing my fingers against the material of her panties, warm and wet from her arousal. Brushing her hair aside I pull the zipper down exposing the clasp of her bra and the sheer material of her thong. Except for her shoes she is wearing nothing else.  
  
"Such beautiful skin," I purred.  
  
Jessica remained silent as my hands explored her soft skin before returning to her ass. I gently stroked her round firm cheeks and brush a finger down along the thong as I admired how it defined her twin orbs.  
  
"Your ass is a work of art," I continued as I squeeze her flesh in my hands.  
  
Completing my circle I stood in front of Stephanie, I couldn't help staring at her body. The black thong looked tailored for her in a deep V-shape from her hips to her crotch, an embroidered pattern playfully imposed over her pubic hair that could be seen through the sheer material. Summarily her areolas and nipples could be seen through the sheer material of her bra. "I do like your lingerie. Did you get it just for me?" I asked.  
  
Taking a gulp of breath Jessica nodded her head. "Steve insisted I get something sexy for you,"  
  
"Did he now," I teased as I slid my hand slowly up and down the inside of her silky thigh.  
  
"Yes," hissed Jessica. "He wanted... he wanted me to be irresistible to you."  
  
"That was so nice of him," I replied as I leaned forward and kissed her neck. Her body shivering in response. "To not only gift me such an irresistible treasure but also insist that it be displayed so lovely. Come, it's time I finish unwrapping my gift," I commanded as I take her hand and lead her to the steps.  
  
Reaching my bedroom I stand by the door and ushered her inside. A loud gasp escaped her lips as she saw the chains and leather cuffs Nicole had attached to my bed. Believing Jessica to be a submissive, Nicole decided that she was harboring bondage fantasies. Fantasies that she was going to explore with me.  
  
Wrapping my arms around her I pulled her body against mine as I placed my head on her shoulder. "I see you noticed my little surprise," I whispered. "I wanted to be irresistible to you too. You want this don't you Jessica? To be bound by your lover, completely under her control. Unable to stop her from doing anything to you and needing her to grant you your release."  
  
"Yes," hissed Jessica as I pressed my palm into her crotch forcing her ass into me.  
  
Stepping back I released the clasp on the back of her bra and push the straps from her shoulders. Jessica pulled the loose garment from her body before dropping it to the floor, momentary covering her breasts before dropping her arms to her sides. Bending down I feel the leather of the corset pressing into my stomach and the tight leather skirt against my butt. With her perfect ass before my face I couldn't resist giving it a kiss before I grasped the sides of her thong and pulled it down her shapely legs revealing her buttocks.  
  
Still being fully clothed I walk over to my dresser and pop the button at the top of my leather skirt. Drawing the zipper down I wiggle my ass as I pulled the skirt over my hips revealing a black latex harness for the dildo.  
  
Attaching the appendage I turn and presented it to Jessica as we gawked at each other. Jessica at the life like dildo now attached to my groin and me the naked creature standing in my bedroom. Her breasts were perfect, proportional to her frame and fully rounded with dark-pink nipples. She had a flat belly, round hips and toned legs all with flawless skin, covered with goosebumps. Her large doe like eyes looking back at me with her kissable lips slightly apart. But what really held my attention was the short curly bush of hair covering her groin glistening with her juices. Seeing her like that made her look so submissive, ready to obey her lover. While I felt dominant wearing my almost super heroine leather outfit.  
  
"On your knees slut," I commanded as I walked towards her.  
  
Jessica obeyed immediately, her eyes looking up at mine as I towered over her. Reaching down I caress the side of her head.  
  
"Blow me," I ordered as I held her head firmly before my strap-on.  
  
Jessica's eyes dropped back to the lifelike dildo now inches from her face. Nervously she placed her hands on my latex covered hips and leaned forward to place a kiss on the tip of the dildo, Her tongue rolling over its head as she pulled back.  
  
"It's so warm," proclaimed Jessica in surprise.  
  
Nicole in her perverted thinking let the dildo sit in warm water between my dates to give it a more lifelike feel. "Yes," I growled in response, "and it will feel so at home in your warm mouth."  
  
With that I pulled her head back towards my appendage. This time Jessica took it into her mouth and started bobbing her head back and forth sucking on the silicone. The situation was so surreal. I'm ordering her to do this very submissive sexual act and neither of us was getting any sexual pleasure out of it. It was all mental, the dominance for me and the submissiveness for her. After several minutes of Jessica working in vain to bring me off I pulled her away.  
  
Jessica knew exactly what was expected of her, and she obediently positioned her body on the bed as I attached the restraints. Standing up I looked down at her bound body laid out before me like some ancient offering. The leather of my outfit creaked as I climbed on the bed.  
  
Such a lovely body," I purred as I traced her nipple with my finger. A deep moan escaped her lips as she pulled at her restraints. I leaned down to kiss her. A kiss she accepted hungrily as I pushed my tongue into her mouth. Gasping for breath I moved in for another kiss. The difference between sex and making love is the mental connection and there is no more intimate connection than a passionate kiss.  
  
Breaking the kiss Jessica stared at me with hunger in her eyes. The desperation evident as she tried to pull her legs further apart.  
  
Straightening up on my knees I look down at her. The appendage between us. "You're very horney, aren't you my slut?" I playfully inquired.  
  
"Yes," whimpered Jessica in reply. Any hesitation to have sex with another woman gone.  
  
"You do want to wait and have sex with your boyfriend? Or, would you rather be fucked by me, another woman?"  
  
"Please don't make me wait," moaned Jessica. "I want you, I need you to fuck me."  
  
Twisting my body I assume the missionary position with the tip strap-on between her legs. "As you wish," I replied as I drove my artificial cock into her wet hole claiming ownership of her body. She moaned in response as I ravaged her with the dildo.  
  
"You like this?" I asked.  
  
The throaty sounds coming from her mouth were unintelligible.  
  
Wanting her to respond I begin to slowly thrust in and out of her, teasing her body.  
  
"Well," I inquired. "Do you like getting fucked by a woman more than a boy?"  
  
"Yes, I like it more than with a boy," responded Jessica surrendering to my questioning.  
  
"My horney cheerleader will do anything to cum, won't she?" I continued playfully.  
  
"Yes anything", croaked Jessica.  
  
"Then tell me you love me," I demanded.  
  
"I love you!" screamed Jessica, "Just please let me cum!"  
  
Jessica started grunting with each stroke as I pushed the dildo in and out. She was so close to the edge that she screamed at the top of her lungs and her body pulled at the bindings as she came.  
  
Passing out from her climax I carefully pulled the dildo out and kissed her between her breasts waking her up. Exhausted, Jessica breathed deeply as I released her limbs from the restraints. She wobbled as she stood up and attempted to walk towards her discarded underwear.  
  
"Leave them," I barked. "You said you bought them for me and I shall keep them as my prize."  
  
With that Jessica scurried back downstairs to where her dress lay by the front door.  
  
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"You know I'm not into women," stated Hannah as she took another sip from the drink Nicole had prepared.  
  
Hannah was the head cheerleader, tall and athletic, yet still possessing the curves of a mature woman with firm round breasts and a full ass. Her wavy black hair was tied back in a ponytail placing her round face and seductive smile on display. She entered my house with the confidence of a leader seizing control of our engagement. A control freak, Nicole knew I would not be able to get the upper hand and Hannah had to lead this engagement.  
  
"I understand," I replied as I took a sip of my own drink causing the tingling sensation return.  
  
"Don't get me wrong, like any heterosexual woman I can see when a woman is beautiful," continued Hannah as she took another drink, "I just have no desire to go down on her."  
  
"Well I find you beautiful," I stated, "and you liked when I went down on you at Jessica's party."  
  
"Oh I did," smiled Hannah, as she started to caress the top of her breast. "I love getting oral sex. I make my boyfriend go down on me all the time, but he just doesn't show the passion for it like you do. Besides when he doesn't shave his face hurts. But that isn't a problem for you is it. You like eating pussy, and that smooth face of yours feels very good between a woman's thighs."  
  
"Thank you," I replied to the odd compliment.  
  
I also find you attractive," purred Hannah as she approached me and started to caress my cheek. Not that I would want to go down on you, but you would look good between my legs"  
  
"Thank you," I mumbled as her touch sent tingles through my body.  
  
"So tell me do you find my fellow cheerleaders attractive as well?" inquired Hannah as her hand continued its caress.  
  
"Yes," I stated as I placed my hands on her hips. "They are all very beautiful, but none of them have your ... confidence."  
  
"As you're dating Nicole I can see you being attracted to confidence," laughed Hannah. "What about Jessica, she seems to have more your mentality then mine or Nicole's. How did that date go?"  
  
"She enjoyed herself very much," I revealed, "But it's not like she had much of a choice as she was chained to my bed."  
  
"You chained her to your bed!" shouted Hannah. "You cannot be serious."  
  
Nicole decided to leave the restraints from Jessica's date. Guessing that as Hannah liked being in charge she probably harbored some bondage fantasies of her own. Nicole felt it would be the perfect way to entice her into having sex. She even left Jessica's underwear on the floor.  
  
"You kinky slut," giggled Hannah as she lifted one of the restraints and inspected it. "You really tied poor Jessica to your bed and had your way with her. And I suppose these were hers." Dropping the leather cuff Hannah walked towards the discarded garments and picked up Jessica's panties.  
  
"Yes," I replied as Hannah brought them a little closer to her face for a sniff.  
  
"So you sent her away without underwear," purred Hannah asking me to confirm the obvious.  
  
"Yes," I verified.  
  
"Are you wearing any underwear?" asked Hannah in a playful voice.  
  
"I'm wearing the harness for the dildo," I nervously stated as I pulled on the silk robe Nicole had me wear.  
  
"Show me," ordered Hannah as she played with Jessica's panties.  
  
Lowering my hands I untied the sash and opened the robe revealing my naked breasts and the flesh colored latex harness.  
  
"You look as smooth as a barbie doll," giggled Hannah as she looked at my crotch. "But you seem to be missing an important piece."  
  
Walking to my dresser I take the dildo and attached it to my crotch. With a smile on her face Hannah dropped Jessica's panties and approached me. Nicole had plotted the exact opposite role for me. With Jessica, she was the naked submissive obeying the commands of her fully dressed dom. Now I stood as naked as I would get, with the latex penis attached to my groin in front of a fully clothed Hannah.  
  
"Get on the bed," ordered Hannah.  
  
I laid down and stretched my arms and legs the same way Jessica had done only a few hours earlier. Hannah walked around the bed securing each limb before sitting next to me on the bed.  
  
"This is more the role you like to play isn't it?" purred Hannah as she traced her nail around my belly button.  
  
"Yes," I gasped. Being made helpless added to the tingling of my body pushing my arousal higher.  
  
With a flirty smile Hannah grasped the bottom of her tee shirt and pulled it up revealing her breasts pressed tightly by her sports bra. "I have to admit I kind of like you in this role as well. Now as I said earlier, I love getting oral sex and you did say you were willing."  
  
With that statement Hannah stood up and removed her pants and underwear. Returning to the bed she crawled up my bound form until she was kneeling over my face, her moist pussy just inches away." Reaching up Hannah removed the band holding her hair and shook her head letting her hair fly wildly. "And it's not like you can say no."  
  
With that statement Hannah lowered herself on my face and I pushed my tongue deep into her moist slit. Curling my tongue I collected her juices before pulling them into my mouth reacquainting myself with her flavor.  
  
"Oh yes, yeses, yesss!" moaned Hannah as she ground herself against my face. "That's it eat my cunt!"  
  
I lapped at her juices as I looked up at her, her hair thrashing about, and she groped her breasts through her sports bra. With a hard thrust I push my tongue deep into her and wiggled the tip causing her to cum and release a flood of juices.  
  
Hannah squeezed my head between her thighs as her whole body spasmed. After a few minutes she slowly lifted herself back up. "That was fantastic," panted Hannah. "A girl could sure get used to that."  
  
Breathing hard Hannah looked down with lust filled eyes at my cum covered face as she scooted down. "You do know I will never do the same," stated Hannah. "I have no desire to lick another women's pussy. But you said you were okay with that."  
  
Besides, it's not like I could anyway," continued Hannah as she wiggled her ass against the silicone penis. "This little appendage it purely for my pleasure. It will never go soft or make me pregnant. Bound as you are it's more like you're attached to the dildo than the dildo is attached to you."  
  
With that Hannah lifted herself up and squatted over my cock. A deep groan escaped her lips as she impaled herself. With her crotch resting on the harness she slowly gyrated her hips with the dildo embedded within her. Closing her eyes she began bouncing up and down. The sports bra doing its best to keep her breasts from jiggling around. Picking up the pace she started lifting herself up and slamming herself down on my appendage forcing it as deep as possible. Her cries of pleasure growing loader until her entire body shook causing her hair to cover her face.  
  
When she finally finished riding the aftershocks she straightened up and brushed her hair away. "Wow. That was very good," breathed Hannah. "I'm going to have to do this again."  
  
With that Hannah lifted herself off of the dildo and climbed off the bed. I could not help but stare at her ass as she put on her underwear before covering it with her pants. Turning to look at me she gave me a smile and blew me a kiss before talking to the door. Stopping, she bent down and picked up Jessica's discarded underwear. "I think I will take these," purred Hannah.  
  
"Hannah, you have to untie me," I croaked. "Hannah!"  
  
Secured as I was I could only listen to Hannah's footsteps as she walked down the stairs and the front door opening and closing.  
  
"Hello!" I yelled. "Hannah are you there? Nicole!"  
  
"You are doing great," stated Nicole as she walked into my room. "Just Tamara to go, and we'll be done."  
  
"I will be happy when I'm done, mistress. Can you please untie me," I replied, pulling on the restraints.  
  
"It looks like Hannah left you in a bit of a bind," purred Nicole as she approached the bed. "My little puppet is getting to fuck all those cheerleaders. Just think of how few boys can claim that. You may be the only person." Standing at the base of the bed Nicole removed her pants and underwear before crawling up the bed and over my bound body.  
  
Straddling my chest she reached down and brushed the hair from my face before sliding her finger over my cheek scooping up some of Hannah's secretions. Licking her finger Nicole smiled down at me. "If not you are the first to have sex with all of them in the same day. Placing her hands on my breasts Nicole pinched my nipples.  
  
A deep gasp escaped my lips and I struggled beneath her. The liquid ecstasy had made my body desperate. As the arousal built up within me the desire for relief spread throughout my body, yet I could do nothing to quell it. Teasing my nipples I moaned with need as my pussy, trapped under the latex, was becoming wet with anticipation.

"Mistress please," I hissed as she pinched my hardened nipples. My eyes opened as her hands retreated and I looked up at her smirking face.  
  
"You're horny aren't you puppet?" asked Nicole in a velvety voice.  
  
"Yes mistress, I really need to cum," I whimpered in reply. The humiliation of begging another woman for sexual satisfaction causing me to blush.  
  
"You may cum when any only when you complete the mission," responded Nicole. "Now while we are here you can bring me off.  
  
My mouth began to water and I licked my lips pulling in traces of Hannah's essence as I watched Nicole lift and position her crotch over my face.  
  
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"So you think you can fuck me better than my man," growled Tamara as she pushed me against my bedroom wall. Followed by a passionate kiss. An athlete on the volleyball and basketball teams as well as the cheer squad, Tamara's muscular body was a good six inches taller than me.  
  
As my hands moved over her well toned body I couldn't help thinking if this is what a man's felt like. Her muscles were well-defined under her smooth dark skin. Her ass more sculpted than soft and the curve of her hips leading to her large powerful thighs. "I know I can," I breathed as I look up into her eyes before pulling her head towards mine for another kiss.  
  
Physically she would easily be able to dominate me, however our interaction was only foreplay. It was no secret that Tamara was physical and liked to talk dirty during sex and it took a good hour of drinking the vodka and OJ that Nicole left out to bring us to this point.  
  
Breaking the kiss I grab the bottom of her shirt and pull it up over her head. Her white bra contrasting nicely with her dark skin. Doing the same Tamara removes mine revealing my own nude colored bra. Spinning my around Tamara lifted me up and tossed me onto the bed. Looking back I see that she was removing her pants, so I did as well.  
  
"You seem to be missing something," questioned Tamara as she looked at the flesh colored harness.  
  
Rolling over I reach for the replica of Annette's husbands dick.  
  
"You expect to satisfy me with that little thing," shot Tamara.  
  
"It does the job and never goes soft," I replied as I quickly crawled to the end of the bed and pulled her towards me. Unclasping her bra I pull it free of her body revealing her breasts. My hands go up to her soft breasts her hardened nipples pressing into my palms as I squeeze them. I enjoy the soft give of her flesh and the contrast between our skin colors.  
  
"Enough foreplay," growled Tamara as she pushed my hands away. "Are you going to fuck me or not!"  
  
Using my weight I drop her to the bed and pull her hips up into the doggie position. Kneeling behind her I positioned the tip of the dildo between her lips.  
  
"What do you think of my dick now," I responded as I watch my silicone appendage slide into her cavity.  
  
"AHH Yes," moaned Tamara, ignoring my question.  
  
"For a woman complaining about the size of my dick you sure are tight," I grunted as I felt her muscles tighten around the dildo as I pulled it out and forcing it back in. "What's the matter my dick making you speechless. Tell me you like it!"  
  
"I like it," grunted Tamra.  
  
"Tell me again," I demanded. "Tell me you like my dick."  
  
"I like your dick!" Shouted Tamara in reply.  
  
"This the best fucking you've ever had, isn't it?" I growled, the sound of my hips slapping her ass filling the room.  
  
"Yes, this is the best fucking I've ever had," snarled Tamara. "Now shut up and fuck me you bitch."  
  
With that I sped up driving the dildo in and out until she was overtaken with pleasure and collapsed below me. Breathing heavily Tamara rolled over and looked into my eyes.  
  
Positioning myself between her legs I lean forward and place my hands by her sides. "I hope you saved some energy because like I said I never go soft and I plan to claim your top five. With that I maneuvered the tip of the dildo back at her entrance.  
  
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"Papers in the box," stated Robin as the cheerleaders walked into the living room with their votes.  
  
Each quietly placed their slip of paper into the box before taking a seat on the couch to my left. I took the wing back chair like a throne beside the six contestants voting on which gender was better at pleasing women. The video from the seductions was fantastic and watching my obedient puppet sexually pleasure each of the cheerleaders made me highly aroused and one I will watch over and over again. In fact, I had made Alice orally pleasure me several times and utilized her dildo before making her beg me to use it on her to satisfy her lusts. The liquid ecstasy I had placed in all the drinks affecting her as much as the cheerleaders.  
  
As I had expected conflict with their boyfriends, I had ordered Alice to clean her home from yesterday's festivities in her maid uniform. I myself made sure to look my best with my hair and makeup done and wearing tailored slacks and blouse along with a pair of stiletto heels. An effective combination of sexiness and professionalism. Alice's competition on the other hand wore jeans and tee shirts as they stood across from the couch trying to look confident.  
  
"Okay," announced Robin. "In response to the challenge each of the senior cheerleaders had sex with Nicole's girlfriend, and we have confirmation that each was fucked by her."  
  
Whoops and claps filled the room as the invited attendees cheered to celebrate the statement that a single woman had sex with all six girls.  
  
"Now we get to find out how many preferred their lesbian experience over their boyfriends. To ensure honest voting, ever since their encounter the girls have been sequestered with a junior cheerleader ensuring they did not talk with their boyfriends. Each has written a G for girl or a B for boy to determine their preference on the piece of paper placed it in this box. Reaching in Robin pulled out the first paper "Girl," she announced to more whoops and cheers. "Girl," repeated Robin with more of a surprise reaction from the crowd. "Girl," stated Robin to which one of the bystanders stated that the boys must be really bad to more laughs from the crowd.  
  
"Boy," yelled Robin resulting to loud claps from the males present. This one vote did not surprise me as Kathy was to vote boy just to throw suspension off.  
  
"Girl," continued Robin as she read the next vote. And finally stated Robin with a pause and a smile forming on her face, "Girl."  
  
"That's five for girl and only one for boy," fished Robin in a smooth voice.  
  
"Let's hear it for my girl!" I shouted, hoping to incite the boys into action.  
  
"This is bullshit!" Responded Steve, Jessica's girlfriend. "What, you girls are lesbos now."  
  
"Drop it Steve," shot Hannah as she put her arm around Jessica. "You guys were the ones who wanted us to do this in the first place. It's not like we were overly excited to be fucked by a girl."  
  
"Well it sure looks like you changed your minds," mumbled Andrew, Hannah's boyfriend.  
  
"Yes, it looks like most of us did," countered Hannah.  
  
"And you guys said there was to be no judgement," added Tamara. "It's secret ballot so no one would know who choose who. That was the deal."  
  
"At least we know how Kathy voted," offered Justin, Veronica's boyfriend. "She has been waiting to do this for a while."  
  
"That's a shitty thing to say," replied John, who was gay and publicly dating Kathy for cover. "Her friend is gay, not her."  
  
"It's true," added Carla, the cheerleader Kathy stayed with last night. "I saw her fill out her paper, she wrote Boy."  
  
I sat back smiling, happy at the turn of events. It was now undisputed that each of the cheerleaders voted for Alice and none could hide behind the secret votes.  
  
"Seriously Stephanie," questioned Paul, her boyfriend. "You think that dickless lesbian was better than me."  
  
"It seems she does," injected Hannah. "At least that is the way we voted. It looks like John is the only man here."  
  
"So you want to do it with John and Kathy," stated Andrew, her boyfriend.  
  
"Oh my God," yelled Tamara. "Is that what you guys think. If we are okay with having sex with a girl then you can have a threesome."  
  
"If it makes everyone happy," replied Steve with a stupid smile on his face.  
  
"You guys are pigs," stated Stephanie standing up. "You wanted us to do this and if we are not good enough for you BY OUR SELVES then maybe you should look for someone else. Or others or whatever. Let's get out of here."  
  
With that the six girls, and a number of the other females, left the room. Knowing the fireworks were over, I got up and smiled at the boys as I left. My puppet deserved a reward.