**With Strings Attached**

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**With Strings Attached Ch. 27a**

Janet

I rushed to Alice's bedroom when Nicole summoned me. Nicole was dating my daughter, Alice, but they had an open relationship similar to the one I had with my college roommate Donna years ago. Both Nicole and Donna were leaders and philanderers, tolerating and receiving intimacy with other women. It was this draw that lured me to the young vixen. She captivated me and seduced me into entering a relationship with her, and wearing my wedding dress she had me forsake my husband in a ceremony where she became my faux lesbian husband and me promising to be the obedient wife. I'm even having an extramarital affair with a young stripper named April who had assumed the role of my daughter in public.

However, tonight was Alice's prom and Nicole was to accompany her to the dance. Always in control, Nicole had decreed that neither of us was to see Alice's dress before its big reveal and had instructed me not to be home when they returned from the salon. So when I entered Alice's room I let out a gasp as I saw my daughter standing in the middle of her bedroom, her arms bent and clasped demurely over her waist, looking like the living incarnation of Ariel. Her red hair and makeup made her look exactly like the little mermaid, but what drove home the image was the dress; Nicole had acquired an exact replica of the pink and white ballgown from the movie. The fitted dark pink bodice with Juliette style long sleeves had a scooped neckline that showed just a hint of cleavage and a basque waistline that made it obvious she was wearing a very tight corset. The dark pink over skirt, draped open in the front, revealing the floor length white tulle skirt underneath, and the ballgown's wide hem made her waist look even smaller. The only part out of character were the dark glasses and the large pink choker covering most of her neck and draping over the top of her chest and shoulders.

"So what do you think of our little princess," purred Nicole as she walked behind Alice, her hand sliding over the tight fabric over her waist. Her formal hair and makeup was a stark contrast to the casual clothing she wore.

"Absolutely amazing," I breathed. "She almost doesn't look real."

"That was the plan," smiled Nicole. "Now help me get dressed. We do not want to keep our dear Alice in suspense much longer."

Alice stood there patiently, blinded by the glasses, as Nicole approached me and gave me a soft kiss and a playful wink before turning to look at Alice who faced us but was oblivious of what we just did. As Nicole stepped back and slowly unbuttoned her shirt, my eyes locked on her chest as her bra was revealed. Turning her back to me I carefully removed the shirt so as not to damage her hair and unclasped her bra. Nicole gave me a flirtatious smile as I leered at my daughters girlfriend's breasts. Obeying her silent command I knelt down and removed her shoes and unclasped her jeans. Pulling them over her hips I watched as the black satin thong that I had chosen for the big night appeared. Not wanting to concede my lover completely to my daughter, I silently kissed her pubic mound. Nicole waited in her panties as I opened the garment bag holding her dress. While Alice's prom dress was kept a mystery, I had spent days accompanying Nicole as she looked for the perfect dress. Now like a good servant I removed the skirt and approached my lover.

"Please get the camera," ordered Nicole after I finished dressing her.

Alice

I blinked as the glasses were removed. Tonight was the night of my prom, and being an all girl's institution one of the few dances sponsored by the school. While I had fantasied about going to prom since my freshman year, I never thought I would be attending with a lesbian mistress. However, it was not like I had a choice, Nicole's cousin had blackmailed me into dating Nicole, and I allowed her to seep into yet another defining event of my life.

Held on the Friday before the final exam prep week, all the senior girls got the day off to prepare. Nicole took the day off as well and after a light lunch, dressed me in a pink rubber latex long sleeved shirt with a deep neckline. The heavy rubber garment pulled my shoulders back and was extremely tight around my waist, squeezing it like a corset pushing my breasts up giving me the look of ample cleavage. The thick rubber made it hard to move and the slight angle of the sleeves made it only comfortable if I kept my arms at my sides with a slight bend at the elbows.

As Nicole came into focus I was amazed at the sight. She looked incredible. Gracie had done an amazing job, her makeup was gorgeous and her jet black hair cascaded in waves over her shoulders. However, it was her dress, patterned after a tuxedo, that really made her stand out. She looked sexy and masculine at the same time. The black halter style bodice had a plunging collared V-cut neckline that almost went to her navel, exposing the valley between her breasts. Meeting at her waist, two buttons held the front together before parting, creating a blazer like appearance with faux pockets. The ankle length black satin A-line skirt hugged her hips while the thigh high off center slit gave a daring view of her leg. While very provocative, the dress had enough style to keep it from being obscene and showcased her beauty.

After a few moments Nicole turned to face the mirror and my eyes followed, gasping at my reflection. Nicole had Gracie work on my makeup with me facing away from the mirror and the glasses placed on me before they began working on my hair. Nicole had kept me blinded as she brought me home and stripped me of everything except the latex shirt.

Without my sight I stood like a mannequin being dressed by its owner. A pair of heels were placed on my feet before she had me bend forward to insert my butt plug. Nicole then had me step into my dress. It fit tightly around my waist, and she guided my hands into the long tight sleeves inserting my middle fingers into the finger loops, keeping them pulled tightly over my arms. I felt the weight of the dress as Nicole pulled the zipper, molding the bodice to the latex shirt underneath. Standing there in the darkness, my pulse quickened as I felt Nicole attached a collar that covered most of my neck and restricted my head as much as the latex shirt restricted my body. I could move, but the collar was only comfortable if I looked straight ahead. Lastly she fiddled with my wrists, pulling the rings at the end of the latex shirt through the dress sleeves and proceeded to secure them to rings anchored to the waist of the dress, effectively cuffing my hands above my groin.

As Nicole moved next to me I could see the image she wanted to present. Me, dressed in the fancy ball gown looking like the beautiful princess while Nicole in her masculine dress had a more modern chic look. The dresses complemented each other, contrasting our roles as a couple. The vile holding the blood from when she claimed my virginity hung from my collar while the gold chain she used for my leash on New Year's Eve looped around her neck like a stylish necklace, the hidden symbol of her dominance to the collar designed to match my dress expressing my submissiveness.

"You both look amazing," stated my mother as she took a photo of the two of us admiring our reflection. The flash was blinding and I felt the dress try to pull me back to position when I tried to turn my head and lift my arm to cover my eyes.

"Thank you Janet," replied Nicole. "Now can you take one more."

Nicole

I positioned Alice so she was facing her mother, while I stood at her side making sure Janet had a clear shot of my dress and the deep slit. After she snapped the picture I retrieved the camera and smiled as I activated the screen.

When I ordered Alice's dress, I was very specific about the material for her skirt. Made from a white tulle blend, the skirt appeared opaque until exposed to bright light, like a flash, where it turned transparent. While anyone looking would see her in a lovely demure gown, a picture would present a more obscene image as the flash would remove the cover offered by the skirt, exposing Alice's bare legs and crotch. As I reviewed the two pictures, Alice's butterfly tattoo was clearly visible for all to see while no one seemed to pay her nudity any attention.

Alice

After taking many more pictures of me posing alone, with Nicole, with my mom and even photos Nicole had me take of her and my mother, Nicole informed me that our chariot had arrived. As I was led out the door I was amazed at the elegant black limousine Nicole had rented for the occasion and for a few moments I forgot the situation I was in and posed happily with my girlfriend. After several photos, the female chauffeur held the door open as Nicole helped me in. Sitting with my back to the front of the car Nicole quickly re-clasped my hands to my dress bringing me back to the reality that I was a heterosexual girl being taken to my prom by my female lover and mistress. As the driver walked around to the front of the car I could see my mom trying to look in through the window as Nicole secured me, relieved that she could not see the scene happening right before her. Leaning over, Nicole lowered the window allowing my smiling mother to see the two of us.

"Take one last photo before we leave," requested Nicole as she handed my mother her camera. With her arm around me and her hand rather high on my thigh my mother snapped the picture blinding me once again.

"Thank you," stated Nicole as she took the camera and switched to the seat facing me. Then looking to the front, she shouted, "Driver, to the ball!"

Secured as I was, I fidgeted in the soft leather seat as I took in the unique features of the vehicle.

"First time in a limo?" inquired Nicole.

"Yes mistress," I replied, turning my focus to her.

"Sit up straight and give me a lusty smile," ordered Nicole as she brought the camera to her face. The bright flash blinding me once again. "Perfect," smiled Nicole as she checked the photo. "You look absolutely exquisite."

After arriving at the country club, Nicole released my hands and assisted me out of the limo as a photographer captured my exit. Being an all girls school, the theme of the prom was an enchanting evening in the style of Cinderella's ball, and the school had rented a number of horse drawn carriages to bring us up the tree lined drive to the reception hall, ours was red and gold. As I sat in the red leather seat I realized my first carriage ride was also with Nicole, giving her another of my firsts. Thinking of everything that happened over the last four months, there was not much left and made me nervous for what the next four would bring. As we approached the building, done up in a Gothic style, doormen in red coats, along with the headmistress Ms. Lett in her own lovely gown, awaited to greet us.

"Good evening Miss MacHeatly," stated Ms. Lett as Nicole assisted me off the carriage.

"Good evening Headmistress," I replied, giving a curtsy and lifting the edges of my over dress, all captured by the photographer.

"And this must be your consort," added Ms. Lett as she turned her attention to Nicole.

"Nicole Charmer," replied Nicole.

"Well you definitely live up to your name," smirked Ms. Lett as we stood before her.

"As you are aware Ms. MacHeatly, you have been nominated for prom queen by your peers, and the final judging will be based on your appearance and demeanor as well as the votes, these will determine if you receive the crown. Remember that tradition holds that your date will become prom king."

"I'm more than happy to be crowned Alice's king," smiled Nicole in response.

"Then we shall see," stated Ms. Lett as she waved us to doors.

Entering, we passed through the lobby and the doors leading to the balcony overlooking the ballroom. The large circular room with floor to ceiling windows had tables setup around the perimeter with the dance floor in the middle and a stage at the far end. The whole thing looked like the ballroom from the Beauty and the Beast, adding to the princess atmosphere. As we descended the steps another photographer took our official prom portrait with Nicole standing behind me, her arms wrapped around my waist. As the photo was snapped another milestone of my life was taken by Nicole.

Per tradition, a long table was placed in front of the stage to hold the five finalists for prom queen and their dates. Luckily I had the end seat with Nicole to my left, so I did not have much interaction.

"Ladies," announced Ms. Lett from the center of the dance floor. "Welcome to the Kennith Academy senior prom." Ms. Letts waited for the cheers to die down before continuing. "Per tradition, the candidates for prom queen and their dates will each have a turn on the dance floor, followed by the final voting. After which, the prom will officially begin. Then after dinner, we will announce the winner and the queen will be crowned."

I sat there nervously as each nominee was announced and took their place on the dance floor. While a few did okay, a majority fumbled around until their song ended.

"And lastly, Miss Alice MacHeatly and Miss Nicole Charmer," announce Ms. Lett as we stood up and walked to opposite ends of the dance floor.

Waiting for the music to begin, we stood facing each other. When the band started to play, the crowd erupted in giggles and light applause as they recognized the ballroom number from 'The Little Mermaid'. On cue, I approached the center of the dance floor as Nicole sauntered towards me a sly smile on her face, her black stiletto heels making her hips sway with every step she took. Like a lioness stalking her prey, I felt helpless in her presence.

When we reached the center of the dance floor, Nicole did a slight bow, showing off her leg to her upper thigh. I responded with a curtsy before Nicole placed her hand on my waist and took my hand, taking the lead position as I placed mine on her shoulder. Her embrace was controlling and decisive as she twirled me around the dance floor. Comforted under her lead I closed my eyes and let myself be led. When the song ended, Nicole bowed and I curtsied once again, to the loudest applause of the night. Taking my hand Nicole led me back to our table, and I was relieved that our moment in the spotlight was over. Turning to my side, I was in awe of Nicole's presence. Her appearance, her body and her dominant attitude combined with my relief had turned me on, sending a shiver down my spine.

For most of the evening when we were not dancing, Nicole kept me seated with my hands secured to my waist, the posture collar and the rubber shirt making it hard for me to move. As I watched the comradely of my classmates, I felt like an outsider looking in. All the young women laughing and having fun with their friends and dancing with their boyfriends. Even though they were my classmates and this was my prom, I still felt like Nicole's prop. Her puppet that she controlled with my strings.

It seemed like my rather public coming out had inspired other girls to do the same, as there were a number of same sex couples attending the dance. Several that I have kissed over the past few months myself. All following the path that I blazed. However, Jacklyn, my closeted classmate and sometimes mistress, was not one of them. Dating Nicole's ex Kathy both were in the closet and had pretend boyfriends who were also closeted. The irony of Jacklyn sitting in the crowd with a rather good-looking boy pretending to be a heterosexual couple while heterosexual me was blackmailed into being the girlfriend of a dominate lesbian did not escape me. I couldn't help wonder how much more of a topic her sex life would be if they know she was in a dom/sub relationship with a cheerleader. Would she and Kathy be sitting up here and me just a person in the crowd enjoying my date and talking with my best friend Kim.

But Kim, who used to be my best friend, was there with her boyfriend David. He was a goth with a rather unhinged personality, I tried to convince Kim that he was not the best for her. However, just before I got her to agree with me, his friend Susan trapped me in my present relationship with Nicole. Then Susan, becoming Kim's new best friend, let it leak to her parents that I was a lesbian who spent years trying to corrupt their daughter, refusing to let her talk to me. Susan even got them to accept David, who they also disliked, but believed her dating a boy was better than her falling under the influence of a lesbian. So the only person I could talk to or would believe I was not gay refused to talk to me. She even looked different, her hair now dyed a dark red, contrasting with her pale skin. Wearing dark makeup and a deep red and black strapless dress, she looked like my evil sister.

After dinner Ms. Lett had me and the other runners-up stand in the middle of the dance floor. "Ladies, we have counted the votes and are ready to announce this year's prom queen. As you know it's tradition that the student with the most votes be elected prom queen and her escort king," stated Ms. Lett as she looked at Nicole to the laughter of the crowd. "So let me introduce you all to your Queen Alice MacHeatly, and King Nicole Charmer!"

I stood there in shock as the gold sash was draped over my shoulder and the gold tiara was placed on my head, all to the applause of the crowd. I couldn't believe I was just elected prom queen. Six months ago I doubt most of my classmates even knew who I was, and now I was being hugged and congratulated by the other girls before being led around the dance floor once again by Nicole.

"Congratulations on becoming queen my puppet," smiled Nicole as she held me in her arms.

"Thank you mistress," I whispered back as I looked into her eyes. The gold crown atop her head added to the masculine image of her dress. Even though I did not want to be in a lesbian relationship, I could not help but feel protected by Nicole when I got knocked off balance. She was my anchor, and being held in her arms helped soothe my nerves, both mental and physical. Yet I shouldn't get turned on by this. To get excited by being in the arms of another woman as she took the role of my protector. It's just easier to let her have control and deal with the world for me as I let her pull my strings and lead me around.

"You know that I'm now your king," purred Nicole, "and I think it would be better for you to call me sire."

"Yes sire," I replied, staying compliant to her demands.

For the next hour or so I was presented to my classmates. Acknowledging Nicole as my king, the alpha title, and being paraded by Ms. Lett, my headmistress, I truly felt like a puppet being guided by her strings. More like a prop than the prom queen.

After posing at the base of the stairs for the official prom king/queen photo, Nicole pulled me up the grand staircase and towards the bathroom in the mostly empty lobby. The few girls in there gave us little bows, giggling that the prom 'king' was in the women's bathroom. As none of them really knew me, the heterosexual girls exited the bathroom after the fun of the moment wore off, leaving only Sally, Megan, Nicole and me.

Sally and Megan were two classmates that were openly gay. In fact, before they started dating each had pursued and coerced a kiss from me. Sally, not willing to take no for an answer, had been especially aggressive in her pursuit, placing her hand up my skirt to see if I was following the no panty rule every chance she got. Now I was alone with these two lesbians and Nicole, who would take voyeuristic pleasure watching me with both of them.

"Congratulations Alice," chirped Sally. "I'm so excited you guys won."

"Thank you," responded Nicole. "It's been an exciting and fun night for us, but the best is yet to come."

"I bet," smiled Megan as she appraised Nicole. "Before we started dating, Sally and I had asked Alice out, and she turned both of us down. But meeting you I can see why. I wish I had a body to pull off wearing a dress like that."

"That is really nice of you to say," purred Nicole as she exposed her bare leg through the slit and pushed out her chest. "I appreciate the compliment but you two have nothing to be ashamed of, you both look amazing. Funny, Alice never mentioned your interest in her to me," Nicole added as she caressed my cheek.

I stood motionless. I knew Nicole took great delight in me being intimate with other women and would have woven some erotic adventure with them. However, my life was turned upside down enough with Nicole after school and I already had to deal with Jacklyn. "We were preoccupied at the time, sire," I finally mumbled, accepting I was not going to escape Nicole's devious imagination.

"That may have been the case but that does not mean we couldn't fit in a little fun," responded Nicole as she walked over to Megan and caressed her hair. "You look like you like to have fun."

Before the surprised Morgan could answer Nicole slipped her hand behind her head and pulled her in for a kiss. Morgan had no choice but to obey as Nicole held her head in place. As the shock of the kiss wore off, Morgan responded to Nicole's actions and wrapped her arms around Nicole as she gave her a harder and more passionate kiss.

I stood there in complete amazement as my girlfriend kissed another woman in front of her own girlfriend. Even though I was straight and had no interest in kissing another female, the awkwardness I felt slowly turned into jealousy as I watched. Deep down I still felt some sort of betrayal, and while I kept telling myself I did not want to have a sexual relationship with another woman, the emotion was still there.

"Wow," moaned Megan as they finally broke the kiss. "That was good."

"What do you mean it was good," snapped Sally. "You actually have the audacity to kiss another woman in front of me and the first thing you say is that it was good?!"

"There is no need to snap," purred Nicole. "You are more than welcome to kiss the prom queen."

Immediately my eyes turned to Sally. She wasn't tall, about 5'2, a few inches shorter than me. But her body was perfectly proportioned and showcased by her dress. The strapless corset style bodice hugged her torso and exposed the tops of her small but round breasts as the A-line skirt with inverted pleats flowed out to a short hemline. However, what really stood out was her face. Framed by her black hair, styled in a short pixie cut with the tips of her bangs dyed a bright pink to match her dress. Her large brown doe eyes gave her the look of innocence while her pixie nose hinted at being mischievous. But what really stood out was her full, kissable lips coated in a juicy pink lipstick.

As we stared at each other her lips formed a sly smile revealing the thoughts going through her head. My heart pounded and I tensed up as she started to walk towards me. A shiver ran through my body as my feelings of fear and jealousy battled with my feeling of arousal and desire. I couldn't believe how my body was responding, fueled by its need to avenge Nicole's act of betrayal. It was so wrong, but my body was reacting the way Nicole had trained it to.

As she came to a stop in front of me the hunger was obvious in her eyes. Reaching out she ran her hands up my arms, and back down my breasts and around my waist pulling my body close to hers. I could feel her breasts pressing against mine as our bodies molded against each other. Closing my eyes, I leaned forward and what started as a soft kiss became more aggressive and primal as she pushed her tongue deep into my mouth. After finally breaking the kiss, we both breathed deeply as the taste of cotton candy from her lipstick lingered on my lips.

"It's exciting being naughty and faithful at the same time," purred Nicole as she kissed Morgan once again.

Sally only smiled as she pulled me in for another strong kiss.

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"I cannot believe we actually did that," laughed Sally as she touched up her lipstick.

"What, you never made out with a girl in the bathroom?" teased Nicole as she placed her lipstick back into her purse.

"Actually the last girl I kissed in the bathroom was Alice," replied Sally. "However, that time I had to corner her and demanded a kiss to let her escape."

"I'm surprised you actually had to trap her," stated Nicole.

"I'm surprised you only demanded a kiss," added Morgan with a smirk.

"Well I didn't think I would get away with asking to kiss her other lips," responded Sally.

"I'm sure Alice would have been more than happy to let you kiss her other lips," laughed Nicole. "Am I right?"

Even though I was the center of the conversation I did my best to keep quiet, foolishly hoping it would all just end. "Yes, mistress," I finally mumble.

"Mistress?!" questioned Morgan. "Kinky, and here we were trying to court Alice when what we really needed to do was collar her."

"So do you still want to kneel before you prom queen?" Asked Nicole.

"Are you serious?" gasped Sally. "Here?"

"I dare you," challenged Morgan.

Just then a group of girls entered the bathroom giggling as they passed us. "Follow me," ordered Nicole.

Just outside the bathroom was a small sitting area with a red velvet sofa on the far wall, and two Queen Ann chairs placed on either side of the fireplace. Taking my hand, Nicole guided me to one of the ornate chairs and turned it to face the lobby. Lifting the back of my dress she guided me down, positioning my ass on the front edge of the seat, the soft red velvet coming in direct contact with my bare ass. The latex undergarment and neck corset made me sit as straight as would be expected of a queen ready to meet her royal subject.

"Well, are you ready?" challenged Nicole.

"What?! Out here? Are you serious?" asked Sally looking around to see if anyone was watching.

"Why not?" asked Nicole. "No one will see you under her dress."

"But how will I get her underwear off," asked Sally nervously.

"She's not wearing any," offered Nicole.

"Go ahead, I dare you," hissed Morgan.

With a mischievous smile on her face Sally removed her heels and walked towards me before dropping to her knees. Nervous about being caught doing such an obscene act, I quickly pulled up the white tulle covering my legs, creating the most unlady like image as Sally shuffled under my dress while Morgan stood behind her, letting her dress provide cover.

I felt Sally's hair tickle my thighs and heard her little squeal as she discovered the butterfly tattoo decorating my vagina but was unsure if she was able to read the words 'GIRLS ONLY' in the wings as she moved her head in position between my thighs and started to lick my folds. My breath short and rapid as I sat rigid. As I sat trying not to draw attention, Nicole turned the other chair and took a seat, the slit of her dress revealing her legs as she crossed them.

"Morgan, would you be so kind as to take our picture?" asked Nicole as she held up her camera.

"I would be happy to," replied Morgan as she took the camera and focused on the three of us. "On the count of three. One. Two. Three." Sally turned her head, no doubt to playfully smile at the camera under my dress just before the bright flash of Nicole's camera blinded me.

"There you ladies are," stated Ms. Lett as she finished climbing the stairs. Sally froze in between my legs upon hearing the headmistress's voice.

"I've been looking for you two," continued Ms. Lett. "We need to take a few more pictures, but I think the two of you found the perfect place. Morgan, go back to the ballroom and tell the photographer and the runners-up to come here."

"Right away headmistress," replied Morgan nervously as she hurried for the stairs.

"Yes, this will make a perfect background," stated Ms. Letts as she walked behind my chair. "Tell me Alice, are you enjoying yourself?"

"Yes Ms. Lett," I groaned as I felt Sally giggle into my crotch and start to slowly lick me.

The photographer setup in front of us and took several pictures of Nicole and I sitting in front of the fireplace, looking regal. Ms. Lett then had the four other girls stand between the chairs, and then each sitting on the small stool beside my chair. All the while I did my best to keep a subdued face as Sally continued to explore me with her tongue, happy the stiffness of the latex shirt and neck corset kept me in position.

As Sally finally made me cum I let out a gasp and a small whimper. Morgan laughed in the corner as the classmates by my side turned to see what I was doing.

"Are you okay?" asked Ms. Lett.

"I'm fine Ms. Lett," I squeaked.

"Excellent," responded Ms. Lett. "Now if it's okay with you I think this would be the perfect time to have some faculty pose with the prom queen."

I let out a soft moan in reply as Sally started to lick me once again.

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Next Wednesday, my official prom portrait was unveiled with all the past prom king and queen portraits. The giggles from my classmates echoed around me as I stared at the photo, taken at the base of the stairs, just after being crowned queen. However, what was mortifying was the flash turned the tulle of the front of my dress transparent and my legs were clearly visible through the material. And while I was standing at a slight angle, a dark patch that was my tattoo was clearly visible.

The reason for Nicole's bright flash suddenly became clear to me. In a normal picture, the front of my dress would appear white, as I saw in the pictures Nicole took with her phone. But a bright flash, like the one on Nicole's camera, would turn the front of my dress transparent making it look like my crotch was being exposed for all to see.

# **With Strings Attached Ch. 27b**

Alice

A sense of dread hung over me as Nicole and I exited the hotel room. It was the Friday after my own humiliating prom where I was so preoccupied with the latex and bondage elements hidden in the little mermaid's ball gown I wore that I failed to notice Nicole's true scheme, adapting the tulle of my dress to become transparent in the bright light of a camera flash. A discovery I only made when my official prom portrait was unveiled next to all the past prom queens. Spanning fifty years, mine was the first to have a female prom king and to my horror displayed my legs and crotch as the flash made the white tulle in the front of my dress disappear. Standing at a slight angle with Nicole's arms possessively wrapped around my waist my bare legs and the butterfly tattoo looking like panties were clearly visible making the embarrassing photo secretly obscene.

When I confronted Nicole she happily showed me the photos taken with the flash of her camera. Photos of me posing at home, at the dance and as prom queen looking like I was exposed from the waist down. The worst were the photos taken with Sally under my dress. She could clearly be seen orally pleasuring me as I posed with the runners-up and school faculty. All photos now owned by Nicole and Susan adding to their vast erotic collection.

However, for her prom Nicole had chosen new dresses; no doubt for a new adventure. Nicole still wore black, but her tuxedo inspired dress was replaced with one made of a metallic lame fabric normally used for dance wear. The halter style dress had gold bead work around the collar, bust and waist line highlighting her curves while her trademark high slit exposed her leg with every step.

Mine was a two piece dress consisting of a purple fitted crop top with an open back held together by Velcro at the collar and the strap around my back. It was paired with a high/low skirt with large ruffles in dark green that swept to the floor in back and ended mid thigh in front. A pair of strappy gold four inch stilettos completed my outfit as I was not allowed underwear. The dress was a sexy take on a mermaid. Adding to my discomfort was the fact that Nicole also had me wear the ornate gold collar she had gifted me for Christmas.

However, the most distressing part was how my body accepted it's conditioning and converted my nervousness into a state of semi arousal. With the prom being held at a hotel, Nicole had reserved a room, and we arrived right after our salon appointment to prepare. With her back to me Nicole had to wiggle her ass to get the tight dress over her hips. My eyes watching the material of her black thong disappeared as I pulled the short zipper up to her lower back as the figure hugging dress shimmered as if made of liquid. I admired the firm curve of her hips and the swell of her breasts as she turned to face me, a smile on her face as she caught me once again admiring her body.

Ashamed, I kept my head pointed at the floor as we walked to the elevator. But I couldn't keep my eyes off of her body, admiring her lean toned form and her amazing breasts on her strong athletic frame. I felt a shudder shoot through me as I focused on the enticing view of her swiveling hips and her long lean legs exposed with each confidant step. She pretended to ignore my glances but I knew she saw me looking.

As we approached the dance I saw a sea of colorful dresses and dark tuxedos. Given my infamy I thought the room would go silent and everyone would stare as we entered. However, we were mostly ignored as we moved through the room to our table. The hall was a standard hotel convention center that could be subdivided as needed. The dance utilized three sections with tables on both ends and a dance floor in the center. On the far end was a glass wall with views of the city. Our table was on the right side against the partition wall. A set of plants and a column separated us from the three tables leading to the window and two more tables were behind us before the next partition. Kathy and Jacklyn were already seated at the table with their 'dates' Scott and John. Being gay, and in the closet, Kathy and John pretended to be a couple. Once Kathy became Jacklyn's slave, Jacklyn 'officially' started dating John's boyfriend Scott allowing them to claim double dates while being with their real partners. A table for eight, Nicole moved to the seat next to Scott, with her back to the wall with me sitting to her left. To my left were two empty seats followed by John, Kathy and Jacklyn.

"Jacklyn and Scott, it's nice to see you again," stated Nicole in a play on them being at my prom last week. "It's nice that we can all be here together with our dates."

The group chuckled at the inside joke. "Well it's nice to be here with the king and queen," replied Jacklyn.

"Thank you," answered Nicole. "However I hear Kathy and John are in the running for those titles tonight.

"The fact that I'm the only cheerleader who chose her boyfriend over your date helped a lot," laughed Kathy.

"That may not be enough to get you over the top," added an authoritative purr that sent a shiver down my spine. Turning my head I spotted Susan approaching looking like elegance refined. Her hair and makeup were exquisite and the two piece shimmery dress made her look like a Hollywood starlet. The off the shoulder top with its sweetheart neckline showcased her breasts, ending a few inches above her navel. While the waistband of the floor length sheath skirt wrapped around her natural waist and clung to her hips like a second skin. A side slit exposed her leg to her upper thigh. Seizing the empty chair to my left Susan gave me a wink and crossed her legs exposing more of her thigh.

"It's good to see you cousin," greeted Nicole.

"You as well," replied Susan. "And congratulations. I understand you were elected king of Alice's prom."

"Yes," answered Nicole, "and Alice was the picture of a princess."

"Yes, I saw the photos," stated Susan with a sly grin. "It was a very 'lovely' dress."

I could only look down as my fingers nervously played with the hem of my skirt. With my mind repressed my body was responding unchecked to its conditioning, resulting in the nervousness from my situation and the presence of Susan turning to arousal. My vision was filled with my bare thighs and Susan's and Nicole's trim creamy legs and my mind focused on all the exposed flesh.

Dropping her hand to her leg I couldn't keep my eyes from focusing on Susan's smooth leg as her finger danced over her thigh. My eyes traveled with her hand as it made its way up, pulling on the slit as it went, exposing her leg almost to her hip and then over her slim waistline and finally to her ample cleavage. Her little giggle pulled me out of my trance, the humiliation from Susan's trick becoming obvious. However, my attention quickly returned to Nicole as I felt her hand gently caress my inner thigh.

Nicole smiled back as her eyes dropped to my lap. I nervously looked around the table and Nicole's antics were going unseen as everyone was deeply involved in conversation. Given our public situation there was nothing I could do, and despite my desire to remain unnoticed I let out a sharp gasp as her fingers brushed over my moist folds. Knowing I could not challenge or stop her actions I simply sat there while she stimulated my body. My breathing deepened as her finger traced my outer lips and parted them revealing the pink interior. Nervously I shifted my gaze to Susan, a mischievous smirk on her face as she watched.

I bit my lip as Nicole continued to rub her finger up and down, never penetrating me, carefully avoiding touching my clit and keeping me on edge as I squirmed in my seat. This went on throughout the evening. Nicole playing with my body, building up my arousal but never letting me get over the edge, then letting me cool down.

"Take your skirt off puppet," ordered Nicole as she slowly pulled her finger from my cavity.

My head shot up and I quickly looked around noticing that everyone from our table and the next were up dancing. "Here?" I nervously replied, my eyes wide in disbelief.

"Yes here," growled Nicole. "I want to look at that delicious body." Having already surrendered to Nicole's will I pulled at the elastic waistband of my skirt sliding it down my legs and onto the floor.

We were seated with Nicole's back to the wall and I pulled my chair out so my back was facing the dance floor. Naked from the waist down I nervously rubbed my thighs as I twisted my head to see the large crowd of people not more than fifty feet behind me.

"Very nice," purred Nicole as she picked up her phone and snapped a picture of me and the crowd in the background. "Now remove your top."

I swallowed hard as I contemplated Nicole's order. Even though Nicole made me remove my clothing in public many times I was still taken aback. This was by far the most audacious and public setting yet. Sitting in an open room with hundreds of people, my hair and the back of the chair my only cover. If anyone came to our table, or worse the one next to us, there would be no hiding.

But knowing I could never win against my mistress I reached behind my neck and pulled at the Velcro securing my top, the ripping sound filling my ears. The intent behind the simplicity of my dress now obvious as I repeated the process with the strap over my back. Removing my top I sat naked, except for my collar and heels, in the middle of Nicole's prom. Nicole smiled at my obedience as she excitedly photographed me.

"Give me a sexy pout," directed Nicole as she continued to snap photos.

"Excellent," proclaimed Nicole switching from taking photos to video, "Now caress your breast."

Unable to resist I obediently raised my hand and gently caressed my breast. Even with the loud music and the voices of the crowd I still heard the deep beating of my heart, my body throbbing to its rhythm.

"Now play with yourself," directed Nicole.

Trained to obey I moved my other hand to my crotch as the stress from my actions overrode all feelings of dread and foreboding while being recorded like some porn actress. Not wanting to anger my mistress I started to rub my hand up and down my slit pushing my finger deep into my channel. Nicole smiled back from behind her phone pleased with my performance. Catching everything and adding yet another video to the library of blackmail to be used against me.

Knowing that Nicole would not stop until she got what she wanted and knowing the longer we played this game the more likely I would be caught I started moaning and breathing heavily pretending I was getting off on my exposure and ignoring my humiliation. "Please can I cum mistress?" I panted hoping to give Nicole the conclusion she wanted.

"Yes you may," replied Nicole with a smirk.

With her permission I closed my eyes and added a second finger. Driving them in and out quickly I pinched my nipple and mimicked one of the orgasms I had given another woman many times before. With my performance complete I placed a satisfied smile on my face and opened my eyes, spotting Susan standing behind Nicole.

She let out a burst of laughter as her hand covered her mouth. "Enjoying yourself?" laughed Susan.

I nervously sat there dropping my eyes once again to the floor. "Yes," I whimper trying my best not to cry from embarrassment.

"Well if you are done I have some news," purred Susan as she slowly circled behind me, while I fought the urge to cover my nudity. "It seems that Stephanie and Paul decided to break up after your little liaison."

"I guess his ego could not take losing," stated Nicole.

"Yes, boys do not like it when they are shown up by a dedicated lesbian," continued Susan as she ran a finger up my throat lifing my chin and forcing me to look at her smiling face. "But that got me thinking about how much Stephanie enjoyed having your little pet suckle her breasts. I think Alice can convince her to let her do it on a regular basis."

"That sounds delicious," responded Nicole as her kinky mind pondered the thought.

"And given her natural attributes I think sweet Alice here can convince Stephanie to supply some of her milk as tribute for her services," continued Susan. "Say a couple pints per week."

"You want her to breast pump," inquired Nicole.

"Yes," stated Susan returning to her chair behind me. "I'm thinking that your little maid can take up baking with 'natural' ingredients."

"We can make our own cooking show," smiled Nicole.

"Delicious," laughed Susan. "Stephanie just went to the bathroom and I think your little pet can catch up to her."

"Get dressed puppet," ordered Nicole. "It looks like you have a new mission."

To Nicole, it must have looked like I was anxious to see Stephanie but I just wanted to get away. Exiting the dance I leaned against the wall trying to calm my nerves. I had just sat naked in a crowded room of teenagers and masturbated to a pretend orgasm as my girlfriend/mistress filmed me. Degrading myself simply for her enjoyment to the point where leaving to seduce another woman was the more appealing option.

At least with Stephanie it would be private, intimate without the stress of being subordinate to Nicole's kinky desires. Just the two of us and her magnificent breasts. I focused on the memory of her delicious milk as I tried to forget my pornographic display. I could feel my vagina moisten just from the memory. Hearing someone call my name interrupted my thoughts causing me to open my eyes and see the object of my fantasy.

"Stephanie, hi," I squeaked as I moved from the wall to meet my target. Her dark pink ball gown was adorned with tiny crystals and the strapless corset bodice displayed her bosom like two enormous scoops of ice cream being offered to anyone willing to indulge in them.

Stephanie let out a little giggle and playfully twisted side to side after I subconsciously licked my lips as I gazed at her chest. "Quick in here," stated Stephanie, realizing we were still in a semi public space pulling me through the doors beside us. The room was a second smaller hall set up with tables around the dance floor but with a raised table along the window with two ornate throne-like chairs obviously for a wedding reception. Stephanie pulled me to the center of the dance floor where she stopped and turned to face me. The noise from the prom now just playing quietly in the background as we stood in the middle of the empty dance floor. Her blonde hair set in an up-do exposing her lovely neck while her bright pink lips framed her white teeth and her beep blue eyes gazed back at mine.

"Hi," purred Stephanie, breaking the silence.

"Hi," I replied in a soft voice still coming to grips with the arousal I was feeling towards the young woman. "I'm sorry to hear about you and Paul."

"That's okay," replied Stephanie. We're going to different colleges and planned to break up at the end of summer, so we came to the prom as friends. It just means I'm a single girl a little sooner than planned. Closing the distance between us Stephanie wrapped her arms around my back and neck pulling me slowly towards her. I didn't resist and our lips met. My hands found their way to her cleavage, and she moaned into my mouth as I pressed against her chest.

Breaking the kiss we were both breathing heavily and Stephanie made no attempt to stop me as I reached behind her and pulled the zipper of her dress. As I was unclasping her bra Stephanie lifted her hands to cup her breasts and hold up her dress. With a flirty smile she pulled the dress away exposing her magnificent orbs. My mouth watered at the sight.

"I have been leaking ever since the last time we met," revealed Stephanie as I noticed the nursing pads in the cups of her bra and the discharge on her nipples.

Leaning forward I cupped one of her breasts relishing the feel of her milk laden mammary as I took her nipple into my mouth and massaged it with my tongue slightly nibbling on it. Stephanie sighed a beautifully feminine sound as she held the back of my head. Her ragged breathing turned into moans as I suckled on her tit and was rewarded with the milk I craved.

"Oh god," panted Stephanie as I switched to her other breast. "That feels so good." The desperation evident in her voice as her body came close to cumming just by me drinking from her breasts. Knowing I could bring her over the edge I waited for the right moment and lovingly bit down on her nipple as I pinched the other. Her body jerked several times, and she collapsed on my shoulders as her body orgasmed.

Dropping to her knees Stepanie sat before me, her breasts exposed as she attempted to regain her senses. "That was amazing," breathed Stephanie, pulling my hand to help her stand. "That was the best orgasm I've ever had. Can we please do it again?"

"We can do it every week," I responded as I reached out and caressed her face. "But I will require that you supply me with a couple pints of your delicious milk in return."

"You want me to start breast pumping?" asked Stephanie.

"Yes," I growled as I caressed her breast, her nipples hardening once more.

"Okay," answered Stephanie, her breathing becoming shallower as she became aroused. "Please close me up. I have to change my pads."

I kept my head down as I moved back to Nicole's table, embarrassed by my perceived walk of shame. Knowing that both Susan and Nicole knew I had just suckled the breasts of another woman.

"You look like a woman who had just overindulged," giggled Susan.

"Well I'm glad my little girl has satisfied her craving," purred Nicole placing her finger under my chin and turning me to face her before wiping away a drop of Stephanie's milk.

While I wanted to hide in my anguish Nicole wanted to hear all about my conquest. So as Susan listened and Nicole caressed my thigh I gave a recap of my time with Stephanie. My hopes that the worst was over were dashed as they crowned the prom king and queen. Kathy and John beat out Susan and her date. As the school secretly crowned a gay couple, their true dates Jacklyn and Scott were cheering at our table. However, it was Hannah and Jessica who used the distraction to catch Nicole's eye that started my next escapade.

Both were cheerleaders I fucked with a strap-on in a competition against their boyfriends. Using Kathy's knowledge of her fellow cheerleaders Nicole guessed Jessica had submissive desires and Hannah dominant tendencies. So Nicole fitted my bed with leather restraints for our rendezvous. Just as Nicole had guessed Jessica was a true sub and Hannah relished binding me to the bed and ravishing me.

As a result of the competition both Hannah and Jessica broke up with their boyfriends and were attending the prom as friends. A status Nicole was keen to change. Taking my hand and a smile at the potential couple Nicole led me out of the hall followed by a commanding Hannah and a nervous Jessica. Using me as a lure Nicole pulled me towards the doors to the wedding hall I had described.

As Hannah and Jessica trailed us in, the three women looked around the room like three young girls just left home alone by their parents while I examined Hannah and Jessica. It was obvious that they chose their dresses with their former boyfriends in mind. Hannah with her tall athletic build wore a black dress with gold embellishments that complemented her wavy black hair. The illusion neckline and mesh midriff gave the bodilace a look of sexiness while the skirt with its short hem showed off her legs. Jessica, who was close enough to my body size that I acquired two of her old cheer uniforms for Nicole's fetish play, was dressed like the slutty prom date of every boy's dreams. The long sleeved figure hugging dress had a very short hemline but it was the fact that it was mainly sheer with strategically placed silver crystals over her chest and hips that made it so risqué. The crystals at the collar, hem and cuff of the sleeves doing more to highlight her exposure than to help protect her modesty.

"This room is amazing," gasped Jessica as she walked along the empty dance floor looking out the large picture windows.

"And they even have the dresses," squealed Hannah as we walked over to a luggage rack holding five gray garment bags and one white.

The three women giggled at the design of the five deep blue dresses but were in awe of the wedding dress. The long sleeve off the shoulder white gown had a tight bodice covered with crystal embellishments that matched Jessica's dress and a floor length ball gown skirt.

"I think it's my size," announced Jessica as she held the dress against her body.

"That means it should be in your size as well, puppet," purred Nicole.

Moments later I stood topless as I held my breath and pushed my skirt over my hips. The gasps from both Jessica and Hannah expected.

"You have a butterfly tattoo," shouted Jessica.

"She also has a tattoo over her ass saying she is a lesbian sex slave," added Hannah who was standing behind me.

"Seriously," shouted Jessica as she scurried around me.

I stood there quietly as they inspected the markings on my body labeling me as someone I was not but pretended to be. All the while knowing the reaction would be the same from anyone seeing me naked and knowing I could never let a boy see this.

"You made her get a tattoo proclaiming her as your sex slave," inquired Hannah to Nicole.

"No," answered Nicole. "Sweet little Alice got it on her own when she went to Vegas. Sort of her coming out souvenir."

My trip was due to Nicole's biker friend Trish winning me in a football pool where she took me to Las Vegas for the weekend. After having me seduce a showgirl and performing anal Trish pimped me out to a married MILF making me orally pleasure her in her and her husbands hotel room. Drunk, I did not remember anything after that and returned home with the tattoo.

After the surprise wore down Jessica held the dress open and Hannah helped me step in. As the dress was pulled up over my hips and my arms into the sleeves I was relieved to be dressed again but tormented to be wearing the wedding gown meant for another woman's big day. As Hannah finished buttoning up the back the three stood back admiring my metamorphosis into a blushing bride. I obediently followed Nicole's instructions as I posed around the room as well as the wedding backdrop where I posed with Nicole and then Hannah before Jessica was summoned up. Nicole directed us to hold each other's hands and look into each other's eyes as she and Hannah clicked away.

Jessica smiled nervously as we looked at each other and with my conditioning firmly in control I took the opportunity to admire her face. Her doe-like eyes were done in a charcoal eye shadow with tiny sparkles that complemented both her dress and her light brown hair which spilled down her back and framed her face beautifully. It must have taken hours to style. Her seductive lips parted in a smile exposing her perfect white teeth which caused me to smile back and caused my arousal to return.

I couldn't help thinking of the image we portrayed. Me in a hijacked wedding dress and Jessica in the sexed up version looking like two brides exchanging wedding vows, the ultimate portrayal of love. Without thinking, I slowly leaned forward and kissed Jessica softly on the lips. While nervous Jessica reciprocated and what started as a tender kiss gradually became more passionate. Breaking the kiss I was treated again to Jessica's gorgeous smile before she let out a nervous giggle from our naughty act.

"That was fantastic," roared Hannah, obviously excited by the spectacle Jessica and I had made.

"Yes," agreed Nicole as the DJ announced the final song at the prom, "and I think it is appropriate that the lovely couple have the last dance,"

"An excellent idea, added Hannah as they made their way to the bride and groom table where Nicole took the groom's chair and Hannah the bride's. Neither of us argued with the request as I led Jessica to the center of the empty dance floor, and we wrapped our arms around each other gently swaying to the distant music. I could feel her arousal feeding my own as we held each other. As the song ended we looked again into each other's eyes and engaged in another sensual kiss to the applause and cheering of the prom attendees. As the noise from the other room slowly drifted away Jessica and I stood nervously on the dance floor both of us subservient to the wills of our dates.

"Jessica, I want you to face us as Alice removes your dress," ordered Nicole as she pressed us to go to the next level.

"It will be okay, I whispered, as I turned Jessica to face our mistresses knowing it was just easier to accept them being in charge, "just don't think."

Just like when she came to my house I stood behind Jessica admiring how the dress accentuated her ass and I found myself running my hand over her hip and the smooth curve of her butt before reaching up and pulling the zipper, this time to present her body to our audience of two.

Jessica's breathing was heavy, but she remained still as the zipper made its way down her back revealing the black thong I made her leave after I fucked her and Hannah absconded with after she left me bound to my bed. With the full skirt of the wedding dress I was unable to bend and just gracefully held her hand as she stepped out of the discarded dress. I couldn't resist and gazed at her firm breasts, soft and inviting capped by her hardened nipples, her tummy and her panty covered mound. The soft material pulled tight revealing a camel toe with a glistening stain betraying her state of arousal. I liked my lips remembering the taste of her sweet nectar.

With a curl of Nicole's finger I led a nearly naked Jessica towards our dates, the petticoats of the wedding dress rustling as we approached. Sitting on her throne Hannah reached out and took Jessica's hand. Standing slightly behind her my eyes drifted back to Jessica's heart shaped ass with the material on the thong wedged tightly up her crack.

"Beautiful isn't she," purred Nicole. "As your college roommate she can be all yours. An obedient pet to clean your dorm and attend to your needs. You admitted that Alice was a better lover than any man and I know you must have enjoyed Alice's experienced tongue. Just imagine having that for the next four years."

I could see the temptation on Hannah's face. Hannah, a heterosexual woman deciding whether to take another woman as her sex slave. A girl she had been friends with for the last several years. A fellow cheerleader who was a flyer, and she the base, lifting her high into the air looking up her skirt at her slender legs and placing her hands on her cute butt.

"Alice can teach her," continued Nicole. "Instruct her on how to orally pleasure you, mentor her into becoming the perfect pet. She can be your pet pussy kneeling before you lapping up your juices as you sit before her, just as you are now, obediently following your every command."

"Kneel," commanded Hannah, the lust obvious in her voice. It was a simple command but spoke volumes about the shift in power that had just occurred. Hannah was now the mistress and Jessica her slave.

Jessica obeyed taking her position as instructed between Hannah's open legs. Embarrassed to meet Hannah's gaze Jessica stared at Hannah's dress as she slowly pulled up the hem revealing her panty covered crotch soaked with her own secretions.

My pulse was pounding as Jessica reached up and slowly peeled the panties over Hannah's hips exposing her pussy. Her glistening public hairs matted over her engorged lips while her clit poked out of the dense mat.

Unable to tear my eyes away I dropped to my knees beside Jessica, the wedding gown bunching between us. Raising my hand I caress Jessica's back. "It's okay, you can do this," I whisper as I gently push her forward until Jessica's cheeks pressed between Hannah's thighs. Hannah shifted in her seat to give her better access.

In the back of my mind, a voice cried out, telling me I should not be doing this. That Jessica, Hannah and I were all heterosexual and I should not be distorting their emotions. But the endorphins running wild through my body made it easy to block it out.

"With a wet tongue lick her slit from the bottom to the top," I instruct. "Long slow licks tasting her secretions and getting her to make more."

Hannah let out a soft moan as I heard the sounds of Jessica lapping at her pussy. I kept giving her encouraging tips as my fingertips crept towards her heart shaped ass. Grasping the sides of her panties I pull them over her narrow waist and down her thighs. Jessica shuffles as I maneuver them under her knees and down her legs before giving them to Nicole's waiting hand to reclaim the prize. Jessica moaned softly into Hannah's thighs as my fingertips brushed over her ass.

"Focus," I directed. "When her juices begin to thicken she is ready. Then start probing her with your tongue. Drive it deep inside her channel until your nose is against her clit and wiggle it back and forth."

Hannah's moans became louder as she was anxious to move but needed to remain in position for Jessica's to bring her to fulfillment. Jessica continued her assault spurred on by my finger pushing into her wet cavity mimicking how her tongue should move.

"Good girl," I breathed. "You are doing very well. Just keep licking and bring her closer to climax. Can't you feel the walls of her vagina squeezing your tongue working towards that crest."

Jessica continued pleasuring Hannah while Hannah's cries of joy and Jessica's licking and slurping filled the room. Soon Hannah began convulsing and Jessica gasped from the sudden increased flow of juices from her orgasm. Extracting my finger I grasp the back of her head holding her against Hannah's crotch. "Just swallow it, try not to lose any."

As Hannah's breathing slowed I released the back of Jessica's head, and she pulled back gasping for breath. Turning towards me I lean down and kiss her tasting Hannah on her lips.

"See that wasn't so bad," I soothed.

"Bad, that was fucking fantastic," breathed Hannah. "You will definitely be doing a lot more of that."

"Just imagine how good she will be after Alice completes her training," stated Nicole. "Now the three of you stand up. Jessica, help Alice remove the wedding dress and put it on. Then Alice will demonstrate what you need to learn."

With that Jessica stood up and began undoing the buttons at the back of the dress. Pulling my arms out of the sleeves the dress was quickly a pile at my feet. Jessica stepped in as soon as I was out and pulling the borrowed dress up over her hips before turning for Hannah to button her up. Jessica now stood before us as the blushing bride anxious to be ravaged by her lover. Taking the bride's seat Jessica pulled up the hem of the dress exposing her legs and pussy.

Knowing what I had to do I knelt between her legs and extended my moistened tongue and began to lick between the folds of her lips. Jessica released a deep moan as I tasted her familiar secretions.

As the prom was over and their limo was waiting Hannah pulled Jessica to the clothing rack and removed the wedding dress placing it back into the bag for the unsuspecting bride. As Hannah looked out to the dance floor at Jessica's abandoned dress Nicole pointed to mine laying on the table next to them. With a knowing smile Hannah quickly helped Jessica into my dress and blew a kiss before opening the door and disappearing into the hallway.

On shaky legs I walked towards Jessica's discarded dress knowing I had just condemned a straight woman to four years of sexual servitude to another female. "Not so fast," stated Nicole as I picked up the dress. "Lets have some fun before we head up to our room."

Just as with the wedding dress, Nicole had me pose around the room, only this time naked. After dozens of shots Nicole led me to the door and surveyed the lobby.

"Okay, walk over to the bench," ordered Nicole.

I stood there in stunned silence, trying to come to terms that she wanted me to walk out in public naked. The fact that I participated in bringing three women to orgasm and saturated a woman's wedding dress on the chair she was to sit for her reception with female cum was bad enough, now I had to expose myself in public.

A questioning look from Nicole pulled me from my fears and I leaned my head out. There were a few couples still walking around the lobby, but they were on the other side. We were in the corner by the back and the bench Nicole wanted me to walk to was between us and the elevators. If I could make it I would be semi hidden so taking a deep breath I started walking. Upon reaching the bench I quickly sat down and Nicole stopped recording and slowly sauntered towards me as I nervously looked over my shoulder at the remaining guests. The bench was set up between two plants and a low divider wall behind it with a second bench on the other side. From where I was sitting only my hair could be seen.

"Relax and smile," purred Nicole holding up her phone to take a picture of me sitting nude with the hotel lobby and people as a background. "Excellent. Now slouch down, drape your arms along the top of the bench and open your legs nice and wide."

It felt like an eternity as I was posed by Nicole, naked in the open lobby as she indulged her fetish. With Jessica's dress draped over her arm and my shoes in hand Nicole clipped the leash to my collar and led me towards the elevators. I stood with Nicole between me and the lobby, hoping to use her body as cover while we waited. When the elevator dinged I didn't even wait to see if anyone was inside, rushing through the opening door for the relative safety of the small room like a puppy pulling its master as she was taken on a walk. Nicole snapped another picture of me looking like a scared rabbit before entering and pressing the 5th floor.

"Okay puppet, room 518," ordered Nicole as she ushered me out of the elevator expecting me to lead the way. Holding my leash taunt Nicole controlled my pace as we walked toward our room. "Don't forget to sway those hips," ordered Nicole. "Work it, or we will need to go back down and start over." Not wanting to relive this, I slowed down and started a very sultry strut as she filmed my procession down the hallway. Reaching the door Nicole pulled out the room card and placed it in the slot. I felt a sense of relief as I heard the lock click. Rushing into the room I took a deep breath to calm my nerves no longer caring that I could be seen through the open door.

"That was fun," laughed Nicole as she tossed my shoe and dress on the chair.

"Fun is not the word I would use," I breathed, still shaken from the experience.

"Exciting then," added Nicole as she opened the door connecting our room to Kathy and Jacklyn's.

"Where were you guys?!" shouted Kathy as she rushed into the room still wearing the prom queen sash and tiara.

"We got sidetracked," responded Nicole, pulling Kathy in for a kiss.

"Wow, you're already naked," purred Jacklyn as her eyes roamed over my body, reminding me that I was the only naked person in the room.

"She's been like that ever since we left the prom," smiled Nicole.

"Damn girl! That's wild!" shouted Kathy.

I just nervously smiled and let Kathy talk excitedly about being crowned prom queen.

"You know we have two prom queens and a king," stated Nicole as she opened her suitcase and pulled out the sashes and crowns from my prom. "Why don't you get dressed puppet, and we'll take a few pictures."

Obeying her command I slipped on Jessica's dress, relieved to finally be wearing something. As I zipped it up Nicole draped my sash over my head.

"Isn't that Jessica's dress?" questioned Kathy.

"Yes," smiled Nicole. "Like I said we got sidetracked."

"You had sex with Jessica?" squealed Kathy.

"Jessica and Stephanie," replied Nicole. "Jessica went down on Hannah."

"Seriously," gasped Kathy. "I've wanted to do them for years and you've what; done each one three times?"

"Why didn't you take Jessica for yourself?" inquired Jacklyn. "Have a little harem. Not to mention your two slaves could wear the same clothes."

"You know how I like to share the love," smiled Nicole thinking about how she also controlled Alice's mother and April the woman all three were having an affair with. "Hannah and Jessica are planning to be roommates next year so it's perfect. Besides, we will be enjoying the two of them over the summer as Alice here trains Jessica to be a good pussy licker. Right, puppet?"

"Yes mistress," I replied meekly knowing I needed to train another heterosexual woman on how to pleasure women.

"In that case how about we swap for the night?" asked Jacklyn. "How about it. Do you want the prom queen to go down on you?"

"Now that sounds good," purred Nicole as she placed the crown from my prom on her head. "After all it does sound right to have the queen service the king."

After Nicole was happy with her photo shoot Jacklyn took me by the hand and led me back to the room she shared with Kathy closing the adjoining door and separating me from my mistress. Leaning back Jacklyn had a sinful smile on her face as she focused on me. I looked at the floor nervously, trapped in a hotel room with a dominant lesbian in a borrowed dress and a pair of high heels.

"Well it seems I have you again, my sweet," growled Jacklyn as she strutted towards me like a lioness taunting her prey. "While I fantasized about having the prom queen I never in my wildest dreams imagined I would have two. It may be a week overdue but it still counts." Reaching out she grabbed a handful of hair and pulled me in for an aggressive kiss. "Now let's get you out of Jessica's dress." Naked once more Jacklyn laid me on the bed and caressed my body.

"I so love your tattoo," stated Jacklyn as she traced the butterfly now surrounding my vagina. The colorful wings spelling out 'GIRLS ONLY' while my vaginal lips made its body. "I do enjoy playing with you. Kathy is hot but she makes a terrible bottom. Always trying to be in control, unlike you who knows and loves her place. I envy you and Nicole. You get to explore your desires without the need to keep it a secret. Seducing and playing with so many girls. Experimenting in so many things. So now there is a new thing I want to try." With that Jacklyn hiked up her dress and removed her underwear giving me a view of her moist pussy.

"Nicole had told me about your skills at anal play," continued Jacklyn in a husky voice.

Suddenly my entire vision was consumed by her shapely rear as she straddled my body facing my feet. Many emotions were running through my head. A girl was about to sit on my face and my basic feelings were fear and arousal. Shocked by how my mind and body was processing this, I looked at her naked ass and reached out to gently caress her large rump, the physical touch arousing me even more. My heart was pounding and my breathing became heavy as Jacklyn slowly lowered herself on my face. As she worked herself into position my nose became wedged in her crack and my mouth positioned just below her rosebud.

"Rim me," ordered Jacklyn as she relaxed her legs, placing her weight on my face.

With no choice I pressed my lips to her anus and gave a gentle kiss. Jacklyn twitched as my lips made contact, but she did not let up the pressure on my face. Knowing there was no undoing the deed, I gave in to the depravity of the act and began to worship Jacklyn's ass, pushing my face deeper between her cheeks and pressing my lips against her rose bud once more, wiggling my tongue over the tight orifice. Jacklyn squealed in delight and leaned forward relaxing her sphincter allowing my tongue to slip in. Her rectum squeezing my tongue as I continued the obscene oral-anal french kiss.

"Deeper!" grunted Jacklyn as she squirmed over my face.

Lifting my chin I pushed my tongue probing her rear cavity applying more pressure against its resistance. Extending as deep as it would go I started to twist and pulsate my tongue. As I started to get light-headed Jacklyn squealed in delight and collapsed to my side allowing me to breath.

"That was amazing," gasped Jacklyn. "I cannot believe I came from that."

For me it felt like a new level of depravity. I was no longer just kissing girls, or orally pleasuring women. I was stimulating their asses with my mouth. It was all too much and I needed to return to some state of normality even if it was orally pleasuring my mistress.

As Jacklyn, Kathy, John and Scott had to return home, I spent the rest of the night pleasuring Nicole. Happily eating out her cunt to several powerful climaxes trying to forget what I did with Jacklyn. All through the night Nicole kept me on edge discussing her plans for me over the summer. It seemed I would be moving in with her and she had lined up a few things for me. I agreed to them all as Nicole brought me to climax extinguishing the lust that had consumed me all night.

Nicole

I led Alice by her hand through the lobby wearing Jessica's risqué prom dress. While I really wanted to do it by her leash I knew it would be pushing our luck. Alice was already the center of attention wearing a party dress from the night before so everyone knew what she did last night. Besides, there would be plenty of time for us to play now that it was summer.

I told Alice last night that she would be moving in with me secretly of course, as I had already introduced April, the stripper who we seduced, to my parents as my girlfriend Alice. Janet, Alice's mother and my lover already knew and agreed to the move. April was also Janet's lover and was playing the role of her daughter feeding my fantasy of a mommy daughter relationship. In fact, I had organized a special trip for Alice where she would be traveling as April while Janet took April using her daughter's ID on a graduation trip to Mexico.

While I had a strong desire to see Alice have sex with her mother, I didn't want to destroy their relationship. However, it was a suggestion Susan presented me while Alice was with Stephanie that held my attention. Her idea was to basically make them have sex but not realize it was with each other. As I thought about it, I saw a group of young women walking into the hotel. The blond in the center matching Alice's body and wearing a 'Bride to be' tee shirt. As we passed she gave me a little smile and my thoughts went back to what we did with Emily and Krista, the two bachelorettes I met in Vegas who were now married. Looking at Alice the smile returned to my face. What she doesn't know can't hurt her.