**With Strings Attached**

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**With Strings Attached Ch. 28**

Nicole had a hard time containing her enthusiasm as she drove towards Janet's house. Now that it was summer and Alice was living with her, Nicole no longer associated the house with Alice. Ever since she was introduced to Alice by her cousin Susan, her life had been one thrill after another. Alice was the perfect companion and playmate; being a lesbian with a very controlling personality, Nicole had a hard time keeping the flame of passion alive and always needed to go to the next level or find the next fresh conquest. But Alice allowed her to pursue both.

Nicole believed that Alice was a lesbian like herself, that she was submissive, compliant and an exhibitionist who never seemed to lose her shyness or embarrassment. As their relationship grew, so did the number of playmates. Alice's mother, Janet, became infatuated with Nicole, and at Nicole's direction allowed her husband to have an affair with a colleague so she could have an intimate relationship with her daughter's girlfriend. April, aka Ruby, a young stripper was also added. A redhead like Alice, she became obsessed with pretending to be Alice's sister and having incestual relationships with Alice and Janet, where she pretended to be Alice. April even took the fantasy to where she was secretly seeing Amanda, one of Janet's co-workers, under the guise of being Janet's daughter Alice. Then there was the ever-increasing number of women Nicole had directed Alice to seduce into sapphic relationships.

But now Nicole was going to take the fantasy play into a reality, with Alice and Janet starting a real mother/daughter incestual relationship, the ultimate taboo. Nicole's main concern had always been destroying their actual bond, solely for her sexual pleasure. However, her cousin Susan proposed an idea that would prevent that from happening; What if they didn't know they were having sex with each other?

Having just graduated, Nicole already made plans to have Alice move into her home's pool house with her for the summer. Free from school, Nicole wanted more control of her puppet, and removing Alice from her mother's home would make it easier for Janet and April to have a deeper mother/daughter play relationship. Nicole had even introduced April to her parents as Alice, her girlfriend.

Nicole's perverted mind quickly developed the plan. With Alice no longer living with her parents, Nicole could easily keep mother and daughter separated and preoccupied. She carefully laid the groundwork, telling Janet that one of Alice's classmates approached her during the prom and had expressed interest in her, but did not want her to know who she was. Nicole also told Alice there was an older woman who had a school girl fetish she wanted to act out with Alice, however she didn't want Alice to know who she was.

To further the deception, Nicole had Janet get a short 50's style housewife haircut, bringing her more in line with the image of an obedient wife, and making her physically different from how Alice remembered her mother. She also told Janet that Alice had left yesterday on a trip, a trip Alice would not be starting until tomorrow, so Janet would believe Alice was out of town during the encounter. Now each would have a fake clue to confuse their guess of the identity of their partner.

"Just a little farther puppet," stated Nicole into the microphone. To complete her deception, Nicole had given Alice eye drops that effectively blinded her, as well as tiny receivers in her ears that distorted the voices she heard but allowed Nicole to speak to her without anyone else hearing.

"Yes mistress," whimpered Alice as she sat quietly in the car, unaware that Nicole was driving through her old neighborhood.

"We're here," announced Nicole as she opened the car door and stepped around to help the temporarily blinded Alice out of the car. "Come now, we don't want to keep your mystery lover waiting."

Taking Alice by the hand, Nicole led her to the back door and a slightly roundabout way to the stairs to confuse Alice on the layout of the home, her pleated skirt dancing about, offering glimpses of her bare ass as she blindly followed Nicole's lead. As they reached the top of the steps Nicole conducted one last inspection of her girlfriend.

For the special event Nicole dressed Alice in her school uniform. The white long sleeved blouse, black vest, red tie, black patent Mary Jane and white knee-high socks were all worn by Alice countless times to school. However, the red and black pleated skirt with its short hem was the one Alice wore for her first date with Nicole. As Nicole did not intend to have Alice strip naked she had Alice pad her bra, making her B Cup chest look noticeably larger, all to make Janet believe her lover had large breasts. To help conceal Alice's looks Nicole had done up her hair in thick double Dutch braids starting at her forehead and running over her ears before draping over each shoulder, giving the illusion that it was shorter and hiding its thickness. The hairstyle combined with the lack of makeup gave Alice's face a youthful appearance while her clothes highlighted her sexuality.

"Now wait here while I check on your lover," ordered Nicole as she patted Alice's bare ass.

Walking into the master bedroom Nicole smiled as she found Janet still tied to the bed testing the bindings that secured her wrists to the headboard as Nicole's blurry form appeared in the door. Nicole had prepared Janet to look like a true cougar dressed to seduce her lover. Her creamy skin was in sharp contrast to the black lingerie. Her nipples and vagina visible through the sheer material of her bra and panties, designed more to entice that protect her modesty. This image was strengthened by the satin under bust corselette encasing her torso as its six garter straps stretched over her smooth thighs and anchored to the tops of her sheer black stockings. Her makeup was applied to make her look as sultry as possible. All for a lover who would never see her.

"Are you ready my wife," asked Nicole.

"Yes ma'am," responded Janet, relieved to hear Nicole's voice in her earpieces. While wearing the same ear plugs as Alice, Nicole exchanged Janet's normal contacts for a different prescription, blurring and tinting everything a shade of green.

"Excellent," purred Nicole as she sat on the edge of the bed and caressed Janet's thigh. She loved watching her lovers tormented with need. A need that was about to be satisfied by her own daughter.

"Like I stated before," explained Nicole as her hand glided over the moist front panel of Janet's panties, "I brought you a young woman, a schoolgirl, who has had a crush on you for some time. When I offered you to her she was excited about the opportunity and aroused by the idea that you would never know who she truly is."

By now Janet's arousal was becoming unbearable, and she pulled on the bindings securing her to the bed. However, she froze in place as Nicole pushed her panties to the side and grasped the small wire sticking out of her channel. The slight buzzing sound increased as the remote vibrator that had been tormenting her was pulled out.

"Don't disappoint me," stated Nicole as she released Janet's bonds. "I have a horny young schoolgirl just waiting to pleasure you and she will be walking into the room shortly. I want you to tell her how much you like her uniform and how pleased you are that she accepted your offer. Now assume a sexy pose for your lover."

"I vowed never to disappoint you," proclaimed Janet as she reclined across the bed presenting her body. Meanwhile, Nicole moved to the chair in the corner. Just like when Alice lost her virginity, Nicole had positioned cameras around the room to capture the incestual event, and Nicole made sure that each was recording.

Happy with her preparations Nicole reached for Alice's mic and activated her ear plugs. Alice was standing at attention nervously playing with the hem of her skirt, cute when she was younger but now obscene given her shortened hemline, when Nicole's command echoed in her head.

"Puppet, your newest lover is ready," stated Nicole. "Five feet in front of you on your left is a door. Walk over to it and pause in the opening, she will be laying on the bed before you wearing black lingerie. I want you to present yourself for her review."

Startled by the sudden command Alice absentmindedly straightened out her skirt, oblivious to the fact that she was exposing her naked crotch to anyone who could have been standing in front of her before sliding her hand on the wall as she slowly moved forward until she felt the door frame. Taking a deep breath Alice tried to suppress her anxiety. 'It's just some older woman with a schoolgirl fantasy,' Alice thought to herself. 'It's not like I haven't done this before. You're playing a character. A lesbian schoolgirl about to seduce the mother of a schoolmate. It's nothing personal, I just need to play my part. Just make her happy and Nicole will be happy.' With that Alice started a slow sultry gant into the opening.

When Alice appeared in the doorway it was Nicole's turn to gasp. Having a strong voyeur fetish, combined with her desire to control made her more aroused than she had been in her entire life. Ever since she claimed Janet, her girlfriend's mother, as her inamorata she loved seeing her intimate with young female lovers. So much so that she had Janet enter into a mother/daughter play relationship with April, a young stripper both she and Alice were having affairs with. The idea of Alice and Janet having a true incestual relationship with only her and her cousin Susan knowing was highly erotic and the fantasy that seemed just out of reach.

Now both were positioned before each other. Nicole's pretend lesbian wife, Janet, in the role of the MILF cougar laying proactively across her bed while her daughter, Alice, Nicole's slave playing the role of the lesbian loetia standing in the bedroom door. Each, per Nicole's orders, dressed to seduce yet both unable to see, making the whole event solely for Nicole's pleasure. For Nicole this was the ultimate mind fuck, a mother and daughter putting on an erotic show all at her direction and benefit. The icing on the cake was that neither would know, allowing Nicole to secretly enjoy the incestual secret binding them together.

"I see you've decided to accept my invitation," purred Janet as she tried to focus on the blur appearing in the door, her voice laced with sexual excitement.

Alice nervously smiled as her hands began to play with the hem of her short skirt offering a teasing image to the cameras. "I've wanted this for a long time and am excited you do as well," replied Alice.

"Well then come to Mama," teased Janet. Repeating Nicole's command.

Alice stepped forward walking cautiously towards the side of the bed feeling unseen eyes boring into her as she approached, not realizing the only eyes on her belonged to her girlfriend. Meanwhile, Janet sat up as she saw the young woman approach and stop at the side of the bed. Following Nicole's command Janet reached out and stroked the side of Alice's thigh, her hand gliding over Alice's soft unblemished skin. "I'm going to miss seeing these school uniforms," purred Janet. "I have always thought they were so sexy."

"I can wear it for you anytime you like," replied Alice hoping her reply would please Nicole. Nicole directed her to add, "Or anything else you find sexy."

"You can count on that," stated Janet, her hand moving up to cup Alice's ass. "You're not wearing panties you naughty girl."

"Panties are not included in the dress code and it expressly forbids us from wearing any unauthorized clothes," responded Alice, confessing the little excuse the girls at her school used for their no panties days.

"Well I cannot punish you for following the rules," purred Janet, pulling Alice to sit on the bed beside her. Without their sight, mother and daughter used their hands to explore each other's bodies building an image of their partner. Janet sensing her daughter's soft skin and her sexy school uniform while Alice explored her mother's nylon covered legs, the smooth skin of her thighs, the tight corselette, and her breasts. Each trying to gather clues as to the others' identity.

While Alice was completely blind Janet's contacts made everything blurry and a green tint. To Janet, Alice's bright red hair looked brown and her olive skin had a green hue giving her a Wicked Witch of the West from Oz type appearance. Due to the braiding, her hair looked shorter and while the young woman was about the same height as her daughter her breasts were larger. As Nicole had told her that her mystery lover attended her daughters school and expressed her desire for her, they had to know one another. To Janet, it had to be Kim, her daughter's friend and the young woman she used to tease Alice in front of about her lesbian past. The cute brown haired girl was about her daughter's height with a larger bust.

Oddly, Alice started to believe the mystery woman was Angela, her old friend Kim's mother. Her hair was the right length and Kim's parents had the same style bed as her parents. While Kim's mom never really liked Alice she could see Angela taking a secret delight in having Alice not know her identity. If she had any lesbian tendencies Nicole would have found them.

As they were trying to glean clues to their partners identity Nicole ordered Janet to place her hand behind Alice's head and pulled her in for a soft kiss. Knowing what her mother was planning Alice dropped her hands to Janet's thighs and leaned forward letting her mother guide her in for a kiss.

Their first incestual kiss was soft, but sensual, and followed by several more as the two lovers got comfortable with each other. With one hand still holding Alice's head Janet's other roamed over her daughters back and hip before cupping her bare ass, lifting her daughter up and pulling Alice against her. Following her mother's direction, Alice pressed her body into her mothers as their kisses became more aggressive, more passionate. Their tongues dancing together to the sounds of moaning and hungry lips as they both performed for their shared lover.

Nicole kept her eyes glued on the performance as she pressed her hand against the crotch of her pants. Obedience and submission was sexy to her, but what really made her hot was control. To be the one commanding the action, manipulating her cast like puppets on strings. As much as she enjoyed taking Alice's virginity, or getting Janet to commit to a fou lesbian marriage it was the real lesbian marriage of the two bachelorette's, Emily and Krista, in Las Vegas or getting Jessica and Hannah to commit to a dom/slave relationship that drove her to new highs. Now the mother daughter encounter lifted her even beyond that, and she wanted more.

At Nicole's direction Alice dropped her hand to her mother's inner thigh and slowly slid it up Janet's leg. Janet sighed in delight at the feel of her daughter's caress and opened her legs signaling to her daughter that she was receptive to her intimate touch. As Alice slipped her fingers between her mother's thighs she began the rubbing sheer fabric of Janet's panties forcing it into the folds of her vagina. The touch sent shivers throughout Janet's body as she squealed into her daughter's mouth.

As Janet moved her hips to her daughter's touch she stopped groping Alice's ass and slid her fingers between her daughter's legs and into her vagina. Alice gasped at her mother's bold move and as Janet's finger penetrated her channel she quivered at the touch unable to resist her own arousal.

Knowing her lust was causing her to lose control, Nicole slipped her hand under her pants, the fabric bulging as she borrowed her fingers into her wet pussy. Cumming quickly Nicole stifled her moan so as not to disturb the two lovers. Her mind clear, she could now focus once again on the tableau coupling and ordered the two lovers to stop. Both pulling back appearing to be looking deeply into each other's eyes as their breathing returned to normal.

Her libido satisfied Nicole now wanted to see Alice reacquaint herself with her mother's maternal attributes and ordered Janet to remove her bra. Reaching behind her back Janet released the clasp causing her breasts to slump to their natural state.

"Now puppet," Nicole stated into Alice's ear phones. "Your lover has just removed her bra. I want you to reach out and caress her breasts. Show her how much you appreciate them."

Following her mistress' orders Alice reached out until her hands came in contact with her mother's breasts. Janet's hardened nipples pressing into her palms as she groped the soft mounds. Reacquainting herself with the soft flesh, Alice pinched her mother's nipples causing Janet to take a sharp breath.

"Oh yes baby," hissed Janet. "It's been so long since my breasts were attended to, they belong to you. Taste them."

With her mother's hand guiding her head Alice took one of the nipples into her mouth licking over it before she began sucking on it for the first time in almost eighteen years. Janet let out an approving purr as Alice flicked her tongue over the hard nub nibbling it with her teeth.

"That's it my princess," moaned Janet, holding her daughters head against her chest. "This is where you belong.

"It's where I want to be," breathed Alice after releasing her mother's breast. "I can play with them all day."

"There is someplace else I would like you to play, '' breathed Janet as she pulled her daughter up for another kiss. Alice responded by pushing her tongue into her mother's mouth and as their tongues swirled together she cupped and squeezed her mother's breasts.

Breaking the kiss Alice moved her hands down over her mother's satin covered stomach and to the waistband of her panties. Lifting herself up Janet let Alice pull the garment over her hips and down her nylon covered legs exposing where her daughter first entered the world. Alice felt her lover widening her legs as the woman grasped Alice's braids firmly guiding her head between her thighs.

Even though Alice could not see, her mother's musty scent filled her nose alerting her that Janet was aroused. Tentatively, Alice kissed her mother's libia like she was paying respect to the gateway through which she entered the world. Alice immediately recognized the taste as madam X, the mystery woman whose cum Nicole had been supplying her with for the past several weeks. Like a cat licking up milk, Alice lapped at her mother's pussy drinking her juices. Janet let out a deep sigh as she felt her daughter's tongue caressing her lips and pressing against her clit causing her to release more floods for her daughter's eager tongue to collect.

Pressing her thighs against her daughter's head Janet laid back enjoying her daughter's oral skills. The sounds of Alice eating out her mother filled the room. Lapping and slurping sounds as Alice worked her tongue inside her mother drinking all her fluids. Naughty sounds. Graphic sounds. Sound that a mother and daughter should never be making together. Nicole watched enraptured by the insestual display of a daughter returning to the place that had given her life, only this time for her mother's pleasure and to feed Nicole's fetish. Unable to resist, she once again slipped her hand into the pants.

After cleaning her mother's body of secretions Alice slipped her tongue between the folds of her mother's vagina and began to reacquaint herself with the channel she last experienced over 18 years ago. Alice's talent's brought Janet back to when she was in college and her roommate led her into a life of lesbian servitude. Always insisting she improve her skills to better serve her mistress Janet was trained in the art of pleasuring women but she had never had a lover as good as the one now between her legs. The young woman had one mission, to provide the best oral pleasure possible.

"Good girl," moaned Janet as she kept a firm grip on her daughter's hair. Pressing her face firmly against her pussy. "That feels so good."

Unable to respond Alice kept lapping as she followed her training. Moving her tongue up and down her mother's slit filling her mouth with her mother's juices.

"You must really love eating pussy?" Continued Janet. "You are so good at it. The best I have ever had. You must have had lots of practice, seen so many."

Even though Alice felt she was completely heterosexual, eating the woman's pussy and being complemented caused her to shiver. She did not want to, but she was no longer repulsed by it. In fact her body had been conditioned to crave it and to find the act desirable. The taste and warmth of it causing electricity to spread throughout her body like the woman's juices were the catalyst for her body to start producing its own. Knowing the woman was close Alice pinched the woman's clit as she started lapping at the woman's folds faster and faster. Suddenly the woman pulled at Alice's hair as she pressed her legs against the sides of her head as she let out a deep moan. By the time she released her daughter's head Alice's face was coated in her mother's cum.

"That was fantastic," breathed Janet. "I do hope you enjoyed it because I want you coming back for more my little pussy princess."

"Yes please," replied Alice repeating Nicole's words wondering if her lover's identity would ever be revealed to her.

"Good. Now I have a little reward for my little pussy licker," purred Janet. "Get on your hands and knees."

As Alice did as commanded, Janet reached for the strapless dildo Nicole placed on the nightstand. Before Janet inserted the contacts Nicole instructed her to use it on the schoolgirl after she made her cum.

As Janet crouched on her knees to insert the knob of the feel doe Alice took up the submissive position on all fours. Alice knew what was about to happen and waited nervously with her eyes open but blind, looking like a true bitch waiting to be impaled.

"She is so eager for you to fuck her," stated Nicole into Janet's ear. Now I want you to kneel behind her and when you lift her little skirt you will see that your good little girl has a slutty tattoo.

Obeying Nicole's commands Janet maneuvered behind her daughter, sliding her hands along the curve of her hips and over the short skirt. The bouncing black rubber cock matching her corselette and contrasting with her creamy white skin. The tip of the dildo coming to rest just below the hem of her daughter's short skirt lifting it slightly in a seemingly perverted game. Drawing her hands back Janet flipped the skirt to reveal the 'Lesbian Sex Slave' tattoo.

"What do we have here," gasped Janet sliding her finger over the blurry lettering. "Did my good little princess get a tattoo!"

"I got it in Las Vegas," whimpered Alice embarrassed that she had a tattoo on her ass proclaiming her a 'Lesbian Sex Slave' and a butterfly over her vagina stating it was for 'GIRLS ONLY.'

"So my sweet innocent princess is actually a naughty wench," growled Janet as she raised her hand and slapped her daughter's ass.

Alice yelped in surprise, the hot sting turning into arousal due to the conditioning Tamara had given her. "I... I was drunk," whimpered Alice.

"That's no excuse. However, it is fitting for the lesbian slut you are," laughed Janet before giving Alice another slap. Not realizing what the tattoo was or that she was speaking to her own daughter.

"Yes mam," replied Alice to the mystery woman. Her mother's words confirming her fears that whoever saw the tattoos would perceive her as a lesbian slave. In effect labeling her no matter how she acted or what she proclaimed. Anyone who got close to her would see her as a lesbian slut. As Alice knelt before her mother in her mental torment her body was behaving on its own causing her pussy to become wet betraying what she knew she was and behaving like a lesbian slut.

"You are so wet for me, my pussy princess," purred Janet as she ran her fingers over her daughter's vagina for the first time. Spreading Alice's lips, Janet positioned the tip of the dildo at her entrance and pushed it into her own daughter. With her hands back on Alice's hips Janet pulled her daughter closer to her as she drove the fake cock forward making sure every inch was buried in her daughter. A deep moan escaped Alice lips accompanied by the slurping sound of the dildo as it moved deeper into her wet channel.

"You like this don't you," proclaimed Janet as she moved her hips slowly back and forth pumping the dildo in and out.

"Ooh yes," replied Alice between deep breaths not even associating a cock with a male but as an appendage to be utilized by another woman.

"And you want more," continued Janet'

"Yes! Yes please," moaned Alice as her brain stopped resisting and joined her body in enjoying the pleasures of another woman, her mother.

"But we will take our time," purred Janet. "Savor this moment and truly get to know one another."

Alice just whimpered in response, her hips trying to speed up the rhythm as her mother's hands resisted.

"Oh my little pussy princess wants to cum so badly, doesn't she?" Teased Janet "Tell me you want me to make you cum!"

"I want you to make me cum, please make me cum," begged Alice.

With that Janet jerked forward smacking her hips into her daughter's ass. Grabbing Alice's braids like the reigns of some wild beast Janet thrusted again and again to the sound of rhythmic slapping and moans as she drove her daughter closer to the edge.

Will a loud screech Alice came as her mother pulled her up in her legs and against her body. Her body convulsing in passion as her mother held her in her arms just as a mother would do with a daughter in distress.

"There my little pussy princess," whispered Janet into her daughter's ear. "Now you're all grown up."

**With Strings Attached Ch. 29**

Wednesday 1:00 PM HST (Hawaiian Standard Time)

After spending several months under Nicole's control I've become used to the queasy feeling in my stomach and the heightened awareness of my senses from the adrenaline and anxiety caused by her little adventures to the point that they were becoming embedded into my sexual arousal. However, as I walked off the jetway those feelings stood out. Yesterday Nicole took me to the home of a woman I knew only by the taste of her cum as madam X. Made deaf and blind I was instructed to make love to the unknown woman who supposedly knew me and wanted to make love to me while continuing to be a mystery. Emotionally and physically exhausted Nicole woke me early this morning and informed me I was going to meet my next 'client'.

Which is how I wound up here at the Lihue airport dressed in the school uniform I wore yesterday, the shirt tied in a knot under my breasts and only a small carry-on bag wih April's ID looking nervously for any clue as to what Nicole had planned for me. I quickly spotted Clare, the married woman I met in a Las Vegas strip club. I could feel her eyes boring into me, a wolfish smile crossing her face as she started to approach me like a lioness, or cougar, stalking her prey. With no possibility of escape, I simply stood in place like an oblivious doe doe bird.

"Aloha, Alice," purred Clare before she gave me a quick kiss and placed a flower lay over my head. "Welcome to Hawaii. I'm so glad Trish agreed to let me have you.

"Me too," I responded as I assessed my situation. It seemed Clare still believed I was in a submissive relationship with Trish, Nicole's lesbian biker friend who won me for a weekend and took me on the Las Vegas trip. Introduced as Trish's plaything, Clare had gotten rather amorous and for the price of a lap dance Trish agreed to pimp me out to the older woman. Now it seemed she had reached out for a more prolonged engagement. The lay, while not as tight or symbolic as a collar still gave me the feeling of a transfer of ownership to a new mistress.

After retrieving her suitcases and rental car we set off for the hotel. As she drove Clare caressed my thigh and filled me in on how this rendezvous came to be. It seemed our tryst in Las Vegas made an impression on her and her husband. Enough that they both craved Clare becoming intimate with other women. Unable to find another opportunity Mark, her husband, came up with the idea of having Clare take their normal Hawaiian getaway with me while he accompanied their daughter on a university tour. The idea was for me to pretend to be her step-daughter as we spent the next week together on a romantic tropical island.

While Clare told the story from an adventurous perspective one thing was clear. I was for all intents and purposes an escort for Clare to live out her lesbian fantasy yet my body still responded to the sensual feel of Clare's hand on my skin. Her fingers gently gliding up and down my bare thigh seemingly trying to climb closer to my either regions. This combined with the amazing scenery drove me senses wild. Living in Phoenix, I had never seen so much greenery and water at the same time with lush mountains to my left and clear blue water to my right. It did look like paradise. Turning off the main road we headed towards the ocean and the hotel.

Wednesday 2:30 PM HST

"Wait here with the suitcases' princess," chirped Clare as she dropped me off at the front entrance and drove towards the parking lot. Alone on a distant island with no money, no phone and only April's ID I nervously defaulted to looking around. The majestic view was effectively hidden by the large hotel so my eyes were drawn to a young Filipino woman wearing a pair of khaki shorts and Hawaiian shirt, the casual uniform of the hotel. Her black hair was tied into a neat ponytail and the top few buttons of her shirt were left undone exposing the tops of her C cup breasts. I didn't know I was staring at the young woman until she smiled playfully back. Embarrassed, I submissively dropped my eyes to the ground.

"First time on the island's princess?" asked the young woman. "I heard your companion call you princess and I agree you look just like Ariel."

When I glazed back up the smirk on her face made it clear she was enjoying my shyness. "Yes it's my first time," I mumbled, unable to hold eye contact as I sensed her desire, "and I get that comparison a lot."

"Well I always thought she was beautiful," continued the young woman.

Looking up I see she was now assessing me just as I had her a few minutes ago. My slutty schoolgirl look combined with my 'scooping-out' of the young woman made me look open to flirting. Needing to say something, my eyes focused on her chest once again, only this time to read her name tag. "Thank you... Christie," I replied.

"Your welcome," responded Christie turning her head to see if anyone was looking before approaching. "I have to confess, living in Hawaii I have had a crush on her ever since I can remember.

"She was the first person I wanted to kiss and when I got older; Other things."

I didn't know quite what to say. It was obvious that Christie was flirting with me and even being this far from Nicole's presence I still found it hard to discourage her efforts.

Before I could respond Christie stood before me, with my down cast eyes now looking once again at her cleavage I raised my head where she locked her gaze with mine. My attempt to come up with something to say was stopped when she gently caressed my cheek and brushed some stray hairs behind my ear.

"And now my little princess is here standing before me and I'm wondering again what things I can do," whispered Christine. Luckily, I did not need to come up with a response as Christie spotted Clare returning and stepped back.

"Okay, let's check in," chirped Clare taking hold of one of the bags.

"Yes mam," I replied relieved to escape my stalker.

Wednesday 2:45 PM HST

Clare grabbed me by the hips as soon as we entered the hotel room and pressed me against the wall. Taken by surprise, I let out a gasp just as Clare sealed her lips to mine in a passionate kiss. As a possession in her care it was not my place to refuse and I accepted the kiss. After all Clare rescued me from Christie, so she did deserve a reward. Her tongue took full command of my mouth as I tried to accommodate her wishes. Held in place, I ran my hands up the sides of Clare's waist coming to rest on the sides of her breasts more for the contact of her soft mounds then to try and control her aggression. Every so often Clare would break the kiss, and we would both inhale deeply as I stared into her eyes,the look of lust gazing back at mine.

I was taken aback that Clare's husband would suggest she spend their twentieth anniversary with me. However, that thought was pushed from my mind as soon as we walked on the balcony. Before us was the largest pool I had ever seen surrounded by palm trees and a white sand beach before a soft blue ocean. The feeling of the cool ocean breeze lapped around my thighs as I scanned the view. "I've wanted to do that since the airport," breathed Clare as she stepped back.

I could only smile as I tried to catch my breath.

"Mark and I come here every year for our anniversary, or at least I do," smiled Clare as she led me to the balcony. "This is my first time I'm here without him in twenty years and the first time having an ocean view since our honeymoon."

"It's beautiful," I stated.

"And so are you," whispered Clare as she moved behind me pressing her breasts into my back

I let out a sharp gasp as Clare's hand rubbed the back of my thigh. Pulling my hair to the side she placed soft kisses on my neck as her hand moved higher and higher. With each grope I stood frozen, her hand slowly moving closer to my groin, my arousal climbing along with her ascending hand. Spreading my legs I leaned slightly forward giving her easy access as her fingers reached the apex of my legs.

"You are such a little slut," hissed Clare as she ground her hand against my bare pussy. "Did you make this whole trip without any underwear?"

"Yes," I gasped as the force of her hand made me stand on my toes.

"Well I like a little naughty," continued Clare as she released me from her grasp. "My husbands condition for letting us take this trip is he gets to see pictures of our erotic escapades and I promised to send them to your partner as well. With my back to the ocean Clare used her phone to snap several pictures of me in my disheveled schoolgirl look.

"Excellent," stated Clare. "Now lift your skirt and show me your lovely pussy."

Feeling I had no choice I lifted my skirt exposing my naked crotch on the balcony of the hotel.

After a quick photograph Clare lowered her phone. "Is that a butterfly tattoo?"

"Yes," I replied. "Trish had me get it after we left your hotel room."

Clare dropped to her knees in front of me, her hands again on my thighs as she lifted my skirt exposing the design.

"Amazing," gasped Clare," your vaginal lips make up its body. And are those letters in its wings?"

"It says 'GIRLS ONLY', I embarrassingly confessed. As a heterosexual, having such a definitive mark proclaiming me as a lesbian was something I was humiliated talking about. Especially to a woman, a woman who was expecting to be intimate with me. Yet as her fingers danced over the pattern in its wings I could not help but feel aroused. Her face close enough that I feel every breath she exhaled.

"Turn around," ordered Clare as she discovered my scandalous tattoo continued around my hips.

With my eyes closed I slowly turned and pressed my stomach against the railing as her hands lifted the back of my skirt. I stood quietly as Clare read the rest of the tattoo. The words 'Lesbian Sex Slave' stenciled into my skin. A tattoo that not only labeled me a lesbian but one who is submissive to other women as well. Stating I'm not a girlfriend, a partner, or even an equal but a possession and in a way making the label correct. As a slave I have no say in whom I'm intimate with, that is a decision for my mistress.

"Wow," Clare finally stated, standing up and wrapping her arms around me. "You are one kinky girl."

"That I am," I laugh thinking about the situation I was in.

"Then I think you'll like what I have planned," purred Clare as she walked back into the room and opened one of the suitcases. "Do you remember I said that you looked like a girl named Amber that used to be my daughter's cheer squad?"

"Yes," I replied remembering the conversation.

"Well I brought my daughter's old cheer uniform for you to wear," proclaimed Clare.

"You want me to wear your daughter's clothes," I inquired, a bit surprised and creeped out.

"Yes, to play Amber. You can change in the bathroom," responded Clare holding out the uniform and ignoring the tone of my voice.

Taking the offered clothes I walked into the bathroom and closed the door. The uniform was two pieces, a green and gray sleeveless shell and a short green with gray contrasting box pleat skirt. It seemed that Clare's daughter was just slightly smaller than me as both fit snugly. Putting on the green cheer briefs felt a little strange and since I was usually prohibited from wearing panties and it felt naughty in a distorted way. Like the rest of the uniform, the briefs were snug with the elastic tight against my waist and pulled against my crotch and ass making me think momentarily of removing them before I put on the gray socks and sneakers.

Finished, I looked at myself in the mirror. Even though the uniform covered more than my clothes it drew more attention. The skirt, while short, was slightly longer than the pinkie rule and the shell was tight hugging my curves but covering far more than the top I exchanged for it. Combined I had transformed into the flirty cheerleader Amber.

Stepping back into the room the tight cheer briefs made their presence known as the cheer skirt danced over my thighs with each step. Stopping in the middle of the room I waited for Clare's approval.

"Oh my," breathed Clare. "You look amazing. Just like that little flirt Amber. You don't mind me calling you Amber? "

I nervously shook my head no, thinking I preferred playing Amber. The flirty cheerleader being seduced by a teammate's mother rather than standing in a hotel room wearing the clothes of the daughter of the woman I was about to have sex with. Then it was not me breaking so many taboos, it was Amber.

Picking up her phone Clare took several pictures of me in various cheer poses each getting more provocative. Finally, Clare dropped her phone and with a predatory smile walked up to me and cupped my cheak looking into my eyes. It was an intense look, fueled from years of lust and fantasy for the young Amber. I knew what she wanted and leaned in for another kiss. This one was more tender than the earlier one, more intimate.

Breaking the kiss she smiled at me before walking over the edge of the bed and sitting down. Leaning back on her arms and spreading her legs as much as her skirt would allow, she held the provocative pose as she continued to watch me.

Her expectations were clear and I moved in between her legs. Dropping to my knees I began to do what I have been trained so well-to-do. Leaning forward I started placing soft kisses on the inside of her thighs as I caressed her legs pushing up her skirt. Once my hands reached her hips I grasped her panties and pulled them down her legs filling my nose with her aroma. With her skirt and underwear no longer hindering my access I started kissing her legs again only this time my fingers brushed against the wet folds of her vagina. Her legs flinched upon contact, but she kept them steady as I continued to tease and explore her nether region. Her moans became louder and more demanding as my finger circled her engorged clit.

With our eyes locked, I slowly moved my head between her legs, in a way teasing her as she tried to will me to move faster. As I made my way up, I felt her smooth thighs brushing against my hair and finally my cheeks. Extending my tongue I ran it up her moist slit and realizing how thirsty I was, I began to drink her fluids like a form of erotic vampire.

Her moans filled the room as she grasped the back of my head making sure I'm kept in position. All the while I stimulate her channel bringing down as much of her secretions as she could produce. Unable to keep her orgasm at bay, her body shuddered in a powerful climax before collapsing on the bed as I continued to drink her cum.

"That was absolutely amazing," breathed Clare as she came out of her orgasmic stupor. "That was by far the best orgasm I have ever had.

"Thank you," I purred as I moved to straddle her body. The hem of the cheer skirt draping over her lap as I settle my groin above hers.

Reaching up she pulled my face to hers, and we engaged in another passionate kiss, this time flavored by her juices. Breaking the kiss I could still see the lust in her eyes and knew her fantasy was not complete. Standing back up I reached under the skirt and pulled off her daughter's cheer briefs, now stained with my secretions. Reading my intentions Clare pulled herself towards the middle of the bed and I began to crawl over her body, dropping lite kisses as I went.

"Are you ready," I whispered reaching her head.

"Yess," hissed Clare.

Straightening up I straddled her shoulders as her daughter's cheer skirt bunched under her chin. Moving up a few more inches I positioned my crotch just above her face and slowly lowered myself until my vagina rested over her mouth and my clitoris made contact with her nose. The act of love making is as much emotional as it is physical for women. To achieve orgasm a woman not only has to be aroused but emotionally involved in the act.

Nicole had molded me into an expert in achieving this. Training me in the art of seduction and how to entice a woman into sex. Creating a repository of skills to convince a woman to not only accept my advances but become emotionally vested. She also trained me in the art of pleasuring women making me an expert in giving a female partner the best oral pleasure possible. While my body had been conditioned through this experience to associate women with sexual pleasure my heterosexual mind still could not fully commit to emotional attachment.

To do so required me to become someone else. In this case Amber the flirty cheerleader about to have the mother of a teammate who she had a crush on for years finally go down on her. Dropping the skirt over her head, making my vagina the only thing in her world.

"Mmmm, yes Ms. Clawson," I purred as I rotate my hips grinding my clit on her nose. "I've fantasized about you doing this to me for so long." Clare released a muffled groan as her tongue began lapping between my folds.

As Claire's inexperienced tongue continued to probe my inner channel I kept thinking how much Amber had been dreaming of this moment. To have the woman she had been crushing after for all of her formative years finally making her dream come true. All the times she cheered in her little uniform hoping that the woman she was pining after noticed her.

As the fantasy continued to build and Clare continued to try to bring me to orgasm the emotional and physical came together for me and I let out a sharp moan as I came over the face of the woman I wanted so dearly.

Even though it was still early we were both hungry and exhausted after our activities and grabbed an early dinner before going back to the room for one more round of love making before going to sleep.

Thursday 4:30 AM HST

We woke before sunrise and Clare instructed me to get dressed while she ordered room service. Nicole kept the clothes Clare had supposedly requested I bring a surprise. The mid rise dark gray shorts were tight and I had to wiggle just to pull them over my hips. The cotton polyester blend stretched to give them a snug fit. As I worked to pull the waistband closed the center seam had very little give. As the shorts attempted to rise up from her hips they dug into my crotch and in between my ass making there presence known. Given how form fitting the shorts were, the front and back pockets were more for decoration as nothing would be able to slip into the tight piece of clothing. The burgundy polyester elastane sports bra had a racer back and a black front zipper. Like the shorts, the bra was a snug fit and as I pulled up the zipper the built-in cups lifted and enhanced my breasts giving the look of cleavage over the scooped neck. The outfit was completed with a black belt, gray socks and black hiking boots.

As I stood in front of the bathroom mirror pulling my hair in a ponytail I couldn't help but feel like a redheaded version of Laura Croft. While less curvy than the video game character the body enhancing effects of the bra and shorts on my breasts and ass gave that impression. Finished, I took a deep breath and walked back out into the room, the shorts pulling against my crotch with every step.

"Wow," gasped Clare as she turned to look at me. "You look amazing! Like some sort of sexy bad-ass heroine."

I could only stand there with a goofy smile on my face from her complement. Feeling a little self couscous as Clare was dressed like an average female hiker. Her khaki shorts were longer and looser than mine and her sports bra was covered by a fitted tank top.

"I love what those shorts do to your ass," purred Clare as she ran her hand over my cheeks made firm by the shorts. "However we're not playing dress up today, at least not yet.

Thursday 5:45 AM HST

After driving a short distance we reached Ke'e Beach just in time to see the sun breaking over the horizon. Arriving so early we were alone on the secluded beach. The waves gently crashing on the rocks just off of the sandy beach.

"It's incredible," I gasped as I looked out over the Pacific.

"Just wait until you see the main event," announced Clare. "Let's get started."

After putting on our backpacks, mine black to match my outfit, we walked to the edge of the beach and the Kalalau trail. After a short incline through dense forest we emerged at a small outlook and a line of cliffs of vivid green vegetation ending at the shoreline and extending what looked like forever.

"Welcome to Jurassic Park," stated Clare.

"Where!" I questioned, pulled out of my stupor.

"It's actually the Na Pali coast," laughed Clare "But this is where they filmed the movie and given the way you're dressed I thought it was fitting." Clare had me pose for several photos to send to her husband and Trish/Nicole before starting our hike

"Okay," announced Clare. "We need to follow this trail for two miles before we reach our first destination, and we need to make good time. You lead so I can admire that sweet ass."

I marched along the undulating trail as it followed the contour of the cliffs with Clare following close behind. After about an hour of hiking the trail started to descend to a small hidden beach. While not as beautiful as Ke'e Beach its remoteness gave it, it's charm. Clare once again had me pose for several photos before telling me to undo my phoney tail.

"Fantastic," announced Clare after redoing the photos with my new look. "Now I want you to stand on the beach with your back to the valley and the river. After taking position Clare had me ruffle my hair out as she looked for the best angle to capture me.

"Okay," Now I want you to unzip your top.

The concerned look on my face ignored as Clare was consumed with the idea of getting a video of me removing my top. "I want to see a naughty smile on your face as you slowly pull it down. And put some pressure on the zipper so I can get the sound."

On a remote beach with a woman I barely knew wearing only a bra and a pair of shorts with no money, phone, ID or keys I felt it best to just go along with her command as it was no worse than the videos Nicole made of me.

I stared into the lens of her phone as Clare held it in front of her face, her eyes focused on the screen's image. Taking a deep breath I started to pull the zipper down, the ratcheting sound mixing with the sound of the waves as the material of the sport bra pulled apart until it reached the bottom and my breasts popped free. Removing the garment Clare took several photos of me topless before walking over to my backpack and pulling out the next item and I understood her earlier dress up comment. I stood in amazement as Clare unfolded what was for all intents and purposes a green mermaids tail.

Why don't you wiggle out of those tight little shorts and we can get you ready for the next photo shoot," smiled Clare.

Removing my shorts I had to sit on a rock and slip my feet into the restrictive garment, all while being filmed by Clare. After several minutes of wiggling and pulling I got it over my hips and up to my natural waist. Paired with my plum bandeau bikini top Clare had me pose on the rock and around the beach before having me lay in the surf for several photos before posing topless. The photo shoot ending when we spotted a group of hikers coming over the ridge towards the beach. Clare gathered the backpacks and my clothes as I hopped towards the river and out of sight just in time to miss a young girl running onto the beach.

"That was close," breathed Clare as she dropped our backpacks and my clothes on the stream's edge. "Come let's get that tail off of you and let's get moving up the valley.

Clare's was literal when she said to take the tail off before we got started. Once I was naked she only gave me my socks and boots. It seemed she liked the idea of me walking through the jungle naked. After putting on the backpack Clare had one more surprise. Pulling out a length of rope Clare proceeded to tie my hands together leaving the length of rope to act as my lead.

"In one morning you went from Amber to Ariel to Eve," laughed Clare as she gave the rope a little tug and began leading me deeper into the rain forest.

I followed my captor up the Hanakapi'ai Valley. Given the scenery and my hands being bound I felt like a captive of an Amazon warrior being led to her village as some sort of prize. Even though we were alone in the rainforest I was still self-conscious walking outside naked and restrained not knowing exactly where we were going.

I first heard our destination as the sound of rushing water began to fill the valley and a break in the canopy revealed the feathery white ribbon of water cascading down the cliff. After a little more hiking we made it to the base of a 500-foot waterfall ending in a pool of water in a rocky grotto. Even being naked, bound and led by a woman couldn't keep me from being in awe of the natural wonder.

"Welcome to Hanakapi'ai falls," proclaimed Clare as we both took in the sight.

After a quick meal we went to work. Completely naked Clare had me pose for several pictures around the shoreline before ordering me to walk closer to the base of the waterfall and had me pose with the deluge of water falling around me. Even though it was not large, the shear height caused quite a bit of spray and the larger drops made their presence known. By the time Clare was satisfied I was soaking wet and she had me climb into the pool for a nude swim in the cold waters of the grotto. I once again donned the mermaid's tail and after a few more pictures Clare removed her clothes and joined me in the pool.

"Mark and I have always wanted to go skinny dipping here, but were never here alone. I guess I was just coming with the wrong person," stated Clare as she pulled me in for a kiss in one of the most romantic places imaginable. Thinking how Amber would feel I kissed her back enjoying the romantic moment. Swimming to a large rock at the edge of the pool Clare pulled herself up and sat opening her legs and a smirk on her face. Knowing what she wanted I swam towards her, my tail splashing the water as I approached my eyes scanning the trail worried I would see the young girl running out of the trees.

I don't know how you did it but you topped last night, stated Clare as we sat on the shore drying.

"Thank you," I replied mentally adding having sex with a woman in a tropical forest at the base of a waterfall while wearing a mermaid tail to my list of sexual activities.

Just then the sky opened up and it started to rain. We quickly pulled out our rain ponchos and huddled on the rock as the waterfall roared to life. With everything now wet we prepared for our return journey when Clare had another wicked idea. Clare looped the rope she used to lead me into the valley around my waist and after tying it at the small of my back pulled it down between my ass cheeks and up over my exposed pussy sliding it under the front of the rope and making a perverted harness and leash. After putting on shorts, socks and boots Clare kept me topless as I put on my backpack. With two zip ties she secured my hands to the front straps, with the backpack clipped effectively binding my hands to the straps just under my breasts. She then draped the rain poncho over my head hiding my breasts and bondage. Taking the rope peeking out of the front of my shorts she tied it to the back of her belt and led me out of the jungle like some sort of pack mule.

As it was later in the day the beach was now filled with hikers, and we passed a number of people on the trail all while I was bound topless and led by my captor. Not willing to make eye contact I just hoped none could see that I was topless or that the rope tethering me to my captor disappeared into my shorts and was not secured to it. Reaching the car Clare cut the zip ties and allowed me to put on my sports bra for what I thought was the return trip. But after driving up the road Clare turned at a sign reading Limahuli Garden.

"There used to be a woman with a unique roadside stall just ahead," explained Clare.

Thursday 4:00 PM HST

I carefully exited the car upon our return to the hotel, my Laura Croft style clothes exchanged for a bandeau top and Hawaiian skirt made entirely out of long green leaves. The woman who had the roadside stand wove the traditional item and Clare and her family stopped every year for her and her daughter, however this was the first time she dressed a naked woman. Clare even mastered the craft over the years and bought extra leaves for later.

Returning to the lobby Clare had me wait with the extra leaves and backpacks as she went to get a luggage cart. My adrenaline spiking again as I spotted Christie approaching.

"Look at you, princess," stated Christie in a husky voice as she slowly circled me. "You have certainly gone native today. Dressed like that you would fit right in with the luau cast."

"Yeah I guess," I replied nervously looking down at my bare feet.

"Don't be shy princess," purred Christie as she placed a finger under my chin and lifted my head.

"I think you look very sexy dressed in foliage," smirked Christie. "In fact I would bet that you have done completely native and aren't wearing anything under all those leaves."

I bit my nervously lip as I scanned the lobby looking for Clare. The large smile appearing on Christie's face made it clear she understood my unspoken reply.

"Why don't you stand by the garden and let me take your picture," commanded Christie.

Standing in front of the display Christie snapped a few pictures before Clare returned with the luggage cart. I was relieved once again as Clare saved me from Christie taking things any further but she kindly offered to collect the cart if Clare told her our room number. An offer Clare was happy to accept.

As we walked to the elevators we passed a young Polynesian woman and I could not help but notice her beauty as she looked at my outfit and smiled. As we passed she turned her head to watch me walk away, an action Christie took note of.

Friday 4:00 HST

"Ariel!" squealed a young girl as she ran towards me.

Given my similarities to the fictional princess I was used to this and dropped to my knees greeting the young fan. After sleeping in late and my first ever massage Clare and I spent most of the day doing touristy things, culminating in me dressed in my bandeau bikini and a short tight green swim skirt with a fish scale pattern in a play to the mermaid tail I wore yesterday.

"Leia!" Do not run off like that, scolded her mother as she hurried after her daughter.

Looking up I spotted a woman running towards us, my eyes scanning her body. Since Nicole required me to appraise every woman I met I was unaware I was even doing it now more a habit than a duty. Looking to be in her mid 30s the mother had an average body type, not overly thin, with curves in all the right places. Her black bikini was not as revealing as mine, covering her more like a bra and panty would. However, it matched her hair and complemented her figure nicely as it supported her lovely breasts and highlighted her hips, both no doubt enhanced from childbirth.

"I'm sure the pretty young lady is not Ariel," continued the woman as she stopped before me.

"Sadly that's true, I'm not a princess," I sighed as I looked up at the woman as a shiver ran through my body from her calling me pretty.

"I'm so sorry," the mother apologized. "She's a huge princess fan and you really look like her."

"It's okay," I responded, my eyes still studying the swell of her breasts. "I'm always happy to talk with a fellow fan."

"I actually saw a mermaid yesterday when we were hiking," boasted Leia. But she swam away before I got a picture."

"What a shame," I replied as the thought of being caught but young Leia topless on the beach ran through my mind. However, I didn't want to give her time to think about it. "Are you guys staying at the hotel?"

"Yes," the mother replied, her hand resting on her hip pulling my gaze to her bikini bottoms seeing how the black material contrasted with her pale skin and a noticeable bump where the form fitting fabric covered her mound. Caught up in the moment she was unaware I was gawking at her like a teenage boy. "But the two of us and Leia's dad are leaving tomorrow."

The mention of Leia's father, a male, threw me. Even though I was heterosexual I no longer thought of males as sexual partners and the idea of the potential mate standing before me paired with one felt unnatural. As a heterosexual being forced to flirt with women this news should have been a relief, but my subconscious was jealous that this woman was uninterested in me.

"Mom can I have a picture with her like at Disney?" asked Leia as she smiled at her mother.

"Oh, I do not think she would be happy taking pictures with strangers," replied her mother while looking at me questionably.

"I'd be happy too," I responded straightening up and pulling the young girl to my side.

"Thank you," responded the mother, pleased her daughter got her wish.

As the mother crouched down to take the photo my flirty smile was meant for her and I opened my legs a bit to ensure the crotch of my bikini bottoms would be visible.

"Thank you again," smiled the mom. "Come on Leia we took up enough of the young woman's time."

"My pleasure," I replied as she walked away with her daughter. I remained in place studying the woman's backside thinking how Leia's treasured mermaid photo would be of me staring at her mother's breasts.

"Making new friends," smiled Clare as she walked up carrying some towels.

"Some young girls just get excited when they see me," I stated now kneeling before Clare.

"Yes, and it seems some older women excite you when you see them," teased Clare. "She has a delicious butt. Very kissable. However, you should be lusting after my ass. Come, let's go for a swim."

Embarrassed, I was all too happy to follow Clare out into the ocean. My eyes wandered down to Clare's ass as she pulled me into the water. As we got waist deep Clare took several pictures of me with the ocean and then the hotel as backgrounds.

"So tell me did the MILF excite you," purred Clare as she stood next to me, her hand rubbing the crotch of my swimsuit.

Clare's question made me uncomfortable as I nervously looked around, it seemed no one could see where Clare's hand was. I didn't want to admit to myself let alone anyone else that I did become aroused thinking of the mother. "Her daughter ran up to me, and I was just being friendly," I gasped as Clare continued to slide her finger against my swimsuit.

"Yes, you certainly were friendly," continued Clare and the way she looked I don't blame you. "If I had the chance you may have been babysitting tonight, and we would have some mommy alone time. However, I have a fun game for us. I want you to take off your swimsuit."

"What!" I squealed. "Out here! Now!"

Clare only smiled and nodded as her hands made their way up to my hips and started to pull my bottoms down. Wanting to keep from causing a scene I quickly wiggle out of my swimsuit and unclasp the top and hesitantly handed them over to Clare dropping so my chest was below the water.

With a wink Clare headed towards the shore leaving me naked as I watched people enjoying the beach and pool beyond. Clare walked with a sway of her hips as she rose out of the water to where she left our towels and deposited my swimsuit. With a quick look over her shoulder she continued walking towards the side of the hotel, leaving me trapped in the water.

After what felt like an eternity I saw her reappear and enter the water.

"Miss me," stated Clare as she reached out and caressed my now naked body.

"Where did you go," I asked nervously?

Nowhere in particular," replied Clare casually. "I just wanted to check the menu at the bar. Now before I get your swimsuit I want you to move towards shore and when your waist-deep, stand up and place your hands behind your head with your back to the beach."

As Clare held all the cards I did as she asked and placed my hands behind my head as she took several photos of me topless before she let me drop back under the cover of the ocean. As I watched Clare return to the beach I spotted my stalker, Christie, standing by the pool. It seemed she was watching us and most likely saw I was not wearing a top as my wet hair clung to the middle of my back. Her doubts confirmed as Clare picked up my bathing suit and returned to the water. As Clare approached Christie gave me a waive and turned back to the hotel.

"Here you are princess," chirped Clare as she handed me my swimsuit.

"Where's the bottoms," I questioned as I held the top in one hand and the swim skirt in the other.

"I thought you should just wear the two pieces for dinner," smiled Clare.

Happy to have something I quickly put my top back on and slipped my legs into the short skirt. Taking my hand Clare led me to the beach and handed me a towel. With a naughty smile Clare grabbed her wrap around and covered her bikini bottoms teasing me about my lack of covering.

"Do you need to go to the bathroom," asked Clare as we left the beach.

"No," I replied hoping to just get to our hotel room.

However, it seemed Clare had other plans as she led me towards the bar. There I spotted a smiling Christie working as the hostess.

"Would you lovely ladies like a table," asked Christie.

"Yes a table for two please," responded Clare.

"It will be about fifteen minutes," stated Christie after looking at the list.

"In that case I'm going to go to the bathroom," replied Clare.

"I go with you," I responded not wanting to be alone with my stalker.

"No," ordered Clare. "You hold our place, I'll be back in a few minutes.

I stood in place as I nervously watched Clare walk towards the bathroom. When I glanced back at Christie she looked positively giddy as it was clear I was in her control for the moment. Feeling my ability to resist drain from me, I broke eye contact and looked submissively at the ground.

"So did you enjoy your little swim," purred Christie.

"It was fine," I mumbled.

"No, you were fine," growled Christie. "That is not your mother, is it princess?"

I nervously shook my head knowing what was implied.

Taking my hand, Christie pulled me into the little booth "I didn't think so," continued Christie seeming to enjoy my embarrassment. Her hand caressing the back of my swim skirt. "Is she your sugar mama?"

"No," I squeaked as her hand found its way to my inner thigh.

"So she's just a friend," laughed Christie as her hand disappeared under my swim skirt gently massaging up my thigh

"You could say that," I gulped, trying to look natural. My mind numb as my stalker's teasing hand got closer to discovering my lack of bottoms.

"I'd like to be your friend too," whispered Christie as her hand reached its apex and her fingers slid over my exposed labia before slipping into my channel.

Discovering my secret Christie pressed me against the counter. Without thinking, I arched my back and spread my legs offering no resistance to her advances.

"Please Christie, not here," I breathed as her finger pumped in and out.

"Why not princess," smiled Christie evilly. "Beg me to make you cum."

"Please, please, ahhhhh," I grunted as my body started to respond to her ministrations.

"Yes," purred Christie, "My princess likes being played with. "But I will have to take up your offer of somewhere else."

With that Christine pulled her finger from me. "Your tables ready," stated Christie as she grabbed two menus. "If you would follow me."

In a daze I looked at Christie's ass as Clare pulled me along towards our table.

Saturday 10:30 AM HST

"Come on this way," order Clare in a hushed tone.

We were walking along the hotel's footpath when Clare pulled me towards the rocky shore. Dressed in our bathing suits and not for rock climbing I carefully followed Clare down the rocky slope to a very small beach exposed in the low tide.

Reaching the sandy bottom Clare wrapped her arms around me and gave me a soft kiss as the waves lapped at our feet. "Mark and I snuck down here on our honeymoon," explained Clare as she pulled away and looked around the secluded spot before walking to a large rock tucked into the corner of the slope. "Mark sat on this very rock and I gave him his first blowjob as a married couple. Sex on the beach."

Taking a seat on the rock, Clare locked eyes with me a wicked smile on her face. "However a group of swimmers interrupted us before Mark could return the favor, so I thought we could correct that now."

Knowing what she wanted I knelt between Clare's legs and helped pull off her bathing suit bottoms. With my toes digging into the sand I leaned forward and gently kissed Clare's moist slit resulting in a slight moan. Knowing Clare was already primed in her fantasy, I started drilling my tongue into her drawing several more moans as we engaged in sex on the beach. While secluded we were at the bottom of a cliff in front of a large resort, the hotel balconies no more than a hundred yards away and the resort's beach not much farther down the coast. While hidden I couldn't help thinking we were out in the open and people would be walking by on the footpath above or playing on the beach as two women made love on the beach.

"That was fantastic," breathed Clare. "Much better than my husband could have done."

"Hello! Is anyone down there?" Came a shout from above. "You're not supposed to be climbing on the rocks.

"Sorry," replied Clare as she worked to get her swimsuit back on. "We thought there was a small beach down here."

"Well you can't be climbing on the rocks it can be dangerous so please come back up," replied the woman.

Nervously I followed Clare up the rocks and as we reached the top I saw a smiling Christie, her hand extended to help pull me up.

"Well you two," smiled Christie as she appraised the two of us standing before her like naughty schoolgirls. I was worried it was a couple of teens horsing around or newlyweds living out some fantasy."

"No just my daughter Amber and I," responded Clare. "We're sorry we just got a little too adventurous."

"Well I can understand that," laughed Christie. "You and your daughter have fun and no more climbing on rocks."

"Yes mam," responded Clare. "Come on Amber."

With that Clare took my hand and pulled me down the trail back to the beach. Turning my head I saw Christie holding up her phone and winking at me. She saw us and recorded our little adventure. Turning back I was at least glad she did not know my name, but she had pictures of me dressed in leaves and now a video of me going down on an older woman.

Saturday 6:30 PM HST

I had convinced Clare to stay away from hotel services until it was time to attend the hotel sponsored luau. Wanting to make a splash Clare dressed in an off the shoulder Hawaiian dress with white strappy heels while I wore my plum bikini, both the top and bottom, three inch wedge sandals and what could only be described as sheer green pants, that did more to highlight my body than cover it.

Getting to the front of the line I noticed they were taking photos of the guests with some of the performers and that's when I saw the young Polynesian woman from when we returned from our hike. This time it was her body on display in a leafy creation.

When it was our turn a smile lit up her face as she recognized me causing me to smile back. Following the photographer's directions we stepped forward the muscled young man at the end, followed by Clare, then the pretty Polynesian women and finally me. Once we were in place she wrapped her hand around my waist pulling me closer to her body than I suspect she did with other guests. Without thinking, I wrapped my hand around hers and bumping into Clare's arm dropped mine lower causing it to rest on her ass. Ashamed I quickly moved it up. After the photo the young woman led me by the hand to the side.

"Hi," whispered the young woman as we waited while Clare was photographed with the young man. "I love your outfit."

"Thank you," I responded. "I love yours as well."

"My name is Maya by the way," replied Maya.

"Alice," I whispered leaning towards her ear, her soft hair brushing my face and the smell of coconut filling my nose.

After a few moments Clare was done and Maya led me back in front of the photographer and I wrapped my hand around her once more as she did the same to me. Only this time Maya placed her hand on my ass and gave it a little squeeze as the picture was taken.

I still felt the tingle as we made our way to the table. The round table had seating for twelve and Clare took a chair next to a woman and I took the seat next to hers, with several empty chairs to my side.

"Aloha! I'm Clare and this is my lovely daughter Amber," announced Clare.

"Susan, and this is my daughter Brooke," replied the woman.

Resigned to the fact I was once again Amber, the tease from Clare's real daughter's cheer team I appraised the mother and daughter. With a drink in hand Susan looked like a woman ready to let loose. As her daughter was eighteen I guessed she was about fifty. Her blond hair, obviously dyed, fell in waves down her back and her face was done up in a sultry look. But what really caught my eye was her figure hugging top that showed off a generous amount of cleavage, the image she portrayed was of a cougar on the prowl.

Her daughter Brooke was the opposite, an attractive face with lovely cheekbones that really set off her smile. Her dark hair fell straight down her back and was a little heavier than her mother, no doubt leading to her shyness. The yellow tank top under a Hawaiian shirt left unbuttoned and tied in a knot to conceal her body yet her generous breasts still made their presence known. Seeing me as a potential friend moved to the empty seat opposite me as my eyes focused on her well-rounded hips.

After some small talk Susan revealed that she just finalized her divorce from Brooke's father, whom Susan jokingly stated traded her in for a younger model. This trip was intended to start their new life, Susan as a single woman and Brooke as an adult.

"We know all about younger models don't we Amber," laughed Clare as she caressed my leg. "My husband is also not with us."

"Well then to a clear picture," toasted Susan before she took a gulp.

"To the possibilities," replied Clare toasting with her water.

"I'm sorry, for our bashing" added Susan before taking another drink, "a beautiful girl like you probably has a lot of handsome young men fawning all over her."

"Actually my Amber is not interested in males," replied Clare informing them of my false sexuality.

"Really!" chirped Brooke, breaking into the conversation for the first time. "So you have, like a girlfriend?"

"Amber has had several girlfriends," laughed Clare filling in my sexual history. "A real love em and leave em type of girl."

Lucky the show started and while Clare and Susan continued to talk, the questioning of my sexuality stopped. The show progressed through a number of Hawaiian themes with the dancers changing into different costumes throughout the night.

"You're crushing on that little Hawaiian hottie," whispered Brooke when she noticed me checking out Maya. After looking back at the performers she leaned back towards me. "I think that she is interested in you well."

My face broke out in a bashful smile causing Brooke to smile back. "You're thinking about picking up some local talent," teased Brooke as Maya kept looking over at our table."

"No," I finally stated, and what makes you think she is not looking at you?"

"Please guys hardly check me out let alone a girl that looks that hot," responded Brooke.

"So you think I'm hot," I snapped back. Pushing Brooke on the defensive.

I continued watching the show conscious that Brooke would be monitoring if I started staring at the young performer again. However, that plan was abandoned after a battle scene when young male performers forcibly walked Maya across the stage, each holding an arm, the drum beating ominously. Positioning her between two poles they proceeded to tie her outstretched arms with vines in bondage before the victorious chief. I couldn't help but stare as she was restrained before my eyes in an exotic setting wearing an erotic costume similar to the one I wore. Her flawless skin with her small breasts and long legs on display. I imagined myself in her position tied and presented as a prize to some chieftess.

"Someone is excited," sang Brooke seeing how spellbound I was from the performance. "You want to take the little hottie captive and have your way with her.

"No," I growled through my teeth. Brooke taking the hint turned away smiling.

After the show Clare announced that she and Susan were heading to the late night bar and Brooke and I should chat and explore the grounds a bit. We were both quiet as we followed the crowd out of the theater turning to the side and down the path towards the chairs facing the ocean, now empty as the sun had already set.

"Sorry for teasing you during the show," apologized Brooke, hoping to break the silence.

"It's okay," I replied. "Maya is a very beautiful girl."

"Maya!" shouted Brooke. "You know her name!"

"We met before, and she complimented me on my Hawaiian outfit," I stated in defense.

"I take it back," stated Brooke, "you are crushing on Maya."

"Well she is very pretty," I replied. "But, it's kind of complicated.

"What? You have a girlfriend," inquired Brooke.

"Kinda," I replied. "Like I said. It's kind of complicated."

"It sounds like a lot of things are complicated with you. For me it's simple. I'm not dating anyone and no one wants to date me," responded Brooke.

"Hay, you are a very pretty woman," I announced turning in front of her and taking her hands in mine. "Anyone would be lucky to be with you."

"Yeah," whimper Brooke as tears started to form in her eyes. "Everyone says that but it doesn't make it true."

As a heterosexual I would've hugged Brooke telling her things would change once she gets to college and away from the issues of high school. However, Brooke knew me as Amber the flirty lesbian cheerleader, not Alice the kindred spirit. Looking into her eyes I did not want her to be down on herself and seeing her as a beautiful woman I had to make her see that as true and leaned in and gave her a soft kiss. Pulling back we stood facing each other, nervous and aroused.

"Wow," breathed Brooke. I think my life just got complicated.

"It's normal for girls to be curious," I stated in a soft tone as I untied her shirt exposing her tank top and ample breasts. "It's good to experience new things," and with that I leaned in for another kiss. One that she was prepared for and willingly accepted. With no resistance I pushed my tongue between her lips and her deep moan echoed in my mouth as your tongues danced together. Becoming more active Brooke pulled me tight causing our bodies to press against one another, our passion increasing as the kiss went on.

Breaking the kiss we both breathed heavily as we looked into each other eyes. Brooke's hands moving to rest on my hips. Her eyes dropping to where our breasts pressed against one another.

"It's okay to touch," I whispered. Taking the initiative, I moved my hands and cupped and caressed her breasts feeling the soft flesh confined within her bra. Brooke let out a long moan as we explored each other's bodies, building our arousal.

Dropping to my knees I placed soft kisses on her stomach. I could sense her hesitancy as I unbuttoned and started pulling down her shorts, kissing her bare flesh as I went. Her plan white panties were wet, very wet and as her shorts dropped to the ground Brooke fell back onto the recliner behind her. Sitting on the edge with her legs spread I kissed her inner thigh and licked my way down before working my way up the other leg back towards her womanhood. All the while my hand was caressing the front of her panties. Not forceful, just gentle rubbing. Brook lifted her hips trying to get me to apply more pressure. Seizing the opportunity I pulled her panties down revealing her vagina covered in a thick mate of curly black hair, wet from her secretions.

With the ocean waves in the background I leaned in, making contact with her vagina I tenderly kissed it as though I was kissing a lover. Brooke gasped as she fought to keep her body still letting out several high pitch squeaks that were almost whimpers as I lapped at her juices clearing a path through her pubic hairs.

As my tongue slipped inside her channel Brooke gasped loudly before grabbing her discarded shirt and pressing it into her face to muffle the sounds. Brooke's other hand was now in my hair pressing my head into her crotch making sure I completed my task. With a muffled scream Brooke came convulsing as she filled my mouth with her cum.

"That was amazing," breathed Brooke as she came back to her senses. "You are amazing."

Sunday 10:00 AM HST

"Oh, I like this one," chirped Brooke as she pulled a bikini off the rack.

Brooke was a completely different person than the one I met yesterday. The demure, self-conscious girl from the Luau was replaced with a vibrant confident woman. When we walked in the empty cabana section by the beach Brooke confessed her displeasure with her looks and romantic life. Understanding her low self-esteem I just wanted to help her but instead of offering my support as a normal heterosexual woman I kissed her as the flirty Amber. Which led me orally pleasuring her and the two of us laying romantically in a cabana until Brooke's mother texted her to find out where she was. It turned out that Clare seduced Susan into a lesbian tryst last night as well and this morning while the four of us had breakfast, Brooke stated she wanted to take up her mother's suggestion and buy her first bikini. It was decided that I would accompany Brooke while Susan and Clare 'relaxed' a little more.

"Come on let's go," Brooke commanded, taking my hand and pulling me into the changing room.

Once inside Brooke immediately started undressing, raising her arms and pulling the sundress, most likely the sexiest she brought with her. As the hem made its way up, her panties came into view pulled tightly over her curvy ass. Pulling the dress over her head Brooke playfully tossed it to the side. Her pale skin in sharp contrast to her black hair and black satin underwear.

"So what do you think," Brooke inquired playfully posing with her hands on her hips. "Do I have a body for a bikini?"

"You're gorgeous Brooke," I professed as I gazed at her body displayed before me. Her double D breasts cradled within her bra while her panties hugged her hips. Due to her position before the mirror I was able to appreciate both her front and back at the same time.

"So you think I'm gorgeous," laughed Brooke as she fluttered her eyelashes at me.

"Yes," I mumbled. "I think you'll look great in a bikini."

"And what do you think of my girls," purred Brooke as she cupped and squeezed her breasts.

"They're beautiful," I replied sensing the urge to caress the twin orbs.

"Then help me get them out," ordered Brooke as she turned around.

Reaching out I undid the clasp of her bra, and she pulled the supportive garment away exposing her hardened nipples. The bikini top was a halter style and after placing the strap around her neck she settled her breasts into the cups and presented her back to me again. Reaching up I tied two ends together and Brooke reached down to place the bikini bottoms over her panties per store policy but the wetness of her panties probably contaminated the bathing suit anyway.

"Well?" Asked Brooke as she stood in front of me in a black bikini with red Hawaiian flowers no doubt in reference to my red hair.

Like her underwear, the bikini complemented her skin color and highlighted her curves. The top pushed her breasts up letting any onlookers know exactly where their attention should be focused, exactly where my attention was focused. Succumbing to temptation I reached out to caress her breasts, my hands looking small compared to her ample cleavage.

"You really do think they're beautiful," laughed Brooke, a mischievous smile on her face. "I bet yours are gorgeous as well. When I saw you walking to our table yesterday I thought why couldn't I have a body like that." With that Clare started to caress my breasts. My hardened nipples pressing through the fabric of my shirt. As Nicole did not pack any bras or panties I was without underwear.

"You know what," purred Brooke. "You saw me naked. It's only fair I get to see you." With that Brooke pulled the side knot of my skirt removing the garment.

"Brooke, No!" I squealed as I tried to pull away but the act was complete before I could react. As my hand reached for my skirt Brooke reached for my thigh thinking my tattoo was a pair of panties.

"That's a tattoo," stated Brooke as her hand touched nothing but skin. "You have a butterfly tattooed over your crotch!"

My secret exposed I was now the demure self-conscious girl. Grabbing my hands Brooke pulled them away, so she could inspect the artwork that adorned my body.

"Does that say 'GIRLS ONLY!" asked Brooke before turning me around. Brooke became quite as she read the "Lesbian Sex Slave' over my ass.

"Oh wow," breathed Brooke as her finger traced the letters. "Does your mom know about this?"

"What! No!" I gasped thinking about my real mother Janet and not Clare.

"No wonder things are complicated." laughed Brooke. "So yesterday you weren't lusting over Maya tied to the posts you wanted to be her."

Unable to speak I just stared at the reflection of me standing naked below the waist, my butterfly tattoo completely visible, and my arms at my sides in a very subservient pose, while Brooke stood behind me in a position of dominance. Her arms wrapped around me as she undid the knot of my shirt exposing my A cup breasts. Our size difference making me look like a petite woman being manhandled by her larger lover. Her confident smile and my nervous stare highlighting that fact.

Removing my shirt I now stood naked as Brooke reached around and cupped my breasts and unlike my small hands on her large breast, her hands completely covered mine and I felt a chill run down my back as her palms pressed on my hardened nipples. As she continued to grope me I did nothing to dissuade her. The feeling of her breasts pressing into my back adding to my arousal.

Just yesterday our roles were reversed. Brooke was the shy sexual novice, and I was the confidant aggressor introducing her to the world of sapphic love. Now with her newly acquired confidence and the exposure of my secret our relationship went from me being the lead to Brooke taking the role of mistress.

"You like this, don't you?" asked Brooke, her voice steady and full of confidence.

Before I could answer Brooke pinched my nipples causing me to moan in response.

"So tell me Amber," whispered Brooke as I continued to watch her manhandle my breasts. "Do I have your sexy body? Are you MY lesbian sex slave?"

"Yes mistress," I hissed, surrendering to her.

"I like the sound of that," smiled Brooke.

"Is everything okay in there," inquired a sales lady. "Do you need anything?"

"No. No," everything is fine," responded Brooke releasing me. I found the perfect suit and will be out in a minute.

The mood broken, we quickly dressed.

Monday 5:30 PM HST

I could feel all eyes on us as the hostess led us to our tables. Not because Clare and Susan walked hand in hand or even Brooke and I doing the same. It was more of how we were dressed. While Susan and Clare's dresses made them both look sexy, Brooke and I were dressed in a more hula theme. Brooke wore her new bikini top with a Hawaiian grass skirt and flip-flops while Clare recreated the leaf dress I wore after our hiking trip. Here we were in a high-end restaurant with a gorgeous view, and I was dressed as some primitive in leaves. As this was Hawaii societal rules seemed to let us slide but it did not change the fact that we stood out.

Wanting privacy Clare requested two tables in the back, not the best views but ensured we were alone. After Susan and Brooke were seated the hostess moved a few tables down and seated Brooke and I in a quiet romantic corner with only Clare and Susan in sight.

"I cannot believe I'm sitting here in a grass skirt and no underwear," whispered Brooke even though no one was around to hear.

I could only smile in response having been forbidden from wearing underwear for the past seven months. "As close to being naked as I want to be," I stated remembering my walk in the jungle and my swim in the ocean.

"I would love to see that, replied Brooke In a low husky voice.

Nervously I turned to see Clare watching me as she and Susan talked.

"Some other time," smiled Brooke as she saw where my eyes wondered. "You know I was wondering earlier today if I'm still technically a virgin. While I have not been penetrated, I tried giving my old boyfriend a blowjob but he shot his load as soon as my tongue touched his penis and when he went down on me he was terrible at it, nowhere as good as you.

Since taking the lead, Brooke had been very insistent on me going down on her, having me bring her to several orgasms since the Luau but not once reciprocating. "I guess it depends on how you look at it," I replied. "You've had an orgasm from another person."

"Oh, I definitely had orgasms by another person," boosted Brooke as she reached out and squeezed my hand. "But does that really count. I mean if a woman has a vibrator controlled by another person, and they orgasm would that count? It's a hard line to draw. People usually talk about getting fucked for the first time as losing your virginity."

"That's the benchmark normally used," I stated, thinking of the first time Nicole penetrated me with a strap-on. Nicole had purchased a special set of bridal lingerie and had filmed me proclaiming that I was about to give my virginity to my girlfriend. Nicole then filmed the pivotal event capturing my hymen in a small necklace so whoever wore it once again had their virginity. I even had the blood stained lingerie preserved in a bridal dress memory box.

"So technically I'm still a virgin," giggled Brooke. "Even after everything we did, simply because good girls historically didn't have oral sex."

Even though she didn't mean it, Brooks' statement hurt. While it was true I had gone down on Brooke many times she did not do so to me implying she was a good girl, and I was a slut. A lesbian slut who was no longer a virgin, while Brooke could still claim to be pure.

"I believe you are," I responded giving up the thought that since I did not have sex with a boy I might still be a virgin.

Tuesday 8:30 PM HST

I nervously stood by the wall after spotting Christie, my stalker, after avoiding her for the last several days or more the fact that Clare and Brooke had kept me busy the last several days. Months under Nicole's control had made it almost natural for me to act deferential to the wishes of other women, compounded from being so far from home and under the control of Clare and Brooke. I just didn't have the will power to escape Christie if she caught me.

"Hay, Amber right?" sang a voice from behind me. Turning I saw Maya with a friendly smile on her face.

"Yes," I breathed. Her presence calming my nerves and turning my fear into arousal. "And your Maya from the Luau. I loved your performance."

"Thank you," smiled Maya brushing her long silky hair from her beautiful face. " I'm glad you liked it."

"I did," I replied brushing my own hair from my face.

"Say would you like me to teach you," offered Maya.

Seeing it as my escape from Christie I gladly said yes. As she took my hand and led me to the Luau grounds and the now empty stage my eyes focused on her swaying ass as if hypnotized. I knew I should not be lusting after her but I knew the price I was going to pay for her rescuing me.

"According to legend the goddess Hi'iaka performed the first hula for the pleasure of her sister the goddess of fire, Pele to calm and appease her. So in a way the hula was a dance by a female for the pleasure of another," stated Maya. "Now the hula itself is made up of six basic moves."

I watched intently as Maya's body performed each with grace. The Koholo, a sort of side step. The Ka'o, the swaying of hips. The Kawelu, with one foot stepping forward and back. The Hela, standing on one hip and the other out at a 45-degree angle. The 'Uwehe was basically a step and bending of the knees out. The 'Ami was a rotation of the hips and Maya smiled as she spotted my me mesmerized by the sway of her ass. In truth, I thought she was the perfect mix of exotic and beauty. Her curves and looks could seduce anyone, especially a heterosexual girl primed for the female form.

After several minutes of practice Maya walked over and sat on the throne at the side of the stage. Left standing my eyes were immediately drawn to the two posts Maya had been secured to.

"I see you're thinking of my big scene," purred Maya. Where I'm the princess taken captive by the victorious king. Bound helpless and unable to stop them" With that Maya stood up and walked over to me. "Did you like seeing me tied up? Or did you picture yourself in my place?"

My heart pounded in my chest and I didn't want to respond. To admit that I became aroused seeing her tied up on stage and how I pictured myself in her place. Tied before Nicole, Clare and even Christie always the prisoner of a woman. Women I was required to obey.

Standing before me Maya looked into my eyes as she gently caressed my arm. "So am I to be your captive island princess or are you to be my captive sea princess?" inquired Maya.

Internally my mind was in turmoil and my heart was pounding. Physically, I wanted to be bound by Maya. To lose the ability to say no. Mentally I still knew it was wrong but the thought of being under the control of such a beauty drove up my arousal. "I...I....the captive princes," I stuttered.

"Mmmmmm, I enjoy that too," purred Maya, guiding me between the two pillars. Already accepting my predicament I stood passively as she pulled a rope disguised to look like a vine and tied it around my extended arm. "They purposely left this section clear so it could be tied in a knot," explained Maya as she secured the rope around my wrist. Walking to the other side she repeated the process and I found myself bound on the stage.

As Maya secured me between the posts a weight was lifted from my shoulders. The act of physically being bound freed my mind from the conflict of wanting a sapphic liaison. Under Maya's authority I simply had to follow her demands. As I tested the knots my submissive nature kicked in. I was a puppet on her strings and a wave of desire flooded my body, hardening my nipples and causing my sex to moisten as I mentally surrendered to Maya's complete control of my body.

"There, all nice and secure," proclaimed Maya as she stepped back and studied my bound form.

The lust in her eyes feeding my own arousal. With all the conditioning I had received from Nicole my sense of sensual triggers had developed in a perverse way. I gained a sense of erotic foreplay at being restrained and under the control of another female. Breathing heavily I did not respond, it was not my place to disagree.

"I could do anything I want with you," Maya half whispered as she moved in once again. The smell of arousal mixed with coconut filling my nose. Her hands caressing my sides as her hot breath teased my neck before she placed a soft kiss just below my ear followed by a trail down my neck. I let out a low moan informing her I liked what she was doing.

"I could touch you anywhere I want," continued Maya as she cupped my breasts before sliding her hands down to my ass grabbing and pulling me up against her body.

I shouldn't be sexually attracted to her but as I felt our bodies pressed together, the warm soft skin of her thigh rubbing on mine and her small firm breasts pushing against mine I wanted nothing more than to be hers.

"Kiss you anywhere I want," hissed Maya as she leaned in for a kiss. A kiss I eagerly accepted.

My arms pulled at the restraints as Maya's hands groped my ass. In complete control of my body I could only moan into her mouth as I tried to keep up with her assault, her probing tongue preventing any other sound. After breaking the kiss we were both panting.

"Have you ever been a girl before?" inquired Maya.

"Yes," I gasped.

"So you're not a virgin?" continued Maya.

I responded I wasn't. The argument of me being a heterosexual and never being with a man never entering my mind. I was rewarded with a kiss from my captor.

"Pity, the thought of your first time being bound on stage sounds pretty hot," teased Maya as she dropped to her knees before me.

The dilemma of her seeing my tattoo, not even entering my mind as she pulled my skirt down revealing my vagina.

"What a spot for a tattoo," laughed Maya as her fingers traced the wings before sliding between my lips making up its body.

"Does it say 'girls only'," asked Maya.

"Yes," I replied without a hint of embarrassment.

"So you have never been with a boy?" questioned Maya.

"Correct," I hissed. The fact that I freely admitted not being a virgin and never being with a boy causing no shame in me.

"Then it's a good thing I'm an island princess instead of a prince," stated Maya before leaning in and giving my clit a gentle kiss.

I let out a deep moan as Maya's tongue ran the length of my slit, lapping up my juices before pressing deep into my channel. It didn't matter that she was not the most experienced lover, I was ready and the orgasm that was building within me consumed my body. Closing my eyes, I rode the sexual release and enjoyed the endorphins that flooded my body.

"That was quite the performance," stated Christie. Opening my eyes and turning my head I spotted her standing at the base of the stage, "far more erotic than the usual."

Tied as I was, escape was impossible and Maya just stood wielded to the spot, both of us yielding control of the situation to Christie. I pulled at the ropes as she climbed onto the stage with the look of a predator about to capture its prey. Her lust filled eyes darting from Maya to my bound form. Seeing I was already secured, Christie approached Maya, pulling her out of the stupor as she pulled her against her body.

"Kidnapping a guest as pretty as princess is understandable," growled Christie as she held Maya tightly and forcing her to face me.

"We were just playing," replied Maya, her voice cracking with emotion.

"Playing," purred Christie. "Well this looks like a very fun game. Do you mind if I 'PLAY' as well?"

Christie did not wait for a response as she started to grop at Maya's breast while her eyes locked with mine. "Now as you have already captured my little princess I just need to keep control of my little hula dancer." With that Christie's hand slowly unbuttoned Maya's dress. Her fingers dancing down her flesh as it became exposed one button at a time.

Maya's sexy petite body, rooted in my brain from her performance, was exposed to me once again as her dress fell to the ground. From her long dark hair to her matching eyes, to her adorable button nose to her soft lips down to her black brassiere restraining her small breasts to her trim waist, to her black panties outlining her hips to her long lean legs.

Maya let out a small squeak as Christie pinched her nipple before moving her hand to Maya's back unhooking Maya's bra exposing her fantastic breasts to my view. While not as impressive as Vickie's, Stephanie's, or Brookes they were round and firm, perfect for her body.

"The two of you will make such lovely playmates," continued Christie as her hand slid down Maya's exposed body. My eyes followed as it slid over her tight waist pausing briefly at the top of her panties before descending and stroking her inner thigh causing Maya to squirm and making Christie pull her captive tighter to her body. Her fingers now caressing the front of Maya's panties, pressing against the dark fabric creating a pronounced camel toe. The gentle rubbing causing Maya to moan as her body relaxed.

Realizing Maya was now under her firm control. Christie pulled her over to the empty throne where she took her rightful place. Separating her legs she made the lovely island princess kennel before her new queen. Maya's thong digging into her crack and highlighting her delicious ass. Pulling her head forward Maya starting pleasuring her second pussy of the night.

"Oh, yes," laughed Christie. "Soon I will have the two of you worshiping my body."

With that statement Christie leaned her head back and closed her eyes as Maya continued to work. My endorphin rush now gone and the shock of Christie's appearance receding, I once again focused on my situation. I was on an island in the middle of the Pacific thousands of miles from home with a woman who purchased me for sex. No money or phone and April's ID, which was still in Clare's hotel room, tied on a stage, a captive to my stalker as she attempted to acquire another slave.

My current situation ran through my head. If I did not escape would Christie keep me? Would Clare just assume I left and leave me behind? Would Nicole look for me? Would my parents even know I was gone? If I did not return would Susan go through with her blackmail threat and have my parents arrested.

Not wanting to be owned by Christie I pulled at the ropes holding my arms. Maya's basic knot started to come loose, and I was able to pull my right-hand free. Quickly I untitled my left and grabbed my skirt before quietly leaving the stage. As I scurried out the door I heard Christie's cry of ecstasy.

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