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As I knelt there beside Maddie, naked except for a pair of high-heeled shoes and a slave collar, in the middle of a BDSM club, I could feel every shift of the wind as it played across my skin. The air was warm, but it somehow cooled as it played across my nipples and exposed rear. I kept my eyes angled down in the pose of a good submissive. It wasn't an order from Maddie; it just felt right and kept me from having to look into the eyes of the passing patrons.

A pair of legs came into my field of view, covered in a long, black dress. This was the woman who had officiated my collaring ceremony only minutes ago. My best friend, now my Mistress, had finally accepted my submission fully. This was her present to me on my eighteenth birthday: she claimed me as her slave. My most secret desire had been made real. Kneeling there beside her, I felt completely exposed, yet more free than I had ever been.

Mistress Alexa took the seat just in front of me. She laid my neatly folded dress, the one removed as part of the ceremony, on the table.

"I thought you might need this, eventually," she said.

"Thank you," Maddie replied. "And not just for bringing the dress. Thank you for agreeing to host this special moment for us."

"Oh, sweetie, this was one of the best events we've had here in a long time." She leaned forward a little and lowered her voice. "This place is actually pretty boring most of the time. Despite how it might seem, most people here just like to watch and don't participate very often. Most of the scenes that happen in the outer ring are my people. Not all, but probably…sixty percent?"

Maddie started to pet my head, and I felt a renewed warmth.

"We try to change up the events a lot to keep people coming back," she continued. "But, mainly, we serve as a place for people to experiment with stuff they wouldn't or couldn't in their own homes. All this furniture is expensive and takes up a lot of space, you know." The older woman sat back. "So I should be thanking you," she concluded.

"Even so, I feel like we owe you," Maddie's hand rested on my back. "Rayne is excellent … with her tongue." Oh, my god, was she about to do what I thought she was? "Would you like her to show you?" Yep, there it was!

I stayed expressionless, but my heart started racing. Something about Maddie sharing me without even asking made me want it; I suddenly desired nothing more than to crawl between this beautiful woman's legs and taste her.

"That is incredibly tempting," Alexa answered. "But there is an unofficial rule that there is no sex in the lounge area." She paused, then spoke up again. "I would be happy to give you a tour of some of the additional rooms in the back, though."

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“That would be wonderful,” Maddie smirked.

She and Mistress Alexa stood up and started walking. I started crawling again beside my Mistress. She kept the leash taut this time, forcing me to stay right beside her. I might have fallen behind a few times on purpose just to feel the restriction of the collar and the tug of the leash.

We entered a long hallway with several open doors on the right. Actually, there weren’t any doors, just openings. The Asian woman told us it was a safety measure so no one could do something truly bad without anyone being able to see and put a stop to it. Hanging on the wall beside each door was a clipboard with a schedule. Each one had some slots filled with handwritten notes, presumably people’s names who had reserved the space.

We followed Mistress Alexa into the first room, unoccupied. In the center was a large, four-poster bed with a canopy. A table on one side held an assortment of implements and devices. I saw a riding crop, a small whip with lots of leather straps, clamps of some type, and an assortment of vibrators and dildos. Hanging on one wall were a bunch of cuffs and collars of various makes, some leather, some metal, and a decent array of gags.

I couldn’t help but imagine what those might feel like shoved into my mouth. This whole evening had gotten me so incredibly turned on that I was ready to try anything.

“This is one of two standard playrooms,” Alexa explained. “There’s nothing here you couldn’t have easily in your own home; we just have a bigger variety of toys. These are quite popular with couples - or groups - that just want to experiment. Every room has a drawer of condoms of various sizes,” she continued, pointing to a drawer under the display table.

Maddie glanced down at me, then back at Alexa.

“Do we need condoms?” she asked.

“Even if you don’t play with boys, please put condoms on anything that goes inside you or touches your bodily fluids,” Alexa explained. “But you don’t need a condom for what I want.”

She walked to the end of the bed and bent forward. I hadn’t even seen her lift the front of her dress, but she was pulling her panties off in one graceful dance. She tossed them to the side, turned, and sat on the bed with her legs apart. The dress still hid everything from my sight, but my imagination could see right through it.

Another tug on the leash brought me back to the moment.

“Come on, slave, show Mistress Alexa how appreciative you are,” Maddie ordered.

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With my Mistress by my side, I crawled forward, trying to be sexy. Alexa's eyes were locked on me, but mine were locked on where I knew my target was. As I got close, she lifted the dress and let me approach my goal. Instead of the black hair I was expecting, Mistress Alexa's pussy was completely smooth.

I brought my face close and took my first, tentative lick of a pussy that wasn't Maddie's. Where my best friend's taste was delicate and lightly sweet, this woman tasted like apples, slightly fermented apples. It wasn't unpleasant, just different. Maddie handed the leash to Alexa, and I felt a strong pull.

"Get in there, slut!" Mistress Alexa commanded, and I pressed my mouth hard against her slit, sticking my tongue in deep. "This is your only purpose now," she continued. "To be used!"

Oh, god, yes! Her words were driving right through me, and I was melting into my submission.

"You're just a toy now."

Yes, Maddie's toy. This is what I wanted, what I dreamed of. Alexa wasn't degrading me; every humiliating phrase was true, who I wanted to be, regardless of how I was raised. In another context, I would be angry and tell her off, but this was coming from a place of affection and a desire to heighten my enjoyment, not to break me down.

"I wonder how much money it would take for your Mistress to whore you to me for a night."

Fuuuck, I didn't think anyone could cum just from talking, but this woman was getting me so hot. I reached between my legs and started fingering myself.

"Look how shameless, getting off on being told what a wanton slut she is!" That was directed at Maddie.

"Did I say you could play with yourself?" Maddie chimed in.

I whimpered, but put my hand back down on the floor. Then Maddie was behind me, and I felt something hard touch my clit. Then it started vibrating! I had never had a vibrator before! The new, intense sensation sent shock waves pulsing from my clit. My hands came off the floor as I tried to escape, but Mistress Alexa was holding my head to her. My eyes flew open wide, and I screamed into her pussy.

"Oh, yeah! That's more like it!" she said, heedless of my plight. "I'm going to ride that pretty face of yours, slave. Because that's what it's here for, to fuck!"

I settled down as the surprise subsided and the waves of shock turned into waves of pleasure. I wanted to drop my face to the floor and let the rising orgasm take me, but the Asian woman

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was, quite literally, face fucking me. Her hips rose and fell quickly, smearing my chin and cheeks with her juices.

“Don’t you dare cum before Mistress Alexa does, slave!” Maddie’s voice cut through.

Oh, my fucking god! I tried to concentrate on getting the older woman off. It took every ounce of my willpower to fight the sheer ecstasy buzzing between my legs. I focused on her clit, taking it between my lips and letting my tongue box it around.

“Shit, yeesss!” I heard the woman above exclaim.

That must have worked, but I was still losing the battle. That fucking vibrator was having its way with me, and my own climax was building fast. Well, if they could play dirty, so could I. I brought my right hand up and quickly sucked on my middle finger, then went back to Alexa’s clit. I sucked it hard, pulling the nub in then out like it was a tiny dick. Then that slick finger found the woman’s sphincter and slid home.

“Ohhh, that’s…” was all she got out. Alexa’s body slammed back onto the bed, and her hands let go of my head. It didn’t matter; I was latched on tight and wasn’t letting go. She went rigid against me and was silent for a moment, then cried out. She wiggled back and forth a few times as her orgasm peaked, then ebbed.

I had managed to ignore the vibrations momentarily, but now they came back with a vengeance. Maddie was sliding the rubber dildo up and down my slit, teasing my hole with the tip, then pulling out and moving back to my clit.

“P..please, Mistress, may I … ooohhh … may I cum!?” I pleaded. She loved to hear me beg.

“You may,” she replied and held the vibrator to my pleasure center while putting a finger inside me.

My head went to the floor, knowing I wasn’t going to be able to hold myself up any longer, and let the orgasm shoot through me. I shook as the peak kept going higher, beyond where I thought possible. Every cell in my body was enraptured.

The next thing I knew, Maddie’s smiling face was above me.

“Did I give you permission to pass out?” she said, but was still smiling.

“I…’m so..rry, mmm…” I was still feeling the euphoria of my climax and couldn’t quite think straight.

I looked further up and saw Mistress Alexa sitting on the edge of the bed again. I was on my back.

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“How…long was I out?” I asked, starting to recover my senses.

“Only a few seconds,” the older woman said.

“So, you liked the vibrator?” Maddie asked. What a stupid question.

“We gotta get one of those,” I answered.

“I know, right?” Maddie replied while pulling a rubber off the device and throwing it in a nearby trash can. The condom requirement made way more sense now.

Mistress Alexa stood up and helped me back to a kneeling position.

“You have a very talented slave there, Mistress Maddie,” the Asian woman said. I sat up a little straighter at the compliment.

“Oh, I know,” she replied, smiling down at me. Maddie grabbed the leash and pulled up. “I think you’ve earned the right to walk for a while.”

I stood up.

“Besides, I like to watch you walk in those high heels,” she added.

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She still held my leash, but at least I didn’t have to destroy my knees anymore.

“Shall we continue the tour?” Mistress Alexa asked, straightening her dress.

After that, she led us to another room that seemed much darker. The walls were all painted black, and there were several pieces of bondage furniture, much like those in one of the areas in the main room. Like the last, there was a table of implements, but this one was a lot more torture device heavy. In addition to the crop and small whip, there was a full-sized whip, some clamps with weights, and a huge metal hook with a ball where the point should be, among other things I wasn’t completely sure about.

Seeing so many items that I had no idea what they could be used for got me curious, but also kind of scared. There were just as many that I could definitely figure out how they were used, and I did not like the idea of. Maddie could do with me as she pleased, of course. Still, I trusted that she wouldn’t do anything to really hurt me.

“This is our version of a dungeon motif,” Alexa said. “If you are going to get really hardcore, we ask that you do it here rather than in the main room.” She picked up the large whip and flexed it

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in her hands. “Some people, especially some of the casual patrons, can’t recognize the difference between willing participation and real torture when a slave is screaming and begging.”

A shiver ran up my spine just thinking about it. Screaming and begging? Would Maddie do that to me?

“I don’t think we will be making use of this room any time soon,” Maddie piped up. Oh, thank goodness!

“That’s too bad,” Alexa said. “I really like this room.” Then she swung the whip at a wall, and it cracked, the sound reverberating in the small space.

Maddie and I both jumped, and the Asian woman laughed.

“You two are just precious!” she exclaimed while returning the whip to the table.

We followed her back to the hallway, where she showed us the other roleplay areas. There was a fake classroom complete with old-style chalkboard and desks, a business office, and one that looked like a weird alien landscape. One wall had a bunch of bizarre dildos. Just a couple that caught my eye were a big, blue squid tentacle and a scaly green one with a very life-like bulbous head. I didn’t even know such things existed, yet I couldn’t deny some degree of curiosity even while shuddering at the thought of putting one of those monsters inside me.

The other end of the hallway connected back to the main area. Walking through the room, once again being led naked by a leash, I noticed that I wasn’t embarrassed. To the contrary, I was proud to be Maddie’s property. No one bothered to be subtle with their looks either, and I stood a little straighter, knowing I was turning them on. Maddie noticed the gazes too and looked back at me, smiling.

We got back to our table, and Maddie told me to put my dress back on. She unclipped the leash while I pulled the dress back over my head.

“Done,” I said after adjusting myself into the garment again.

“Oh, you’re not done yet,” Maddie corrected as she stepped close to me, our noses almost touching.

My nipples still protruded from the dress, and she grabbed each between a thumb and forefinger. My mouth opened into an O as I took in a sharp breath. Maddie kissed me, pulling me closer by tugging on my nipples. I moaned into her mouth as her tongue dove into mine.

Then, as quickly as it started, Maddie stepped away and clipped the leash back onto my collar. As we left, a few people bade us goodbye and asked us to come back.

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Once outside the protection and acceptance of the club, my ease with being on a leash vanished. I looked around warily as we made our way back to Maddie's car. I was scared and excited. The realization that I wanted people to see me like this in public didn't come until a few weeks later.

We drove back to the hotel. I was mortified when it was clear Maddie was not going to take the collar off as we went through the almost, but not quite, deserted hotel lobby. I looked at the floor, not wanting to make eye contact, and she led me by the leash through the hotel and onto the elevator. Another young couple was waiting there as well. The guy was checking me out hard until his girlfriend grabbed his hand and jerked him away.

The rest of the journey was uneventful until the door to our room opened and Maddie pulled me inside. She pressed me against the wall and started rubbing her whole body against me and kissing my neck above and below the collar.

"Did you see all their faces?" she breathed between kisses. She moved to the other side of my neck, and I let my head rest against the wall. "They all wanted you. They all wanted to be me."

Maddie was really turned on by my humiliation. She started pulling up my dress and got it over my head, ignoring the leash. Once again, I was naked except for the collar and shoes.

"I have one more gift for you, babe," Maddie whispered, grabbing the leash and pulling me further into the room. She pulled open a drawer and brought out what could be a shoebox.

"Open it," she encouraged as she handed it to me. I could see the excitement on her face.

I lifted the lid to reveal a mass of straps converging into what looked like leather panties, but only the front part. A couple of metal rings were attached by some brass snaps in the middle. To the side was a flesh-colored dildo. It looked large to me, but I didn't have any experience with either real or fake cocks.

I just stared into the box for several moments until I figured out that it was a strap-on harness! I looked up at Maddie as the truth dawned on me.

"A strap-on?" I blurted.

Maddie suddenly looked nervous.

"I…I want to give you my virginity," she managed.

I looked back down at the box and back up at Maddie. By the definition of virginity of never having had sex, Maddie and I hadn't been virgins for a long time. However, by the technical definition of having your hymen stretched by penetration, we were both still virgins.

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She was as naked as me in a flash, the excited sparkle in her eyes captivating.

“What are you waiting for? Put it on!” she said before crawling onto the still perfectly made bed.

I snapped out of my mesmerized state brought on by what was about to happen, and my eyes unable to move from the amazing woman taking off her clothes for me.

“Right! Sorry!” I blurted.

The thing went on like any other pair of panties, except with the addition of straps that tightened. It took me a minute to figure out how to unsnap the big metal ring at my mons and position the dildo. Glancing up, Maddie had her head on a pillow and her legs spread. Her fingers were glistening as she lewdly played with herself. The sweet and tangy flavor I knew so well came immediately to my mind, and I licked my lips.

“I’m so ready for this. For you,” Maddie added in a husky voice. “Come here.”

I crawled up the bed toward my best friend and Mistress, the leash loose under me, and our eyes locked on each other. When I was over her, I made sure the plastic dick didn’t touch her opening until she was ready. Instead, I let it rest on her belly as our bodies melded and we kissed. Our naked flesh pressed together, but all of our attention was on that kiss. The soft pillows of Maddie’s lips gently played against mine. We were in no hurry and let the moment and our deep affection pour into the embrace.

Breaking the link, Maddie whispered up at me, “I need you, Rayne. I’ve needed you since we became friends. I need you to be the one. Do it, that’s an order,” she smiled reassuringly.

“Whatever my Mistress wants,” I said, returning the smile.

Maddie’s eyes got wide as I adjusted and slid the head of the dildo down her slit, splitting her labia. I used her own dampness to lube the rod as much as possible. Finally, I positioned it at her opening.

“Slowly,” she urged.

I put just a little pressure downward and watched her pussy open. The head popped into her, and Maddie gasped, then giggled at her own response.

“You okay?” I asked.

She nodded emphatically, her eyes still expressing her excitement. “Keep going.”

Carefully, I lowered a little more, watching her face for any indication of discomfort. With her brown hair pooled elegantly around her face and her beautiful brown eyes blinking up at me, a

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surge of pure love coursed through me. It wasn't the first time I had felt that with Maddie, but that moment was special. She was giving herself to me just as much as I was giving myself to her. The act was physical, but also symbolic, that despite my role as her slave, what we had was mutual.

Between us, the plastic rod slowly entered her as Maddie's mouth formed an O that got wider with every inch of penetration.

"Stop!" she rasped suddenly, and I froze.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she assured. "It just hurt for a moment, but it's going away." She took a couple of deep breaths before looking back up and nodding for me to continue.

There were only a few inches left, and those gingerly disappeared inside my lover. When our pelvises met, she smiled again.

"How does it feel?" I really wanted to know.

"A little strange…having something inside me, but also right. Because it's you, Rayne. This is right. How it was meant to be." Her legs wrapped around my waist and pulled me in tighter. Maddie let out a small gasp again, but never stopped smiling. "Hold me."

My hands went around and under her torso in the most intimate of hugs. At the same time, her arms encircled my neck, pulling me into another deep, passionate kiss. In that moment, we were one. It had *nothing* to do with that piece of plastic buried inside her and everything to do with our emotional connection. For the first time, I understood the difference between having sex and making love.

The kiss lasted minutes, it seemed, while I tried to keep my lower body as still as possible. That was until Maddie's hips began to move up and down. They were small movements at first, then they became more pronounced, more urgent. Tiny whimpers and groans told me she was enjoying the sensation.

"Fuck me, Rayne," came her breathless order as soon as our lips separated.

I matched her rhythm and pushed up onto my hands to get a better angle. Maddie relaxed under me, her feet moving back to rest on the bed, knees bent as I took over.

"Oh, my god, yeeesss!" she moaned.

Maddie's hands went to my hips, her fingers urging me to thrust at the pace she wanted. I wasn't about to disappoint her. As I moved at her guidence, my girlfriend's eyes closed, and her

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head tilted back. She looked so sexy like that. Pleasured grunts escaprf her throat with every impact, back arched, and pushed her breasts into the air. I wanted to reach out and touch them, but was too afraid of messing up the pattern for Maddie.

There was no such worry from her side, however. The hands at my hips started roaming over my upper body. When they found my breasts, they focused in, but just continued to roam, feeling their shape. She wasn't trying to stimulate me, I realized; she was using them to heighten her own enjoyment. I bit my lower lip thinking about it. They were hers, after all, to use however she wanted. Maddie had told me numerous times how sexy she found me, but actions speak louder than words.

'Yes, use my body, Mistress,' I thought.

Her moans and cries picked up in pitch and ferocity until her feet lifted off the duvet. She went silent and still for several heartbeats, then screamed out and bucked against me. A moment later, her arms were around me, lifting herself off the surface while she ground her sex into the dildo.

I wasn't sure what to do, so I continued to thrust, just more gently, decreasing the pace as Maddie's own motion slowed and finally released her bear hug. Her body fell to bed, breathing heavily. Eyes flittered open, and she looked at me with a satisfied grin.

"Fuck, that was amazing. *You* were amazing!" she said.

Warmth flooded through me at her praise and my own pride at being able to give her such pleasure. It was always like this when I made Maddie cum. It was almost as much of a high as my own orgasms, and it certainly lasted longer. This joy would fill me for hours afterward and just make me want to do it again, over and over.

Looking down, I slowly backed up, carefully extracting the dildo so as not to hurt her. I know now that I was being unnecessarily cautious, but I was eighteen, and that thing looked way bigger than a couple of fingers.

After taking off the harness, I rejoined Maddie on the bed, cuddling into her arms, our foreheads touching. Several minutes went by with the two of us motionless and just listening to each other breathing.

"How did I get so lucky?" Maddie broke the silence.

I had a feeling I knew where she was heading and wanted her to continue. "What do you mean?" I fished.

"One of the prettiest girls I know, one of the most beautiful and sexy women at our school, is my best friend, my girlfriend, and now…" A hand snaked up the back of my neck, taking a gentle

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grip of my hair, and pulling my head back. "...she's my personal sex toy. This has to be a dream."

Her tongue licked all the way up my exposed neck, over the collar, to my chin, then kissed it with a loud 'mwah.' I giggled. Maddie had a way of being smart and cheeky and sexy all at the same time.

"I thought I was the one dreaming," I responded. Maddie let go of my hair and quickly pinched my butt. "Ow!"

"Nope, I'm the one dreaming. Otherwise, you would have just woken up."

"Hahh," I grunted and folded the pillow her head was on into her face.

I didn't think I had pushed hard, but she pulled back faster and harder than I was expecting. Suddenly, she was teetering on the very edge of the bed. There was a slow-motion look of surprise, and then a thump as she hit the floor. I gasped and covered my mouth, unsure what to do.

She didn't reappear. I hoped she was okay.

Laughter started low from the other side of the bed, then grew. Her mirth got me chuckling as well. Finally, just her brown hair and eyes peeked over the edge to look at me. I tried to stifle my giggles and bit my lip in a failed attempt.

"Sorry?" I offered.

Her arms and shoulders appeared, folding on the bed as her chin rested on her hands.

"You know I'm going to have to punish you now?" she said, one corner of her mouth rising despite her attempt to sound serious.

I gave her my best, exaggerated pout and puppy-dog eyes.

"Don't give me that look!" she complained. "You'll probably like it, you little slut."

She was right. Maddie's 'punishments,' if you could even call them that, were always more focused on my submission or bondage kink than anything that I would actually dislike. She had spanked me a few times, but never hard, and it always ended with her fingers inside me as I climaxed in her lap.

I levered myself up and got to my knees. Straightening my back so that my breasts stood out prominently, I took up the leash and held it across both palms.

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“Yes, Mistress,” I said seductively, “you’re slut.”

“Damn, that’s fire!” she replied, standing back up. Maddie walked to where the strap-on harness had been placed. “Are you ready for me to take what’s mine?”

I smiled shakily and nodded.

“Good girl. Let me wash this, and I’ll be right back.”

“No!” I called, making Maddie turn back and look at me quizically. “Don’t wash it. Please? I want you inside me. A…real part of you, I mean.”

Maybe it was gross, and I didn’t want to say it, but having the vestiges of her virginity mixing with mine inside me felt special; a once-in-a-lifetime event binding us together forever, no matter what happened after today. Maddie was quiet for a moment, considering. Her brow relaxed, and she blinked, understanding my request.

“Alright,” was all she said.

Two minutes later, I was lying back in the center of the bed where Maddie had been not so long ago, and she was crawling between my legs with that plastic phallus swinging down almost comically. I wasn’t laughing. I was trying to control my breathing as my girlfriend lowered her face to my slit.

“Let’s get you all lubed up,” she announced just before licking all the way up my pussy.

“Ooohhh,” I breathed.

Her tongue was so warm and wet and gentle, yet insistent. She was the opposite of precise. Her motions roamed all over my folds, slathering her saliva all around, dipping into my hole, and spreading my own fluids around as well.

When she decided I was wet enough, she sat up and scooted forward until the slightly cool plastic touched my opening. My breath caught, half expecting her to skewer me right then. Instead, she moved the head around, getting it slick. One hand guided the dildo, while the other used two fingers to spread my labia apart.

“Are you ready?” she asked, pausing.

I couldn’t speak, just nodded and looked back at the thing poised between my legs.

“Look at me, Rayne.” My eyes snapped to hers. “I’m the one taking you, not some piece of rubber. Me.”

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I nodded again just as she pressed down. My tight hole stretched to accommodate the thick rod. At first, it wasn't much more than being fingered. Then it kept stretching further. How far would it go? Was I even going to be able to handle it?

Taking a stuttering breath, I looked deep into my best friend's eyes. What I saw was tenderness, desire, and possession. For her, I would manage it. I could manage anything.

Maddie bent forward above me just as I had for her, and my hands held on to her biceps as she made tiny little thrusts.

Then it happened. The head pushed in, and my pelvic muscles clamped down automatically. I yelped and quickly sucked in my lips to stiffle the outburst. It didn't hurt; it just felt strange. Maddie stopped immediately and just watched my face. Forcing myself to relax, I smiled weakly.

"K..keep going," I said.

The rod continued going slowly deeper. Every contour and bump on the thing's surface felt huge, pressed so tightly against my inner walls. That's when it started getting pleasant. Maddie pulled back, then pushed in just a little further. I inhaled sharply.

"Oohh," I moaned.

"That's it," Maddie grinned. "Feels weird but good, right?"

"Y..yeah," I managed.

She pulled back and thrust again, even deeper. I already felt so full. How much further could she possibly go?

"Halfway, babe. You're doing so good."

Halfway?!

"Maddie, I don't think…AAHH!" I cried out.

As she pushed in again, I felt a quick, sharp pain. Even knowing it was coming, somehow I had begun to think maybe I could be one of the ones who didn't have pain from their first time. Again, Maddie paused, seeing my wince.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No," I answered quickly. "Just give me a second." The sharp pinch subsided into a dull ache. Not too bad. I squeezed her arms. "Okay. I'm okay. A little more."

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Very carefully, Maddie lowered a bit. Inside me, the movement dulled the pain some more, like an itch getting scratched. After a couple of minutes of smooth in and out motion, the pleasure was once again overriding the pain, and my vocalizations made that abundantly clear.

Have I mentioned that I'm a screamer? When I get into it, I let my partner know, along with anyone else within a hundred feet, apparently! My volume was starting to go up with each thrust as the pleasure continued to mount.

"Yesss, yesss, fuck me!" I couldn't believe I just said that out loud, but that's what I wanted. I wanted her to claim me, take me, pound me.

Maddie must have seen the truth on my face because the next thrust was hard and deep. My wrists were slammed against the mattress in the next instant as my Domme put her weight onto them, trapping me there under her while she claimed my virginity.

That was it. Maddie knew how I'd react. I was in my own world of sexual submission and satisfaction. She was in control, but everything she did was for my enjoyment. It was all I could do to keep looking at her. That was all she wanted, to see my face, to look into my soul as she took me to the peak of erotic bliss.

My hips rose to meet hers, and my clit smashed against the faux-leather of the harness. A jolt of pleasure shot to my brain, together with the realization that I had taken the whole rod. Maddie set up a pattern after that. A steady pulling back, almost out, then pushing steadily but strongly back in, to the hilt. She pummeled my insides and my clit again and again.

"I'm gonna…AAAHHHH!" Maddie's pelvis slammed into me again. "P..ple..please…MMNNGG!"

"It's okay...babe, you…you can cum," Maddie panted. "Let the whole…huhhh…fucking hotel know…what a good slut you are for me!"

She always knew just what to say.

"Oh FUUUCK! YES…YEEESSS…AAAHHHHHNNNN," I screamed. "MISTRESS…YES, I'M YOUR FUCKING SLUT!! YOURS!"

The orgasm smothered me like an avalanche. I was tumbling through cycle after cycle of my pelvic muscles clenching around the dildo, unable to stop the relentless churning, a breath and vision of freedom only to be swept under again.

I don't know how long it lasted, only that it was incredible. As it started to subside, I continued to jerk with even the tiniest movements of the dildo still lodged inside me, even though Maddie had stopped thrusting at some point. She was lying on top of me with her lips kissing the side of my face.

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“Did you enjoy that?” she whispered into my ear. I moaned contentedly in response. “You are so sexy when you cum.”

“I’ll cum for you whenever you want,” I managed between deep breaths.

“Oh, I know you will,” Maddie nibbled my earlobe. “I have so many plans, my sexy little pet.”

Calling me her ‘pet’ sent more warmth through me. Trying to explain this to people is difficult. Some just can’t fathom how a term they see as demeaning could make me feel so good. For me, I see it as more than just a term of endearment. It is, but it is so much more. People love their pets, they dote on them, they pamper them. Sure, there is also training them to behave and occasionally punishing them for acting up, but that means they care enough about you to put forth that effort. I wanted her to train me so that I could be the best pet possible for Maddie. By signing that slave contract, I was giving her permission to do whatever she wanted with me and showing that I trusted her to keep me safe. When she called me her ‘sexy little pet,’ she was telling me that she understood that commitment and accepted the responsibility of being a pet owner.

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“How was your sleepover, honey?” my mom asked as soon as I stepped through the door the following day.

“It was great, Mom!” I called back.

“What did you ladies do?”

I giggled, thinking about telling her the truth: “Maddie collared me. I’m her slave, and she’s my Mistress. She walked me around naked on a leash in the middle of a crowded room, and we gave each other our virginities.”

“Oh, you know, just silly girl stuff,” I answered instead.

“What did she give you for your birthday?”

I froze, not sure how to answer that. She gave me a lot, but nothing I could tell her.

“Uh…a necklace,” I blurted, thinking about the collar. Then I realized that Mom would want to see it! “But it’s personal, just between friends,” I added. That *might* work.

Later, I realized that my party was later in the day. Maddie would probably have a present for me then, and I could have told my mom that she hadn’t given me anything yet. Damnit! The best responses always came too late.

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“You won’t show me? Well, that’s a bummer,” Mom replied.

Whew, she was going to let it go. I dropped my backpack and pillow to go into the sunroom, where Mom was lounging with a cup of coffee. Bouncing over to her, I leaned down to give her a kiss on the cheek and a loose hug.

Mom looked up at me whistfully as I stood back up. “My little girl is all grown up,” she said. “You’ve become such a beautiful woman, Rayne, in every way.”

“Oh, Mom,” I said, rolling my eyes.

“Sorry, honey, it’s a mom’s right to be nostalgic on her daughter’s eighteenth birthday.”

“My birthday was yesterday,” I reminded her.

“But we are celebrating today, so I can be as sappy as I feel like!” she jested back. “Which reminds me, we have a list of things to do before your party.”

“You’re going to make me work for my own party?!” This was mostly just to tease my mom, but if it got me out of anything, all the better.

“Birthday parties are not for the person whose birthday it is. They’re a present for your friends and family,” Mom explained, standing up. “So, as the birthday girl, your job is to keep your guests happy.”

My dirty mind, primed by last night’s events, conjured up an image of me on my knees, moving from one school friend to another. Then the image was ruined by the fact that there would be boys there, too. And my brother! Uhhggnnghg…I scrubbed that thought out immediately! The dampness from the start of that fantasy got sucked right back in.

“You okay, dear?” my mom was asking. “You look a little sick.”

“No, I’m fine,” I replied. “By the way, is Dad going to be there?” Speaking of sickness-inducing men.

“No. I’m…not quite ready for that. I hope you aren’t mad at me for not inviting him.”

“Mom, he cheated on you for a year with a girl barely older than me. Fuck him!”

My mom grinned sadly and fidgeted, not making eye contact, before moving toward the kitchen.

“Well, we might as well get started,” she said as she went.

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The party was nice. Nice and normal. Most of our lunch group was there, along with my brother and one of his friends, just so he would have someone to hang out with. We had pizza and cake, then gathered in the living room to watch *Deadpool.*

Of course, I sat next to Maddie. Everyone in the room already knew about the fact that we were dating, and even though I had asked them to keep it to themselves, I was still horrified by the possibility that someone might let something slip in front of my mom. It was also killing me that I couldn't hold her hand or put my head on her shoulder like I wanted to. Maybe my mom wouldn't see it as romantic, but I couldn't take that chance.

We did sneak a kiss when we were sure Mom was preoccupied. That got a "whoo" from my brother that was much too loud. After giving him the sibling stare that says, 'I will murder you in your sleep if you don't shut up,' he quieted down with a shrug.

I kept noticing Samantha, one of the newer additions to our lunch group, glancing over at us periodically. Our eyes met several times, only for her to look away quickly, embarrassed that I had caught her looking. I felt sorry for her. Not so long ago, I had pushed her into revealing that she was questioning her sexuality. She saw the affection between Maddie and me as an enticing wish that she had no chance of having come true.

Samantha was a pretty girl, just exceptionally tall. It made her self-conscious and shy when it came to social interactions. Coupled with the possibility that she was gay, the poor girl must have been feeling hopelessly lonely.

I turned and held my hand up to whisper into Maddie's ear.

"I'm going to go to the restroom. Can you come with me?"

She turned to look at me, one eyebrow raised.

"I need to use the restroom," I announced and stood up.

After a couple of steps, Maddie said, "Me, too," and rose as well.

There was another 'whoo' from my brother and another, 'you are so dead,' look from me.

"What? It's not like we don't know what you're going to be doing in there," he said.

"Dude. Shut it!" That came from the jock who, with my blessing, had dated Maddie for a while last summer. He had become one of our biggest defenders, even after the two of them stopped seeing each other.

My brother snorted, but kept quiet.

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In the bathroom, Maddie lifted me to sit on the vanity as soon as the door closed. I yelped in surprise, then covered my mouth. Her lips were on my neck a second later. Despite my intention of talking, my body responded to her touch by wiping my brain of anything else. My arms cradled her head as I leaned back until I connected with the mirror behind me. One of her arms wrapped around my waist while the other slipped under my shirt and squeezed my breast through my bra.

I sucked in my lips and moaned, eyes shut, feeling her touch.

“What did you want to talk about?” Maddie whispered into my right ear.

“Huh?” I grunted, disoriented by the question, then remembered what I had come in here for in the first place. “Oh, right. Um…” She was going back to kissing my neck and continued to knead my chest. “I can’t think…ahh…with you doing that.”

My girlfriend stood straight, moving her hands to my thighs.

“Better?”

“Not really, but we can talk now,” I smiled. “Anyway, um, I was thinking…wondering…what you would think of, like, asking Samantha to stay with us tonight.” I blurted the last part and bit my lip, watching her expression. After a moment without a reaction, I continued. “She’s so lonely and confused, and we could help her, you know, with her confidence. What do you think?”

“Are you even sure she would…that she wants…that?” Maddie asked.

“I’m pretty sure,” I confirmed. Maddie knew about the bathroom incident, but wasn’t as convinced as I was about what that meant. “Trust me, she just needs some encouragement and a judgment-free situation.”

She still looked apprehensive. Sitting up, I unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. In a flash, my hand was down the front of her pants with my middle finger circling her clit. Maddie’s body tensed, and her mouth opened in a silent, ‘oh.’

“I mean, only if you want, Mistress,” I breathed while looking deep into her eyes.

“You’re incorrigible…mmnn,” she responded, but I could see that I had convinced her.

I gave her my brightest smile, then brought my damp finger to my lips. I sucked it in, never letting my eyes drift from hers.

“So delicious,” I said. Hoping down, I added, “I’ll ask her in a little bit when I get a chance, and it’s not so obvious.” I turned for the door.

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“Hey, where are you going? I wasn’t done with…” The door opened, and she cut off her statement. “You little brat!” she finished, instead.

The movie was nearly over by the time I found my opportunity. Mom had retired to her room close enough to hear what was going on in the living room, but not hovering. I stood up and grabbed a couple of snack dishes that were nearly empty.

“I’ll get us some more food. Samantha, would you give me a hand?”

“Oh, sure,” she replied and popped up from her chair.

When we were alone in the kitchen, I took a deep breath and just started.

“So, Maddie and I were talking, and we were wondering if you might want to stay the night for a sleepover.” I was trying to be casual, but in my head all I heard was, ‘Maddie and I want to know if you would like to have a threesome with us.’

Sam paused in pouring chips into a bowl to consider.

“Really? You’re inviting me to a sleepover?” The full implications had gone right over her head. It was adorable. “Um, okay. I’ll need to call my dad.”

“Of course! It will be so much fun! Just the three of us,” I said cheerfully.

That’s when something clicked in the tall blonde’s head.

“Just…the three of us?” She suddenly looked like a cornered rabbit, albeit a very tall rabbit. “Alone?”

“Well, we’re certainly not letting my brother join!” I giggled. “Besides, he’s going over to his friend’s place tonight. We just thought it might be nice to spend some time together. If you don’t want to, it’s fine.”

“No! I mean, yes!” Samantha quickly replied. “I would like that. To stay.”

The whole conversation had been vague, with nothing being said or even implied. I was still certain that the possibility of something more had entered into the blonde’s mind, and she wasn’t running away.

“Fire!” I chirped, grabbed the platter in front of me, and returned to the other room before Sam could ask any questions or change her mind.

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An hour later, the last of the other guests were leaving. I thanked and hugged everyone goodbye. Except for my brother, he didn't deserve a hug. Mom had been fine with Sam staying over, as I knew she would be.

After the last person left, Mom turned to the three of us and announced, "I'm going to bed. You girls have fun and don't make me have to call the police." She laughed at her own joke and went back to her bedroom at the other end of the hall.

"Goodnight, Mom," I called after her.

Maddie and Samantha were both on the couch now with a perfect Rayne-sized space between them. I ran over, turning at the last second, and throwing myself into the air. I came down right in the middle, hard enough to make the sofa rock a bit. My arms stretched out behind them both to pull them into a three-way sideways hug.

"So what do you want to do now?" I asked. "Ooo, scratch that! I want to get out of these jeans and into something more comfortable."

I was up again, walking to my room on the opposite end of the house from my mom's. Turning back, I gestured for Maddie and Sam to follow.

My room wasn't large. Enough room for a double bed, a desk I never used as a desk, and a large dresser with a mirror. I had a small walk-in closet that was packed to overflowing. A third of that was shoes. I had painted the walls of my room myself in a muted lavender color with darker purple trim. On the bed was a quilt that my grandmother made with a wedding-ring pattern. It had a white base and a myriad of purples and pinks in the rings. Can you guess what my favorite color was?

Going straight to my dresser, I pulled out a satin teddy with lace accents on the bodice. Maddie entered with Samantha right behind. Before anyone could even say anything, I was pulling my shirt over my head, tossing it into the hamper, and unhooking my bra. Nonchalantly, I made sure I was facing the two of them when the garment came off and joined the shirt. There was the cutest little squeak from the tall blonde, then she was scanning my walls, suddenly very interested in my decorations.

My jeans were peeled off next, leaving me in just panties and ankle socks. Samantha turned to study my desk. It had a lot of knick-knacks. It looked like she was staring at a blue-tinted glass dolphin. Stepping up beside her, I picked it up and held it out for her.

"Do you like it?" I asked.

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The way I held it, she couldn't look at it without also filling her vision with my size C breasts, of which I was quite proud. As much as she tried to stay locked on the figurine, her eyes kept darting to one side or the other for the briefest of moments.

"B..beautiful," she muttered.

"Would you like to hold it?" I slowly moved the dolphin to within a couple of inches of my right nipple.

I think she forgot to breathe. She watched the glass and the naked chest behind it without moving for several seconds. Her gaze slid up to meet mine. For a moment, I thought she was going to reach for it, then it was like she suddenly remembered Maddie was in the room.

"Um, no thank you!" she blurted as she turned, found my girlfriend starting to undress, and turned again in a random direction.

"Oh, my gosh," I said. "You don't have anything to change into, do you?"

I stepped back to my dresser and started rummaging through one of the drawers. Sam couldn't wear any of my pajamas, but I had an oversized jersey that came down almost to my knees that she could probably wear. Locating it, I turned, holding it up in front of her.

"This should work," I announced, tossing her the jersey.

She completely missed catching the garment. It hit her and fell to the floor as she tried, too late, to grab it. Just then, I caught a look from Maddie that told me I was pushing too hard. I winced and quickly found my own top. Turning away from the others, I slipped it over my head and adjusted it to fit comfortably before turning back around.

Maddie had put on a simple, button-down, blue and white striped pajama shirt. Her legs extending from underneath were so sexy. Samantha had managed to remove her T-shirt, but was blushing profusely and was fumbling with her jeans. I wanted to go and help, but something told me that would rattle her even more. I should probably just back off for a bit.

Sam glanced up at us nervously when the pants crested her hips, doing her best to quickly get them off. In the process, her panties got dragged a few inches down as well. She didn't notice until she stepped out of her jeans, then rushed to pull them back in place, her face turning an even brighter shade of red. She stood up, instinctively trying to cover her body, while also attempting to look unconcerned. The tall blonde picked up the jersey, then remembered she was still wearing her bra. After one more glance at us, Sam turned away, discarded the bra, and pulled on the shirt as rapidly as possible.

On me, the thing was longer than a miniskirt. On Samantha, it was a micro-mini, barely covering her assets. It showed off her athletic legs, though, and was just tight enough to taper around her

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waist and hug her breasts just right. Everything about her was larger than average, but it was all in perfect proportions. Seeing her modeling online would not have been a stretch. It was my turn to oggle her with my chin hanging down, but it was Maddie who spoke up first.

“Damn, girl,” she said from beside me. “That is…wow!”

“What?” Samantha said, concerned. “I look hideous, right?”

I couldn’t believe she actually thought that, but the look on her face told me otherwise.

“No! You are smokin’,” I corrected.

Sam brushed her hair behind her ear, a grin trying to force its way onto her face as she lowered her head. Her eyes still looked at me, though.

“You’re teasing me,” she replied.

“Absolutely not. Whew!” Maddie mimed fanning herself with her hand.

“You’re really pretty, Sam. Like, *really* pretty,” I added.

Maddie and I both looked her up and down, taking in the tall goddess who thought she was a troll. She let us, arms slowly dropping to her sides, no longer trying to cover herself.

“You really think so?”

“Hasn’t anyone ever told you that? You’re a knockout.” Maddie gestured to Sam’s body, “It’s your body, and you can dress however you want, but if I were you, I’d be flaunting that every chance I got.”

“I guess…it’s just what’s available? I have filled out over the last year or two, but before that, I was just this freakishly tall and lanky girl,” Sam explained.

“That needs to change,” I announced. “We are going to take you shopping tomorrow. Right, Maddie? And get you some clothes that fit that incredible body.”

“Guys, I don’t know…”

“Come on, Sam, please?” I begged. “We just want you to feel confident and proud of who you are. That starts with how you look. Okay, no. It *doesn’t start* with how you look, but that’s got to be in there somewhere! It’s at least the easiest to control!”

“Sam, don’t listen to her,” Maddie broke in. “You look great as you are. Don’t let Rayne pressure you into dressing like her.”

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“What’s wrong with how I dress?” I shot, turning to Maddie with my hands on my hips.

She just chuckled at my outburst. “Nothing, babe, but Sam’s look should be her own, not something anyone else picks out.”

“I wasn’t saying it should. I just thought she might like some encouragement.”

“I’d like that,” Samantha’s soft voice stopped Maddie from continuing to argue.

“See?” I told Maddie, then rushed to Sam. Squealing happily, I gave her a big hug, my face pressing between her pillowy breasts. “Thank you! Thank you!”

The blonde giggled and tentatively hugged me back. After a few seconds, the excited squeeze turned into me rubbing my cheek against her mounds and sighing happily. I expected one of the two others to stop me at any moment; I was being rather overt. Neither did. Finally, I looked up at the statuesque blonde when I felt her hands start to rub my back.

“Sorry,” I said, but didn’t immediately step back. “I got carried away.”

Sam breathed in deeply, her arms reluctantly uncurling from around me. There was a moment of awkwardness as I extricated myself, but Maddie came to my rescue - kinda.

“Look, I know you two have the hots for each other, so why don’t you just get to it and kiss?”

Samantha stepped back and bent forward like she had been struck in the gut.

“Oh, my god, Maddie, I didn’t…I wasn’t…I’m sorry…please…” Samantha stammered, horror shaping her expression.

“Sam, Sam, stop,” my girlfriend soothed, holding her hands up, palms out. “I wasn’t accusing you, I promise.” She stepped closer to the taller woman who was watching her wearily. “What I was trying to say is that Rayne really likes you. A lot. And I think you like her too. Did I misread that?”

Samantha looked so confused. I just wanted to hug her again.

“I would never…Maddie, I wouldn’t…”

“I was kind of hoping that you would,” my mistress interrupted.

Sam just stared back, still processing her words. Stepping to the end of the bed, Maddie sat down and patted the bed for the blonde to join her. The tall woman sat, a little of her fear draining away.

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“Earlier tonight,” Maddie continued, “when Rayne and I went to the restroom. She asked me if I would be okay with her inviting you to stay with us tonight.”

“Stay? With you?”

“Mhm. The three of us. But we didn’t want to pressure you.”

Fuck, Maddie, what the hell was this conversation if not pressure?! I was going to seduce her, but my girlfriend was just going to lay it all on the table. If Sam declined, this was going to be a really awkward night.

“Sam, do you like girls?” Maddie asked flat out.

I could see the struggle going on inside the pretty blonde’s head, a struggle to admit something that she’s been told is wrong or even evil.

“Y..y..yes,” a tiny voice finally uttered. “Yes…Yes, I like girls.” Her voice got stronger as she spoke. Two deep breaths later, “I’ve never…never admitted that out loud.”

“How does it feel?” I asked.

“Really good,” Sam smiled up at me. She looked back at Maddie, then back up at me. “C..can I…kiss you?”

I smiled back. “You have to ask Maddie.”

Mistress would have been fine with me answering and even acting, but I wanted Sam to understand that Maddie was in the driver’s seat.

“May I, um, k..kiss Rayne?” she asked hesitantly.

Instead of answering directly, Maddie looked up at me and pointed to Samantha’s thighs. “Rayne, straddle her lap.”

I moved immediately and put a knee on either side of Sam’s hips, letting my weight rest on her long legs. My upper arms naturally ended up on her shoulders. Even in this position, I had to look up to focus my eyes on hers. She was still watching Maddie, waiting for her approval.

“Look at her, and put your hands around her waist,” Maddie instructed.

Sam’s eyes met mine, and her oversized fingers gripped my midsection. She could probably crush the air out of me if she wanted, but those hands were tender and delicate as they held me.

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“She’s beautiful, isn’t she?” Mistress prompted.

“Y..yes,” Sam replied.

“Beautiful,” I said at the same instant.

We both smiled, then laughed. I took the opportunity to scoot closer, my arms folding behind her head.

“Close your eyes, Sam,” Maddie continued when we settled down, her voice growing quiet. “Now lean forward and down a little.”

With Samantha’s eyes closed and her lips just a few inches from me, I turned my head to look at Maddie. She winked.

Refocusing on the woman whose lap I was sitting in, I tilted my head and stretched up until our lips touched. There was a tiny intake of breath as contact was finally achieved. At first, she was still, letting me explore her, then Sam began to match my motions. I could feel her heartbeat thumping against my breasts as they pressed against her chest, strong and rapid. My arms encircled her head and held her to me with soft urging.

I lost track of time as we embraced, our passion slowly building until I felt Sam’s hands move behind me. Her left slid up my back while the right went down to my rear. My attention was brought back to our mouths when a tongue hesitantly pushed between my lips. It was asking for entrance, knocking politely, and waiting for my reply. My teeth parted, and I met the tip of her tongue with my own. So gentle. I didn’t press back; I caressed and coaxed her in. Mouth opening wider, I gave her as much access as she wanted with my hands persuading her forward.

Another uncountable time passed as our tongues danced, and Sam’s hands became bolder, more needy. My body wanted more, and I suspected, so did hers. I leaned back to break the kiss, only for Samantha to follow me, not wanting to let go. Finally, I put a hand on each side of her face and gave just enough backward push to communicate my intention.

We separated, me giggling, and she panting. I kept my hands cradling her face as she sat back up.

“How was it?” I asked. I already knew the answer, but I wanted to hear her words.

“It was…my first,” Sam said.

I wasn’t surprised. From what I knew of her romantic past, she had always been too insecure and, as it turned out, too queer to have the opportunity for even a fling.

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Maddie leaned toward her and brought a finger to Sam's chin. Turning the blonde's face in her direction, my girlfriend whispered, "Can I be your second?"

Without waiting for a verbal answer, they both leaned in until their eyes closed and lips met. I was suddenly struck by the beauty of it. Inches away, my arms still hanging on to Sam's neck, I had an up close view of one of the hottest things I had ever seen IRL. So close that I could smell the cherry lip balm Maddie was wearing.

As much as I wanted to, joining their kiss would turn something lovely and perfect into something crude and clumsy. So I watched and began to rub my body against Samantha's. Her breasts felt huge against my own. Her nipples were like erasers from the end of those oversized pencils we used to use in kindergarten, poking me through the jersey.

I wanted to rip that thing off and feast on them, but I also wanted to go at her pace. Sam's hands explored my ass, even as she and Maddie embraced. When they finally separated, both heads swivelled in my direction. It was unnerving.

"Just so you know, that coordinated head turn was a little freaky," I said nervously.

My girlfriend got off the bed and stood with her hands on her hips. Those perfect runner's legs extending out from her PJ top looked so sexy. I didn't have long to consider what she was doing, however, due to her next words.

"Throw her on the bed, Sam, and don't be gentle."

A second later, the tall blonde's hands shifted under me, and we were both rising from the mattress.

"Whoa!" I cried.

My perspective spun a hundred and eighty degrees, then an arc. I was weightless for a split second and bouncing on the bed the next, legs and arms splayed. I laughed, suddenly staring up at my subtly pink ceiling. When no one joined me, I pushed myself up on my hands and looked between Sam and Maddie. The brunette had put a hand over her mouth to hide her smile. With some effort, she resumed a serious expression.

"Before we go any further, do you want more? Of her? Of us?" she directed at Sam. "The last thing we want to do is pressure you. And this isn't a now-or-never situation; if you're uncomfortable at any point, now or later, we can stop and come back when you're ready. Or not. It's all up to you. Okay?"

She nodded. Maddie and I just looked at her and waited.

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“More,” she finally answered as if unable to put together a complete sentence.

I smiled, so proud of Samantha for being courageous enough to seize the opportunity. She trembled, but her eyes landed on me, and I could see the fire behind them. Feeding that flame was all I could think about.

Sitting up into a lotus position, I reached down and took hold of the hem of my teddy. With a practiced grace born from countless times stripping for Maddie, the garment slid up and over my head in a smooth, slow motion as my back arched to make my breasts protruded. They bounced slightly as the material released them all at once.

The blonde’s eyes were wide, and her lips parted, unable to tear her gaze away. For the second time that night, she was seeing me completely topless. This time, however, there was the clear promise that it might be more than just aesthetic. I almost giggled when she visibly swallowed.

“Don’t stop there,” Maddie said from the side of the bed. “Panties, too.”

It’s a bit more difficult to remove underwear sexily when you’re sitting criss-cross-apple-sauce. But I was up for the challenge. I lay back and straightened my legs, pressing them together, then ran my hands under the waistband until my thumbs caught. I pushed the cotton panties down while bringing my legs into the air and bending my knees. I was in a fetal position on my back by the time the underwear cleared my toes, and I tossed them away. I held the pose, wrapping my arms around my shins, and peeked around to see how my one-woman audience was reacting.

She looked like she was in a trance. I let go and lifted just my feet high above me, crossed my ankles, and twisted as I tucked my legs back under me and sat back up. I had practiced that move alone in my room way more times than I care to admit. At least now I had finally gotten a chance to use it.

Turning my head to look at Maddie, quite pleased with myself, I found her standing there with a bemused expression and one eyebrow raised.

“Should I put on some music?” she teased.

I grinned while biting my lip. “If that’s what you want, Mm..Maddie.” I nearly slipped up and called her ‘Mistress.’ That would have taken some explanation and possibly ruined the mood.

“What I want, if my lady is done, is to show Sam just how sexy we think she is.”

In answer, I gave her a flourishing hand gesture and a formal inclining of the head to continue.

Samantha was still watching me, but Maddie's approach pulled her attention away. Maddie stood in front of her, blocking my view, and whispered something I couldn’t hear. The tall girl

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inclined her head subtly as she lifted her arms up. My girlfriend was pulling the jersey up and off a moment later. Sam had to bend at the waist so that Maddie could get it off, but then the tall girl was naked except for her panties and unsure what to do with her hands.

Maddie solved that by taking her hands and lifting them to the brunette's breasts. I could watch Sam's face as she held them. They just rested on Maddie's chest for a few seconds before her fingers began to explore, her palms pressing in to get the full measure of their shape.

For at least a full minute, Maddie just let the taller girl grope her, letting her get used to the feel through her PJs. Sam didn't stop when the brunette started unbuttoning the shirt. There was no hurry in her movements. After the last button was released, Maddie's hands dropped back to her sides, letting Sam decide when she wanted to venture further.

She didn't have long to wait. Samantha's hands swept the two halves to the side and began her gentle kneading all over. Her eyes were transfixed, mesmerized. One of my hands cupped my own mound and tried to mimic what my mistress might be feeling. Sam's soft touches, testing, weighing, squeezing. Pinching my nipple between knuckles, I moaned involuntarily, drawing Maddie's attention. She grinned at me over her shoulder and winked. In my head, I could almost hear her voice saying, "Be patient, pet, you'll get your chance."

As I watched, Maddie put her hands on Sam's hips. Nothing more than holding her, encouraging with soft caresses. Those caresses roamed further and further over the tall blonde's body as time went on until Maddie's fingers met the underside of Sam's breasts. The blonde looked down as if noticing her touch for the first time. With deliberate, feathery movement, the tips of the shorter woman's fingers circled up and around Sam's areola. The blonde hadn't let go of Maddie's chest, but her hands had frozen; all of her attention was on the other woman's roaming fingers.

They circled again, spiraling toward the center. The tall girl's nipples were already stiff, but Sam's mouth opened as Maddie manipulated them. Then her thumb and pointer fingers pinched both nipples. Not hard, but I was sure it was a step up in intensity. Sam's face agreed. Her lips formed an O, and she moaned, eyes almost closing. Maddie let up, then squeezed again. An even louder moan came from Sam.

Maddie stepped back, letting go of Sam's nipples. The girl looked confused.

"It's okay!" Samantha said quickly. "You don't have to stop!"

That was adorable. She thought she had done something wrong. Maddie was just getting started. Taking Sam's hands again, she guided her onto the bed. With a look from Mistress, I scooted over to give the taller girl the center. At Maddie's direction, the two of them lay down with my girlfriend taking the side opposite me. My bed was large enough to accommodate two people if they didn't mind being cozy. Three was going to require intimate overlapping. Good thing that was exactly what we were planning!

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Maddie and I were both on our sides, facing Sam in the middle. She still looked apprehensive, but her excitement was starting to win out. In this position, her heavy breathing was pronounced as her chest heaved.

I kissed her shoulder, which was as far up as I could reach at the time. Then I kissed her collarbone. The next was just far enough down to feel the start of the swell of her breasts against my lips. Before continuing, I looked up to make sure Sam was okay with this. She licked her lips as our eyes met. I could tell she was all in.

There was a movement from her other side that caught my attention. Glancing at Maddie, she met my gaze and did a little swirl in the air with her tongue. I replied with a tiny nod and moved to hover above Sam's nipple, rising and falling below me.

With my eyes on Maddie, we timed our swirling contact with the stiff nubs to happen simultaneously. A sharp intake of breath followed by a guttural exclamation was our reward.

"Aaahhhh…mmmnn…"

When my girlfriend lowered her whole mouth down and sucked in, I did the same. A hand suddenly pressed against my back, Sam's fingers trying to find something to hold onto. Within moments, she was squirming under us.

"OHH, my…gaaahhnn…" Her sounds were so cute.

We played like that for another couple of minutes, with our target enjoying every second. Lifting her head, Maddie shifted gears.

"Can I touch you between your legs?" she asked.

"Ohhh, my god, yes…please," Sam replied without opening her eyes.

Maddie's hand moved from her stomach and under the elastic of her panties. The pitch of Sam's moans and whimpers rose as Mistress's fingers went to work. I couldn't tell what she was doing, but the blonde was going to climax quickly. Keeping up my part, I sucked on her nipple, alternately pulling it deep then swirling my tongue around it.

Suddenly, Samantha covered her face with a pillow and screamed into it. Her whole body jerked, relaxed, and jerked again. Maddie's pace didn't let up until the blonde stopped spasming. The pillow was tossed aside, but Sam continued to moan between deep breaths.

When the tall girl had recovered, Maddie pulled her hand out and offered me two of her fingers. She held them right in front of Sam's face so that she would get an up close view of me sucking them clean. I greedily sucked and licked those fingers, being as lewd as a porn actress.

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“You’re delicious, Sam,” I said as soon as I was finished. “I’d love to taste the source.”

Her eyes went wide and just stared at me.

“You want to…you would do that? To me?”

I licked my lips, but it was Maddie who answered.

“She’s very good at it. Trust me, I straddle that tongue every chance I get.”

“Um, can we, maybe, uh, take a break?” Samantha asked. “I’m not sure I can take more right now. That was - intense.”

“Of course, sweetie,” Maddie smiled.

That night, we introduced Samantha to the incredible joys of sex and the special bond only women can share. Nothing too kinky. She was an enthusiastic and eager student. Oral blew her mind, and when I found her G-spot while sucking on her clit, I thought she was going to pass out from the resulting climax. Sam was a little unsure of performing oral for the first time herself, but wanted to reciprocate. Once she made me cum, though, she was hooked. There’s a certain feeling of satisfaction from giving someone that ultimate release in such an intimate way that is intoxicating. At least it was for me, and I saw that same excitement in Sam.

This is how my last semester at home started. Winter break wasn’t too far away, then a final semester before we could move in together. In that time, Maddie took full advantage of her ownership of me, and I loved every moment!

I suppose you’re going to want to hear about that as well, aren’t you? Well, that is going to have to wait until next time.