

# Jane's Lesbian Slavery

by Sarah J.

[http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/Young\\_Lesbian\\_Femdom](http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/Young_Lesbian_Femdom)

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*This was my most popular story so I have decided to try and finish it – thought I might as well repost the original sections in the meantime...*

Story Codes: Fggggggg/F, Fdom, gdom, ped, nc, bd, sad

**Warning:** The narrative deals with underage persons.

**If you find this offensive, then please don't read it.**

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**Summary:** Jane, a forty-nine year-old woman, takes in a younger female lodger, who takes over her life. Jane becomes the young woman's slave, and eventually the slave of the neighbour's young girls – eventually a host of other young girls get in on the act, enjoying humiliating and degrading Jane.

## Part One: Losing Control

Jane Sullivan was forty-nine, and in what she would describe as *okay* shape. Her long, brown hair brushed a pair of slim, tanned shoulders, her breasts were not that large and sagged just a little, but only a little she reminded herself. She also had a slim waist, and shapely legs. But then she had the time to stay in shape, not quite a trust fund baby, but she had a nice allowance from an inheritance paid into her account once a month. Still, there was always room for a little more cash. Trendy clothes don't come cheap and there was the sauna, massage and tanning salon to think about. It was while she sat in the lounge with a glass of red wine, looking over a hair salon bill that the idea came to mind. She had two rooms, and used the spare for junk that really belonged in the attic; if she cleared it out she could take in a lodger, and bingo, cash problems solved.

The same afternoon the ad came out Jane got a phone call from a nice girl and they agreed to meet at two in the afternoon. The girl was an energetic blonde called Miranda, all long, tanned legs, flowing golden hair and white perfect teeth. To Jane the young woman seemed perfect. Miranda was twenty-three, and worked at a local law firm, a *just out of college* lawyer. After sharing a couple of glasses of wine Jane had made her decision, she asked Miranda to sign the simple lease agreement, then she put the answer-machine on and went out. Jane felt very pleased with herself as she drove to the gym, she had more money, her lodger was clean and respectable, had a steady job; and seemed really nice on top of that.

Things went well for the first couple of weeks; Miranda was hardly around and had paid rent up front. Then one morning Jane noticed that the kitchen had been left in a real mess from the night before, she probably should try to be more relaxed but Jane was fussy about that sort of thing. The forty-nine year old knocked on Miranda's door.

'Yes?' came the reply.

'I need to talk to you about something' Jane said, not feeling as sure of herself as she had a few moments ago, it was something about the younger woman's tone.

'Okay, come in, it's never locked'

Jane opened the door stepped tentatively into the blonde's room. It was a mess, clothes and empty beer bottles lay everywhere, cosmetics lay strewn across the vanity table, Jane even noticed pairs of worn panties thrown down apparently wherever the young woman had taken them off. Before she could think Jane blurted out: 'Shit Miranda, this place is a mess, just like the kitchen, we need to sort this out'.

Miranda jumped off the bed, raising herself to her full height, which was a few inches taller than Jane, she stared at the older woman, and Jane watched the blonde's cheeks flush red with anger.

'Oh, I think we have a fucking solution. I pay you enough fucking rent bitch, and I get precious little for it! YOU clean my room if you don't like it, and you can fix the kitchen after'.

Jane was speechless, she thought she should say something, but all that came out was a quiet, 'Yes Miranda'.

The blonde just smiled, much of her anger dissipated, but it wasn't a nice smile; not a *lets make up and forget it* smile, but something else, sort of smug Jane thought.

'Well?' The blonde said, staring at the smaller, older woman. Jane said nothing, but began busing herself around the room, clearing up.

Jane had been cleaning up after Miranda for a couple of weeks, and the blonde made no effort to improve her habits. Her room was always a mess, and she seemed to get though so many pairs of panties that Jane began to wonder what she was doing with them. The kitchen also needed constant attention, and she seemed to have agreed to clean the bathroom after Miranda had used it too, though she couldn't quite remember how it had happened, it just sort of did. In fact Miranda had begun to treat her

landlady like a maid, and just expected Jane to do these things. Jane had even started to cook for the young woman. This wasn't right at all. Jane had just wanted some more cash and freedom, not to become a domestic servant.

That evening Miranda sat her down and explained that she was up for a promotion at work but needed a reference.

'I wrote it all out for you,' smiled the young woman as she slid a piece of paper across the table at Jane. The older woman went to speak but Miranda jumped in, 'I'll be able to pay you more rent of course'. Silently, Jane signed the piece of paper, too tired to even pretend to read it. Miranda snatched it back and put it in her bag. 'Thanks,' she said quickly, then disappeared up to her room.

On Saturday Jane climbed out of a hot shower, and pulled a towel off the rail. It was a small one, the sort she usually wrapped around her hair. She looked in the linen cupboard. Strangely it was empty. Jane wrapped the towel round herself, so that it covered her breasts, but it hung barely half an inch below her crotch, so she walked slowly and carefully to her bedroom. Jane felt a sense of alarm building in her belly, like nervous butterflies, something was wrong; there were no clothes in her closet and no underwear in the drawers. There was no sign of a break in. Perhaps Miranda took them, part of some sick joke no doubt. Jane resolved to tackle the Miranda problem as soon as she got her clothes back, things had definitely gone far enough. She padded carefully downstairs, bare feet on the soft carpet, acutely conscious of the far-too-small towel that barely concealed her nakedness. She saw Miranda in the kitchen, drinking a cup of coffee.

'Where is everything?' Jane asked, subconsciously keeping her distance from the younger blonde. Somehow Miranda looked even more menacing today, or perhaps Jane was just aware of her near nakedness.

'Everything?' Miranda said with a smirk.

'You know what I mean,' Jane said, her confidence slipping away rapidly, 'the towels? My clothes?'

'Oh' said the blonde casually, sipping at her coffee. 'Well, maybe I didn't think you needed them anymore'.

'WHAT!' Jane stared at the younger woman in amazement. 'W...what do you mean you didn't think I'd need them. Give them back... please'. The forty-nine year-old felt a strange sensation, as if her last ounce of resistance was draining away through her bare feet. She couldn't think of anything to say, though she knew she must. She should be furious, but the blonde's gaze never wavered and Jane could not find the strength to meet it. The two women spent several minutes in silence as Miranda sipped calmly at her coffee and Jane stared helplessly at the floor. After a while the older woman couldn't stand it anymore, 'wh...what do you want me to do?' she stammered. Miranda laughed, the sudden sound making Jane start like a frightened antelope as it spots the lion that has been stalking it.

'What I want' said the younger woman, 'is for you to get back upstairs and clean my fucking room like you're supposed to. And you'll do it naked. Understand?'

Jane nodded weakly, 'Yes Miranda,' she said, almost in a whisper. Miranda held out her hand and glared at the frightened woman before her.

'I said *naked* bitch'.

Jane slowly unwrapped the little towel and handed it to the blonde. 's...sorry,' she mumbled.

'Oh, I doubt it' laughed the blonde, 'but you will be soon enough'. With that she motioned for the older woman to hurry up stairs and begin her chores.

Jane huddled in the corner of Miranda's bedroom trying to cover her nakedness, knees to her chest, heels together. Miranda sat on her bed watching MTV and drinking a beer, she drained the last drops from the bottle, then threw it on the floor in front of the naked woman.

'Pick it up slut,' the blonde said without looking away from the TV.

Jane leaned forward and tried to reach the bottle with the tips of her fingers, Miranda looked down at her unwilling maid with utter contempt.

'You really are a useless fucking slut aren't you?' The younger woman almost spat the words. 'You think I want to look at your ugly fucking body? Is that what you think slut? That I want to stare at those ugly tits of yours?' Miranda laughed and a cruel smile spread across her pretty face. Jane wondered how she could have been so wrong about her when they first met, and then shivered under the blonde's unwavering gaze. Miranda climbed purposefully off the bed and advanced toward the cringing, naked form in the corner. Suddenly the blonde grabbed Jane's hair and pulled her forward, the older woman, taken completely by surprise, fell face down and Miranda sat heavily on her back. 'Hey slut,' the blonde said, her voice slightly slurred by the beer, 'guess what? I bought you a present today. Well, I got it with your money, but it's the thought that counts, right?' Miranda laughed drunkenly, 'But then I have all your money now don't I bitch, after you signed the power of attorney for me. You are such a fucking loser you know that? Who would sign something from a lawyer without reading it first? I couldn't believe it when you did it, you are such a total fucking loser slut, I knew it when we first met'. Miranda started to topple backwards as she laughed grabbing Jane's hair to steady herself, the naked woman gave a little yelp. 'Shit. You're a fucking wimp as well,' said the younger woman. Miranda pulled a bag from under the bed, 'Anyway, about the present I bought you...' Jane heard the bag being opened, 'well, I know how you hate being naked all the time so I got you these cute cuffs and a nice little collar'.

Reality broke in on Jane like a thunderclap, washing through her numbed mind like a splash of cold water. She was in real danger, she suddenly knew it with alarming clarity. What had she been doing all these weeks? Why had she let this happen to her? Had she really signed control of herself to this mad woman?

It was certainly possible, she didn't read the document and Miranda was a lawyer, if anyone could pull it off, she could. In a panic Jane tried to get up, but she was not a strong woman and Miranda's weight on her back was enough to hold her there, all she managed to do was squirm pathetically under her assailant and make her giggle. Jane felt a strong hand grab her wrist and pull it up her back, she winced in pain, she wondered if her arm would break but by then Miranda had grabbed her other wrist. There was an ominous clicking sound, and the blonde let go of Jane's wrists. The older woman's hands fell against her back, but they were cuffed

and locked. She was helpless. Despair settled on her, as she lay there naked, wrists bound behind her back, her abductor still sitting on her back. She had that one chance to end this, and she had failed. In a way it was kind of peaceful not having to worry anymore, she had lost. Utterly, utterly lost. A defeated calm descended on the naked woman and she felt Miranda attach cuffs to her ankles, no need to worry now. Now it was out of her control, Miranda was in command. This young, twenty-three year old woman controlled her money, her property, her mind and now... she controlled her body as well. Jane went limp.

Miranda dragged the bound, naked woman onto her bed and laid her face down.

'What you should have done bitch...' the blonde said, her breath smelling strongly of beer, 'was pick up this fucking bottle...' she waved it in front of the helpless older woman's face, 'and put it in the waste basket, but I guess that was too difficult for you to understand huh? Anyway, I have a better use for it now'. Still laying face down, Jane felt the Miranda's weight on her back once more, two feet in white socks appeared either side of the naked woman's head and she realized the blonde was facing her legs. The wrist cuffs cut in painfully as Miranda's weight pressed down on them, and Jane began to whimper. 'Shut it wimp!' Miranda shouted, 'you useless fucking whore'. Jane could feel the woman wriggling around on her and then began to panic as she saw the blonde slipping out of her panties. Miranda leaned back and roughly stuffed the soiled panties into the bound woman's mouth, 'Maybe now you'll shut the fuck up,' Miranda said in a cruel, drunken laugh.

Through the renewed panic Jane suddenly realized what she actually had wedged in her mouth. She was beginning to taste an odd flavor. Jane felt sick. It was Miranda's panties. Miranda's *worn* panties - panties that had been rubbing against that bitch's dirty little cunt all day. And now they were in her mouth - her clean mouth! She never let anything dirty in her mouth. Never. She had never even had oral sex. As Jane's saliva soaked into the panties, the moisture began to release the dried flavors, new and stronger flavors assailed her taste buds - Miranda's juices. Jane could not stop the thoughts from flooding her mind, just as the sensations flooded her mouth, *and something salty – piss!* Jane realized with a groan. Jane gagged and tried to think of other things.





Miranda wandered slowly over to her captive, yawning and casually swinging a black carrier bag. She produced a collar and leash from the bag and sat down on the bed. Jane couldn't move or resist, she just stared imploringly at her captor. Jane knew her own carelessness had got her into this mess and she could think of no way out. There was little she could do but accept it. Miranda made the rules now.

The blonde slid the collar around the naked woman's neck, and clicked the lock shut. The young woman yawned again.

'It says, *Miranda's Slut* in silver studs in case you were wondering bitch, looks cute. Take my word for it.' Then she clipped a leash to the collar, and tugged it a couple of times to check it was secure, Jane's head jerked embarrassingly as her new owner treated her with less respect than an unwanted dog. Miranda reached into the bag again, and produced a black belt. It was quite thick and had small metal loops on the side and a large metal loop on the front. The blonde slid the belt around Jane's waist and locked it shut at the front, then she roughly spun her new toy over onto her front, Jane grunted but did not complain. The older woman felt her wrists being unclipped, but the cuffs remained on. She doubted she had the strength to fight back, Miranda was rested and Jane's arms felt numb from being locked behind her back all night. Anyway, she didn't know if she wanted to get physical with Miranda, the sporty, strong young woman would obviously come off better, so she allowed herself to be handled roughly, like a rag doll.

Miranda pulled the woman's hands down to her sides, and then locked the cuffs to the belt.

'That'll make it easier to keep you tied without damaging your arms. Oh... don't worry,' the blonde added sarcastically, 'it's not like I fucking care or anything, but what fucking use would you be if you couldn't do your chores'. Miranda laughed at her own joke as she hauled the helpless woman to her feet. The blonde then bent down and unclipped Jane's ankle cuffs. She pulled a thick, metal chain from the bag and attached one end to each of the *slave's* ankles. 'Okay, now I don't have to fucking drag you everywhere. And don't try running either, you'll break your stupid neck.'

Led by the leash, Jane was taken downstairs and into the kitchen. Somehow, coming out of the bedroom made her even more aware of her nakedness and vulnerability. Miranda reached out with her pretty, lightly-tanned foot and tapped on a plastic dog bowl with her toe. The words *Miranda's Slut* were written on the side in black pen. It was filled with water. The blonde yanked down on the chain until Jane was in a kneeling position, then the young woman poked her fingers roughly into the slave's mouth and pulled out the damp panties. She held them up to the light for inspection.

'Cool,' the young woman said, gloating over her captive's obvious humiliation, 'Better than the washer. Maybe I'll get all my panties cleaned that way from now on'. Miranda grinned with cruel satisfaction at the naked woman kneeling before her, 'Drink up bitch, I haven't got all day'. With that she left and Jane, cheeks flushed with shame and humiliation, lowered her head to drink from her new bowl.

## **Part Two: The Table Rape**

Jane was scrubbing the kitchen sink. Her locked wrist cuffs had been attached to a short chain, which passed through the metal loop on the front of her belt; just like the prisoners she had seen on police shows. And she was still naked. At that moment Miranda came in through the front door, grinning broadly.

'Hey slut. Guess what?' the blonde said, 'that little nine year-old bitch from next door has agreed to wash my car, but no way was I gonna pay her. Anyway, I told her about you and she said she'd do it if I let her see you naked. Bargain huh?'

Jane felt the familiar churning in the pit of her stomach. Surely Miranda couldn't be serious. This girl was just a little kid, and a horrid brat too. Would Miranda really parade her in front of this child like some circus freak?

Jane stayed quiet and worked harder on the sink, but she couldn't forget what she had just heard. The worse thing was, Jane already knew the girl quite well. Not closely, but they'd had a few run-ins, the brat used to call Jane names all the time. Jane, trying to be the sensible adult had actually talked to the child at one of her mother's boring dinner parties. Jenna, that was her name. She was a pretty girl, tall and skinny, sort of athletic looking. She had always struck Jane as something of a spoilt brat, and she was so rude to her mother, and now Jane was to be shown to her like some amusing exhibit. Jane felt sick at the thought.

About an hour later, as Jane was busy cleaning Miranda's room, the blonde stuck her head round the door.

'Downstairs now slut - time to pay the help'.

Jane took a deep breath and shuffled out of the room, making her way carefully down the stairs. Miranda was waiting at the bottom, without speaking the blonde unclipped Jane's cuffs from the chain and re-attached them to the rings at the side of her belt, limiting her freedom of movement to virtually zero, Jane was then led by her owner into the lounge. The nine year-old girl sat on the couch, feet up on the coffee table, grinning broadly.

'Fucking cool Miranda,' said little Jenna, 'I wasn't sure if you really had her, or you were just faking me to get your car cleaned'.

'Oh I have her alright,' laughed Miranda, 'don't I slut?' she tugged on the leash, and the slave nodded without raising her gaze. 'Get your head up slut; I think Jenna would like to see your ugly fucking face. It goes well with that gross body of yours'. Jane did as she was told, lifting her head, so now the teen brat could look her in the face. If the little bitch grinned any wider Jane felt sure her face would split. Jenna's gaze dropped to Jane's crotch.

'Yuck!' said the girl, 'her cunny's all hairy. That's fucking gross'.

'Yeah,' said Miranda, 'I guess it is. Shall we make her shave it?'

'Sure,' Jenna eagerly agreed.

'On second thoughts...' Miranda said to the little girl as she stared wickedly at the naked woman, 'why don't you do it? She'd only fuck it up anyway, she's such a useless bitch'.

Jane saw the girl's eyes light up and her heart sank. She couldn't imagine anything more humiliating, she was tied and naked in front of her neighbor's kid, and now the little bitch was going to shave her pussy.

Miranda dragged Jane to the kitchen and pushed her onto her back on the wooden table. She unclipped the slave's wrist cuffs and attached them to the legs of the table by Jane's head, then she unclipped Jane's ankle cuffs and started to attached them to the other table legs, so that the naked woman would be in a spread-eagled position - then Miranda paused, she turned and looked at Jenna, who was watching with an excited fascination.

'This is gonna be tricky. You're not going to be able to get at everything, and if you're gonna do something, better do it right I guess'. The nine year-old nodded and a grinning Miranda unclipped Jane's ankle cuffs, grabbed the slave's ankles tightly and pulled her legs up to her head, bending the helpless woman double. 'Help me out will you,' Miranda said to the girl. 'The slut's not that supple, I'll have to work on that'. The two of them pulled hard until Jane's feet were beside her bound hands, then they clipped the helpless woman's ankle cuffs to the same loops. Jane felt she would die from the humiliation. She had never been so exposed. Her entire genital region was wide open and on display and try as she might she could do nothing about it. The cuffs held her in place, pinned to the heavy, wooden kitchen table - and her most private places were on show for all to see. The little girl grinned at her wickedly.

'Never seen you quite like this before Miss Sullivan, bet mom would laugh,' the girl giggled, 'suits you really. You were always such a stuck up bitch before, wish my friends were here to see this'.

Miranda smiled wickedly as she slapped one of Jane's exposed buttocks, 'Oh, I'm sure we can arrange that if you do a good job Jenna'. Jane almost started crying but was determined not to give them the satisfaction, but she was scared, really scared. She knew that look of Miranda's, and once the sadistic young woman got an idea into her head she never let it go.

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### Part Three: Forced Depilation

Jane could hear a tap running and shortly Miranda returned to the table with a bowl of hot water, the blonde placed it on the table between the slave's legs. Jane could feel the warm steam rising from the bowl. Jenna had been standing between Jane's legs, grinning broadly at the spread woman the whole time, occasionally prodding her vagina and giggling. Jane had shut her eyes, trying to think of something, anything, else other than her current situation, but the nine year-old had other ideas.

'What's the matter Miss Sullivan? Feeling a little shy?' the brat laughed, 'well, I never shaved a stupid grown-up woman's cunny before so you better watch me to see I do it okay'.

'Yeah, open your fucking eyes bitch, I didn't say you could get out of seeing your own cunt shaved. And you'd better be sure an make eye contact with Jenna whenever she looks at you or I might take over, and I tend to get real careless with razors'.

Jane opened her eyes and had to force herself to face the pre-teen brat's callous stare. Jenna picked up a pen from the white kitchen counter, and began to poke crudely at Jane's vagina with it.

'Yuck!' the little girl said, 'all this hair is sooo fucking gross Miss Sullivan, I can't wait till it's bald so I can get a good look at the dangly bits. Me an Miranda don't have horrid dangly bits like that, our cunnys are nice an tidy'. Jane felt her cheeks flush red with embarrassment; her neighbor's brat of a kid was busy examining her most private of places like it was a particularly distasteful microwave dinner her mother had served up.

Miranda stood thoughtfully for a moment; while Jane just prayed her tormentors would hurry up and get it over with.

'I dunno,' said Miranda, 'if we shave her then it's going to be all fucking stubbly by the morning, and that's almost as gross, and then we'll have to keep doing it. Don't think I wanna keep touching her gross cunt, what about you Jenna?'

'No way!' the child squealed. 'It's horrid, like her saggy titties, your's an mom's don't look like that'. The brat child poked Jane's vagina again with the pen, causing the obscenely spread woman to moan in humiliation. 'What do you want to do then? Mom does wax, that would be cool, and I bet it would hurt too'. The nine year-old grinned evilly.

Jane heard a voice in her head saying *do it, do it*, the helpless woman knew it would hurt, but it would be over so quick it would be worth it. Suddenly Miranda's face lit up.

'Hey. I have a much better idea. Yesssss,' she clapped her hands in delight, and Jane began to whimper quietly as her mind raced. She turned to the little girl, 'how quick can you get your mates here?' Miranda asked the child.

'About twenty minutes. Why?' The little girl looked puzzled.

'Because I have a fucking brilliant idea that's why, you get on the phone, I have to nip out and get something'. The blonde grabbed her car keys and left.

Jane took stock of her predicament. She was now alone with her neighbors nine year-old brat daughter; she was totally naked and tied to the kitchen table with her pussy, ass and tits on full display; the woman who had taken over her life had just left to get... who knows what, AND the prepubescent little bitch was busy on the phone calling up a bunch of her friends to come round and share in the fun. Jane felt wretched, and there was a knot of dread in the pit of her stomach.

About thirty minutes later, during which time Jenna amused herself by inserting various kitchen implements into Jane's vagina (going, *yuck* and *gross* the whole time), there was a ring at the door. Jenna skipped over to open it and a noisy crowd of little girls burst through. Jane could hear excited laughter and giggly chatter in the next room. She braced herself mentally for what was about to come. A few moments later the crowd bustled into the kitchen, there was a lot of, '*fuck*' and '*wow*' and '*that is sooo cool*' followed by '*shit, what a loser*'. Jane kept her eyes closed, but then she heard Jenna's voice above the babble.

'Hey, Miss Sullivan, what did Miranda tell you about your eyes?' Jane opened them, blinking at the sea of young faces looking down at her. 'Better,' said Jenna to the amusement of her friends, 'you need to think about things a bit Miss-*stupid-cunny-in-the-air*-Sullivan, it's not like you can stop us punishing you if you don't do wot your told, right?' Jane nodded weakly. The girls (there looked to be about six of them) laughed hysterically at the tiny brat's wit.

The girls stood around talking excitedly at this unexpected new source of entertainment on a boring Saturday afternoon. Some poked at Jane's cunt with silverware and pens as Jenna had done, while one dark haired girl with freckles, who looked no more than seven years-old, lazily tweaked the older woman's nipples, like it was perfectly normal to have a naked forty-eight year-old woman to play with. Jane's humiliation and complete sense of degradation threatened to overwhelm her - it was obvious to her that she was now just an object of amusement for a bunch of bored, sulky prepubescent bitches.

The front door slammed and a moment later Miranda whirled into the room.

'Hi girls, come to join the fun huh?' There was a lot of giggling from the pack. 'Well...' Miranda said to Jenna, 'I thought *what's the easiest way to remove hair when you don't want it grow back quickly*, and then I thought, *you pluck it* Cool huh?' Miranda produced a paper bag and emptied a pile of slim, silver tweezers onto the table between the slave's legs.

Jenna grinned and clapped her hands. 'That's sooo fucking cool Miranda, just what she deserves'

Miranda turned to address the crowd. 'Okay girls, this has to be done VERY slowly and VERY carefully. Understand?' There was a general nodding and more giggling, Miranda continued, 'this is going to be a very interesting experience for the useless bitch and I want her to enjoy every fucking minute of it'. Miranda leaned down and whispered in Jane's ear, 'mmm, I am so going to enjoy this slut. You are about to have your pubic hair very slowly removed by a bunch of bored fucking schoolgirls. How do you feel about that huh? How fucking sad is that bitch? And I'll be taking pictures of course,' Miranda laughed, 'digital,' she winked at the horrified, naked woman, 'so I can put them straight on the Internet, oh, and I expect the girls will want copies don't you?'

Miranda sealed her slave's mouth shut with duct-tape, after encouraging several of the little to girls to take their socks off and shove them in the forty-eight year-olds mouth. Cheeks bulging with white socks under the duct-tape, a frightened Jane breathed hard through her nose. She watched as the girls picked up the tweezers and stood ready. Miranda's head was between the hapless older woman's legs as she prepared to give a demonstration. To add to the dehumanizing of their victim, Miranda had taped a reading lamp to Jane's stomach, so that it shone down onto her vagina. The slave could feel the warmth of the lamp on her genitals.

Jane felt like a girls-school lab experiment; like some bizarre specimen in a biology study; barely human at all. The girls leaned in to watch Miranda. Jane's twenty-three year old owner carefully selected a long, black pubic hair, and grasped it with the tweezers.

'Now...' she explained, 'you have to get a good grip, and then pull VERY slowly. Just ease it out,' she pulled the hair out with excruciating slowness, the crowd listened to Jane sock-muffled whimpering, and the pack of little girls laughed hysterically. Miranda let the hair fall onto the floor; then picked up the digital camera. 'Okay girls,' she said, 'lets get to work'.

Beads of sweat broke out on Jane's forehead as the slow, cruel depilation of her pussy and ass proceeded. The girls giggled and made cruel remarks about her the whole time, delighting every time she flinched or whimpered. At one point Jenna appeared near Jane's head and held the tweezers close to the writhing woman's face.

'Ooh, look at that one Miss Sullivan, must have hurt real bad when I pulled that one out, cause, I like, took ages over it. Aren't I naughty?' the little girl giggled. 'Funny really,' she said, looking at the pubic hair, 'but I always wanted to do something like this to you coz you were always such a boring loser. I hated you really, I only pretended to like you so mum wouldn't get angry, and now Miranda's letting me do this. She's sooo cool isn't she? And I think she likes me... so who knows? Maybe she'll let me do loads more stuff to you. I mean... she owns you now right? You're like her fucking slave or something. That is sooo cool. I wish you were my slave, an then I would really make you suffer'. Jenna grinned at her sobbing neighbor, then went back to join the pack of giggling little girls working away between the woman's legs.



After about two hours, Jane could feel dozens of fingers pulling roughly at her labia and spreading the cheeks of her ass.

'Can't find any more,' a voice said, 'I think your slave is really bald down here now Miranda'.

'Okay girls,' Miranda said, 'move out of the way, I need some more close ups'. Jane could hear the camera clicking, and she saw the flash. 'Hey, Jenna?'

'Yeah,' the nine year-old answered.

'I'll take the table-lamp off while you go hold the bitch's head up so her chin's on her chest. I want to get her face in all the shots'.

'Cool!' Miranda giggled as she moved behind Jane, putting her tiny hands under the woman's head. Then she pushed her neighbor's head up so the hapless woman was staring at her own bald pussy. The camera flashed dozens of times. At one point Miranda asked the girls to *open the bitch up a bit* and was greeted with cries of *yuck* and *gross* so she pulled a box of surgical gloves from the cupboard and threw them to the girls.

'Here,' she said, 'put these on, and remember... always be prepared,' she winked at the girls and they laughed, sliding on the oversized gloves.

Jane felt dozens of rubbery little fingers slide into her vagina, she winced, and then began to thrash about when she realized that the horrid little brats had their hands inside her. These sarcastic, cruel, wicked little girls now had their fingers deep in her pussy, groping and pulling at her most intimate place.

'Whoa!' said Jenna, 'hold still Miss Sullivan, you know there's nothing you can do about it. You cant get away tied like that.

'No way,' said the tiny seven year-old, 'you can't stop us doing anything to you silly grown-up,' and as if to emphasize her point the tiny little girl slid a small, gloved finger into Jane's anus.

'Yuck Chloe, that's gross,' said another girl while the rest howled with laughter. Then several other fingers joined the first. Jane whimpered into her gag, she felt completely degraded as the children groped curiously around inside her ass, while several more amused themselves with her vagina. Then she felt the girls pull her pussy wide open, so her gaping hole was exposed for the camera. Jenna pushed the captive woman's head till her chin was on her chest, then the little girl ducked down out of the camera view. Jane gazed past her own belly and bald, spread cunt at Miranda, who stood grinning behind the camera. *Flash! Flash! Flash!* Jane lost count of how many pictures were taken.

After a while they began to get bored and they slowly drifted away from their helpless plaything, dropping the soiled surgical gloves into the waste bin.

'Hey,' said Jenna, dropping Jane's head back onto the table, 'let's see what's on MTV'.

Jane moaned into the duct-tape; the brats had tortured and degraded her for their amusement, and now they were off to watch TV. Just like that. She had lost every shred of dignity she had ever possessed, been humiliated and exposed for their amusement; and now all the little bitches wanted to do was watch music videos. Miranda unclipped the slave's legs, lowered them to the table, and then re-attached the familiar chain.

'Hey, that was fun,' she chided, 'bet you enjoyed it huh? Well, I hope so cause fun and games are over for now. You need to clean up all this disgusting pubic hair... and then the girls will need feeding. There's some chicken-nuggets in the freezer, they'll be happy with that, you know what kids are like'. She unclipped Jane's hands and sat her upright; the slave's legs and feet felt numb. 'Don't take too long!' grinned Miranda, 'I hear schoolgirls can get really grouchy if they don't eat... and I'm sure you wouldn't want that would you?' Miranda laughed then added, 'oh, and you'll serve them all individually and thank them for making your ugly cunt look nicer – and spit the socks in your mouth into the washer while your at it, we don't want your disgusting spit on their pretty little feet now do we? Well... not yet anyway'.

## Part Four: Punishing Jane

Jane worked on her domestic chores. It was long and arduous, she could only shuffle awkwardly around in her leg chains, and she had to lean forward with her whole body to reach anything with the little freedom the wrist chains allowed her. Miranda had purchased more expensive restraints (with Jane's own money of course) that had a new feature. East wrist was now chained separately to loops at the side of the waist belt, it gave the slave the same degree of movement as the previous front loop, with one difference: a quick pull on a tab at the rear of the belt and her wrists would be instantly pulled tight to her sides and locked there. It gave Miranda (or any of the little brats) excellent control over her.

Jane shuffled slowly along with the vacuum cleaner, noticing that the front door was slightly open. Not that the woman could contemplate escape, she wouldn't get far shuffling naked, chained and gagged into the street, and anyway, she could hear Miranda's voice in the driveway. The blonde was talking to Jenna's little sister; an arrogant, foot stamping, sulking, tantrum throwing six-year-old girl called Amy. Jane had a worse history with little Amy than she had with her nine year-old sister, the little girl had hated her on sight (and the feeling had been mutual). Jane had met the girl only a month ago at a barbeque her mother had thrown. The child had been rude from the first, marching out onto the patio, pouting. Jane had smiled at her pleasantly, trying to be friendly.

'What are *you* looking at?' the girl had said to her.

The girl's mother heard and gave Amy a telling off, and of course, the child immediately blamed Jane. Later in the evening she had edged closer to Jane, and said quietly: 'I'll get you for that, you see if I don't. You are my worse enemy now an I'm gonna tell all my friends about you'. For some reason the threat scared Jane. The girl was only six but Jane didn't relish the idea of stones through her windows or scratches on her car, kids nowadays were so unruly, and they all knew they could pretty much do what they wanted without fear of punishment.

And now here was Jane... only a few feet from the evil little brat, naked and in chains. The slave backed slowly away from the door, hoping Miranda wouldn't notice. But Miranda did notice. Jane's owner noticed everything, there were live-feed-webcams all around the house, and Miranda's friends could tap into them any time they wanted to watch her. It was a horrible feeling; she never knew what eyes were silently watching her through those cameras. How many people were watching her now? The slave heard the front door open, and Miranda came in.

'Not avoiding me are you slut?' Miranda said, grinning wickedly. Jane shook her head. 'Good! Because there's someone I want you to meet'. Jane felt her heart skip a beat, it couldn't be, surely even Miranda would have nothing to do with a six year old.

Amy walked calmly through the front door, closing it behind her. She came and stood silently beside Jane's owner.

Miranda spoke, 'Remember that glass you broke yesterday?' Jane nodded, acutely aware that she could not hide her nakedness from the glowering eyes of the six year-old. 'Well, it made me realize that I'm way too busy to keep thinking up punishments for you, especially as you are forever making mistakes,' Jane swallowed hard, 'so I have asked little Amy here to help me. She said she could think up loads of ways to punish you. Didn't you honey?' The child grinned wickedly and nodded her head. Jane just stared in horror, this could not be happening.

Jane found herself in an unpleasantly familiar position, the one she had been tied in on the kitchen table; except this time she was on Miranda's old single bed, (Miranda had now evicted Jane and taken over her larger room). The slave's wrists were locked to the headboard, her legs were painfully raised so that her ankles were either side of her head, then these too were locked to the headboard, and of course, she was quite naked. The slave's owner and the six year-old brat Amy stood beside the bed.

'That okay?' Miranda said to the child.

'Yeah, cool... she looks sooo silly,' laughed little Amy. When Miranda left the room the six year-old girl jumped up on the bed. She was clutching a little pink bag, with a picture of Barbie on the side. The child looked Jane in the eyes, 'see,' she said, 'I told you I was gonna get you didn't I? Miranda says I can do all your punishments, and she says you are like, naughty all the time, and she says I

can make you pay for being bad and stuff, an do whatever I like to you. How cool is that?’ Amy grinned and reached into the bag. She pulled out a tattered looking Barbie doll. ‘This one was bad too, she fell off the shelf an smashed my glass snow thing - so I’m gonna punish both of you’.

Jane glanced up at the webcam in the corner of the room, it was pointing at the bed and a little red light winked on and off. The slave could barely take in what was happening to her, and she wondered how many people were watching her being turned into an oversized doll for a sadistic six year-old. Amy placed the Barbie doll's head at the opening to the slave's plucked vagina.

‘Yuck, I bet she would hate to go in there,’ Amy giggled. Jane shouted into her gag, and pulled against her chains, suddenly realizing what the girl intended to do. Amy pulled a baby-blue colored ruler from the bag, and smacked Jane hard on the vagina with it. ‘Stop it!’ she shouted, then hit the slave some more, *whack! whack! whack!* Each stinging blow slapped the slave's exposed vagina until Jane fell limp onto the bed. ‘Don't you EVER try to do that again!’ said the six year-old in a stern voice, ‘you are MY toy now, an I can play wiv my toys any way I want. I make up what games we play not you. You are just there so I can do stuff to you. Nobody cares what you want’. Just to make sure the slave understood the girl hit the helpless woman on the pussy twice more with the ruler. *whack! whack!* ‘Now...’ Amy said, positioning the doll at the slave's (now very red) pussy lips, ‘in you go Barbie’. With that little Amy shoved the doll deep into Jane's vagina, the slave jerked in shock and discomfort as the plastic toy penetrated her.

Amy tried twisting the doll and pushing as hard as she could but she couldn't get it to go in any further than the arms. So the wicked six year-old stood up, lifting her little shoe, and stamped on the dolls plastic feet until the toy disappeared into Jane's pussy. Then the brat wriggled the toe of her shoe into the folds of skin around Jane's vagina, and shoved the doll in deeper.

‘There,’ Amy said, sitting down cross-legged in front of her victim's obscenely raised pussy, ‘now I can smack both of you together’. The child lifted the baby-blue ruler and began thrashing away madly at Jane's exposed genitals. Jane screamed into her gag of little girls socks and panties (newly soiled pairs were generously donated each day by Miranda's little tribe), but who would come? The bratty six year-old could do whatever she wanted to her forty-nine year-old victim – for as long as she wanted.

## Part Five: Jane Meets The Family

Jane's Internet voyeur fan-club was growing in number, even though the password to the site was strictly by word of mouth. One kind watcher sent Miranda a very expensive looking digital camcorder, with the interesting suggestion that it would enable her to travel with her slave. Of course it wouldn't be live feed, but it would add some variety.

Miranda had been able to quit her job now she had a free house and Jane's income to live on, and she'd become very friendly with Jane's neighbor. Lana (Amy and Jenna's mother) was an attractive thirty something woman, and she seemed to like Miranda a lot – quite a bit more than Jane in fact, and it soon became apparent that the girl's mother shared their views on the stuck-up neighbor. Eventually Miranda ventured the lie that Jane had gone away to stay with relatives and had left her in charge of the house, Lana seemed very pleased and after some wine one evening said that she 'hoped the boring bitch never came back'. Miranda grew bolder, in the end telling Lana that Jane had decided to move permanently and that she had given Miranda first offer on the house.

'You should take it Miranda dear,' Lana had said, 'it would be wonderful to have you as a neighbor and the girls are so fond of you'. Miranda had to smile at this, she already had the title to Jane's property (it had been transferred into her name a while ago), Jane owned nothing, and her ex-lodger had practically wiped out any trace that the forty-nine year-old woman had ever existed.

Miranda loaded up the expensive SUV purchased with Jane's money, it had all the extras, and tinted windows of course, she was really looking forward to the trip (though it played her mind that Jane probably wasn't). Lana had been delighted when Miranda had offered to take the girls on a road trip during the school summer break, and the girls (of course) had been really enthusiastic. Miranda put the luggage in the back, placed a pile of her favorite CDs on the front passenger seat along with her expensive laptop, and then settled the girls in the back seats. Then she dragged the naked, manacled Jane out into the garage.

'It's perfect when you think about it?' Miranda said to her captive, knowing full well she couldn't reply behind her gag. 'I mean, what's the fucking worst thing about road trips with kids? Easy! They get bored, and then they just whine all the time... Are we there yet? Are we there yet? Jeez, it's enough to drive you mad, I did it with my nieces once, and I promised myself never again. But it's not going to be like that this time is it, because now the little brats have you to play with. Should keep them quiet enough'. The young woman laughed at the look in Jane's eyes. Miranda dragged Jane to the car, opened the back door and shoved the naked woman onto the girl's little laps. She then taped the camcorder to a headrest, so it had a clear view of everything going on in the back seat, and switched it on.

Like most little kids, Jenna and Amy got bored quickly, almost as soon as the SUV rolled out of the garage in fact. Jenna rolled her jeans and panties down around her ankles, grabbed Jane's head by the hair and shoved it between her legs, then the nine year-old lay back into the comfortable leather seats with her hands behind her head as the forty-nine year-old sex-slave began licking her young mistress's vagina. Jenna reached lazily under the slave and gave one of her nipples a hard twist.

'That's useless!' the child complained, 'get your tongue right up there like you woz licking out the inside of a yummy ice cream cone'. Jane did as she was told.

Amy emptied out a bag of dolls and began to play with the slave's other end. Miranda adjusted the rear view mirror and looked at the sprawling woman with her head stuffed between a nine year-olds thighs, (which were tightly clamped around the slave's head) while little Amy was busy stuffing Barbie dolls into the slave's vagina, her favorite game. Miranda smiled as she put her arm through the gap in the seats and handed a wide-eyed Amy a large, thick, metal studded rubber-dildo. It was at least a foot long and so thick the little girl couldn't hold it all the way round even with both hands.

'Just wondered if you might like to play with that,' Miranda said grinning.

'COOL,' exclaimed Amy, 'I bet she would hate to have that in her'. The six year-old yanked out the Barbie doll, buried up to its plastic knees in Jane, making the woman give a muffled yelp into Jenna's cunny.

'ooh!' said Jenna, 'that woz nice sis, make her do it again'.

'Okay,' said Amy obligingly. With that she began to screw the huge dildo into Jane's vagina, but it was tricky, this was five times the size of a Barbie doll, or even two Barbie dolls as she usually managed to get up there. In the end the little girl braced her back against the door, lifted her leg, placed her foot against the end of the monstrous spiky thing, and used her leg muscles to push it into the bound slave.

Jane screamed, while the force of little Amy's foot shoved the slave's face deep into Jenna's bald pussy.

'Wow!,' said Jenna laughing, 'that feels REALLY weird, she's like shouting up my cunny'.

'Bad weird, or good weird,' asked Miranda from the front seat.

'Just kinda funny weird, sort of cool though, an I like it – don't stop Amy!'

Amy giggled and gave a big push forcing the huge dildo half way into the now thrashing, wailing sex-slave's pussy.

'Jeez Miranda,' said Jenna, 'she's like, going totally crazy!'

Miranda pulled the SUV over and clambered into the back with the girls. The pathetic naked woman looked like she was trying to stick her head inside the nine year-olds vagina, and she was making very strange gurgling noises, which sounded sort of sloppy as her lips and mouth were buried in pre-teen cunt. Miranda laughed.

'Hey, that looks like fun Jenna,' she said.

'uh! ooh! yeah, it tickles in a really... ooh! sort of funky way, like in my belly! um! ah! I kinda like it a lot, you should... um! mmm! try it Miranda,' the girl had a strange expression on her face, and Miranda had to admit, it looked very inviting.

'You bet,' the young woman said, 'as soon as we get to my sister's place'.



'Aren't we going to a motel like you told mummy randa?' Said the six year-old said as she gave a final push with both little feet, ramming the fat dildo its full length into Jane's vagina. Her sister gasped as the slave let out a long, lingering moan into her cunny.

'ooh!' was all Jenna could manage to say.

'No sweetie,' said Miranda, 'I told your mom we might stay at a motel, but I did say we would probably visit my sister, because she has little girls about your age and I thought you would like to play with them'.

'Can we all play wiv this?' said Amy, slapping a naked Jane on the buttocks with her tiny hand.

'Of course you can honey, that's what we bought her along for, so you call all have fun playing with her'.

Miranda swung the SUV into the driveway of her sister's house, then she went to the back, got out a large, black, nylon, sports bag, and threw it onto the foot space in front of the rear seats.

'We have to move her around in this,' said Miranda, 'don't want anyone getting jealous and stealing our toy do we?'

'Nope,' Jenna agreed, 'she's gettin more fun to play wiv all the time'.

Miranda laughed, she couldn't be sure but it looked like the nine year-old may have had her first orgasm while Jane was yelling into her little pussy. As the girls climbed out of the car Miranda grabbed the naked slave by the hair and pulled her face close.

'Now come on bitch, don't keep me in suspense... did that little girl cum in your mouth earlier?' Miranda said. Jane stayed silent, a look of utter misery on her face. 'Don't hold out on me loser, you must know. I mean, no one was closer than you right?'

The slave started sobbing. 'I don't know Mistress,' she said.

'Well fuck Jane, you've been licking that little cunt of hers for weeks now,' Miranda grinned, 'you must be the worlds fucking greatest expert on what that girl tastes like. Did it leak anything into your stupid, bitch mouth?'

'Y... Yes Mistress, a... a few... times'.

'Cool, so the little brat DID cum in your mouth... and you knew didn't you bitch?'

'Yes Mistress,' tears rolled freely down Jane's cheeks.

'Wow! Bet that fucking freaked you out huh? Having some nine year-old masturbating in your mouth. That is sooo fucking humiliating,' Miranda couldn't help laughing at her slave's misery. 'WELL??? What did it taste like?'

'I... I don't know Mistress. Not like yours'.

'No, I guess not. She don't have the hormones yet huh?' Miranda grabbed the handful of dirty socks and panties that were lying on the seat and shoved them back in the naked woman's mouth, muffling her sobs. 'Well, I have lots more fun and games planned for you, and now you'll have to amuse me, Jenna, Amy AND my sister and her three girls. Sure you'll love it though'. Miranda laughed and shoved the woman into the large sports bag. 'I got this bag from the local girl's school, they used to keep hockey and soccer gear in it for away matches, so it's been filled with little girl's sweaty socks and shorts and stuff, wow, smells like it too. Anyway, I thought it would be just perfect to keep you in'.

Miranda's sister was a pretty brunette in her early thirties, and she had three lovely girls: Holly aged ten, Kaitlyn age seven and little Faith age five. They all had their mother's pretty looks, with long, light-brown hair and sparkling green eyes. Miranda hugged her sister Alex, then introduced Jenna and Amy.

'Mom says you got a REAL slave, not a pretend one or anyfing,' Holly said all wide-eyed to Jenna.

'Yep!' Jenna said, all smiles, 'an it's a real grown-up wiv titties an stuff you can play wiv'.

'Cool,' said Kaitlyn, 'can we see'.

'Sure you can sweetie,' said Miranda, 'come give your auntie a hug first,' the little girl ran into her auntie's arms. Miranda smiled, her nieces all hugged her but they were looking excitedly over her shoulder as they did it, staring at the large black bag in the porch. Eventually Miranda dragged it inside, thankful it had little wheels on one end - Jane was a very small woman, but still a heavy dead weight to lug around.

Jane's Mistress unzipped her carrying bag and immediately tiny, grinning faces appeared, peering in at her.

'Go on!' said Jenna, 'you can touch if you like, you can do anyfing you want wiv her... we do, don't we Amy?' The younger girl nodded enthusiastically.

'I put Barbie dolls in it's cunny,' said Amy, 'an when we woz coming here I put a big, big spiky fing up there what randa gave me, and I had to kick it to make it go up'.

'Wow!' said Kaitlyn, obviously impressed.

'It's still up there... look!' said a giggling Amy as she unzipped the bag all the way and pointed to the end of the huge dildo, clearly visible protruding from the bound slave's vagina.

'Cool', said Holly, 'I bet that woz like, totally fun'.

'I dunno really,' admitted Jenna with a wicked smile, 'coz I woz makin her lick my cunny when Amy woz doin it'.

Holly's face was a picture. 'It licks your cunny?' the girl said.

'Yeah, all the time,' Jenna giggled. 'An Amy's, and my friends, and Miranda's too'.

'Awesome!' said Kaitlyn.

'It licks butt holes too,' Amy informed them.

'No way!' said Holly, 'she kiddin us right?' the ten year-old asked Jenna, obviously suspecting the younger girl was exaggerating.

'No, she's telling the truth...' Jenna laughed, 'you can make her lick right up inside your butt hole any time you want, an you don't have to wash it or nuthin'. Jane let out a humiliated groan from her panty and sock stuffed mouth.

'I don't think she likes doin it Jenna,' laughed Holly.

'Course not, lickin butt holes is gross! But we can just make her do it coz she's ours'.

'Wow, you are so lucky,' said Kaitlyn.

'Well we can share okay!' Jenna offered her new friends, 'when we go an stay at our dad's you can keep her here an do gross stuff to her as much as you want'.

'Oh! Oh! Oh! Can we mommy? Can we?' said Holly excitedly.

'That's up to your aunty Miranda honey'.

'PLEASE Miranda... can we huh? Please!' Kaitlyn pleaded.

'Of course sweetie, she belongs more to Jenna and Amy than me, I just sort of look after her because it's a secret toy right?' Miranda said as Jenna and Amy nodded. 'So if they say you can borrow it, then you can'.

'COOL,' squealed the little girls in unison.

'Hey,' said Jenna, 'I know what... lets pull the big spiky thing out an put it back in again, I bet she would hate us to do that'.

'Do you like doing things that it hates best?' asked Kaitlyn.

'Yep!' said Jenna, 'that's most fun, doing stuff that it hates, like makin it lick you, an doin stuff wot hurts it... y'know, like torture an stuff'.

'Wot's it hate most,' asked a curious Holly.

'Oh, loads of stuff,' said Jenna, 'um... suckin feet, an lickin cunnys, an lickin butt holes, an wen you fart on its face, an havin our socks an panties in its mouth all the time, an... an... wen Amy puts stuff up its holes, an being whipped an smacked an stuff like that'.

Miranda dragged a naked, whimpering Jane from the bag and laid her on the carpet, the children closed in on the bound, naked slave like a pack of hungry dogs and soon they had her legs spread and her ankles tied to the coffee table. The laughing, happy little girls played with the big dildo, pulling it out of Jane's abused vagina, and roughly shoving it back in again, it was so huge it took all of them to do it. Jane's distress was obvious, she writhed and squirmed in a vain attempt to escape her tiny tormentors, yelling constantly into her makeshift gag, which just made the game more fun for the girls. Jane felt as if she were going to split in two, it felt like the trunk of a whole tree were being forced into her pussy, she was sure she could feel the tip of the thing in her belly.

'You're right Jenna,' said Holly, 'it's sooo much more fun when it hates wot we do to it'.

Even though her mind was distracted by the screaming agony being inflicted on her vagina and the sheer humiliation of being a naked plaything for these children, Jane had noticed an ominous development. The girls had started to refer to her as 'it', as though in their minds she was slowly losing any connection with a human being. They didn't see her as a real person like them or other grown-ups they knew – now Jane was simply a 'thing' a 'toy'... an 'IT'.

A couple of hours later Alex made the girl's some lunch then they all ran giggling upstairs to look at each others bedrooms and clothes. Miranda and her sister sat around the coffee table with a glass of sparkling white wine each, they look at the sobbing wretch in the floor.

'She looks very shiny and sweaty,' grinned Alex, 'guess the girls gave her a good work out huh?'

'Oh yeah,' laughed Miranda, 'she gets a good workout most every day. Don't you bitch?' The naked slave nodded her head.

'So when do I get a go?' Alex gave a lustful stare at the prostrate forty-nine year-old.

'Anytime you want hon, but I wouldn't hang about if I were you, they're gonna be coming down for her soon'.

Miranda helped her sister get Jane upstairs to her bedroom, they unshackled the slave's ankles and made her walk, shoving her in the back if she slowed down. After the naked slave was tied safely to Alex's bed, Miranda went to soak in the tub.

Alex pulled the wet socks and panties from Jane's mouth as she straddled the bound woman's chest.

'Fuck!' she laughed, holding up the saliva soaked underwear, 'Miranda wasn't kidding was she, those little kids really DO own you. When you're not sucking on their socks and panties, you're sucking on their feet and cunts, what a life! If you can call it that - my sister's such a wonderfully wicked bitch'.

Alex slid forward until her pussy was over Jane's mouth, and her clitoris touched the slave's nose. Jane breathed noisily, drawing air into her nostrils past the clit hood of the woman sat on her face. Then Alex began to rock gently to and fro as Jane slid her tongue into the vagina that pressed down hard on her mouth. Alex began to moan and groan and her pussy leaked profusely,

pouring sticky juices into the slave's mouth. Jane tried to concentrate on getting the job done, it was what she always did when they made her do things like this. It was so difficult swallowing while her tongue was fully extended, but she'd drown if she didn't, the woman wasn't normal, her vagina leaked constantly filling the slave's mouth again and again, after every swallow. Suddenly Alex's thighs clamped about Jane's ears and the woman moaned even louder, then her whole body juddered... and then the floodgates opened. Jane thought the woman was pissing in her mouth, but it was cum – it felt like pints and pints and pints of horrid, sticky cum. Jane felt her belly filling with the stuff as she struggled not to vomit. Alex lost control and began to rub herself frantically on the slave's face, coating her in the slimy stuff, then she sat heavily on the sex-toy's face. Jane's mouth and nose were both squashed under the woman's pussy and Jane couldn't breathe, she panicked, struggling against her bonds and trying to work her head out from under the woman. This just excited Alex, who had an even bigger orgasm than the first time round, she bucked and writhed on the trapped face under her, filling the slave's mouth and nostrils with cum. Finally she slid back, freeing the wretched woman under her. Jane screamed, coughing and spitting the woman's slimy, sticky juices from her nose and mouth, as she gulped down air sobbing uncontrollably.

'Fuck that was good!' exclaimed Alex. 'Little sis was right... sex is sooo much better if someone else has to suffer for your pleasure!' she looked down at the distraught slave. 'Wouldn't it be fucking awesome to orgasm while you suffocated in my cunt?' Alex laughed evilly, 'Oh I wish bitch, but Miranda would never let me' she's planning on having years of fun with you... and I guess it would be kinda wasteful'. Alex shook her head letting her long, light-brown hair hang loose. 'It's amazing,' she said to the still gasping Jane, 'kids are so fucking clever about some things, they knew instinctively how much fun it was to torture someone while you're getting off at their expense... I guess it'll be my daughter's teaching me about sex in this set up'.

Alex dragged Jane to the bathroom where her sister was relaxing in a tub full of soapsuds. Jane was made to kneel in front of the sink, then Alex locked the slave's ankles together, filled the bowl and began to wash the naked woman's face and hair. It just

made Jane feel more miserable, like she was a dildo this mom had used to have an orgasm, now she was washing it before putting it back in the dresser drawer. When the slave was clean of her sister's sticky cum Miranda spoke to her.

'What did you do Alex? Fill a fucking bucket with cum an stick her head in it. Jeez, what a mess. Guess it's been a while huh sis?'

'Too fucking long! But that was just fucking wonderful. Tell me your not going to take her away just yet sis?' Alex grabbed hold of Jane's tongue and tugged painfully on it, bringing tears to the slave's eyes. 'I want more of THIS – and I want it in my asshole next time, just like the girls do'.

'It's okay sis, we're gonna be here for most of the summer, the girl's mom trusts me. Anyway, like Jenna said, you can borrow her okay'.

'Okay,' said Alex, letting go of Jane's tongue. 'I just don't think I can go back to not having a fuck-toy after having a go. Fuck, you're such a clever bitch Miranda, how the hell did you pull this one off'.

'Awe, it's all about grabbing an opportunity when you see it. The stuck-up bitch was ripe for it, she thought she knew it all and I got her when she wasn't looking. Bet she has a shit load of regrets now'.

'No kidding,' said Alex as she listened to the girl's loud laughter coming from down the hall, 'imagine being a helpless slave to that lot!'

'Yeah, scary aint it,' Miranda laughed. 'Hey sis, drag the bitch over here will you'. Miranda dangled a leg over the side of the tub, 'suck my fucking toes bitch,' she ordered a kneeling Jane.

'They look pretty clean already,' Alex laughed.

'Yeah, I know, but it feels nice. I love the way she squirms her tongue in between my toes, it sort of tickles. The girls taught her that... it's why she's so good at it. Hours and hours of practice they put her through, except not with clean feet of course'. Miranda winked at Jane who knelt by the tub, her mouth full of her Mistress's foot. 'Nope, they'd come in from school or playing in the yard, whip off their shoes and socks and then straight in the bitch's mouth. Can you imagine that? Sucking some schoolgirl's dirty feet! I

should feel guilty about what I've done to her I guess... but... unfortunately for her I don't. I love it, and I'm just getting started. The two women laughed while Jane slurped on the feet of the woman responsible for all her misery.

## **Part Six: Trying Out The New Toy**

Jane spent the night in Holly's bed, the girls had decided to let the older girl have a go first working down to the youngest. Miranda had tied Jane's ankles to a broom handle, spreading her legs, and now she lay on her back, naked and helpless in the ten year-olds bed. Holly wasn't sure what to do at first, the child was wearing a little white crop-top which came to just above her navel, pink panties and white ankle-socks, after a while she straddled Jane's stomach giggling nervously, then she started to bounce all excited and child like.

It was all a little too much for Holly, everything was just too exciting, she had a fully grown-up naked woman in her bed and all she could think about were the things Jenna and Amy had told her, about how the slave thing would put it's tongue in her cunny, and even her butt. Holly got brave enough to take her panties off, and she would be shy normally, except this wasn't a real person, Jenna had told her about that, she'd told Holly about slaves and how they were just for making people happy and they weren't like real people, and how you could do anything to them – even stuff you thought up that no one else had done. Holly bounced up and down on the slave's belly, her little naked butt cheeks slapping against the slave's skin, then she sort of bounced up a bit, until she was sort of sitting just under its titties, so she played with them for a while. Slapping them was fun as they wobbled when she did it, sort of like jello, but pinching its nipples was best, as it hated that and even made little crying noises. Holly thought that was really cool, just like Jenna had said... it was much more fun when it was unhappy.

Jenna said slaves weren't supposed to be happy and it wasn't good for them. They had to be kept really miserable all the time, and if you had a slave you had to be sure and be mean to it all the time. So holly gave the slave's nipple a really big pinch, squeezing as hard as she could, and it sort of yelped, like a dog when you trod on its tail by accident. Holly was getting really excited now! She



wanted to thank her cool new friends by making the slave as miserable as possible. Then the ten year-old had an idea, she climbed off the slave and rummaged in her dresser drawer until she found the little sewing kit she found in a hotel room last summer. She took out the longest needle and climbed back on the toy-thing. Holly concentrated really hard, she grabbed a tittie and squeezed it so the nipple stuck out, then she pushed the needle right in the top. The slave screamed and started crying, which was really funny but too noisy, so holly pulled her socks off, picked up her panties, and stuffed them in its mouth, then she went back to her game. When the needle was nearly all the way in the little girl wiggled the end making the slave really cry lots. Then she got the box and began to stick more needles in and the slave had its head bent right back and it was making really weird noises, but it was definitely unhappy and that's what mattered. Now the slave's titties looked like tiny porcupines, with all their spines sticking out. It was so cool Holly jumped up and ran to get Jenna who was sleeping in the spare room with her sister.

Jenna looked at the moaning slave with all the needles sticking out of its titties.

'Wow Holly, that's the coolest thing, you are so clever!' said Jenna.

'I just thought of it, that's all, I just wanted her to be really, really unhappy so you would think I woz cool,' said Holly, who had completely forgotten that she wasn't wearing much more than the slave.

'I do think your cool,' said Jenna, 'you're my bestest best friend in the world'.

'Wow really?'

'Yeah, totally, an your really pretty an everything'.

'I'm not as pretty as you though Jenna, you are like a princess'.

'Yeah, you are!' said Jenna, 'you are like the best princess ever, like in stories'.

Holly giggled, 'oops! You can see my thingy,' and she stood with her legs crossed smiling at her new best friend.

'S'okay though right? Coz it's a pretty thingy, not like THAT ugly thing,' Jenna prodded Jane's vagina with her foot.

'Well... yeah, I guess... bet yours is pretty too'.

'It's sort of like yours I guess'.

'Show me!'

'Okay', Jenna wriggled out of her panties and stood there in a t-shirt and socks.

'Yep, it is kinda like mine, it's cute'.

Jenna grinned, 'lets punish it for having such an ugly cunny thing'.

'Okay,' said Holly, 'what shall we do?'

'Um... lets... make her lick your butt hole... yeah, an we'll leave the pins in while she does it'.

Jenna pulled the panty-sock gag out of Jane's mouth while a giggling Holly climbed on the slave's face, she was looking down toward the spiky titties just like Jenna told her, so he butt hole would be right over the slave's mouth. Jane began licking the girl's anus while Jenna wriggled the pins in her breasts making her sob and moan with the pain. The girls laughed.

'No way is she happy now,' said Jenna 'pins in her titties And she has to lick your butt'.

'Shame she can't lick butts an cunnys at the same time,' gasped Holly, 'that would be AWESOME!'

'Yeah, totally,' said Jenna, 'but you can put your finger there'.

'Where?' said Holly as she bounced her ass on the slaves mouth.

'Well...' said Jenna, 'here...' and she touched Holly's slit.

'Oh, yeah, that is nice...' Holly bounced harder and the tip of her friend's finger slid into her cunny.

'Sorry!' exclaimed Jenna, 'you sort of...'

'It's okay,' said holly, 'it's really nice, just like if it could lick both holes'.

'Cool,' Jenna said, 'I'll do it for you an you can do it for me, okay?'

'Yeah, okay,' grinned Holly.

Jane lay on her back with her breasts full of pins, tonguing out a ten year-olds ass, and to add to the humiliation the girl was being fingered off by her friend. The two girls were having some kind of pre-teen encounter and Jane was little more than a sex-toy in their little game. After a while Holly moved back so she was sitting on Jane's forehead covering her eyes, Jenna now straddled the slave's throat, her buttocks pressing painfully on the pins in the woman's breasts. A giggling Jenna would wriggle her finger into Holly's cunny for a while and then put it in Jane's mouth.

The slave was then made to suck it and say, 'delicious, could I have more please Mistress?'.

Holly would laugh and say, 'Yeah sure, there's plenty, right Jen?' Then there would be more giggling and wriggling and the finger would be thrust into her mouth once more.

After a while the girls found a way to both use the Jane-the-licking-machine at the same time. Holly sat on the slave's face looking toward the top of the bed, so the naked woman's body was behind her, then she would slide backward until the slave's nose slipped inside her little anus. Jenna would sit the other way round, facing the slave's saggy titties, and she would place her ass directly over the helpless woman's mouth, both girls sat back to back, giggling and licking arms. Holly would finger herself to the feel of Jane's nose as it rubbed her asshole, while Jenna would be getting the full attention of the slave's tongue in her butt hole – after a while they would switch round, and the game would start again.

Jane remained in a state of panic for hours as she struggled to breathe, her survival instinct kicked in, overriding her desire to just die on the spot from disgust and humiliation. She learned to take vital breaths when she could. Whatever child was on her mouth only lifted up occasionally, usually to reach forward and viciously twist one of the slave's nipples, so Jane's main air supply came from the girl on her nose, (a position which left the horrified Jane staring straight at a bald, thin slit of a vagina, a constant reminder of how old her abusers were), this child would wriggle constantly, bouncing up and down so the slave's nose was effectively fucking the girl in the ass. Jane's nose would pull free of the child's asshole for less than second on every six or so bounce, the helpless sex-toy would then sniff down air as quickly as she could before her nose was pushed into the girl's soft, little anus once more.

Alex woke early, she'd probably drunk more wine the night before than she meant to, but it had been such a wonderful day. She padded barefoot and still half asleep towards the bathroom, then as she passed Holly's room she decided to check up on her eldest daughter. Inside Holly and Jenna lay fast asleep in Holly's bed, snuggled in each other's arms, the slave had been kicked off the bed by the tired girls and lay naked on the floor, curled in a fetal position. Alex walked in quietly so as not to wake the girls, grabbed the slave by her collar and dragged her shuffling on her knees from the room.

'Ah,' said Alex, once they were in the hallway, 'poor little things, they look tired out, guess that's your fault bitch, if you were better at your job they would have been properly pleased sooner and got to bed at a decent hour. You really are a useless fucking bitch aren't you?'

'Yes Mistress,' Jane whispered.

'Well, I didn't see much point in leaving you there, we don't have money to waste feeding you if you're going to lay around all day'.

Alex dragged the naked slave to the bathroom and threw her on the floor, then she pulled off her panties and straddled the slave's chest, shuffling up the helpless woman's body until her pussy was pressing against the pathetic bitch's mouth.

'Open up!' Alex commanded. Jane opened her mouth and almost immediately a hot jet of strong morning piss hit the back of her throat. 'Ah! That's better,' Alex sighed, allowing her weight to force her pussy onto the slave's mouth, 'don't just lay there bitch, lick it clean. Jeez, do you have to be told everything?' Jane began to lick the drops of urine from the woman's vagina lips. Alex yawned, 'fuck I'm tired, but time for one quick orgasm I guess. Okay bitch, do it... and don't make me tell you again'. Jane remembered the last time she had been using her tongue on this woman, and decided it would be better to get it over with quickly. The naked, bound slave stuck her tongue out as far as she could and began to lap at the cunt wedged firmly into her mouth like a starving dog at its food bowl. Alex began to gush cum almost immediately, gyrating her hips and moaning as she ground down onto her sex-toy's face.

Jane's mouth filled with the stuff as it poured out of the woman's vagina almost as fast as her piss, when Jane couldn't swallow fast enough the gooey cum overflowed her mouth, trickling into her nose, then it ran down her cheeks and into her ears, it ran past her nose and into her eyes, she was drowning in vile, sticky cum. Alex enjoyed the way this panicked the slave, she got off on the helpless woman's suffering, cumming even more as she watched the bitch under her being covered in her juices – then she orgasmed, quivering to a slimy crescendo on the bitch whore's face. Alex sat still for a few minutes letting herself drain into the slut, while Jane had to endure this further humiliation in silence, her mouth open like some bucket under a leaky waste pipe. Finally Alex stood up, she dragged Jane over to the shower and hosed her face, hair and neck down. Then she threw the bound woman onto her back and blow-dried her hair. 'Don't worry slut,' Alex laughed, 'it's not so you'll look pretty, it would take a lot more than a fucking blow-drier to achieve that. But I can't have you wasting time laying around while your hair dries can I – there are plenty more pussies than mine to attend to you lazy bitch'.

When she was dry, Jane was dragged back down the hallway to Kaitlyn's room. Alex quietly pushed open the door and looked in at her sleeping seven year-old daughter. The girl's beautiful little face lay snuggled into her baby-blue pillow and her long, light-brown hair lay in a mass of light curls around her. Alex pulled Jane into the room, then she gently lifted the sleeping girl's covers. Kaitlyn was wearing white pajamas with little yellow flowers on them, her mother pulled gently at the waistband of the bottoms and carefully slid them down, past the girl's slim legs and over her pretty ankles and feet. Kaitlyn stirred a little, but didn't wake.

'You don't deserve anything this cute you disgusting old bitch,' Alex whispered, while still managing to put enough menace into her voice to terrify Jane. 'You should be sucking off old biker dykes in some public toilet... but then I guess that's where you'll end up when Miranda's finally bored with you. So I guess you better make the most of this young sweet stuff huh?' Alex pulled on Jane's collar and dragged the naked woman into Kaitlyn's bed. Then she locked Jane's ankle cuffs to the base of the girl's bed, leaving the slave's wrists clamped behind her back. Alex then carefully maneuvered the girl and the human sex-toy into position, she lifted the seven year-olds legs apart and placed Jane's head between them, pushing the bound woman's face between the little girl's ass

cheeks, she laid Kaitlyn's leg carefully down so the child's smooth thighs trapped the slave's face in a pre-teen ass prison, then she bent down to whisper to the slave. Kaitlyn's thighs were clamped about her head and Jane could barely hear the child's mother, but she strained to listen, too terrified not to.

'You just lick her ass unless she wakes up and tells you different, understand? But I don't want her to wake up before morning, and I'm not going to be too happy with you if she does bitch. Your job is to use that useless tongue of yours to give her a few really nice dreams, and girls of ALL ages have nice dreams if they have some losers tongue wriggling its way up their asshole – not that you'll ever know bitch. Ah, look at her... pretty little girls should always have nice dreams, really cute dreams about all the fun things they're going to do, maybe she'll tell me about them at breakfast – no one cares what filthy ass licking whores like you dream about, assuming we ever let you sleep that is'. With that Alex pulled the covers over Jane, tucked her daughter in and quietly left the room. Kaitlyn's thighs squeezed Jane's head as the totally helpless woman began to probe the child's anus with her tongue.

## **Part Seven: How To Improve A Human Sex-Toy**

Alex's breakfast table was of the circular smoked-glass type, supported by a single central pillar. The seven females sat round it eating breakfast, Miranda and Alex with toast and coffee, while Jenna, Amy, Holly, Kaitlyn and little Faith tucked into bowls of cereal and milk. A naked Jane crouched under the table while the giggling girls took it in turns to have their feet sucked, dragging the bound, forty-nine year-old wretch to their dangling tootsies by her leash, which they passed between them. Jenna tugged on the leash and Jane, whose ankles were strapped together, fell over. The girls looked at the miserable naked slave though the glass table, laughing hysterically as Jenna made her fall over, they watched as the woman struggled to her knees, then Holly flicked out a naked, pretty foot, kicking the slave between the legs and making her fall over again. Faith laughed so much milk came out of her nose. Eventually Jane got to her knees again and Jenna dragged her over, jamming a pretty foot into the slave's mouth. Jane began to slurp furiously on the child's foot, she wept in humiliation as she tasted the mouthful of wriggling little toes. Jenna lifted a spoonful

of milk and sucked at it, mimicking the frantic slurping noises coming from their slave under the table – the girls all fell about laughing again.

‘You girls have fun last night?’ Miranda asked Jenna and Holly.

‘Yeah,’ said Jenna as she tried to stick her foot further into the kneeling slave’s mouth, ‘it was totally fun... but only coz Holly is so cool, this thing...’ Jenna kicked one of Jane’s breasts with her other foot, ‘is stupid an lazy, an it took us ages to make it do stuff properly’.

‘Yeah,’ agreed Holly, ‘we’re gonna whip her later for it’. Jane started whimpering when she heard what the child said.

‘Shut up bitch!’ said Jenna, kicking Jane’s swinging breasts again. ‘You can like totally cry when we whip you okay? Your job is feet sucking now, so get on wiv it’.

‘I am so gonna make her beg later,’ said holly as she put another spoonful of cereal in her mouth.

Miranda leaned under the table, ‘see what happens when you don’t do your job properly slut? I hope they make you scream the place down’.

‘Oh we will,’ said Holly, ‘we woz thinking up loads of cool ways to punish it when we woz in bed. Right Jenna?’

‘Totally... she is REALLY gonna learn some lessons’. Jenna grabbed one of Jane’s nipples with her little toes and squeezed it hard.

‘What about you honey?’ Alex asked Kaitlyn. ‘Did you have fun with it?’

‘Yep,’ said the seven year-old as she watched the slave sucking Jenna’s feet, ‘but they are right to punish it mom, coz it’s not THAT good at butt lickin, an that’s my favorite thing in the whole world now’.

Miranda laughed and grabbed Jane by the hair, dragging her off Jenna’s saliva soaked foot. ‘Hear that bitch, you failed Asshole-Licking-101, you never could do anything right could you’.

'It's not long enough,' said Kaitlyn between mouthfuls.

'What's not honey?' Alex asked.

'Its tongue. It's not long enough... it don't go far enough up my butt. I want it to go up further Miranda, that would be like really cool'.

'Well,' said Miranda, letting go of Jane's hair and watching the miserable looking naked woman being dragged back under the table by Amy, who now had hold of the slave's leash, 'looks like you're a failure in the equipment department too. This is going to take more than just training'.

The SUV pulled up round the back of the small, but highly efficient looking clinic. Jane was zippered into her carrying bag in the back - the girls had undone it a little and were leaning over the back seat playing at reaching in through the hole and seeing what they could pinch. The one who got the loudest, muffled moan from the bitch-in-a-bag won.

'It's okay,' said Alex, 'I've known Sabrina for ever, you must remember her, she came round all the time when we were in High School together'.

'Vaguely,' said Miranda thoughtfully, 'but I think I was paying more attention to that blonde cheerleader you were hanging out with, she was fucking hot'.

'Oh... Debbie?' Alex laughed, 'yeah, she was pretty cute. But Sabrina was the one with all the brains. She's the leading Cosmetic Surgeon in the area now'.

'She own this whole place?'

'Yep. She works mostly as a consultant now, has three other surgeons working for her'.

'Wow,' whistled Miranda, 'nice setup. She know what we want?'

'Of course. I telephoned her last night and we had a long chat. She seemed... well... VERY interested'.



Dr Sabrina Collis was tall and slim, average looking, but with bright, intelligent dark eyes and long red hair. She greeted them in a smart, dark suit, kissed Alex on the cheek and ushered them in through a back door into a plush, air-conditioned office.

'Wow!' laughed Miranda looking around, 'I don't know if we can afford you Sabrina'.

'No problem,' smiled the doctor, 'I'll be happy with a cut of the action... if that's okay with you that is'.

'Oh I don't think that will be a problem,' Miranda said, 'we don't mind sharing do we girls?'

'Nope,' they all giggled in unison.

'We just want to make it better,' said Kaitlyn.

'Is she sick?' Asked Sabrina, smiling.

'No silly,' giggled Kaitlyn, 'better! Y'know, like more fun to play wiv'.

'Oh I see,' said the doctor, 'well, you've come to the right place. We improve people all the time here. It's what we do'.

Miranda hauled the black bag into the center of the room, undid the zipper and dragged the naked woman out, hauling her to her knees by the collar. Sabrina took something from her desk drawer and walked over to the terrified looking slave. The doctor pulled Jane's lower jaw down and grabbed her tongue in a set of stainless-steel tongs, she pulled and the bound slave gave a gargled moan.

'That's what, an inch past her teeth at most?' Sabrina said, placing her hand on Jane's head and pushing it back so the slave was looking up at her. She released the frightened woman's tongue from the tongs. 'How do expect to pleasure a girls ass like that?' she said to a silent Jane. 'No, it wont do at all...' Sabrina said to the crowd that had gathered round the kneeling slave to watch. 'An inch means she's just probing around the anus, which is probably quite pleasurable, but for real fun and games she needs to be able to lick the rectal walls'. Sabrina pointed to a diagram on the wall. 'You see girls... this is your butt hole, which we call the anus... and here, further inside your bodies, is the rectum. If she can get her tongue in there it will create much more pleasure for you'.

'Why's that doctor miss?' Asked Amy.

'Because there are special places in there that will make you go all tingly and nice if they're licked'.

'An it's too stupid to do it,' Jenna said to Amy, 'it's a pretty useless slave if it can't lick a girl's butt properly, right doctor'.

'Very useless,' Sabrina conceded, smiling, 'I mean, you or I couldn't get our tongues out that far either... but...' she said turning to look at Jane, 'it's not OUR job to please anyone with our tongues is it. That's what slaves are for'. Sabrina turned back to the girls, 'don't worry, I can fix that for you. Now... while we're here, is there anything else that we can do to improve her for your pleasure?' Several little hands shot up at once. Sabrina laughed, and pointed at Holly, 'what would you like sweetie?'

'I want rings through its cunny bits so I can pull on them'.

'Okay, good choice. And you?'

'I want a ring through its nose like a cow,' said Amy, 'like wot I saw at the farm, an we can pull it along wiv it like wot the farmer did, that woz cool'.

'Yeah, an through her titties too,' said Kaitlyn, 'then we can like, lift em up an whip under em'.

'Okay,' said Sabrina, making notes in a little black book. 'Anything else?'

'Yeah,' said Holly, 'I can't get my feet in its mouth all the way coz its teeth dig into my foot'.

'So you want me to take her teeth out?'

'Yeah!' said Jenna, 'that would be so cool, then it would be totally helpless an it couldn't even bite us or anyfing, an it don't need teeth anyway, coz we just feed it mushy dog food an stuff like that'.

'That's interesting,' smiled Sabrina, winking at the two adults behind her. 'You girls certainly how a really good slave should be'.

'Oh! Oh!' said Kaitlyn, jumping up and down, her arm thrust into the air.

'Yes my dear?' Grinned Sabrina watching the excited little girl.

'An put rings in her eyelids, then we can make her keep her eyes open when she's doing really gross stuff' Kaitlyn said.

'Yeah, cool,' the girls said.

'Alright, let me have a chat with the grownups okay... why don't you tell your slave what she's going to have done. I bet she'll be really pleased don't you'.

'Yeah,' giggled Holly, 'knowing she's gonna be licking RIGHT up in our butts'.

'Can you do all that?' asked Miranda.

'No problem, it's very simple really. And don't worry, I'll do it myself, don't want anyone else involved do we... and I have nice Mexican nurse who would be quite happy to help, she's very discreet'.

'When can you start?' Alex asked.

'You might as well leave her here now,' Sabrina said, looking at the little girls as they crowded around the naked, kneeling form, taunting her, 'I'll try and get her back to you in twenty-four hours, there's no major surgery involved'.

*To be continued...*