

The Academy Maid Service: Maid Lyn

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Chapter 1: Meeting the Boss

Lyn was nervous as she rang the old manor's doorbell. She straightened her shirt, then chided herself for being ridiculous. She was hardly dressed to impress, wearing a slightly faded t-shirt and jeans with worn knees that were threatening to finally tear. The clothes were expendable, and that was the point. She was going to be cleaning the house in front of her, and cleaning things tended to result in a person getting dirty. Best not to ruin any clothes not already on their way out, or else the money she was being paid wouldn't be worth it.

She heard movement inside the house and a male voice called that he'd be a moment. At least, she thought that's what it said, it was fairly well muffled by the old house's solid stone construction. As she waited for Mr. Greenwood to show she contemplated how she'd come to be here. She'd stayed in town intending to take an exclusive class at her university that was only available this summer. The professor was a noted astrophysicist, the available slots for the class were small in number, and when she'd had a chance to secure one of those slots she'd leapt at the opportunity. Only, some discovery or other had pulled their guest professor away, and the class had been canceled. Which left her a bit at loose ends. She had only a single additional course, a simple general ed English class that met only twice a week. That was it. She'd intended to take the summer months easy before diving back into the deep end with more of the hard science and math classes her degree required of her.

So, ultimately finding herself with largely idle hands, she'd decided she ought to do something productive with her newly freed time. Something like getting a job. She was in university on scholarships, plus a bit of money from wealthy and doting grandparents, and thus didn't technically need to work. With that freedom, she'd dismissed the humiliating sorts of things that college students usually did. She had no desire to give up her summer in favor of flipping burgers or selling panties at the outlet mall. On the other hand, it was a small town, with the small but prestigious university being the main point of interest, so there was never much work in her own field of study. The handful of R&D labs that existed in the area, specifically because of the school, had snapped up students for their programs long before summer started.

Ultimately, it had been merest chance that one of her classmates, a bright girl from the art department who she was friendly with, had suggested something Lyn thought might be perfect. Jen was part of a small maid service, mostly run by girls from the university for extra cash, and all it involved was a bit of organizing clutter, sweeping, and dusting. She'd almost filed it into the same category as burger flipping, until she learned how much it paid, and how flexible the hours were. She'd only have to take as many clients as she wanted, virtually all of them were rich and paid well, and all were vetted by a pair of older women who technically owned the service. No risk, easy work, few hours, and decent pay. Exactly the sort of thing a girl looking to justify her summer of laziness by producing a decent bit of pocket change could get behind. So she'd gone with other girls for larger jobs that needed extra hands for the first two weeks, just to see what it was like. She'd met clients, learned the ropes, and generally gotten quite comfortable with the job. Her nerves were only getting to her this time because it would be her first solo job and full-time client.

The door opened and she tried not to stare.

Robal Greenwood, Rob to virtually everyone he knew, had almost forgotten that the new maid was coming today. Not that he'd had an old one, of course. It was an idea that his distant cousin and sometime model Beth had talked him into. He was far too absent minded to care for himself, she'd said, let alone the house. The tone had been playful, not hurtful, and he'd been forced to admit that the clutter was getting a bit out of hand. Not to mention that some of the manor's forty-seven rooms hadn't been opened in years at this point. So he'd capitulated, thumbing through the local directories to find something acceptable. It had been mere chance that he'd spotted the small group of university students, and even more pure luck that he'd recognized the name of one of its owners as a friend of his late mother. He'd talked to her, and it really seemed perfect. He'd been half-dreading the idea of dealing with a housekeeper. He tended not to deal well with regular people. Not that he

disliked them, per se, he just didn't have much to talk with them about. He didn't care about the weather, sports were boring, and politics were a bitter pill best left for people who *weren't him* to swallow. But, someone from Aquinas University was bound to be an intelligent sort. Regardless of their individual focus, Aquinas took only the best and brightest, and he could find something in common with such a person, he was sure of it. So he'd signed up, and then almost forgotten about it.

Almost. Thankfully, he'd remembered this morning, and had frantically run around putting things to rights. Only to stop and berate himself for his stupidity. That was what he was hiring *them* to do, after all. Still, he'd locked up his private workshop and cleared the front rooms of evidence of his work. That room he could care for himself, and he was sure it would scare most any young woman away. Then he'd made a pitcher of his famous strawberry lemonade, and set down to look over his books while he awaited his new housekeeper's arrival. At ten to eleven, a good bit early but not unreasonably so, he was jolted from his figures by the sound of the doorbell.

He automatically stood and took a step towards the front door, only to look back at his books and cringe. Many of them would show the same things as his workroom, he couldn't leave them out. He yelled that he would be a moment, hoping she would hear it, and scrambled to hide them all away. He managed it in less than two minutes and he hurried to front door, though he thought he may have placed one of his ledgers in the fridge at some point of his mad scramble. He struggled with the door for a few moments, he rarely used the main entrance, and finally pried it open with a quiet sigh of relief. Then his eyes found his new maid, and he couldn't help but give her a reflexive once over.

She was gorgeous. There was no two ways about it. Others might not have seen it, beyond the old clothing and lack of makeup, but he was well used to looking deeper than that. Lightly tanned skin matched with shoulder length hair in a deep red, almost auburn. Despite the looseness of the shirt, she clearly had sizable breasts for her frame, and the old jeans were tight, displaying long athletic legs that seemed to go on for miles. Her gaze, startlingly blue eyes vibrantly alive but a bit nervous looking, landed on his chest despite the step down. That made her a good 5'7" to his own six feet.

She called his name and he firmly fixed his eyes on hers, grateful that she didn't seem to have noticed the once over.

A startled expletive was the only thing lingering in her frozen mind for the first few moments. Then wild accusations against the character and parentage of her boss for not warning her. She'd been expecting someone middle age or older, as virtually all their clients were, not the brown haired, delicious looking, couldn't-be-older-than-thirty man standing in the open door. Tall and handsome she thought distantly, but at least not dark. It was an apt thought, the brown hair was light, the eyes a remarkable sea green, crackling with some inner mischief. Pale skin, enough to doubt he got much sun, and visibly corded muscle on his arms and chest. A chest ill-concealed by a tight-fitting shirt. She mentally hiccupped when she caught herself staring. She fought down a blush and dragged her eyes up to meet his. She assumed she'd missed his greeting while her mind was taking its side-trip to daydream land, better try to cover.

"Are you Mr. Greenwood? I'm Lyn Allen, from the Academy Maid Service."

He nodded and gave a lopsided smile. Oh, god, why'd he go and do that. That smile should be outlawed.

"That's me, but please call me Rob."

She hesitated, but surely it was alright, since he was so much closer to her age than the other clients? Besides, he'd asked first. "Lyn then, if it's alright, I don't really like my last name." She didn't, far too many jokes when surrounded by engineering majors. Not to mention the number of people who thought she was a guy when that name was used. Well, until they met her in person at least, the boobs kinda gave it away.

"Please, come in, and try not to mind the clutter. I do hope that Mrs. Aberstine warned you it might be a bit of a big job."

She nodded as she followed him in. "She did, but she said it was variable, depending on how much time I had?" The place was old, and huge, and she really was beginning to think this might be better as a team job, particularly give the clutter and junk she could see in every side room as he led her to...the kitchen? More like an attachment to the kitchen, perhaps originally intended for the servants, given the age of the house. There was a solid, scarred oaken table with a number of worn but quality chairs, and an open archway leading to an impressively sized kitchen.

He waved her, seemingly absentmindedly, to a chair, and disappeared for a moment through the kitchen archway. She sat, somewhat tentatively looking around the room. The entire house spoke of history, and money, but seemed to be in a bit of a state of chaos overall. Even this room, obviously much more lived in than some of the dust covered side rooms they'd passed, had a bit of clutter. This was looking more and more like a team effort, and she was confused why Mrs. Aberstine had sent her alone.

He reappeared, holding a pitcher of red liquid and a pair of glasses. "I hope you like strawberry lemonade?"

She nodded. "I love it, thanks."

A glass was set in front of her and filled. She took a sip, then quickly took a longer one, it was *good*. He chuckled, and she blushed, he was watching her closely.

"I'm glad you like it. I've certainly spent enough time perfecting it." His mirth faded and he pressed on. "So, I imagine you're a bit daunted by the size of the place?"

She simply nodded.

"Yeah, that's not exactly unexpected. It's also why I told your boss that this job was variable. I'm not really enthused about the idea of having lots of people here, and most of it isn't a priority anyway. So, what I'm offering, is that you keep the handful of rooms I actually use clean and clutter free. That's the minimum. The maximum, however, it limited only by your own choice. Money isn't an issue, so settle on how much time you actually want to spend working beyond the basic minimum, and use that for tackling the rest of the house. However much or little you get done doesn't really matter, as anything will be an improvement. A few of the rooms haven't even been opened in this decade."

Okay, that was sounding a hell of a lot more reasonable than tackling the whole manor herself. It also offered her exactly the flexibility she wanted, possibly while only having a single client. It was almost too good to be true. "What's the overall max?"

He shook his head. "There isn't one. Not beyond the limits of me being awake, at least, and even that might not be a restriction once I get to know you a bit. This place is big enough that, if you were working at the opposite end, I'd never even hear you."

She bit her lip, thinking. Surely there had to be a catch? "How many rooms are in the minimum?"

He seemed to ponder that for a moment. "Hmmm, roughly ten, plus hallway. A pair of guest rooms, the main entertainment room, two bathrooms, the kitchen, laundry, entryway, office, and dining room."

Okay, that was a fair number, particularly if they were in rough shape, so that was probably the catch. Still, if this was the only job she took, it was easily within her limits. Nodding to herself she said, "Okay, I'm interested, can I see what I'd be doing first?"

He grinned. It was almost as bad as the ought-to-be-illegal smile. "Of course." He stood and put his empty glass down. She was startled to realized her own was empty as well, and she looked longingly at the pitcher before setting her own glass next to his. His grin grew wider as he led her to the hall, "Don't worry, we'll stop for another glass even if you don't take the job. Couldn't deny a pretty girl the fruits of my lemonade research."

She snorted, then blushed at the unladylike sound, but his eyes just crinkled with amusement and he said nothing.

She was now certain what the catch had been. Every room was huge. The "office" was closer to a damn library, and the kitchen could handle a half dozen chefs. Still, the rooms he'd marked as lived in were in solid shape. A little bit of dust, some minor clutter, but he'd obviously cared for them himself. Even with their size, she'd be able to handle it all in maybe five or six hours a week, easy. Given that she'd originally planned on working at least twice that, possibly more, she felt she'd be able to put a dent in the rest of the rooms as well. This was looking like a dream come true. Even more so, she admitted, if it meant she got a bit more time staring at the buns of steel he'd displayed when they went upstairs.

Shaking the thought off before it derailed her to unprofessional places, she followed her new boss back into the dining nook. Two new glasses of lemonade and he asked the obvious question. "So, are you interested?"

"Yes. Very much so, in fact. The minimal rooms should only take me five or six hours a week to clean, and I'd been hoping to work at least ten, probably more."

He nodded. "I assume you'll need more time to get them completely sorted out at first. Would you want to add extra time at the beginning for that, or just not work anywhere else until they are in shape?"

She hesitated. That was a good point, five or six hours was only the maintenance level. "Extra time, I think, until they are sorted. If that's alright with you?" That way she'd earn her biggest checks at the beginning of her summer, and could spend some of it for fun during the remainder.

He shrugged. "Sure, since those rooms are the only ones I'd need much say in, knocking them out fast is probably better for me anyway." He stood, shifting over to a small side table covered in papers, keys, and other day-to-day items. She winced as he ruffled through the disorganized pile of paper and pull out the maid contract. He obviously needed her help. Badly. He returned to his seat with the contract and a pen. "Alright, I already talked to Mrs. Aberstine and had her customize the contract for the variable hours. See if it looks good to you."

She took it when he slid it across to her, skimming the normal gibberish to see the pay and hours sections. She almost twitched at the pay, it was half-again the usual, and had to drag her eyes over the details of the remaining key points. It was worded generously. She'd already learned he worked from home, so the wide range of times and days she could come and work weren't much of a surprise. She noted that the contract with her ended at the end of summer, with an option to extend via either her specifically or the service as a whole, and sighed lightly in relief. She doubted she would keep working while taking a full course load. She was a fast reader, and most of the wording was still standard, so she finished in under five minutes and looked back up at him. "It looks good to me."

He handed her a pen, they both signed, and that was it. She was his maid of the rest of the summer. Catching those sparkling eyes again, she suppressed a dirty fantasy of what that could mean. Apparently, she needed to stay off the internet, it was clearly bad for her mind.

Chapter 2: Curiosity

She crept cautiously towards the cracked-open door. She knew she probably shouldn't, but her employer hadn't actually forbidden her from checking the room out, it had simply been locked on all previous occasions.

Which was probably a good hint that he didn't want her in there, but her curiosity was getting the better of her. She hadn't been able to figure out what Mr. Greenwood did for a living, and he'd referred to it as a workroom the one time he'd mentioned it. She firmly told herself she'd only take a quick glance, and if by some chance she was caught, she'd claim she thought he wanted it cleaned, since the door was opened when it normally wasn't. Resolved to that idea, she glanced over her shoulder and listened. When she didn't see or hear him she quietly slipped inside.

Her first sight identified it as a woodworking shop. While she was hardly any sort of expert, the sheer pervasive smell of sawdust and stain would have given it away, even without the impressive collection of specialty tools that could be nothing else. For a few moments after that revelation she was enraptured by the clear artistry of the work she was seeing. It was only after those first moments, as she began to truly process the forms of the furniture within, that her eyes bulged. Was she really seeing what she thought she was?

She took a tentative step forward, glanced nervously over her shoulder, then quickly closed the distance with the closest piece. She ran a hand over the beautiful rosewood, polished to a perfect warm shine, and goggled at what she was touching. There was no question, none at all. It was a bondage bench. Tastefully, beautifully, crafted from rich, high quality rosewood, padded in what her hand was informing her was genuine leather, but a bondage bench nevertheless. Her mind was still trying to make those two facts mesh.

She only barely knew what it was for. The knowledge the product of hormonal teenage years in the information age, and if it hadn't been surrounded by a dozen other pieces in the same theme she might not have recognized it. She glanced idly around, and found herself drawn in a wandering pattern through the room, touching other pieces as she went. Another bench in hickory, a stockade in fine cherry-stained oak. Thoughts of this being some kind of dungeon were banished as she stumbled upon a pair of unfinished works, a white oak chair with brass shackles and a x-frame in flawless ebony. Her mind was finally beginning to reconcile what she was seeing. Robal Greenwood was crafting bondage furniture in his home. Beautiful pieces that were nothing like the crude homemade attempts she'd seen in amateur porn, but bondage furniture nonetheless. Her mind was still a bit disconnected, and somehow the thought of how much these must cost supplanted their purpose. No wonder he wasn't hurting for money.

She shook her head, getting a grip on herself, then blushed as she came face-to-face with what had to be product advertisement. A small portion of the wall, covered in cork, held pictures of a stunningly beautiful young brunette posing with and in the various pieces. *Lots* of various pieces, far more than the room held, each one seemingly unique. The girl was nude, or near to it, in most of the images, but they were surprisingly tasteful for their content. She wondered for a moment if photography was another of Mr. Greenwood's talents.

The thought somehow brought her fully back to herself and she abruptly realized she was standing in the middle of a large room filled with bondage equipment, staring at pictures of another woman using said equipment. The differing heats of embarrassment and mild arousal fought each other, all underlain by a sliver of terror. *What if he found her here?* Would he be angry? Would she end up in this very furniture? The fear and arousal both raised, the second confusing her, the first ungluing her feet. She scrambled for the door, only looking back as she passed the hallway threshold. She gazed for a long moment before putting the door back in its cracked-open position, as close to how it had started as she could manage. Then, she fled.

Lyn lay in her bed, finally unable to avoid thinking about her discovery earlier in the day. Her hand idly caressed her flat stomach as she tried to work through the bundle of wild thoughts tumbling through her brain. Robal Greenwood apparently crafted bondage furniture for a living. Had she misjudged him? He was intelligent, almost frighteningly so, and charming in an absent-minded professor sort of way. He'd even been able to keep up when she started discussing her personal projects! That was rare enough even from her classmates, let alone a relative stranger. He'd never yet failed to be anything but polite and kind. All of this did not seem to fit the mental

idea she had of someone who would craft such pieces. Even if the pieces themselves were, frankly, works of art. Was she wrong? Was he secretly some sort of sexual deviant? Did she need to worry about him preying on her some day?

She shook her head at that last thought. That was ridiculous. More, so were the other assertions. While she knew only a little about...BDSM? She was pretty sure that was what it was called. She knew little about that particular fetish, but it almost certainly had to be a common one. At least the mild versions. She doubted there was anyone out there that hadn't imagined silk ties or handcuffs or something of that sort, at some point. Was it so hard to believe, then, that some people might like to take things further in a classy way? Was it so hard to imagine a skilled craftsman, as Mr. Greenwood so obviously was, catering to such people? The girl in the pictures had looked happy, radiant even, eyes sparkling with mischief. Was that an indication? Or just a model being comfortable with the photographer.

She almost jumped when she felt her hand brush her panties. Escaping her whirling thoughts, she realized her body was flushed with arousal and bit her lip. Her fingers twitched, touching her core through her g-string. Her panties were soaked. *She* was soaked. That was just proof of how normal it was though, right? That she'd found thinking about it arousing? She gently caressed her folds through her panties, murmuring soft noises of pleasure. She caught herself, her hand stalling. She frowned, then rolled off the bed to her feet. She wasn't going to his house tomorrow, thankfully, and it was time to do some research. Maybe a little knowledge would help her decide if she should go back or not. She padded, barefoot, across the room, powered up her laptop, and began making tentative searches of the internet. Unsurprisingly, it wasn't long before she found information. There was a reason some claimed that the internet was for porn, after all.

Lyn had hovered outside the manor's backdoor for nearly thirty seconds before chastising herself for silliness. She'd decided to return, there was no reason to hesitate now. She opened the door and marched firmly inside...nearly running into Rob himself in her haste. She awkwardly apologized, hoping he attributed the flush to embarrassment, rather than the sudden mental image of him and her in his workroom. She tried not to rush as she made for an out of the way room to work on, hoping to minimize her contact with him until she got ahold of herself. She supposed that the day of research, and the masturbation she'd indulged in during it, had left her with sex on the brain.

She set about working on the room, it looked to be furnished in a school-themed, possibly from a past generation that had chosen to home school or needed tutoring. There was a thick layer of dust, and the door had been a bit stuck, so it probably hadn't been used in quite some time. She set about eradicating the worst of the dust first, the mindless task well suited to letting her think. She'd decided it was silly to be afraid of Mr. Greenwood, just because of his occupation. He'd been vetted, and had never shown a single sign of malevolence toward her, or anyone else for that matter. Looking back on her encounter in the hall, however, she realized she'd overlooked a different problem. In her worry about her safety, she'd forgotten that Rob Greenwood was incredibly attractive, and she now knew he had a room full of sex-furniture.

This could be awkward, she admitted to herself, but only if she let it be. After all, he had no idea she knew, and even if she liked the eye-candy she wasn't exactly looking to screw her boss. He almost always offered her lunch, and she often took him up on it, for the lemonade and conversation if nothing else. So, she'd have lunch with him today, and act normal. That was all there was to it she told herself, and hoped she was right.

She was in the room again. She wasn't sure why he wasn't locking it anymore. Perhaps he'd not been used to doing so before, and was falling into old habits? More likely it was just a nuisance. Whatever the reason, she'd been only half-pleased the first day she'd discovered the fact. She'd learned a lot about what the furniture was used for, was *still* learning a lot actually, as she'd discovered a bit of a fascination with it. Nearly a week after

her first visit, her curiosity had simply been too great, and she'd tried the door. She'd expected to be disappointed, that it would be locked. When it wasn't, she'd been an odd mix of delighted and frightened. She'd *really* wanted to get another look at all of it, now that she understood the various purposes clearly, but was still terrified of getting caught.

She'd spent nearly twenty minutes in there, that first time back, identifying all the pieces and what they were for. Despite her research, she'd needed the pictures of the brunette as guides for two of them, and hadn't been able to identify the purpose of a third at all. She'd been fascinated by all of it and had only abandoned her examination when she realized she was soaking her panties. The fact had startled her, and she'd firmly retreated from the room for a few days, only to be drawn back in again by curiosity.

She'd managed the third trip when he'd left the house for an hour, making a run for groceries. He'd gotten much more comfortable leaving her alone in his house, and she was doubly grateful for it this time. She knew she'd have to work hard the rest of the day to not feel bad about billing him for the time, but that was fine, she wanted to see the furniture again. That day was the first time she'd sat on any of pieces of bondage gear. She'd positioned herself, carefully so as not to get trapped of course, on first a bondage bench, then a wooden horse. She'd wanted to know what it felt like, the itching curiosity prodding firmly at her adventurous nature until it was almost a physical need.

It had been enthralling, even if the need was still somewhat there, as her mind knew she wasn't bound as she should be. She'd been incredibly embarrassed when, after a half hour of fantasizing, she'd realized a damp spot had formed on the crotch of her old jeans. She'd scrambled to cover it up the best she could, and tried to stay away from Rob when he came back.

Now, she was in the room again, and Rob had said he'd be gone for at least two hours. She'd dithered for only a minute before shimmying out of her shoes, socks and jeans this time, not wanting a repeat of her previous problem. A thrill of naughtiness shot through her as she left the discarded clothes near the entrance and seated herself on a bondage bench, daringly choosing one on the far side of the room. The mahogany bench wasn't overly complex by the room's standards, a simple padded bench with a segment that inclined. When inclined, as it was now, a pair of arms swung out, with padded iron shackles to hold the user's arms spread. Another pair of shackles were where her feet would be, and she intended to actually close those today. The padlocks were safely on the other side of the room, so there was no way to get trapped. She hopped on, feeling the cool leather on her ass. She'd worn one of her thongs precisely for that reason. She reveled in the sensation, then carefully maneuvered her ankles into the iron shackles, closing them with a shiver. Leaning back, she held out her arms, but rested them on top of the restraints on the spreader arms. She closed her eyes, enjoying the feeling of *almost* using it right. After a short while her right hand moved from the restraint, guiltily sneaking to caress her pussy through the tiny scrap of cloth concealing it. She knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't help it. She began rubbing herself, sliding her hand under her panties after a couple of minutes. Her other hand found a breast through her shirt and bra and mauled it roughly. Her climax approached, then a voice froze her blood, but it was too late and she came with a cry. Her eyes wanted to remain closed, wanted not to see what she knew they would see, but she forced them open. She turned her eyes to meet the amused gaze of Rob Greenwood, leaning against the door frame. Oh, fuck.

Rob had noticed when Lyn had first disturbed his work room. How could he not? It was the one place in the house he knew best, and the subtle signs of someone else having been in and out had struck him the moment he'd entered. He'd almost dismissed it as silly, even so, since there was little physical evidence, but had decided to keep an eye out. Assuming, of course, that she hadn't been scared off. If she'd been in that room, he might well never see her again. He started leaving the door unlocked, but stuck a tiny square of paper in the jam. It was a silly trick, one he'd picked up from an old spy movie, but it had worked, letting him know a week later when she went in again. So he'd set her up. He freely admitted that fact to himself. He'd doubled back around when he was

supposed to be getting groceries and witnessed her third trip into the room. Still, he'd backed off, interested in what she was thinking, but unwilling to scare her off.

In truth, even as he watched her now, half-naked and openly masturbating on one of his recently finished pieces, he wasn't actually sure what he intended to do. Despite his love of crafting these devices, his clients would be shocked at how little experience he had in using them. He'd fooled around with Beth during shoots, and there had been a single girlfriend that had enjoyed them. That was it. More, while he found Lyn attractive and intriguing, he was fully aware of the eight-year age gap between them. He wasn't sure he was interested in a relationship with her, even if she was interested in him as well as his toys.

As cute moans slipped from the girl at more frequent intervals, he made a snap decision. There was another option, one that could give them both something they wanted, while also giving them time to decide on anything more. He waited until right as she was about to cum, then announced himself. "You know, you don't get the full effect without the padlocks."

"You know, you don't get the full effect without the padlocks."

As she came down from her climax, shock hammering her, she took almost thirty seconds to register that he was really truly there, let alone what he'd said. She felt herself blushing right down to her breasts, and panic was starting to cut its way through the fog of pleasure and shock. He'd caught her. Not just in the room, but on one of his devices, hand down her panties and cumming her brains out. What did she do now? What *could* she do now? He was standing right next to her pants, and between her and the door. Her breathing quickened with less pleasant emotions than pleasure now.

Apparently, he realized she was panicking, his tone was soothing. "Relax. I'm not angry. Far from it," he chuckled. "It's nice to see someone appreciating my work after all. Besides, it's always hard to be angry at a pretty girl after the privilege of watching her cum."

Okay, panic fading slightly? Yes. Mortification increasing tenfold? Also yes.

"Like I said, I'm not angry. Not even a little upset. I also meant it when I told you that the full effect is different. You're obviously interested, and I think I have a proposal you'll like. Nothing overly scary, and nothing you'll be forced into, I promise. Just an option. But, we shouldn't talk here. This environment will likely just freak you out, and you need a moment besides." He leaned down and picked up her pants with a mischievous smile. "You can come get these from me once you calm down, I'll be waiting for you in the dining nook, with a glass of lemonade." She watched, an entirely new type of shock echoing through her, as he walked off calmly with her jeans.

It was almost a full minute after he departed that she managed to get her brain working again. Now what was she going to do? She wanted to just flee, and technically she could. Sure, she'd have to run bare-assed in her thong to her car, but with the manor house set back from the road it was unlikely anyone would see her. She'd have more trouble getting into her apartment unseen, but she could probably figure something out. She thought she had an old blanket in her car's somewhat messy trunk.

Or...or she could go talk to him. That was probably the right thing to do, even if the idea kinda terrified her. He genuinely hadn't seemed angry, more amused really. There was also her employment, and her reputation to consider. Would he blackmail her? Into using this very furniture? She shivered at the thought. It wasn't a completely unpleasant idea, using the furniture, but she'd definitely want it on her terms. Still...he'd never been anything but kind, and he wasn't angry. She also wasn't helpless, she'd had self-defense classes in the past and was pretty sure she remembered how to use some of it. Best to just gut it out, see what he had to say. Then probably retrieve her pants, flee, and never look back!

Critical decision made, she stood shakily, the adrenaline crash mostly. At least that's what she told herself, certainly she wasn't afraid. She pulled her shirt down as far as it would go, which sadly wasn't enough to cover her drenched panties. A wild thought to just strip out of them and see what he'd do was dismissed, and she rallied her courage. A step out the door, then an eternity or two as she forced herself to calmly walk to the dining nook. There he was, two glasses of lemonade on either side of the table. He was on the closer side, she'd be forced to walk passed him, giving him a good view of her effectively-naked ass. She fought down a blush. At least the table would hide her once she sat. She marched past him with rosy cheeks that only grew rosier when he smiled appreciatively, silently whistling with a grin on his face.

"So, you like the toys I make, huh?"

She said nothing.

"Oh, fine. Be that way. Here I wanted to offer you a job as a model."

"What?" She blurted out.

He chuckled. "I assume you've seen the wall, yes?" When she nodded in puzzled acknowledgement, he went on. "That's my...third cousin? I think? Maybe once removed? I never could figure it out." He shrugged, dismissing the detail. "Anyway, she's a distant relative of some sort, a couple of years younger than me. She's a great model, doubly so since she's the one that taught me how to use the camera gear, but she's only available once or twice a month." He paused, letting her process that. "I've been meaning to find another model for years now, but I'm generally not terribly sociable." His face morphed to chagrined at that. "I've gotten to know you, though, and you seem interested in the equipment. I figure I can offer you a modeling contract on the side. You get the experience you obviously want, without any other strings." He held up a hand, as if to forestall an argument. "Better yet, Beth is going to be here in two days, so we can do your first session with her here. That way you're not alone with me when you first experience getting locked in properly."

He stopped, taking a sip of his lemonade and leaning back in his chair, obviously awaiting her thoughts on the matter. But...what *were* her thoughts on the matter? She was still utterly mortified that he'd found her masturbating, let alone orgasming, in his workshop. However...that was her fault, wasn't it? He had nothing at all to do with the choices that led there, and could likely get her in all sorts of, completely deserved, trouble. Yet he wasn't. Instead, he was offering her a chance to experience what she'd been fantasizing about, in a theoretically safe environment. Theoretically. She didn't know this Beth any better than him, less in fact. Surely, though, she could just tell someone where she was going to be, and nothing *to* horrible could happen. More, even after he stole her pants, she was pretty sure Rob was harmless. Add this Beth, plus someone knowing where to find her, and it probably *was* safe. Which just left the question, was she more curious or embarrassed? Also... "These pictures, what are they used for?"

He leaned forward, "It's more than just pictures. Half the job is simply making sure the equipment has been made right for both its purpose and comfort." A blush ran across her face and he backpedaled. "Not testing it! Not like that, at least. Just making sure the pose is right, with someone actually in it." Her blush faded, at least halfway. "The other half is the pictures. If you're fearing that they go up online, or something of that nature, that isn't the case. The only two places they are seen is the wall in the room, and in a small booklet I publish for clients to see my work. I don't sell to the general public at all. I'd never be able to meet the demand. So the booklets are for current clients to introduce new ones by word of mouth only."

"Would I have to be naked?"

He frowned. "Not always, but it tends to show the gear better. At the very least you'd need to take your top off, if we did very many shots. A few, maybe a single session with what I currently have on hand, would be okay in lingerie. It would provide some variety on top of Beth's photos, but I'd have no long-term use for very many more such shots."

Lyn was silent, mind wrestling with itself, for nearly five minutes. Finally, her curiosity won. "Okay. If we can start with just the lingerie bit? See how it works?"

Rob nodded readily enough. "Sure. You can back out at any time, of course. In fact, I won't take a final answer from you until at least tomorrow. Go home and sleep on it." His mischievous grin returned and he tossed her pants at her. "The free show more than makes up for the time you didn't spend working, so just go ahead and claim it on your timesheet."

She blushed crimson as she stood to pull her pants on, hiding behind her chair as best she could.

Chapter 3: Photos

Lyn was wavering wildly between "nervous wreck," and excitement. She took a deep breath and forced herself to walk calmly through the manor's backdoor. She still half-couldn't believe she was really going to go through with this. She fought down a blush as she remembered the number of times she'd fingered herself in the last two days. Once removed from the panic of the moment, and from the sight of another, the thought of being bound and photographed had gotten her hotter and hotter the more she thought of it. She'd worn the batteries out in her vibe, twice. Not to mention developed some finger cramps.

She took a deep breath as she neared the workroom, then nearly leapt out of her skin as an unknown voice popped up behind her. "Hey beautiful, you Rob's new maid-model?"

Lyn spun, heart thumping, and got her first glance at Beth. She was recognizable from the photos in the work room and the thought made Lyn blush hotly, imaging the gorgeous brunette in front of her in those positions. She was shorter than Lyn by a good two inches, but radiated an unconscious energy that made her seem the taller of the two. Her body was almost unreal, a classic hourglass that looked like it belonged on a porn star, and Lyn felt suddenly self-conscious.

The brunette grinned, "From that blush, I'm guessing yes." Her grin morphed into a smirk, "or maybe you've seen my pictures on his wall?" She struck a subtle pose that made Lyn unconsciously swallow, "Picturing me naked and helpless are you?" She held the pose for a few moments as Lyn slowly went from pink to red, then she giggled, which did lovely things to her frame that didn't help a bit. "Relax girl, I'm just teasing you." She slid passed, grabbing Lyn in a one arm hug, getting a squeak as she tugged her into the room. The empty room.

She let Lyn go and answered her obvious confusion. "Rob won't come down for a bit. We figured you'd be more comfortable if I helped you get changed and walked you through the pieces we're planning to photograph you in. I'll even let you click me into a couple of them, just so you can see it's safe and such. Sound good?"

It did. She was suddenly grateful that they'd obviously put way more thought into this than she had.

Beth led her off to one side, through a side-door that Lyn had noticed but never checked, assuming it was as closet. She was pulled inside and realized immediately that it probably *had* been a closet at some point. A huge, walk-in closet. Now, it held racks of clothes, mostly lingerie, racks of blush-inducing sex toys, and a small but well-equipped vanity.

"It's Lyn, right?" Lyn nodded, blushing again as she realized she'd not introduced herself. "I'm sure you've realized it by now, but I'm Beth." Another nod. "Right then, with that formality out of the way, I'm gonna need you to strip so we can sort out what will work for you, your frame's a bit different than mine and most of the outfits were meant for me." Beth started stripping herself, pulling her shirt over her head.

Lyn sputtered, "W-what are you doing?"

Beth, unclipping her bra to let her breasts free, raised an eyebrow. "I told you I'd let you strap me into the furniture we're using today. Besides, I imagine you'd feel a bit awkward stripping if I didn't."

Lyn reluctantly admitted the other woman was probably right. Rather than embarrassing herself further, she tentatively started to strip down herself. Beth removed everything but her panties, and Lyn reluctantly matched her, letting her own D-cups, slightly smaller than Beth's, free of the lacy bra she'd worn.

Beth seemed pleased. She wolf whistled with a disarming grin, walking around Lyn. "Nice, very nice. You might even be as hot as I am. More exotic too, with that red hair. I'm jealous. Though at least my tits are bigger." When Lyn didn't respond Beth sighed. "Look, Lyn, you need to relax. I'm not gonna do anything you don't like, and neither is Rob." She hesitated, frowned, then gestured Lyn to the vanity. "Here, sit for a bit."

Lyn complied, then stiffened for a moment when Beth's hands found her shoulders. As her soft hands prodded the tense muscles of her shoulders with a gentle touch, working on knots her days of nerves had created, she relaxed. "That's better. Just relax a bit, and let me talk, yeah?" Lyn made a small positive noise and Beth continued. "Rob says you're really into his work and that's good, great even. But it's not enough. Sure, doing a few pictures is a pretty gentle introduction, but you still have to *want* it. If you don't, you'll be tense, freaked out even, and any pictures we take will suck. Plus, of course, you'll end up miserable, which is far worse for everyone than just some ruined photos." She moved a bit down Lyn's back, working more knots out and drawing a soft moan. "Now, here's what I think. I think you're curious. Not just about the furniture itself, but about the whole scene. It turns you on something crazy. At least, that's my bet." Fingers dug into suddenly tensed muscle, but Beth seemed to have been expecting it, changing her own pressure and gently scolding. "Don't tense up. You'll undo my work."

Lyn deliberately relaxed, as much as she could, and the fingers dug back in as they had before. "Better. Now, I understand why you clenched up, but don't worry about it. There's a *reason* I drive over an hour to help Rob out. I've never yet left a session with dry panties, and I've damn near jumped Rob a couple of times. I'm not huge into the scene or anything, but I mess around on both sides of the dom/sub fence, as it were, and Rob's stuff is positively divine. No way I'd pass up a chance to play with it, and occasionally get a piece in exchange, even if it means showing my tits off for a few strangers. All of which means, of course, that I can tell you're at least interested, and that's not a bad thing. I'm sure as hell not gonna judge you for it, and Rob obviously isn't either. So relax, take a few deep breaths, and get your head in a good place. Today is a chance for you to experiment in just about the safest environment possible, see if you like it, and which side you like it from. If it turns out you're not really into it, fine, you walk away and go back to just cleaning Rob's house. If you do like it, then you schedule some more sessions, or find others to experiment with. Either works. The most important thing for today? Just keep calm and let yourself enjoy it. No need to be embarrassed, not even if you soak your panties or need to stop for a round of fingering yourself in one of the guest rooms. I've had to do that a few times, though I usually just do it on one of the benches." Lyn could see her mischievous grin coming back in the mirror. "It's always fun to give Rob the hard-on from hell doing that. Sometimes, I've even convince him to join me." Her eyes twinkled as she continued, "I remember one time I even convinced him to jack off over my tits. Wanted to see what that was like." She grinned wider as Lyn's blush returned, her nipples rock hard and on display. "The answer, by the way, was that it's awesome. I loved the feel of hot cum on my breasts, and rubbing it in was even better."

Lyn mentally cursed the older girl as her panties grew damp picturing the scene. She was seriously happy she'd worn a black pair that wouldn't show the wetness much. She tried to get back at the women, "Isn't he your cousin?"

Beth just laughed. "Sure, technically. But third cousins isn't exactly a close relation. The only times we ever even met as kids were at the big ass family reunions our great-grandparents insisted on. If he wasn't worried it would affect our working together, I'd have fucked him senseless by now. He's a great guy, and I totally blame him for it. With him as a standard I've never been able to keep a boyfriend for long enough to get serious."

Lyn reeled from that revelation, mind half shutting down as she processed through it.

Beth finally withdrew, and headed over to the racks of skimpy lingerie. "With that hair, and your skin, I'm thinking something in black, or maybe a deep blue." She pulled several selections and returned to the vanity.

The following minutes were a bizarre whirlwind that Lyn only half remembered. Beth had absurd amounts of happy-go-lucky energy, and had somehow gotten her way, stripping Lyn of her panties without protest and dressing her like a doll. They went through a half dozen outfits before she settled on one she claimed was "suitable."

The strappy black bra was skimpy, but not overly so, and the panties were an odd dichotomy. Their front was quite concealing, a full diamond that covered not just the essentials, but rose halfway to her belly button. The diamond was held in place by a trio of black strings that wrapped around her hips, the highest nearly at her waist, the lowest stretching the center of the diamond. In back, on the other hand, the strings all melded to a central piece that disappeared into the crack of her ass, a thong that left both cheeks entirely exposed. She'd almost protested, until she'd remembered that Rob had already seen her in a thong. She had to admit that, overall, she liked the look and idly wondered if she could find out where the pieces had been purchased from.

Beth beamed, hands on hips and clearly pleased with her work. "There we go. The bra's a bit less revealing on you, but it'll do nicely."

Lyn unconsciously eyed the other woman's breasts. She had to be at least a double D. Lyn could only imagine they must threaten to pop out of this outfit with every movement, if Beth actually wore it. She startled a bit when Beth grabbed her arm and dragged her out into the workroom.

"Okay, girly, time to put those fears at ease by having your naughty way with me." She giggled at Lyn's responding blush and let her go as they stopped before a set of stocks. It felt almost demeaning to the piece to stick that label to them. They were a flowing black walnut, all sinuous sinful curves and softly angled turns. Artfully applied white leather lined the head and hand holes, and the gorgeous result sent a shudder through Lyn as Beth lifted the top bar and guided Lyn's own hands to holding it. The topless woman didn't hesitate to dart around it, bending over with a sexy grin to place her wrists and neck in the leather padded slots.

"Go on, close it. The locks and keys are over on the workbench."

Lyn complied, hesitatingly lowering the bar in place, afraid of hurting Beth if she did it wrong. She realized, once it was fully down, that she needn't have worried. The stocks were clearly well designed on a mechanical level, as well as their gorgeous appearance. While the holes were much too small for Beth to slip back through, they still had considerable wiggle room. Beth even lifted her head as Lyn inspected her, showing that she could create a gap all the way around, no leather touching her neck at all, if only just barely.

"Well, go on, lock me up proper."

Lyn wasn't sure she needed to, any fears of the device had ended with the realization of its careful design, but she couldn't suppress the desire to do it anyway. Some deep part of her, hitherto unknown, was demanding to feel the click of the large, archaic padlock, as it sealed the woman in. She shakily moved to grab a large lock, solid brass and heavy, from the workbench off to one side of the room. Returning, the powerful feeling of near-vertigo pulled at her with startling strength until the deep resonant **click** shot a spike of desire through her. The vertigo was still there, if lessened, and she was startled from the revelation that she wanted to hear the click from the other side, by a small moan from Beth.

"Ohhh, I *love* that sound. I swear those locks of his are almost as much an aphrodisiac as his designs." Beth gave a tiny shudder, then sighed in satisfaction. "See? Perfectly safe. Not to mention sexy. Go ahead, *examine* me. Hell, take a good grope if you want."

Lyn's breathing deepened a bit, and she knew her skin was flushed. She was glad Beth couldn't see her. Couldn't know how much she wanted to take her up on that offer. She forced herself to move, shifting around behind the brunette, taking in the seductive sight of her restrained body, playfully struggling against her bonds. She gulped at the wriggling flesh, hands twitching. She knew perfectly well that she found women attractive, on a

physical level, even if she'd never been interested in more than looking. Well, and maybe touching a bit. Just to see if the flesh felt like it looked.

Her hand was halfway to Beth's ass when she stopped herself. She was a little freaked out. Sure, she'd enjoyed a bit of mutual masturbation with one of her early roommates, and had even playfully felt said roommate up, but she'd never felt much actual desire for another woman's body. She struggled for a moment, before shrugging it off as situational. She looked at her hand, finally thinking "to hell with it" and laying it on the tanned skin in front of her, drawing a whimper from the bound woman. If she was going for new experiences today, best make the most of it, and Beth had invited the touch. As she softly caressed the firm rear under her hand, soft mewls and moans showed the brunette was clearly enjoying it as much as Lyn. She resisted the impulse to let her fingers wander elsewhere and withdrew. She moved to open the lock with its key.

As the lock made a softer click, Beth let out a disappointed groan. "Awww, I was hoping you were a raging lesbian and would feel compelled to finger me until I came my brains out."

Lyn blushed right down to the roots of her hair as Beth returned herself upright with a pouting expression. The other girl's expression turned wicked as she added, "Oh well, I've got all day to convince you!" She grabbed Lyn and towed her off to another piece of furniture.

This one was another staple of the dungeons she'd read about, and seen, online. Though, this "horse" was a bit more complex than the simplistic versions she'd seen in her browsing. Constructed from a dark brown wood she couldn't identify, and red leather padding, the side rails intended to hold the bound person's arms and legs were split instead of the typical single piece. Each one tilted, slid, raised, lowered and locked to allow variances of position. As the center piece itself could also adjust, it was possible to achieve anything from a traditional position, to face downward and ass comically up and over the head level. Of course, as the point was to demonstrate the typical use, it was currently in a fairly normal position.

Beth jumped up on it, facing sideways. "I admit, I actually prefer to be bound face-up on this thing, pussy near the edge and legs bound back so I'm perfectly positioned to watch, helpless, as someone fucks me. Unfortunately, that takes a bit of knowhow to get right, so we'll go with the simpler options." She spun to mount, legs spread, over the central bench, smoothly sliding her arms and legs onto the supporting platforms. She waited a few moments before verbally prodding Lyn, "Well, go on then, strap me down."

Lyn shook off the mental image of the woman in her preferred position, and took a good look at the restraints. These were simple black leather straps with brass buckles and it didn't take her long to sort them out, strapping Beth in at wrist, elbow, knee and ankle. She noted that there was a place for locks but they were fairly redundant in this case, so she didn't bother retrieving them.

"Mhmmm, I love the feel of leather on my breasts. Feel free to play, dear."

Lyn fought down the irrational impulse to spank the other woman, finding it much harder than it ought to be to suppress the compulsion. Instead, she tried for detachment, noting if anything looked like it pinched, or hurt in anyway. Again, the design was too good for that, leaving the horse's victim helpless, but surprisingly comfortable. Lyn licked her lips, running out of observations to make, and let her hands find their way to Beth's ass again. Beth immediately groaned happily and tried to press upwards, succeeding only a little. Curiosity finally got the better of her and Lyn trailed a finger down, lightly touching Beth's core through her panties. She was soaked and whimpered at the touch. Lyn snatched her hand away as if she'd been burned, and embarrassedly set about freeing the woman.

Beth pouted again and snapped her fingers when she was free, "Drat! You were so close too."

Lyn couldn't help herself, blurting out a question before her brain could stop her. "Are you a lesbian?"

Beth look at her, then giggled, shaking her head. "No. I'm definitely a bit on the bi-side though. Mostly in self-defense."

What the hell was she talking about? "Self-defense?"

Beth shrugged. "Yeah, or maybe survival tactics?" She cocked her head to the side, seemingly trying to decide. She eventually shook her head and tried to explain. "I told you that, after Rob, no one can really measure up. I was pretty young when I decided that, and haven't found a guy I'm willing to give myself to. So, since I'm a borderline nympho sex drive wise, I've screwed around with women just for a bit of relief. Nothing serious, really, just somewhere to dump all the lust."

Lyn wasn't sure what to make of that. She supposed it was really just the natural expansion on the giggly sorts of experimentation she'd done with her first-year roommate. It sort of made sense even, but on the other hand was a bit alarming. Was she really safer with Beth here today?

Beth seemed to guess what she was thinking. "Don't worry, I'll probably push you all day, but I'd never take it any further than you allow. Don't hesitate to say no to something if I go too far, okay?"

Her voice was serious, and her eyes kind. Lyn found herself believing her, despite not knowing the woman very well, yet. She nodded, then took a deep breath. "Nothing's bothered me, so far, though I'm not sure if that will change when Rob is here to see it."

Beth shrugged. "Rob's a sweetheart. You'll be surprised how little he bothers you, I think. But I'll take it easy on you, at least at first." She glanced at the clock and frowned. "There's a third piece I was going to walk you through, but we're out of time. Are you going to be okay with this?"

Lyn hesitated, then nodded firmly, realizing the demos with Beth had stripped most of her remaining fears. Rob walked in seconds later.

Lyn was quite sure her arousal was painfully obvious in her current position. She'd had a few panicky moments near the beginning, but Beth had worked her through them with a bit of gentle guidance, and she'd made it through both the bondage horse and the stockade. It hadn't been anything like her imaginings. It had been better, much better. Admittedly, part of that was probably the suggestive commentary and helpfully "adjusting" hands of Beth as she positioned Lyn in each of several poses for each piece. That she'd caused at least three wardrobe malfunctions, "accidentally," groped Lyn's tits, and copped a good feel of her ass had left Lyn quite certain the other girl was well aware of what she was doing to Lyn. It was well intentioned though, of that much Lyn was sure. If nothing else, it had stripped out most of her embarrassment at the situation, replacing it with near-painful levels of arousal. She'd caught herself actually trying to show her body off for Rob, not just the camera, and was sure Beth's non-to-subtle wink had indicated she'd recognized that fact, even if Rob was apparently oblivious.

Now, the results of both Beth's manipulations and the exquisite feeling of helpless sexuality was being put on display in her new position. She even wondered, half-exasperatedly as she'd rather come to like the irrepressible girl, if Beth had deliberately chosen not to warn her about this piece. It was a chair. Sort of. The seat of the rosewood chair was normal for only about half its depth, subtly shifting into a shallow U that extended the far right and far left edges out several additional inches. Her knees rested on those extensions, her legs widely spread and held in place by shallow ridges in the padding. Her feet were folded under her, resting below her ass, forcing her groin up and forward. Her back naturally rested against the slightly inclined chair back, and her neck was strapped into a wide leather collar near the chair's top. Both wrists were shackled to the top of a wooden beam running behind her head. Beth had insisted that her previous bottoms wouldn't show this piece well and had traded Lyn's black panties in for a tiny white scrap of cloth pretending to be a side-tie g-string. Her bra had also been "accidentally" removed when Beth had been tying her down and she'd been innocently told it would be hard to get back on, so surely she'd be alright without it? Lyn had almost refused, but the sight of Rob trying to hide a

hard-on and looking everywhere but at her breasts had sent a thrill through her. He'd barely reacted the rest of the session and some part of her wanted him to. So she'd agreed.

So, her rock hard nipples were quivering under the hot photography lights, and she was almost certain the white scrap of cloth Beth pretended were panties, the scrap of cloth she was soaking, was transparent when wet. It just seemed like something Beth would do. Of course, said happy-go-lucky devil girl was moaning as she kneaded her own exposed tits, propped on a piece of furniture directly past Rob, in Lyn's forced-forward line of sight. The sensually explicit scene was *not* helping Lyn remain calm and controlled. She wanted to whimper as her body burned with need.

The quiet click of the camera and the shuffling as Rob shifted angles brought Lyn's attention back to her employer. He'd been playful, but professional, for the whole shoot. Beth was the real monster, to Lyn's chagrin, but she couldn't say that she regretted the other woman's presence. In truth, she couldn't say she regretted anything about the day at all. Not so far, at least. Abstractly, she knew that might change once she got home and came about twenty times, but she doubted it. She was also almost certain that she would agree to more shoots, even without Beth there. Though, perhaps that should be even those *with* Beth present, given that she, not Rob, seemed to be the impish soul who pushed every line she could find as often as possible. The little monster had actually brought out a dildo earlier, when Rob wasn't looking, and had given it a quiet blowjob behind his back, where only Lyn could see her.

The lights shut off and Rob turned to Beth, shaking his head at her current activities. "Okay, miss oversexed, can you get Lyn down and into a robe while I check over the photos of the session? I don't think we'll need any redo's, but I should check before she gets dressed properly again."

Beth gave him a thumbs up. "Sure thing, boss!"

Rob shook his head again and left for his office.

Beth approached Lyn with a wicked grin. Lyn gulped. Beth giggled. "You should see yourself, sexy. Those panties are glued to you, I bet if I untied them they wouldn't even fall!" Mischievously, her hands darted to the ties and pulled them. The scrap of cloth shifted, but didn't fall. "Ha! I knew it. I think they need a little help." She tugged on the cloth, and Lyn was finally naked. Bound, helpless, and arousal only rising. Lyn distantly thought she ought to protest, but all she really wanted was for Beth to shove a few fingers in her.

Suddenly, Beth sighed, and started working on Lyn's restraints. Lyn whimpered a protest. Beth looked at her, a bit forlorn. "Oh trust me, I know. Sadly, I can't just give you what you want in good conscience. Right now your decision making is busted but good. You're high as hell on arousal and might regret it later if you let me have my fun. So, as much as I'd loved to fuck you silly, and maybe get some myself in return, instead I'm gonna untie you, hand you a vibe, and shove you in a guest room while we wait for Rob. It'll take him a good half hour to go over those pics, so you might be a bit closer to your right mind when you talk to us after."

The last binding came undone and Beth helped Lyn to her feet, supporting her as her legs tried to give out from under her. Beth's words had been like a splash of cold water, and Lyn assumed she was joking when they headed off to the walk-in closet-cum-dressing room. When all Beth did was grab a trio of vibes then tug her, still naked, into the hallway, she blushed hotly for the first time in the last hour. Apparently, the other girl hadn't been kidding. They made it to a guest room and Beth shoved her inside with two of the toys, keeping the last with a grin and the statement that she'd see her after they'd both "cum" down from the high.

Chapter 4: Decisions and Discussions

Lyn's fingers slowly caressed her folds as she lay staring at her bedroom ceiling. She was almost certain she'd broken her personal record for number of climaxes in a day already, and yet she could feel the low burn of her arousal just beneath the surface, ready to spring into a new blaze with only the slightest provocation.

Beth had been right, of course. She'd been so high on her own arousal that she really hadn't been in her right mind when Beth stripped her panties. Part of her wanted to resent the girl, for taking advantage as far as she did in Lyn's weakness. The rest of her, however, and by far the larger part, was grateful to her. Grateful for seeming to know exactly where the line between playfully taking advantage and abuse of the situation had been. Grateful, even more, that she'd kept Lyn from doing anything rash, even providing the means and push to get herself back under control. The howling orgasms she'd brought herself, which she was certain Beth had heard just as she had heard the brunette's own in turn, were embarrassing in hindsight. They had also, however, been exactly what Lyn needed to regain a bit of mental equilibrium. A trio of powerful climaxes had leveled her off enough to regain some rational thought, and a fourth had returned her to something approaching normal.

Which hadn't made the conversation in the dining nook any less awkward. In point of fact, minus the high arousal that had freed her from any shyness, speaking to Rob and Beth dressed only in a short robe had been mildly terrifying. Even embarrassed and back in her right mind, though, she'd still known that she wanted to repeat the day. More, she found that, with the limited number of people who would ever see the photos, she was willing to pose topless if it got her more days like today.

Well, not exactly like today. Beth wouldn't be at the majority of their shoots, but she still felt the experience would be worth it. Beth's words about Rob hadn't been forgotten either, and she had to admit that the woman had a point. In her fascination with sneaking into his workshop, she'd lost sight of the enjoyment she'd gotten when she and her employer talked. He was almost frighteningly intelligent, and had a quiet sort of confidence that made you follow him instinctively. Add in a warm kindness that drew you in, making you trust him, and he really was an awfully high standard when placed against the few boys she'd dated in high school and university. She wondered, idly, how much of that was greater age, and how much basic nature.

He was also, she thought with a grin, half-oblivious to flirting. Either that, or he just had a blind spot for Beth. Perhaps he considered her family, even if she didn't share that mental restriction. As her fingers pressed into her folds harder, imagining what their next session would be like, her last thought before her mind lost focus was whether she wanted to succeed where Beth had failed.

Rob was trying really hard not to show how aroused he was. He'd worn baggy pants on purpose and had been eternally grateful for his forethought within twenty minutes of beginning the photoshoot. He wasn't at all sure why Lyn affected him so badly, though he suspected it was a combination of the newness of the situation and his relative unfamiliarity with her. He'd known Beth for years before their first shoot, had been comfortable with teasing her and being teased by her since they were both kids. Even so, he'd basically been a walking hard-on when she first started modeling for him, and with Lyn he didn't even have that margin of familiarity to help.

He'd managed well enough during the first shoot, until near the end, but this was different. They were alone, and she'd started topless right out the gate. He'd still managed to remain professional through the first piece of furniture and set of poses, a simple bondage table, but her current pose was rapidly shattering any attempt at virtuous thoughts. He was swiftly losing the internal war not to ask or demand more, and the current piece actually justified the request, which wasn't helping. He sighed, adjusting himself out of her sight and preparing himself for the inevitable, realizing that he'd already lost.

It was a simple piece, little more than a high-end spanking bench done in black walnut. Of course, with his work, this meant that it was position-adjustable, and the current shot was intended to show this fact off. Lyn was currently face down, head almost to the floor, with her spectacular rear lifted up well into the air. While the view was enough to stir Rob's blood, without her breasts readily visible in the shot, and considering the focus of the piece, the lacy bikini style panties covering her ass and pussy wasn't ideal. If it had been a thong, he might have left it be, and if she protested overmuch he'd simply have her change into such, but ideally she'd just let him take the

shots nude. He shifted around to her side, with her face down she'd not be able to see him properly, but she could at least glimpse him in her peripheral vision.

"Lyn, this piece really needs a bit more...exposure. The whole focus is on your ass after all. Can I remove your panties?"

She froze for nearly a minute before swallowing and nodding an affirmative. He returned to the position behind her and hesitated only an instant, mentally checking his actions to make sure he wasn't bullshitting himself. No, the shots really would look much better without the obscuring cloth. He reached forward and crisply gathered the cloth at each hip and stripped the panties in a single motion. While his mind really wanted to take his time, quick and professional was best if he didn't want to freak her out. He had to undo the bindings on her legs for a moment to get them off but quickly had everything back to rights. It was when he stepped back, no longer in contact with her and thus not subject to her observation by feel, that he really let himself take in the sight before him.

His mind shut down for a few moments, simply enjoying the presented image. Even with her legs bound together, instead of spread apart, nothing was left to the imagination with this view. Her firm ass showed faint bikini lines, her puckered star almost begged to be played with, and her folds were swollen and damp with desire. His half-hard cock firmed uncomfortably to full mast as he took in the view, and the slightly painful sensation of being trapped in his clothes broke him out of his moment. He shook himself, fighting down the impulse for some very unprofessional behavior. Even so, as he returned to his camera and tripod he allowed himself to audibly murmur, "beautiful" knowing that no reaction at all may be taken as an insult. He noted her breath hitching for a moment when the word hit her, and was almost certain her breathing was slightly quicker when it resumed. He paused for a half moment before deliberately altering his camera's settings for a more audible shutter noise. He personally found the noise a bit irritating and thus kept the camera in quiet mode normally, but he had a suspicion he wanted to test.

He framed the first shot, adjusted the lighting slightly, then snapped the first photo while watching her closely. She shivered at the noise. Another, with slightly different settings, she shivered again. He grinned. He'd been watching her all day and had come to suspect she had an exhibitionist streak. Perhaps one she didn't even know about herself. He fired off a chain of photos with the standard barrage of settings he employed for nude shoots and watched her breathing quicken further, liquid beginning to run down her inner thighs as it escaped her folds. Definitely an exhibitionist streak. Oh, this was going to be so much *fun*.

Lyn was whimpering with need. Beth had showed up today, for a joint shoot with her and Lyn. Rob had been planning it for a while, having a number of pieces intended for two women that he'd never been able to properly document. It had begun with a double cross, moved on to a face-to-face piece that had them both wrapping lips around the same ball gag, and had ended with a face-to-crotch affair that had them both nose deep in wet panties.

They had both been unstrapped, but Beth had grinned to match the Cheshire Cat and suggested one more for Lyn, now that she was comfortable being naked with them. She'd called it a test, to open up more options, and Lyn had been much too far gone to protest. At least, that's what she wanted to claim. She suspected that Beth knew the truth, that Lyn was fully cognizant of what she was doing and merely using the excuse of obvious arousal to try a specific piece she'd been eyeing for weeks.

Rob had first finished it two weeks after her original session and it was a slightly more radical theme than much of his work. The lovingly carved ebony tower consisted of a base, a seven-foot vertical beam, and two adjustable cross beams for support. She was shackled in, legs spread, arms over her head, and neck in a sturdy brass collar connected to the central beam. The position, however, was almost incidental in light of the last component of the piece. For the *full* name of this piece was "The Impaling Tower," and it lived up to its name. Its

final component was a complex bit of mechanical engineering allowing a wood and brass final beam to be raised and lowered between her forcibly parted legs. It was tipped in a cool brass dildo and, as it had been levered forcefully upward, piercing her folds, she was penetrated for the first time in one of the photo sessions.

Rob hadn't even *tried* to hide his erection this time, and had struggled to get the photos without embarrassing himself completely. Beth hadn't helped him, or Lyn's own spiking arousal level, by describing the feel of her own first turn in the device in luridly pornographic detail. All while openly fingering herself to the sight of Lyn impaled. Beth had cum, twice, before Rob had fled from the room with an actual blush, something Lyn hadn't thought him capable of. Now Beth was approaching her, preparing to set her free, but Lyn shifted uneasily. She had other ideas, but she wasn't sure if Beth would actually do it.

"Beth?"

The quiet uncertainty in Lyn's voice stopped Beth cold, a smirk, and likely a snarky comment, fading from her lips. She frowned at Lyn, "Yes?"

"C-Could you?"

It only took Beth a moment to realize what Lyn was asking, and she seemed startled by it. Once her initial surprise faded, she captured Lyn's head in her hands, looking into her eyes. Then she nodded and silently padded off into the dressing area, returning a minute later with a small vibe.

Beth grinned. "I'm not surprised you asked, just that it was me instead of Rob, and so soon."

Lyn's body wanted to blush but she ruthlessly suppressed it.

The vibe in Beth's hand sprung to life, but didn't touch Lyn's skin, the other woman bringing it close enough to her crotch for her to feel the air moving from the vibrations, her blood starting to pound at the promise of stimulation. A hand rose to her uncovered breast, caressing softly, pulling back as Lyn tried to press into it with a needy whimper. The soft touch continued for several minutes before the delicate fingers tweaked a nipple, the following yelp being cut off by a surprised moan as the small vibe was pressed to her clit.

Even that simple stimulation was too much. Lyn had already been right on the edge and she came hard, muscles clenching on the brass intruder insider her. But Beth didn't let up, she cranked up the power of the vibe and surprised Lyn by leaning forward to capture her free nipple between her lips. Lyn was helpless to do anything but cry in pleasure as she was driven to another peak, then a third, finally babbling incoherently as a fourth joined the others. Beth let up and she slumped.

"Hmm, multi-orgasmic too. Aren't you just full of pleasant surprises, dear. Still, I think you and I have something to talk about. You're going to meet me for dinner tomorrow." It wasn't a question, and Lyn found herself numbly nodding at the idea. Beth set about getting her limp form down, but not without stealing a few more gropes. Lyn rolled her eyes.

Lyn sat in the little café, waiting nervously. She'd asked for the corner seat, ignoring the odd look at the request, and was thus isolated in the back, several tables from any other customers. Beth should be here any minute and Lyn worried her lower lip with her teeth as she tried to work up her nerve. She wasn't sure what the older girl wanted to talk about, but it was the perfect chance to ask her questions which Lyn badly wanted answered. Questions about herself, questions about Rob, and questions about what she ought to do if what she thought was true actually was true.

She looked up at the tinkling sound of the tiny bell over the small café's door. It was Beth, worn jeans and t-shirt seeming to fit her grin and visibly upbeat mood. That, at least, was hopefully a good sign. Lyn had worried during her restless night that maybe Beth was upset with her. About her position with Rob maybe, or what she'd

wordlessly asked Beth to do the day before. As Beth slid into the chair across from Lyn her eyes sparkled with happy mischief, and Lyn relaxed. Apparently, whatever she wanted, it wasn't anything bad.

"So, figured out you're a sub yet?"

Lyn gawked, mouth dropping open slightly and eyes wide. She'd been intending— How had?

Beth giggled at her expression. "Don't be too surprised girlie, it was pretty obvious. I've known it since the day I met you. Though whose sub you're gonna be remains to be seen."

Lyn's mind reeled as she tried to get a handle on how this conversation was going. She'd been prepared for a long discussion and careful hinting. When the second half of Beth's statement finally processed, she couldn't help but blurt out, "Wait! What do you mean whose?" Belatedly she added, "And how did you know?"

Beth snorted. "The second half of that is easy. You're one of the most obvious subbies I've ever seen. Any dom worth their title would have IDed you the moment you walked into Rob's workroom, let alone after all the stuff I've seen." She waved a hand dismissively. "I'm not actually a dom, mind you, but even as a switch I've got more than enough experience that it was hardly difficult to sort your preferences out. Unless I miss my guess, I knew well before you realized it yourself."

Lyn nodded, processing the logic. She supposed it made sense.

Beth continued before Lyn could say anything. "As for the first bit, about whose sub you'll end up as, I'd have thought my meaning was obvious there too, but perhaps not. Rob's technically a switch, I think, though he's a bit squirrely to figure out. Even saying that, though, he's tipped heavily to the dom side of the spectrum, much more so than me. Add in that I've seen more than one longing look from you in his direction and I figure he's a good candidate for you." She paused, frowning and sounding a lot more serious when she continued a few moments later. "Thing is, though, that he'll only go for it if you're both serious about it, and thinking long-term. He's not interested in flings, commit to him, and you'll need to stay committed if you don't want to hurt him."

She leaned back, tapping long fingernails on the table. "On the other hand, if you're just looking to experiment. Trying to find a fuckbuddy who will order you around a bit and get you off hard, you might well be thinking I'm the better choice. In truth, you wouldn't be wrong either. You've shown at least a willingness to try the fairer sex, and I think you're hot. You'd be a fun toy to fuck for a while. A few months fling, then go our own ways, maybe keep in touch for some hot sex when we're both horny and in the same orbit."

Lyn had never been more grateful to see a waitress in her life. The girl had half-snuck up, and might have caught the last bit of the conversation from the expression on her face, but she remained professional as she took their order. Lyn rattled off one of her favorites from the café's menu, most of her mental energy turned inward, trying to tame her wildly flying thoughts into something resembling a useable order. Beth had overestimated her, possibly on purpose. Lyn had only been intending to find out a bit about the whole dom/sub scene and maybe to try getting some information on what she ought to do if she thought she was a sub. Beth, on the other hand, had taken things to a far more complex conclusion. All the same, Lyn was forced to conclude that she was completely right. That, in the dark private places of her mind, she'd been weighing both Rob and Beth as possible options, going forward. She wasn't even going to pretend anymore that she wasn't attracted to Rob. If it wasn't for the age difference she'd have been pursuing him aggressively, and even that detail was beginning to seem more and more minor as time went on. Beth, that was a much bigger departure from anything she'd considered before, but the degree to which the woman could turn her on was unreal. So much so that, even if Lyn still wasn't really into women in general, she could see herself experimenting with Beth. So, then, what was it she wanted? One of them? Neither? Maybe even Beth first, then Rob later? Her mind whirled and spun as the waitress left, having no conclusions, only more questions.

It was Beth that broke the silence. "It doesn't have to be all or nothing. Not with either Rob or me. Want me to tell you what I would do in your shoes?"

Lyn's mind focused, hoping for something useful. "Yes. Please."

Beth nodded, then grinned. "I'd be a sexy maid."

What? What on earth did *that* mean? She was already his maid, and she hoped he thought she was sexy.

The confusion must have shown on her face, as Beth chuckled. "Still a bit of innocence in there, huh? I mean a fetish maid, Lyn. You know, super short skirt, crotchless lace panties, and a willingness to do anything ordered? That sort of thing." As dawning realization lit Lyn's eyes Beth clinically continued. "It would get you an experimental in with Rob for the whole dom/sub thing, letting you test the waters. So long as you draw up a contract of what is and isn't okay, he'll almost certainly go for it too. He's a total perv, at heart, and there's no way he'd be able to resist the chance to get his hands on you without either of you getting hurt. He may not be one for flings, but he's never been shy about playing with a willing girl when it's just that, playing. He'll like ordering you to dust topless, or maybe making you cum with a vibrating egg while you clean. It's the same as when he fucks me with a dildo during some of our more intense photo sessions. A fine line between playing and a proper relationship."

Lyn already knew she was going to go for it and suspected Beth could see it in her eyes, since the older girl was grinning again. It seemed like the perfect solution. Particularly as she somehow couldn't imagine Beth keeping her hands off in the situations being described, even if the deal was with Rob. The best of both worlds. She licked her lips and tentatively asked, "You'll help me?"

The happy mischief fled from Beth's face, she looked uncertain for the first time since Lyn had met her. It was more than a little disconcerting to see in the confident woman. "Okay Lyn, I think I need to level with you here." She took a deep breath. "I'm willing to help set you up with Rob, but I'm hoping for something more." Lyn opened her mouth to ask what she meant, but Beth talked over her. "You know I've wanted to be with Rob for years. You also know I've been fooling around with women just as a way to blow off some steam." She visibly hesitated, then plunged ahead, words coming in a rush. "The thing is, I've kinda developed a taste for women, even if I didn't have it before, but I still want to be with Rob. I was hoping, I mean I know it seems weird, but I was kinda hoping..."

"That we could share him?"

Beth slowly nodded. "It...it isn't actually that rare, you know, in the whole dom/sub scene. Not really common either, I think, but not rare. For a dom to have more than one sub, I mean. I'm not sure what we'd do if we all wanted to take it further than that, but—"

"But we might not even want to. I might find out I'm not compatible with Rob, and so might you. We can cross that bridge when we come to it."

Beth just nodded again.

Lyn rolled the idea over in her mind and found herself surprisingly okay with it. Part of it, she was sure, was the fact that she had a small crush on Beth at this point. Another part was that she really didn't know how it would turn out and if she and Rob didn't end up together, maybe it would give Beth the chance she'd always wanted. She also didn't have any real moral objections to sharing, which would be the likely stumbling block for many. Minutes spun out as she seriously thought through her answer. Beth was looking nervous when she finally nodded. "I'm good with that."

Beth's face collapsed in relief for a moment, then a maniacal glint entered her eyes as she started grinning again. "Well then, girlie, time to turn you into a slutty maid."

An electric thrill shot down Lyn's face at her friend's expression, and she wondered just what the hell she'd gotten herself into.

Chapter 5: The Sexy Maid Lyn

Lyn shakily sat down on a chair in one of the guest rooms. She smoothed the ruffles at the edge of her skirt. It was an almost pointless endeavor. The short, half-sheer, black miniskirt was designed in such a way as to ride up. It also, even when tugged down all the way, only barely covered her triangle, and deliberately failed to cover the firm roundness of the bottom of her ass. Any significant movement at all would show a peak of her lacy undergarments. The panties weren't a thong, which Lyn had half expected Beth to stick her with, but they were even more revealing in their own way. The lace was sparse and sheer enough to show tantalizing glimpses of skin, and the front was an open-crotch affair that tied together with a trio of strings for a mockery of modesty. Her top was somewhat more concealed than her bottom, the bodice hiding all of her tight belly but only barely coming up over her nipples. Even a slight tug would pop them free. The design pressed her breasts up, making her considerable cleavage almost obscene, and a pair of thin strings tied the bodice to a black choker around her neck. A modest pair of three-inch heels, thigh-high stockings, and a frilly black bow in her hair completed the outfit of a maid that was clearly as much a sexual fantasy as a cleaner.

Which didn't mean she didn't have a job to do. She still needed to act as a maid, now more than ever, as it would give her boss and Beth the chance to play with her. They'd not questioned her need to duck out for a few moments after she'd put pen to paper on their agreed "play" contract, but she knew they'd come looking for her if she didn't reappear in a reasonable time. Drawing in a deep, shaky breath, forcing down the slight nerves she felt, she stood. After a quick once over in the room's mirror, she nodded firmly to her reflection, and smiled, letting go of her worries as best she could. Adding a slightly sway to her hips, she set out to find a duster and a dusty room to use it on.

Her breasts jiggled as she moved, trying to clean the study despite the distractions. Given that she was completely topless, the jiggling wasn't exactly a shocker. It hadn't taken more than a few days to determine that Rob was a breast man and the revelation had been accompanied by the new knowledge that she was fully capable of orgasming from breast play alone, a fact of which she'd been previously unaware.

Of course, today there was far more going on than that. She was in nothing but her uniform panties and a quiet buzz was coming from her core. The remote-control egg had been a near constant companion, after her first day, and she freely admitted she was in love with the thing. It made the normally tedious task of cleaning considerably more enjoyable and added a pleasant way for Rob or Beth to play with her without completely preventing her from working. While not as important as earlier this summer, the basic cleaning was still something that needed done. As such, she was tackling the library, which Rob insisted was a study despite the roughly twenty-five hundred tomes covering virtually every inch of the two-story walls. There were even a handful of rows of library-like shelving separating her currently ladder-using form from the desk at which Rob was going over his accounts and, of course, playing with her remote control from time to time.

He'd already come and found her once, when he needed a break, spending a good fifteen minutes caressing and groping her breasts as the egg buried inside her built her to a strong climax. Given that he'd sought no relief for himself, she was shocked he'd lasted the hour between then and now and she fully suspected she'd see him again soon. Almost as she finished the thought it was proven prophetic as she caught the sound of cloth behind her. She turned her head to see him avidly watching her form. Avidly watching her form, with his cock hanging freely, half-hard, from the zipper of his pants. She tore her eyes away from the visibly hardening member, knowing the rules by now. She was to continue her current task until ordered otherwise. Her breath caught in her throat and her free hand, the one not using her duster on a book, abruptly latched onto the ladder with a strong grip, securing her hold as the toy inside her escalated from a low thrum to a powerful throbbing vibration.

She managed to steady herself, took a deep breath, and willed her grasp on her duster to tighten, moving it back to the books with single-minded determination. She would not break from her task until commanded. She

would not disappoint him. A low moan escaped her attempts to suppress it, but that was okay. So long as she kept working he didn't care what noises she made. In fact, she rather suspected he enjoyed drawing the unwilling sounds from her. It would certainly make sense of the difference in method between him and Beth. Beth was all sex all the time, barely able to keep her hands off Lyn when she was in her maid uniform. Rob was, as in all things, more the engineer and artist, enjoying the challenge and control of various situations and scenarios. Her mind wandered against her will as the sensation built, imagining all the things both had done to her or had her do in the last week. Her hand almost stilled as her breathing became a pant, the memories fueling her arousal even more than the egg's stimulation.

"Maid Lyn, come here, you have a new task."

She hid her sigh of relief, she wasn't sure if she could stay on the ladder much longer, her legs were getting a bit wobbly. She dismounted and turned to face him. He was slowly stroking his now-full erection and she unconsciously licked her lips. She'd been positively delighted, panty-dampeningly so, when she'd first gotten the measure of his equipment. She didn't know its exact size, not yet at least, but in rough terms he was around seven and a half inches long, and quite satisfyingly thick. She'd feared the first time that it might hurt, but he'd been amazingly gentle, and the moment he'd first cum inside her she'd determined to have as many repeats as possible for as long as he was interested in her. It had also represented a major escalation and all three involved parties knew it, even if they hadn't dealt with it yet. Choosing, instead, to willfully ignore the significance for as long as they could.

He gestured and she knelt before him. "Maid, your appearance has caused my current state, and therefore you will relieve it. You may not use your hands."

She immediately moved her hands behind her and leaned eagerly forward, kissing his tip before parting her lips and taking his helmet inside. She'd been a virgin when he first took her, technically, but had certainly known how to suck cock, having satisfied the desires of previous boyfriends with a skilled tongue. She'd thrown herself into learning his particular sensitive points with gusto and took full advantage now, first flicking the pointed tip of her tongue against the underside of his head, then swirling and sucking to elongate the responding groan. She supposed she was odd, maybe, in that she enjoyed giving blowjobs. His groans shot a thrill through her, deepening her breathing as it pushed her closer to climax. She was going to come now, even if all stimulation suddenly stopped, it was already inevitable. Knowing she wouldn't last she plunged down, swallowing his shaft and humming. She came moments later, her humming shifting to a scream. She backed off, she could tell he was almost there, but it hadn't been enough. She fought the urge to use her hands, instead sucking hard and flicking the hardened point of her tongue over his tip once, twice, then a third time. She felt him start to convulse, then she was grabbed by the hair and pulled backwards, his first pulse hitting her tongue as he withdrew. The second hit her cheek, the third her chin, then the fourth and fifth unloaded over her tits. She smiled, loving the feel of his cum on her body.

A movement of his hand and the egg inside her returned to its previous gentle thrum. "Stand."

She complied, a bit shakily, but she managed.

"Give me your panties."

She stripped them off, handing them over. She was glad that the toy inside her was designed to stay in place without them, she doubted he was going to fuck her yet, and she'd have been sad to lose the constant low-grade pleasure.

"Go back to work. You are not to clean yourself up, but you may rub my cum in if you wish."

She smiled, and immediately began working the cum into her skin before it could dry. She loved the feel. Besides, she'd heard it was good for you.

Lyn whimpered. Beth was an absolute menace. In the most delightful way, of course, but a menace nonetheless. She was quite certain, at this point, that the horny woman was a not-so-in-the-closet nymphomaniac. Lyn's hands were tied behind her back, her legs spread wide as she sat back in a straight-backed chair. Her ankles were loosely tied to the chair legs, her top was gone, and her skirt was hiked up. Her panties were still on, but a brutally powerful vibrator was forcibly jammed between her and Beth, who was straddling Lyn's lap. It was a double ended but short affair, just the right length for Beth to have one end of the vicious monster pressed against her own, completely bare, slit, and the other trapped against Lyn's cloth covered core. The other woman, hands unrestrained, was alternating between mauling Lyn's tits, kissing her with lip-bruising force, and pulling Lyn's head to each of her own nipples in turn. Beth had cum twice, able to back off when she wanted or needed a break, but Lyn was on her fifth climax and wasn't sure how much more she could take. Purple was dancing at the edges of her vision and her mind was swimming in an out of focus.

Suddenly Beth drew back, taking the vibe with her. Lyn's pleasure-hazed mind took almost a minute to realize what had happened. She was just struggling to sort out if she was grateful for the break or pissed that she'd been so close to another peak when the chair abruptly tipped under her. The fall was too slow to be unassisted, and she processed Beth's hands slowing her fall before the impact jolted most of her breath out of her.

She wasn't given much time to recover, Beth's uncovered pussy descending on to her lips, the other woman facing Lyn's lower body, hands on Lyn's knees. Lyn's reaction was tentative. She wasn't unwilling, but she'd never actually done this before and could only base her movements on what she knew felt good to her. Her tongue drew a long line from one end of Beth's slit to the other then hesitatingly pushed inward. Relief rushed through her as Beth murmured appreciatively. As she continued her explorations, growing more confident with the increasing volume of the reactions she got from the brunette, Beth's hands caressed her inner thighs, reigniting Lyn's slightly dampened fires.

The hands caressing her were the utter opposite of the brutal power of the vibrator, gently teasing, even tickling, as they slowly crafted Lyn into a squirming ball of desire. Her oral explorations, initially mere compliance to the unspoken order, took on genuine desire to please as the older girl stoked her passions. Beth caressed, fondled, tickled, teased, and kissed every bit of Lyn she could reach, save for her still-covered center. Beth cried out in her own orgasm and lifted off Lyn a moment later, leaving her distressed, begging with her eyes for it not to be over.

Beth giggled, and untied her from the chair, retying her hands in front of her. "On the table, slut!"

They were in the dining nook and Lyn shakily managed to mount the table. Beth righted the chair and positioned herself between Lyn's spread legs. With a grin she lifted the vibe, making Lyn's heart sink as she'd hope for more of the gentle touch, then the brunette smirked as she placed it on low between her own legs. Lyn's smile as Beth leaned forward was genuine. The other woman always seemed to know what Lyn really wanted, and rarely failed to provide...eventually. Her soaked panties, side ties today, were stripped and discarded as Beth leaned in, inhaling deeply. Lyn blushed, the Brunette had admitted that she loved Lyn's smell, jokingly claiming she could get addicted to it. It was somehow, ridiculously, a far more embarrassing comment than Beth's many off-color jokes and crude teasings. Oddly satisfying as well, but still embarrassing.

Beth kissed her groin, just above her clean-shaven mound. Beth herself had been the one to shave it off, and had insisted on maintaining the smoothness herself, ordering Lyn not to shave herself. It was another of the woman's many oddities, but the experience was always enjoyable so Lyn didn't really mind. Uniquely intimate, but rarely sexual, she admitted that the time spent being shaved had driven her close to her friend much faster than she would have thought possible. Without that time, she highly doubted she'd be as comfortable both servicing and being serviced by another woman, without Rob present, as she had become. She still preferred Rob's attentions, and knew that Beth would prefer them as well, but had found her time with Beth much more pleasing

than she'd considered possible, given Lyn's largely heterosexual nature. She'd wondered, more than once, if Beth had used the same technique to seduce other women who wouldn't normally be interested.

Thought was driven from her mind as Beth's lips finally captured her clit, and her world became nothing but bliss.

Chapter 6: Commitments

Rob and Beth sat across the table from her and Lyn fidgeted. She was back in regular street clothes today, as were they, and the meeting had a mildly serious tone. It had been just over two months since she first met Rob and five weeks since she'd signed their "play" contract. University, with her full-time course load, started again after the upcoming weekend, and Lyn was now faced with the decision of what to do. Originally, her time as a maid was intended to be for the summer only, but now she didn't want to leave. But she didn't know if she could handle both, or even if she *should*. If they weren't interested in something long-term it would be better to break it off now. She knew Beth was willing to make things more permanent. They'd made significant progress getting Rob to accept a sexual relationship with her, which firmly set her as Lyn's biggest fan. Rob, however, was the lynchpin. Neither of them were certain what he wanted. Was Lyn just a summer playmate? Or something more?

Beth, as was often the case, simply blurted out the problem. "What are we gonna do about Lyn going back?"

Rob's eyebrows lifted. "Do? Why would we do anything? I admit, I hope she stays around in some capacity or another, but it's her life."

Beth sighed in audible exasperation with her cousin. "Rob, you dunce, we all know that. What we don't know is what the options for continuing are."

Rob looked adorably confused. "Um...what?"

Beth banged her head on the table as Lyn worked up her courage to try to explain. "Um, what she means...that is...Oh to hell with it! I want to stay! But only if you're interested in something long-term. Possibly with both Beth *and* I, otherwise I should probably just spike your lemonade and lock you in a room with Beth!"

Beth's head snapped up and she joined Rob in staring at Lyn in shocked disbelief. Perhaps on account of her not-so-secret-crush being revealed, Rob managed to beat Beth to the punch...eventually. "What?"

That isn't to say that his response was intelligent, and a crimson colored but determined Lyn rolled her eyes. "Beth's got a massive crush on you, so do I, I want to keep being your maid, or sub, or whatever, and we've both agreed we want to share you. But we don't know how you feel."

Beth looked like she was panicking, frozen in place, hands trembling.

Rob, after he got over his renewed shock, noticed. He swallowed hard, took a deep breath, and looked Beth straight in the eye. "Beth, is that true?" Beth swallowed and nodded. After a momentary eternity of tension, he surprised the pair of them by chuckling. "Well, thank God for that. I wasn't sure what I was going to do."

They both looked at him, expressions confused but hopeful. He hadn't blown up yet, or run, so maybe they had a chance.

His gaze switched the Lyn, locking eyes with her. "You're serious? Truly? Even after only knowing me for two months?" She nodded and he sighed, slumping slightly. "Again, thank God. I've had a crush on Beth for years but figured she saw me as family or something, and I've come to really care about you too, Lyn. I was prepared to let you go, but it would have hurt."

Beth was looking ready to faint, wide eyed and silent. She slowly raised a shaky hand to pinch herself, hard. She flinched but made no noise. A few moments and a couple of hard swallows later she found her voice. "So...so, what do we do?"

They were all silent for a bit, then Rob nodded firmly. "If Lyn's going to have less time, then we remove her commute. Yours too, Beth, since you work from home. This place is huge, so you're both going to move in here." His mischievous grin flashed for a moment, "Assuming you can accept the dress code that is required for you to live here rent-free."

Relief running through her, heart pounding as the adrenaline from her crazy gambit began fading, Lyn managed to get out the halfhearted question, "Dress code?"

Rob's smirk was wicked. "No clothing unless you're working, or get it approved first."

Neither girl had any objections.

Lyn smiled softly as she fingered the collar adorning her neck. It wasn't overly elaborate. She did have another, jeweled and intricate, that went with her maid uniform, but her current collar was a simple affair for daily wear. Which didn't mean it wasn't decorative. While Rob himself was no metal-worker, he regularly commissioned worked from a talented smith, and the collar was the fruit of that connection. The collar was a simple silver ring, thin enough to be mildly pliable, with black, acid-etched, stylized wildflowers as decoration. Hidden from all but the closest inspection was a tiny lock preventing her from removing it. It was the simple sort of thing easily removed with even a hairpin, but virtually impossible for her to get at herself.

Rob had presented her with the collar, and Beth with a similar collar in rose gold, roughly two weeks after their new relationship started. The collars were a sign of status, Lyn being submissive to both of them, Beth only to Rob, and Lyn had quickly grown attached to the constant reminder. She'd been hesitant about it, at first, afraid that submitting to them would cost her part of her dreams, which was completely unacceptable. While she might have discovered herself to be a sub, she was still passionate and driven, and would never sacrifice her dreams just for some kinky fun. Beth, perhaps unsurprisingly, had seen the problem and acted. She'd gotten all three of them out at a nice restaurant, in a private booth, and forced all three of them to put their proverbial cards on the table. Lyn had been unspeakably relieved when, rather than wanting to control her life, Rob and Beth had merely been enthused by her dreams of working in the aerospace industry. Rob, in particular, had proven his intelligence and a surprising degree of knowledge by engaging her in a debate about where the future of the commercial space industry was heading.

After that night, the last walls of emotional reserve had come crumbling down, and she'd fallen hard for her new master and mistress. As the voice of her professor rolled over her, babbling about a physics problem Lyn could solve in her sleep, she found herself contemplating how much different her life was now. She'd been content before, but now she was positively glowing with happiness, with many of her friends having commented on the change after they returned from their summer breaks. She really was going to have to do something nice for Jen, if she'd never told her about the maid job... Lyn flushed as Beth's influence on her thought process struck, mental images of the "nice" things she could do for her pretty blonde friend overrunning her mind. She shook the images off, trying to focus back on the professor as the class moved onto new material, but she couldn't quite escape the tiny voice in the back of her head, wondering if Rob liked blondes.

Lyn knelt on the tile of the bathroom floor, lacy white shift thoroughly transparent from water, and massaged Rob's shoulders as he rested in the deep tub. Resting was, of course, a relative term. Beth was spread out, opposite her, legs spread along the wide rim of the bath as Rob played with her pussy. Beth had already cum twice, and Lyn hoped they'd get to switch out soon, her knees were starting to hurt and a deep ache was

thrumming through her. She wanted his cock. She'd settle for his hands, but what she really wanted was to be impaled.

"Strip and join me, Lyn."

She tried not to sigh in relief as she stood and complied. She stripped her pointless garment and stepped into the massive four-person tub. Even Rob didn't know who'd added it to the house, though he'd modernized the hardware a few years back. Whoever it was had Lyn and Beth's thanks. It was a godsend for soaking out the aches caused by never wearing a bra around the house, and the steamy sex options it offered were a nice bonus. Lyn didn't bother to hide the blissful sigh as she sank into the hot water next to Rob.

Only a few moments after she adjusted to the water temperature, her master reached over and casually lifted her from her seat and onto his lap. A thrill ran through her at the feel of the rippling muscle so casually shifting her. The water might have helped him with the feat, but the awkward angle still necessitated a fair bit of strength for that maneuver. She'd realized early in their relationship that he was deceptively strong, his woodworking giving him powerful arms and a toned core. The muscle was visible, but compact, and she shivered as her back came in contact with his chest, then shivered again when his erection came to rest against her lower lips.

He shifted their position, closing the gap between her and Beth, then pushed her gently forward. His intention was clear and she didn't hesitate to bury her nose in her friend's sex, drawing a moan that was half desire and half plea. She inhaled deeply, reveling in the heady scent. She'd discovered early on that she loved Beth's smell almost as much as Beth loved her own. She shifted to bring her lips and tongue into play. The moment her lips touched Beth's folds she felt her master's hands close on her own hips, lifting her and aligning her needy slit with his cock. He pulled her down with gentle but firm pressure, burying himself inside her. She mewled into Beth's pussy at the exquisite feeling of him hilted inside her. She whined when he stilled, then moaned as his hands busied themselves with her tits.

She gathered herself as Beth whimpered, then pressed on, capturing the other woman's clit in an endeavor to apologize for losing focus. The throaty moan that followed said she succeeded, but she nearly lost the plot again as one of Rob's hands drifted lower and began rubbing her own clit in turn. A few minutes passed, then Rob shifted again, beginning to raise and lower her in an agonizingly slow pattern of thrusts that kept her end just out of reach. Her efforts on the pussy in front of her grew less coordinated but more frantic, and a few moments later a panting Beth came with a low, gasping howl. Rob sped up in response, then reached up to viciously twist a nipple, throwing Lyn over the edge, twitching through a powerful peak.

When she came down a few moments later she realized he hadn't cum with them and her eyes widened as his middle finger pressed into her rosebud. She gulped, she'd not had anything his size back there yet, even if Beth had been training her in preparation for it. She felt Beth slide into the tub with them and hug her, murmuring something soft and comforting in her ear. They'd planned it together, she realized, and allowed herself to relax into the brunette's softness. The tension was soon gone, replaced by slight anticipation as she felt him press against her. There was a bit of pain, but it wasn't bad, mostly there was just a pleasant stretchy feeling. He slowly sunk in, then pushed her forward, tipping her to rest against the far edge of the tub. It raised her ass out of the water and he withdrew most of the way. She felt Beth moving, and when he pushed back in she felt thick lubricant come with him. That was good, the warm water had been great for getting him inside, but it made a terrible lubricant all on its own. The first few thrusts, as the lube worked its way into every crevice, hurt a little, then it faded to a dull ache. His hands added themselves, finding Lyn's tits and beginning a gentle massage. The Beth's found her core and clit, forcing the first moan from her lips.

The slow thrusting built and with it the pleasure as the pain faded away, replaced by bliss wrapping around her mind like a fuzzy blanket. Time passed, she wasn't sure how much, and he sped up to a frantic pace. She came, then came again in rapid succession as she felt pulses of hot liquid paint her insides as he joined her.

Her mind went blank for long moments, and she wasn't quite sure how she ended up across the tub as Beth carefully soaped their master's dick. Said appendage was slowly reviving and she grinned as her recovered mind computed what that meant. It was going to be a long bath and she was *completely* alright with that...

Rob stood with a pleased smile, appreciating the view in front of him. He'd already snapped a few photos, and now intended to thoroughly enjoy this unique piece before he had to ship it off to the commissioning customer. His client, Carol, ran an invite-only BDSM club. He had to admit her commission had been an unusual one, and the results were *highly* enjoyable. The piece Beth and Lyn were currently trapped within was called simply "The Wall," in his notes and was crafted from east Indian ebony. The nearly black piece was surprisingly simple but remarkably appealing regardless. It stood tall at a solid seven feet and was probably the single most massive thing he'd ever built. For all its size, the design was fairly plain in appearance, being far too large for his usual scrollwork and other artistic touches. It was, literally, a wall. What made *this* wall special was the carefully designed cutouts within said wall and the specialty, rubber-covered, hardware within those cutouts.

There were a total of five cutouts in each of four sections of the long wall. Each grouping contained four small holes, and one much larger central hole. The idea of "The Wall" was for up to four women to mount via the "front" side. Using a removable platform, they would be backed into place. First their ankles would be slid into the lowest two holes, directly below the main cutout, and locked into place with the internal hardware that would tighten down with a small crank. They would then be bent at the knees, while remaining horizontal to the wall. Starting from a doggy-style position they would be pressed backward until their ass and upper thighs were pushed through the main cutout. With their ass, and pussy, thus exposed out the "back" side of the wall, the internal hardware would tighten down around their midsection, leaving parts of them on either side of the wall, with the considerable thickness of the wall itself acting as a support for their weight. As a final touch, their arms would be pulled back and secured into the last two holes to either side of their bodies. The end result was essentially the highest possible evolution of a "glory-hole" mixed with bondage. The bound women's bodies would be at such a height that anyone walking up behind them could freely play with their ass and pussy, and their tits and mouth would be at a similar level on the other side of the wall.

At the moment, of course, the wall was only half-filled by a pair of occupants. The completely nude forms of both Beth and Lyn were embedded into the wall, and both were squirming with arousal, waiting for Rob to finish snapping a few basic shots for Carol so he could properly take advantage of them. Of course, as he'd decided to blindfold them, they had no idea that he'd already finished and was merely admiring his work while he considered what to do with, or rather *to*, the pair of them. It was an interesting puzzle, "The Wall" had clearly been designed for group use, and there was only one of him. He grinned. Oh well, he was sure he could manage!

He stepped up to the backside of the wall and raised a hand to each their already drooling slits. He playfully teased the lubricated openings with feather light caresses, then slipped a finger, palm side down, into each of his girls and thrust once before making a beckoning motion towards himself with both fingers. Their initial joint gasp was replaced with mewls and moans as he tapped away on their insides. He kept it up for a few minutes, but withdrew well before they could cum, even as primed for action as they had both been. He whistled a jaunty tune as he walked away, ignoring their cries of protest as he left them hanging. He vanished into the small dressing room and grabbed an armload of toys to add to his arsenal. He took his time making the selections, allowing his girls to stew in their helpless frustration.

It was a good five minutes before he silently stole back into the workroom, laying most of his prizes on a conveniently positioned bondage bench. He snuck up behind the bound pair and shocked them both with a firm slap to their uncovered tails. As they jolted and cried out, he added to the shock by uncapping bottles of lube and pouring the cold liquid onto their vulnerable rosebuds. They squirmed, and Beth cursed, making Rob chuckle and swat her firmly on the ass a second time. He tossed the lube bottles back on the bench and gently pressed a finger

to each rear entrance, rubbing the lube in before firmly inserting said fingers into their depths for a half dozen lubricating thrusts.

He withdrew and grabbed a pair of anal plugs from the bench, lubing them liberally and returning to his helpless subs. They both felt the intruders at the same time, but only the more experienced Beth properly relaxed, Lyn unconsciously clenching against the sensation. He tisked, but set her toy down on top of her while he worked Beth's into the girl's body. It took only a few moments of proper, undivided, attention to hilt the toy, and he flicked its vibration unit on at the lowest setting. Leaving his now-moaning cousin, he picked Lyn's toy up again and repositioned it. This time, however, he also parted her folds and firmly rubbed her hardened button to relax her. It worked, and he slid the plug in with little additional trouble, flicking it on at the same setting as Beth's. She would need a bit more training in the future. But that was okay, the training was fun after all...

He returned to the bench and grabbed several choice items before walking around the wall for access to their upper bodies. The nipple clamps, with small weights, came first and drew gasps from Beth and whimpers from Lyn. Both reactions become muffled as he added the cock-shaped gags next, whispering to Lyn as she started to panic, reminding her that they had agreed on a hand-signal for safety. She relaxed at that, and took her gag willingly, even eagerly.

Returning to the other side of the wall, he frowned. How to choose? He grinned and shrugged, quietly speaking for the first time in near silence. "I suppose a coin toss will do." He didn't actually have a coin, having already stripped his clothes back in the dressing room, so he screwed off a lube bottle cap and flipped it. It landed on the side he'd determined was "Lyn." Unwilling to leave Beth entirely unattended, he grabbed a rabbit-style vibe he knew fit her well and stepped up behind her. She was far too wet for much resistance, even as amazingly tight as she was, and he sheathed the toy firmly within her, "ears" seated on either side of her engorged clit. Turning in on "high," and cranking up the anal toy to max, he heard her scream into the gag as she came almost immediately. Not, of course, that she'd get any relief from the toys until he was ready for her, regardless of how many times she came.

He left the toys buzzing away inside her and settled in behind Lyn. He pushed forward, rubbing the head of his aching cock against her glistening folds, drawing a gag-muffled whimper and an attempt to jerk towards him, despite her bonds. He swatted her in punishment for her efforts and she whined. He grinned and gave her what she wanted, thrusting forward hard, burying himself completely within her in a single, brutal thrust that had her howling into her gag. He let her process the new sensation for only moments before flicking the anal toy up to max and beginning a slow, firm thrust into her body. She came almost immediately, but he didn't stop, instead speeding up and reaching under her to tweak her clit. Her pounded her helpless lower body through a trio of climaxes before coming to his own end, hilding fulling in her and painting her insides with his seed.

He gave her no time to recover, reaching over the pull the toy from Beth, and replacing his still-hard cock with the rabbit, sealing his cum inside her. He powered it down to low, not wanting her to pass out, and moved over to his now-unattended second slut. Her pussy was already twitching with aftershocks, so he decided to have mercy, changing to the other side of the wall and removing her gag. He pressed his cock, covered in his and Lyn's combined cum, into her eager mouth and smiled. He still had another five holes to go, and no intention of letting them out until he'd planted a load in each. Even if that took all weekend...

The three of them lay in a heap on Rob's king-sized bed. Lyn was a bit sore from being stuck in "The Wall" for over twenty-four hours, and cumming so many times she'd lost count. It had been an incredible experience, but she admitted she wished that she'd been able to experience it more properly. Beth and she had discussed it and both expressed the desire, but neither wanted to allow another man into the equation. Beth had presented the obvious solution of going one at a time, and the other joining with a strap-on. Lyn, however, was thinking something far more devious and long-term.

“So, Rob, I’m sure you’ve noticed that I’ve only just barely been keeping up with maintenance level cleaning, now that I’m back in class.”

He shifted to face her in the bed and nodded, quirking an eyebrow in question.

“Well, you know, there’s this really cute blonde that first introduced me to the Academy Maid Service...”

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