

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, is 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 realize 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 pulled 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 stilling. 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, girlie, 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.

<<End of Part 1>>