

Busted

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Leah gets blackmailed...

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“Honey, I’m home,” I call to my boyfriend, Jamie, as I arrived back to the apartment after my shift at work. “It’s me,” answered Carrie, Jamie’s sister. I gritted my teeth and forced a smile as I walked into the lounge. There she was, spread out on my sofa, eating my food. “What are you doing here already?” I said, trying to be nice. “Didn’t feel like work today, so I phoned in ill,” she said casually. Didn’t feel like work... that sounds just like Carrie. Don’t get me wrong, she’s really nice, I used to look forward to her visits... but God she’s lazy! She lost her flat from laziness – not bothering to pay the rent – that’s why she was living with us at the moment. Temporarily. As I often reminded her. Apart from the laziness and the general sponging off mine and Jamie’s money she was a good kid, but her presence had really taken a blow on mine and Jamie’s sex life. The apartment wasn’t big, and we’d found out the hard way that yes, people can hear every squeak of the bed springs. Breakfast the next morning had been unbelievably awkward and so I had grudgingly agreed with Jamie that sex would have to be for when she was out of the flat only. And that’s why I’m so pissed. She was supposed to be out – and Jamie was supposed to be coming home early. I quickly texted Jamie the news, to which he replied with a terse message. “Brilliant. Well I may as well do my normal shift, see you tonight.” I sighed and started to make myself lunch. “Guess who dropped by today?” I heard Carrie ask behind me. “Who?” I asked not looking up from my sandwich. “Oh just this guy... he was asking for you, he was called... Zack” she said vaguely. I whipped around to see her leaning smugly against the counter. The blood flooded from my face. Zack was my ex-boyfriend, we’d broken up years ago, way before I’d met Jamie, but a couple of months ago we met in a bar while I was at my friend’s hen do – and one thing led to another... I felt terrible afterwards of course, but I couldn’t tell Jamie. It would break his heart, and the sex with Zack had meant nothing, it only confirmed I no longer had feelings for my ex anymore. “Really?” I asked, with forced nonchalance, “What did he want?” “Not much,” she said, raising one eyebrow, “But I invited him in and we got chatting... I told him I was your flatmate of course... as he didn’t seem to know anything about you and Jamie – which is funny, seeing as he said you still kept in touch...” Damn. I was so busted. “Oh my god Carrie, please don’t tell Jamie! It was ages ago, and it was a drunken mistake” I blurted out, grabbing her shoulders. Instead of looking pissed or disgusted as I expected, she looked triumphant. A sly smile spread across her lips. “Oh I wasn’t planning on telling my brother...” she said. “Thank you! Oh god I

promise it was a one off, I love him, Carrie. I would never cheat on him knowingly.” I said, so relieved I pulled her into a hug. “As long as you do one thing for me...” she said. So there was a catch. I didn’t care – I’d do anything rather than see Jamie’s face when he found out... “Anything,” I promised “You want some money? You can stay here as long as you want, you know? Screw the temporary thing...” “Thanks, but that’s not the kind of favour I had in mind...” “Oh?” I asked, turning to clear away the mess I had made when making my lunch. “You see... you got your fun – I want mine. You’re not the only one with sexual needs you know.” I spun around again with shock. “What?” I gasped. “You heard me...” she said, that wicked smile plastered on her face. “I don’t understand,” I said, I couldn’t believe this was happening! “Do I have to spell this out for you?” she said, looking bored, “Ugh, I – want – to – fuck – you. I have since the day I first met you, but oh you’re much too good for anything dirty like that aren’t you? Well that’s what I thought... until today. Convenient now, that I have the perfect threat...” “But... but your Jamie’s sister ” I said dumbfounded. “Yes... but I’m also Jamie’s lesbian sister. And if you haven’t noticed – I haven’t been getting much action recently... I can’t have sex here either, just like you and Jamie.” “Carrie –” I began to protest. “Oh, well if you’re not up for it? Don’t worry, I’m sure Jamie will understand...” she said, acting disappointed. “You’re not going to tell him!” I shrieked. “Let’s get this straight. You did bad, you little slag, you cheated on my brother. But I happen to be a very forgiving person, and I’m offering you a very easy way out... all you have to do is play by the rules,” said Carrie, flicking her blonde hair and strutting out of the room. I stood, undecided for a minute. This was wrong, so wrong! I loved Jamie. I shouldn’t do this, with his sister ! But he would almost certainly break up with me if he found out... and I couldn’t bear that. I had a chance here to fix things – I could grin and bear this just this once? For Jamie I could... I had to. “Wait – Carrie,” I called, walking after her. She was grinning again, she was so manipulative! “I’ll do it. This once – and for Jamie,” I said, not quite believing the words were coming out of my mouth, “And you won’t say anything about Zack – and this.” “Deal. But here are the conditions...” she began. “Conditions?! Don’t you think this is enough?” I said incredulously. “Just one actually - you’re to obey my every command. Understood?” I hesitated. “This offer has an expiry date you know,” prompted Carrie. “Ok. Deal.” I said finally. She beamed from ear to ear. “Excellent. Tomorrow when Jamie’s at work then,” she said. “I have work too tomorrow morning – can’t we just get it over with now?” “You think I’m letting you get off that easy? He’s back in two hours – that’s barely enough to get started – hmm, no – you can cancel work, phone in sick,” she commanded. “Carrie, you can’t expect me –” “You agreed – this is a command. Obey it.” “Fine.” I agreed huffily. “Just to let you know, I like it dirty. Get ready for the best fucking of you’re life baby!” she said, before turning the TV back on. My head reeled as I spent the rest of the night trying to appear normal in front of Jamie. The morning came all too soon; I had a dull uneasy feeling in my stomach. All weirdness aside – I had never been with a woman! I kissed Jamie goodbye, and went to have a shower. I emerged wrapped in a towel, and almost walked straight into Carrie. Her arms were crossed and her eyes glittered with mischief. “Lose the towel” she ordered, testing me. I hesitated but when I couldn’t think of any alternative I slowly dropped the towel, feeling awfully exposed. Her eyes flashed down to my freshly shaved pussy and up to my generous breasts. She smiled in approval. “Kneel,” she said. Flushing with humiliation I knelt

on the carpet. She sat on the sofa – a few feet away – and surveyed me with amusement. “Come.” Feeling like a dog, I started to rise. “Did I say stand?” she said, struggling to keep a straight face, “Crawl, bitch.” I crawled quickly across the room to her. “Good,” she said, “Here’s a treat.” She bent down and planted a kiss on my lips. I was shocked to begin with, but relaxed into the softness of her mouth. “You like that?” she said, smiling, “I’ve got something for you.” She picked up a leash and collar from the table, grinning wickedly and began to clip it around my neck. “Come on, bitch. Walkies.” Feeling thoroughly degraded I crawled around the apartment for a while. Carrie was enjoying herself immensely, and paused every now and again to snap a picture of me on her phone. “This gives me an idea...” she said, and tied me to a chair in the kitchen, “Stay.” She arrived back with a video camera, and started to record. I was mortified, but strangely turned on. I could feel my pussy growing wet... but this was so wrong! “You’re my bitch aren’t you? Tell the camera what a slut you are...” said Carrie. When I remained silent Carrie looked annoyed. “I can see you need help, repeat after me, “I’m a slutty bitch, I’m Carrie’s slutty bitch” “I’m Carrie’s slutty bitch,” I muttered, ashamed. Carrie looked pleased. “That’s right. You do everything I say don’t you? Let’s demonstrate – roll over.” I rolled over, feeling stupid. “Lick my feet, bitch,” she grinned, and I proceed to lick her bare feet while she recorded it. She played with me for at least another twenty minutes, making me perform a number of humiliating acts for the camera, I even had to lap water off the floor and beg her for a ‘treat’. “You want a treat?” she asked, “You have been a good girl.” She led me back into the lounge and let me sit on the sofa. “Spread your legs baby, show me your pussy.” I kept my legs clamped, feeling conscious of the camera in her hand. “Are you disobeying me, bitch?” she asked, her eyes glinting evilly. “No...” I started. “From now on you’re to address me as Mistress,” Carrie interrupted, smiling widely. She was something else! “No Mistress,” I said, the words sounding strange in my ears. “Good. Open up then,” she said impatiently. I slowly opened my thighs, hating the utter exposed feeling that washed over me. My bare pussy was open and in full view of Carrie and her camera. “Mmm” she said zooming in, “You are wet you slut! Well I did say you deserved a treat – looks like you’re ready for one too!” She placed the camera down on the side table- making sure it was still focused on my open legs, and then took off her jeans and t-shirt. I took in her body – noticing for the first time what an amazing figure she had; long slim legs, a flat stomach and pierced belly-button and beautiful pert breasts. She smiled when she saw me looking and winked at me. Then she knelt between my knees and looked up at me. “Do you want me to lick this pussy?” she asked. I was so wet by now, and so excited! All fear, regret and embarrassment had faded at the sight of her naked body and all I felt now was lust and anticipation. “Yes Mistress,” I said. She smiled and then bent forward. I felt her warm tongue teasing the wet folds of my pussy, lightly skimming the edge of my labia. Then she began to tease my throbbing clit, flicking it and sucking on it, until I squirmed and moaned. She inserted two fingers into my pussy then, and began to finger me, all the while still teasing my clit. I was moaning loudly now – remembering the camera filming, but not caring. “Ohhhhhhhh, ohhhh I’m going to cum! Oh my god, oh my god, that’s so fucking good!” I screamed as orgasm took me over. Carrie lapped up my juices and rose so that she was looking in my eyes. She took my face between her fingers and forced my mouth open. Then she hung above me, and dribbled

a mixture of my own cum and her saliva into my open mouth. I felt a mixture of shock and intense lust. This was so dirty, but still I swallowed the mouthful with a small smile. "You like that, bitch?" she asked. "Yes Mistress," I answered breathlessly. "Good – you can try some more then," she said and switched places with me. I knelt between her open thighs, seeing her bald pussy dripping with wetness. I had never eaten pussy before – but when Carrie suddenly shoved my head into her pussy I was pressed against her – my nose rubbing her clit. "Mmm – that feels so good!" she moaned, rubbing her pussy all over my face. She pulled me back and examined me. "Nice and wet, just the way a slut should always look," she said, "Now eat me." I was shoved back into her pussy then, and this time I open my mouth. I tasted her, and stuck my tongue out for more. I tried to copy what she'd just done to me, lapping at her hot pussy hearing her moan above me. I glanced up to see her expression, but my sight was blocked by a camera lense – she'd picked it off the side and was filming me licking her pussy! I was almost too shocked to carry on, but with her free hand she pressed me back into her pussy. I forgot about the camera – it was too late now, and continued to lick her out. "Mmmmm, fuck! Oh oh oh oh oh ohhhhhhhh," she came into my mouth, and I cleaned her up. "Good bitch," she smiled and pulled me up for a kiss. This time her tongue darted into my mouth – it was strange but nice at the same time. He free hand ventured down to massage my tits. "Come on bitch," she said breaking away, "Don't dogs like toys?"