

A Bet Maid (Part 2): A Day at the Beach

By Novus Peregrine



Laura had been wiped out enough by their...adventurous...first day, that Abigail had taken pity on her. She hadn't offered to remove Laura's new accessories, but she *had* settled for cuddling up to watch a few movies to rest of the evening. Admittedly, she hadn't been able to resist a few teasing flutters of vibration as 'rewards' for Laura when she made them popcorn or performed other minor 'maid' tasks. Still, all in all it had been a

pleasant evening. And it had felt surprisingly natural to fall into bed with Abby, being the little spoon as the two slept off their fun. This morning, Abby had showered with her, then had her dress in an abbreviated version of her first day's uniform, before ordering her to make breakfast. It was only as Laura cooked that her friend-cum-mistress finally revealed what they'd be doing on their second day.

"We're going to the beach today!"

The comment startled Laura enough to almost miss the pancake she was flipping. She looked over her shoulder at Abby, incredulously.

"But, you said I wasn't getting these...devices...off for anything but the new toy I agreed to yesterday?"

Abby grinned at the confused worry in Laura's voice.

"Oh, you aren't. But I carefully picked out a set of swimsuits for us. They mostly match...but I had yours customized. Its material is specifically thicker in the right places to hide your *hardware*. And I made extra sure that all of the toys I picked out are waterproof. So, you'll be just fine at the beach! Of course, that's assuming you manage not to make a display of yourself in front of everyone when I tease you a little...or a lot."

Laura gulped, flushing with a mix of embarrassment and arousal at the idea of Abby playing with her in *public*. She made herself focus on the breakfast, trying to put the idea out of mind before she screwed something up...



After breakfast, they retreated back to Abby's room. There, her Mistress had insisted on handcuffing Laura, 'just to make sure she didn't get any ideas about touching herself.' Laura was embarrassed to admit it, but that turn of phrase had turned her on something fierce...a state of affairs that only got worse as Abby knelt in front of her to unseal Laura's pussy, an egg-shaped vibe held in her free hand.



"Ah, there we go. Oh my, someone's excited! I guess I won't need any lube after all...what a kinky little slut you are!"

Laura flushed dark with embarrassment, but didn't protest. Partly out of fear Abby might use that as an excuse to...escalate...and partly because her best friend was distractingly rubbing the toy along her lower lips, collecting her natural lube to prepare it.

"Now, a few things you should know about this toy. Oh, and about some changes I made to your other hardware as well!"

Abby hummed...then pulled the toy away and shook it. Laura blinked as it suddenly vibrated violently for a few seconds.

"In addition to being connected to the same controller as the other hardware, this egg vibe has a special feature. Every time a certain amount of kinetic energy is gained...it vibrates. If the energy builds over time, it only buzzes soft and slow. But, if it gains the energy in a burst...then it vibrates in strong pulses instead! I'm almost jealous of the fun you're going to have as we play at the beach!"

Laura's mind was slowly catching on, even as Abby chose that moment to finally sink the toy into her pussy. She moaned unconsciously, too distracted by her realization of what Abby intended to even consider trying to suppress the sound. If Abby made her do some of the typical beach activities...Laura gulped, even as her grinning mistress brought her genital-locking plate back into its proper place.

"Oh, and of course, I turned voice command mode on for your other hardware..."



Half an hour later, Laura was stuck between pleasure, panic, and familiarity as Abby led her onto the beach. The warm sand between her toes, the sound of the surf, the presence of Abby at her side. All of those were a comforting familiarity. They'd been to this beach many, *many*

times over the last several years. It was one of her favorite places. But...there was something *altogether different* about it when the ride over had been a telling introduction to her new toy stuffed inside her.

The stops and starts of the ride over had been an education in how the toy worked, particularly with a grinning Abby driving in such a way that she'd trigger the thing as often as possible. The toy was *powerful*...but Laura had always had a bit of trouble cumming without clitoral stimulation. It was possible, and the toy rolling into her G-spot a couple of times while buzzing had nearly done it...but not quite. Instead, she's simply been left in a state of high arousal as they finally rolled to a stop in the parking lot. A quick make out session with Abby hadn't helped...and her Mistress had refused to let her cum to 'take the edge off,' despite Laura's pleading.

Which led to her trying not to moan as the toy moved and shifted inside her as they walked across the uneven sands, intent on staking out a place along the beach with their towels.



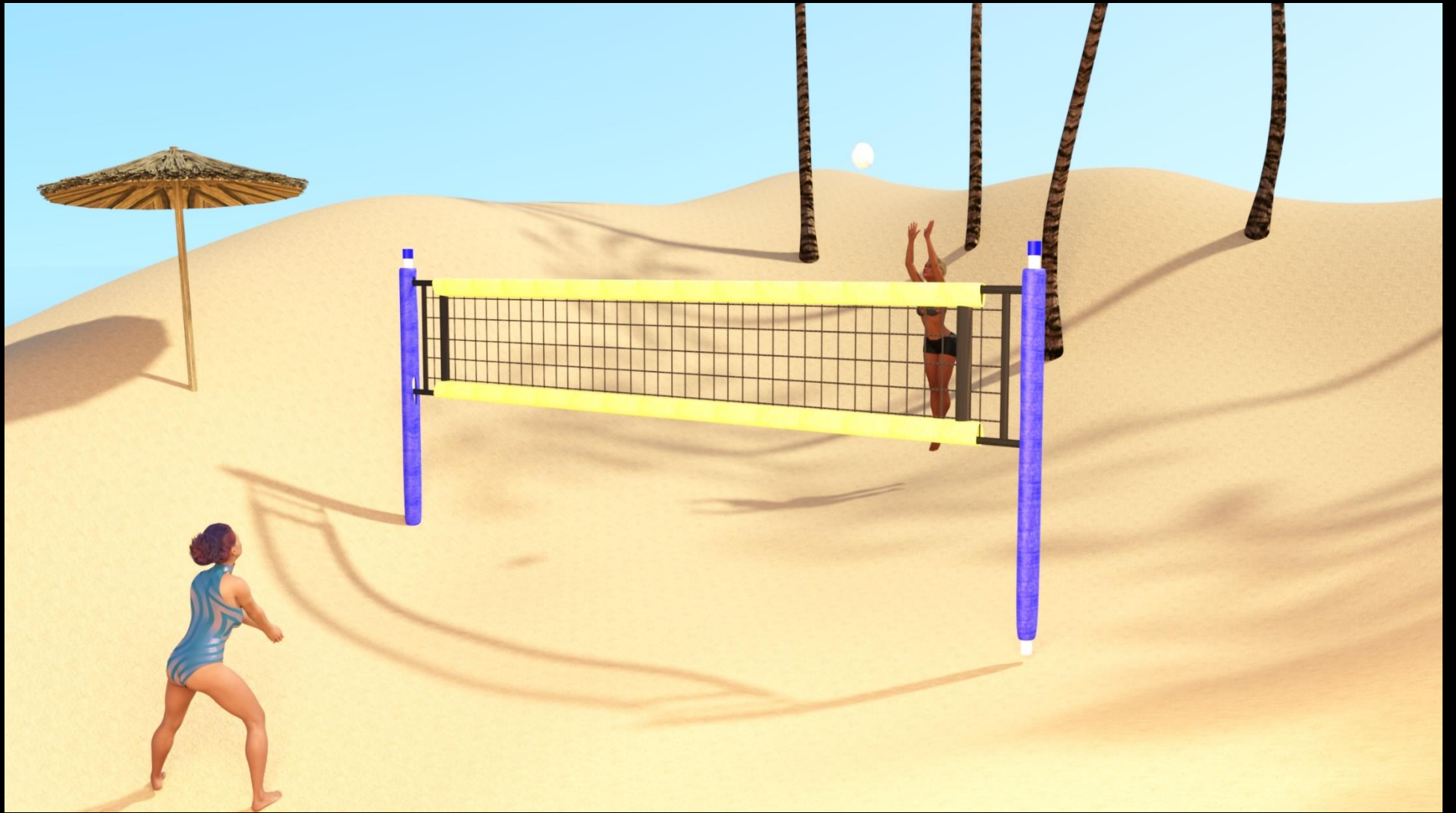
Strangely, despite the very first thing Abby insisted on doing being swimming...Laura's arousal actually slowly eased off. Not all the way, as the toy built up enough steady kinetic energy to frequently trigger at a low level. But the cool bliss of the water and the purely non-erotic enjoyment she'd always taken in swimming actually helped cool off the worst of it. Abby seemed to realize that after the first twenty minutes or

so...but her best friend had always loved the water almost as much as Laura did. Which helped explain why Abby let their play in the surf continue almost an hour more...before getting a mischievous twinkle in her eye that let Laura know her reprieve was over.



A stop at the gelato stand had actually confused Laura, who'd been expecting Abby to do something nefarious...until Abby excitedly told the server that Laura had been a 'Good Girl' and so deserved ice cream. Laura's eyes had popped open wide and she'd quickly bit down on a finger to stifle a moan as the voice command, one of the ones Abby had told her about after relocking Laura's pussy, had caused her clitoral vibe to trigger.

Her embarrassment was made even worse by the knowing grin of the punkish looking girl running the stand...who triggered the damn thing a second time by cheerfully handing over her ice cream with a 'For the Good Girl!' Laura, clutching her ice cream and dazed from almost cumming at the second assault, let herself be towed away from the cart...



For long minutes, as she dazedly sat eating her gelato on autopilot, she barely registered what was going on in front of her. But then, when Abby finished her own ice cream and moved off to talk to the players when they stopped for a bit...Laura's mind suddenly focused.

No. Surely not. Abby wouldn't...fuck! Yes, she would! Laura didn't mind admitting she whimpered a little when she spotted the smug smirk on her returning Mistress' face.

“Good news, darling! They don't mind us joining in next round! Better finish your ice cream...”

Whimpering...Laura determinedly did just that. If she was about to humiliate herself into an early grave, dead of embarrassment at such a young age...she'd at least go down with a stomach full of her favorite ice cream!



Fifteen minutes later, her very first jump proved to Laura just how bad this was going to be. The aggressive action resulted in a powerful ten second burst of vibration that caused her to moan...a sound thankfully hidden by the frenetic

motion and noise of the other players. Somehow, by main force of will, she managed to keep moving. She tried to stay on the defensive after that, only taking actions that would cause the low-level of stimulation she'd experienced while swimming...but Abby wasn't having any of that. She deliberately set Laura up...and her first jump had already proven that Laura *could* spike a ball. So any attempt to not respond was doomed to look suspicious. Whimpering quietly, Laura took the opening, managing to score...then almost collapsed from the vibrations of the toy inside her afterward.

The patterned continued, with Laura getting more and more unsteady with each strong kinetic movement. Despite the occasional 'accidental' perfect shots Abby gave Laura...Laura's team quickly began to lose as her legs trembled. Thankfully, her Mistress took pity on her after Laura actually collapsed with a groan, trying desperately to keep her hands at her sides instead of clutching futilely at her sealed pussy. Laura barely heard the friendly excuse about a twisted ankle Abby made for her, before her friend towed her away, back to their towels...



Laura gulped as Abby immediately flopped down and handed her the suntan lotion.

“Be a Good Girl and cover me, will you? Maybe, if you do the *right kind* of job, I might even grant you some relief.”

Unable to stop a whimper-moan from spilling from her lips as the command phrase caused another five second burst from her clit vibe, Laura stuttered out a 'yes mistress' and straddled Abby. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she pumped some suntan lotion into her hands and began to work. Taking Abby's hint, she tried to make it as much a massage as an application of protection...



Perhaps confident in their relative isolation, or perhaps simply less easily embarrassed than Laura, Abby didn't even try to silence her soft groans and moans of appreciation as Laura worked her way up Abby's arms, over her shoulders, then down

her back. The sexy little sounds certainly didn't help distract Laura from her own intense arousal...and she found her hands drifting to spots she knew were sensitive for Abby, without consciously making the choice. Thankfully, it seems to be the right thing to do, from the sound of her Mistress' pleased noises.



Laura gulped as she reversed her position, working slowly up Abby's legs...hearing the tempo and depth of her best friend's moans increased as she reached her inner thighs. By the time Laura was left with just Abby's exposed cheeks...much

of her presence of mind had left her. Less and less aware of their public location, she openly groped Abby's butt with fervent desire, getting a much louder, startled moan out of her mistress as a result.

“Well, if you're going to be that way...be a Good Girl and pull my suit aside. I'm sure you can give me a *proper* massage without anyone catching on.”



Laura's eyes widened as the voice command surprised her with another burst of vibration, the renewed pleasure suddenly making her once more aware of where they were. But the new stimulation also made her obey Abby without a

second thought. She bit her lip, rocking back and forth as she tugged Abby's suit to one side and saw her Mistress' enflamed pussy. Looking around quickly, she realized that no one would actually be able to see what her hand was doing...so long as she didn't leave it between Abby's thighs for too long.



Acting decisively, too far lost in her own arousal to consider the risks properly, she sunk two fingers into Abby with no hesitation. Abby actually squeaked in surprise...but then manage to whisper another 'Good Girl.' The renewed attack on

Laura's clit drove her to plunge her fingers lewdly into Abby, with little care for covering her action. It was her Mistress actively trying to suppress moans now, igniting a bit of vindictive glee in Laura's heart. Giving up any pretense of trying to be subtle, she fingered Abby hard and fast, enjoying every muffled moan as her Mistress began to come unglued...



...and then Abby struck back.

“You’re a very Naughty Girl!”

Laura yelped lightly, fingers slowing for a moment as she bit her lip. Instead of the five second 'reward' burst...the new voice command had her clit vibrate fluttering in a carefully designed pattern *explicitly* meant to edge her. Frantic, hoping Abby would take pity on her if she made her Mistress cum, she doubled down and fingered her friend faster, moving her other hand to rim Abby's rosebud with a slick fingertip.



That last action did Abby in, her body tensing and shuddering under Laura, pussy clamping down tight on her fingers. Laura kept thrusting for a few seconds, drawing it out...then frantically pulled away, looking around wildly. Relief filled her

almost as much as desperation as she didn't spot anyone staring at them. Somehow, she'd gotten away with Abby cumming in public...but as her own eyes crossed...

Then, both thankfully and maddeningly, the mistress muttered the command to cold stop the vibrations. Laura whimpered, wanting to sag in relief and scream in frustration all at the same time. Abby pushed her off, Laura too stunned and barely holding herself together to resist. Then, Abby was upright and grinning, dragging a wobbly legged Laura somewhere?



Oh. Somewhere *private*. The moment they were behind the beach's famous 'make out rocks,' Abby pulled her into an embrace and whispered in her ear.

“You’ve been a Good Girl. A Very Good Girl. Let Mistress take all that tension away...”

As a ten second burst of vibration followed on the heels of a five second pulse, Laura knew she was hitting the point of no return...but Abby clearly knew that too. She sank down to the sand, pulling Laura down into her lap.



“Let it go, sweetie. Cum for Me!”

Both the egg and clit vibrators ran away to maximum as the Cum for Me command was given, and it was everything Laura could do to clamp her mouth shut, somewhat chopping off the howl of pleasure and release as her whole body spasmed in what might well have been the most powerful climax of her life. One that just keep *going* as the Cum for Me command continued to run its course. Aftershocks rolled through her and her vision started to go...only for her to be brought back by a firm smack on her ass, the slight pain grounding her through the fading moments of her release.

“Well...I’d say that was a successful day on the beach. Now, I wonder how well you’ll do at the restaurant...I already made reservations!”

Laura whimpered even as she embraced her Mistress and rode out the afterglow. She was no longer certain she was going to *survive* her summer as Abigail’s maid. But what a way to go...

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