

## A Cruel Mistress

Wind brushed over me, chilly and sharp. Goosebumps prickled all over my naked body. I shuddered, took another step forward. The streets were dark, lit only by street-lamps and the occasional light in a house window.

Those windows made me quiver.

All the people in those houses needed to do was look out at the street to see me.

What would they think?

A naked girl strolling down the street, wearing nothing but a pair of shoes and a dog-collar?

Given this was suburbia, the women would likely be shocked and offended. The men would probably jack it to the sight of me exposed. The brave ones might even try to invite me inside their homes, or come out and have their way with me right there in the middle of the street.

I couldn't turn any of them down. I was physically unable to reject any person who wanted to have sex with me – man or woman.

Moisture dripped down my thigh, icy in the post-midnight air.

I kept walking, eyes forward.

Just a few more streets and I'd be done. Just a little bit more and I could go home.

Where *she* was waiting for me.

"No cum," Alexandra said, sounding disappointed. "No-one saw you and decided to have some fun tonight?"

"No, Mistress," I answered, eyes down.

"Oh well," Alexandra smirked. "There's always tomorrow."

My gut clenched.

This was never going to end, was it? She was going to torture me for the rest of my life. All because I'd 'taken' something that Alexandra thought should be hers.

"Please," I whispered. "Stop. Please."

Alexandra laughed. It was an elegant sound, pitch-perfect.

I stared at the floor, pushing back the need to cry.

Me crying only ever encouraged Alexandra's sadism.

"No," Alexandra giggled, just the barest hint of loathing in her voice. "I don't think I will."

For the first time, I looked up at her.

I'd meant the gaze to be defiant, rebellious. I'd meant to show her that she hadn't broken me – wouldn't break me. But, meeting her eyes, I felt my determination waver.

What could I possibly do against *that*?

She was perfection personified. The ideal that every woman wanted to be. Slender and lean, a perfect figure. Smooth curves in all the right places; not so large that they were distracting, but a beautiful balance that few women ever obtained. Perfectly symmetrical, not a flaw or blemish to be found. And the face of a goddess. Small nose, tilted slightly upwards in a way that made it seem like she was always looking down on you. Icy blue eyes, lacking warmth but filled with intelligence and cunning and malicious joy. Long, dark hair that flowed over her shoulders in flawless waves.

The only thing not *perfect* about Alexandra was something you couldn't see. It was in who she was; her rotten personality, the way she saw the rest of the world – as if she owned everything she laid her eyes upon, as if everyone she came across owed her their respect and admiration simply for the fact that she was rich and beautiful and *perfect*.

Regal, obnoxious, cruel. Evil. Those were the parts of Alexandra that most never saw.

The parts I knew too well.

"You have a breakfast date with Jonathan tomorrow, don't you?"

The question put me instantly on guard.

"Yes, Mistress," I answered honestly. I couldn't give Alexandra anything but the total, honest truth as I knew it. Lying to her, deceiving her in any way, was impossible.

A twinkle entered Alexandra's eye.

My stomach twisted.

"Do you have any plans for later?" Jon asked, white teeth shining in a handsome smile. "I was thinking we could, you know..."

I blushed, looked down at the table.

"Alexandra wants to hang out," I said softly. "I don't want to disappoint her."

Jon chuckled, happy and oblivious.

"No worries," he said. "Next time, then."

Why did he have to be so understanding? He should leave me, dump me. If he knew what I'd done – what Alexandra had made me do – he'd end things in an instant. Why was Alexandra tormenting me like this, forcing me to pretend like everything was okay?

"I was thinking..." Jon said, drawing my attention to him. He seemed nervous, excited. "What with me going away for so long, and how little time we're going to have to call and talk to each other... Well, will you marry me?"

The words shot through me, stunned me.

It took me a few seconds to even comprehend the words.

He wanted to marry me? Jon wanted to tie the knot?

But we'd only been dating a few months. And he was stupidly rich, from a family that *definitely* disapproved of him dating me. They all wanted him to date and marry *her*. Why would he want to marry *me*?

"I..."

How did I respond? What was I supposed to say? A million different emotions raged through me – a confusing jumble of dreams and fantasies and hopes and fears.

"Yes," I answered, my mouth making the decision before my mind even knew what was going on. "Yes!"

All other thought vanished, my mind emptied.

Joy and overwhelming happiness burst out of me. Tears and laughter, hugging and kissing. For a few minutes, I completely forgot about Alexandra's sadism, about the thick, vibrating butt-plug she'd rammed inside me before this breakfast date.

Jonathan grinned, unknowing.

God, he was handsome. Truly beautiful, inside and out. Nothing like my Mistress at all.

The wicked gleam in Alexandra's eyes made me freeze. What was she doing here?

My wedding dress, white and pretty, pristine, sat neatly on my bed. My mother and aunt had disappeared somewhere, they were meant to be the ones helping me put it on – assisting me in getting ready for the wedding. Where were they? Why was *she* here?

Alexandra strolled into my bedroom, hips swaying. She raised a finger to her lips, commanding me to remain silent.

Try as I might, I wouldn't be able to speak again until she allowed it.

How did she do that?

After all these months, I still had no idea.

Clad in only a towel as I was, my hair styled for the ceremony, I expected my Mistress to tear the towel away and abuse my body – leave it marked and marred. I expected her to ruin the most important day of my life somehow.

Instead, she helped me put on my wedding dress.

Neither of us spoke as she held up the pearly white dress, helped me climb into it, zipped up the spine. She slid the lace white panties up my legs, placed the bridal garter on herself. She held my shoes in place as I stepped into them, slipped on the fingerless lace gloves without comment.

Every motion was gentle, kind.

For a moment, I felt the faintest hint of gratitude. Perhaps Alexandra had given up her grudge, forgiven me for taking Jon from her. Maybe this was her making peace.

Then I remembered who I was dealing with.

What was she doing? What was her game?

Once I was fully dressed, Alexandra took my be the hand, led me out of my bedroom. It was still two hours too early for me to leave – the ceremony didn't start for a long while yet. My heart raced in my chest, dread building.

Outside, a car was waiting. Save for the driver, who looked like one of Alexandra's employees, there was no-one inside. Alexandra guided me to the car, gestured for me to climb inside.

Unable to resist, I did as she wanted.

The drive was short, no more than a few minutes. All the while, I sat in silence. Alexandra, for her part, said nothing – showed no signs of what she was planning.

Alexandra's car pulled up outside an abandoned building – a run down wreck of a house covered in graffiti, windows blocked with plywood. It looked like the kind of place drug addicts would hang out. Why had Alexandra brought me *here*?

"Inside," my Mistress said, reading my mind and answering the question I hadn't spoken. "You'll find some men to please. You'll love every second of it. You'll do whatever they want, will be happy to be used. Until you see my face again, you'll forget all about Jonathan. I'll be back in two hours to pick you up – by then, I expect your slut cunt to be filled with all their cum, understand?"

I nodded my head, dread and panic boiling up inside me.

I should attack her, run away, tell the police. I should tell Jon everything and-

Alexandra reached over, opened the car door and pushed me out.

As the car drove away, I felt a calm breeze wash over me.

I looked down at myself.

Why was I wearing a wedding dress?

I shook my head, confused, and turned to the abandoned house.

My feet moved by themselves, walking me over to the building's front door and opening it, stepping inside.

There were seven men waiting inside.

Against my better judgement, I felt myself aroused at the sight of them standing there, staring at me hungrily.

Animalistic pleasure filled me. Nothing mattered. Nothing but the cocks inside me, the cocks I was pleasuring. One in my mouth, another in my pussy, a third in my ass. There was one between my tits, one in each hand. When one cock came, another replaced it in moments. Time didn't exist, an eternity had passed since stepping into the house. It didn't matter. All that mattered was that I did a good job. That I was a good slut.

The cock in my mouth rammed into the back of my throat, filling and blocking it. I couldn't breathe, couldn't speak or moan or gasp or beg for more. I felt the cock bulge, pulsate, felt the cum shooting down my throat, pouring into my already filled stomach.

How did these men cum so much? How many times had I made each one pump into me already?

The cock pulled out of my mouth. I gasped for air, sucked in as much as I could before another cock pressed against my lips. Then I sucked on that instead. My lungs burned from the lack of oxygen. I was literally suffocating myself with cock.

That thought made me orgasm. Again.

How many times was that? A dozen? More?

My brain felt stupid, slugging, empty.

Only when the cocks started disappearing could I begin to think properly again.

What time was it? Where was I?

I looked around the room – empty save for me.

Where had the men gone?

I looked down at my body, trembled with arousal.

Cum. There was cum *everywhere*. White streaks and puddles and stains all over my body. It poured out from between my legs, warm inside me. I could *feel* it draining out of my ass and pussy.

Here and there, someone had written on my skin with a black marker. Words and drawings.

'Insert here' with an arrow pointing downwards was on my belly. 'Slut' and 'Whore' were printed on my breasts.

I felt sore, drained. Completely exhausted.

What day was it? Where was I? Who was I?

A woman walked into the room holding an expensive-looking camera. She started taking photos – bright, blinding flashes of light. I couldn't see her face until she stopped, stepped forward out of the shadows.

Alexandra.

As soon as I saw her, the memories flooded back.

JON.

He was waiting for me!

I rolled over onto my side, couching up pools of white fluid.

"I suggest you hurry up," my Mistress laughed. "Or you're going to be late for your wedding."

Bells chimed musically, eyes turning to watch me enter the church and begin the long walk down the aisle. My legs trembled with emotion and fatigue, nervousness mingled with excitement and shame and hope. I took one step forward, another.

I ignored the feelings between my legs. The soreness, the pain, the objects inside me. A butt-plug to lock in the cum I'd acquired inside my ass, a matching plug rammed into my pussy. Both vibrated. The woman walking behind me was holding the wireless remote in a bundle of bridesmaid flowers.

I could feel Alexandra's smile on my back.

To the people gathered in the church, that smile would look like a friend happy to see their bestie getting married. Only I knew the truth. It was a smile of self-satisfaction.

Whatever else happened, I knew, she was not done with me.

Her torments were never going to end.