

Game of Slavery

By

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Chapter One

It started with his big, strong hands wrapped around my wrists, pressing them back against the bed over my head. He rose up on his arms as he continued to thrust into me, then pinned my wrists back with his hands as his passion-filled eyes bore into mine from above where I lay. I moaned and gasped, legs spread achingly wide as his hips ground and thrust into me, as his body slapped against my upraised buttocks, as his big cock slid into the moist, warm, tight, clinging depths of my pussy again and again and again.

I absolutely loved the deep penetration, but I always had. I loved the physical sensation, loved the thought of it pushing into me, going so deeeep inside me, filling me...

But I found a sudden rapid fluttering of my heart as his hands pinned my wrists down, at the sense of helplessness. And that excitement only grew more intense as he continued to pin me, and with such ease. I pushed against his grip, not with any desire or attempt to get free, but as an emotional reassurance of my helpless state. Strange, half-understood emotions fluttered behind my eyes and the heat rose within me to ever more powerful levels so that when I came I almost cried out, arching and twisting, throwing my legs up around him and grinding myself against him as heat and fire burned through my mind and body.

I lay, panting, chest heaving, afterward, as he lay atop me, then rolled off. Always before, with other lovers, that meant sex was more or less done, unless I could persuade them to do a little after-sex hugging. I like hugging, love to pillow my sensitive breasts against a hard male chest and feel his heart beating. I stretched out with a groan, enjoying the unaccustomed luxury of a double bed after years in university dorm beds.

His hand slid across my belly, caressing my breasts, and his lips followed, his tongue slipping out, circling and slipping across my nipple until his lips could close on them and suck lightly.

“I want to tie you up,” he whispered.

The words, half heard, half understood, silenced me for long moments, not because I was shocked or indignant but because the sudden rush of passion startled me and I didn't want to betray myself by trying to speak before I could hold my voice steady. I was not really a demonstrative person, you see, had been taught to be controlled, and to guard my sense of dignity.

I let myself chuckle. “Do I scare you, Randy?”

He grinned back. “You need to be tamed,” he said with a mock sneer.

I smirked and shrugged, pretending an indifference which was little more than a false front. I didn't want him to think I was some kind of perv, after all. I liked him a lot and he was great in bed and had great potential. Who knew what guys might think if you showed too much enjoyment in sex? They were weird!

Randy rolled off me and went to his closet, opened it, and squatted down low as I rolled onto my side and propped my head on my elbow, blonde hair spilling down around my arm. I examined his bare back and buttocks as he leaned into the closet, and contemplated what he intended. I had been dating Randy for weeks now, and he hadn't shown any great propensity to push me around or control me. But then, sex and bondage was more about passion and heat than control, at least to me.

He came back with a long length of black rope dangling in his hand and climbed onto the bed as I rolled back onto my back.

He straddled me and gripped my left wrist, kissed it, then tied the soft rope around it, looped it several times, crossed it, then pushed my hand back towards the corner of the bed. He leaned forward, threw the length of rope around the post, then pulled it across to the other post before drawing it back towards my other wrist.

I felt my heart beating a little faster as he wrapped the rope around that wrist, looping it three times before twisting it around its length then tightening the loop so I felt the tension in my wrists increasing, tightening the knots.

I felt my pussy begin to thrum, felt my chest tightening as he tied off the rope, then pulled the length of it under the bed, then up around the left foot post. He slipped off me and stood next to the bed as I spread my legs towards the corners. Again, I felt a rush of heat as the loops tightened around my ankle, and watched him, pretending indifferent amusement, as he pulled the rope under the bed and up around the last post.

When he tightened it and I felt the tension drawing taut against my ankles, I felt a gush of heat, knowing how helpless I was, how lewdly displayed. I blushed as he stood at the foot of the bed looking at me, knowing how wide my legs were spread and just how naked and vulnerable my bare little pussy was. Could he see how wet I was? Could he tell how my swollen and sensitive my clit felt? I fought to control my breathing as he climbed onto the bed and knelt between my legs.

His hands moved up my body, skimming my soft skin, caressing my warm breasts. He pinched my nipples and plucked at them.

“Ow,” I gasped.

He grinned and twisted them both so that I arched and pulled against the ropes.

“Oww! Oww! Stop it!”

He chuckled, releasing my nipples. “I can torture you all I want now,” he said in a salivating voice.

“Pervert.”

He bent and mouthed one nipple, sucking, licking, then biting on it until I gasped and moaned and started to arch and twist. Then he shifted to my other breast.

“You're my helpless slave now, Robin,” he said, licking a trail up my breast and across my throat.

He lay atop me, kissing me, his body pressed down heavily against mine, his cock hardening as it was squeezed against my abdomen. I moaned in rapidly rising passion, amazed at how hot I was so quickly after my orgasm, how ready and eager I was to have him inside me again.

He gripped my hair behind my head, forcing my head back, and I gasped in pain as he licked across the front of my throat and then along the nape of my neck.

“Sex slave,” he taunted me.

He licked his way down my body until he was staring at my pussy, then his thumbs eased me open and he began to lick, thrusting his tongue into the mouth of my sex, whipping it up across my clit, sucking on my clit until I cried out and writhed against the bonds.

He pulled back and I moaned in dismay.

Then he was climbing up my body, straddling my lower chest. He squeezed my full breasts up around his cock as it lay along my breastbone, and began to grind in and out, his thick fingers working my soft, malleable flesh hard against his cock as he stroked.

I was generously gifted in the boob department, but my breasts are firm with youth and a dedicated exercise regime which intended to keep them that way as long as possible. They had

been my pride and joy through my teenage years, when they'd turned the boys into stuttering idiots. Only a few had ever tried to do something like this to them, though, and only as a drunken afterthought. Now I lay back, gasping, a little outraged and indignant, but filled with a hot, eager excitement, as I watched and felt him virtually masturbating with my breasts!

He squeezed my breasts up together around his cock, making it virtually disappear, until the head slid up through my breasts to end just inches below my chin. I leaned my head forward, trying to lick at it, and he obligingly thrust deeper, higher, letting my breasts ease apart as he pushed his cockhead higher.

Then he slid higher, abandoning my breasts, straddling my upper chest, his knees coming down on either side of my head. He fed his cock into my open mouth and I eagerly closed my lips around it as he gathered together fistfuls of my hair.

“Suck that, baby,” he panted.

His voice hardened, became a mockery of an evil pirate. “Suck cock, slave girl!” he growled. “Suck your master's prick before he whips you in front of the whole crew!”

I moaned around it, my pussy throbbing as he stroked down into my mouth.

He had hold of my hair and was pulling my head up and forward. Then he eased himself up and thrust down and his cock pushed right into my throat! I choked only slightly, then felt a shock at how easily he went in, felt that shock continue as I felt the long length of him sliding through my lips, along my tongue and down my throat until my face was pressed into his groin.

It felt – weird! I'd deep throated before, but only when mostly drunk and after much effort. This time it had slipped right down! I felt a sense of exultation as he groaned above me, grinding himself into my face.

My chest began to get hot, though, and my head began to pound from lack of air. He slid himself back slowly, and when his cock popped out of my throat I gagged and almost threw up. But I controlled myself, gasping, my lips and chin wet with saliva as I gulped in air.

“Cock sucker,” he said, rubbing his saliva coated cock against my face.

“Tell me you're a cock sucker, Robin.”

“I-I'm a cock sucker!” I gasped, because it felt hot to say it.

He twisted his fingers in my hair and forced my head back, making my back arch.

“Oww!” I moaned.

“Say it again, slut,” he taunted.

“I'm a cocksucker!” I cried.

He pulled my head forward again and his cock pushed into my open mouth.

“Suck that cock,” he growled. “Suck my cock, slave! Suck it!”

I sucked, moaning around it as he pushed the head into the inside of my cheek, then slid it up along the roof of my mouth and plunged into my throat. I gurgled weakly as he leaned into me, pulling my head up as he thrust down, and again my face was ground against his lower abdomen as he buried every inch of his prick in my mouth and throat.

He thrust a few times and I grunted awkwardly, gurgling as he stroked in and out of my throat. Then he jerked back and out and as I was gasping helplessly he pumped his purple headed cock and he came, pouring his cream over my face, stunning me. He'd suggested that sort of thing before, as had other boyfriends but I'd always refused.

I felt a sense of outrage and disgust (gross!) but at the same time felt a sense of wild heat as he rubbed his cock against my face, smearing the droplets of cream into my skin, coating my face from forehead to chin with his warm semen.

A part of me wanted to growl at him, but he retreated quickly, and it's hard to complain

when your boyfriend is lying between your legs eating you out.

Especially when they're so good at it.

I was soon gasping and moaning and writhing and pulling against the ropes, arching and grinding up against his tongue and fingers, ready to explode from the intensity of the heat inside me. And again he pulled back.

“Randyyyyy!” I complained.

He grinned, and left the room. I stared at the open door for long seconds, feeling a sense of confusion and rising indignation. But then he was back, carrying a small bowl. He went to the corner and got one of the candles from the dresser.

I pulled instinctively against the ropes. “What are you doing?” I gulped.

He grinned as he pulled the candle over. “Getting ready to torture you.”

“I don't think so,” I said.

“But what you want doesn't matter any more – slave,” he said sweetly.

I knew if I made a fuss he would have stopped, would have let me go, but I felt a sudden rush of dark heat at the thought that he wouldn't, that he could do anything he wanted to me and I was helpless to resist.

He began to massage my breasts, then reached down into the bowl he'd brought. I'd ignored it but now looked and saw it contained a number of ice cubes and the little clawed metal ice tongs if you were feeling dainty about plucking them out of the tray. He picked up the tong and used it to pick up an ice cube, then traced it slowly up along my ribs on the left. I squealed and arched and writhed and cursed him but he only chuckled, then brought the ice cube up my ribs again, this time on the right.

“RandyyyyyY!”

“Scream, little slave,” he taunted me.

“Asshole!”

He snickered and brought the cube down against the top of my left breast, just above the nipple, then began to circle my nipple with it again and again before placing it directly against my already puckered, hard, cold little button. He rubbed it back and forth as my nipple and areola got freezing cold, then began to feel sort of numb.

Cold little droplets of water melting off the cube trickled down my breast and down along my ribs, making me squeal and twist even more, and my curses got more desperate.

He drew the ice cube back a bit, leaning over me.

“Say ‘I'm a filthy slut and I love to suck cock.’”

“Randy is a filthy slut that loves to suck cock!” I yelled.

He snorted and brought the cube down against my other nipple and again I yelled and twisted and arched against the ropes as he froze my nipple.

He traced the cube down between my breasts onto my stomach and I yelped and writhed.

“I'm a filthy slut and love to suck cock!” I cried.

He pulled the cube away and his fingers caressed my frozen nipple.

“It's too bad my boyfriend has such a tiny wiener so I can't get my lips around – ahhh! Stop !” I cried as he brought the cube down between my legs and rubbed it firmly up and down along my pussy.

My hips bucked and jerked and thrashed as he let go with the tongs and actually thrust the cube into my warm pussy! It lay clutched tight just inside the mouth of my sex, freezing my insides, and he chuckled and bent to lick the outside.

“Take it out! You bastard!”

“Say I'm Randy's little sex slave,” he purred.

“No!”

He pushed a second ice cube into me, then rubbed a third against my puckered little back opening.

“No! I'm Randy's little sex slave!” I cried. “I'm Randy's little sex slave!”

He drew back the third cube with a grin.

“Take them out!”

“Say I'm Randy's little fuck toy.”

“I'm Randy's little fuck toy!” I groaned.

He chuckled and bent over, then peeled my pussy open and thrust his tongue into me. I moaned as his warm tongue slid along my cold skin. The ice cubes were melting inside me, liquid trickling down deeper into my pussy as his tongue lapped at my opening.

“Randyyyy!”

He rubbed at my clit and I moaned and gasped, for his thumbs were cold and moist, and at first it wasn't a pleasant sensation, but he sucked the cubes out of me, and then his tongue pumped in and out, and my pussy started to heat up rapidly.

He slid up my body, mouthing and sucking on my cold nipples, and his tongue felt delicious against them so my chest was rising and falling rapidly.

He straddled my hips then and held the ice tongs down. I cried out as he carefully gripped my nipple between them and pinched it with the cold metal.

“Say, I'm a blonde bimbo slut and I love cock,” he said, twisting and pulling at my aching nipple.

“I'm a blonde bimbo slut and I love cock!” I moaned.

“Say I'm a nasty lesbian whore and love to lick pussy.”

I said it, moaning as he plucked at the other nipple, then traced the icy cold metal along my ribs.

“You're freezing my nipples, you bastard!”

He put the tongs down and picked up the candle instead, lighting it from a small lighter.

“What are you doing?” I gulped.

“You said you were cold. I'm going to heat you up.”

I bit my lip a little, panting, excited, helpless, watching as he overturned the candle, letting it burn away at itself, then tipped it carefully over my nipple.

The first droplets pattered down onto the centre of my breast and I moaned weakly, then hissed as the sudden heat burned away. The existing cold kind of shielded me as the hot wax pattered down, but soon the centre of my breast was burning hot as the wax gripped my flesh and began to cool. He let hot wax drip down onto my other breast and nipple, too, almost covering it, then traced the candle down to drop hot wax across my belly and abdomen and even onto my clit!

Finally, he brushed the hardened wax away from my pussy and slid two fingers deep inside me as his thumb stroked against my clit. My body began to rapidly overheat and a wild, intoxicating sexual passion gripped my mind.

“Beg to come,” he said. “Say please make me come, master!”

“Please make me come, master!” I cried, heat and passion overriding any sense of pride or dignity as I writhed and moaned and thrashed against the rope.

I came with a long, shuddering, gurgling cry of wonder, my body straining against the ropes, my head thrashing and rolling as the pleasure burned through my veins and nervous

system. It was .. glorious! I bucked and jerked and rolled as an avalanche of sexual heat and passion swamped my mind and body, putting me into a whole other place, where nothing mattered but the sexual pleasure.

But he wasn't even close to finished.

He got out my vibrator and used that to tease me, got out my dildo and used it together with the vibrator, drove me half crazy, half exhausted again and again before letting me come with a shattering explosion of released pressure.

And after that, bondage began to play a very big role in our sex lives.

Chapter Two

I was working as a sales rep for a computer firm. That required a careful balancing act. I knew very well that part of the reason they'd hired me was I was a statuesque blonde with a great body, pretty face, and long blonde hair. That meant the nerds would fall all over themselves to please me – in theory. In practice, most nerds who can make buying decisions on a company wide scale are somewhat more mature than that. They were not going to commit to buying computers from us just because I was hot.

Still, it would help. That was a simple fact of life. I had to play on it without being seen to play on it. In other words, I couldn't, even if I was so inclined, start wearing shirts and tops which showed lots of cleavage, and short skirts to accentuate my long legs. That would be seen as unprofessional in the extreme by both my bosses and my clients.

I wore business suits, mostly, but feminine ones which were cut to accentuate my figure. Expensive, pin-striped grey suit blazers looked fine when you added a lovely green, blue or black silk shirt with high collar. I'd open the top button; of course, though that wouldn't show anything but whatever necklace I happened to be wearing that day. But it would almost show something, and thus would draw male eyes down towards what they couldn't see but knew was there. For the shirts were always a size too small so that my breasts pushed rather tautly against them.

With the blazer kind of, sort of covering that up, they'd only get glimpses and flashes of that tautness, but it would be enough without anyone being able to say I was using my breasts to get sales. I always wore slim, tight, business skirts which matched the blazers. They were respectably long, but when you're five foot eleven you have a lot of leg to show even when the skirt reaches to within a few inches of your knees.

I did pretty well, but it was always a very careful balancing act between light flirtatious behaviour and appearance, and anything which might draw that dark accusation that I was using sex to sell stuff. When you're a woman who looks like me, there's always a tightrope to walk at work – unless you wear a burlap sack and keep your head down. You have to measure what you say, and how you say it, how much you smile, even how you pose your body.

I'd been living with Randy for six months when we decided to take some time off and take a quick vacation in Europe. It wasn't going to be a long, drawn-out thing because both of us were fairly new in our jobs and working to establish ourselves. At twenty three, I was still trying to overcome the cliché of the tall blonde bimbo. It helped that I had fairly intelligent eyes, a good, soft voice – not one of those light, girlish ones – and wore clear, stylish, frameless glasses that made me look more intelligent.

We jetted to Greece, and were on a beautiful beach the same day. It was gorgeous! I loved it! The water was so blue and the sand so soft, the sun so bright and the heat just baked me!

But I couldn't help notice the number of bare breasts around me, and the thought pulled at my mind, especially when I saw how Randy noticed.

“You should take your top off,” he said, teasing me.

“I wouldn't want to cause a riot,” I sighed.

But in truth, the idea was intriguing and a little exciting. I had to be so careful about my appearance at work, but here, among strangers, in Europe, where that was the norm, I could just do whatever I wanted, dress however I wanted, or undress.

The second day I wore a thong in public for the first time on the beach and that was

wickedly exciting. The top that came with it showed a goodly amount of skin, and you could slide the sides of the cups in and out to either fully cover, or just barely cover your breasts. I left them about halfway, feeling deliciously slutty as I lay there in the sun.

I have to admit that Greece got to me. I loved how laid back and open they were. The outfits the girls wore at the clubs were amazing to my puritanical American sensibilities, or at least, were on the first day. Like the toplessness, I got used to it. I also bought myself a little minidress with such a short skirt I had to be careful about raising my arms too high lest I pull it up over my buttocks. Randy sure liked it!

It was our fifth day in Greece that I worked up the courage to go topless on the beach. I was really self conscious, at first, but also helplessly aroused, for to my mind, baring my breasts in front of other people – well, other men – meant sex. And here I was topless to a whole bunch of men!

The self consciousness diminished, and the embarrassment faded, but the arousal didn't. Randy and I dared each other to go further up the beach, where it was entirely clothing optional, and towards the end of the day we did it. I went completely naked! That was even more embarrassing, but also a wild, dark thrill. I was so hot! Randy stayed kind of shy, lying on his belly, but I wanted to parade around with a flashing neon sign over my head. It was really getting me off that people were looking at me naked!

Then this couple sat down across from us, Germans, but speaking excellent English. Kari was a slim brunette with small firm breasts and a deep tan. Abel was blonde, with broad shoulders and an impressive looking cock I tried not to be seen noticing. They were staying at a villa just a half dozen down from us. I felt a little stunned when I got Kari looking at Randy's cock, though I didn't say anything. This being naked was going to take some getting used to!

Gradually, my sense of awkwardness faded around them, as did Randy's, and we kind of talked to them like we would if we met them anywhere else – wearing clothes. But not – exactly. I mean, they were naked. We were naked. It was – odd. They offered to show us a beautiful little area just off to the side that had a waterfall, and so the four of us traipsed along the fairly quiet beach – NAKED, climbed around a rock outcropping, and then over a low hill.

Did I mention the naked part? Have you ever walked around naked outside? It feels weird!

There was a deep pool, a kind of inlet, with a cave beside it, and water was falling just inside the cave. It really was beautiful! We climbed down and dove into the little pool, then climbed up under the waterfall. I posed, kind of exhibitionist style, arms above my head, as the water spilled over me, knowing how hot I looked, and I felt a strange wild thrill realizing I was posing for both Randy and Abel.

Well, you can probably kind of guess what happened. Abel and Kari started making out, and Randy started kissing me, and we were all sort of getting hot and heavy as two individual couples.

But then Kari was there suddenly, her hand behind my head, grasping my hair. I blinked, startled, panting, already aroused and overheated, and had only a moment to look at her before her lips were pressed against mine and her tongue was sliding past my lips.

Now I had had sex with a girl in college, but only once, and I'd been drunk at the time. I just wasn't really into girls. I liked big, rough, rugged guys with muscles. But I was sort of high on sex, and with Randy standing about two feet away, staring, I felt an intense thrill as her hand cupped one of my breasts and her lips moved passionately against mine. It was not the thrill of her touch but of Randy's arousal, his widening, excited eyes.

“Let's give the boys a show,” she whispered playfully.

Well, that was something I'd done more than a few times, but never naked! That made it a lot hotter, a lot more exciting, and made my mind squirm quite a bit more about – well – you know – doing it with a girl, even pretending.

But she slid her arms around me and I did the same as our breasts pillowed out together and our lips moved together in lewd, hungry passion. I felt her hands kneading my buttocks, and playfully slid my own hands down onto her ass.

I didn't plan to have sex with her. To me it was just a little giggly show for the boys. But I'm pretty sure that was her intent from the start. I got hotter and more aroused, though, as the guys watched us, and as her hands played over my body. And I have to admit that she was a damn good kisser, and the feel of her soft breasts pressing and rubbing against mine was really erotic.

Still, I was uncomfortable with it, and would have broken off if I could have. I was hesitant, though. I mean, it would have seemed so churlish and well, unsophisticated to have pushed her away given how excited all three of them seemed to be by what she was doing. And let's face it, I was aroused, as well.

Letting her suck and lick at my breasts was one thing, but when she started kissing her way down my belly I kind of desperately grabbed her by the hair, pulling her back up so we could kiss once again. That delayed things from getting more serious, but not long, for she started licking and sucking at my breasts again. Only this time she also nipped at them, taking them between her teeth, pinching them so I gasped and moaned, then sucking them so my head sort of swirled.

God she was making my breasts feel ready to explode!

Again, she started licking lower and again I pulled her up, but then Randy grabbed me by the hair, kind of tilting my head back and turning it to face his, and he pressed his lips down on mine. His arm was blocking my right hand now, pressing it against the ground as he caressed my breast. Then, Abel was in on my other side, his hand taking my other breast, then bending to suck and chew at the nipple. But his presence blocked my other arm, and his girlfriend was now licking at my abdomen, her body preventing me from closing my legs.

I felt her tongue at my pussy and shuddered. My legs and arms moved spastically, almost instinctively trying to reach for her, or push her back, but I wasn't able to move as her thumbs spread my oozing sex lips and her tongue lapped at my hot, bubbling centre.

My breaths grew faster and more ragged as she worked her way up to my clit, and I moaned into Randy's mouth as her lips sucked on me there. I was on the edge of an orgasm, gasping, writhing, twisting and moaning, as Abel moved up and tilted my head to the side, then thrust his cock into my open mouth. I moaned around it, gurgling dazedly, then arched and bucked my hips violently as I came against his girlfriend's tongue!

The next thing I know, my eyes fluttered open and she was still between my legs licking, but I could see Randy behind her, his hips thrusting in and out, and I realized with some astonishment, that he was fucking her!

To this middle class American girl this was the wildest, most incredible, most nasty, naughty sexual experience of my life! But we were in Greece, far from home, with people we'd never see again, so I pushed back my inhibitions and let myself experience the dark side. I sucked Abel's cock, taking him deep into my throat – for by then I was quite good at it – and he came inside me even as Randy was pounding himself into Kari's tight little pussy.

We had our little sex interlude there on the beach, then went back, got dressed, and

returned to our little villa. We got dressed, me in my little minidress, and went out clubbing. We'd agreed to go with Abel and Kari, but I squirmed a bit self consciously when they arrived. We went dancing, had a ball, had a lot to drink, and returned to our rented villa with Kari and Abel and a Greek couple, Christos and Nyssa.

They were a cute couple. Both were short, but he was very pretty, for a guy, with curly dark hair, and she had big boobs for someone barely five feet tall. Again, we drank a bit much, and partied, and before too long everyone was more or less naked.

I got to watch little Nyssa riding up and down on Randy's cock, which was intensely arousing for some reason, while I rode Abel's cock. But then I felt Christos behind me, and the little Greek bastard began to work his cock up my ass! I was wild with shocked pleasure, heat, and the dark thrill of the forbidden, drunk on sexual heat as well as alcohol.

It was basically an orgy, if a small one, and again, the wildest, most shocking sexual time of my life. But what happened then was sort of Randy's idea, which made me frown at him suspiciously, but picked up eagerly by Abel. The three of girls were to have a contest as to which was the best cock sucker.

It was Randy's idea to tie our wrists together behind our backs so that we were all kneeling there on the floor in a row, naked, wrists bound together, faces flushed with excitement.

First, the men stood in a row, and we had to work on their cocks with just our lips and tongues, bobbing our heads up and back, licking and sucking, mouthing their balls and trying to get them overheated. All of us worked on our own guy, at first, but then the guys decided to shift, and I sucked on Abel while Nyssa took Randy.

All of us could deep throat, which I suppose shouldn't be a surprise, because a free-spirited, sexual girl will eventually figure out how to do that. But it felt really intense to be kneeling, tied up, sucking a cock that didn't belong to Randy. I mean, I'd done this a lot the last some months, but this wasn't him, this was a guy I hardly knew! And he was getting into it, too, the bondage part, I mean, pulling on my hair to control me, forcing my head back, then forward, making my back arch so he could reach down and fondle my taut breasts and pinch my nipples.

The contest, though, seemed to slip everyone's mind. The guys shifted places again, and then again, and then we three girls were on our bellies with our asses in the air and getting pumped hard by the three guys. And again they traded places every minute or so. I'd have Randy fucking into me, gripping my hips, then Abel, slapping my ass, then Christos, pulling on my hair, all while I knelt submissively, ass high, breasts pillowed against the floor, gasping and moaning as I was mounted repeatedly. God it was wild! I didn't even know for sure who was fucking me! Just that some guy was using me like a bitch in heat! I came like crazy!

But that was far from the end of it. Again, the guys decided amongst themselves, and since we girls were all tied up, we couldn't exactly object. The decision was that they were going to trade girlfriends for the remainder of the night. Randy got to enjoy petite little Nyssa, and Abel got me. No one asked us girls what we thought of these arrangements, but neither Nyssa nor Kari seemed bothered by it.

The villas we were in were on the side of a hill. The road was steeply angled, and the villas were along them, with no yard to speak of. Each villa was one floor, with a short staircase leading to a kind of rooftop deck overlooking the road – and the sea. The road angled, then turned the opposite direction, and angled up again, so that there was another row of villas above ours, then another above theirs as the road turned and angled back ever higher.

The road was quiet for all of that, partly because it was now about two thirty in the morning as Abel led me out the front door.

Naked.

Yes I was kind of drunk, but not totally. I gasped helplessly as he drunkenly pulled me out the door and I was outside in the night – naked – and with my wrists tied together behind my back!

“Abel!” I gasped in protest, keeping my voice low so no one in any of those villas would hear and look outside.

“We are just over here,” he said, his voice slurring.

His hand was firm on my bicep as he pulled me along, and I couldn't exactly struggle without making noise and maybe having people turn on the lights and look outside.

But it wasn't pitch dark. The moon shone down on us as we walked along the road, my bare feet padding in the loose dust, my mind kind of overwhelmed by being naked and tied up all kinky like that outside where anyone could see. A part of me was terrified someone would see, scream, call the cops, whatever, while another part of me felt the darkest, deepest, wildest sense of sexual heat I had ever felt.

Abel was a big, strong, virile guy, and I was like, his prisoner! My eyes were huge as I stared at the row of villas, and the one above that. Most had darkened windows, indicating people were asleep, but not all, and it was hard to say which ones made me cringe more. The ones with lights on meant someone was awake, but it was harder to see outside when your lights were on.

I was pulled along the side of the road about six houses down before Abel led me in through the unlocked door of their villa. He'd obviously played this game before, and he was better at it than Randy, or maybe he was just more into it, or more into dominance, I'm not sure which.

I was soon back on my knees with his cock filling my mouth, my hair twisted around his fist and wrist as he growled orders at me, half in German, half in English. I don't think I can really describe just how intensely I felt the sense of... dominance from him. I mean, it wasn't like I was afraid he'd beat me or anything, but there was no question he was in charge and I was his – slave.

Again, I'd played this game with Randy, but this was not a guy I loved and trusted and lived with. This was a virtual stranger! Rolling my eyes up at him and seeing his dark eyes I felt a shudder of fiery heat between my legs, and moaned around his cock as I pushed my lips the last inch to take every bit of him inside me. His big hands pressed against the back of my head firmly, pinning me in place, grinding my face into his groin, then he drew back slowly, pumped in, drew back, the pulled free as I gasped and panted and tried to keep the saliva from spilling over my lip and down my chest.

He pulled me to my feet by the hair, firmly but not roughly, bending my head back to force my chest out, kneading my breasts as I gasped and struggled to keep my balance.

“You will do anything I tell you,” he growled “You belong to me for this night.”

A part of me felt a flicker of fear, like; did he know this was a game?! How drunk was he? What could he be capable of!? But all that only served to arouse me even further because it made me feel even more out of control.

He sat down heavily, kind of drunk, and jerked me down across his lap, my bottom in the air, my head hanging low so I became dazed with the blood rushing to my brain. I felt his hand on my bottom, squeezing and caressing my buttocks. Then I yelped as he slapped my bottom. A moment later he began to finger my pussy, his big finger sliding along the length of my slit, rolling over my clit, then plunging into me as he delivered a second slap with his other hand, a

slap that stunned and made me yelp again.

He was rough, slapping at my bottom stingingly, until it burned red, fingering my pussy, thrusting two, then three fingers deep inside me so that it hurt, but hurt so darkly and arousingly goood!

I was gasping and moaning and whining in helpless overheated, intoxicated heat as he slapped my bottom and fingered and fucked my pussy. Occasionally he yanked on my hair, forcing my head up and back or roughly fondled and groped a breast. He drove me to a come, though, and then I was back on my knees between his legs, sucking him, deep throating him as he gripped my hair tightly.

Abel untied my wrists, but then retied them in front of me and pushed me down low, tying my wrists to my ankles. He carefully put me down onto my knees, and I was awkwardly and somewhat painfully bent over, my head forced up and back by the floor, my ankles and wrist tied together, my ass in the air as he slowly worked his cock into me.

Of course, with my legs tied together I was super tight! But he had patience, and his big hands slapped my bottom repeatedly, tugged on my hair, or fisted and squeezed my breasts as his voice growled and gruffly snarled at me in German. It felt as though he was shoving a log into me! It hurt, at first, but my insides began to ease their tight grip, and then he began to stroke into me in such a way that my mind felt just – baked, just blitzed by the scorching sensations of nearly volcanic lust, passion and heat which flowed over me.

I was kind of in pain, my back and neck particularly aching, my pussy sore, and I flashed into my first ever series of multiple orgasms. In fact, after the second one in a minute he shoved something into my mouth, some kind of cloth, to act as a gag, and then picked up the pace, slamming into me even harder, driving me into another orgasm, then another, then another. And the gag, the cloth stuffed into my mind seemed to rob me of the last sense of need to guard myself, and I found myself crying out wildly, screaming into the gag as I came and came like some kind of helpless slave bitch.

I thought I'd go insane with the wild, churning, howling sexual vortex inside me, but finally, the big guy came inside me, pouring his cream into my spasming belly, and then moved off with a grunt. The next thing I know – that is, once I got my breath and my mind stopped spinning, he was asleep and snoring on the bed.

I was still bound tightly on the floor with my ass in the air.

I moaned, falling over onto my side, mind still blitzed by the intensity of the orgasms which had rushed through me. It was several minutes before I made any effort to change my position or situation, only to discover I couldn't. I was well and truly tied!

Abel slept for hours, and I had enough booze in me that I eventually drifted off too. Only I was awakened to find his hands on me, his fingers pushing into my back passage. He must have found some lube because as my eyes fluttered open I could feel his fingers pushing deep on a slippery layer of something. I moaned helplessly as he lifted me back into my former position, my bottom high, and, without untying me so my legs could spread, pushed his hard cock down into my ass and sodomized me.

I wasn't as gripped with heat or as thrilled about that, but there didn't seem to be any way of either resisting or protesting, so I just had to take it.

Like a slave would. Like a prisoner would. Like a sex toy.

And afterward he climbed back into bed to snore and I lay on my side groaning.

Chapter Three

It was weird. I was impatient, indignant, frustrated, and angry. I was uncomfortable, even in some pain, and chilly as I lay bound on the floor. And yet the whole thing was wrapped in a sensual, erotic haze that had my pussy throbbing and my nipples tingling and my mind sputtering between anger and arousal as I drooled into the gag. I spent the rest of the night, or rather, the early morning hours uncomfortably bound on his carpet, groaning, back aching.

Finally he woke up, grunting, rubbing his face, yawning. He sat up in bed, saw me there, and smiled lazily. “You have good night, yes?”

I glared at him. Asshole!

“Your boyfriend, he tells me you enjoy being tied up, you enjoy being slave girl,” he said in accented English.

Randy was an asshole too!

He came over to me and untied my ankles, then kind of combed out my hair and pulled it together into a big, thick tail so he could use it as a sort of handle. I groaned as he pulled me up into his arms by the hair, then sat back on the bed with me in his arms.

Of course my bound hands had gone up and back behind my head to grab his and ease the pull on my hair. He simply pulled my wrists back farther, pinning them there and wrapping my hair around them as he began to fondle me.

I wriggled and complained into the gag, shaking my head at him, or trying to. That was hard with my head drawn back. His big hand was already fully between my legs, though, and there was damn all I could do about it as he caressed my pussy. He was surprisingly gentle there, and I couldn't really hide my inner heat as his fingers probed then slid into me.

He started gnawing at my throat, licking and kissing and biting lightly, then bent to chew and suck on my nipples, which burned with eager heat. I twisted and wriggled a little, but quickly gave up resistance. What the hell, I deserved a morning fuck for that long, uncomfortable night.

I groaned as his fingers pumped slowly inside me. He had three inside, and I was rapidly catching fire as he sucked and chewed on my nipples. His thumb was stroking against my clit, and I couldn't keep my hips still, grinding and rolling and bucking helplessly against his fingers as I gasped breathlessly into the gag.

He let go of my wrists, and I brought them forward again, reaching for his cock. He grumbled something in German, then gripped my wrists and untied them. A part of me was relieved, but you know what, the heat gripping me also gave me a sense of disappointment. I didn't want to be untied! I wanted to be tied up and taken roughly by this big, stud of a German! I wanted to be helpless, to feel the tight grip of the rope around my wrists.

So with the rope off my wrists I pulled the gag thing out of my mouth, then grabbed him by the hair, pulling his head back and kissing him aggressively. He didn't seem to mind that so I grabbed the ropes and then tried to tie him up! I didn't actually think I'd succeed, and in truth didn't want to succeed. I wanted to provoke him into tying me up again. I certainly couldn't ask him to!

He threw me off – thankfully! I squirmed and wrestled, putting up a false fight. “I'm going to see how you like a spanking!” I gasped, fighting again to get the ropes around him.

He laughed, twisted me around and pulled my wrists together behind my back, then tied them up again. I felt rather smug about that, to be honest.

“Let me go, pig!” I gasped.

“After you have serviced my needs as a good little slave girl must,” he said with a smirk.

“Ha! Your tiny cock isn't good enough for me!”

He lifted my wrists up and I yelped as he kind of took control of me instantly. My shoulders ached fiercely, and I had no choice but to obey as he pulled me to my feet, holding my wrists high, laughing at me.

“Now what will you do to resist, slave girl?”

“Bastard!” I gasped.

He led me across the room, and then found more rope, tying it to my wrists. He threw it overhead, across a low ceiling beam, then pulled the free end, and I groaned as I was bound now with my arms almost straight up above me, bent over, helpless.

And about to get more helpless.

He was more clever and sophisticated in his bondage than Randy had been. He tied my ankles apart, then looped rope around my breasts as they sort of hung below me, pulling the loops in tight around the base of my breasts right up against the chest. This sort of squeezed them and made them push out hard and swollen, so they throbbed wildly with every beat of my heart. Then he tied tiny cords around my nipples – which stung! They made my nipples burn!

He ignored my protests, though, calling me “slave girl”, and hung little weights from my nipples. Then he pumped his cock and lifted my head up by the hair, rubbing himself against my face.

“Get me all ready and I will fuck your brains out,” he boasted.

I pretended to resist, twisting my head from side to side, but he tightened his hold on my hair until it hurt, and I gasped, my mouth going wide as he slid through my lips and along my tongue.

I gurgled and sucked on him as he pumped in and out, and gagged a little as he pushed himself deep into my throat. It was kinky and exciting, and he kept rubbing my swollen breasts and tugging on the cords bound to my nipples. Or he'd reach forward, slap my bottom, or rub at my pussy.

God, this was wild! He came inside my mouth, and I swallowed what felt like a cup of his warm semen as he softened inside my mouth. I kept working, though, intending to make him hard again so he could give me the fuck I now needed so badly.

Jesus, I was becoming a kinky slut!

But we were far from home, and it was like, last night had never really ended, you know? For me it hadn't, so this was part of my wild night of kink, and when I got home I would just remember it as that crazy time in Europe.

There was a knock on the door. Abel, already having come, pulled out of my mouth.

“Don't open it!” I gasped.

“Silence, slave girl,” he said absently.

He picked up the gag thing, which was a kind of scarf with a thick knot in it, and shoved the knot into my mouth, then tied it behind my head as the door knocked again.

He went to it and talked to someone in low voices, then pulled the door back. I almost had a heart attack, and then I saw it was Christos. He grinned at me lewdly and I blushed and turned my head away.

That was easy enough, for the natural position of my head was hanging down towards the floor, with my hair forming a curtain around my face.

“Your boyfriend says we are to trade girls again,” Abel said.

He said what!?

It was too bright to be moving naked girls around outside, so I guess they decided to trade houses with naked girls in them. Abel left, leaving me with Christos. That was a big disappointment, because he wasn't the kind of guy I liked. He was too short, too slim, and too pretty. I didn't want him fucking me. I wanted Abel to do it. And besides, this little guy couldn't dominate me, couldn't demonstrate the hot, sexy, overpowering masculine presence like Abel had.

He couldn't speak much English either, but then again he didn't try to. Instead he wound up kneeling behind me licking at my pussy, and believe me, he knew what he was about. Despite my unhappiness and indignation at them trading me around like I was some sort of, well, sex toy, I was soon gasping and moaning and grinding my pussy back at his lapping, licking tongue.

So I was, like, well, okay, the little punk can lick, at least. But that wasn't what I really wanted. I didn't know exactly what I DID want, other than deep penetration, but I wished Abel was there behind me and not a guy six inches shorter than me.

He thrust a finger into me, then a second, then a third, pumping them smoothly in and out, twisting and turning them inside me. Then he managed to work a fourth inside. I groaned at how wide my pussy lips spread, at how they strained and ached as he twisted and turned them around, angling and thrusting them, working his thumb down against my clit even as he licked and sucked.

I was on the edge of coming when he pulled back, slapping my bottom with a sharp little spank that made me yelp.

He said something in Greece, which of course, I didn't understand.

Then he left! My pussy was dripping wet, and I was bent over, arms in the air, ass in air, breasts throbbing, nipples burning, and he left! I moaned and twisted, trying to figure a way to pull myself free of the rope around my wrists, bug getting nowhere.

Then, thankfully, he was back. I gasped in relief as he grinned cheekily at me, then looked down at things he pulled out from under a towel he'd wrapped them in. They were uhm, well, cucumbers. With a little vial of olive oil or something.

He knelt behind me and I moaned uncertainly, trying to turn my head around to see what he was doing. He began to lick at my pussy again, and then one, then two, then three, then four fingers were up inside me as he sucked at my clit. The heat reignited and I felt my senses starting to overflow with the sensations pouring into me when he pulled his fingers back.

I groaned as I felt something else pushing against my pussy, something hard and slick and slippery with some sort of oil. I gasped and twisted my head around, trying to see again, but couldn't as he shoved what I knew was one of the cucumbers into my pussy. It was way thicker than any cock I'd had, and thicker than his four fingers as he slowly twisted and turned it from side to side.

My pussy opening ached, but he managed to slide it slowly deeper and deeper into my belly, and that felt delicious! I loved the thickness of it inside me, loved how deep he was pushing it. I moaned at the strain to the mouth of my pussy but gloried in how big it was, how full I felt.

Then my eyes went wide as I felt his tongue at my wrinkled little back opening. No one had ever licked me there before, but holy God the sensations were incredible, indescribable! His tongue circled and stroked, dipped and caressed me in ways I had never experienced, and I could not hold my hips still, grinding and rolling my ass back against his tongue as he licked.

At the same time he was pushing, prodding repetitively against the cucumber in my

pussy, a cucumber that was already in as deep as it could possibly go – or so I thought! As he drove me insane with his tongue my insides seemed to shift, my pussy to extend, and the cucumber slid slowly deeper.

His fingers began to explore my ass, then, twisting and pumping in and out even as they stroked against my clit. I came with a shattering blast of pleasure, my head thrashing, my hips bucking violently, my mind overwhelmed with the wild heat as the sensations drove me out of my mind with pleasure.

My shaking body made the little weights dance and jerk against my sore nipples, and the heat just flooded into me until I was drunk with the sexual fever. It was a massive climax, and I could barely keep my rubbery legs straight to hold me up.

But dazed as I was I recognized what was happening as his fingers pulled out of my ass and something harder and thicker pressed against me there!

“NooooO!” I groaned into the gag as I felt the second cucumber push against my back passage.

He ignored me, except to slap my ass and say something in Greece. He worked the second cucumber into me, bit by bit, now slapping my ass, now rubbing my clit, now tugging on my burning nipples, until the second, like the first, was all but buried inside my now incredibly over filled belly.

He started licking at my clit again, which was now swollen and sparkling with the intensity of the wild heat inside me. He worked me up into another dazed, overheated sense of animal arousal, then backed off for a moment.

Crack!

I yelped, my head jerking up and back, hair covering my eyes.

Crack!

The blow stung! I swung my head to clear the hair from my eyes, cocking my neck, seeing him behind me, but to the side, holding a strap.

Crack!

I yelped into the gag again.

Crack!

Shit! I moaned, twisting, pulling, to no avail.

Crack! The strap hit again and I cried out in pain.

This was insane!

Okay, maybe this sort of thing was done by other people, but I wasn't into pain! I might be into bondage, maybe into submission, but not into pain!

Crack!

But there was no way to say it! I couldn't talk! And even if I could he barely spoke English!

Crack!

The strap stung and my bottom was soon flaming hot, as blow followed blow.

I gave up struggling, and merely tried to endure it, moaning, gasping into the gag, jerking with every blow. And you know, a funny thing happened. The sense of absolute helplessness overwhelmed me, and produced, not despair, but a dark sense of sexual urgency and need and arousal. It was like... like I really was a sexual slave, a slave girl, subject to their punishment, their torment, their every little whim! I was completely helpless, and he could do anything he wanted to me!

Why that should make my mind burn with heat and excitement – I don't know, but it did.

When he stopped the strapping I was panting, moaning, even sobbing a little, my eyes blinking back tears. It hurt! It burned! That I was wildly aroused didn't change that.

He yanked my head up by the hair, a lot more roughly than Abel had ever done, and barked something in Greek which, of course, I didn't understand. Then he slapped my face!

I gasped at the sting, startled. He slapped me again, then untied the cloth and pulled the knot out of my mouth. He yanked my head up by the hair again, making me cry out. He growled something in Greece, in a harsh, demanding voice, then thrust his cock into my mouth. His fists bunched my hair up into two thick masses and jerked my face forward, thrusting into my mouth, using it, raping it, fucking my mouth and then my throat cruelly.

I felt – overwhelmed – helpless – like I really was his prisoner, his sex slave. And that made my pussy burn around the thick cucumber he'd shoved inside me.

He shifted his grip on my hair, bunching it up in one fist, then reached down, slapping at my breasts, not heavily, but enough to sting as he thrust into my mouth. I shuddered and moaned and sucked and licked him with a strange sense of desperation, desperation to please him, to make him happy, to satisfy him. And a part of me realized this was true domination, that he was making me do anything I could to get him off.

He was in no hurry, either. He pulled back frequently to slap my face with his cock, or rub his cock across my cheeks and nose and forehead while he spoke, his words foreign, but the tone taunting. I felt...used... and that aroused me intensely! I didn't understand why but it did.

Then the door opened and Abel came back with Nyssa. I moaned around Christos' cock, his firm grip on my bunched up hair preventing me from doing anything else. They were arguing in Greek, I think, and Christos turned, still pumping his hips idly, still gripping my hair, and spoke to them about whatever it was.

What the fuck!?! I mean, holy shit! What was this?!

His words seemed to settle whatever it was, but then the other two just stood there and watched, and I felt ten times more degraded! At first I was mortified as he pumped in and out of my mouth, thrusting down into my throat now and then, embarrassed at being so naked and lewdly exposed and... and helpless! But I started feeling that dark thrill rising as Abel said something and moved around behind me. I felt his cock against my pussy, and then he thrust into me again as I moaned and gasped and shuddered to the twin pumping.

Nyssa moved behind me as well, and I felt her small fingers stroking against my clit as Abel fucked me. Then she pulled back and I felt her lips against me. I knew it was her for the way her tiny nose pushed into my sex as she licked and sucked me. I felt Abel's hands come around me and fondle my breasts, mashing them together as the weights swung below and tugged on my nipples.

Then I felt one of Nyssa's fingers pushing into me, then two, then three. Then as she licked and sucked at my clit, and someone – maybe Abel – pulled and pushed at the cucumber he'd stuffed into my ass, I felt a fourth finger slide into me, and something else pushing against the side of my pussy.

My sex lips spread wider and wider as she jammed and pushed and twisted her fingers, and I was breathless and dazed as Christos fucked my mouth and throat. It was all so far, so very far above my previous experience with sex I was in a state of amazement that it was even happening to me!

And then that thing jamming against the side of my pussy slid slowly into me. It turned out to be the heel of her hand, and her fingers slid slowly deeper, her entire hand oozing through the super tight opening of my sex! My internal suction kind of pulled it in until my pussy lips

were gripping her wrist! I shuddered and moaned and then cried out as a shattering blast of sexual heat rolled through me. Her lips were sucking on my clit even as she was pushing her hand deeper and the intensity of the shocked excitement blew me into a long, drawn out orgasm that stunned me.

If you've never felt a person's entire hand inside you – oh my God it's strange! But in that context it was shockingly arousing, especially as she worked it slowly in and out, pushing it ever deeper.

When my spinning, dazed mind came out of the orgasmic storm I kind of woozily realized Randy was there, along with Abel's girlfriend, whose name I couldn't even remember. They were watching me, and I was just groaning dazedly, eyes glassy and slitted as Christos rubbed his cock against my face.

For a moment, it all came crashing down around me, and I almost wept like a lost child at how out of control and shocking everything was. But then the sex heat gave a whispering growl as I felt Nyssa's fingers pressing against the very back wall of my pussy. I could feel how taut my spread pussy lips were, and imagined them gripping her forearm as she licked at my engorged clit. I felt as though the world was spinning around me as my pussy began to burn feverishly.

And then Christos pulled out of my mouth and Randy took his place, his bigger cock thrusting immediately down my throat as he leaned forward, watching what Nyssa was doing.

Nobody was asking me anything. Nobody was even talking to me. It was like I was just a toy for them to play with, and like eager children, which was what they were doing.

I felt the thick cucumber slowly being drawn back out of my ass, and then something smaller, thinner, warmer and softer pushed easily into me and started pumping. I knew it was Christ's cock. I was amazed, even in my flustered state, how quickly my anal muscles returned to norm, and squeezed down tight around his cock. He wasn't half as thick as the cucumber but already I could feel how tight I was getting around him as he pumped.

I felt Nyssa's fingers easing in and out, but it wasn't to pull her hand out. Instead she was drawing her fingers in against the palm of her hand, forming a hard little fist up inside my lower belly and allowing her several more inches to pump in and out. Fuck! It felt like she had her arm in me all the way up to the fucking elbow! Ohmygod! I twisted and writhed and came again, breathlessly, with Randy's cock down my throat, and that seemed to make the orgasm even more powerful.

I wasn't a toy being played with by children but a mouse being toyed with by cats! They slapped and pinched and tugged on my body parts, stroked and caressed and drove me wild, and used me any way they felt like using me. And despite how battered and bruised I felt something in my mind thrilled to this treatment so that I came again, and then again, with massive, powerful orgasms that shook me to the bare minimum of consciousness.

Chapter Four

We all have a self-image, and we all carry it with us wherever we go. My self-image was that of an attractive, intelligent businesswoman. I was proud of my looks, okay, I admit it. Maybe I shouldn't have been, but I don't think I'm unique. I'm an attractive woman. I'm young. I've got a great body – which I work hard at maintaining, by the way. True, it wasn't my doing that I had such nice boobs, but I did exercise a lot to keep them firm. True, I had great hair, but I spent a lot of time fussing over it to make it look its best. It was longer now, for I'd let it grow in the last few months because Randy liked longer hair. Still, it wasn't quite at my shoulders.

I had studied at school, though. I had applied myself. I had graduated. I had worked hard to get the job I had, and it paid very nicely because I was quite good at it and got lots of bonuses. My clients might think I was hot and might even have nasty fantasies about me, but they bought from me because I convinced them our stuff was good and an excellent price and that we'd look after them with good customer service.

After returning from the Greek trip, though, I felt a little like I was deceiving people, like my image was now a false front. The things I'd done – the things people had done to me – the things I'd let them do were so out of keeping, so out of character – aside from the bondage games me and Randy played – that everyone I knew would have been in a state of stunned disbelief if they'd had any idea about them.

Mind you, even the bondage games me and Randy played would have stunned them. A lot of people play around a bit with bondage, but Randy and I were carrying it further and further all the time, because it just seemed to make sex that much hotter and sexier. Randy kept pushing the envelope, and my strength of will to resist kept eroding. The Greek trip had really done a lot of siphon away my desire to resist, for it had been shockingly wicked and thrilling.

Yes, I felt guilty and embarrassed, sort of, but it had been so hot! Well, it had set a new standard for nasty, and so resisting some of the stuff Randy wanted to do just didn't seem to be that important any more. And that made me feel even kinkier and wilder!

Sitting in a fancy board room around a heavy polished walnut table, wearing a pinstriped suit and looking oh-so-respectable while remembering how I'd been fisted and throat fucked by people I didn't even know was kind of – weird.

And Randy had taken pictures and videos of it! He was creating quite the collection of pictures of me now. And it had only been a short time ago I'd refused to have even topless shots! But after the Greek thing, well, he persuaded me to do some tasteful nude shots, then some more open, Playboy type pictures. And I looked so hot in them! Well, things just deteriorated from there, until he had videos of me masturbating, and stripping, and sucking his cock, and being ridden on all fours by him.

And while I had nice suits for work, Randy had been buying me this horribly slutty lingerie! Not to mention short, short skirts, tops that plunged to my navel and bondage stuff that sometimes had me making faces and rolling my eyes, and sometimes made me want to cream in my panties.

He'd also bought me a stripper pole. I wondered, as I listened idly to a sales report, what my fellow colleagues would think if they could see the videos of me swinging around that pole naked, could see me grinding my pussy against it, face flushed, moaning and groaning in pleasure that was only partially feigned.

I'd actually signed up for stripper classes. Well, they didn't call them that, of course. They

were pole dancing exercise classes. And they were incredibly good exercise. But while no one really talked about it that much, we all knew we weren't just there for exercise, that we would want our lovers to see us swinging around the poles eventually.

Randy, though, had more in mind, the bastard.

He would often talk, as he made love to me, as I was writhing in pleasure, of how he would pimp me out on street corners, or sell me to Arabs, or give me a Black football team to gangbang. Whatever he thought would excite me more. One of the word-pictures he frequently created for me was me stripping for real in a club, and all those eyes looking at me, wanting me, getting hard cocks as they stared at me, as they lusted at me, as they fantasized about all the nasty, sick things they'd do to me if they got me alone!

I admit – it worked. As excited as I was, those word-pictures made me shudder and shake and threw me into an even higher plane of sexual heat.

But they did something else; they made the idea of stripping in front of a bunch of people come to be associated in my mind with sexual pleasure, heat and orgasm. The thought became more arousing, more exciting, and in turn, made my comes more explosive.

Well, one evening Randy really pressured me to go out. I was tired, and didn't want to, but he was very insistent, and I was, more and more, giving into him on things which didn't seem as important. And that was a lot of things.

I didn't really feel like dancing, even though Randy whined quite a bit about it until I gave in again. We had one dance and I was kind of ready to collapse and go home, but Randy produced a little box of pills. "Take one of these," he said.

"What are these?" I asked doubtfully.

The box said "Energy spike!"

"They're like those energy drinks you find everywhere, only you can take one pill instead of drinking a whole bottle."

Well, I have to admit that made a kind of sense, and I didn't like the taste of energy drinks anyway, so I took the pill. In retrospect, maybe a little dumb. No, it wasn't some evil date rape drug or anything like that. It really was just what Randy said it was; a kind of condensed caffeine pill, much like those drinks - only more.

Well, that stuff hit me with such a rush of energy I threw myself into dancing with an enthusiasm you wouldn't believe. We whirled and swung and bounced and I had a wild time! I mean, I loved to dance, and I had seemingly endless energy!

We went to another nearby club and danced, then moved on to another one -- which turned out to be a strip club. I was less than enthused once I found out, but Randy was excited, and it was kind of dark, and he whispered that I could learn some hot moves for those private sessions I gave him. So we sat down and had drinks that were way too expensive, and watched a series of girls swing their stuff around the pole.

I have to admit I didn't think all that much of them. Most were pretty, but since Randy had put that pole in our basement and I'd started working out on it I'd learned a few things. Or maybe it was just the unenthusiastic way they were moving. I was still hyped up with energy, and I knew I could do better! I was mentally urging them to do this or do that, and kind of frustrated at how little effort they put into it, at how bored they seemed.

And then the announcer said that the volunteers for amateur night would start in twenty minutes. Which meant Randy immediately started to try to get me to go up there and show how much better I was. The idea was exciting, wild, and horribly forbidding. No way! That was my first reaction. Forget it! That was my second reaction. You're insane, was my third.

He had pulled our chairs right together, and had his arm across my shoulder as he leaned into me whispering, and in the privacy of the darkness his other hand had slowly slid down onto my thigh, then between my thighs and his finger was rubbing at my clit just inside my tiny little thong. I had pushed his hand away a few times but it kept drifting back, and I have to admit that the caffeine and the booze were starting to uhm, impair my better judgment.

His fingers weren't helping either! I was already feeling a kind of sexual electricity at the mere thought of going up on that stage and doing my thing. I mean, sure I'd just gotten back from Greece, where I'd gone naked on the beach, where I'd been in a virtual orgy! But that didn't mean I was ready to parade around as a stripper! I mean, my God, I'm a respectable businesswoman! The idea was insane!

So how did I wind up on stage? Fucked if I know. I mean, Randy was very insistent, very persuasive. And the more his finger rubbed at me the more aroused I got at the thought of being up on stage. We didn't know any of these people, he said. It would be as if we were in Greece. We'd have a wild time and have a memory to look back on, and then go back to our relatively boring, drab, normal lives at work.

And then he sort of took the decision out of my hands anyway by volunteering me. The next thing I knew there was a spotlight on me and I was frozen in place as everyone stared at me. The announcer came down in front of me holding out his hand, and everyone was screaming and cheering and... and... it was like, I just didn't have a choice! Breathless, red-faced, anxious, and embarrassed, with him pulling on my hand and Randy pushing on my bottom I wound up stumbling up on stage!

I was a bit stunned, looking out at them all, , and then, with all those expectant men looking at me, and cheering me on, I had to - well - had to start. I was a bit awkward at first, trying to just dance to the music. I felt like a deer stunned by headlights, you know, and then I just had to turn my back on all of them and pretend that I was in the basement on my pole. I grabbed the pole, and started swinging my hips back like I did at home, and then it all sort of became instinctive.

I was wearing a short blue dress, and as I bent forward, I swung my hips and pulled it up in back. Knowing my bare butt was pointed at them all gave me a wild, exhibitionistic thrill, and my pussy throbbed even more powerfully.

I kept thinking - this is insane! This is insane! But I kept swinging my hips, and then undid the straps of my dress, and peeled it up and off. I pranced around in my bra and thong and high heels, and the cheers and shouts of encouragement kind of fed the fire of my own heat. When I stripped off the bra, I almost came right there, my nipples hard as pebbles. I leaned back against the pole, groaning aloud - though no one heard me over the pounding music - and cupped and kneaded my breasts as they burned and pulsed with excitement.

It was all a wild, swirling dream! And then I was naked. Naked! On the stage, prancing and dancing, crawling and rolling and arching and spreading my legs like some kind of whore! I mean, fuck! Even while I was doing it I was stunned that I was doing it! This was insane!

But I was so full of excitement, of life, of energy, and of sexual heat, that as I gripped the pole high overhead and ground my pussy into it I almost came again, gasping and moaning as I mashed my pussy into the slim, slick pole.

I don't know how I managed to stumble off the stage, but I was reeling from the sensory overload, from the energy, from the wild excitement and passion and heat. Randy hugged me and congratulated me, and then the manager kind of led me over to the side area, with Randy kind of trailing and beaming from ear to ear. The manager said that now I had to give lap dances to the

guys who had bid on me. Which confused me all to hell... I was like, huh?!

But the booze, the pill and the excitement had made me kind of uhm, suggestible, I guess. Next thing I knew, I was in a booth straddling some guy grinding away at him as if he was Randy. In fact, in me somewhat confused state I thought he was Randy at times, and hardly even objected when his hands started to slide up over my ass and then up my front to cup my breasts.

But I wasn't that far gone that when he told me to take his cock out I didn't realize where I was and shake my head. "No, no, they uhm, they don't allow that," I said.

Well, I thought that surely they didn't, though actually, no one had explained any rules to me.

But then he had his cock out, hard and thick and was rubbing it against my belly.

I tried to pull away but he had his arm around me, holding me against him. "It's okay," he said. "Randy promised you'd give me my money's worth, just like you did Abel."

Abel!? What the —! What had Randy told him about Abel? What did he mean!? He was a friend of Randy? I was all confused.

I was also overheated, and the caffeine pill had made me full of energy and daring, and... and.. Shit. I mean, I didn't want to - exactly, but the next thing I knew he was jamming the fat, spongy head of his cock against the mouth of my very moist, slippery pussy. And then I was sinking down onto it with a shudder and a moan of delight as I felt it pushing up through the hot pulsing, flesh of my belly, thrusting higher and higher until I was groaning with pleasure as I sat fully down onto him.

He was mouthing and sucking on my exquisitely sensitive nipples, and I was reeling from it all, ready to come within seconds, wild with heat, and shocked by my own actions - even though, really, it was all him. I started riding his cock, gasping and shuddering and moaning. It was a good thing the music was so loud or everyone around would have heard me!

Oh God but I felt incredible! He was thick and slick and slippery and I was tight and eager and my pussy slid up and down on his cock as though I was only ever made for that purpose. I shuddered every time I slid down, eagerly pushing myself up so I could experience it again, groaning again as I slid slowly, deliciously down that hard, stiff shaft and felt it push so deep inside me! A part of me was gibbering like a lunatic, though. I mean, what the hell was I doing!? But again, as with the stripping, it was like I really hadn't gotten to make the decisions.

"Now that's a pretty sight."

I gasped and swayed dazedly. What...?

There was another guy in the booth! He'd come in behind me as I rode the first guy's cock. Ohmygod!

"Randy said you'd be hot," he said.

The words stunned me even as his hand began to knead my buttocks, and his fingers pushed against my back opening. Randy had said what?

"Ride me, baby!" the first guy groaned, lifting my ass, then letting me sink down again.

"I-I-I didn't... I'm not... I can't..."

They weren't listening to me babbling and my efforts at pulling back were pretty feeble, and easily fended off. The first guy was lifting me up and down, thrusting into me, and I guess I sort of lost myself to it, starting to ride him again, moaning in pleasure as that thick cock pushed up into my body.

They turned me around, then, and I rode facing the other guy, who promptly pushed his cock into my mouth. I tried to say no - half-heartedly - but the guy behind me pulled my arms back and kind of held them at the elbows as he thrust up into me, and the guy in front of me

pulled me forward onto his cock and fed it through my lips and along my tongue.

There being nothing else I could actually do I sucked and licked him as he pumped in and out, and took him deep into my throat when he pushed forward. Well, it's not like I had a choice. He had hold of my hair and the other guy had my arms pinned behind me. I moaned as he fed inch after inch down my throat and then pulled my face in tight against his groin, bouncing and jerking atop the other guy as he kept thrusting up into me.

Again, I kept thinking this was fucking insane! And a big part of me wanted to run away screaming. But that didn't really seem to be an option and Jesus god but it felt good to have that cock pushing up into my hot pussy again and again!

They turned me around, their four big hands easily manhandling my slightly dazed, moaning, confused body, and I found myself riding the first guy still, but facing him. He sucked on my nipples and my eyes practically rolled back in my head..

I should mention that there was no chair in the little both. Instead, he was sitting on a sort of square industrial type faux leather padded bench with more padding behind it. I was kneeling on it, straddling him, leaning into him as he sucked on my nipples. And when I felt the other guy's saliva coated cock pushing against my back opening my spinning eyes focused, blinked and then went wide.

I kind of panicked a little, and tried to pull away, but the first guy had his arms around me and the second guy had my hair in his hand, and I could only shudder and groan and shiver as his big cock pushed slowly up into my ass!

Where the fuck was Randy!?! That was the thought that swirled through my mind. Ohmygod! I moaned helplessly as his cock worked in and out, forcing itself deeper. Their four hands moved over my body, one of them slipping between my thighs to finger my clit, and a churning froth of sexual heat and passion swept away my resistance. I groaned as the two big male bodies pressed me between them, and their two big cocks pumped in and out of my lower belly.

Heat spiralled up and my mind went to another place, where there were simply no consequences of importance to anything, where only the pleasure mattered. And then there was Randy suddenly, standing beside the bench, watching, grinning excitedly as the two guys pushed their cocks into me. He held up his camera phone, taking pictures, and even in the midst of my heat I knew that was wrong. But the concern was swept away on another flood of heat as I neared a massive climax.

He undid his pants and reached for my hair, twisting my head to the side, then fed his cock into me and that pushed me over the edge. I screamed as I came, screamed at the wild, howling surge of passion that flooded my mind and body. It was the most shattering, electrifying climax in my life! I came for long, long, long seconds, to the point I thought I would die! Not that I cared! I twisted and writhed and bucked and sobbed and my mind was blasted to cinders by the force of the cum.

There wasn't much left of me but limp flesh after that, but the three men kept thrusting. I gurgled helplessly as Randy's cock drove up and down in my mouth and throat, but my arms seemed to be pinned behind me by something, or someone. You know how you feel when you just wake up? You're all sleepy and comfortable and languorous and every movement makes you groan? That's how I felt. But the three men were still fucking me, and their hands were still roaming my body, fingering and pinching and squeezing. The guy under me was still licking and sucking and chewing at my breasts too.

It kind of woke me up. And I realized that my wrists were tied behind my back. I didn't

quite understand it, and I wasn't worried or anything, because Randy was there. In fact, it started to turn me on a little. Mind you, it ALL started turning me on. Despite the fact I'd just had a climax that had almost knocked my lights out I was starting to feel hot and high again as they fucked me and pawed at me.

And then Randy pulled his cock out of my mouth and as I was gasping and gulping in air, he let go of my hair and another hand gripped my thick blonde hair and pulled my head around so I was turned to my other side, and another guy thrust his cock into my mouth. I was - stunned - at first. I mean, who the fuck was this!? I rolled my eyes up to see some guy with a moustache, and recognized the announcer.

What the fuck was going on!? But it didn't really matter. I started to twist and pull as if to pull away, but that thought began to fade under the continuous stroking of the two cocks in my pussy and ass, and the fingering of my clit, the squeezing of my breasts, the sucking of my nipples... welll, shit. I mean, the heat just rose to the level where nothing else mattered and I sucked hungrily on the guy's cock.

He let me off to breathe briefly and I gulped in air, and saw Randy out of the corner of my eyes, holding up his camera phone. Fuck! But then I forgot about it as the third guy pulled me back onto his cock and the three of them ravished me to the point of being a mindless fuck toy. At one point, I remember both my burning, outrageously sensitive nipples being sucked and licked and chewed by hungry mouths as at least one hand apiece kneaded my breasts, and fingers rubbed at my clit while I plunged up and down on a stiff, slippery cock. It was the wildest, most intense sexual experience of my life and it drove me over the edge. I came again, screaming, writhing, bucking, humping, sobbing with the uncontrolled power of the orgasm as the three men drove me insane. The orgasm seemed to go on and on and on. And that was just about all I remember.

Chapter Five

How I got dressed, got home, I don't know. Randy obviously was responsible. I woke in my bed at home naked, feeling woozy, with a throbbing headache. Oh, and my hands were cuffed behind my back with those leather shackles Randy had bought. I also had a collar around my throat and the same sort of leather restraints around my ankles. I had never seen the collar and I hadn't known he had bought a second pair of restraints so was kind of confused at first.

I groaned for a while in bed, then sat up, blinking my fuzzy eyes. I felt like shit. The sun was bright outside, and there was no sign of Randy. I glanced at the clock. It was nearly noon! Shit!

I tugged at my wrists to no avail, then called out for Randy. There was no answer. Muttering, I pulled my feet up as high as I could, arching back, fingers reaching for the little clip holding the two leather restraints together. It took some doing, but I managed to free it and was thus able to spread my legs.

I slipped out of bed, groaning at my headache, swayed a bit, then went to the door. I had to turn my back on it to turn the knob, then went through and downstairs. There was no sign of Randy anywhere. I went down to the basement, again, turning my back on it to work the knob, and checked the garage. His car was gone.

I went back upstairs; muttering to myself, then lay down in the living room and pulled my legs up and back. It took some grunting and pulling and effort, but I managed to work my shackled wrists down under my ass and then pulled my legs through so my hands were now in front of me.

I stood up, examining the link between the leather restraints, trying to see how to get them off, but the clip required you push in on the little button thing as you pulled on the tongue and I couldn't do that. I gave up and made coffee, thinking black thoughts about Randy. Not only had he arranged to have three guys I didn't even know fuck me but then he'd left me tied up in my bed!

I called him as I waited for the coffee. He answered on the second ring.

"Hey, baby!"

"You absolute shit head!"

"Hey, that ain't nice!"

"Nice?! You drugged me and had three guys fuck me!"

"Now hold on! I did not! I just wanted you to have a good time. I didn't know you'd fuck Jeff. You did that on your own."

"I did it!? He said you -- told him -- that I'd give him a good time," I said, finishing lamely.

It sounded stupid saying it aloud. I mean, I'd fucked a guy because he told me Randy said I'd give him a good time?

"He said you told him I'd give him his money's worth!" I said, remembering.

"Well yeah, as a dancer. I mean, you do a great lap dance."

"You told him about Abel!"

"Uhm, not exactly. I kind of mentioned this hot German guy. Remember you gave him a lap dance? I didn't mean that you'd fuck him."

"And that other guy? You knew him too!"

"Nah, I just met him outside. He wanted to get a lap dance and I said yeah, she's really

hot. Fuck, baby. It's not like I made you fuck them! I'm the one who should be pissed off!"

"You ... Came in the room and watched!"

"Yeah, I wanted to make sure you were safe. You were having an incredibly wild time. I could see how hot your eyes were, how flushed your face and chest was. You were incredibly hot and I wasn't going to stop you from doing what you wanted."

"But... those pills.... I wasn't...thinking straight."

"All the pills do is give you energy, baby," he protested. "I thought you were the wildest, sexiest, hottest thing I'd ever seen. If you didn't want to do anything you know I'd have pulled you out of there!"

Why did it all sound somewhat, kind of... reasonable... sort of?

How come I have these restraints on?" I demanded grumpily.

"You wanted them on last night. We came home and you wanted me to tie you up and then I ate you until you screamed like you'd been shot and then fell asleep. I was a bit drunk, I admit, so I fell asleep too. I let you sleep in because you looked like you needed it. I called in sick for you..."

He promised to try and get off early, but in the meantime I was home alone, naked and shackled. Well, shit.

I could put on a pair of panties at least, but something in me didn't want to. I was kind of sore down there, and I have to admit there was something helplessly attractive about being in restraints and naked. I looked at myself in the mirror and thought "wow". Imagine if the people at work could see me now. Imagine if they could have seen me last night! Or in Greece! Jesus, what was I becoming anyway!?

I was able to get on the computer, and send some emails to work about ongoing clients. It was a bit awkward because normally when you type your wrists aren't so close together. I had to really bring my arms in, and that wound up squeezing them in against the sides of my breasts, sort of squeezing them together. And my breasts soon started throbbing comfortably, in that low voltage, sexually aware way that added to the low simmering heat I was feeling from the memories of last night and being naked and in restraints.

I had to shower, even if that got the leather restraints wet. I shampooed my hair, and washed myself. And I have to admit, that with my body all slippery with soap, I stood against the corner, put a foot up on the edge of the tub, and masturbated to memories of the previous night. Does that make me a slut? Come on. You would have done the same. I mean, I always enjoyed the tactile pleasure of caressing my own body. My skin is soothingly soft and smooth, and when you add a layer of slippery soap my hands just glide across it, over every curve and turn.

Masturbating did not turn the heat off. I felt very sexual, very sensual. Having to dry and brush my hair with my hands basically cuffed together was a bit annoying, but looking at myself up close in the mirror in collar and cuffs gave me a strange sense of exhilaration.

I looked like a fucking sex toy! Like some kind of bondage slut who was passed around from man to man and used roughly! I walked around a bit, restless, aroused, then I got out my dildo. I hesitated, then went into the closet and dug around for the box it had come in. The dildo was a large, thick, flesh coloured, realistically shaped cock with a flat bottom. But there was a hole in the bottom you could snap it into a kind of base.

The base had a suction cup, and a little round thing which, if you sank all the way down on the dildo, would press and rub against your clit. I took that now and attached it, then went downstairs and put it down on the edge of the coffee table. Then, facing the coffee table, I spread my legs wide, straddling it, and manoeuvred myself so my pussy was right over the upright

dildo. I paused, got on my knees, feeling wild, kinky and maybe a little stupid, and began to lick and suck on it. I even deep throated it.

I got up, a little light-headed, then straddled the table and sank down onto it with a groan, leaning forward, breasts hanging down as I rode the dildo with a slow, sensuous, grinding movement and my mind filled with the images of the previous night.

Panting, chest rising and falling, nipples prickling with energy, I pulled myself off it and went back upstairs. Again in the closet, there was another dildo. Randy had bought it for me as a semi joke Christmas present last year. It was black, and he said that nothing looked better in a fair skinned blonde than a big black cock. I had disagreed. Anyway, it wasn't the colour which had made me not use it but the fact it was weird looking. It was more like a black tube with warts, big ones. It was lumpy all over, and I hadn't liked the feel of it in my pussy.

Now I lubed it and slowly worked it up my ass, groaning at the full sensation. I went back downstairs, with the black dildo almost completely inside me, and started riding the other dildo again, feeling my heat and passion and lust growing with every stroke.

Which, of course, was when Randy came home.

He didn't ring or knock, naturally, and my back was to the door because I was bent straddling the coffee table. So I didn't even know he was there until he was right behind me.

"Now that's a pretty sight," he said, perhaps unconsciously mimicking what the second guy had said last night.

I gasped in shock, starting to jerk up, but his big hands came down on my shoulders, pressing me back down again.

"No, don't get up. I like my little sex slave like this," he said.

"I'm not your sex slave," I snapped.

He chuckled. "You sure look like one."

Which I couldn't really argue with. And anyway, I was really hot and bothered. I had wanted to yell at him when he came home and this was not the position I had wanted to be found in.

"Y-You're early," I half complained.

"I told you I'd try to get out early. I was afraid you'd be bothered wearing the restraints. I see you didn't have too many problems."

He held one hand on the back of my neck and reached down with the other, fingering my clit and rubbing at it so that I squirmed helplessly, moaning as the heat churned higher.

That embarrassed me a bit because I didn't like to be seen as helpless or subservient, but at the same time I WAS helpless, and the thought of being, I don't know, controlled, was making my pussy burn even hotter.

"Bastard!" I said breathlessly. "Pervert!"

"Yeah, so what's your point?" He yanked back on my hair, forcing my head back. "Bitch," he said with a grin..

He pushed forward on my neck until my breasts were pillowed out against the table top.

"Don't move!" he ordered.

He let go and then ran upstairs. I mean literally, ran, taking them three at a time.

Don't move? Who did he think he was? I pushed myself upright anyway, groaning, a little sore, because being bent over that much had jammed my clit against that little round thing at the base of the dildo.

He came back down the stairs jumping them four at a time. "I said not to move!"

"You're not the boss of me!" I said indignantly.

“Ha!” he said happily.

He had adjustable straps in his hands. He immediately went to the far side of the coffee table and slipped one around the two legs just under the top. Then he gripped my wrists, which were still, of course, locked together, and pulled me forward until my breasts were against pillowed out against the table top. He then used another strap to clip them to the one he’d locked to the table legs, keeping me in position.

“Randy!” I whined.

But it was a sort of false whine, because I was hot and him tying me down was making me hotter.

My pussy was right near the opposite end of the table, and I was straddling it, my feet flat on the floor; knees bent sharply, legs spread. Instead of trying to strap my ankles to the legs of the table he put straps around my legs just above the knees, and fed the strap under the table so I couldn’t really rise much or move away.

Then I felt him grip the black dildo in my butt and pull it back... It slid slickly out of me, then he pushed it back in. The feel of those rounded bumps on it was a lot different in my ass than it had been in my pussy, and I gasped helplessly as he pumped it slowly in and out. At the same time I was impaled on the other dildo, my clit jammed against that raised round thing to a painful degree that nevertheless was also making my pussy burn and boil.

“Nasty little girl,” he purred. “Masturbating behind my back like this. Dirty little girl!”

I was. I couldn’t deny it, but felt more arousal at the thought than shame.

Then his hand slapped against my ass.

“Slut!” he said teasingly.

“Ow!” I whined.

But it didn’t displease me. Slut. I was a slut. I was acting like a slut. I sure had last night. I wasn’t really, though. I mean, in my heart of hearts I was a good girl. That was why that sort of behaviour was so abnormal for me, so wildly out of place that it made my head spin when I thought about what I’d done.

“Bad girls need to be punished,” he said.

I moaned as he slapped my ass again. He’d spanked me once, and it had been a double edged thrill. Yes, I had come wildly, but it had also left me feeling indignant and embarrassed at being so - I don’t know, so demeaned and degraded.

But God, look at me now!

He slapped my ass again, his other hand reaching in to cup and roughly kneaded my breast.

“Ow! Ow! Ow!” I gasped as he pinched my nipple and pulled and stretched it.

“Nasty girl. Nasty slut!” he taunted, slapping my ass again. “Bad girl!”

I was! I was! I gasped and moaned as his hand slapped against my bottom again and again, and I ground against the rounded thing jammed almost painfully against my clit as I squeezed my pussy down on the dildo impaling me. He slapped my ass, then pumped the dildo in my ass, then slapped my ass again, calling me a whore, a slut, a sex slave, telling me how bad and nasty and slutty I was as I began to ride the dildo, gasping and yelping and moaning as his hand slapped against my bottom.

“Ride that cock, you hot bitch!” He slapped my ass and I gasped, rising up a few inches on the dildo, then sinking back again, rising up, then sinking back as his hand cracked against my bottom again.

He gripped my hair, yanking my head back as he started pumping the dildo in my ass.

Ohmygod I felt so hot! I shuddered and moaned and yelped and gasped as I tried to ride the dildo under me and Randy thrust the other into my ass with hard, deep, fast strokes. I flashed back to the previous night, and then I flashed into a tremendous come.

He was driving the black dildo up into my ass with painful force, but the hard, dull pains as the nose of the thing thumped into the deepest part of my back tunnel only seemed to add to the heat and pleasure churning my insides to a froth. I twisted and writhed and jerked, my head bouncing up and down bonelessly as I came, as he slapped my ass and even once slapped the side of one of my breasts.

Then he was in front of me. He stripped off his clothes and straddled the far end of the table, sinking low as he filled his fist with my hair. He pulled my head up a bit and pushed his cock into my open mouth.

“Suck cock!” he growled. “Suck my cock, slut! Sex slave! Swallow that cock meat! You know you love it!

And God help me I did. I moaned as his big cock slid easily into my throat and right down deep into my gullet. He pulled my face against his groin and started to stroke slowly in and out as he leaned forward and slapped his hand against my ass.

“That’s it, slut. Suck that cock. Worship it! Nasty little sex slave!”

Sharp, stinging pain rippled through the hot flood-tide of sensations pouring through my mind, sparkling like firecrackers in a bonfire as he slapped my ass and pulled on my hair. I didn’t care. If anything, they only turned me on more. I moaned around his cock, not really doing anything because I couldn’t exactly suck very well with him jammed deep in my throat.

But I loved the feel of his big cock filling my mouth, filling my throat, loved how slick and slippery his soft skin was as it stroked slowly up and down inside my throat, in long delicious strokes that made my tongue want to curl around it as it moved back and forth.

Also I was a little dazed, a little out of it. The orgasm had faded slowly away but somehow still left my mind spinning and turning in the midst of a wild, churning waves of excitement, heat, passion, lust and steady pounding rain of raw, wild physical sensations.

He fucked my face while he slapped my ass, while he called me his whore, while he used me like I was his whore, and I came again, trembling and shaking and jerking in the bonds until I thought I would pass out. I was jamming myself down onto the dildo, grinding my clit in a way which was both painful and deeply arousing against the little round button below, gasping and groaning as I felt the tight pressure against my wrists, as I felt the tight pull on my hair, as I felt the thickness of the dildo in my ass. It was all just so overwhelmingly sexual and sensual that it was like I was completely removed from a world of everyday concerns, from a mundane, boring world of drab, everyday chores.

Then he came in my face, like he had before, and as grossed out as I was the demeaning nature of it somehow stroked something down deep in the back of my mind, and I came again, grinding myself against that round little bulge.

Chapter Six

“Randy!”

“Nope,” he said smugly.

I glowered at him but he ignored me and I tsked in irritation and then kind of shouldered him, or maybe body checked him with my shoulder. There wasn't a lot else I could do with my wrists bound behind my back and him refusing to release them.

He had smugly said that I had to spend all evening like that, to teach me a lesson for being a “bad girl.” Now a part of me found this outrageously – exciting, to be honest. But another part of me was just indignant and irritated. What could I do with my wrist locked together behind my back?

And then I realized -- nothing, and I smiled.

“I guess that means you make dinner,” I said sweetly. “And wash the dishes and dry them and clear up afterward.”

He shrugged.

I could have insisted, freaked out, screamed, threatened, and he would have done as I wished, but I wasn't really willing to get that dramatic because, the truth was, I was kind of enjoying the sensual nature of being shackled like this. Not completely. I mean, it was awkward and I couldn't do much and all and I'd rather be wearing clothes, so if I could have just had my preferences I'd have been taking them off and wearing clothes. But it was close enough that I wasn't willing to really go to town on him over it.

Jerk.

So, at first I kind of sat on the sofa, feeling kind of sulky, and making cutting comments about him, his cock, his chest, his hair, and his ass, and his bad breath and ... you get the picture.

I had meant to ask him when he'd bought these other restraints and the collar, and I remembered just as he showed me he'd bought something else - a red ball gag. I found out about the ball gag when he pulled my hair back hard and my mouth just automatically opened wide, and then he shoved the ball gag in, kind of mashing it with his fingers so it slipped through my jaws. Then he pulled a strap around my head and buckled it, and I could hardly make a sound!

So then, with the ball gag in my mouth, he pulled back and I kicked him. He grabbed my ankle and kind of dragged me off the sofa, locked the ankle restraints together, then he pulled on my wrist restraints with one hand and the ankle restraints with the other, bending me back until he could lock them together. That left me essentially hog tied on the floor, and him looking even smugger as he went to put his clothes away and get ready for dinner.

And there wasn't a thing I could do about it! I couldn't even yell or complain!

That asshole!

He went into the kitchen and I heard a sound like a drill, then a little hammering. Then he came back and lifted me up, not easily because I'm not exactly a midget, and carried me by the wrists and ankles into the kitchen. I didn't see anything different in our small kitchen as he set me down on the floor just inside the doorway. But then he slipped a rope into the joined clips of my restrains, and pulled it up through a hook he'd put in the ceiling.

I grunted as I felt the pressure on my wrists and ankles grow. Then I was raised off the floor to slowly turn in place as he jerked me higher, then higher, then higher still. He lifted me up so I was hanging there, wrists and ankles high, breasts low, about next to the kitchen table, and a little higher.

Of course, hanging from one line I started to slowly turn in place, and that was kind of irritating.

“If you’d stop wiggling you’d go still eventually,” he said.

“Asshole!” I said, pronouncing it as clearly as I could around the ball in my mouth.

It wasn’t very clear, but I repeated it about twenty or thirty times as he got out the fixings for dinner, and I guess he understood because he came over to me and spun me. The kitchen swirled around me as I spun wildly around and around and he chuckled under his breath and returned to the counter.

Asshole!

I was angry at him, but not really mad. Do you know what I mean, when you’re pissed at your boyfriend or girlfriend, but not nearly enough to even consider leaving?

But while I was angry I was also helplessly aroused by being naked and tied like this!

“I’m going to get dizzy!” I tried to say, through the gag.

He smiled, and then left the room briefly. But he must have been thinking of Greece when he came back, because he had a pair of small cords in hand. Each of them had a little loop in the end, and he slipped the loops around – okay, I admit it – my very, very hard, erect nipples – and ignored the faces I made and the way I yelled when he pulled the loops really tight. Then he pulled the two cords which were tied to my nipples down and tied them around a chair leg.

That stopped me from swinging, but it meant every time I moved I pulled against my nipples! And they were already burning from how tight the cord thing was around them!

Randy then went to the counter and resumed cooking, leaving me there, hanging, moaning, nipples burning, pussy throbbing. He came back after a few minutes to play with my pussy, and then went into the living room, got the dildo, and forced it deep, leaving it there – and me gasping and panting for breath – as he went back to cooking.

I had given up being mad now. I was too busy being aroused. That was taking all my focus as I hung there, jaw spread wide around the gag, nipples sparkling and aching, pussy wet and squeezing on the dildo.

My back was aching, though, from being bowed the way it was, and my wrists and ankles kind of hurt too. But given how aroused I was none of that really mattered.

Randy came back and sat down at the table with a big plate. He had made a large steak for himself, with all the fixings, and I blinked in some confusion, then flicked my eyes towards the stove. Where the hell was mine!?! The smell of the steak was, despite my arousal, making my mouth water.

I say that ironically, because in fact, the gag was making me drool, which was embarrassing in itself.

Randy munched on his steak, and smiled at me. “Would the slut like something to eat?”

I nodded rapidly, then winced as my nipples burned.

“Will the slut be a good little sex slave?”

I nodded my head with only a slight hesitation.

“Will the slut be an obedient little sex slave?”

I nodded my head.

“Will the slut do exactly as she’s told and be grateful to her master?”

Asshole, I thought, but I nodded.

“Because at the first wrong word the gag goes back in and you don’t eat tonight, unless maybe you get a sandwich later on.”

He undid the strap to the gag, and then gently worked the thing out of my mouth. I

gasped, and winced a little, working my mouth gingerly as he put the gag on the table.

“I’ll put that there in case I need it again,” he said.

“I didn’t say anything as he slipped another fork of steak into his mouth. He ate it as I moved my jaw around, then licked his lips.

“Do you want some steak, slut?”

“Yes,” I said. “I mean, yes please.”

“Yes, please, master,” he said.

I almost rolled my eyes in announce, but caught myself for fear he’d use it as an excuse to plug my mouth again “Yes, please, master,” I said, playing his game.

He cut a piece of steak, and I expected him to feed it to me, but not for him to pick it up in his fingers and then hold it out to me. I had to extend my neck somewhat to reach it, as he held it just at the farthest range of what I could reach, and then, I licked it out of his fingers.

That made my pussy throb. It was so... sooo... I don’t know but it was hot! It was degrading and demeaning! And why did that turn me on so much!? I don’t know but it did!

“Good slut,” he said. “Thank me for the food.”

“Thank you, master,” I said, face flushing.

This was so kinky and sick and hot!

He fed me another piece, and after I’d swallowed it he slid his fingers into my mouth and let me suck and lick the gravy juice off them. Again I felt my pussy squeezing and spasming around the dildo, felt my breasts hot and heavy, my nipples burning. I was getting aroused just from him feeding me! Or really, from him degrading me.

It was hard to keep my head up, though. My neck muscles were getting really sore, and my head kept dropping down. Randy got up and then combed his fingers – his gravy covered fingers – through my hair, pulling it back into a loose tail. Then he tied a cord around it. I felt something pushing at my ass, and I groaned as he forced a butt plug up into me. The butt plug must have had a hook or something, because he was able to tie the cord to the butt plug.

The pull on my scalp was spread out so that it didn’t hurt, really. And it helped me keep my head up and back. But it also made it hard to close my mouth as he fed me. I managed, though, as he slipped pieces of steak into my mouth, or had me lick them off his palm or out of his fingers.

And after every piece I had to say “Thank you for feeding me, master.”

“Are you my slut, Leah?”

“Yes, master,” I gasped.

“Say it then.”

“I’m your slut master,” I said.

“Master Randy.”

“I’m your slut, Master Randy,” I groaned.

“Say I’m Randy’s sex slave.”

“I’m Randy’s sex slave!” I gasped.

He grinned. “Say I’m Randy’s bitch.”

“I’m Randy’s bitch!” I said, embarrassed and aroused simultaneously.

All through the meal I had to say demeaning things like that and thank him for the steak. It was the most arousing meal I’d ever had, though, and when he was done he fed me the last bit of meat – his cock, standing up and sliding it into my open mouth, across my tongue, and then deep into my throat, pumping in and out as I shuddered and moaned and tried desperately to suck on it, as his movements pulled against my nipples and his hands fingered my clit and pushed at

the dildo in my pussy.

I came once, but that was just an exclamation point to the wild, churning excitement which seemed to be ever-present. And it hardly diminished my heat at all, any more than him coming in my face did.

He gagged me again, then, and lowered me to the floor. But not to unshackle me. Instead he unlinked my wrists from my ankles, pulled me to my feet, and led me, as shaky as I was, back into the living room.

There was already a hook in the ceiling here, once he disguised with a potted plant hanging from it. He'd chained me to it before, but the difference this time was that after relocking my wrists together in front of me and raising them up high, he pulled the rope until I left my feet and was actually hanging there by the wrists.

That hurt my wrists, but he locked my ankles together – the dildo and butt plug still inside me, and then went back into the kitchen to wash out the pots and pans and plates before putting them into the dishwasher.

I don't know if you've ever been hung by the wrists. But no matter how nice and soft and padded the restraints are around your wrists, it still winds up jamming heavily against your skin, against the soft meat around your wrist bones. It hurts. Another thing that hurts is the ligaments, the muscles, whatever they are, that go down along your sides. If you hang freely, they feel like they're stretching and tearing.

But you can't hang freely, not completely, not like a limp doll, because you can't breathe that way. Your chest is kind of pushing against your diaphragm, making it impossible to expand your lungs unless you use your arm muscles to kind of pull yourself up a bit – a tiny bit – just a little. And so you have to do that every time you inhale, and after a while it starts to get difficult, just like exerting yourself in any other way.

You can actually, if you're left up like that long enough, suffocate, be unable to draw breath because of exhaustion. That takes a while, though. I wasn't anywhere near that. But I was weary, tiring – slowly, as I hung there, shackled, bound, my thighs and pussy lips squeezing down around the base of the dildo he'd stuffed up inside me. I was drooling slowly out of the ball gag onto my chest, where my stiff, swollen nipples stuck out eagerly, red and aching and hyper-sensitive.

When he came into the room, he bent and started sucking and licking at my nipples. His hand went between my legs, rubbing almost roughly at my clit, and my body began to jerk and quiver and shudder as the sexual heat and sensations poured through me. I came in less than a minute, arching and twisting and crying out into the gag.

“Going to get changed,” he said, patting me on the head.

Then he left and went upstairs, leaving me still hanging there, moaning, gasping for breath, and drooling onto my chest.

When he came down was he wearing some kind of hot, sexy, nasty bondage outfit? Nope. He was wearing his lucky football jersey. He sat down and turned on the TV to watch a football game!

And what could I do? Not a goddamn thing!

So Randy watched the football game – Colts against the Giants. Did he ignore me? Yeah, pretty well, except during some breaks. Then he'd come over, finger me, suck on my nipples, and sometimes kneel in front of me and lick on my burning clit. He'd also use a vibrator on my clit. All this was in aid of getting me turned on and then leaving me like that, panting and moaning and helpless, as he got back to watching TV!

What a bastard!

During the halftime break he set up our camcorder on its tripod facing me, ignoring the way I shook my head.

Then he lowered me somewhat, so I could get my feet flat on the floor and take the weight off my wrists. But then he forced me to spread my legs and tied them that way so that, at best, I was propped up on the balls of my feet, legs spread wide. He licked my pussy until I was ready to scream and come, then taunted me with ice cubes to the nipples and pussy. Finally, he took the gag out and made me beg.

“Please make your slave girl come, master! Please! Please may your slave girl come, master! Please let your slave slut come, master!”

I had to repeat variations of that for five solid minutes as he fingered my clit and pinched my nipples and drove me to the edge of insanity with the way he was turning me on then pulling me back from the brink.

“Your slave needs cock, master!” he made me beg. “Your filthy slut slave needs a big cock inside her! Please fuck your slut slave, master! Please rape your filthy slut slave!”

And then he gagged me again and went back to watching TV!

I was – bedraggled – flustered, gasping for breath, moaning, sore, my body throbbing with every beat of my heart, my pussy flaming, my nipples absolutely aching with need! I moaned into the gag, staring at the back of his head, wanting him to come and do something – anything to me!

And then my eyes bulged as a hand gripped my hair from behind and jerked my head up and back. Another hand slid around my ribs, kneading and squeezing my breasts as lips slid in against the nape of my neck. I squealed in shock, twisting and writhing helplessly, bug-eyed, staring at Randy, who was not even turning around.

There was a – man – behind me, wearing a black t-shirt, wearing black jeans, wearing black boots and with a kind of half mask over his face, sort of like batman, hiding him above the mouth. I had no fucking idea who the FUCK this was! I was shocked, stunned!

But despite how flustered I was, it didn't take me long to understand that Randy had arranged this. It wasn't like some guy had broken in out of nowhere and was groping me while my boyfriend sat right in front of me. Nuh huh. No one is that crazy or has that big a set of balls.

I was – aghast. I was horribly embarrassed. I was furious with Randy, indignant! How dare he!?! Who the fuck did he think he was he could just offer me to some guy like this!?

Of course, this had already kind of happened in Greece, but still...

My mind squirmed horribly as this strange man slid his hands over me, pawing and stroking me. But there was no actual fear. I mean, clearly this was Randy's doing.

And if there was any fucking doubt about that, he used the remote control to change channels – or so it seemed for a moment, but no, it wasn't a different channel. It was the video he'd just taken of me at halftime, complete with sound.

“Please fuck your sex slave, master!” My voice cried as the video of me stared out from our fifty inch big screen plasma TV. “Please rape your slut slave! Please fuck my whore ass, master!”

Oh. My. God. I stared, horrified, that this scene was being watched by a stranger. And my face burned as I heard his low, throaty chuckle in my ear.

You filthy bastard, Randy!

Then the guy was between my legs, in front of me, and I was staring down at the top of his leather covered head as he gripped my buttocks and began to lick and suck on my clit.

Well – there wasn't anything I could do about it. And the fact was I was still horribly aroused, still desperately frustrated, needing to come. His tongue was quite adept, and before long my embarrassment faded, my anger eased, and the heat rose up to carry me away on a shuddering, sobbing ride of pleasure.

Fuck, he was good with his tongue!

I moaned, almost sobbed as he stopped just when I was on the brink. My head fell and I gasped, drooling, moaning.

He moved behind me and I felt him pulling at the butt-plug. Then what had to be a real cock – I can feel the difference, pushed into my opening. It felt so – slick and natural and delicious as it drove up into my belly, that I moaned and I think my eyes must have rolled back in my head. He started to thrust, to pump, using long, slow strokes, jamming himself balls deep in my ass.

The cramps didn't matter, it just felt so wonderful. And when he reached around to finger my clit – I came – screaming – writhing – thrashing as he worked his hips faster and harder, pounding his cock into my ass while I came.

Randy gave no sign he even noticed. He had turned the game back on and all I saw was the back of his head. Weirdly, it was like I was alone with this masked stranger. He slowed his strokes as I collapsed limply, moaning. His hands began to caress my breasts, to stroke my skin, to gently roll and pluck at my hard, aching nipples.

But his big, hard cock was still stuffed deep into my ass, and it was still moving, still grinding, still pumping as my head lolled limply and he reached down to finger my clit again.

Robbed of energy as I was, it didn't take long at all for me to feel the hot, churning sexual vortex drawing me in again. He yanked my hair back, roughly, forcing me to arch my back, my breasts thrusting out tautly as he thrust into me harder, as his hips slapped harder against my bottom. The head of his cock hurt each time it drove up deep inside me.

And I came, screaming – again. This time it wasn't even from having my clit played with or anything. I came from being fucked in the ass, from being sodomized. That's all. That's all it took. That big, hard cock ramming up into my ass – hurting me – made me come.

Well, not that it hurt a lot, mind you. It only hurt a bit, deep inside, when the head punched against – something. I don't know. I was fucked in the head, aside from everything else. I was just a fucking nympho fuck doll by then.

He still hadn't come, and I remember marvelling at his endurance – before realizing that really, it hadn't been very long at all. It hadn't *taken* long for me to come. And now he was pumping harder again, and this time reaching around to grip the base of the dildo in my pussy and pump that in and out. And I came again, writhing and twisting and thrashing as my anal muscles spasmed and sucked and squeezed on the big cock sodomizing me.

I think that drew him in. He came inside me, then, his cock softening, and, as I hung there limply, gasping, drooling, he pulled out, stuffed the butt-plug back up inside me, and then disappeared.

When the game ended Randy came over to me and jerked my head up and back by the hair, called me his sex toy, his fuckbot, his slave girl, and masturbated me to edge of another climax.

He stopped, which didn't surprise me. I moaned weakly as I watched him through glassy eyes go back to the counter and fetch something. He returned and my eyes blinked tiredly, warily, as if I wasn't quite sure what I was seeing.

It was some kind of whip.

Randy had spanked me often. He had strapped me a number of times too, and the guys in Greece had done a few things along those lines. But this... this seemed like it was taking things to a whole other level. I shook my head dazedly but he only smiled. "Trust me," he said.

It had a handle, and a short, leather body about the thickness of his thumb. That body split into a dozen or so very thin leather laces about two feet long. I moaned to see it as he moved behind me. My head jerked this way, then that way, trying to see over my shoulder, trying to shake my head at him.

Then he swung his arm and the whip flew forward. I braced myself for a terrible pain, and the long, thin laces struck my back – lightly – but with a series of little stinging blows like the crackle of firecrackers going off. Little stings that erupted across my back and made me gasp and arch and ... and... realize that it really wasn't all that bad.

When was the last time you felt a hand crack down on your bare bottom? That can sting! These little blows weren't nearly as bad as that. But there were a lot of them, and they were against my back, and the whole psychological erotic effect of that, once my initial fear seeped away, was an intense rush of heat and excitement.

Oh! Wow!

The second blow was another quick crackle of stings across my back, and I was gasping and moaning, every nerve on edge. The third blow made me moan and jerk, for my back was starting to get more – sensitive now, starting to heat up the same way my bottom did after the first few slaps or blows from the strap.

He paused, then fiddled with the remote control, and suddenly, there was me! The tripod was set up in front of me and to the side, so that as the blow struck my back it captured the way my head jerked up and back, the way my back arched, the look on my face. I couldn't actually see my back, which was what I wanted, but I could see Randy, could see the excitement in his eyes as he whipped me, as he stared at me in the TV.

The blows didn't so much become more severe as hurt more because my flesh became more sensitive, more tender, and yet the raw, carnal heat was like a shield, absorbing that pain, twisting and turning it as I writhed and cried out, as my insides twisted and heaved, as my back became even more hot and sore.

He sent the whip slicing across my hip to snap at my pussy, at the sex lips spread wide around the dildo and my burning clit, and on the second blow I came, screaming. I flipped out, in fact, into a series of multiple orgasms that left me twisting and thrashing in maddened heat and sensual pain, until I was barely conscious and he had to literally carry me upstairs to bed

And how did you spend YOUR evening?

Chapter Seven

I could feel my face was hot, could feel my pulse racing, my heart thumping, as I paced back and forth in the living room. The way Randy had explained it, the whole thing would be like a dark fantasy come to life. He had given the men a key to the house. They would come in, strip me, tie me up and take me into the garage, where their van would be parked. I'd be driven off, and find myself at this island paradise of theirs where I'd be "trained" as a sex slave.

It sounded deliciously kinky and exciting, and by now I was less intimidated at the thought of strange men seeing me naked, or even fucking me. I mean, he'd done that to me a couple of times now, since the first time the masked man had shown up during the football game. And both times it had been both embarrassing and incredibly, intensely arousing. This would be even wilder!

But I was still full of anxiety as I waited what would happen. We'd been playing these bondage slave games for a while now, though, so I kind of felt myself somewhat prepared for what was to come. I was, of course, quite wrong. I was wholly unprepared. And it was to be quite scary. But that didn't stop it from being incredibly exciting, too.

I had second thoughts, of course. Ha! Second thoughts? I had third and fourth and fifth thoughts. A kind of tension gripped me as I paced, and every minute I was looking at the phone, ready to call and cancel it, my stomach fluttering. Did I want to do this!? What would happen? What would they be like? How humiliating would it be? What if someone I knew found out?!

The only assurance Randy had given me, the only assurances he had been given, was that no one we knew would find out, and no harm would come to me.

Not harmed. That didn't mean I wouldn't be hurt, didn't mean I wouldn't feel pain, just that no harm would come to me. Nothing would be broken. There would be no scars, no disfigurement, nothing that would require medical treatment of any sort. They were quite well-organized and experienced, and knew what they were doing.

As to what sort of people they were, Randy had said they were a club, like a golf club, run by members, but with some staff that were hired, and paid for by membership fees. He wouldn't tell me what the membership fee was except to say we could easily afford it. It was quite, quite insane, of course. I should call it off, cancel the holiday, and get back to work.

Selling computer equipment. Because, well... that was important. Right? But was that what life was about? Hardly. Life was about joy and excitement and thrills, and experiencing the wild and unexplored side of everything. It was about having experiences, so when you were old and fat and grey you could look back on the great times you'd had when you were young. Right?

I rolled over the arguments in my head again and again -- and again! I didn't know these people. They didn't know me or anyone else I knew. They were very discreet (Randy had assured me) and it would be a wild, incredibly carnal experience I would never forget. And what was Randy getting out of it? Well, he would get to be in the club, and I presumed that meant he'd have occasional access to other "slave girls", which probably meant others would have occasional access to ME! But that too was as darkly exciting as it was daunting.

Shit! I couldn't do this! I couldn't! I had just about convinced myself to pick up the phone and call Randy when I jumped at the sound of the garage door opening. I stared towards it as if I could see it through the wall, my heart pounding. I felt a wave of fear even as my nipples began to prickle and harden inside my bra cups. I was gripped by indecision again, and didn't manage to do anything but take a couple of steps towards the garage by the time the door opened.

Two men stepped through. They were large men, one white, one black, in their twenties somewhere, muscular looking, wearing blue jumpsuits. One was carrying a thick leather case.

“Good morning, Leah,” the white one said. “We’re here to take you on holidays.”

That was the code that Randy said they would give, and I stared at him, open mouthed, hardly able to breath much less speak. I wanted to shake my head and say “forget it. I’ve changed my mind.” But I was frozen in place.

Neither man seemed surprised, but then, they didn’t halt at all for conversation, as if they didn’t really expect to talk to me anyway.

One of them reached for my top and my hands automatically jerked up to fend him off. The other moved smoothly behind me, gripping my arms and pulling them back, holding me in a grip of steel as the other calmly undid my blouse. I felt my face burn as he opened it, but couldn’t bring myself to talk. My body flinched, jerked, but the other held me steady as he pushed the blouse back over my shoulder. The man behind helped undo my bra, and then the one in front undid my jeans.

“Wait!” I gasped.

He ignored me, undoing the zipper and pulling them down along with my thong. I blushed furiously as the two undressed me, and then the guy behind, the black guy, pulled my arms back so he could cross my elbows and hold them in place with one hand.

The white man opened the case and drew out, first and foremost, a gag. It was a black ball gag, and the black man tugged back on my hair sharply. As I opened my mouth to let out a little cry or complaint, the white man pushed the ball against it, squeezing it sharply so he could fit it through my teeth, then withdrawing his fingers so it expanded. A black strap went behind my head and the black man snapped it in place as the other one took a metal collar out of the case.

It was thick, stainless steel, but with a black leather padding on the inside. He stretched it and fit it around my throat, then pushed it together, where it locked with an audible click.

Similar metal restraints went around my wrists and ankles, and the men immediately clipped the wrist shackles together as I stared, wide-eyed and red faced. I was turned and bent over my sofa, and then my legs were spread wide. My face burned even hotter as I felt an oiled finger push against my anal opening, then slide inside me. It pumped in and out a few times, then withdrew, and a butt-plug was pushed up inside.

I wondered if they would fuck me right there!

I moaned as I felt fingers against my pussy, felt myself spread open. Another oiled finger pushed up inside me, but I was already wet, despite my anxieties. It slid in and out a couple of times, then a dildo pushed into me, thick but not super long. It was pushed all the way inside so that my pussy lips could nearly close behind it – nearly.

The white man then clipped a leash to the ring at the front of my collar and gave it a tug. “Now be a good slave girl or you’ll be carried out and ride in the trunk,” he said.

I blinked helplessly, and, not wanting to ride I the trunk, I meekly followed as he led me out to the garage. My toes were chilly against the bare stone floor as he led me into the rear of a large SUV with heavily tinted windows. My heart was thumping a mile a minute as he steered me up into the back and then buckled me in. The black man got into the rear beside me and the white man moved around front and got into the drivers seat.

And then I was staring at the traffic on the other side of the window as we drove along, stunned by what was happening, still horribly self-conscious and embarrassed, and yet feeling a dark sense of wild excitement at the same time.

The black man beside me reached down and gripped my thigh, pulling it open.

“A slave sits with her legs spread wide,” he said quite calmly.

I flushed and shifted my bare feet wide on the floor, just shy of touching his booted foot.

“The dildo inside not too long, not hurting you?” he asked.

As he spoke his hand slid in between my legs, fingering my sex lips, slipping just inside to press at the base of the dildo they'd pushed inside me.

I moaned weakly.

“Say yes sir or no sir,” he said.

“No, sir,” I gulped, the words heavily muffled and distorted by the gag.

He seemed satisfied and his hand came away.

We took the highway, and were soon out of town, headed for cottage country.

The black man checked on me often, always asking how I felt, and always sliding his hand between my legs to finger my clit and rub at my pussy opening. I blushed each time, but my pussy throbbed in response. As my initial embarrassment eased my entire body began to fairly glow with sexual heat and excitement. I could practically smell my own moist, overheated pussy, and that made me blush all over again.

Ohmygod I was such a fucking whore now! How had that happened!?

I had to resist the urge to grind myself down into the leather seats, already mortified at the thought they would find a big wet spot when they took me out.

The SUV wasn't cheap. It was big, and comfortable, and it had TV screens in the back of the seat rests of the front seats. The Black man turned mine on, then brought out a pair of headphones and placed them over my head.

On the screen, a woman was kneeling, naked, collared, shackled, looking incredibly erotic to my eyes. She had pierced, be-ringed nipples, and, since her knees were spread wide, I could see she also had been pierced down below. Her hands were shackled but free, resting on her thighs, and as I watched, a female voice off camera, spoke.

“You are now a sex slave,” it said. “You no longer have any say in what is done to or with your body. You exist to bring pleasure to others, to serve and service others. Your only purpose in life is obedience. That obedience is expected, and will be enforced. Any deviation, any hesitation, will be punished. You will learn discipline and the life of service.”

God! They sounded so serious! Part of me wanted to laugh in disdain. The other part felt a quivering sense of anxiety. What if they were real!?

But that was silly. This was a play acting club, and such people were invariably serious, whether it was civil war re-enactments or those guys who wore swords and armour.

The girl on the screen began to move in time to commands, while another woman, one dressed in leather and carrying a thin quirt or crop, stood nearby. The girl shifted positions, going into doggie style, or kneeling up and back, back arched, breasts thrust out, or laying back and spreading her legs. Each position had a word, a command.

“Learn these commands,” the voice ordered.

Did she mean me!?

As I watched on the screen, the girl crawled across the floor on her belly and began to lick at the boot of the woman standing above her. I was simultaneously appalled and aroused, indignant and excited.

The scene shifted to that of an island. It wasn't a large island, perhaps a couple of hundred yards wide at most. But that was plenty of room for a beach and swimming pool, hot tubs, tennis courts, a dock with watercraft and speed boats, and a large, sprawling wooden lodge. The place

looked like a holiday resort.

A golf club, Randy had said. Okay, that was something I could understand, sort of. Only the sport was sex – and a certain kind of sex, a certain flavour of sex.

Again I saw the woman, saw her perform the movements as the voice barked orders. The scene then shifted to various women in imaginatively bound poses, tied up with rope or shackled with chains, very sexual, very sensual, very hot, as I imagined myself among them.

Back to the woman performing those poses, the commands, then her waiting on some man, her manner humble, but eager to serve. She said “yes, master” a lot when he gave an order, and I bridled at the thought of my being so submissive for Randy.

Frankly, I make more money than him, and I'm smarter. Why the hell should I treat him like a God anyway? Don't get me wrong, the submissive sex doll thing was a big turn-on, but no way was I going to wait on him hand and foot like some kind of – slave girl.

We were driving through trees on a dirt road now, and my excitement and anxiety mounted. We went through a gate, nothing big, just something like a farmer puts across a road to keep cows from wandering – then continued up the road until water came into sight. We drove down to a dock, which was empty of people or boats, and waited. The man in front spoke on a cell phone, and after a few minutes, a boat pulled up at the dock.

The two men got out and took me from the back, easing me down gently.

I looked around wildly. I was naked and shackled in the middle of nowhere, with strangers! Was I insane!?

The white man pulled on my leash and I stumbled forward, feet on the dirt road, then in among the grass near the wooden dock. There were two more men waiting there, and I blushed down to the roots of my hair as they eyed me. One moved forward and took my leash, then signed a clipboard one of my original captors held out.

Like I was some sort of delivery!

Then a husky guy in a t-shirt and shorts led me down to the edge of the dock, lifted me into his arms, and stepped into the boat. He sat me down easily on one of the padded seats as the other guy threw the throttle forward and pulled out into the river.

“Well you're going to be a popular addition,” the first guy said, cupping my breast and giving it a squeeze. “We get a lot of sex slaves here but not many that look like you.”

The guy at the wheel turned around and shook his head. “She's a walking fuck toy,” he said.

I blushed again, and then gasped as the first man rolled my nipple and chuckled.

“Yeah, looks it, and feels it too. I love her tits, and they're real.”

He slid a hand between my legs and I gasped again.

“Spread em, baby,” he said. “And remember to keep em spread. You're open and available to anyone who wants you.”

His fingers rubbed at my clit, and, anxious and embarrassed as I was, I still felt a hot surge of heat there.

The river was perhaps a mile wide, but there were numerous islands of various size scattered through it. We passed close enough to many for me to see cottages and docks and boats, and people sitting on decks or working or swimming as the guy caressed and stroked and massaged me. My heart beat faster and I moaned into the gag, drooling onto my chest as the boat moved through the waters.

The guy gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back, then bent and began to suck and lick on my nipples.

“These are nice,” he said. “Look how stiff these get, Joe,” he said.

The guy in front turned and grinned.

“Yes, sir, a great little sex slave. Everyone is going to enjoy you, baby.”

The boat turned towards a large island, one I recognized from the video, and slid into a dock. There were high hedges and trees all around the periphery of the island, so it was hard to see much more than the second floor of the lodge. But as we pulled into the dock, the man took my arm and pulled me to my feet, then helped me onto the dock.

Then he took my leash and walked me forward onto the island.

Again, did I mention I was NAKED! I moaned, my pussy throbbing, my face scarlet as I was led up a path towards the lodge. We passed a couple, a young couple, and they gave me appreciate stares as my face burned and my eyes dropped.

We kept walking, but turned down a flight of outdoor stairs to a small basement entrance. I was led inside, and down a tiled corridor into a sort of medical examination room. The guy in the shorts then clipped the handle of my leash to a ring in the wall just above my head, gave my bottom a squeeze, and left.

And what was I to do but stand and wait? I could hardly do anything else until someone arrived.

Then a man did. He wasn't exactly an exciting man. He was middle-aged, balding, shorter than me, with glasses and a white coat, much like a doctor. I presumed he WAS a doctor, but maybe this was just some kinky part of the game.

A moment later the door opened and another man came in. He was younger; much better looking, and definitely not any kind of doctor. He just watched, at first, as the doctor guy removed my leash, then led me over to an exam bench. Everything he did thereafter was straight medical, including drawing blood for tests. I still blushed a lot when he had me spread my legs while he took out the dildo and did an internal exam – with the other guy watching!

I wasn't finding this at all exciting!

I was led up the corridor, still bound and gagged, into another room, wider, but still somewhat medical, smelling medicinal. Here, the two men unlinked my wrists, but held my wrists, then lifted me onto another bench or table and laid me back on it. My arms were pulled up to the top and locked there, and my ankles were spread and locked into metal stirrups.

The doctor guy brought over a wheeled tray. He put alcohol on some cotton batting, and rubbed it against my nipples. Then he had a little machine with clamps which squeezed my nipples and drove a needle through them. It was all very orderly and clinical, and it *hurt*, though not for long. The rings they inserted were very round and very stainless steel and didn't have the little ball things that held them together. Instead they just fit together into perfect circles.

I moaned as he rubbed at my pussy and I raised my head, shaking it. He ignored me, and soon the machine was squeezing at the flesh at the base of my clit, then there was a sudden, very sharp, very intense pain that made me scream into the gag. My hips bucked against the strap they'd put across them, but the pain faded quickly.

Another ring went into me. Then my pubic lips were pierced with an even wider ring inserted.

Neither of the men talked to me, nor even acted like I was more than a thing they were working on. They did their job very casually, and then the younger guy put the leash on my collar and led me from the room. We went down a flight of stairs, stairs which were of rough stone, into a dungeon-like setup.

In fact, there were literally flaming torches sticking out of the walls, and the place was

dimly lit and spooky looking. He opened a heavy door made of thick old wood braced with metal, led me down a narrow corridor, and then opened a similar door into a small cell like room with straw on the floor.

He lit a torch set in the wall, then took me to the end of the closet sized room, and unlinked my wrists. He put my back against the wall, raised my wrists, and chained them to the wall, then shackled my ankle restraints to the floor, well apart, and turned and left.

The door closed heavily, and an enormous metal bolt was shot home. A half minute later I felt the other door slam closed and another metal bolt shot.

I was left alone in the stone cell with the small torch flickering across from me, my restraints attached by chains to the cold wall behind me.

Okay, this was not my idea of fun! Well, it had an undoubted kinky and perverted air about it, but my nipples and especially my pussy now ached, and I was standing uncomfortably alone with my back to a stone wall and my arms shackled overhead. And there weren't any hot guys pawing me and making me come!

After a while, I began to kind of sag against the chains, and my head lolled weakly. It was tiring, standing in place. I couldn't bend my legs much, or my back. I had to just standing there. I couldn't even lean much against the wall because my feet were shackled right up against it. The cold stone was pressed firmly against the back of my head, my buttocks and shoulders and legs.

It was hot in there, and damp, and I began to sweat. I wondered if the air was close or it was just the gag. I felt beads of sweat on my forehead, and on my chest. How could it be this hot!? The stone behind me no longer felt chilly either. I wondered if they were pumping in heat from somewhere, though I didn't see a vent.

It was several long hours before I heard the sound of someone coming, heard the bolt shot back on the first door, then on my cell door. I raised my eyes, blinking back sweat, wondering who it would be. Randy? One of the other men?

It was a man, young, incredibly well-built, handsome, beautiful. I blushed again as his eyes moved over me, and felt a sudden sparkling heat between my legs.

“Slave,” he said, coming into the closet.

He wore a pair of black leather trousers and a black leather vest, but no shirt. His flesh was full and bronzed and gorgeous, and all the hair had been shaved away.

“You've got a lot to learn, and not enough time to learn it slowly,” he said.

He reached behind my head and undid the strap of the gag, then worked the gag out of my mouth. I gulped in air, moaning a little at my sore, stiff jaw.

He took something out of a kind of holster on his belt. It looked like a long vibrator but with large marble on a spike on the end.

“Say yes, master,” he said.

“Y-Yes, master!” I gulped weakly.

He slid the thing between my legs, the marble thing, and it buzzed and vibrated as it slid up and down along my slit and over my clit. I gasped, my hips bucking convulsively.

“What are you?”

“I-I'm a – slave?”

“You're a sex slave. What are you?”

“I'm a sex slave,” I gulped, blushing.

The little marble thing stopped buzzing pleasantly and gave off a crackle of electric shocks, like you'd get from static electricity in a dry room when wearing a fuzzy sweater. I yelped and jerked against the shackles.

“Never forget to say master,” he said. “What are you?”

“I’m a – a slave, master,” I gulped.

Again the thing crackled and I yelped, jerking back against the wall.

“You’re a sex slave,” he said. “What are you?”

“I’m a sex slave, master!” I gasped.

The thing buzzed pleasantly, rubbing up and down along my slit, over my clit.

“Why are you here, slave?”

“My boyfriend – ahgg!”

The thing crackled against my pussy and my buttocks ground against the wall as if I could get away, but of course, couldn’t. It’s not like the pain was a terrible thing, mind you. Like I said, it was sort of like static electricity, but it was quite uncomfortable, and yes, a little painful.

“Why are you here, slave?” he asked, his voice very calm.

Oh! I knew this! These questions were ones the girl in the video had answered!

“I-I’m here to serve, master,” I said a trifle breathlessly.

“Who owns this body, slave?”

“Anyone who wants it, master,” I gulped, heart pounding.

“Would you like me to fuck you, slave?”

“Yes, master!” There could be only one answer to that, even though my pussy was still really sore from the piercing.

“Beg.”

“Please fuck me, master,” I said, red-faced, as he rubbed the marble thing back and forth over my clit.

“What are you?” he asked casually.

“I’m a sex slave, master!” I gasped.

He brought the thing up against my nipples, and it buzzed against them and my breasts as he asked me the same questions over and over, and made me beg to be fucked.

Then he unchained my ankles, bent and grabbed them, before straightening, lifting my legs right up and out from under me! He lifted my ankles high and pressed them back against the wall to either side of my body. Quickly, and quite expertly, he then chained my ankles to the wall up high so I was hanging there with the backs of my feet pressed into the warm stone well apart, my ass raised up and very, very obscenely displayed, along with my throbbing pussy.

He took his cock out of his trousers, and it was *big!*

Maybe because it was as smoothly shaved at the rest of him I thought it longer, but it was thick too. He rubbed it against my upraised buttocks, and made me beg to be fucked again and again and again, teasing and taunting me with the buzzing vibrator thing, leaving me gasping and breathless and helpless before him.

“Beg me to fuck you in the ass,” he said calmly.

I didn’t want him in my ass, and hesitated.

The marble thing began to crackle with little electrical shocks. He touched it the butt-plug, which was metal, and I shuddered and my bottom jerked helplessly as the little shocks were transmitted right up into my rectum!

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I cried.

He shifted the thing to its vibrator mode.

“Again.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I gasped.

“Again. Show me you want it. Let me see how much you need it.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I moaned.

He eased the butt-plug out and then let the buzzing little marble circle my anal opening.

“Again, slave.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!”

He slid the oversized glass marble into my ass, and it began to crackle with electricity.

“Ahhh!” My hips jerked and bucked helplessly as he pumped the crackling thing up and down in short strokes.

“More passion,” he ordered.

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I cried.

I had to beg and beg before he finally pushed his cock into my ass! I was so fucking relieved when he did it I moaned and slumped in the shackles as his cock pushed slowly down into my well-lubricated ass.

“Do you love my cock, slave?”

“Yes, master. I love your cock, master,” I moaned.

“Where, slave?”

“I love your cock in my ass, master!” I gasped.

Jesus Christ! Was that really my voice!? This was so fucking perverted and wicked and nasty! I could feel how my juices were flooding into my pussy as his cock pumped in short arcs in the front of my ass, pushing deeper and deeper inch by inch with every other stroke.

“Say it again, slave.”

I had to say it again and again, to chant the words again and again as he worked his cock deep into my ass. Only when his balls were firmly pressed against my spine did he relent and let me say something else.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, slave.”

“Please fuck my ass, master!” I groaned.

He did, using the full, long length of his shaft, his hips working a slow, sensuous, powerful motion, thrusting into me again and again as my body jerked and shuddered against the wall.

God, he must have played football! What a body he had! I longed to run my fingers and hands over his chest, but they remained clamped tightly, my wrists aching now due to the weight they were supporting, my back aching too as he thrust into me harder – deeper, and ground himself against me. I felt his cock pushing soooo deep into my ass that my belly cramped, but all I felt was heat! Raw, wild heat!

He reached forward with his hands, and slipped his fingers into the rings piercing my nipples, then pulled them lightly up and out until I gasped in pain.

“Keep begging, slave,” he ordered.

So I had to keep begging him to fuck my ass while he did it! And whenever my voice eased he pulled harder on my nipple rings, which made my nipples burn and sting and ache!

Oh God it felt good as he thrust that big, fat cock deep into my ass! I shuddered and moaned and then yelped each time he pulled on my nipple rings, reminding me to keep begging him. It was the weirdest sex ever! I had to keep talking all the way through, begging him to fuck my ass over and over and over again! And I don't talk like that! I think it's crude! But now it was just wild and hot and kinky and nasty and as I approached orgasm he slid the marble vibrator thing down to rub against my clit and my head nearly exploded as I bounced and jerked and thrashed in my shackles and his cock pounded down into my ass with hard, furious strokes.

Chapter Eight

There were five women in the room. It was an otherwise empty room, with a polished wooden floor and windows high along the side. We were kneeling on yoga mats, all of us nude, collared, shackled, our wrists locked behind our backs, our knees spread wide at the behest of the man who stood at the front of the room. He was a handsome guy, in his late twenties, with thick, shaggy dark hair which was pulled back into a loose pony tail. Like the others I'd seen he was built solidly, with broad shoulders. He wore a sleeveless tank top which pulled tight across his chest, and his arms were muscular, his belly trim and flat, and, I was betting, hard and muscular.

He had a longer version of that weird little vibrator/torture device in his hand, with a little glass ball the size of a ping pong ball on the end.

I was pleased to note I was the best looking woman there. There was a pale skinned blonde of maybe thirty next to me, but she wasn't as pretty and her breasts were small. On my other side was a brunette with big boobs, but she was a little fleshy. Next to her was a redhead, cute, in a punkish sort of way, and the youngest one there. She was small, and firm looking, with high, firm breasts. And finally, there was an Asian girl with beautiful long hair hanging down her back.

The man at the front had not identified himself. He called us slaves, as if there was no need for us to have names either. We knew what to call him anyway: master.

“Kneel, slaves,” he'd ordered as she came in.

We had all knelt. That much, at least, all of us had already learned. Men liked us on our knees.

The shock thing he held was shaped like a big cock, a big black cock. Only it held a two foot long pencil sticking out the end. And then the glass ball tipped that. I knew what the glass ball was, and apparently the others did to. The redhead flinched as he walked along us and then let the ball slide up her spine. It crackled lightly and she arched her back.

“Backs straight! Chests pushed out firmly!” he called in a loud voice.

He turned and walked in front of us, then thrust the club down, the crackling little ball pressing against the other blonde's pussy. Again, it was only crackling lightly, but she got the message as he said “Knees wide!” and she and all the rest of us made sure our knees were wide enough apart the tendons in our inner thighs stretched and ached.

He moved along the row of us then moved behind us. I started to turn my head but the brunette gasped in pain and stiffened, jerking her eyes forward as his voice called “Eyes front!”

A moment later I felt his hands at my wrists, unclipping the shackles.

“Hands on your outer thighs, palms up,” he said as he continued down the line.

“Do not sit directly on your heels,” he said. “You might be called upon to kneel like this for long periods of time. You sit with your heels pressed against your butt, legs spread, back straight.”

He came around in front of us again.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced.”

We all brought our hands up behind our necks, and he let the glass ball push forward, electricity crawling over it until it was within a half inch of my nipple.

“Back arched. Present.”

I arched my back quickly, as did the other girls. “Whenever you're told to present you will put your body into this position,” he said. “If standing, you will ensure your legs are apart.”

Kneeling or standing, your head will be back, chest out.”

I gasped as I felt the ball rubbing up and down against my bare little sex, the electricity making a buzzing sensation, almost like a vibrator.

He withdrew it and I sensed the other blonde jerking a bit.

“When given an order you will obey at once,” he said. “There is no need to stop to think. You aren't supposed to think. You're slaves, and your master has given you an order. You obey.”

He pressed the round ball against the lips of the brunette to my side.

“Mouth open,” he said.

She opened her mouth reluctantly and he slid the ball into it.

“Close.”

She closed her mouth behind it, so that the pencil thin metal rode protruded, and her eyes looked up at him nervously.

“I'm going to back up,” he said. “You will come forward on hands and knees and not let the ball come free of your mouth.”

He drew back, and it almost seemed that he drew her with him as if the ball was lodged within her. She slid forward onto all fours, crawling forward until her bottom was about four feet in front of us.

“Release,” he said.

She let her lips loosen with obvious relief and he slid the glistening ball out.

“I want your chin on the floor, your arms before you, wrists together,” he said. “Keep your butt high and your knees wide.”

It was a pretty obscene position to have to take with four other women sitting behind her but the brunette didn't hesitate, perhaps remembering that ball in her mouth. The man pressed the ball against the side of her knee and from her gasp and flinch it was now buzzing more powerfully.

“Wider,” he said. “I want your knees drawn forward more, too. Your legs above the knees should not be angled forward at all. They should be vertical, but spread so you're well positioned to be mounted.”

He ran the crackling glass ball up and down against her bare little pussy, then sank it slowly inside until it disappeared. She trembled a little, and then gasped as he evidently did something with the settings. Whether it was more of an electrical charge or simply more of a pleasant buzzing I couldn't tell.

“All right, all of you present for mounting.”

We all slid forward onto our chests, my breasts throbbing beneath me as I positioned myself in that embarrassingly open position. At least no one was behind me.

After that came various other positions, each of which we were made to position ourselves in perfectly. He rotated through them, faster and faster, and let the snapping, crackling glass ball sting us whenever we were slow or out of position.

It was quite a workout, to be honest, like high pressure yoga, but done much faster, and naked of course.

Then he leashed the redhead and had her crawl. He ran the ball across her pussy and made her head come back more, made her keep her back straight, her bottom high as she crawled. After watching, the other four women were also made to crawl leashed back and forth across the room. It was... embarrassing but darkly exciting.

I wondered where Randy was, and how long we'd be doing this sort of thing before he showed up. It was very, very odd being like this, naked, shackled, alone among strangers.

The door opened and another husky looking young guy came in carrying a pair of wooden chairs. The first one ignored him, while we girls blushed somewhat, but continued our various movements. The man left, and returned with two more chairs, then a fifth. He placed them in a row along the wall and left. Again he returned, this time with what I guess I could best describe as a fireman's dummy. Only this one had a big old cock sticking out of it. The redhead giggled and then yelped as the ball crackled against her puckered little rear opening.

The cock was hard, and stuck straight up. It also had a pair of balls, and we were soon all lined up in front of them, licking and sucking, doing as he instructed, as he taught us how we were to perform oral sex. That included not merely how to use our tongue and lips, but when and how to suck, and even how to make use of our faces, our eyes, our expressions, to excite the man we were performing on, how to roll our eyes up, how to make our faces look aroused or sensual or innocent as we bobbed up and down or sucked on the balls.

I didn't think I had much to learn there, but it was still hot and nasty and exciting to do it.

A couple of the girls couldn't deep throat, and so I had to demonstrate and then they had to somehow force their lips down the big dildos until their faces were jammed into the dummy's groins.

Then came lap dances, and finally we rode the dildos, sliding our moist pussies up and down them, grinding and rolling and riding each of them – not for pleasure but as instruction. Each of us was stopped multiple times while he told us where to put our hands, how to slide our nipples across the dummy's face, how to grind our pelvises, when to stop, turn and grind back facing away from the dummy. Not everyone was adept and this took some time.

Another man came in, and the two of them stopped, talking about who was going to handle a shift that evening. It was very casual, employee like talk, but imagine how weird it was to have them behind me doing that while I rode my pussy up and down on the slick dildo and ground myself against the dummy below me. It was embarrassing, to say the least, but the heat within me kept bubbling and boiling so that I knew I was not terribly far from climax.

He stopped us, though, and made us climb off.

“How many of you have had sex with women?” he asked.

All but the redhead raised their hands.

“Well we're going to make sure you're good at it,” he said.

I wondered if he was going to bring in female training dummies, but he didn't have to. He had us, after all.

He pointed at me and I reluctantly crawled forward.

“On your back, slave right here” he ordered.

I lay on my back, and he squatted beside me. There were holes all around on the floor, and he pushed a small spring clip into one. It locked in place, and there was now a penny sized ring there. He locked my left restraint to it, then did the same on my other side so my wrists were bound to the floor next to my hips. He pushed a couple more spring clips into holes above my head and out to either side, then drew my ankles up and back as the second man produced a pair of short chains. My ankles were forced wide and then chained down to the rings above my head so I was spread open gapingly wide.

He motioned the redhead forward, still squatting, and told her to stick out her tongue. Then he instructed her, basically, in how to lick me, where, how heavily, how lightly, how to tease and titillate, how to arouse, and how to set a woman's hips grinding and burning.

Of course, I appreciated none of it, at first. I didn't like a woman licking me, especially in front of people, but I was already aroused, and the feel of her tongue when it slid along my

moist, taut pussy was irresistible. It didn't matter what gender was attached to it.

“You will not climax without permission,” he told me sternly.

Jesus! As if I wanted to! In front of all these women!

But it became harder and harder to resist as he brought over the Asian girl, who was much more experienced with her tongue. Then he brought over the older blonde, and had her use her fingers as well. She had long, slim fingers, and soon had four of them pumping slowly in and out of me as her tongue licked ever so teasingly against my quivering clitoris.

I was becoming so overheated I was forgetting his order not to climax – almost. My chest was heaving and I was starting to sweat, gasping and gulping in air, moaning as the brunette's tongue pushed deep into my moist pussy and squirmed around inside me. Then she began to finger me as she sucked on my clit, and I lost it, coming helplessly, crying out, my hips bucking violently against her fingers as she sucked hotly on my clit.

“After this lesson is over you'll be punished for disobedience,” he growled.

But the lesson continued, with the women taking turns to finger me and lick me as he looked on and refined their techniques. My mind squirmed with discomfort and embarrassment, yet I couldn't push away the rising tide of heat as they drove me into a second powerful orgasm, my hips bucking my head rolling and jerking as I thrashed in my bonds.

Then he had the women squat over my face, and I had to concentrate on licking one while a second licked me. I thought licking a woman a bit gross but I was heady with sexual arousal now so licked almost eagerly as I felt a tongue against my own spasming pussy.

Done for that lesson, I was unchained and pulled upright, but my wrists were shackled together behind my back, then a short length of chain was attached and they were forced up between my shoulder blades, chained to the back of my collar.

“You need to discipline your pussy,” he said. “Or we'll do it for you.”

He made me kneel, face against the floor, and spread my legs, then he forced a god-awful thick dildo into my pussy and another into my ass, pushing and tugging until they were all-but buried inside me and my belly was aching and full and feeling cramped and sore. Then he sat down and took me across his lap and, as the others watched, paddled my bottom until I screamed and sobbed and my bottom was flaming horribly!

“Learn to obey, slave,” he said, as he pushed me off and I lay, whimpering and sniffing on the floor.

We were led to another room, where there were now real men sitting and waiting. They weren't the handsome hunks I'd seen so far, but mostly ordinary looking men. I decided they were guests, rather than employees, and I blushed as we were made to kneel before them and then work on their cocks.

I didn't even know this guy's name! He looked about in his late thirties, okay looking, with brown hair, but he wasn't someone I would have looked at twice. Now I was bobbing my lips up and down on his cock, my wrists still locked behind my back.

On either side of me, the other girls did the same, though their hands were free, making it much easier.

When all five men had come, they were replaced by five more, and we continued, with the employee guy overseeing us, correcting where necessary. The men we were sucking gave reports as we did it, whether we were sucking too hard or too softly, whether we weren't using enough tongue.

After that came dancing and stripping lessons, with stripper poles. I had already mastered that part, but had to go through it anyway. Then we got to crawl some more, then do the positions

thing, then we were dressed up in these super tight PVC leather outfits.

First, a soft leather G-string went on. The G-string – I'm calling it that for want of another term – had a fat leather butt-plug attached, along with a fat, long dildo. The dildo and plug were pushed into us, then the “g-string” was buckled tightly in place. On top of that came the tightest pair of PVC leather pants imaginable, literally like a second skin, which squeezed my pussy and ass tightly. Six inch stiletto heels were put on underneath, and then leather halters which had open holes to thrust our breasts through.

The hole was small enough that the trainer had to squeeze my breast and distend it to pull it slowly through. And once through they both pushed out hard and taut, the nipples quivering. My arms were pulled together into a black PVC leather arm band which forced them tight to the elbows and pulled my shoulders back painfully.

And then we were marched out into an open area, a kind of party room, where there were at least fifty people sitting around various tables drinking and playing cards. These again were guests, or rather; members, not employees, and they came in all sizes, shapes, ages and shapes.

Blushing furiously, leashed, I was led over beside an older man and knelt before him. Then I had to suck his cock while a dozen people looked on. It was hideously embarrassing! I felt like such a complete sex toy, an animal a... a sex slave!

My lips bobbed up and down on his cock as he roughly fondled my breasts and tugged and twisted my nipple rings, and like Randy had, he came in my face, laughing after he spewed.

My face was wiped off by one of the employees, and then I was led to another man, and then another, and then a fourth before I was led from the room. It was back to the “positions” and back to demonstrating my dance moves and back to doing mock lap dances. I was exhausted by the end of the day, and had had nothing to eat or drink.

They led me back to the cell, and, naked, I was shackled to the wall. I moaned weakly, legs aching, body aching, exhausted, but there was little sleep to be had that night.

The next day began with crawling naked and leashed to a room where the five of us women got to eat from what I can best describe as a trough, and we weren't allowed to use our hands. We had to kneel on all fours and push our mouths into the long tray of food, eating what turned out to be quite tasty bits of ham, bacon, and scrambled eggs. Then we drank from bowls of milk set on the floor.

After that came our baths, where we learned how to bathe each other using our bodies as washcloths, soaping ourselves up and rubbing ourselves against others. When we were all dry and clean we did more of those “Simon says” position things, which I had figured out were merely to train us to obey orders immediately. The orders came faster now and the shocks were harsher and more immediate when we didn't perform well.

Occasionally I thought about Randy, wondering where the hell he was and when he was going to show up. But we were kept so busy, and every order had to be obeyed instantly, and so there was very little time to think about much else. Those little shocks might not be all that painful – akin to static electricity, as I said – but you learned to not want them snapping and crackling against your pussy or nipples really quick!

We learned to belly dance, and to do a kind of dance of the seven veils, though there were a lot more than seven, stripping for people. Then we did more lap dances, only these included riding some stiff cocks – real ones. Again I was forced to ride up and down on a stranger's prick as he sucked and licked at my breasts and squeezed my ass, and not even know his name! It was weirdly disjointed, made me wonder what I was doing, and yet I felt a dark, shimmering thrill of the forbidden as I did it.

I fucked him and fucked two more like him before we moved on to something else. Again, perhaps because I was, as one of the employees had remarked, the perfect looking fuck toy, I was used as a demonstrator. I was hung by my wrists, spread-eagled, balanced precariously on my toes, legs well apart and chained down. The lesson, so far as I could tell, was “pleasure and pain”, and I was given plenty of both.

The women licked and fingered me while I was flogged, the long, thin leather laces lashing my back painfully. A crop was turned on my bottom until it burned, then a thin leather strap was used to whip my breasts, especially my nipples as a vibrator ground across my clit. It all hurt, and yet rarely did it ever pull me from the dark sexual cloud of heat surrounding me, shimmering around me. And in the end, I was a perfect demonstration, for the man was able to use the leather strap on my pussy, on my clit, and whipping it down hard and fast – I came, the sharp little stinging pains blurring together into a wild, roller-coaster ride of surging sexual pleasure that had me thrashing and twisting in my bonds.

I started working the next day – was it the next day? I had kind of lost track of time somehow. I started working in the club. First I was a waitress. I wore nothing but a pair of thigh high black stiletto boots, shoulder length black leather gloves, a kind of black halter which lifted my breasts up and squeezed them together, but didn't hide a single inch, and a tail which hung from a butt-plug pushed into my ass.

I was fingered and groped constantly, and every hour took my turn on stage. There was no strip-tease, since that would have been redundant. Instead it was a lesbian sex show with me and the different girls doing various nasty and naughty things together, often involving double-headed dildos.

Then I did lap dances in small private rooms, which always ended with me riding up and down a stranger's hard, slick cock. After that it was back to waitressing until the next show, for a man who had a thin switch he brought down on our butts or sometimes our breasts whenever we were slow.

Then later in the evening I was hung by my wrists and flogged before an audience of maybe sixty people while the Asian girl licked and sucked at my clit and made me scream in pleasure.

None of us had names. None of us was alone with each other long enough to ask one, to talk, to find out anything about each other. We were either in public “working” or with one of the trainers. Or with one of the “members”. The only name we answered to was “slave”, and the only name we gave was “Master”.

That night – I guess it was night, but I didn't know – I was led back to my cell. This time they made me stand in the middle of the room. My wrists were shackled together above my head, but there was slack in the chain, and I wasn't made to stand on my toes. Then they hung a rope between the walls. It was a thick, rough hemp rope with knots tied all along its length. And they fed it between my thighs.

So there I was straddling this knotted rope, moaning weakly. It pulled up quite hard against my sex, jamming into me a little painfully, to be honest. My ankles were shackled to the floor so I couldn't get off it, and could only stand there, feeling that harsh, uncomfortable pressure against my soft, delicate pussy.

Of course, my body kept moving, shifting, trying to get more comfortable, or rather, trying to ease the discomfort in my arms, shoulders, back, legs and groin. And this inevitably brought my exquisitely sensitive clit grinding across the knots again and again. The sensation

was – unpleasant – and yet arousing somehow. And such was my nature now that before too very long I found myself frantically grinding my pussy along the rope, grinding my clit across the knots as far as I could move my hips in and out.

I came powerfully, but my pussy was sore, and felt kind of raw afterwards. Nevertheless, I couldn't stop myself from, after a while, doing it again, rubbing and sawing my pussy along the row of knots until I came again.

I think, looking back, that they were drugging us a little. I mean, it wasn't heavy. We were all into this sort of thing and had all agreed to come willingly. But the drugs made our minds a bit fuzzy and buzzed, and made us think less about what was going on or why we were doing things.

I don't remember thinking much about anything those first days but heat, embarrassment, pleasure, hunger, sex, more sex, more sex again. I didn't think about my job or where I was supposed to be or anything but sex, sex, heat and sex. I fucked anyone and everyone who wanted me, in whatever position they wanted to fuck me. I was disciplined spanked, strapped, flogged, and otherwise punished, and never complained or even thought about complaining, accepting that as normal.

I was there for, perhaps, a month, I think. Like I said, days ran into days, and we rarely got outside to see the sunlight. But one day I was shackled, hogtied and gagged, then dropped into a trunk. The trunk was lifted and carried to a boat, and then we left the island. The trunk was then transferred to a truck or car and we drove for over an hour before stopping.

The trunk was opened and I was lifted out, unshackled, then taken by two men to a room where I was washed, had my hair shampooed and dried. This was another sort of club, or a part of it, I decided, not really caring that much, to be honest. There was a casino here, and a strip club. I wore more clothes this time, basically a sort of very short, slutty maids outfit with cleavage and stiletto heels.

I carried drinks on trays, served men who groped me a lot, then did a strip tease on stage from a schoolgirl outfit to nothing. Afterward, it was the same as before, doing lap dances in private rooms and fucking guys as they laid money on the table. Only there were more guys and much more money. They charged fifty dollars a song here.

After a while I realized what was going on, and why we weren't supposed to call the men master. This was not part of the bondage club, but a public strip club they owned. I was, in effect, actually working as a stripper – and really, as a prostitute! That was why the men were willing to pay fifty bucks a song!

How had this happened? How had I come to this? How had I turned from being a career oriented businesswoman to a stripper and prostitute? And it wasn't like I was even getting any of the money! I was pulling in thousands of dollars a day, far more than I ever had as a saleswoman, and at the end of the day sleeping in a cage in the basement!

How had this sort of thing become normal to me? How had I morphed so that I hadn't even noticed? And why was I continuing it? What the fuck had happened to Randy?

My epiphany made me indignant, partly because of all that money passing through my hands without sticking to my fingers. I dared to complain to the manager, in a sort of uncertain, confused, indignant fashion.

That got me gagged and bound and riding the horse. If you don't know what the horse is, it's basically a narrow length of wood that you straddle. It doesn't actually touch you – as long as you stand on the balls of your feet. Of course, you can't do that for long and wind up sitting down on it, letting more and more of your weight press down against that narrow edge of wood,

letting it push up hard against that soft, sensitive part of your anatomy.

As your ankles and calves get more and more tired you have to sit down for longer periods, to let more weight down, and that's why it's called riding the horse, because you rise up and sink down, rise up and sink down – until you're fully and firmly seated with that thing jammed painfully into your pussy and no relief in sight.

At that point my ankles were spread wide and chained down, and then a little vibrator was pressed against my clit. Pleasure and pain, pain and pleasure again, and as the pain and pleasure mounted and I sat there, moaning into my gag, my mind began to buzz and the world got foggy. I screamed in climax, even though I ached terribly, and the climaxes and pain continued until the world blurred around me.

I was moved to another club, this one a long way away. In fact, it wasn't even in North America any more. From the looks and sounds of the customers it was in Eastern Europe. If anyone spoke English they didn't let on and I certainly couldn't ask as I waited on them, let them grope me, then stripped and danced and rode their stiff cocks in the small back rooms.

I had become, in effect, a sex slave – for real!

The understanding didn't horrify me. But it did concern me, did make me indignant. I didn't know what to do about it, though, and frankly, I had become conditioned in a way so that every time I rode one of those strangers' hard cocks I came. So it wasn't like it was a fate worse than death.

After a couple of weeks I was given a new task. I would be dressed up in some kind of outfit; often as a schoolgirl, or as a nurse, or even a soldier. I would go to a room, a bedroom, and there be handed over to a man who spoke no English. But he would get me undressed, and often spank me, or paddle me or bind me in a variety of ways with ropes and chains and straps which the rooms were equipped with. Sometimes they'd spend hours tying me in different positions and then taking pictures.

And one day the guy in the room was Randy. He wasn't alone either, but had a busty young brunette with large, fascinated eyes beside him. I was shocked to see him, and at that moment could not remember how much time had passed. I had gotten used to my life.

I started to talk and he glared at me, sticking his finger in my face. “Were you about to talk without being given permission, slave!?” he demanded harshly.

I pressed my lips together tightly and he slouched back on the bed, looking at me. He reached out and turned on the radio. “Strip for me, slave,” he ordered.

It was so ingrained in me now; obedience, that I did, even though my mind was spinning with questions, with emotions, with doubts and even anger. I stripped for him and the girl, who must have been no more than nineteen. She giggled and gasped as I started assuming those positions, lewdly and obscenely displaying myself to their amused eyes. I crawled before them and licked at their shoes, then I obediently removed the girl's shoes and licked and sucked on her toes.

I did the same for Randy, then deep throat him, bobbing up and down, and when he came, I sucked his balls and made him hard again, then presented myself for mounting. He fucked me hard and fast, yanking back on my hair as he drove his cock down into my pussy, and my inner heat bubbled and boiled despite all the uncertainty and confusion within my mind.

After that, he had me strip the girl and lick her pussy, had us press our bodies together, kissing and grinding as he snapped pictures. Then, as I ate her again, he sodomized me hard and deep, making me cry out in pain as I came.

He gagged me then tied me on the bed. Basically, he had me kneel on the bed facing the

foot. He tied ropes to my ankles and pulled them firmly back towards the head of the bed, locking them in place. Then he had me lay back, bending my knees, kind of folding back across them, and attached a rope to my wrist restraints, pulling it down between my legs, and then sharply up and out. This bowed my body sharply as the rope pulled down on my arms, and as I was bent violently, he pulled the rope up so it was jammed in tightly between my sex lips, and tied it to a ring set high atop the lower bedpost.

He leaned over me, grinning, his mouth inches from my ear. "I hope you're enjoying your new occupation, slave girl," he said softly. "This is my new girlfriend Annie. I am making a fucking fortune off you, you know. I don't even have to work any more and I've bought a bigger house and a Ferrari. Keep up the good work, slave."

Then he pushed himself off and went to the door to join her. "Oh, and I'm going to tell the manager you were rude and not at all competent. I hope he punishes you."

Then he was gone, leaving me like that. The manager came in after a while and flogged me, lashing the flog up and down my bowed, taut body, then left me like that for the rest of the day.

I was a sex slave in reality. For a while I was furious, writhing and twisting in my bonds, feeling the full weight of the unfairness, the helplessness, the injustice. But exhaustion set in and when I returned to my cage that night I lay back and used the dildo on myself and came, gasping and moaning and whimpering, then fell asleep, a caged sex slave.

The next morning the routine started again, and I quickly forgot about Randy. The fact was that my life was oddly freer as a sex slave than it had been as his girlfriend and businesswoman. I didn't have to worry about anything, have to think about anything, have to plan for anything. I was told everything I had to do, and it was all really easy and enjoyable and exciting. I had at least a dozen orgasms a day, often two dozen, and lived my life wrapped in a glowing sexual miasma that rarely let me think about anything else. My nipples were hardly ever soft, and my pussy was hardly ever dry.

I resented the situation only now and then, but soon the thought went away and I lost myself to the heat and hunger and sensuality of being a sex slave.