

# Alyssa's First Day

*(Morning)*

By JJ Argus



**Alyssa's First Day**

**The Morning**

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2024

Smashwords edition

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author and encouraging him to continue to write more like it.

This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over 18

It started with a text message from my boyfriend Ethan. I was just getting out of bed and pondering the freedom of a brand-new day with no obligations at hand. I had no job because I wanted to enjoy the summer after working my ass off in my first year at college. And because I have parents who are "comfortable," and let me do pretty much whatever I want.

Those parents had gone on a trip to Europe and I had the place to myself for a month. And I was basking in the sense of owning myself and the day. Maybe I'd go shopping. Maybe I'd mess around on the computer or watch movies in my dad's home theater downstairs. Since it was sunny out I would definitely spend time in the backyard at the pool.

Hey, once I graduate that'll be it for having summers off. I was going to take advantage of it while it lasted! I wasn't looking forward to joining the working world, to be honest. Working nine to five, five days a week forever did not fill me with anticipation. Especially since I really hadn't thought of anything I really wanted to do with my life.

I will be dropping by today to surprise you. Wear something sexy.

Uh-huh, I thought. Was it a surprise if he warned me he was going to drop by? Sometimes I wondered about him. He's got a gorgeous body, mind you, and is great in bed and fun to be around. And like working for a living, decisions about whether I wanted to live my life with a guy could be pushed back for some years still.

For now, he was fun.

Of course, like a lot of the guys I'd been with he'd learned his lessons on sex by watching porn videos. I'd spent some time teaching him that those weren't real and also how to be a great lover. To his credit, he was a quick study.

But that didn't prevent him from having fantasies like the kind he got from videos. That included things like threesomes, with both guys and girls – because he wanted to watch me with them, just like he watched the videos. And, in fact, I had kind of mostly given in on that one. We hadn't done a threesome yet but I had said if he picked the right guy we could probably explore this fantasy of his.

It wasn't that I didn't think the idea could be super-hot, mind you. But it was also rife with danger for any relationship. Though so far he hadn't shown much in the way of jealousy. God, I hate jealous boyfriends! Other guys look at me. I can't help it! I look like I look! And don't tell me that wasn't a major factor in why they themselves had hit on me!

Hypocrites.

Ethan's latest idea from videos was tying me up. I was a bit leery about that but had given in to him on it, though with warnings. He'd tied me spreadeagled to my bed and spent a good deal of time pleasuring me, so it had worked out pretty well. It had been weird, though, not being able to move and being... helpless.

It was odd how that sense of helplessness had both excited and stressed me out. The latter, I would have expected, but the sense of breathless... possibilities, was not something I had expected. I was kind of hoping for more of that, but hadn't suggested it because, well, I didn't want him to think I was kinky or something!

He was kind of old-fashioned in some ways. He wanted to do all kinds of hot, wicked things with me like he'd seen in porn videos. But it had to be his idea, not mine. That way he could pretend I was the

innocent, 'good' girl and he was just persuading me to cater to him. Like, if I'd suggested a threesome he'd probably have wondered why he wasn't satisfying me and why I needed more people in bed.

But hey, I've been on the internet as long as he has. And while I haven't spent nearly as much time looking at porn videos, well, I'd seen some, and some had been quite... intriguing! The idea of bondage had always sort of excited me since it relieved me of any responsibility for what happened. If the sex was bad, hey, it wasn't my fault!

It also relieved me of any sense of guilt. Not just in my eyes, but, I figured, in the guy's eyes, too. After all, if I was tied up and helpless then whatever happened after that was entirely on him.

It's not a surprise if you warn me, I texted.

He didn't answer, and I wondered if he was miffed. But whatever. I had my breakfast and then went through the whole toiletry thing of brushing, flossing, mouthwash, skin cleanser, hair brushing, etc. Then it was time to go and lay out by the pool.

My parents are comfortable, like I said. Dad's a lawyer and mom is a psychologist. The backyard is large, and they'd turned it into something of an oasis, with tons of trees, flowers, bushes, and a big, natural-looking swimming pool made to look more like a pond or something.

It was also quite private, which was reassuring when you're a teenage girl. Which I am, still will be for at least another six months. Guys are all voyeurs, after all. Which is why they like porn so much, and why they like the idea of watching their girlfriends having sex with someone else.

I put on my tiniest thong bikini and gathered up everything I needed, from sunscreen to a cool drink to a book and towel and radio, then set myself up on one of the chaise lounge chairs facing the pool. I wasn't laying flat. I had the back of the lounge tilted up so I could lounge and read my book.

First, of course, I applied sunscreen to my mostly naked body. I'm fair-skinned and blonde so too much sun would damage my skin. And I really don't like the look of heavily tanned as I don't think it goes well with my hair.

Some people will ask what I like best about my body: my breasts, my butt, my legs, my hair or my face? But it's none of that. It's my skin. I love how soft my skin is when I touch it. It's smooth and warm and I feel an almost erotic sense of tactile pleasure caressing it with my fingers. Needless to say, that's even better with slippery sunscreen.

I let my fingers slide gently up and down my arms and over my shoulders, then down the front of my chest before easing down along the exposed flesh of my breasts, my fingers pushing into the cups of my bra a little, even lightly stroking my nipples.

I smoothed the warm cream down my lower chest and stomach then along my hips and thighs and down my legs before returning and spreading a bit more along my abdomen. I squeezed down on my muscles there to feel them beneath the skin, proud of how toned I was. Then I let my fingers push down a little more and into my bikini bottoms, satisfied again and how smooth my skin was.

The laser hair removal had been worth it. It was embarrassing at the time, but it meant I didn't have to shave again ever!

With that done, I wiped my hands and picked up my book, then lay back to enjoy the warmth and heat of the summer sun. It was about half an hour later that I got another text from Ethan.

Guess where I am? it said.

I was about to say I had no idea when some kind of black cloth bag was dropped down over my head. It had some kind of drawstring at the bottom which was pulled tight under my chin to keep the thing in place. And before I could react large hands gripped my biceps to pin me in place.

Then I heard this evil laugh. Well, it was more like a cartoony-type evil laugh.

I'd heard it before.

"Ethan! You weirdo! What are you doing?!"

Ethan is a big guy, which is one of the things that makes him sexy. He has broad shoulders and a gorgeous-looking chest. Not to mention a very nice dick. His hands pulled me forward and up off the chaise lounge, then drew my arms back together behind my back. They slid down my arms to my slender wrists and pinned them together easily with one hand. Then I felt some kind of soft material being wrapped around them.

Naturally, I now understood his intention. And that sent a wild rush of excitement through my mind and body. I made no resistance as he wrapped what felt like layer after layer of this soft fabric around my wrists to pin them tightly in place.

Helpless! I'm all tied up!

I felt a soft thrumming beginning down low that was growing and spreading through my body. A moment later the string to my bikini top was untied and I felt the pressure drop out from under my breasts. He fiddled with the shoulder straps to get it off without untying my wrists while I fought to keep my breathing as even as possible. It wouldn't do, after all, to let him know just how excited I found being tied up was. He might think less of me.

I felt more of that soft fabric going around my arms above the elbows. It drew in tighter to pull my arms back further. I gasped as he looped another layer then another around the same place, drawing my arms further back.

I do a lot of yoga and other stretches and I'm quite limber, but my shoulders and arms were starting to ache as he forced them further back until they were almost touching.

"Ohh! Not so tight!"

I felt the fabric pulling around my ribs and then up under my breasts, digging into the underside. It went around my body again and again until several loops of it were pressing in and up against the underside of my full breasts. Then several more went around my arms higher, these ones pressing down against the top of my breasts.

He was really going wild with this stuff today!

He turned me around and loosened the drawstring on the bag, pulling it up to just below my eyes then his hand came down over my mouth, and when it left, his fingers had what felt like tape that went across both cheeks and over my lips.

This was certainly new! Gagging me meant I couldn't do any kind of oral sex. Of course, it also meant I couldn't complain about whatever it was he intended doing!

I yelped, though it was muffled, as he lifted me into the air and then dropped me belly down across his shoulder. A moment later I felt his fingers slide into the back of my bikini and yank it down, completely baring me.

He carried me inside, still saying nothing, and for long seconds I let myself dwell breathlessly on the idea that it might not even be him. It could be a complete stranger! A stranger about to have his way with me! Of course, I knew it was him. I would have been terrified if it really was a complete stranger! God knows what such a man would do to me!

I was carried up the stairs and then down the hall before being dropped onto my back on a bed. My bed, I thought. My legs were spread wide by his big hands, and a moment later his fingers caressed the line of my sex before easing me open.

He was still saying nothing! Which added to the dark fantasy of what was happening as his tongue began to probe within me. Even if I hadn't recognized that phony evil laugh of his, I would have recognized how he performed oral sex because I had had a good deal to do with teaching him what I liked.

He'd gotten quite good, and with the underlying excitement being tied up and gagged had already given me I was very quickly feeling that throbbing sexual heat give way to a powerful building need. His fingers slipped into me making me moan against the tape. They pressed up and in as his tongue lapped at my clitoris.

He held my thighs apart with his elbows and forearms but my hips began to grind helplessly up at him anyway. I moaned again, wanting him inside me, his fingers, though big, were not good enough.

Suddenly, he paused, and then pulled the bag up and over my head so I could see. I was a bit disappointed in that, but only a bit. I had known it was him, after all. Now he knelt at the side of my bed naked. And he had a gorgeous body. That did nothing to cool my excitement, especially as he held his big, thick cock in his hand, slowly pumping his fist along it.

"Look what I have for you, little girl," he said with another of those evil laughs.

His hands slid up my body, not so gentle anymore. They paused at my breasts, squeezing in, his big fingers digging into the soft flesh.

"Look at these fantastic tits!" he growled.

He caught my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, twisting and rolling and then pinching them so that I moaned into the tape, my back arching as he pinched harder and pulled up.

"You're my helpless little prisoner now, baby. I'm going to ravish you senseless. Then I'm going to train you as my sex slave!"

Oh, wow! This was deliciously kinky!

Looking down at my body, I could see that the fabric that was around my chest was actually black rope. It was not like any rope I had ever seen before. Like, why would there be black rope? It was also amazingly soft. There were three loops under and over my breasts kind of squeezing them a little so that they were more plumped out than usual.

"And if you disobey, you'll be punished," he growled menacingly.

He reached for his cock while his other hand was repeatedly squeezing one breast, rubbing the fat helmet head up and down along the line of my sex. He pushed in harder, forcing my labia open so he could rub directly against my already swollen clitoris.

"Hot, sexy little slut! I'll teach you to go around tempting men with this gorgeous body of yours!"

I gasped and moaned as he pushed in and his big cock penetrated me, sliding deeper and deeper as he began to immediately pump in and out.

I couldn't get over how hot and exciting this was, lying on my back, on my bound arms, really, helpless and gagged while he had his way with me! This was awesomely hot!

I had to lift my head up to stare down at him between my bound breasts as he thrust in and out, pushing deeper with every stroke. He was roughly kneading my breasts now, deliberately, I thought. Because I had taught him better. Breasts are not squeeze toys and mine are sensitive.

But given what we were doing, what he was doing, this kinky little game he was playing, his roughness actually excited me more. It added to the idea that I was his helpless prisoner. He thrust it all the way in and I gasped as I felt the head jabbing me up high inside.

He has a long cock, as well as thick, and it usually takes him more time to get me worked up enough to take the whole thing. But now, though it ached, he was able to get it all inside and ground himself against me as he gave me another of those evil laughs.

"Buried to the balls, you sexy little blonde slut!"

Calling me a slut was also not something he usually did, needless to say. Nor was it something I would ever have welcomed before. But again, in the context of this dark game he was playing, it was deliciously hot!

He raised one of his big hands and slipped it down around my throat, squeezing gently and repeatedly. It didn't interfere with my breathing, but it did add to the dark, wicked excitement of what was happening. He squeezed a little more, and then a little more, until it made my breaths more labored.

I felt a wild spike of shocking excitement roll through me! It reinforced to me how utterly helpless I was! How completely under his power I was. And again, not something I usually would have appreciated.

He shocked me then by taking the hand off my left breast and slapping it! It wasn't a hard slap, but it did sting.

"Sex slave!" he growled.

Before I could get too indignant about that, his hand dropped down and he began to rub his thumb hard fast back and forth over my clitoris. All the while he was thrusting in and out of me!

"I'm going to enjoy your training, Amber."

I gasped for breath, staring up at him as he thrust into me.

"That's your new name," he said. "You're not Alyssa anymore. Your slave name is Amber."

My body was heating up, the sexual pressure building higher and higher. It was already at the point where I felt as if I was trembling, that if I had my arms free and held my hands out they would be shaking! This was so fucking hot!

"Are you gonna come? Are you gonna come for me, little slave girl? Little slut?"

He thrust harder and harder, taking his hand away from my throat so I could gulp in air while he roughly squeezed my breasts and then slapped the left one.

"Sex slave!"

I came! I felt a wild roar of sensation explode within me and flare out through my body so that it felt as if all my muscles were spasming violently! My back arched, my head rolling beneath as my body shook to the harsh blows of his hips.

"That's it, baby! Come like a whore! Come on my cock, you hot blonde bitch!"

The orgasm was incredible! I mean, any orgasm is great but there are levels, you know. Some are more intense than others. And this was about as intense as they got. I was letting out long, muffled sobs of breath that were it not for the tape would have been cries of pleasure. I would have tried to muffle them myself so as to not give him the idea that I was too kinky, but thanks to the tape I didn't really have to do much.

I laid back gurgling and moaning as I felt that big cock punching up into me again and again, as his hips smacked against my buttocks and thighs and his big, rough hands moved over my body to squeeze and pinch and slap and then close around my neck again.

"Owned! You are owned, baby! You're my bitch!"

He closed his fingers around my neck so tightly I couldn't breathe at all. For long seconds my eyes felt as if they were bulging. I gurgled breathlessly still quivering and shaking under the storm of sensation tearing through my mind and body.

He loosened his fingers and then abruptly pulled back, his big cock sliding out of me. He yanked me forward and rolled me over as if I were weightless, and my knees dropped to the floor.

Crack!

I yelped at the sharp slap to my buttocks even as he yanked my legs apart. I felt his cock rubbing against me and then penetrating me once again.

It seemed to push even deeper, and I moaned and gasped and shuddered as his hips started to batter my buttocks from behind. My breasts were crushed beneath me against the mattress, the ropes digging into them now.

Then he pulled back further on my hips so that only my shoulders were on the edge of the bed. My breasts hung below me and he roughly squeezed them, his fingers digging in hard and repeatedly before slapping my right breast.

I gasped and yelped, starting to feel overwhelmed by the speed and force of all this as the orgasm began to fade. I felt him gathering my hair and knew what was coming. I cried out anyway as he yanked it up and back and a moment later slapped my bottom again. It always turned me on when he pulled my hair when we did it doggy style but he was rough now!

"I'm gonna ride you like a bitch in heat, baby!"

Holy shit! This was really getting wild! He was really starting to pound me, and I felt this incredible emotional response as if I really was some conquered helpless prisoner being ravished by my captor!

And that, for some reason, sent a wild, dark thrill through my body.

His other hand roughly kneaded my breast then slid down my belly until his fingers found my clitoris.

"Hot, sexy slave girl!"

He abandoned my hair, which dropped my face onto the mattress, gripped my hips, and started to really go to town. I knew I was going to be sore tomorrow, but didn't care at all as his cock drove into me like a piston, my body shaking from the continuous hammering of his hips against my buttocks.

His body came down atop me so that I felt his stomach against my bound hands. He roughly gripped my hair and yanked it up and to one side as he leaned in and began to chew lightly along the nape of my neck. He actually growled like an animal as his teeth chewed at my earlobe.

"You're mine, blonde girl," he said into my ear. "I own you!"

His right hand pushed down under me so his fingers could start rubbing at my clitoris again while his teeth, lips, and tongue continued to work on my neck and earlobe.

I felt so... so conquered! And it was a weirdly thrilling and exciting feeling.

He pulled out again, much to my disappointment, for I had been rapidly approaching a second orgasm. He rolled me over once again, and spread my legs, placing my buttocks right at the edge of the bed. Then he thrust himself deep, leaning over me and peeling the tape away from my lips.

He gripped my hair tightly so that I gasped at the sting to my scalp.

"Tell me you're my sex slave, baby," he growled, his lips next to my ear.

I had to gulp in air before I could even try to speak.

"Y-You weirdo!" I gasped.

"Are you being disrespectful to your master, slave girl?" he demanded sternly.

Without waiting for an answer he pulled out of me and stood up, then scooped me up and sat down, dropping me across his lap. He rolled me over and then slapped my bottom stingingly.

Crack!

"Ahhh! That stings!"

"Obey, slave!"

"Freak! Pervert!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ow! Ethan! Ahh!"

"Obey your master, slave girl!"

"Weirdo! Bully!"

I sucked in a powerful breath as I felt his fingers push into me, twisting and turning, sliding deep, pressing downward. I gulped in air and then cried out as his other hand gripped my hair and yanked my head up and back.

"I can make you come like a nympho, slave girl," he said.

I only moaned in response as his fingers pulled out and his thumb pushed into me instead. His fingers now began to rub and massage my clitoris as his thumb, almost as big as some of the cocks I'd had inside me, pumped in and out, pressing down again.

"Sexy little slut," he said.

He pulled his fingers free and slapped my bottom again.

"Are you going to show your master respect, slave?"

"Y-You're not my – !"

Crack!

"Ahh!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ow! Oh! Stop!"

"Say please."

"Please!" I gasped.

Crack!

"It has to be please master. Say it."

I moaned helplessly. "Please, Master!" I gasped.

Saying the words, even though I didn't mean them, was darkly exciting!

His thumb pushed into me again and his fingers rubbed me as his other hand combed through my hair.

"Would you like me to make you come again, slave?"

"Yeeees!" I moaned.

Crack!

"Ow! Fuck!"

"Beg me to make you come."

"Please make me come!" I moaned.

Crack!

"You forgot to say master, slut!"

This was so wild! And as sort of silly as it was I felt it igniting the fires within me again.

"Please make me come, Master!" I groaned.

"Say 'please make your sex slave come master'," he ordered.

So sick!

"Please make your sex slave come, Master!" I gasped.

That seemed to break something free inside me. I was alive now to the edgy heat of his dark game. He stood and turned, placing me on my knees at the edge of the bed.

Crack!

"Spread your legs, slave!"

I gasped and obeyed and felt his hands on my waist, drawing my belly in tighter against my thighs.

"Beg me to fuck your brains out."

"Please fuck my brains out, Master!" I gasped excitedly.

His cock rubbed up and down, then pushed into the sopping heat of my belly.

"Again!"

"Please fuck my brains out, Master!"

"Now say please fuck my whore brains out."

"You freak!"

Crack! Crack! Crack!

"Ow! Fuck!"

Crack!

"Please fuck my whore brains out, Master!" I cried.

One of his hands buried itself in the thick, soft tendrils of my blonde hair and pulled back enough to make me gasp in pain.

"Again, slave!"

"P-Please fuck my whore brains out, Master!" I moaned.

He started to fuck me again, not wildly, but strongly, his hips slapping against my buttocks again. He ground himself against me every half dozen or so strokes, then let his big body bend over me, coming down on his left elbow as he released my hair.

"Beautiful blonde sex slave!" he growled, his teeth nibbling on my neck.

His right arm pushed in under my elevated waist and his fingers found my clitoris once more. His left then pushed in under my chin, sliding forward, then up and back until my neck was caught in the crook of his elbow!

He squeezed slowly and I gasped, my pulse racing.

"Say I own your body," he growled.

That was so kinky and hot!

"Y-You own my body, Master!" I gasped helplessly.

His fingers rubbed at my clitoris and I moaned and ground myself back against him.

"Tell me you're my sex slave!"

"I'm your sex slave, Master!" I gasped.

I came again, crying out again and again, desperately trying to ram myself back onto his cock as his hips thrust savagely into me. He tightened his arm so I couldn't breathe, my eyes bulging, kept it for a few seconds, then eased it so I could cry out even louder!

The orgasm tore through me like a hurricane! My whole body was being battered and flayed by the force of the pleasure howling through it! I sobbed and moaned, overcome with sheer ecstasy, my mind swimming and then drowning in the churning flood of liquid heat!

OMG! It was so powerful! Not only that, but it went on and on to the point where I wondered if it was actually going to physically harm me. Not that I cared! It could go on forever as far as I was concerned! And all the while his hips were hammering my upraised buttocks, and his big, thick cock was thrusting deep into my quivering, spasming belly!

I felt so utterly and completely used! Conquered! Owned!

Ethan groaned in pleasure himself.

"Ohh, fuck! I love pouring my cream into your hot pussy, sex slave!"

He straightened up, sliding his arm back out from underneath my chin and kneeling upright as he slowed his strokes. He gave a final series of soft, grinding strokes and then his cock slid out of me.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me up and around and then off the bed so that I stumbled weakly and would have fallen on my face if he hadn't been holding me so tight. He lowered me to my knees and then gathered my hair up in a thick mass before pulling my head forward and grinding my face against his cock and balls.

"Now you can please your master by sucking his cock and making him hard again, slave girl."

He rubbed his cock over my face and I gasped as he tugged on my hair.

"Tell me you love my cock, slave girl."

I winced as he tugged deliberately on tendrils of hair so that my scalp stung.

"Say it, slave. Sex slave! Slave bitch! Tell your master you love his cock!"

I gasped and moaned as he rubbed himself over my face my mind still dazed from that incredible orgasm.

"I love your cock, Master!" I gasped quickly.

He pushed himself into my mouth and I began to suck and lick immediately. It didn't take very long for him to harden enough that he could begin to stroke slowly in and out. He pulled his cock out then and lifted it up against his belly as he pulled my head forward.

"Suck my balls, slave girl. That's it, sex slave. Horny little blonde slut, suck on those balls for me. You love sucking your master's balls, don't you?"

He choked back on my hair and I gasped in pain.

"Don't you, slut!?"

"Ohh! Yes! Ow!"

"You forgot to say master. Do you need to be spanked again?"

"No, Master!" I gasped. "I love sucking on your balls, Master!" I moaned.

He pulled my face in again and my lips slipped around his balls and sucked them into my mouth where I licked at them and massaged them against the roof of my mouth.

He pulled them free and fed his big cock through my open lips. I began to suck and lick at it again as he pumped it slowly in and out. Then, he pushed deeper, so that the puffy helmet head slid deep into the back of my mouth. I gurgled weakly as he teasingly pushed it deeper and pulled it back several times. Then he pushed slowly forward and kept going so that his cock slid into my throat.

I had deep-throated before, but this was different in that it was someone else controlling how, when, and how fast and how deep. I gurgled and almost gagged as his long thick cock slid deep into my throat. He pulled me forward until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft and held me there with big, strong hands.

"That's it, you slutty blonde slave girl. You know you love swallowing cocks. It's your favorite thing in the world except for having them jammed deep into your pussy. I bet you'd like to do both at the same time, wouldn't you? You'd love to have a cock down your throat with another one fucking away at you from behind."

He jerked back on my hair as he slid himself up and out of my throat and mouth. Then he rubbed his cock over my face as he looked down at me.

"Wouldn't you, slave girl?"

I winced and gasped as he tugged on my hair again, gulping in air now that I could breathe once more.

"Yes, Master," I moaned weakly.

"You slut!" he exclaimed as if shocked. "What kind of a girl wants two big cocks in her at the same time!"

He pushed his cock back into my mouth and straight down my throat.

"Ohh, right, you're a blonde. Everyone knows blondes are horny sex machines."

He drove his cock balls deep into my throat and mouth, held it there for long seconds, then slowly pulled himself free again to rub his spit-wet cock across my forehead and lips.

"Admit it, slave, you love cocks. Say it!"

"I-I love cocks, Master!" I gasped.

"Say it again!"

"I love cocks, Master!"

He pulled me up off my knees and roughly shoved me so I fell back onto the bed on my back. Then he moved around to the other side, gripped my arms, and dragged me further until my head fell over the opposite side. He produced some kind of black scarf which he pressed against my eyes before tying it around behind my head.

A few seconds later I felt his weight on the bed, felt him spreading my legs wide, and then his cock rubbed up and down along the line of my sex, concentrating on my clitoris. He rubbed his soft, spit-wet cock back and forth and from side to side against my clitoris as I moaned weakly.

Then I felt hands at my hair pulling my head down a bit more and a moment later a cock began to rub against my cheeks and face. A moment later, Ethan's cock pushed into my pussy and a tremendous shock swept through my mind. I realized, of course, that there was someone else in the room with us now!

Another man! His cock rubbed gently across my cheeks and forehead and nose and then over my lips. Ethan was stroking casually inside me, his fingers rubbing my clitoris as his other hand slid up and squeezed one of my breasts.

"You know you love it, slave girl," he said. "You love cocks. You want that cock in your mouth. Go ahead and lick it. Lick that hard cock, sex slave!"

My mind was spinning wildly! Yes, I had sort of given my permission to do a threesome with another guy. But I hadn't meant now! And I didn't even know who it was! Suppose he was ugly!? Suppose he wasn't at all sexy!?

And never mind that! I was completely naked and this guy was kneeling or standing right there looking at me! And how much else had he seen and heard!? Who was it!?

I was frozen in place, my mind temporarily stunned. My instinct was to twist away in an effort to hide my naked body but I was laying helplessly on my tightly bound arms and Ethan was pushing down against my thighs as he fucked me. This other guy was gripping my hair firmly as he rubbed his cock over my face.

And then I abruptly realized I didn't care who it was or what they looked like. The idea of sucking a guy's cock while I was fucked in this position was so outrageously edgy and hot that it felt like a flame was ignited within my mind.

And in a way, not being able to see him made it easier. It made it less embarrassing. Because for some weird psychological reasons perhaps I felt like if I couldn't see him he couldn't see me. Well, with the blindfold on I guess I was a little bit disguised, as if wearing a mask.

I can't say that I applied an awful lot of thought to it. These were just feelings that flitted through my dazed mind.

"Lick that cock, you sexy blonde slave girl," Ethan said again.

Of course, I realized that he wasn't making me do anything. Neither was the other guy. It was like they were waiting for me to decide.

I pushed my tongue out and licked at the cock rubbing along my lips and then moaned as it slid into my mouth. Now I was a little confused because I'd never tried to suck a cock while it was upside down in my mouth. I knew that the underside of the head was where I wanted to get my tongue, but that was not possible.

It was a big cock, too! It pushed along my tongue, sliding in and out before the head drove into my throat. I gurgled and arched back but he held my head tight by the hair as he pushed his cock remorselessly forward and straight down my throat!

I could tell that this excited Ethan by the way he increased his thrusts and his hands tightened on my thighs. He began to pound himself against me again, shaking the bed as the guy, whoever he was, buried his cock in my throat and then slid it slowly out.

He rubbed it over my face again as I gulped in air and I felt a hand on my breast squeezing and kneading it. Since both of Ethan's hands were on my thighs it could only be the stranger!

He pushed himself back into my mouth and straight down my throat to the balls. And then began to pump slowly in and out.

"Fuuuuuck!" he groaned in a deep voice, "Your little sex slave is gorgeous, Ethan!"

"Inside and out," Ethan said.

Whoever it was pulled his cock out of my throat again and I gulped in deep, ragged breaths.

Ethan pulled out too, and then they rolled me onto my stomach. I felt him shifting his weight, straddling my thighs, and his cock pushed into me again from behind. The stranger gripped my hair and lifted my head up and back and then pushed his cock back into my mouth and down my throat.

I was dizzy as the blood that had rushed to my head when it had been upside down now seeped away. I was dazed and more than a little shell-shocked from everything that had happened so far as the stranger slowly fucked my throat with his big cock.

I was heating up quickly, though, despite having already had two orgasms. The memory of those orgasms made me cringe now as I realized that this guy had almost certainly been close and had heard them. Maybe even seen them! But my embarrassment didn't matter. The heat was growing, the passion spreading.

And then Ethan stopped again. This is one of those things about guys getting their sex tips from porn videos. They kept thinking they had to switch positions every minute or two. I wasn't exactly able to object as I was lifted up and away and around until I was pushed back against the headboard of my bed.

Ethan lifted me into a sitting position and then lifted my ankles up and back against the headboard on either side of my head. He dragged me a little bit forward, then stopped and pillows were pushed in behind my back. I felt my ankles pushed back even further before they were tied in place!

A moment later tape went over my mouth again.

"Now there is a beautiful sight," the stranger said.

I felt incredibly self-conscious like this, kind of slumped against the headboard with my ankles back over my head and spread wide to either side. It felt like each one was tied to one of the posts on the corner of the bed. I felt hands groping my breasts but didn't know who they belonged to.

Then I heard a buzzing sound. It sounded familiar, and it didn't take me long to figure out what it was as Ethan press my vibrator down against my pussy and began to rub it against my clitoris.

I gasped and moaned weakly as fingers pushed into me while he ground the vibrator against my clit. Hands kneaded my breasts at the same time and I felt like I was some kind of sex toy, a sex doll for them to play with. It was a weird feeling. But for some reason, it added to the dark, edgy passion gripping my mind.

Not being able to speak made it seem as if I was even less of a partner or contributor to anything going on and made it incredibly obvious that I was both helpless and merely the object, the thing, the toy for them to enjoy using and playing with. Almost not a person at all. That should have felt degrading, and in a way it did, but it excited me further.

Because again, I had no responsibilities here. There was nothing for me to say and nothing I could do. It was all on them. And given how helpless I was, I couldn't even be blamed for doing something as slutty as having sex with two guys at the same time. At least that was the emotion of the thing. I wasn't really thinking straight. I was barely thinking at all!

My head rolled from side to side and I tried to arch back as the passion and pleasure grew more intense. Of course, I had limited movement here. Which was frustrating, in a way.

The tape was peeled off my mouth.

"Tell me you want a big cock inside you, sex slave," Ethan said.

I did! But saying it in front of this stranger was daunting. I felt my already flushed face heating further at the mere thought.

"Say it, slave. You know you want to. Tell me you want to be filled with cock. Tell me you want a big cock stuffed balls-deep inside you. Go ahead. Say it, sex slave."

"I-I-I ... Oh! Please!" I gasped.

"Say it, slave bitch. You're my bitch. I own your body. I own you. Say it!"

"I-I... do!"

I felt my nipples being pinched and squeaked in pain.

"Tell me you want a big cock inside you."

"Please!"

"Say master."

"Master!" I moaned.

"Beg me to fuck you hard, sex slave!"

"Ohh, please!" I gasped as the vibrator rubbed insistently away at my clitoris.

"Maybe we'll go watch some football instead," he said.

"Please fuck me," I gasped.

"Master," he said.

"Please fuck me, Master!" I whimpered.

It was so embarrassing to say it in front of someone else! It was so degrading! On the other hand, I was in an incredibly obscene and exposed position with my legs spread wide and my ankles pulled back. Did I have any secrets from the stranger? Did I have anything left to be embarrassed about?

"Now beg Master James to fuck you."

Was that his name?! I didn't know anyone named James! And he was a complete stranger. I wasn't sure if that was reassuring or daunting.

"Say it, sex slave. Beg Master James to fuck you hard."

God! This was sick! And I was close to orgasm! I didn't want to just come from the vibrator. I wanted a big cock inside me!

"Please fuck me, Master James!" I moaned helplessly.

I felt the head of his cock push into the mouth of my sex, but it just lodged there.

"Beg Master James to fuck you hard."

"Please fuck me hard, Master James!" I whimpered.

His cock pushed deeper. I felt my hips jerking up, using the leverage of my bound ankles to try and impale myself on it.

"Horny little slut," Ethan said in amusement. "Tell me you're my sex slave."

I gasped as someone pinched one of my nipples.

"Say it, baby."

"I'm your sex slave, Master!" I gasped desperately.

He must have leaned in, because I could feel his warm breath against my ear.

"Beg master James to fuck your blonde whore brains out," he growled into my ear and then chewed on my earlobe.

The thought of saying that sent a rush of thrilling heat through my body, even though it would be even more embarrassing.

"Please fuck my blonde whore brains out, Master James!" I gasped excitedly.

That big cock drove into me hard and deep and I cried out weakly as he began to batter away at me right from the start. His hips slammed into my upraised buttocks as he or someone gripped both my breasts and squeezed them hard.

It took about ten seconds of that before I flipped off into another astonishingly powerful orgasm. I cried out again and again, a tidal wave of sensation swamping my mind and reducing me to animal instincts. An intoxicating sexual fever seemed to have gripped my mind and body and I was going insane from the sheer wildfire passion as James, if that was his name, used me like the whore I had just claimed to be.

It's a wonder I didn't lose consciousness from the incredible intensity. I forgot to breathe for long, long seconds, too busy crying out in pleasure to care. I was sure it was the stranger who was squeezing my breasts because whoever was rubbing the vibrator against my clitoris was doing it exactly the way I loved it the most.

Besides, Ethan had his lips right near my ear and was kind of whispering into it as I came. Although I suppose it must have been more than a whisper for me to be able to hear it over my own cries of pleasure and passion.

"Sex slave!" he taunted. "You love a big cock inside you! You love getting pounded by strangers! Sexy little blonde slut! Your body was meant to please men. You're a natural-born sex slave. I'm gonna keep you tied up and let all my friends use your body whenever I feel like it. And you'll love every cock that goes into you!"

After the orgasm had faded the big cock fucking me pulled out and they untied my ankles. Then I was lifted into the air and dropped across what felt like Ethan's familiar shoulder as he carried me out of my room.

I was too dazed to care as he carried me somewhere, and then began to climb stairs. That meant he was bringing me up into the attic for some reason. That was confusing enough that I almost asked where we were going except of course that I knew. I just didn't know why.

It was hot up here and as I lay belly down across his shoulder I felt more of those soft ropes tied around my ankles. One of them was lifted out and up and then Ethan slowly eased me downward until I was hanging upside down by my ankle and by his firm grip on my other leg.

"Ohhhh! Wh-What are you dooooooing!?" I moaned and confusion.

No one answered me. They pulled my other ankle wide and then wrapped that in rope too. And then I was hanging completely from my ankles. My wide, wide-open ankles! This was another utterly slutty and revealing position with my legs spread achingly wide.

Their hands moved over my body, stroking, caressing, squeezing, and kneading my breasts and buttocks. Then, what felt like a very large dildo pushed slowly down into my pussy until it filled me utterly. A moment later the tape went over my mouth again.

I felt a slick, slippery finger probing against my wrinkled little back passage before sliding into it. A second pushed in and then they both withdrew and were replaced by what felt like another big dildo! I had no idea where they had gotten them since I didn't own any.

The dildo in my pussy was jabbed hard at the base, and I gasped in pain as the head was forced even deeper. It felt almost like it was completely buried. Almost. Not quite. Something else pressed against me there, something round, the size of a golf ball perhaps. No, even bigger.

Then it started to vibrate! And it was more powerful than my little vibrator!

"Now let's go downstairs and get a drink and see what's on the TV," Ethan said.

I heard their footsteps moving away and then heard them on the stairs. A moment later the door closed down there and I was alone, hanging upside down from my widely spread ankles, my abdomen full of thick, fake cocks!

Ethan, what are you doing to me!? I thought dazedly.

The blood had rushed to my head again, and my skull throbbed. But the sensation that was catching all my attention was the

vibrator. At first, it was too powerful and uncomfortable. That began to fade quickly, though. It was clear that it was fixed in place somehow. I could, using my leg muscles, kind of move myself a little bit against it. And my instincts made me do so.

I was both appalled and amazed at the depths of kinkiness Ethan had brought me to. But three orgasms in a fairly short time set an all-time record for me. And they were incredibly intense ones, too!

The vibrator ball thing was pressed right into the mouth of my pussy where I could kind of grind my clitoris against it. Not that that didn't take considerable effort on my part. Excitement lent me strength, though, and I worked my leg muscles continuously, gasping and moaning as I forced myself against it, even as the pressure forced that dildo even deeper into my body.

The thing was completely buried inside me now, causing a dull ache at the back of my pussy. But that didn't seem to matter. Pain was just another kind of heat and my body was filled with heat. I could feel the sensations growing stronger, could feel the sexual pressure within me expanding. The more intense it became the more determined I was to reach orgasm.

That would make four! Just the thought of that was incredible to me!

Then I had a sudden thought. I didn't really know whether or not Ethan and his friend had left or not. They might just be standing there watching me right now! In fact, it wasn't at all unlikely that that was what they were doing.

I kind of slowed up trying to figure out what I should do. The idea of grinding myself against this thing and having an orgasm while they just stood there and looked at me was deeply, well uncomfortable

for some reason. Like, they'd already seen me come, but that was when they were part of the action, if you see what I mean. This would just be me alone, basically masturbating while they watched!

And I still had no idea who this James guy even was! Did I want to masturbate in front of him!? No way! On the other hand, my body was still thrumming with sexual energy, and I didn't really know that they were there watching me. Maybe they really were downstairs watching TV. And what it really be so bad if he saw me like this? I mean, they'd already seen me basically masturbating.

Slowly, uncertainly, helplessly, I began to grind myself against it once again. And as the pleasure and excitement grew my inhibitions melted away. It didn't take long after that before I had another orgasm. I cried out again and again, writhing and twisting upside down in midair while my body trembled and shook to the spasming of my muscles!

This is so sick, I thought. But I couldn't help it. As I tried to catch my breath, I realized that all that energetic work in the hot attic had made me sweaty. I would have been panting for breath even if I wasn't just coming down from a massive orgasm.

A few moments later the tape was peeled off my mouth and I felt a self-conscious sense of frustration. I had been right! They were still there looking at me!

I felt somebody gripping the vibrator ball thing and now rubbing it deliberately against my swollen clitoris.

"Tell me you're my bitch," Ethan said.

I was too busy gulping in ragged breaths of air.

I heard a strange kind of hissing sound. It was sort of like the sound a skipping rope makes when it whirls through the air quickly. I hadn't used one in a while but I still knew the sound. This wasn't quite that, but it was similar.

If you disobey your master, slave girl, you'll have to be punished," he said.

I felt something thin rubbing against my right breast just across the nipple.

"Tell me you're my bitch, slave girl."

"I'm your bitch, Master," I groaned.

"Say I'm Ethan's bitch."

"I'm Ethan's bitch, Master," I said, feeling self-conscious because I was sure this James guy was still there.

"Tell me you're my slut," he ordered.

"I'm Ethan's slut," I moaned.

"What a bad girl you are!" he said as if astonished. "Tell me you're a bad girl."

"I'm a bad girl, master," I gulped.

"Now tell me you're my whore."

This stuff was incredibly degrading but it was edgy and sick and hot!

"I'm Ethan's whore!" I moaned.

"Tell me I own your body."

"You own my body, Master Ethan!"

He or the other guy was still rubbing that rounded vibrator back and forth and up and down against my clitoris. And it was definitely having an impact.

"Such a bad girl!" he said. "What would your parents think if they could see you now?"

If my parents could see me now I would need to get other parents because I would never be able to look them in the face again! Just the thought of it reminded me of how incredibly kinky and slutty this was.

Someone gripped my hair and twisted it to force my head down a little more and then a hard cock was pushed through my open mouth. It pumped in and out a little bit and then slid deep into my throat as I gurgled helplessly around it.

"Tell me you love cock, you blonde slut."

The cock slid slowly back out of my mouth and throat and I gasped for breath.

"Tell me you love cock, slave girl."

A moment later I heard that hissing sound as if something thin was being whirled through the air and then something light, even lighter than a skipping rope, snapped down diagonally across my belly. It landed with a light touch but left a sharp little sting behind and made me yelp in startled pain.

"Obey your master, sex slave! Tell me you love cock."

"I-I love cock!" I cried.

I heard the hissing sound and then whatever it was cut sideways across the center of my breasts just below my nipples. Again, it hit lightly, as though it were very thin, and laid a thin sharp line of pain across my soft flesh.

"Ow! Don't!" I gasped.

The hissing sounded again and this time whatever it was cut across my buttocks.

"You don't give orders here, sex slave."

I felt my arms being untied, then, drawing the ropes out from underneath and then around my chest, letting them all fall free. It felt so good to be able to straighten out my shoulders and bring my arms forward again!

Of course, my arms didn't remain free for more than a split second before they were pulled down and out to either side by him or the other guy, and my wrists tied with rope again. Then the rope around my wrist was tied to something below me. My hair was pulled again and I gasped in pain.

"Tell me you love cock."

Ethan's voice came from very close to my head. As if he was kneeling and leaning over me.

"Why?" I asked in what I realized was a bit of a whiny voice.

"Because I told you to and I'm your master."

"More like a masturbater," I said.

Yes, I was deliberately taunting him. Why shouldn't I? After all, he was saying nasty things about me. And making me say them too. I know it was all part of this sick, sexy game we were playing, but I

couldn't help wondering if it didn't represent what he really thought of me. But there was more to it than that. I didn't really resent what he was saying and having me say. At least not at this time. But a part of me wanted to push the envelope a little. Just to see what he'd do. How far he'd go.

I wasn't afraid. The little smacks and slaps and pinches and whatever it was he'd hit me with stung a bit but they weren't exactly causing me any harm.

I wasn't surprised when I heard the hissing sound again and whatever the thing was cut diagonally across my abdomen and belly.

"Bad girl!" he said sternly.

"Pervert!" I exclaimed.

The thing hissed through the air again and cut across my breasts. I yelped at the sharp, thin line of pain. But it was just a little stinging, and it faded almost instantly. Besides, the sheer outrageousness, the awe I felt at the idea he was like, whipping me, whipping my breasts, sent an explosive surge of awed heat through my mind and body.

"Weirdo!" I cried.

Again the thing cut through the air, and this time landed diagonally across my back. It hit harder this time and the stinging was sharper but still brief as I gasped in pain.

"Slave girls who don't show respect to their masters get punished," he said.

Whatever he was hitting me with was flexible, kind of like a skipping rope only not so thick or heavy. I was wondering very hard what it could be. But the thought of being sort of whipped like this sent a dark pulse of excitement through my mind. It added to the sense of my being a prisoner, a captive of evil lustful men!

The thing cut across my back again, then my breasts, and then my belly. Each blow sent a sharp little sting through my body and a dark little thrill through my mind.

"I think you need to be taught a lesson, sex slave."

He pulled my hair back sharply and I cried out in startled pain. My scalp hurt more than the blows from whatever they were hitting me with. It forced my head down and back and opened my mouth just as he pushed something against it. It wasn't his cock this time, it was something hard and round. At first, I thought it was the rounded ball thing from the vibrator, but it turned out to be just a separate little ball, one with straps that pulled in tight across my cheeks and went around behind my head.

I moaned around it, realizing that it was filling my mouth to the point I couldn't close my lips or jaw. It only took a couple of seconds to realize what it must be. Like I said, I've been on the internet for some years now and I've seen porn. This was a ball gag! I'd seen them on girls in pictures on the Internet! I had sure never imagined I would have one in my mouth! I felt another rush of heat through my body.

Then I gasped in pain as someone pressed down against the base of the dildo they had pushed into my pussy. It was already achingly deep, and the pressure made the head of the thing jam into what I thought must surely be my cervix. It was fully buried in me now, which allowed the rounded vibrator to push in more fully into the mouth of my sex.

The vibrator pulled back, though, and a moment later I heard that hissing sound once more. I gasped as it cut across my shoulders. Then it came again across my back, then my lower back, then my

buttocks. A moment later the hiss seemed to sound louder and it hit diagonally across my back even as it also cut across my breasts! They were both using some kind of little whip on me!

I moaned and strained and twisted against the ropes as the two little whip things hissed through the air again and again to lay thin lines of stinging heat across my body from shoulders to thighs. None of them hurt exactly. I mean they didn't hurt much. But together the pain and heat were mounting as they cut into my skin again and again.

I writhed in place, spreadeagled upside down in midair, moaning and gasping and yelping around the ball gag as they whipped me. I was starting to get anxious, but my mind was still enveloped in heat, hunger, and dark desire. I felt a particular jolt of wicked excitement every time one of them cut across my breasts even though my nipples were now stinging fiercely.

Thankfully, they stopped at last. I was gulping in air by that time, sweating, and moaning weakly.

I felt fingers at my sex and tugging slowly at the dildo they had jammed down into my bottom. They pulled both of them free leaving me feeling empty for a few moments. Then the two guys shoved their hard cocks into me at the same time and started to thrust with abandon.

A sex slave! The idea was so edgy and hot! And now I could feel their big cocks driving up and down inside my abdomen, thrusting away hard and fast while somebody rubbed my clitoris and the other one gripped my bottom and dug their fingers into my buttocks. This was all so incredibly insane and wildly kinky!

And with two cocks thrusting into me at once and my clitoris swollen and throbbing it didn't take very long for another orgasm to tear through me, and then another, and then still another! I felt like I was being driven out of my mind by all this! Churning waves of liquid heat poured over me and threatened to drown my mind!

Finally, they let me down, and I lay on the hard floor, chest heaving, moaning weakly, feeling more than a little dizzy as the blood began to seep away from my head.

"I don't think two hard cocks are enough for your slutty little blonde sex slave," the guy who might or might not be called James said.

"You're right. I should probably get a bunch more guys here and drown this hot little slut in cock and come."

"Being a sex slave sure seems like the perfect destiny for a nymphomaniac like her," James said.

Having regained some measure of my mind and some control over my body I lifted my hands up off the floor, reaching perhaps instinctively for the ball gag. Just as I got my fingers on it, the ropes tugged back on my wrists.

"I don't recall giving you permission to move, slave girl," Ethan said.

"Let's roll her over," he said then.

Hands rolled me onto my stomach and chest, and then my wrists were pulled back behind me and crossed before the ropes were wrapped around and around them once more to pin them in place. Then my ankles were lifted up and back, the ropes still around them. I moaned as they were pulled back further and further and then felt pressure on my wrists as I realized that they had tied my ankles to them.

I was rolled onto my side, and then my ankles pulled up even higher, my body bent into a sharp bow as they laughed to themselves and casually groped my breasts.

"There, you can rest for a bit, sex slave," Ethan said. "I'll call all my friends and have them come over to help me fuck your brains out."

They laughed and walked across the floor then I heard their footsteps on the stairs. This time, I thought they had probably actually left. It wasn't like there was much to watch here with me laying on my side, moaning, panting, and sweating.

I didn't really think he was going to invite all his friends over, of course. Though the idea was, I admit, darkly thrilling. As an idea. As a fantasy.

It didn't take long before I started to feel uncomfortable, bent back the way I was. My back, in particular, began to ache. The ball gag was making my mouth water, and if I lost my concentration for long, I felt as though my saliva was starting to drool out around it and onto the floor.

A sex slave! What a wild, kinky, and incredibly thrilling fantasy!

Of course, I could also picture myself as a helpless captive of cruel, lusty men, tied up like this after having been ravaged by her evil captors. It was fairly easy to get my mind into that just then. Well, except for not being terrified, which I no doubt would be in real life.

What were those bastards up to anyway, I wondered. I twisted a little, pulling at the bonds, at the ropes around my wrists, but they wouldn't come loose and I couldn't slip my wrists out from them. My back was aching more and more but my nipples were still rock hard and my body still thrummed with a dark sensual heat.

I was amazed at how many orgasms I had already had. I didn't know it was possible to have that many even in one day let alone in the space of what, an hour or two? I wondered what the record was for orgasms in one day. Certainly, I had already surpassed mine.

Was it possible he might actually bring yet another guy into this dirty little sex game of his? I didn't discount the possibility. And to be absolutely honest, it was kind of a wicked thought. I wondered how long he intended to keep me tied up and blindfolded. To keep me as his little sex slave. He could do it for a while now, I realized. My parents wouldn't be home for almost a month.

Of course, they would phone from time to time.

I heard footsteps on the stairs and tensed. It sounded like just the two of them again. They reached the attic and walked across the floor, then I imagined them standing over me, looking down.

"I think I should start conditioning your mind to be a proper sex slave," Ethan said.

"I thought that was what you were doing with all these orgasms you were giving her," James said.

"Well, yeah, those too. But I want her to really think of herself as a sex slave, and not just a girl who's tied up and getting boned."

I groaned in relief as the ropes were untied and my legs unfurled and my back straightened up. A moment later strong male hands gripped my arms just under the shoulders and sat me upright. Then they lifted me up and I scrambled to get my feet underneath me. I felt my arms being lifted up and out to either side and before long they were tied in place.

I moaned unhappily because it was awfully hot up here and I was sweating like a pig. I wanted to go downstairs where it was air-conditioned and have a drink. Instead, my feet were pulled apart and my ankles tied in place just as I had been before. The only difference was I wasn't upside down anymore or hanging above the floor.

Hands moved over my body, caressing, stroking, and squeezing.

"I've rounded up seventeen guys already," Ethan said. "All I had to do was send them pictures of you naked. They can hardly wait to get at you."

I didn't believe that for a second. Not that guys wouldn't love to come and fuck me, but that he would send my picture to that many guys and would invite that many guys over.

"I'll just get you in the right mood before they get here."

I felt something going into my right ear, then my left. It didn't take long to recognize them as ear pods. I wondered what kind of music he would play. Then what felt like the dildo was worked back up into my ass. A moment later another one was pushed up into my pussy. This one had a base that hooked up around and against the top of my sex.

Some kind of thin cord went around my waist and then down between my legs to hold the two of them in place. Then the one in my pussy was turned on and turned out to be a vibrator. I gasped and arched back, my hips grinding uncomfortably against the powerful vibrator as they laughed. It wasn't just vibrating inside me, either. That part that curved up around the front of my pussy was vibrating right against my clitoris!

I moaned in protest even as I heard their footsteps go back across the floor toward the stairs. Then I heard sounds coming from the EarPods. It wasn't music, though. It was me! I had not even suspected that he might be recording my voice when he made me say those degrading things about myself! But he had. And I suddenly realized that he might well have taken pictures and even videos of me while I was blindfolded!

I felt a few panicky moments, wondering what they would show, and who he might show them to. I also wondered how much of me was visible given the blindfold over my eyes and the ball gag in my mouth.

"I am a sex slave. I love cock. I love to suck cock! I love having big cocks inside me! Please fuck me hard! I love having big cocks in my ass! I'm a slave girl! I'm Ethan's sex slave! My body belongs to Ethan! Ethan owns me! I must obey my master!"

Those were the kinds of things I was saying again and again and again. And then I heard the sound of my own orgasm, heard myself crying out in pleasure heard myself begging Master James to fuck me harder. I cringed at the sounds, knowing that they had both heard them playing and had put them all together like this as they listened. I sounded like a crazed nymphomaniac!

And then I realized that the words weren't exactly and entirely mine. I had said all kinds of things just like that, but not exactly like that. At least I didn't think so. I remember telling Ethan that he owned me. But I had used his name in a different way.

"I'm Ethan's slave bitch," my voice exclaimed and the sound of excitement and pleasure. "I'm a sex slave! My body belongs to Master Ethan! I must always obey my master. If I don't obey I will be punished. I love having lots of cocks inside me! I am a blonde whore! I am Ethan slut!"

Once again, I had said stuff very like that but not exactly. And was kind of confused. I quickly began to suspect that he had somehow manipulated my voice using one of those AI things. The orgasms definitely sounded like me, though! And they continued to sound as background to my own voice saying those degrading things about myself!

Meanwhile, the vibrator thing was making me grind my hips helplessly. At first, it was so powerful that it was really uncomfortable. But that began to shift and morph into something else again after a

while. Listening to myself, or at least what sounded like myself saying such shocking, kinky things began to turn me on.

God! What the hell was Ethan up to anyway!? This was so sick!

I tested the strength of the ropes around my wrists and ankles and found that, just like before, they were tight enough that I couldn't pull free.

"I love being a sex slave!" my own voice said in an excited voice. "I was born to be a sex slave! I am a filthy blonde slut! I love cocks inside me! I must obey my master! My body belongs to my master. He can do anything he wants to me. I am his sex toy! I belong to him!"

OK, some of that stuff I had definitely not said! He was definitely using some kind of software to make my voice say things I hadn't said.

I felt an odd little twinge, almost a surprised sense of anxiety. Could he actually think that I would be his sex slave for real?! Then I dismissed it, mostly. Ethan was just playing a dirty game. But the thought that he might actually be trying to like, brainwash me into being a sex slave was so dark and wild and outrageous!

And it sent another thrill through my mind. Mostly because it made what was happening feel just that little bit more realistic as a fantasy game. I did not fear him actually being able to influence me in that direction. This was incredibly hot for now. But I certainly had no intention of doing it permanently.

But with my voice droning on in my mind and the continuous sound of my own orgasms in my ears and that vibrator buzzing away I began to kind of twist and slowly writhe and strain at the ropes as my body filled with a dark thrilling heat once again.

Maybe I really was a nymphomaniac or something!

I was really sweating up here, especially with my pulse racing, my heart beating faster and faster and my body grinding and straining to the tune the vibrator was playing on my nervous system. I wondered who James was and what he looked like. Though I felt a slight sense of amazement as I realized that it didn't really matter. I mean, I had already come with him fucking me. And I had no idea what he looked like.

Did that mean I could come with anyone fucking me? Like, no questions asked? Would any cock do for me? It seemed in this mood when I was this turned on, that the answer was yes!

The problem with the vibrator, though, was that it wasn't moving. I wanted to grind myself against it, to ride up and down on it. To feel some change in the throbbing, buzzing pulsations. But it just went on and on, unchanging. It would have brought me off anyway, eventually, but I wasn't upset when I heard footsteps again. I hoped that Ethan or James would fuck me hard now.

I felt fingers behind my head and felt the strap that kept the ball gag in place loosened. Fingers worked it out of my mouth and I gasped in relief, working my jaw around a little. The cord around my waist loosened, as well, and then the vibrator slid out of me only to rub up and down against my swollen clitoris.

"I brought you another big hard cock, sex slave," Ethan said. "His name is Leon. He's a big black guy. He loves fucking blonde sluts like you."

I felt fingers combing through my hair but didn't know if it was Ethan or James or this supposed black guy. I was guessing it was actually James pretending to be another guy. Although I admit the

possibility that it wasn't was giving me a strange, quivering sense of dark excitement mixed with self-consciousness.

Fingers rubbed lightly across my clitoris and I moaned helplessly, my hips grinding against them.

"Beg Master Leon to fuck you like a blonde whore needs to be fucked," Ethan said.

"You are such a –!"

I gasped in pain as those fingers yanked back on my hair and forced my head way back so that I was practically staring at the ceiling. Or at least would be, if I wasn't blindfolded.

"Beg Master Leon to fuck you hard, sex slave," Ethan said with his lips near my ear.

"Please fuck me hard, Master Leon!" I cried.

I didn't think there was anyone there named Leon. But the idea was exciting, and it was a lot easier to play along than to have my hair pulled.

Big hands began to knead my breasts, fingers rolling my still-stiff nipples. Then a big hard cock pressed up against the very wet line of my sex, the head rubbing back and forth across it pressing in harder to spread me open and then rubbing gently across my clitoris.

One of the EarPods was pulled from my right here.

"Now I can hear what this is saying," Ethan said. "I want you to repeat the words out loud."

I moaned in denial because the words were nasty and degrading. But that was also very hot, incredibly aroused, and the words were darkly thrilling.

I felt my nipples pinched and pulled up and out, forcing me to arch my back.

"Aaahhh! Don't! Ow! Ow! That hurts!"

"Obey your master. Say the words," Ethan barked in that phony growling voice of his.

"I'm a blonde fuck toy! I love cocks! My body belongs to Ethan! I'm a sex slave! I must always obey my master! I'm Ethan's slave bitch! Ethan owns me! Please fuck me hard!" I cried, echoing the words in my ear.

It was embarrassing to say them in front of James, of course, or who I thought was James. But my nipples were stinging! And my mind was more than slightly flustered as the heat continued to churn inside me.

The big cock was still rubbing against my clitoris as Ethan released my nipples. My head was still held back sharply by the hair as someone kissed along my neck and chewed lightly at my earlobe.

"Tell Leon you love black cocks," Ethan said.

"I love black cocks, Master Leon!" I gasped.

"Beg him to use your whore body."

"Please use my whore body, Master Leon!" I cried.

It was too much for me to hold back any longer and my hips began to buck helplessly, grinding and jerking against his cock. He quickly slid back and then thrust deep into my pussy which made me cry out in almost giddy pleasure.

That pleasure quickly exploded upward and I cried out again and again as James, I assumed, thrust into me hard and fast. He released my hair but then something went around my throat, something like another scarf. It tightened to the point I could barely breathe, and another explosive rush of dark thrills swept through my mind as I gurgled breathlessly through the remainder of the orgasm.

Hips were pounding against my buttocks, throwing me forward to the extent that the bindings on my wrists and ankles would allow me to go. I was a rag doll for him to use as roughly, as savagely as he wanted and I burned with an incredible passion and something like rapture as the orgasm continued to tear through me.

The scarf loosened around my neck and I gulped in ragged breaths of air only to cry them out again, weaker and weaker as the orgasm faded.

"Sex slave!" Ethan said in amusement.

Whoever was behind me pulled out and I half hung there, my knees wobbly, the rope tight around my wrists I gulped in air and tried to fit my scattered mind back together. Fingers rubbed my clitoris and kneaded my breasts as I felt the vibrator being pushed back up inside me. He jabbed it deep so that the curved base was pressed against my clitoris once more then gently ground that part of it against me.

Rough hands jerked back on my hair and I cried out in pain.

"What are you?" Ethan demanded.

I felt fingers grasping my nipples and suspected it wouldn't be long before they were pinched and twisted.

"I'm a sex slave, Master Ethan!" I exclaimed.

"Who owns your body, slut?"

"You own my body, Master Ethan," I moaned.

"That's right. That's because you're my bitch, aren't you, slave girl?"

"Yes, master," I breathed.

"Sexy little slave bitch," he teased. "Tell me you're my slave bitch, baby."

He rolled my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"I'm your slave bitch, Master Ethan," I gulped.

"Say it again. Say you're master Ethan's slave bitch."

I repeated what he told me and gasped as the dildo pumped up and down in my ass. It was jammed deep again and left in place and I realized now that there was a kind of sharp narrowing right near the base that allowed almost all of it to rest inside me with just the base remaining on the outside.

I let out a yelp as the whip thing swung across and cut diagonally across my upper back.

"Again!" he growled.

"I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch!" I cried.

The next one cut across my breasts!"

"Again, whore!"

"I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch!" I gasped.

One cut sideways across my buttocks and then barely a second later another cut across my breasts again.

"Again, sex slave!"

"I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch!"

The two slender whips struck me front and back again and again, with Ethan demanding I repeat that degrading statement and my body twisting and straining and writhing against the ropes. It was wild and dark and overwhelming my mind's ability to think straight.

The dildo in my but was pulled slowly out again and a moment later replaced by a warm, hard, thick cock that drove high into my belly with a single thrust.

I cried out as my hair was pulled back again, then felt a large hand on my neck from in front. It squeezed slowly, though I could still breathe fairly easily. The vibrator base was rubbed back and forth against my burning little button as the big cock in my belly rammed up into me with hard, powerful thrusts that drove my hips forward.

"Again!" Ethan demanded.

"I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch! I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch! I'm Master Ethan's slave bitch!" I cried dazedly.

"I bet you love having Leon's big black cock buried in your tight little ass," Ethan growled, still gripping my neck menacingly.

"Yes, master!" I gasped.

"Say it, slave bitch."

"I love having Master Leon's big black cock buried in my tight ass!" I cried.

"What a slut you must be to say such a thing!" he exclaimed in an outraged voice. "You must really love being fucked in the ass! Beg Master Leon to fuck your ass harder!"

"Please fuck my ass harder, Master Leon!" I gurgled weakly as Ethan tightened his fingers.

I really was being completely overwhelmed by all this wild, edgy, sick sex stuff. Not being able to see it and not being able to move meant that all my attention could be spared for simply feeling the sensations churning through my body.

Almost as importantly, my mind had nothing else to focus on but how dark and outrageous and breathlessly exciting this was. I was lost in a roiling sea of passion and heat, my inhibitions battered down to the point they hardly dared raise a thought of hesitation or uncertainty.

I came again, my body spasming wildly, my head jerking back as convulsions tore through me.

In the midst of my orgasm, I heard a loud male groan from behind me and then a voice that said "Oh, fuck! Her asshole is squeezing my cock like a vice! I'm gonna come inside her!"

It was not the same voice as I had heard before! It was not the voice of the guy called James! It was some other guy! Even in the midst of my orgasm, I felt a jarring blow to my psyche. Another guy! OMG! There were two strange guys here who had fucked me! Leon!? Was that really his name!? Was he really even black!? What was happening to me!?

My inhibitions raised a small rush of objection to this, of outrage along with the embarrassment. But it was quickly overwhelmed by the dark heat that swept over me as my mind continued to burn with a feverish need.

The rope was untied from my ankles and then from my wrist. I sank weakly to my knees on the floor.

"Face down, ass up!" Ethan barked.

I still had one of those ear pods in my ears constantly telling me in my own voice that I was a slut, a whore, and a sex slave. I wasn't really paying it much attention. But it continued on and on even as I fell shakily to my hands and knees and then sank down onto my elbows. Something stinging cut across my buttocks and I yelped in pain.

Put your chin on the floor, slave girl! Raise your ass high and spread your legs!"

I obeyed, gasping weakly my mind still reeling from the knowledge that there were three of them there now.

"What are you?" Ethan demanded again.

Having to say it now with another stranger there brought another jolt of unreality, another jolt of embarrassment and self-consciousness. And another jolt of dark, breathless wonder.

"I'm Ethan's sex slave!" I gasped.

"Reach your hands forward and feel my boots."

That confused me but another sharp, stinging blow to my bottom made me yelp and throw my hands forward. I could tell from his voice that he was standing right in front of me and it wasn't hard to find his feet. I felt like he was wearing soft leather boots of some kind. Which was a little confusing because I did not remember ever seeing him wearing such boots.

"Now pull your face right up close and kiss the top of my boot. Then beg me to use your whore body."

Where in the hell was he getting all this filthy stuff from!? I would not have credited Ethan with having the imagination to do stuff or even say stuff this perverted! But the thought of it, just the thought of licking his foot like this, never mind doing it naked on my knees with two strange men looking on, left me momentarily breathless.

It was so fucking outrageous! It was so insanely degrading! I gasped as someone put their foot down against my shoulders just beneath the neck, pressing my chest down more firmly against the floor so that my breasts pillowed out beneath me.

A moment later I cried out at another blow to my bottom.

"Obey your master, slave girl," James's voice said sternly.

Fuck! This is insane!

Crack! This time it felt like a belt or strap cutting across my bottom and I cried out in pain.

"Lick Your master's boot, slave girl," Ethan ordered again.

I pulled my chin up and forward until I could feel that pointy tip of his boot against it. Then I tentatively pushed my tongue out and licked lightly across the surface. At least it felt clean!

Crack! The strap came down across my bottom again and I cried out once more.

"Long hard licks, slave bitch!" Ethan demanded.

I quickly complied. I licked across the top of his boot again and again, my face burning with a heat that came from both embarrassment and that strange, confusing, feverish heat.

"Now beg master James to use your whore body," Ethan ordered.

"Please use my whore body, Master James!" I cried weakly.

Crack!

"Keep licking, sex slave!"

I kept licking hard and fast as someone, I assumed that James guy knelt behind me and thrust himself into my warm pussy. I felt his hands on my hips as he used me, just as I'd begged him to. Meanwhile, even as my body began to jerk in and out from his thrusts, both he and Ethan directed my licking in and around the ankle of the boot I held in my hands."

I have to admit that it didn't even occur to me to remove the blindfold. Even if it had I would not have period I continued to feel as if it offered some strange protection, some sense of cover, or at least anonymity from the two strangers who had used and were using my body.

I felt something going under my chin and then up and around my throat as I licked. It felt like a soft, thick belt of some kind. It pulled in firmly, but not tightly, and then remained in place as the fingers pulled away. I felt similar things going around my ankles and then my wrists were pulled back sharply and up behind my back.

Hands gripped my hair and lifted my head up and forward and then another cock pushed into my open mouth. Leather straps wrapped around my wrists, and then another strap seemed to attach them to the back of the one around my neck.

James finished thrusting into me. I accepted it as almost routine, but while I was still aroused, it wasn't enough to give me still another orgasm. Ethan pulled out of my mouth and throat. At least I assumed it was him. I was rolled back and positioned on my back again and then he thrust into me, his hands gripping my knees and forcing them back to either side of my body as he pounded away at me.

I was on the edge of another orgasm when he stopped and I moaned in disappointment as he pulled out. My hair was pulled and the ball gag was pushed back into my mouth and then strapped in place. Male hands lifted me to my feet and then I was gathered up in someone's arms and draped belly down across their shoulder as they walked across the floor and took me downstairs.

When he set me down my feet were on a plush carpet. Finally, the blindfold was pulled from my eyes and I blinked at the light to see myself in the big mirror on the inside of my bedroom closet door.

I was wearing a collar, one of those bondage collar things I'd seen on occasion on the internet. It had one of those metal O rings dangling from the front and studs along its length. Ethan pulled open the two side leafs of the mirror so that I could see myself from multiple angles and I stared in astonishment, noting as I turned a little that my wrists were also encased in studded leather bands and held in place but a strap that was locked to the back of the collar.

"Sex slave!" he said.

There was no sign of anyone else in the room and for a moment I wondered if I had imagined the whole thing. But then, no, it had been too real. I knew those other guys were here somewhere!

"This is just the start of your first day as a sex slave, baby. I'm sure you're going to enjoy the rest of the day. Not to mention the next week and the one after that. I know I will."

I moaned weakly, feeling a rush of anxiety mixed with anticipation and hunger.

What would it be like to do this for several days straight!? Or even weeks!? Would I continue to have so many wild orgasms? Would I continue to feel this strange dark, feverish sexual heat?

I was more than willing to find out!

End

### Get Alyssa's First Day – The Afternoon

Have complaints, suggestions, or questions? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

\*

Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

#### Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

#### Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

#### Out of Uniform

Rookie cop Jaime McCloud is eager to shed her uniform and get into plainclothes work, but when she arrests the wrong man she's drafted into undercover work, helping hunky but controlling federal agent Dan Lucas at a modeling agency. Tomboy Jaime hates modeling bikinis and slinky dresses, but finds herself overpoweringly attracted to the overbearing Lucas and is soon embarrassingly out of uniform and falling increasingly into the role of an enthralled submissive!

#### The Ladies Gym

Paige gets a job as a receptionist at a high-end women's gym. Jessica, the owner is a strict boss, and her punishments tend to be short, quick, and slightly painful. But that was all right, because the pleasure she gives the lovely young girl more than makes up for it. But Jessica isn't the only one interested in Paige. The other fitness instructors have much to teach her, as well. And so do the

clients! Paige finds herself in a kinky game of submission and domination, with her on the bottom, taking orders and learning obedience from the older women at the gym. That wasn't what she signed on for, but the scalding heat the women give her is too much to resist.

#### Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

#### The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

#### In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

#### The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

#### Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems to do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

#### Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.