

BITCH-SLAVE DAUGHTER

by JOHN ARGUS



Bitch-Slave Daughter

Her father had named her Destiny at birth, as though she were destined for great things. Yet she was a great disappointment to him, fleeing his strict discipline at sixteen, dropping out of school, and beginning a series of failed jobs and relationships. Now, broke and miserable, Destiny had no choice but to return home and beg him to put her up for a time. But his strict ways had become even more severe. And she soon became reacquainted with the sting of his hand and belt across her bottom. Her father felt she was a whore, and a useless one at that, but Destiny's attempt to embarrass him by shoving her sexuality in his face backfired badly. Soon she was doing chores naked, being shamed and abused at every turn. Robbing her of her name, disowning her completely, he slowly began to turn her into nothing but a sexual slave destined for sale to the highest bidder.

\$5.95 35,000 words

Chapter One

Destiny made a wry face as she looked around the small room. It was a pleasant room, though small - very small. It was the one she'd had as a child, in fact, when she'd last lived in the big old house. It was perfectly in keeping with the run of luck, with the way things had been happening in her life of late that it should be this room her father gave to her when she'd been evicted from her apartment.

But as he'd said, one bedroom was being used as a kind of office, another was being used for his hobby room, full of paints, easels and paintings he was half working on, a third had had its walls knocked down years ago to make the master bedroom bigger. So while it was a big house, there really wasn't anything but her room, the one he'd left empty as a guest room.

It just seemed to damned ironic that ten years after leaving home in defiance of his strict rules she was back, in her own small room. Well, that was what happened when you had few job skills, lost the job you'd had, and couldn't pay the rent. She'd already been through bankruptcy once, and now once again had more bills than she could shake a stick at. Even if she could get welfare it was unlikely she'd find anyone outside a slum willing to rent to her.

The thought of living in a roach infested slum with the blacks and the Hispanics, with the immigrants and the gangs made her shudder.

"Got your things put away?"

She gasped, whirling as her father came in. As always she marvelled that he was so damned - big. She had gotten too much of her mother's genes, and not nearly enough of his. He was a giant, strapping, muscular man of six feet four, while she barely scraped five feet.

"I uhm, was about to."

He frowned. "One of your problems has always been that you don't do what needs doing," he said. "You put off anything that isn't pleasant as long as you can. Now get this stuff put away; bags in the basement store room, then cut up the boxes and put them in the trash."

Destiny felt anger rising, as she always did whenever she dealt with him. He was always so demanding, so ready to give orders! And it seemed he hadn't changed a bit since she'd left. Nor did it seem he would make any allowances for her being a grown woman of twenty six now rather than a teenager of sixteen.

She pursed her lips and nodded unable to trust her voice. It wouldn't do to snap at him. He had made it perfectly clear that in his house he was the master and she would do what she was told so long as she slept under his roof and ate his food.

He turned away and she let her blue eyes narrow in resentment. Easy enough for him, she thought, a boomer, born to a generation which got whatever it wanted just by holding out its collective hand. There were plenty of jobs available to him when he graduated from high school. Not that she'd actually graduated, of course. But still...

She put her things away in the glossy, polished wooden dresser - no cheap plasterboard for his house - then obediently brought her suitcases to the basement and threw out the boxes. She went back to her room and closed the door, sighing at the finality of it. She dearly hoped she wouldn't be there long, that she could find another job, put together enough money for first and last month's rent, and get the hell out of here.

She stripped off her blouse and skinned out of her jeans, tossing them on the floor, then

reached up behind her and unbound her chestnut hair, shaking her head to shake it out around her shoulders. She was an attractive young woman who still, unbelievably, got carded sometimes. She blamed that on her height, though, more than the sweet round face or snub nose which made her look more youthful.

She undid her bra and slipped it off, considering what to wear now that the hard work was done and she could relax. Should she have a shower, or should she put on her bikini and go out back to get a bit of sun? She hadn't been able to get any tanning in her chintzy little apartment with no balcony, but she sure could here. The place had a huge back yard with high hedges and fences. Not to mention a lovely pool and...

"We can talk about your chores now."

"Dad!" she cried, clasping her hands over her breasts and turning away.

She became instantly aware, then, that she was wearing nothing but a tiny thong, and gasped anew, red faced as she yanked up a sheet and threw it over herself, her face burning.

"You could knock before you enter!" she snapped.

"Don't you use that tone with me, young woman," he said, glowering. "Do you think you have anything to hide I haven't seen before?"

And he had, of course. He'd never respected her privacy, never knocked, even when she'd been a teenager. It had infuriated her.

He looked her up and down, not at all shy. "You've got a pretty damned good body," he said, making her blush even further. "There's a place I go to now and then called the Nu Den. It's a strip club. I bet they'd take you on there."

Destiny's jaw dropped. Was her father actually suggesting she become a stripper!? Yet he had no sense of humour, and after a long moment of staring she realized he was serious.

"Y-You want me to be a stripper!?" she said in outrage.

"Why not? You've got a great body, nice breasts, nice ass. And you've never been very shy about showing it off, as I recall. You always wore the tiniest bikinis and shortest skirts your mother would let you get away with, and loved flirting with the boys."

"I'm not going to be a stripper!" she exclaimed indignantly, shocked and even more embarrassed that he would mention her breasts and bottom at all, much less with approval.

"Those girls pull in over a hundred dollars an hour, some of them twice that," he said.

"I can't believe you would actually suggest I - ."

"I said don't use that tone with me," he growled, brows beetling. "You're not an innocent young girl, Destiny. I'm sure more than a few men have seen you naked, yes, and done a lot more than look, too. You took dance lessons too, I recall. You'd probably be pretty good at it."

Destiny didn't know what to say, could only look at him in outrage.

He snorted. "But you think you're too good for that, I see. You forget you have very few options. I told you again and again that if you didn't study and kept playing truant you'd never get any decent job. But did you listen? Not at all! Now you're a high school dropout in an age where college graduates are finding it hard to get good jobs.

Well, you can leech off me for a time, but you're going to work that pretty little butt of yours, believe me. I know how lazy you like to be, but there are going to be chores for you as long as you're here. I'll have no idle wastrel sitting around my house, daughter or not. Now let's go downstairs and I can show you what you'll be doing."

"Do you mind if I put on some clothes first?" she snapped, unable to keep her tone at all respectful.

He frowned at her. "You're not too old for me to tan your bottom, missy, so you had best learn to keep a respectful tongue in your mouth. You can put on something if you like, maybe one of those itty bitty bikinis of yours I'm sure you brought along. You'll be looking after the pool, after all, not to mention a lot of the gardening. I'll expect you downstairs in no more than five minutes."

He withdrew, not bothering to close the door, and Destiny stomped her foot on the floor angrily, moved across the room, and closed the door. She did not slam it as she wished to, though. She wasn't that brave, and her father, she knew, was quite capable of putting her over his knee, even at her age. She'd seen him do it to her mother year ago, after all!

Arrogant bastard! Imagine her own father suggesting she become a stripper! Anything to save himself a buck, she thought bitterly. Maybe he'd be happy if she became a prostitute!

But her father didn't tolerate arguments, much less sarcasm. He never had. She shook her head at her own stupidity in coming back here. She looked out the window at the big back yard. Yes, it was perfectly expected the bastard would work her to death for the use of a room he had kept empty anyway, and a little bit of food.

Well, fuck him!

She'd show him, she thought, eyes narrowing into flints. She tried to lock the door, and found, not surprised, that it had none. She found her sluttiest bikini, quickly put on the tiny triangle cups, then, her back to the door, slipped off her thong and pulled on the even smaller thong bottoms of the bikini, the tiny strings sliding salaciously up across her hips. He thought she was

some kind of slut who wouldn't mind wandering around without any clothes on, well fine! She'd show him!

She went downstairs, mindful of his deadline, and met him in the kitchen. Her face flushed a bit as he looked her up and down, and she felt a flicker of nervousness in case he decided she was being rebellious. Then she felt something else, something weird, as he frankly eyed her body.

It was embarrassment mixed with - with a faint little trace of excitement, of arousal.

"You always did like to show off that body," he said.

She bit her lip to forestall an angry retort.

"Come on, then. Outside."

He led her out into the back yard and she followed.

"You'll keep the pool clean. The supplies are over here. The net is here. You need to keep the chlorine content at - are you listening to me?"

She nodded, though she had been looking longingly at the pool, not at him.

"When I ask you a question, Destiny you will do me the courtesy to answer."

"Yes, I heard you," she said sulkily.

He explained the chlorine, explained how the pool was filled and drained, and the filtering system. Destiny thought it was incredibly boring and stupid. He should just have a pool guy come in and do this shit. She looked at the cool blue water and imagined herself laying around, maybe on a floating mattress, sipping on a drink. If h was any kind of regular father she'd be - .

"Ow!" she yelped, leaping forward and grabbing her bottom as he delivered a sharp slap.

"Pay attention," he growled.

"I am an adult! You have no right - ."

"If you were an adult you'd have a job and a house," he sneered, "Not to mention a husband and maybe kids. But you can't manage to look after

yourself and you haven't managed to get along with a man who'd be willing to pay for you either. That makes you a child. And if you aren't a child, then I have no further responsibilities in taking care of you," he said, pointing a long finger in her face.

She glowered, but held her tongue.

He showed her the gardens that needed to be kept weeded and watered when there wasn't enough rain, then the greenhouse in the corner of the yard with rarer plants which needed more attention. It was hot as a - well, a greenhouse, and she panted for breath, irritated that he didn't seem to even be sweating in the least. He fussed over some orchids, and talked to her as though she were a servant.

She even had to fetch a big bag of fertilizer in the corner. She panted and gasped under the weight, muttering under her breath. He was so big he could lift the thing in one hand without a second thought but she had to bend and lift it, pulling it in tight against her body and holding it in both arms. She set it down heavily on the low counter, gasping, then gasping again as she saw one of her breasts spill out of the tiny cup.

He saw it too, and her face reddened as she quickly turned away and adjusted her top.

"You might as well not wear a top as that little thing," he said. "Your tits will be falling out of it every time you bend over."

"Well maybe you shouldn't be looking," she snapped over her shoulder.

That got another sharp slap on her bare bottom and she yelped and jerked forward again.

"I told you not to use that tone," he said.

The heat, her frustration, her resentment, her unhappiness at being home, at his attitude, cost her her control for a brief instant.

"You fucking asshole!" she cried, rubbing her bottom.

Never, in all the time she had lived with him had she ever dared swear at her father. So far as she knew no one ever dared swear at her father. Almost as soon as the words left her lips she was shocked at herself. She had an instant to fear what he would do before he grabbed her in a shovel sized hand and yanked her around, then thrust her against a deep metal sink.

It hit her stomach and his hand kept shoving, grabbing the back of her neck and bending her far over so her face was almost in the bottom of the sink. Then a sharp slap to her bottom made her cry out in pain. Another slap, and another, and another made her howl and twist and writhe as the sharp crack of flesh on flesh filled the little greenhouse.

"Don't! I'm sorry! Ow! Ow! Please! Owe!" she cried as his hand set her bottom to burning with a stinging pain.

She was frantically trying to protect her bottom, her arms shooting back behind her, but he simply grabbed her wrists, pulled them together, and shoved them up along the length of her back until her fingers were almost touching the back of her neck. It hurt, and she cried out anew, but he just continued slapping at her bare bottom as he held her easily in place.

The pain, the sharp, stinging little shocks, was bad enough, but she knew how tiny the bottom of the thong was, and had a darned good idea of the show she was putting on, bent over so far, struggling and wriggling, just a thin strip of black across her carefully shaved pussy. To make matters worse both her breasts had now popped out of her little top and were loose, swinging and jiggling beneath her as her father continued to slap her bare bottom.

But there was something else there in her mind, something in the background, something bubbling softly but growing in heat. She was

hardly even aware of it. It was a kind of angry pride in her body. She'd always had it, and now, knowing that he was looking at her tight little bottom, perhaps even at her narrow slit with her thong pulled up into it, at her bare breasts jiggling, she felt a warmth in her lower belly like she always did at showing herself off. It didn't seem to matter that it was her own father. He'd always been something of a stranger to her anyway. He was a big, powerful, muscular, masculine male, and that made her belly feel strangely tight and light.

She was angry, furious, and in pain, but her lower belly was starting to thrum very oddly.

She was yanked back upright and turned around very suddenly, his hand still pinning her wrists up high behind her back. She blushed even darker now, her breasts thrusting out over her tiny bikini top, him right in front of her.

"Well? Are you going to mind your manners, little girl?" he snapped.

Getting a good look, she wanted to sneer.

But if she did he would spank her again, and she instead jerked her red face up and down in acknowledgement. He released her wrists and she twisted quickly away, putting her breasts back into the cups.

"You might as well just take off that stupid thing," he snorted. "Not like I haven't already seen all you've got."

She turned her head, glowering, and then felt another rebellious inspiration. Or at least, she told herself that was what she felt, but the anger was accompanied by something else, something hot, something - daring. She snatched at the string behind her head, glaring at him, and undid her top, throwing it on the ground, and then turning to face him topless, daring him to look.

And he did, until she felt her mind squirming and her hands twitching as she reconsidered,

suddenly desperately wanting to cover herself. She had thought to bluff him, thought that she would make him squirm, make him uncomfortable, but she should have known better.

"Don't throw your things on the floor," he said.

She glared daggers and bent, snatching up her top.

"Now come over her and look at these orchids. I want to make sure you realize how important it is to keep the water flow constant."

There was nothing for it but to go over to the counter, horribly aware of her bare breasts, as he showed her the plants and the water and the fertilizer that needed to be used. As her embarrassment eased, however, she felt that strange little thrum of excitement at being virtually naked around someone else, around a virtual stranger, too. It felt quite - bizarre to be standing there with her breasts bared as her father spoke to her of routine matters involving fertilizer and weeding.

"And I know just how shoddy a job you are capable of doing, Destiny," he said, thrusting his big finger under her nose again. "I will be inspecting your work, and if I find you've done a piss-poor job I'll take a belt to that pretty little ass of yours. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said sulkily.

She eyed him warily, suspiciously. Was he staring at her breasts? Did he notice the nipples - infuriatingly - were erect, refused to soften? Was her own father hot for her, the dirty old man? Or was he ignoring her nearly nude body? Which was, in its own way, quite insulting.

Her pretty little ass, huh? Well he must be looking to say that, she thought, her mind giving her mixed singles about that.

And finally he was gone, promising a typed list for her, and she was on her own at last,

right there beside the pool. She was still sweating heavily from the greenhouse, and jumped in with relief, dove in and slid through the water like an eel, turning and twisting beneath the cool clear water before bowing her body and knifing up through the water to emerge near the diving board, gasping for breath.

God, she loved the pool. The old bastard had actually had it drained when she was a teenager because she'd so often stayed home from school, tanning, swimming, relaxing, drinking and doing dope, sometimes with her friends. And more than that, sometimes, she thought with a small smile. She'd been a very active, popular girl, and sex had been a delicious and exciting game.

Of course, if she'd gone to school a little more and graduated, well, maybe she'd have her own pool now, and a job, she thought, depressed.

She swam back and forth a few times, then got out and tried different dives on the diving board.

"Come out of there," her father demanded as she returned to the surface from one.

She sighed and swam to the edge, then pulled herself, dripping wet, out of the pool to where he stood, holding a piece of paper. Her list of chores, no doubt, she thought sourly.

"I hope you enjoyed the pool, Destiny. Because from here on out it will be like old times. You don't set a toe in that water except and until your chores are done, and only after asking permission. And you won't get permission until I inspect your work and approve it."

Her sullen appearance made his jaw tighten.

"Turn around."

"Why?"

"Because I said so!"

She turned slowly, and then yelped as his hand slapped her bottom again.

"I told you already I'll have none of your sullen, sulky looks," he growled.

Destiny rubbed her bottom, and scowled resentfully. She couldn't help it, and was only aware an instant later on seeing his scowl again.

"Turn."

"But daddy - ."

"Turn!"

She bit her lip and turned, and gasped as his hand snapped across her bottom with stinging force, causing her to leap forward.

"You'll learn. Even a stupid dog learns in time," he said.

She didn't dare turn to reveal the scowl on her face, not until she had managed to smooth it off. Then she turned, her face as blank as she could make it.

"Here is your list of chores," he said, laying it on the poolside table. "Don't touch it now, you idiot, you'll get it wet."

She drew back, and again, out of habit, that scowl lit her face at the insult.

"Turn," he ordered, sounding quite irritated.

Destiny bit her lip lightly, then wincing, turned.

"Bend forward a bit."

She drew in a breath, indignant, but bent forward, then yelped as he slapped her bottom again.

"Now, I've done this list in the order I believe the chores should best be done. You'll do well to keep to it day in and day out."

She turned, rubbing her bottom, desperately trying to keep her face blank, but she'd never been very good at that, never been good at hiding a look of contempt, irritation, anger, contempt. She turned and looked at the list quickly, keeping her hands back.

"But this will take me all day!" she protested.

"So would a job."

"But I'm not getting paid!"

"You're getting bread and board. And it's not that much work. I could complete this in not much more than a morning. You'll take all day because you're slow and lazy. And then you'll probably have to redo half of it when I inspect it later. How many jobs have you had since you left when you were sixteen?"

She looked away. "A few," she said.

"How many?"

"I don't know," she said.

Lots. And been fired from all of them. Either she'd kept calling in sick, just not feeling like going to work that day, or she'd been found goofing off too many times, or she'd been rude to customers or found shortcuts to make things easier which her employer had discovered and disapproved of.

"That many. And fired a lot, I bet. Well, you won't find me any more tolerant than your previous bosses. But I won't fire you, daughter dear. I'll just tan that ass of yours instead."

You have a thing about my ass, don't you, daddy, she felt like saying. Oh yes, how she'd love to say it, with a curled lip and a sneer. But her bottom was still throbbing from the slaps he'd already delivered, throbbing and hot and aching.

Where else could she go!? Shit! Nowhere! She'd already stayed with friends too long, and not been nearly as welcome after the first few days either, she thought resentfully. So she was a bit messy, so what? So she ate what was in the refrigerator without asking. So she didn't volunteer to help out, and resented it when she was asked. So?

"Now get to work," her father said, turning and going back into the house.

"Bastard," she said, whispering the word, even though he was out of earshot.

Chapter 2

"How many times do you have to be told?"

Destiny shrugged.

"I wrote down, step by step, how to do this," her father growled, checking the pool chemistry.

She shrugged again.

"Give me your strap and turn and present your bottom," he snapped.

Bastard, she thought.

She could hardly believe what he'd done to her. He'd given her a belt to wear, a thin belt, to be worn at all times, even over her thong. Hanging from one hip was a strap, more of a quirt, a thin leather strip about eighteen inches long. It was to be used, her father had told her, to punish her.

And she had already felt its sting too often in the first week.

She took it off her hip and handed it to him sullenly, then turned and bent, as she'd now grown experienced to do, putting her hands on her legs just above her knees. She tried to brace herself, but gasped anyway as the strap slashed across her bottom, then again, then again, each blow harsh, the sting sharp.

The strapping no longer really bothered her, though it did sting. She wasn't entirely sure why it didn't. She certainly didn't like the stinging blows - exactly. The truth was - though she could still not quite admit it to herself - she was coming to find it kinky and weirdly exciting to be bent over like this, breasts hanging low, pulling at her chest, bare bottom raised up and pointed at him as the strap cut across her buttocks.

How sick was that!?

But she was spending most of her time now wearing nothing but a thong. She thought of actually going naked from time to time, and the

thought always produced a rush of heat and excitement. Imagine walking around naked like that right in front of him!

She didn't like his chores, but did them, mostly, if not in the perfect way he wanted. And she noticed that it felt a little, well, sexy perhaps wasn't the right word but - . It was the fact she wore only a thong most of the day which was making her think of sex all the time. Oh what a workout her dildo and vibrator had gotten this last week!

"I think you've grown too used to this, Destiny," he said. "I think your laziness shows that you don't mind a little sting to your ass now and then. Maybe we'll have to come up with something else."

She glowered at the pool. He'd already refused her use the last few days, but she'd simply slipped into it at night after he was in bed.

"Straighten up and put your hands on top of your head."

Destiny complied, starting to turn.

"I didn't say to turn around!"

She turned back, hands on her head, nervous now, but heart beating to a curious rhythm as she waited what he would do next. Then she gasped as the strap cut across her back. She felt an instinctive shock, without knowing why. It hurt, of course, but not so very much more than it had on her bottom. But she twisted away, stumbling, turning to glare at him.

"Get back into position," he ordered.

"You c-can't hit my back!" she cried.

"Why not?"

And she had no answer, though she gaped at him like a fish, her mouth opening. What did he mean by asking why not? Surely it was obvious.

"Now resume your position."

"No!"

His eyes narrowed and he grabbed at her. She turned and tried to leap away only to have her hair grabbed. She screamed as it brought her up short, her feet running out from under her so she fell back against him.

"Let me go, you bastard!"

He yanked her towards the house instead, having little difficulty controlling her, even though she twisted and turned. Inside, she thrust her against the wall, then gripped her wrists, pulled them back behind her, and forced them up high behind her back, easily pinning them with one fist, even wrapping her hair around them as a sort of rope, holding it all in one hand so that she was marched up the hall, head back, gasping and moaning weakly.

And then downstairs, one careful foot feeling its way after another, while he insisted on holding her head back by the hair, her arms pinned up high, painfully high behind her. Her fumbling bare foot found the cold stone at the bottom of the stairs, and he pushed her along, through the rec room, past the washing room, through the furnace and store rooms and into an empty room without windows.

He led her to a corner chest and then forced her to bend over across it, then opened a drawer on one side. With her head pinned to the top of the chest Destiny could see nothing, but felt her hair released, her arms pulled back downwards.

"Hold your wrists at the small of your back," he barked.

"What are you going to do, tie me up?" she sneered, voice shaky.

She felt something soft, but heavy, wrapped around her left wrist, then tightened.

"Wh-what are you - ."

She pulled her left wrist up and stared in

astonishment at the studded leather strap wrapped around it, buckled tightly. It was heavy, thickly padded, and had rings on both sides. It was some kind of kinky bondage restraint! She gaped at it in disbelief even as he put another around her right wrist.

"Are you crazy!?" she gasped.

In answer he pulled her backwards into the centre of the room, her right wrist still in his hand, and lifted it high. A chain hung from above, with a little snap on the end. He clipped it to the ring of the wrist restraint and reached for her other wrist.

"Don't touch me! Let me go!"

He had no difficulty, of course, getting at her arm, then her wrist, and pulling it up above her, locking it to the first restraint.

"You pervert! Sicko! Freak!" she shouted.

He went to a nearby wall, and she noted the crank there, then gasped as he began to turn it. The chain lifted her wrists higher, then higher still, until she was on the balls of her feet. He stopped it there and came over to stand in front of her.

"It is true that I find bondage sexually enjoyable," he said calmly. "And it's true that I have used this fear for sexual purposes in the past. That does not mean restraints and punishment devices necessarily have only sexual uses. People were whipped, flogged and strapped for disciplinary purposes only long before anyone thought to take sexual enjoyment out of it."

But he was lying and she knew it. He was looking at her oddly, with her standing there on the balls of her feet, arms forced high, breasts risen and taut on her nearly naked body. And truth be told she was finding it very hard fighting the surge of wicked excitement which was thrilling up her spine even now as she gasped for breath.

"L-liar!" she said. "You're getting off on

this, aren't you!? Your own daughter! Are you going to torture me for kicks!? Are you going to rape me!?"

"What I'm going to do, Destiny, is give you what you have lacked all these years, what I would have given you properly in your youth had your mother not interfered. And that is discipline."

He moved back to the chest, opened another drawer, and took out a thing which had Destiny's eyes bulging. It was a whip. It consisted of a long, thick, gleaming black handle to which were attached a number of thin dark leather strips. She stared at it in disbelief, heart pounding, blood racing.

"D-don't you dare!" she gasped.

Fear and anxiety rose inside her, but along with it came that shadowy dark heat, and a flood of sexual imagery which had been clouding the back of her mind for the last week.

"Don't you fucking dare!" she cried, her voice shaking. "I'll call the cops on you!"

"Turn around."

"No!"

She would not turn her back to him, to that thing.

He shrugged, and she stared as his arm drew back and prepared to swing. And then it snapped forward, and she squealed, trying to turn away, but too late. The thin leather laces slashed down across the side of her chest, across her ribs, but also cut into the soft, sensitive meat of her breasts.

He screamed and twisted fully around, her back to him now as she pulled frantically at the restraints overhead.

"I've been watching you for the last week, Destiny," he said. "You've fucked up one job after another. "

The whip cut across her soft, pale back and she howled again, though really, it didn't sting

so very much worse than the strap had. It was the emotional shock of it more than the physical which caused her to react.

"Some of it is out of laziness, of course. You were spoiled, despite all my efforts, and you never learned to do a job properly."

Crack! The whip cut across her back a second time, and again she howled, though less now, for she had come to understand that despite the stinging, despite the sense that a cat had clawed her soft back, the whip was not as bad as she had feared.

"Some of it is spite and nastiness. You resent the very idea you should be forced to work. You feel entitled, somehow, to a life of luxury and no work. Why is that? Because you're beautiful?"

Crack!

The whip slashed across her back again, and this time she only gasped, arching her back at the hot cut of the stinging laces.

"We pamper girls in this society," he said. "They're made out to be these pretty little erotic morsels who should be lusted after, courted, kissed and fucked, but never spoken to harshly, never shown discipline."

Crack! Again the laces sliced into the soft, pale flesh of her back, and Destiny let out a cry, back arching, toes briefly leaving the floor.

She was beginning to regain control of her breathing, of her emotions, her heart not pounding quite as rapidly.

Crack!

She gasped and twisted, moaning, and now her eyes came to rest on a large mirror, a full length mirror placed off to one side, showing herself at an angle, front and side. Her arms were reaching up, and she was looking right at herself as the whip cut across her back again, watched as she cried out, her body jerking and twisting.

A squirming heat blossomed in her lower belly, and she moaned in something other than pain.

"Well, I feel all that has produced is a generation of self-centred little bitches who think men should bow to them and throw money at their feet," her father was saying.

Crack!

"That means that unless their parents take extraordinary measures, girls like you, particularly attractive young girls with particularly good bodies, become little more than lazy, shiftless leaches on society."

Crack!

"And I will not have that around here. Not from you."

Fuck! Her back was hot and throbbing! But, standing there on the balls of her feet, naked aside from her thong, arms held above, Destiny began to feel the full, churning heat from within her lower belly, could feel the clutching of her vaginal walls, the thrumming sensation and moisture there. A hundred sensual images spilled through her somewhat dazed mind as she stared at herself.

Crack!

Martyrdom, masochism, heat and excitement, exhibitionism and a hundred old romantic novels, porn movies, and fantasies twisted together as her breasts swelled, her areolas puffing out, her nipples hard as rocks.

Crack!

She felt weak with the pounding heat, and practically hung there, gasping, moaning as the laces snapped at her back, then her buttocks, then her shoulders. She couldn't control her voice to protest, to speak. She felt faint.

And then he was in front of her, her hair gripped in his hand, forced up and back so her back arched.

"Well, I have a few theories about how to reform incorrigible little bitches," he growled, "A few things I've learned in my years on this earth about what effects the human mind, even the mind of a flighty, lazy little creature like you."

Her eyes were a little glassy, and her breathing was coming in short little puffs and pants. Her back was throbbing with heat, but the heat which was consuming her attention, consuming her mind, was between her legs. It flustered and shocked and dismayed her, but it was undeniable - and breathtaking. A kind of sexual electricity was crackling along her spine, through her belly, through her mind.

It did not stop her from feeling anger, fear, embarrassment, shame, or a terrible anxiety, but it gripped her with a terrible pressure.

Her father was silent as he looked down into her eyes, then let his own travel down her body, across her proud, upthrust breasts, marked by three narrow lines where the flog had cut into them, down her straining belly to the tiny, powder blue thong - and a much darker blue line which was growing.

His lips drew back into a smirk, and Destiny could not repress a cry as he reversed the flog and thrust the glistening wooden handle between her trembling thighs, then brought the edge up firmly against her pussy.

"Are we getting a little wet, daughter dear?" he asked in an oily voice which made her face burn with humiliation. "Is this less a punishment than a reward to you?"

He let the handle rub slowly back and forth against the crotch of her thong, jammed up hard against her sex, and then he brought it up before her face, smirking again at the moisture evident upon it.

"So very proud of this fine young body," he said. "You always have been. You've always been a

narcissist, but I hadn't thought you were a masochist, as well."

"L-L-Let me go!" she squeaked, her voice breaking, not knowing what else to say.

"I think not," he said. "Perhaps you need a different kind of training? I had wondered if you would ever be able to look after yourself. Maybe you don't need to."

He continued to saw the wooden handle back and forth against her as he spoke, and each time he pulled back he angled the handle up hard and pushed in harder, grinding it against her clit through the thin crotch of the thong.

He pulled the whip back and released her hair. Again he looked her up and down, and Destiny dropped her chin, staring at the floor, mortified, but still, despite that, horribly aroused.

He moved around behind her, and her head jerked up as she gasped at the feel of his fingers in the strings of her thong. He peeled them slowly downwards, down, down, down as she stared at the mirror, as her eyes grew enormous, as she tried to protest, tried to think of something to say. She felt the single thin string pulling down between the firm cheeks of her buttocks, and then the crotch pulling away from her moist, bare sex.

The thong dropped down around her ankles and she was naked. A shockwave rolled through her groin and up through her belly and mind as he came around to stand before her.

"This is far too good a job to be shaved," he said, examining her sex. "You're too lazy for that anyway."

And the handle slipped between her thighs again, and then, causing her to gasp, was driven up against her soft sex, the handle actually pushing between the lips of her sex.

"Laser hair removal, yes?" he said, rubbing the handle slowly back and forth.

He gripped her hair and jerked her head up

and back harshly, and Destiny let out a cry of pain and shock, staring into his eyes.

"I asked you a question!"

"Y-Yes!" she gasped.

"I thought so."

He had the whip against her face now, the handle, and she could see how it glistened with her juices. Her face burned, but her mind reeled indecisively, too shocked, too aroused, too dazed to even consider decisions, much less make one.

He pressed the bottom of the handle against her open mouth, and she gave a moan of surprise as it pushed inside. Her lips closed automatically, and she flushed at that, trying to turn her head away, failing, trying to expel the wooden handle, and failing at that too.

He pushed it deeper, and she gasped anew as it slid along her tongue, threatened to go into the back of her throat.

Her father leaned in, his face inches from hers, and he spoke in a very low voice. "Suck on it."

Her eyes widened again.

"Go ahead. You know how. Close your lips, suck."

She stared at him, her mind fluttering.

He raised his voice in the stillness of the basement room. "Do it!"

Startled, she obeyed, and another scalding wave of embarrassment mixed with a raw animal heat flooded her mind and body.

He moved the handle slowly in and out, embarrassing her further, then pulled it gently free.

"Lick it," he ordered, his voice very soft, very quiet, but very insistent.

Trembling now, Destiny let her small pink tongue ease hesitantly out, licking at the handle.

"More," he growled.

Her tongue licked more bravely, long slow

licks across the bottom of the handle and its sides, her face crimson even as her father drew it back. Still holding her hair tightly, his face inches from hers, he pressed it up against her sex. Destiny jerked at its feel against the mouth of her sex. She let out a little whimper as it pushed through her sex lips and rubbed around the entryway to her belly.

Then it found the angle and she almost screamed as it began to push up into her. She stared at him, having no choice to do otherwise, and her body tensed, jerked, her hips bucking once, then twice in helpless convulsive movements as he slowly pushed the thick handle up into her pussy.

She groaned low in her throat, a soft, animal sound, feeling the hard, thick handle pushing up through the soft, moist, silken folds of her flesh, twisting, now drawing back, now pushing up deeper, then deeper, then deeper still, until she ached as it ground against the back wall of her sex.

"Ungh!" she cried as he pushed harder, forcing her onto her very toes.

His lips moved closer, and she thought for a wild moment he was going to kiss her. And then he spoke. "Slut," he whispered.

The word somehow electrified her. His hand was tight on the handle, what was not buried deep in her pussy, and she felt his finger now against the top of her slit, rubbing against her clitoris. She opened her mouth in outrage, then lost her voice - and her breath, and a moment later her mind as a climax of incredible power ripped through her body.

"Slut," he whispered as she twisted and bucked and trembled and strained.

"Slut," he murmured as his lips brushed against her, and he inhaled the tortured gasping issuing from her mouth.

The intensity of the come was immense, and Destiny's lithe young body bowed and strained and trembled as her nervous system howled with overload.

"Slut," he whispered, kissing her at last.

The handle began to move inside her, in slow, deliberate pumping motions, drawing back just a bit, then thrusting up hard, sharp, so that it ached as it pushed and ground against the back wall of her pussy.

Faster and faster and faster, as the orgasm spiralled downwards, starting to lose its force, and then, incredibly, exploded upwards again. Multiple orgasms. She'd had them once before in her life, only once, despite so many times of trying. Another orgasm lashed her scattered mind and she gurgled and moaned and bucked desperately into the handle as her father thrust it up cruelly into her belly.

"Slut," he whispered, biting lightly at her earlobe.

"Slut," he whispered, biting lightly at her lower lip.

"Slut," he whispered, chewing on the nape of her neck.

And this orgasm too finally fled, and she was into a third, her body wracked by convulsions now as her father punched the heavy wooden handle against her cervix and his thumb stroked roughly back and forth across her quivering, swollen clitoris.

His tongue trailed down her exposed throat, down over her upper chest, and then his lips folded around the centre of her left breast, his teeth digging into the soft, pale flesh, drawing it inside, his tongue sliding across the a nipple which was sparkling like a live electrical wire and a swollen areola which was hot and throbbing. He began to suck as he licked, to suck strongly, his tongue whipping back and forth, his teeth

chewing lightly at her flesh.

And all the while the handle thrust up, thumping bruisingly, painfully against the back wall of her sex, until she finally collapsed, gasping, eyes glazed, body limp, virtually hanging by her wrists.

He drew back and looked at her, her body glistening with sweat, her arms taut above her, head fallen low, hair spilling down her chest. He smiled and drew back, moved to the wall and turned the crank; once, twice, three times, and her toes left the floor as she dangled fully by her arms.

"Have a thought on your future," he said. "There are uses for women like you. You have one talent, it seems, one which causes you little effort. There are men who will look after you. You can be a kind of pet for them, a sexual pet."

He laughed softly. "A bitch in heat, indeed. A bitch dog."

He turned and left her, closing the door behind him, and Destiny stared at the door, then at herself, moaning low in her throat.

Chapter 3

Destiny moaned more loudly now, with no one to hear her, and raised her head, staring up at the ceiling, at her wrists, then down the long - long length of her body which hung below.

It was a very strange feeling. Her chest was heaving, and she was flushed and exhausted from the immense climax she had just experienced, one more powerful and extended than anything she'd ever felt before. And now, shockingly, excitingly, she hung by her wrists. She was actually hanging naked from her wrists! For her thong had dropped off her ankles as she'd been raised off the floor.

Her legs seemed like dead weight, far, far

below, just hanging there limp and useless. Her arms ached, her wrists burned, and her shoulders throbbed and strained.

It took her some minutes to calm down, for her body to cool down, for the tired languor which the orgasm produced to wear off and leave her - aching. Her scattered wits fit themselves slowly back together and she could think almost clearly. Almost. Her body continued to thrum with a low sexual heat as she hung there, twisting very slowly on the chain, and she began to wonder what more her father would do to her.

Her insides ached from the harsh thrusting of the whip handle, and she quivered, wondering when he would substitute his cock, when he would rape her. She felt a trembling run through her body at the thought, anticipation mixed with wretched heat.

It figured he would be into this kind of thing, she thought, arrogant, cruel disciplinarian that he was.

God! She was hanging naked by her wrists! And he had whipped her! God! It was unbelievable!

She lifted one foot, then the other, twisting slowly like a fish on a line. How long was he going to leave her like this? She looked at herself in the mirror and felt a swelling pride, a sexual arrogance. She looked so fucking hot! Why had she never gotten into this before? The idea had always intrigued her, always excited her. She'd just never found a man she would trust to tie her up and - and have his way with her. At least, not one who was interested in doing anything more inventive than sinking his cock into her.

She looked down at her breast and felt a little ripple of shock as she noted the teeth marks which framed her nipple, a nipple which still throbbed hotly, rigid with excitement.

Should she call out to him, yell, scream? The

idea of screaming aroused her, for some reason. But no, she wouldn't give him the satisfaction. And if she did he would probably just come down and - and whip her - again.

He had whipped her! Whipped her! She was still amazed.

And an hour later it was still somewhat amazing, but she was so exhausted it didn't seem to matter as much. Her arms and wrists were numb, and her shoulder burned like fire.

"Daddy!" she called out loud. "Daddy!"

She raised her voice, crying out as loud as she could. "Daddy! Daddy! Let me down!"

But an hour later she still hung there alone, moaning, panting, dripping sweat, breathing in very short, very shallow gasps.

And finally there he was, standing before her. No, now sitting, for he'd drawn up a chair and sat leisurely back in it to look at her.

"L-Let me down," she moaned.

"I don't know why I didn't think of it before," he said. "You obviously can't look after yourself. You're not good for anything. You need to be looked after. And why should anyone bother to do that, especially when you're such a sulky, bad-tempered little bitch? I bet you've had plenty of boyfriends who have dumped you, pretty ass or not, unable to stand you any longer."

That was true, but it angered her to hear it.

"Let me doooown," she groaned.

"How are you in the sack?" he asked.

Exhausted or not, hanging naked or not, it seemed incredible to her he had asked that, her own father. She stared at him in disbelief.

"Well? Are you any good? Or do you need to be taught how to please a man, sexually."

"N-None of your b-business," she panted. And then a sneer. "I bet you want to find out."

He stroked his chin with his hand. "No matter. You can be taught. You have the right

equipment and a very pretty face."

"I-Is daddy going to teach his little girl?" she panted in a taunting little girl voice.

"Oh I'm going to teach you a thing or two, girl," he said, his voice and expression hardening. "I'm going to teach you enough that someone will want you around, even if they keep you in a cage."

She blinked, startled at the words as he stood up and moved to stand next to her. He combed his fingers through her hair and she tried to jerk her head away, but then he closed them and jerked her head up and back tightly and she gasped and shuddered.

"You're fucking useless for almost anything," he said. "And you have no desire to learn. But men will pay for a body and face like yours."

"Y-You think you c-can make me a prostitute!" she gasped.

"Oh no. Even that requires work. No, I'm thinking of something much older, and much safer. Believe it or not, daughter, I have no desire to see you become a drug addicted, disease infested, old before your time whore walking a street corner."

He leaned in further, his lips next to her ear. "I will make you a slave."

Slave. The word shocked her. It rang through her mind and made her body spasm weakly. Slave? Slave!? He was crazy! Insane! She almost laughed, would have except she was so exhausted. A slave!? What a freak he was!

"A slave has only to obey," he said. "She does not need to think at all. She is given very simple tasks, usually involving pleasuring men and women with her body. I wager you can learn to do that easily enough."

"You think I'm going to be your sex slave?" she demanded, laughing weakly.

"Not mine. No. After you're trained I will

find you a decent master, a man with money and means who will keep you properly safe."

"Y-you're c-c-crazy," she panted.

"Think about it, you little slut," he growled, twisting his fingers in her hair until she cried out. "Your master will do everything, all the thinking, all the effort. All you'll need to do is look pretty and perform sexually. Hell, if I find one of those Arab princes to buy you you can sit around his harem, swimming and watching TV. Sounds like just the life for you."

He released her hair and she looked sullenly at him.

"It's all you're good for anyway," he said.

She tried to look defiant, but his words struck her deep. She knew she was useless, knew she had no skills, no learning, and no drive or motivation. Her friends had often made fun of her in that way. Her teachers had despaired of it long ago. She was good for nothing, she thought bitterly. He was right. She could be some rich man's fuck toy and that was about it.

"Fuck you," she said, eyes fluttering to fight back tears.

A harsh hand cracked across her cheek, flinging her head back and setting her ear ringing and her body swinging. She moaned and worked her cheek.

"Discipline is what you need," he said.

"Fine," she said dully; hopeless, miserable, uncaring. "Do whatever you fucking want. Kill me if you want to."

Now tears did start to fill her eyes.

"I have no intention of causing you harm," he said. "I am not an uncaring brute. I want only what is best for you. And this would appear to be the best of a very few choices left to you."

"So I'll be a fucking sex slave," she said dully. "Sure. Why not."

Another slap to her face, this time the other

cheek, and she cried out, twisting weakly on the end of the chain.

"You think you're capable of being a sex slave right now? You think any wealthy man would pay much for you the way you are? You're sadly mistaken, girl. You aren't good enough to be a slave yet. But you will be. The training isn't pleasant, but for once in your life it is training you will absorb fully and completely. For pain is a marvellous teacher."

"Then do it!" she cried, tears dropping onto her chest now. "Go ahead! Make me a sex slave! Sell me to a fucking Arab!"

Anger leant her strength, and she glowered at him furiously. "Do it!" she snarled. "Do it!"

He nodded slowly, and they stared at each other.

"From this day on you have no father," he said, and the words struck her deep inside, a part of her she hadn't even known she had. She felt oddly numbed by them, stricken.

"You will never again address me as dad or daddy or father. I am not your father and you are no daughter of mine. Do you understand me?" he demanded, his voice hard and cruel.

She dropped her eyes, feeling a strange sense of finality, wanting to change it, but wondering why. God knew he had never been much of a father to her, never been the kind to hug or hold her or show any sign of affection. Why should she miss him, miss having a father, when she'd never really had one at all? And she felt a sense of anger over that, and defiance, though her mind was spinning.

Another slap rang her ear, brought the taste of blood to her mouth as she groaned in pain.

"Did you understand me?" he snarled.

"Yes!" she shouted, more tears spilling from her eyes, tears of anger and resentment.

"Henceforth you will address me as master. You will obey orders, and you will respond to

instructions promptly. You will not speak - ever - for any reason, unless you are giving permission. Is that understood?"

She nodded her head weakly, then cried out at another slap which sent her head spinning to one side, and her body following.

"When you are addressed you will respond with 'yes, master' or 'no, master'. Is that clear?"

"Y-yes... m-master," she groaned.

"You have no father. You are an orphan. Now I take your name from you, as well. Destiny was the name of someone I once had hopes for, once thought might amount to something. It is clearly not the name for a spineless, weak, nothing like you. Perhaps some day you will earn a name from whomever buys you. For now you are simply a slave, a nameless slave."

Again the words struck something inside her, and again she felt a flood of moisture to her eyes, felt tears spilling down onto her naked chest. It was so unfair, so horribly unfair! And yet did she really deserve better? Wasn't he right? Hadn't she wasted herself on nothing all these years? Little wonder he thought she was a completely failure. She thought she was a miserable failure, herself.

"You have no father. You have no name. And you have no body. A slave owns nothing. A slave has no choices to make, no decisions to make. A slave does exactly as she is told. And a slave's body belongs to her master. She has no more say in its use than a dog or a cow or a horse does. Their owners make those decisions."

He ran a hand lightly up her body, circling her nipple.

"A dog might be shaved, might have ridiculous bits of clothe fitted to it, might be muzzled or neutered. It has no say in any of it. It will be washed when its master says. It will be allowed to go to the bathroom when its master decides. If its

master chooses to breed the dog, then that will be done, as well."

He yanked on her hair and she screamed as her head was pulled straight back.

"Do you understand, slave?" he demanded. "Do you understand that all choices, all decisions are removed from you? You have no body. This flesh belongs to me to do with as I choose, and it will then belong to someone else, whomever I give or sell you to."

He released her hair and she moaned weakly, her body swaying as he walked away from her, over to the wall. He turned the crank, and her body began to lower, her trembling toes finally finding purchase, then the balls of her feet at last, then her entire feet, heels pressing on the cool, but ever so welcome stone. The tension and pressure was finally released from her wrists and arms and shoulders, and she groaned with relief.

Her father was there again, and he ran his big hands up her belly, up her chest beneath her breasts, lifting them and squeezing them softly.

"Who do owns these tits?" he demanded.

Blinking, panting, Destiny stared at his hands on her breasts, then up at him.

"I asked a question, slave. When a slave is asked a question, a slave answers or is punished."

"I-I - you?" she gulped, a little dazed.

He squeezed his fingers more tightly and she gasped in pain.

"You master," he growled.

"You master!"

He released her breasts, then caught her nipples, still swollen and rigid, despite her exhaustion and unhappiness. One was moist with a tear which had trickled across it. He pinched his fingers against them and twisted, pulling, stretching them up and forward so that Destiny was forced, gasping and whimpering, onto her toes.

"Who owns these nipples, slave?"

"You, master!" she gasped.

He released them, and his right hand slid between her thighs, cupping and palming her sex.

"Who owns this pussy, slave?"

"Y-You, master!" she gulped.

He moved slowly around behind her, his fingers tracing her ribs, then the length of her spine, and then opening wide to grasp her soft bottom and squeeze her buttocks.

"Who owns this ass, slave girl?"

"Y-you do, master," Destiny moaned.

Around in front of her again, his fingers running over her throat, tracing her lips, then sliding inside, two of them, so that her tongue drew back.

"Who owns this mouth, slave?" he said in a low, intense voice.

"You do - master," she replied, her lips having difficulty around his fingers, her tongue moving awkwardly.

"Lick, slave," he said, eyes boring into her.

Her tongue licked at his fingers as her eyes blinked and fluttered.

"Suck, slave," he said starkly.

Her stomach twisted, and she closed her lips, sucking on her father's fingers, two of them, sliding slowly in and out, in and out, in and out as she sucked and licked. Then he eased them back, moving around her, the fingers of his other hand tracing her ribs again, moving up and down her spine.

And then a warm, wet finger pushed against her rectum, and her eyes went wide as she felt it rub lightly, then prod at her, dipping just within, pulling out, then pushing up into her. She gasped as a long finger pushed and squirmed up into her rectum, her face heating.

"Who owns this tight little hole, slave?"

She gulped and swallowed anxiously. "Y-You do, M-Master."

His finger pushed deeper, all the way to the knuckle, twisting from side to side, pushing against her insides as she squirmed helplessly, uncomfortable in both mind and body. None of her lovers had ever spent much time exploring that particular region of her anatomy, and it felt very strange that a man who was once her father was doing so.

The finger pulled out, and his big hands grasped her hips, drawing her backwards, forcing her feet to shuffle along the stone. But her wrists were held, and she was thus forced to rise, and as he spread her legs, to rise onto the balls of her feet. Her heart beat more quickly, her pulse racing as he pulled her bottom out back towards him and ordered her to stay that way.

Then she felt the pressure against her anal opening again, felt it with a slack jaw at first, a sense of unreality, of disbelief, of disgust, and then anger. But there was something else there, as well, a dark sense of hunger and excitement as she felt what surely had to be her ex-father's spongy warm cock-head prodding at her anus, slowly pushing into her, forcing her wrinkled little opening to spread wide around it.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I-I - you - ."

His lips were at her ear, his voice hot, his voice hard. "A slave does not speak unless invited to do so!" he growled.

And his cock thrust hard, lurching up deeper, so that she felt impaled, gasping and moaning as it drove higher and then still higher, working back and forth, his hips twisting from side to side. He drew back a little ways, and put his hand beneath her mouth.

"Spit," he ordered.

Dazed by the order, gasping, she didn't react until he yanked harshly on her hair and repeated the order. Then she spit into his hand and it disappeared. His cock drew back, then thrust up

into her again, more slippery now, moving more easily. She had only been sodomized once, when very drunk, and could remember little of the experience. She gasped and moaned and winced anxiously as her father's cock drove achingly high into her belly, causing cramps to ripple through her.

He drew back, and then thrust up, and then back again, and another thrust. He began to work himself in and out, pumping, thrusting - fucking her. Fucking her. Fucking her ass, she thought dazedly. Her own father was fucking her in the ass!

No, not her father. Not any more. He had said so, hadn't he? He had - had disowned her. Told her she was no daughter of his. He was not her father now, just her - jailer, her master, and tears filled her eyes again at the depths to which she had fallen as his cock worked in and out with growing ease, battering her anal muscles down. She felt a swelling sense of anguish, of misery, and then of anger and defiance to drown them out. Well fuck him! Let him do his worst!

It didn't hurt too badly, though, not too badly, not physically. His hips began to slap into her bottom now, for he had opened her enough to take the whole length of his long shaft. She'd never seen her father's cock before, but it felt immensely long and terribly thick as it moved up and down in her gut.

"Move your ass back, slut," he ordered, yanking on her hair.

She gasped in pain, and at the shock of the word, so casually used on her, and by her own father, or ex-father. But she obeyed, grunting more loudly now as she pushed her bottom back to meet his thrusts. He was thrusting harder, too, his cock spiking up hard and fast, rutting into her, his hips striking so heavily against her perfect buttocks that they were getting pink and

sore, wobbling and shacking under each impact. Her entire body was jarred and shaken by his powerful hips each time he drove his cock up into her soft, snug, moist belly, and she could only gasp and grunt and hiss stroke by stroke by stroke.

Her breasts wobbled and shook with the force of her movements, and he continued to yank back on her hair again and again, and slap at her bottom to urge her to faster movement.

"You can do better than that, you little whore. Shove your ass back onto my cock. Squeeze your ass down around it as it pulls out. Open up to let it in. Are you brainless? Don't you know how to milk a cock, you ignorant little bitch?"

Her ankles hurt, for she had to stay high on the balls of her feet, and her bottom was starting to feel bruised and sore as his hips kept hammering against it. She was numb inside where his cock pumped and pistoned, and her breasts were starting to ache from wobbling and jerking.

"Squeeze, slut!" he ordered, slapping at her bottom as he pulled his cock back.

There was something horribly primitive about it, something raw and carnal about the hard, steady thrusting of that big male cock up into her belly, about the hard, bruising impact against her buttocks and his hot breath in her ear.

Her head was drawn back as he continued to hold onto her hair, continued to pull on it as he thrust up and forward with his cock

"Whore," he panted. "This is all you're good for. And you're not even good at that yet. But you'll be taught," he said, his voice harsh and breathless. "You'll learn how to use this slut body properly."

And with that he thrust even harder and faster, and then drove himself into her to the hilt, ignoring her shuddering moans as he impaled her, as his cock fountained inside her belly, spewing wad after wad deep into her bowels,

exploding with hot, white liquid heat until he could slowly relax, loosen his death's hold on her hair and ease his softening prick back down out of the warm confines of her sucking rectum.

He sighed as he pulled back a bit, looking down at her anal opening, noting that it remained open, the muscles so battered that they needed time to recover. He had always come like a gushing fountain, and now as she began to slowly close he saw his semen begin to slowly appear, to trickle out of her before she could fully close.

"It took too long for your ass to accommodate my cock, slave," he said. "Your master should not be forced to wait on the needs of your slut body. You will wear a butt plug so you'll get used taking cocks up there more easily."

"Yes, master," she said dully.

Chapter 4

Destiny moaned low in her throat. She was drained, exhausted, sweating like a pig, both due to the heat and her own discomfort and pain.

She lay on her side, hog-tied. Naked. Her ankles had been drawn so far up and back that he was able to lock the studded leather restraints which he'd placed on them to the same ones which squeezed tightly around her wrists. For no good reason other than cruelty, he'd then pulled her hair back into a loose pony tail or braid and then bound it with twine to her big toes, which he had bound together. In addition, a fat, uncomfortable ball gag was stuffed into her mouth. It filled her mouth and held her jaws open, causing her to drool around it so that a puddle of saliva had formed on the floor next to her mouth.

Her back was in agony. Every few seconds it spasmed and cramped. And the only distraction she

had was when her legs or arms cramped instead.

He had moved her up into the attic. The only reason she could think of was that it was unbearably hot up here. And she was sweating horribly, her hair matted against her forehead and cheeks.

She had cried, off and on, for a bit, but the tears had long since dried. No father? An orphan? He was a cruel, cruel man, she thought miserably. She hated him! The miserable bastard! It wasn't her fault she'd never finished high school! That she was always being fired!

Well, it was, of course, but that admission only made her more miserable. He was right. She was useless, worthless, a complete and utter failure of a person; lazy, stupid, ignorant, good for nothing but fucking.

And he had demonstrated that very clearly, sodomising her the way he had, showing her just how low she was, how little he thought of her, that he would sodomise his own daughter. Or a girl who used to be his daughter.

And according to him she wasn't even any good at that. Well no one else had ever complained!

Not that she'd ever put in a lot of work, of course. That was the man's job. Wasn't it?

Bastard!

She groaned around the gag and a little more saliva trickled through.

She had never felt so tired, so hot, so sweaty and filthy and exhausted and miserable in her entire life. Why was he being so cruel to her?! And how long would he keep her like this?!

And then there was a sound, a noise, and her red-rimmed eyes fluttered open, desperately seeking. Yes, he was there, and she felt a groan of relief, for now she would be released, would get out of this filthy heat, no matter what else happened.

"Well, slave, you've missed lunch and dinner.

How do you feel? Hungry?"

She was hungry, now that he raised the subject, but the pain in her back was more important than the hollow feeling in her belly.

He knelt beside her, his hand reaching behind her head. He undid the buckle of the strap which held the ball-gag in her mouth and the strap came away. His big fingers then pried gently at the gag and worked it out between her lips. She let out a gasp, then a cry of pain as her jaws tried to close. She held them stiffly, moaning, whimpering, letting the saliva pour out of her mouth onto the floor.

"You need to be taught the hard way, slave. That is your nature. You are too lazy and self centred to learn any other way. But I will teach you, no matter what it takes."

He unzipped his trousers, and she stared stupidly at his cock as he drew it out, watched him squeeze it, watched it stiffen so rapidly, swelling and lengthening. It was indeed a large cock, and she felt a strange sense of admiration for it. It was a very lovely cock, after all, and she was hardly thinking straight.

"You need to learn a lot, and there's no point stretching out the lessons," he said.

Her head was still forced up and back, her neck straining, and her mouth was still held open, not merely from the stiffness of her jaw but because her hair was pulled back so sharply that it hurt and pulled on her scalp to close it.

And he put a big hand on her forehead, holding her back as he angled himself forward and pushed his cock in through her open lips.

"You'll need to be taught how to suck a cock properly," he said. "But that's for later. Right now you just need to learn to control your gag reflex. Strong willed women can do it themselves, can force their body to understand it needn't gag on a cock. Your throat, however, will have to be

battered into acceptance."

His big cock filled her mouth, and even forced her lips wider than the ball gag had. It slid heavily over her tongue, the head prodding at the inside of her cheek, then pushing deeper into her mouth until she began to gag. But he didn't stop, and her eyes went wide, bulging, her body trembling and shaking, her arms and legs pulling against the leather restraints as the fat, slick cock pushed right on through into her throat, and then continued.

Her father drove his fat cock all the way down her throat, pushed it remorselessly forward, ignoring her gagging, choking and desperate writhing until his balls were pressed against her cheek and her nose was jammed into his groin, until he had every last inch buried in her mouth.

He ground her face against him, holding his cock still inside her so that Destiny's head pounded with the despairing need to breath. His fat cock blocked her throat, and no matter how she twisted and writhed, no matter how she gagged and retched and choked and whimpered he held her there until black dots danced before her eyes and the world began to swim around her.

Then he slowly withdrew his fat cock, and again she gagged violently as inch after inch of it scraped past the entrance to her throat until finally he pulled it free amid a flood of saliva. She retched and gagged violently, gasping for breath, gulping in air, chest heaving.

"I said every part of this body belongs to me, slave," he said. "The tits, the ass, the cunt, the mouth, and the throat as well. It's my body to do with as I wish. Until I sell it to someone else and you have a permanent master. Now you had best get used to this. You've heard the term 'deep throat' before, I know. No slave is going to get away with only taking a few inches into her mouth. Your master, whoever he is to be, will expect you

to swallow every last inch of him."

His hand pushed against her forehead as his fat cock pushed forward into her mouth again. She sensed it and tried to protest, to beg, to cry out, but his cock filled her mouth before she could do a thing.

"Swallow. Swallow," he ordered as he thrust his cock into her throat.

She had no thought of swallowing, but held her breath, trying to survive this new misery, gasping and gagging and choking as his fast prick drove down her throat. It was so long! It must actually be into her chest, inside her very chest. She imagined it down there, down halfway to her stomach, with a sense of disbelief even as she fought to keep from vomiting.

Not, of course, that there was anything in her stomach to expel. And no doubt at all that was part of his thinking, part of why he'd kept her like this without food or water. She gagged violently as his cock slid back up again, the sensation horribly uncomfortable, reminding her of nothing else but when she threw up. She retched horribly as it pulled free, another flood of saliva pouring out of her mouth.

He rubbed the spit-wet prick over her face, shaking his head.

"You'll learn to swallow my prick if we have to do this all day long," he said. "You'll fetch a much better price if you can behave properly. And I intend to make back some of the money I wasted on your upbringing, back when I thought you could amount to something."

He thrust himself into her mouth again, and rammed himself down her throat, and this time began a steady, hard pumping, ignoring her retching, her gagging, her choking, her wild, bulging eyes, the tears spilling from them, ignoring her squirming, her violent thrashing and shaking. His eyes were cold and hard as he pumped

himself up and down, his groin smashing into her face hard now each time he buried himself in her mouth.

And it had an effect, of course. Her gag reflex began to ease its frantic movements, began to get used to the sensation of a cock moving past it in both directions. Her throat became numb, so that after the fifth or sixth or tenth use it simply accepted the movement of his cock, hardly bothering to object, to gag or retch.

He was obviously satisfied with this, nodding his head and snorting with less disdain.

"Better. Better. Much better, slave," he said.

His voice was gruff, but not unfriendly, and Destiny felt a strange sense of pleasure, for some reason.

He thrust himself back into her mouth once again, sliding smoothly down into her throat, and now his other hand moved to gently knead her breast. His fingers caressed her nipple with something like gentleness, and he eased the force of his hand against her head.

"Perhaps we might make something of value of you, yet," he said.

His voice was again gruff, but much less so, not quite warm, but, almost, and again Destiny felt greatly encouraged, despite herself. Some unthinking part of her mind seemed eager to please him, eager to enjoy the approval of him, the man who had once been her father.

"Let us see if you are capable of doing it on your own," he said.

He reached behind her, and she felt the pull on her hair released, then her body began to unfold as the clip which had locked her ankles to her wrists was removed. She groaned helplessly, her back crying out, first in great pain, but then in wonderful release.

He pulled his cock from her mouth and

massaged her shoulders with some gentleness, rubbing his hand heavily up and down her throbbing spine, working his fingers into the stiff muscles of her upper back and shoulders as she groaned and gasped in relief.

Then he helped her sit up, or at least, sit back on her heels.

"Keep your knees wide, slave girl, wide," he ordered as she complied. "You want to show your goods to anyone interested."

He knelt alongside her, hand stroking up and down her back.

"Back straight as can be," he said, his voice soft now.

And then he was on his feet before her.

"Now show me you can do it," he said, folding his big arms across his powerful chest.

And Destiny knew what he wanted of course, and it somewhat appalled her that instead of hating him for it she felt a sense of eagerness to prove herself to him, and determination to get it right. She leaned in and placed her lips over his fat cock, which had hardly softened at all, and began to suck. Her tongue played along the underside as she bobbed her lips up and down on the head, and the front part of the shaft.

Such was his height, and her lack, that she was actually looking up at his cock, and had to tilt her head back. But this was probably all to the good, she thought, for it opened up her throat more, and gave his cock a better angle to slide straight through her open lips and down into her gullet.

But he would have little patience, she knew anxiously, and she dared not take her time. She braced herself, drew in a deep breath through her nose, and held it as she forced her lips forward. She gagged lightly as his cockhead pushed against the entrance to her throat, but she forced herself, almost panicking now with the thought of

failure, to keep going.

His cockhead pushed into her throat, and now she simply forced her face forward, feeling every long, fat inch of shaft as it slid over her lips, as it slid over her tongue, as it slid down into her throat until her nose was jammed hard against his groin and he was buried inside her.

"Good slave," he said, his voice full of praise.

His hands caressed her head as she held herself there against him, and she felt a deep warmth of satisfaction at having succeeded, at having pleased him - for once. Praise had always been very, very grudgingly given by him, at least to her. She couldn't remember the last time she'd gotten any, in fact.

She held herself there as her head began to pound, her stomach to twist and ripple, her chest to burn, then eased slowly back, fighting herself as she sought to retch and gag. She couldn't help gagging a little as his mushroom head popped free of her throat, but she covered it by sucking and licking heavily as the head lay on her tongue.

"Now the next time I want to see you move your throat up and down, ride my cock with your throat, little slave girl," he ordered.

And Destiny did just that, though it was hard at first. She ran her lips down to the base of his shaft, then worked them back up and down, keeping his cockhead just within her throat, holding her breath, her face red with effort, her eyes a bit teary at the need to gag.

"Good, very good," he said. "You've displaying a fine little slut mouth. If you do that again I might have to reward you with some of the same. I bet it's been a while since your little pussy was properly eaten out."

He would actually do that, she thought, amazed. Men were always so reluctant, always wanting to get it done with so they could get on

with what they really liked - sticking it into her. But more important was his approval, and she swallowed him to the balls once more, riding her throat determinedly along his cock as he caressed her head and combed his fingers through her hair.

And it occurred to her, somewhat dazedly, that she could not remember him combing his fingers through her hair before, nor making any other sign of physical affection.

"Good slave," he said.

He patted her head, then, though he had not yet come, put himself back into his trousers, patted her head, and ordered her to stand. She did so, though she swayed. Her legs felt very rubbery and weak, and her back still ached. He clipped a leash to her collar and turned away, and Destiny followed passively, wrists still locked together behind her back.

They went down through the house, down to the basement again, where at least it was cool. There was a low wooden table in the back room, one she'd hardly noticed before, something like a coffee table, and he patted it, as for a dog.

"Hop up," he ordered, "on your hands and knees."

Of course, her hands were restrained behind her, but Destiny awkwardly knelt on the table, and he moved behind her and undid the restraints so she could lean forward with a sigh and kneel on all fours. He ran his hands softly over her body, up and down her spine, over her bottom, between her legs to gently massage her pussy and breasts.

Then he brought over a bucket of water and sponge, took the sponge, dripping soapy water, squeezed it a bit, and placed it on Destiny's back. He let water flood over her back as he began to scrub softly up and down, and it spilled over the sides. Some trickled down to her breasts, the rest down onto the table and thence onto the floor below.

He dipped the sponge again, and scrubbed up along her ribs and sides, then underneath, soaping up her belly and breasts and between her legs. The sponge rubbed back and forth along her sex and down her thighs and legs, even scrubbing her feet.

She was all soapy but for her head, and now he dropped the sponge on her head, letting water gush out over her head and down her shoulders. Destiny closed her eyes, glad to be getting clean, but feeling very odd about her father giving her a bath at this late stage of her life.

Then came some shampoo, and he soaped up her hair, his fingers working gently on the scalp, gently and - soothing, she thought, eyes closed.

"Open your mouth, slave."

Destiny obeyed, not especially surprised to feel his cock sliding over her tongue. She began to suck on it at once, eyes still closed. She could feel his hands moving gently and comfortingly over her scalp, through her hair as he pumped in and out of her mouth, could feel his hand sliding over her soapy breasts, kneading and squeezing as she swallowed his cock.

It felt like a strange, dark dream.

His hands kneaded both soapy breasts, stroking her very stiff nipples, then a hand moved down her spine and between her taut buttocks, rubbing at her bare slit, fingers reaching her clit and massaging it.

She felt a great sense of pleasure, more mental than physical, at the feel of his soft hands moving over her body, but they were rousing her sexually, as well, and a thrum of excitement began to emanate from between her legs and from her sparking, sensitive nipples.

He pulled his cock back completely, then moved away. She knelt, unmoving, eyes closed, then felt warm water gushing over her head, followed by his fingers working through her hair. Water poured over her back and shoulders, and the sponge

followed, rinsing her off, getting rid of the soap, making her feel clean again.

A soft towel dropped on her head, squeezed around it, taking away the water, then ran over her back and over her body. He did not speak, but moved about his task calmly, drying her body, then brushing out her hair. A blow dryer followed as he brushed her hair out and back to either side, all without either of them saying a word.

"Come here," he ordered.

She rose, though she still ached, glad to be clean, feeling fresh, though still ever so tired. He led her back a ways and raised her arms, locking them to chains hanging from the ceiling. She felt a tremor of fear and anxiety. Had she done something wrong, something which had displeased him, angered him, disappointed him? Was he going to punish her?

Then there was a thick leather strap attached to a chain. He lifted her right foot and slid the strap over it, bringing it up her leg to behind her knee, then pulling on the chain so that it held her leg up and back. When he lifted her other foot she was hanging by her wrists - or almost, for some of her weight was borne on the strap around her other leg. Then he raised the new strap up behind her left knee, and tightened the chain so that her left leg too was lifted up and open and back.

Now she hung more from those straps, and the pressure was greatly diminished on her sore arms and shoulders and wrists. But she blushed at how exposed she was, her knees drawn up and apart to either side, her sex wide open to him as he pulled over a chair and sat down right in front of her, his face right at her groin.

His hands moved gently along her inner thighs, then over her belly.

"A fine, tight, neat little cunt," he said, tracing the line of her sex.

And again Destiny felt a little gush of pleasure at the compliment, though like any girl given such a compliment from her own father her mind squirmed a bit.

His thumb stroked idly at the top of her slit, then his fingers gently eased open the lips of her sex so that he could gaze in. He licked lightly at the base of her pussy, and then began to run his tongue teasingly along the inside of each lip. His fingers were quite talented, continually moving as his tongue did, stroking and caressing. And his tongue was taking its time getting anywhere near her rapidly swelling little clit.

He was - very good - she thought, in a strange, almost remote part of herself. He was in no hurry whatever, and his tongue knew its business. His fingers dipped into her hole again and again, sometimes thrusting deep, twisting and massaging as his tongue finally rose to circle her clit.

And her body was responding to it, her sex becoming more and more sensitive to the touch, so that when he finally let a finger slip lightly across her clitoris she gasped out loud and her hips bucked weakly.

"A fine slut reaction," he said in a pleased voice.

He got up and moved to the corner, then returned with what she at first took to be a dildo. It was too short, however.

"This is a butt-plug," he said, showing it to her.

It was like a fat cockhead, with just a bit of shaft attached, which then narrowed to almost nothing before going wide again.

"Think of it as a pacifier for a slut," he said with a grin.

And he placed it against her mouth. Confused, she let her lips ease aside as he pushed it into

her mouth. "Get it nice and wet so it will go nicely into your ass," he said.

Then he sat down again and set to work on her pussy, as Destiny stared at the base of the "pacifier" filling her mouth. She bit down on it experimentally, and sucked lightly. It was felt like the top of a cock in her mouth, the texture very soft and smooth. She moaned around it as her father turned his attention to her clit, beginning to lick slowly and carefully across it.

His fingers pushed into her pussy, sliding deep, massaging, stroking, as his tongue did simply - amazing - things to her clitoris. She'd never had anyone eat her with such attention, such patience, such expertise, and her insides were throbbing and twisting and heaving as she moaned around the butt-plug.

Her head rolled back and she stared up at the ceiling, gasping, moaning, sucking almost instinctively on the butt-plug, sucking and moaning, her body writhing in slow, languorous pleasure as her pussy burned with more and more heat and power and her entire body began to thrum with sexual energy and passion.

God, he was good! It was impossible that he could be so good, she thought dazedly. Wave after wave of sensual pleasure rolled over her body as she hung limp in her bonds, forcing her to twist and roll and making her hips grind and buck up against him in wanton need.

Her climax rose around her like a towering wall, ready to collapse, yet each time it seemed ready he drew back, his lips moving over her thighs, over her belly, his hands stroking and caressing the flesh of her calves and massaging her feet and toes. Then as the peak eased away, just a little, he renewed his attention on her pussy and clit, until she was helplessly bucking up against him, gasping, moaning, staring sightlessly at the ceiling as she sucked on the

butt-plug like a baby with its pacifier.

Then he would draw back again, letting her fall away from the edge.

When he finally drove her over it was with a harsh, hard licking and the hard, deep thrusting of his fingers which sent her exploding into orgasm. She would have screamed out loud were it not for the butt-plug filling her mouth. As it was her body bucked and rocked and thrashed in the bonds, her back arching again and again, her hips seeking feverishly to jam themselves against his mouth.

The orgasm was immensely powerful and extended. She almost fainted from the drain on her resources, from refusing to breath. She hung limp at the end, guts aching, chest tight, gasping for breath, eyes glazed over.

He let her hang like that for several minutes, recovering her strength as he set about doing something else. Then he returned for her, pushing a low cart on wheels. She looked at it and gasped in some anxiety, for it was covered with sharp, stainless steel instruments and a number of fat rings.

"I'm going to pierce you," he said, as if that was the most normal thing in the world.

He stared between her legs, then took out a small bottle and dampened some cotton batting. It smelled like disinfectant, and he rubbed it up and down her slit and especially over her clitoris.

"This will hurt a little," he said.

Destiny cringed and braced herself, watching him pick up a nasty looking metal instrument with a sharp end, and another, one which looked sort of like pliers. He pressed the latter against her flesh just below her clitoral hood, and squeezed to make the latter push out on its own. Destiny stared anxiously as he pressed the sharp instrument against the side of her clitoral hood, and she felt a sudden sharp pain, a pain which

grew greater and then, very abruptly, turned to brief agony.

Her scream was muffled, of course, but her body jerked in alarm even as the pain faded to a dull thing.

"Worst done first," he said.

And she saw that her clitoral hood had been pierced clean through by the needle.

He withdrew it, and his fingers pressed against her clitoris and the sides of her slit as he opened a stainless steel ring and inserted it in the hole. He closed it tightly and she stared at the round thing hanging there, marvelling.

Then came her nipples, one at a time. He squeezed down on the areolas right at the base of each nipple, making them stand out stiffly, then pierced them quite professionally. They hurt, but not as much as she had feared.

Finally he pierced her belly button, leaving another ring there.

"Now perhaps you'd like something to eat, slave," he said.

Chapter 5

Destiny was famished, but more than a little distracted from her need of food and water. He pulled the butt plug from her mouth, then quickly thrust it, sodding and dripping her saliva, up her ass. That done he eased the straps on her legs down so that she could stand again, then released her wrists before attaching the leash to her collar.

"Follow," he ordered, having her crawl after him.

She crawled through the room, through the store room, through the laundry and furnace rooms and rec room, then up the stairs and through the

kitchen to the rear.

"Kneel and wait," he ordered, his voice clearly an order so that Destiny immediately sat back on her heels and spread her knees wide.

He went to the kitchen counter to get something, then turned and frowned to see her looking down at her rings.

"Back straight," he snapped. "Hands behind you. Or you get no food!"

Destiny straightened instantly, and held her hands behind her back as he turned away. She was terribly hungry, and at that point would have eaten almost anything. Her nipples ached a little, her belly button more, and her pussy more than that. But she could do nothing for them.

She watched him put something into the microwave, and then smelled - was it hamburger? No, not quite. Perhaps meatloaf. Her mouth almost salivated at either.

He turned, propping his bottom against the counter, and looked at her. Destiny braced herself, hoping her back was straight enough, her legs spread far enough. She tried to spread them farther, but the tendons in her inner thighs were already straining.

"Get on all fours," he ordered.

A little startled, she obeyed, falling forward onto her hands.

"Crawl to the door and back."

A bit self-conscious, Destiny obeyed, crawling to the doorway, turning, then crawling back on all fours.

"Now I want you to lower your front. Put your elbow to the floor. But keep your ass high," he ordered.

Flushing a bit, Destiny sank lower, her breasts brushing the floor now as she positioned herself in a way she hoped he would approve of.

"Raise your ass a bit more. Spread your knees wider."

She obeyed and he nodded slowly.

"Turn. Show me your ass. Show me what you're worth."

Flushing a bit more, she turned so that her bottom and pussy was presented to him, raised high, knees apart.

"Very good. Now turn and kneel, sit on your heels again."

Destiny obeyed.

"Put your hands behind your head. Arch your back. Show me those titties you're so proud of."

Again she flushed a bit, but obeyed. He had seen and touched her everywhere anyway.

"I will be bringing men over," he said, startling her. "When I tell you to present yourself like this you had better do it at once. I don't expect any little girl shyness from a slut like you. And you will be severely punished if you embarrass me. Do you understand, slave?"

"Y-Yes, master," she replied, voice quivering a bit at the thoughts he raised in her mind.

"Lay down on your back, raise your knees and spread them."

Destiny obeyed.

"No, you dumb slave," he said impatiently, "with your pussy towards me."

She repositioned herself accordingly.

"Now keep your feet flat on the floor. I want you to put your arms under your back and raise your hips up off the floor, as high as you can, and spread your knees wider.

Again Destiny obeyed, flushing at how lewdly presented she was, and thinking of how she could possibly do this with a strange man standing there. She was back on her shoulders, her pussy raised high, back almost arched as she pushed up against her hips just above her buttocks.

"We will call this Position Three," he said. "Sitting on your heels will be Position One. On all fours will be Position Two, and lowering to

your elbows Position Two B. Do you understand, slave?"

"Y-Yes, master," she replied.

"We will run through them then, quickly. Position One!"

She knew she must do it quickly, too, and was soon on her heels, legs wide, back straight, arms behind her.

"Position Two!"

She fell forward onto all fours, then at the next command, dropped to her elbows, keeping her bottom high, presenting it towards him. Then again she was on her back, pussy raised up and legs spread for him.

"Good slave. Very good."

She flushed a little, feeling indignant, yet oddly pleased that he seemed pleased.

Then the microwave dinged and he opened it. He did something up there on the counter, then turned, a kind of bowl in his hands, only...

It was a dog feeder, with two bowls, one for food, the other for water, and for a stunned moment as he set it before her she thought he had filled it with dog food.

"The best bitch food money can buy. Eat up."

But it wasn't dog food, she saw, but hamburger, unformed, loose, like it hadn't even been cooked. There was no ketchup or mustard, no lettuce or tomato, no spices, but she was too hungry to care. She reached for it, but was instantly brought up short by his voice lashing out.

"Stop!"

She halted at the severity of his anger, startled.

"You will not use your hands to eat, not ever!" he said, glaring furiously. "Not unless you get special permission. "You're a bitch whore, a slut and a slave. You will eat like the miserable animal you are. Use your mouth or don't eat at

all!"

She gaped at him, then was washed by contrary emotions; anger, resentment, embarrassment, indignation, and then a weird kind of excitement, as if it was exciting to be treated as an animal, to pretend she was a mere animal. It was offensive, and outrageous, but just then it seemed that outrageous things were, well, a little exciting for some reason.

And so she bent and began to lick at the food, to pull it into her mouth with her teeth and lips. Her hair fell around her, some of it getting into the water, but she didn't care. She was too hungry, and swallowed the hamburger rapidly, pausing only occasionally to place her lips into the water and slurp it up.

She flushed several times, however, as he watched her, feeling queasy and weirdly excited to be naked and eating like a bitch animal while he looked on. Part of her hated him for subjecting her to such a humiliation, and at the same time part of her was excited and aroused because of it.

It was like some part of her was revelling in her own degradation, basking in it, flaunting it for him.

She licked the bowl clean, partly out of hunger, but mostly out of a desire to flaunt her dog like status to him. Part of it was defiance; this was what he had reduced her to. Would it make him feel guilty, ashamed? Part of it, though, was a dark kind of excitement whose source she could not fathom.

"All right, slut. It's getting late. "We'll go to bed."

He snapped the leash to her collar once more and led her, crawling, through the hall and up the stairs to the master bedroom. It was enormous, for he'd removed the wall which had once joined it with another bedroom. Now there was a kind of low platform upon which his huge bed sat, and the

floor was covered in a deep, luxurious carpeting from wall to wall.

He led her through it into the adjoining bathroom and had her kneel before the toilet. Then he brushed his teeth, and, to her astonishment, brushed hers, having her spit into the toilet, then giving her water from paper cups to rinse with. He wiped her mouth, then led her, crawling, back into the bedroom.

"You will sleep here," he ordered, pointing at something she had not seen before.

It was a dog bed, a large one, to be sure, but still a dog bed, a kind of basket with a pillow in it. She would have to sleep curled up, perhaps in the fetal position. She looked at it, nonplussed, then up at him, on the verge of protesting.

"Speak one word and you'll spend the night hanging by your wrists in the basement," he warned.

She bit her lip and crawled into the dog bed, then curled up and lay down.

He let out a brief laugh which made her face flush.

"Not yet, slut. Come here. You may stand up."

Destiny rolled out of the bed, then stood up, feeling stiff, her legs sore and aching.

"You are going to undress me and draw my bed."

Destiny looked at him for a moment, nonplussed, then moved hesitantly forward. She raised her hands, hesitated again, and then jerked at his harsh voice.

"Must I even demonstrate how to undo my clothes, slave?"

She swallowed and began to unbutton his shirt, then at the waist, halted and undid his belt, opening his trousers to continue with the shirt. She pushed the shirt back, her eyes darting constantly up to his blank face, seeking assurance

she was doing as he wished. She took his shirt off and then held it uncertainly.

"Put it on the chair, idiot," he said.

She flushed and obeyed, then bent and licked her lips, wondering what to do next. Her father sat on the edge of the bed and held up his foot, and she immediately knelt and began to undo his shoelaces. That done she removed his shoe, then, as he made no effort to shift feet, pulled his sock down and off.

He put that foot on the floor and raised the other, placing it in her lap, and she, startled a bit at first, reached down and undid the laces, then pulled the shoe off, followed by the sock. He then stood up and she tugged his trousers down to his ankles. He lifted first one foot, then the other to step out of them, then pointedly looked at his shorts.

Destiny pulled down his briefs, and again he stepped out of one leg, then the other.

"While you're down there, slut, you can finish off what you started earlier."

She knew what he meant there, and reached for his cock, taking it into her mouth immediately.

"Stop," he barked.

She pulled back anxiously.

"You clearly don't know how to service a man properly. No doubt you suck cock the same way you do everything else, lazily and listlessly, with no real effort or intelligence behind it. We may as well start to educate you now."

He took her small hands in his and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You will start slow," he said, rubbing her hands softly along his inner thighs. "You will use your hands gently, and follow them with your tongue. If I want to simply fuck your face I will do it quickly. But if I want you to service me I expect you to do a proper job of it. Now you can start by licking slow trails along my inner

thighs, just up to my groin."

Destiny leaned forward and began to trace her tongue along his inner thighs.

"Look at me, slut. Look at me," he snapped.

She stopped and looked up at him and he gripped her head and shoved her face back down.

"Keep licking. Let your eyes look up at me. That's it. I want to see something in those eyes. I want to see heat and seduction. No doubt your idea of seduction has been to drop your trousers and bend over, well you're going to learn something a bit more sophisticated now. Let me see the heat in your, the lust, the desire. I want you to make use of those lovely eyes of yours as you tease me with your tongue and fingers."

Again and again he had her moving her hands, caressing his thighs, his lower belly, and then gently massaging his balls as her tongue dipped and darted and caressed. Then she began to lick lightly at his balls, her small hands gripping his erection and rubbing it gently against her face. She sucked lightly and rhythmically on his balls as her fingers stroked his shaft and rubbed at the head.

After long minutes of teasing and massaging, she began to kiss and lick her way up the shaft, mouthing it from the sides, her hands now massaging his balls, her eyes slitted as they looked up at him with a smouldering expression. Gradually, she let his cock-head push through her pursed lips, pushing deeper, then deeper still as her tongue licked at the head and her fingers continued to massage his balls and caress his thighs.

At first, she felt quite anxious, worried that if she displeased him he would punish her, but she began to find his instructions quite interesting, and as his body, and even his voice began to show the results of her work she felt a pleased sensation. This was considerably more

effort than she usually put into sucking cocks. Usually she just put it in and sucked, and she liked to think of herself as hot and sexy, and thus was happy to have her skills improved.

Finally he let her take his cock into her throat, and she was happy at how little gagging she made as she pressed her face hard into his groin, his pubic hair making her nose tickle as she jammed herself against him. She started to ride back up and then worked her mouth, her throat, along his shaft, bobbing up and down the full length until she ran out of air.

"That's it," he said, his voice a little breathless, "Now you're turning into a proper little cock sucker. Again, slut. All the way to the balls."

Destiny swallowed his cock, jamming her nose against his groin, and then began to slide herself up and down its length. Suddenly his big hands came down hard on the back of her head and shoved her down hard. His cock drove all the way down her throat and he gasped as she shot his load into her belly, holding her face tightly pressed against him as his scalding wads of semen spurted again and again.

He sighed with relief as he released her, and Destiny slid back up, tasting his seed at the back of her mouth.

"Good. Now remember that, slut. I expect a slave girl to suck cocks like a pro. It is, after all, part of your job now."

She crawled back to the dog bed and tried to find a comfortable position as he lay back in bed and closed the lights. As she lay there she considered what to do, whether she should now take off, while he was asleep, go somewhere else. But where? Again she thought of her previous desperate search for housing, and the bleak, filthy, rat and cockroach infested rooms she had seen. The idea of living in such a place, surrounded by prostitutes,

coke addicts and gang members was worse than the thought of whatever her father - her master, might do to her.

And once the initial nonsense was over with she thought she might possibly enjoy herself here. What was a slave girl for, anyway, but to lay around naked and relax. He couldn't fuck her all the time, after all, and she thought he was speaking nonsense when he spoke of selling her. No, she would have to do some chores, and sexually satisfy him, and that should be easy enough.

Not that the idea wasn't somewhat repugnant, nor that she didn't fear him, but the events of the day had had their indisputably exciting moments, too. The thought of herself as a "sex slave" was wickedly exciting, in its own way.

The next morning she was awakened by his voice, calling out demandingly to her. She had slept poorly, curled up in the bed, her body afflicted by numerous aches and pains, not the least of which were her new piercings. She looked around in confusion, then on seeing him, rose quickly.

"One of your jobs, slave, will be to take care of my morning boner," he said lazily. "In fact, you can waken me by doing so from now on. I'll get you a silent alarm to get you up. Yes, I like that idea."

She crawled to him and he threw back the covers, displaying his hairy groin. Destiny slid forward, then gasped as he grasped her thick hair, pulling her into the bed. She began to lick at his thighs but he pushed her back.

"Not in the morning. Just service me."

She took his cock into her mouth and it hardened at once. She began to bob up and down, sucking and licking on the head, her hands massaging his balls. She took him deep once, twice, and he exploded, filling her mouth with

semen.

"Good. Now you can go and start my coffee, then my shower. I'm going to have to put together a new list of chores for you."

Naked, Destiny padded downstairs and started the coffee, then returned to start the shower. When it seemed going properly she returned to the bedroom, where he was just sitting up.

"Uhm, your shower is ready - master," she said.

He nodded and stood up, then passed her as he went into the shower.

"Come, slave," he called behind.

Destiny followed, stopping abruptly as she saw her father standing before the toilet about to urinate. She started to back off but he ordered her forward even as he began.

"You'll be lucky if you aren't required to drink it, slave," he said. "Some masters don't choose to go to the toilet. They have their slaves act as their toilets."

The idea appalled Destiny, and she stared at him in disbelief. But then looked away, embarrassed to be watching him urinate, and feeling a tingle in her own groin indicating she too wished to void her bladder.

She was ordered into the shower stall with him and given the soap, then told to soap him up, to wash him as he stood there. She obeyed, of course.

"When I have more time you will soap up your own body instead and use that as a means of cleaning mine," he said. "I'll show you later."

After washing him she had to dry him, including his hair, then to dress him, from underwear up. She had to fetch his coffee and make his breakfast. She had barely started when the demands of her bladder became too much and she started for the bathroom.

"Stop," he barked. "Get back here. Where the

hell do you think you're going to?"

"I-I was going to the bathroom," she gulped.

"Come here."

Nervous, she shuffled forward and he gripped her arm, twisting her around and bending her over the table. He removed the punishment crop from its clip on her waist belt and snapped it down across her bottom with stinging pain. She yelped, her bottom jerking up and her legs twisting, but a second and third blows followed, her bottom flaring with stinging pain.

"You will do nothing without begging my permission," he said, slicing the crop down across her bottom again. "You will do so on your knees, and if you wish to get what you want you had better damned well do a good job of it."

Another blow sliced across her throbbing, burning bottom, and another, and another.

"You do nothing, absolutely nothing without my permission," he barked.

He gave her another few blows, then put the crop back on her belt.

"Now on your knees, slave!"

She dropped to her knees, wincing, heart pounding, eyes blinking rapidly to stave off tears.

"Well?"

"I-I - can I p-please go to the bathroom, master?" she asked.

"Not nearly good enough. Do you wish to urinate, slave?"

Embarrassed, she jerked her head up and down. This drew a slap to her cheek, of course.

"Yes, master," she gulped.

"Get on your belly on the floor, grasp my ankle and kiss it."

She stared at him, but she was beyond being surprised by his demands now. She obeyed meekly, but felt a strange fluttering in her belly as her soft, warm breasts pressed against the cool tiles

and she reached out for his foot. She grasped his ankle and then kissed it, her eyes rolling up at him.

"Yes, slave. You wish something?"

"Please, master," she asked, her voice quivering, "May I go and urinate? Please?"

"Better, but still needs improvement. I think until you learn proper meekness and obedience you will be banned from the toilets except to service and wash."

Destiny was confused. How could she be banned from - .

He stood up and got her leash, then snapped it to her collar.

"Crawl," he ordered.

She got up on all fours, and he led her to the back door, then out into the yard. He led her away from the pool and garden and over to the side of the house, largely unused, with thicker grass.

"You may go here," he said.

She stared up at him in astonishment.

"What!?"

"This is your bathroom for now, until I decide to let you use the inside toilets. Either go now or I'll put a diaper on you and you can wear it all day."

He was crazy! Yet having witnessed him urinating there was somewhat less humiliation in the thought of him viewing her. And the idea of doing it like a dog, like a bitch dog, was so kinky that it intrigued and aroused some dark, nasty corner of her mind.

And she really did need to go - badly.

Flushing deeply, she shifted her knees as far apart as possible, then lowered her bottom down towards the ground before loosening her bladder. As the urine poured out she felt her face flaming, and looked down at the ground, unable to bear the thought of him watching her.

Somehow it was worse that, when she was done,

he produced tissue he had brought, and used it to wipe her smooth sex. Then he folded it and put it in her mouth, ordering her to carry it back inside and put it in the garbage.

Then he led her back in by the leash and she resumed making breakfast. She served him, then ate hers from the dog bowl, on all fours, as ordered.

When she was done she was given her list of chores and an admonition to see to it they were all done by the time he got home from work, and to not attempt to wear any clothes. That last was unnecessary, for her used small pad locks to lock her collar and restraints in place, then chained her wrist restraints to the locked belt around her waist. The chain was long enough to allow her hands some movement so that she could clean, but would prevent her putting on any kind of clothes.

With him gone to work she let out a sigh of relief, her mind again considering her few options. Surely even living with rats, roaches and violent crack addicts was better than this!

But the sun shone on the sparkling pool, and the flowers bloomed, and the big plasma TV and leather sofa beckoned her. She looked at the list. It had grown since yesterday. It included laundry, ironing, vacuuming, dusting, and cleaning and polishing virtually everything in the house, as well as yard work.

"Bastard!" she said.

Chapter 6

The odd thing was that she thought she looked awfully damned - hot. Wearing the restraints and collar, naked, the rings bright on her nipples and between her legs, she looked provocatively sensual, like a creature of sex. It was kinky and exciting, if only it were more of a game, and if

only her "master" was someone else, a hot, sexy younger man.

But these chores were for the birds.

Fear of punishment had her doing them, however, at least, most of them. The carpet looked fine, so there was no need to vacuum. The bathroom's looked very clean, no need to bother with them. She did the dishes, of course, polished the living and dining room tables in a desultory fashion, checked the pool and added a bit of chlorine. The weeding in the greenhouse was the worst, but her father had kept the plants fairly well done, and so it didn't take too long.

She was done fairly quickly, all told. Now if only he hadn't locked her wrists to her waist she could get in some swimming. She was able to slide into the pool and move around some, and by noon had gotten herself a book to read, blown up an inflatable, and was laying on it in the pool, sipping a drink from a long straw and reading a book.

There was no question this beat living in a slum all to hell.

That afternoon she explored the house, looking for anything of interest or value. She examined the basement "play" area with considerable fascination and anxiety. Some of the dildos were huge! And some of the whips looked very painful. There were also an assortment of hoods and masks and other bondage gear she found just plain silly and weird, and hoped the old man had no interest in them.

She had the inflatable put away and all signs she had been in the pool erased well before her father might be expected home. She was a little nervous, but she didn't see where he could discover she had ignored his chores. Most of them were redundant anyway. Why vacuum when a rug wasn't dirty?

She was upstairs doing another check when she

heard the door close. She felt a pang of nervousness, then moved slowly to the head of the stairs, and then down them, peering ahead, a little uncertain in case it wasn't him.

"Come here," he ordered, coming out of the living room, his face stern.

Destiny swallowed and hurried down.

"I leave work at Four sharp. I get home at or about Four-Thirty. You will be responsible for watching for me and being here to greet me when I arrive. You will be kneeling there," he pointed at a spot six feet in front of the door, "in the proper position, and you will say `your slave welcomes you home, master'. Got that? Say it."

"Your slave welcomes you home, master," Destiny said.

"You will then undo my shoes and remove them, and place my slippers on my feet. If I am wearing a coat you will help me off with it. You will take any bag I carry and put it away properly, then go and fetch me a martini and turn on the TV. Understand, slave?"

"Yes, master."

He looked at her, then shook his head in irritation. "Take off my shoes, idiot!"

She gasped and leapt to obey, kneeling before him and removing his shoes, then producing his slippers and slipping them on. He then showed her how to make a proper martini, and had her fetch the paper. She then knelt beside his chair as he read the paper, bored, but careful not to show it.

"Did you attend to all of your chores today, slave girl?" he asked from behind the paper.

"Yes, master," she said.

"No difficulties?"

"No, master."

Jerk, she thought. Pervert. Bully. Bastard.

"Do you know that I was robbed once, slave?"

Destiny didn't know what to answer to this.

"Uhm, no master," she finally said.

"I put in a first rate security system afterwards. It included a hidden television camera, like the ones you see in corner stores."

Destiny started, alarmed herself, looking around at the roof and upper walls.

"You can't see it," he said.

Maybe he was making it up, she thought nervously. If there really was one would it show her sitting around watching TV?

"I'm going to check it after dinner. If it turns out you failed to carry out every single one of the chores I set you you will be beaten very, very badly. You might lessen that beating if you confess at once. I will not tolerate lies from a slave."

God, she thought. He knew! No, he merely suspected, she thought desperately. But what if he was telling the truth? What if he found out some way?

"For every lie you tell me, I will double the severity of your beating," he said, still reading the paper.

He put down the paper and eyed her sternly. "Did you wash the floors in the kitchen, dining room and bathrooms as you were instructed?" he demanded.

Destiny's mouth opened and closed. She wanted to say yes, but what if he could tell, what if there really was a camera?!

"I-I -no," she gulped in a tiny voice.

"But you told me you had done all your chores."

"I - but - i-it looked clean already," she said.

"So you lied to me. Did you vacuum the rugs in every room?"

"Some of them," she said anxiously.

He stared at her, then lifted the paper again. "Go and make my dinner, slave."

Destiny did her best, hoping that it would

make him happy and perhaps relent. She was as obsequious as possible, smiling hopefully as she placed it for him, hurrying around, eager to please him. His face was stony, and he barely looked at her, nor spoke at all, until after dinner - which she was not permitted to eat.

"Downstairs, slave," he said.

Her stomach fluttered, but she hastened to obey, hoping obedience now would offset her earlier disobedience. He led her down into the "play room" as he called it, then had her sit on the cold stone floor. He attached chains to both of her ankle restraints, chains which went up to the ceiling through widely separated rings, then back to the crank and pulley set against the wall.

He began to turn the crank, and the chains began to pull on Destiny's ankles, pull with some authority. Her bottom slid along the floor until her feet began to rise, followed by her legs. She fell back with a grunt onto her back, staring at her legs rising into the air, rising and spreading. Her back slid forward along the floor now, and then her bottom rose upwards. Inch by inch her back raised until she was laying on her shoulders, chin against her chest, then only her head touched the floor, and then she was hanging free, legs splayed wide.

Her body continued to rise until her hands, hanging loosely below, could barely touch the floor. Her father than spread her arms apart and locked them to chains which were set into rings on the floor. She was spreadeagled, but upside down now, her sex most horribly vulnerable to anything he cared to do to it. There was something fearful, and at the same time lewdly exciting about that, to be so utterly spread open, her pussy up high where he could stare right into it.

"I-I'm sorry, master," she gasped again.

He moved to the distant cabinet and took a flog from it, then returned to stand before her.

"You are a useless, lazy, stupid, good for nothing little bitch," he snapped, his voice cold and harsh. "You always have been. I should have known better than to have expected anything from you without breaking you completely."

His words drove misery deep into Destiny's mind. Just as she had weirdly enjoyed his approving words the other night, so too did she cringe under his harsh accusations. She was anxious, knowing he was going to beat her. But even so her exposed position, spread open, the restraints pulling at her from four directions, it all caused an almost subconscious sexual desire to build up within her.

He moved around behind her, and his arm swung out abruptly. The flog sliced through the air, the laces separating, then cracked painfully across her smooth back. Destiny cried out, thrashing upside down and helpless. For he was swinging with more force than he had the other day, and the laces were heavier.

"You are a whore," he said, swinging again.

Again Destiny thrashed and cried out as the laces bit into her soft skin.

"You are a slut."

Another blow and she gasped and moaned, her body stiffening, straining, pulling helplessly against her bonds. She was being whipped again! Really whipped! And it struck her how incredible, how amazing, how unbelievable it was that she should be spread open and naked and being whipped by her own father.

"You are a slave."

She felt frantic guilt and anger at herself. She had not done the chores, after all. She was always doing things like to carry out promises. And she continued to cringe from the anger and condemnation in his voice.

"Slut!"

Another blow, and she moaned and twisted.

God, he was whipping her!

And it hurt, it stung awfully!

She felt so horribly vulnerable, her legs spread, her sex raised as it was, and she was certain, nervously, fearfully certain he would strike her there, eventually.

"What are you?" he demanded in an angry growl.

"I'm a slave, master!" she cried hoping to ease his anger.

"Again!"

"I'm a slave, master!"

The flog sliced into her back and she yelped and twisted.

"What are you!?"

"I'm a slave, master!"

Crack!

"And what do slaves do?" he demanded.

Destiny's frantic mind did not find the answer before the flog sliced down on her back once more.

"They obey!" he growled.

Her back was on fire as he moved around in front of her, and Destiny whimpered as he drew his arm back.

"What are you?" he growled.

"I'm a slave, master!"

"And what do slaves do?"

"Obey, master!"

"A slave obeys," he growled, sending the flog flying forward, the laces slicing into the soft, sensitive flesh of her breasts.

Destiny howled as the thin laces bit into her nipples and breasts.

He dared! He dared! Her breasts stung terribly, but her nipples were rigid with arousal, her entire body oddly consumed with a strange, dark excitement at her plight.

"What are you?" he demanded again.

"I'm a slave, master!"

"Again!"

She repeated herself, and again and again and again.

The flog cut into her belly and she let out a cry of startled, stinging pain.

"What does a slave do?"

"A slave obeys, master!" she cried.

"A slave who does not obey is good for only two things; fucking and beating," he said. "I will beat you until you beg me strongly enough to do something else."

"Please fuck me, master!" she cried.

"Let me hear you beg, slut," he said. "Let me hear you beg me to stick my cock up your ass, to rape your filthy little pussy, to ram my cock down your throat. Let me hear you talk dirty, slave girl. Beg desperately enough and perhaps I might decide to relent."

And so she did, her begging interrupted by the flog as it bit into her breasts again and again, into her belly, and finally into her pussy and buttocks. She used the most foul language she could, begging him to sodomise her, to rape her, to fuck her pussy.

As the beating continued she grew more desperate, her words filled with frantic need.

"Please fuck my dirty cunt, master!" she cried. "Please let me suck your cock! Please let me lick your balls! Please, please! Please let me deep throat you! Please fuck my ass! Fuck me in the asshole, master! Please shove your cock down my filthy whore throat!"

But the flog continued to fall on her back and belly, on her breasts and buttocks, snapping, biting, stinging, aching, until her skin felt raw and burned everywhere.

He paused at last.

"Will you obey, slave!?"

"Yes, master! Yes, yes! Anything, master!"

He stared at her sourly. "Your beating is

only half done. I may suspend the rest if you can obey, if you can show me a little discipline. Can you do that?"

"Yes, master!" she cried.

He snorted in disbelief. "One chance, slave. You have one small chance."

He turned the whip and thrust the handle through the taut lips of her sex, twisting and pushing it down until it was held there in place, the laces falling down over her belly. He knelt in front of her and opened his trousers, then drew out his flaccid cock.

Destiny desperately tried to reach for it with her lips, and he leaned into her.

"Do not suck," he ordered. "Place your lips tightly around my cock. You are going to be my toilet, slave. You will swallow my piss."

Destiny stared, upside down, at his groin, dazed, not quite understanding. He didn't mean - he couldn't mean - .

"If one drop spills you get the rest of the beating."

She felt the warm liquid gushing forth into her mouth, felt it filling her mouth, and had only an instant to decide.

She swallowed, ignoring the foul taste as more followed. She swallowed again, gagging weakly, keeping her lips tightly wrapped around his cock, swallowing repeatedly until the hot liquid stopped coming.

"Now suck, whore."

Destiny sucked, and licked. His cock swelled within her mouth, and he began to thrust into her mouth and down her throat.

He came and pulled back, releasing her hair, doing himself up and getting to his feet.

"Since you appear to want nothing in life so much as doing nothing, I will oblige you," he said. "You will have no chores to do, nothing at all to do."

And he left here there, hanging spreadeagled, moaning, almost every inch of her body criss-crossed in narrow red lines so that it was almost impossible to find any unmarked skin. Yet the damage was not severe, the lines were thin and shallow, and as the hours passed they began to fade very quickly.

All evening she hung there in the quiet, moaning softly, her body aching. Finally, she heard his footsteps on the stairs. Dazed, she tried to turn her head, moaning, begging, trying to apologise for being bad.

He let her down

"Kneel, slave!"

She swayed weakly, her stomach twisting alarmingly, but she managed to position herself correctly as he opened his trousers.

"Open your mouth."

She obeyed, and he held his cock for a long minute. Then began to urinate. She jerked dazedly, but did not move as he played the warm stream of liquid over her breasts and belly, between her legs, then up into her face and into her open mouth.

"A slave obeys!" he growled. "Swallow, slave!"

Destiny swallowed.

She spent the night hog tied, filthy, sore, sweaty and smelling of piss, her back creaking at the intense pressure, and the next morning her ex-father strapped her ankles to her thighs, covered her hands with fingerless leather mittens, and strapped her ankles to her upper arms.

A hood was placed over her head. It had narrow eyeholes and a round opening over her mouth. A penis gag was thrust into her mouth. It was attached to a wide strap which went around her head and locked behind her. A narrow plastic strap went over her eyes. It had the effect of covering

them completely in a thin dark film so that her eyes were invisible to anyone looking. She could, however, see, after a fashion. Her world, however, was dark and robbed of colour.

She spent her first day like this in the basement, able to crawl about, after a fashion, but unable to do anything whatever. Her father came down from time to time, removed her gag, and ordered her to drink his urine, then gagged her again and left. Sometimes he didn't even remove the gag, but merely urinated over her as she sat or lay or knelt there.

The next day he threw buckets of water over her, washed her with soap and harsh brushes, then led her upstairs, crawling all the way, her wrists still bound to her upper arms, ankles still bound to her thighs.

He removed the gag from her mouth, and let her drink and eat. He then led her out back where she urinated. He left her as she was that day, unable to do anything, but exhausted enough not to care. She slept until his return.

He did not speak to her on his return. He made his own dinner, and hers, and fed her, then walked her out back. He otherwise ignored her except to use as a toilet. When she attempted to speak she was silenced after one word, gagged, her bottom paddled.

The next day was very, very boring. She had nothing whatever to do. Her pain had eased, but her arms and legs felt stiff, sore and cramped. She could only move about by crawling on elbows and knees, and there was little reason to move anywhere in any case. One room was little improvement on any other, and she could not open the door to the back yard or any other closed door.

She looked at herself in a mirror with some shock. She looked like - like - an animal. She had no face, to speak of. The hood looked featureless

and black, with her mouth covered by the gag, her eyes by the plastic strap. There was no sign of a human being in this crawling creature, no face to her, just a naked pussy and bare breasts hanging down.

That evening passed like the other. Her father did not speak a word, nor did he approach her at all except to beckon her to swallow his urine when he wanted to empty his bladder. She was not permitted to suck his cock. When she tried she was pushed roughly away.

It was strange, but her mind was not filled with thoughts of escape, of how she might get loose of her bonds and run off. Instead it was filled with the desperate need to have him speak to her, to get him to touch her again, to use her, to show his approval for her, and, of course, to get him to let her free so she could do - do - something.

The next day was again, horribly boring. She had nothing at all to do. There was no radio or television, and nothing for her to see, hear or do. When he got home he fed her, but did not speak. Destiny watched him moving around, so high up there, so tall compared to her on her knees and elbows. She was filled with the need to gain his eye, to have him speak to her and show her attention.

She knelt before him as he read, legs spread wide. When that drew nothing she knelt, her bottom raised high, her knees apart, so that he could see her soft little sex hole and perhaps be interested in its use.

But he ignored her. And ignored her the next morning so that she spent another day bored, kneeling, doing nothing. Then she had an idea, at last. She watched the clock, then positioned herself before the door, kneeling, legs apart, waiting.

When he opened the door, she dared to speak.

"Your slave welcomes you home, master."

He closed the door behind him and paused, looking down, as if considering her.

He put down his bag and unzipped himself, then drew out his cock and held it before her. Destiny wrapped her lips around it, waiting for him to urinate.

"Suck," he ordered.

Desperately gratified, she began to suck, licking at the head, moaning around it as she sucked and pulled it into her mouth. It began to swell, and she bobbed her lips up and down with long, urgent movements, taking the head deep into her throat on every stroke. She swallowed his come and then licked him clean, and she almost shuddered with relief when he patted her head lightly.

He reached to her wrists, and unlocked the straps which held them to her arms. They dropped and she repressed a cry of pain. They were so stiff! So sore!

He took off the stiff, fingerless leather gloves, and told her to undo his shoes. Her hands were awfully stiff, but she obeyed, then got his slippers. He did not remove the straps binding her ankles back, but she was so gratified she didn't really care. She crawled after him, following him upstairs, watching as he undressed and changed, then back downstairs, watching as he made dinner.

Afterwards, he looked down at her.

"I want you to scrub the kitchen floor," he said.

That was all he said, going into the front room. But Destiny immediately began to search out the pail and water. She had to fill the pail from the hot water faucet in the tub as she could not reach the sink. She then scrubbed the floor, on hands and knees, and made sure she did a very, very good job.

"Good, he said. Now the dining room."

She refilled the pale and crawled to the dining room, scrubbing the floor there, and then polishing both, on his orders.

When he called to her she crawled rapidly out into the living room. He motioned to his groin, and she crawled over, unzipped his trousers, pulled him out, and tightened her lips around his cock as he urinated. But when she was done he handed her a long, fat dildo.

"On your back. Show me what you can do with this, slut."

Gratefully, she immediately lay back, knees spread wide, and rubbed the head up and down her slit. She wanted him to want her, to use her again. She wanted him to talk to her, touch her, ride her, put his arms around her, fondle her. She smiled seductively at him, playing the dildo up and down her slit, slowly working it into her pussy.

She took it out, sucked on it, then placed it back into the mouth of her sex, trying to arouse him.

It was thick, and her sex lips had to strain wide around it, but she forced it deep, ignoring the discomfort, pumping it in and out, writhing on the floor, groaning exaggeratedly.

"You want me to fuck you, don't you, slave," he said.

"Yes, master!" she panted. "Please fuck your slave girl! Please, master! Your slave girl needs your big cock, master!"

"On all fours, slut. Raise your rump high and show me how much you need my cock."

Destiny flipped over at once, drawing her body in, kneeling, spreading her feet wide on the floor as she lowered the front part of her body. She held her bottom up high as her breasts nearly touched the floor, and she could feel the heat and need of her pussy as well as how bare and open it was.

"Please use your slave whore, master!" she cried. "Please use my filthy, slut body for your pleasure! Please shove your wonderful cock up my cunt!"

"Why should I, slave slut? I have never fucked you before. Only rammed my prick down your whore mouth and raped your little ass. Now you think you deserve having my cock in your pussy?!"

He slashed a much smaller, thinner, lighter flog down so that it stung her upraised bottom.

"You want your masters cock up your hole, slut?"

'Yes, master!" she begged, gasping, moaning, whimpering. "Please fuck my slut hole!"

"That's what it is, a slut hole," he said, chuckling even as he slashed the short flog across her bottom again.

"Do you want it hard, slut?" he asked, kneeling.

"Please use me hard, master!" she cried. "Please fuck my brains out with your wonderful cock! Unggh - ."

She cried out as his cock pushed through the flaring, swollen lips of her sex, his big hands seized her hips, and he thrust himself home in one powerful stroke. He jerked back on her hips to keep her slender young body from flying forward, then yanked his hips back and thrust in again. Almost at once he was giving her a powerful ride, his big hips pounding into her bottom, his thick cock spearing her, drilling deep into her aching belly.

Her father was fucking her, raping her!

A strange and powerful jolt struck her at the realization. Yes, she had been forced to suck his cock, had drunk his piss, had been sodomised, but this, this was the ultimate in incestuous violation. Her own father, though he declared himself no longer to be, was riding her like a she-bitch taken by the pack leader. His powerful

hips were ramming into the bottom she had raised and presented with bruising, painful force. His big prick was pounding inside her belly even as his hands yanked her back to meet each cruel thrust.

God! God! He was really giving it to her! He was really riding her hard! It hurt, but there was a hunger there which seemed to revel in the harsh, crude rutting. It was raw and carnal, and she was being used like an animal by a big stallion. His cock was plunging into the depths of her sex so hard it was bruising her insides, so fast she could hardly tell one stroke from another.

And then he grasped her hair, pulling it into a tail, yanking back on her head as he brought his short crop down across her bottom.

"Move your ass, you lazy slut!" he growled. "Drive yourself back on my cock. Have you forgotten everything? Squeeze down with your slut hole as I draw back!"

Another cut across he bottom, and she cried out, half dazed now, trying desperately to obey even as her body was pummelled and battered by his bigger, more muscled frame.

She was already rutting back against him, for he was pulling her hair in time to his thrusts. Now she tried to obey, to squeeze down with her pussy muscles, to clench them tight around his slippery cock as it withdrew, then to open herself as it rammed into her body.

It was a violent, animalistic sex, with him now cursing her, now pulling on her hair, now slashing the crop across her bottom or back, now roughly groping her big beasts as they wobbled and shook below her.

It all hurt, ached, stung, but the sensations were all minor compared to the roaring heat within her body. And now his voice lowered, the anger faded. His pumping hips slowed a little, allowing him to thrust himself balls-deep, then grind

himself against her bottom.

"That's it, slut," he sighed, his hands now moving slowly up and down her sides.

"Work that slut hole of yours. Squeeze my prick, you lovely little whore."

He had called her lovely!

And his voice no longer sounded angered. She felt a desperate hope his anger was gone as she thrust back to meet him, as she squeezed down on her pussy muscles.

"Ahh, yes," he sighed. "You're a lovely little fuck toy. Milk my cock, little slave bitch."

She did, and his hands slid down her ribs, fingers wide, squeezing up against her breasts. His big body bent over her, and she felt an almost-growl in her ear, followed by a light nibbling at her earlobe.

"My slut slave," he growled, his voice almost a purr.

"Yes, master!" she moaned breathlessly. "I'm your slut slave, master."

He bit lightly at the nape of her neck, his fingers kneading her breasts, his hips working more slowly in and out.

He nipped and bit at her throat and her shoulder, then pushed himself upright again, his hips working more strongly. In and out, in and out, in and out. His cock sliced through her sensitive sex lips, drilled through the soft folds of her pussy and drove deep, his strokes long, wonderfully long, she thought, dazed. His hips began to smack against her bottom again, harder and harder, faster and faster.

Then he was hammering into her again, and Destiny was crying out in pleasure and pain as he rode her over the edge into a monstrous orgasm, an orgasm provoked by the raw, wickedness of what he was doing to her, by her own growing sense of masochistic pleasure, her own depraved excitement

at the forbidden.

He was done with her, but she was not done. All evening long she crawled around the house, never getting to her feet, doing the work she ought to have done during the day. Long after he slept she was cleaning and scouring and scrubbing, so much so she was still at it when it was time to waken him.

Chapter Seven

She showered before waking him, then dried and brushed her hair out so it was silky and beautiful. At exactly Five-forty she crawled into his room and up to the edge of the bed. She rose up on her knees and looked at him, and her mind felt a wild spin of confusion. She was exhausted, of course, being unaccustomed to hours of labour, especially after her earlier gruelling punishments.

She hated him, sort of, but then why was she so desperate to please him? She did not understand.

"Master? Master?" she whispered, her voice rising, not wanting to call too loudly lest she anger him.

He grumbled and his eyes opened.

"It is Five-Forty, master," she said.

He grunted, and stretched under the covers, the drew them up a bit. Destiny crawled through the opening, her hands caressing his thighs, her tongue licking lightly along the edge of his cock, her fingers cupping his balls and caressing them.

But quick, he had said, in the morning be quick, so she took him straightaway into her mouth and began to lick and mouth him, sucking only very lightly until he had hardened, then bobbing her lips slowly up and down, taking him deep into her

throat, letting her silken hair caress his belly and groin and thighs until he came in her mouth.

She was determined to please him, and eased back quickly, obediently, onto her knees, spreading them properly, ensuring her back was straight.

He yawned, then threw back the covers and swung his legs over the side of the bed. Again, she felt that hate, that indignation, and that desperate desire, and when he reached down and casually patted her head she felt a wave of pleasure and relief.

"Is my shower ready, slut?"

"Yes, master."

She crawled after him into the adjoining bath. The shower was already running. She had set it before waking him. Now she knelt, uncertain. Did he want her to come in and wash him as he had done the other day or - the best thing, she thought, was to wait for an order.

Yet it did not come. She sat as he slid closed the door of the shower and watched his shadowy figure through the glass, wondering if he was pleased with her or not. He had patted her nicely, but on the other hand he hadn't brought her into the shower.

She waited, checking herself every now and then to make sure she was correctly positioned. When the shower stopped and he climbed out she was stiff, waiting. Should she get the towels? But no, he dried himself as she waited anxiously, then walked out bathroom, past her. Yet he snapped his fingers at her as he passed, and she understood this to mean she should follow. She did.

She crawled after him into the master bedroom. He eyed her once or twice, and she felt a blow at what seemed a sour look. He dressed himself - almost. He looked at her once, though.

"My slippers, slave. There in the corner."

She immediately crawled to the corner where

his slippers sat together. She bent and with some awkwardness, managed to get the back edges of both into her mouth at the same time, then turned and crawled quickly back to where he was putting the belt through the loops of his trousers. She dropped them and he slipped his feet into them.

"Good slave," he said.

She felt a swelling sense of relief. He didn't seem upset with her!

Another snap of his fingers and she crawled after him, down the hall and stairs, then into the kitchen. The coffee was ready.

"Did you stand up to make the coffee, slave?" he asked, his voice sounding suspicious.

"No, master!" I did it on my knees," she said hurriedly.

And she had, though she'd had to stretch for the coffee.

"How?" he asked coolly. "The coffee was in the top cupboard?"

She licked her lips nervously. "I pushed over the chair, master, and crawled onto it, then got the coffee down.

He glared at her, then nodded. "Very well, slave."

She sighed in relief.

"You may make breakfast now while I read the paper. Two eggs, over easy, and four strips of bacon, done lightly."

"Yes, master!"

She had to drag over the chair in order to turn on the stove, then filled a pot and placed it on the jet. From hands and knees she dug out eggs and bacon, and though being unable to stand got in the way somewhat, she managed to make his breakfast with little delay.

She crawled out to him and knelt.

He did not notice her at first, and she felt a growing sense of uneasiness. If he didn't come soon his breakfast would get cold, but she was not

to speak without being spoken to. She knew that much, at least. Would he forgive her if it was about something important? Or would he consider it important? Surely he must already see her and was just testing her.

Finally he turned to her. "Yes, slave?"

"Your breakfast is ready, master," she said in relief.

He smiled at her approvingly, then reached out and stroked her head, bringing his hand down through her hair along her ear as though she were a dog. Then he rose and she followed him into the kitchen, kneeling obediently as he ate, though her own mouth fairly salivated with hunger.

She had not been fed the other evening, of course, nor had she dared get herself something during the night, in case he could somehow tell.

"Well, slave, are you going to do all your chores today?" he asked.

"Yes, master," she said, for she knew better than to say anything else.

"The ones you have already done were done for yesterday, slave," he said, frowning at her. "Remember that. I want them done for today, now, even if it has only been a few hours."

"Yes, master," she said, disappointed.

"But if you do them all properly this time you and I can spend some time together tonight," he said. And perhaps I'll even let you walk upright again. Would you like that, slave bitch?"

"Yes, master!" she said eagerly.

"Then again," he said thoughtful, "maybe I'll bring home a friend tonight to show you off. If I do I'm sure you'll put on a great show."

"Yes, master," she said, a bit stunned.

"So be clean and have your hair brushed by the time I get home. But make sure you get your chores done, as well, or all my friend will see is you being severely punished. Understand?"

"Yes, master."

"Good slave," he said, patting her again. "Now I suppose my little slave bitch needs to be fed."

His slave bitch did, and she wolfed down the food he set before her, moaning in pleasure as he let his hand stroke softly along her back and knead her buttocks.

He left, and Destiny cleaned the dishes and pots, then set about doing her chores from the first item on. She wanted no more guilt, no more punishment, no more nasty treatment, no more being left all alone, bored, in pain, being yelled at. She wanted - well, she wasn't sure what she wanted. And she was unnerved at him telling her he might bring a friend home.

Presumably she would be fucked by this man, perhaps while her father watched. She had never had sex with anyone before while someone else watched. Or perhaps her father would fuck her at the same time. That was wildly kinky - having sex with two men at once, and she'd never done that either. God, she was becoming such a whore!

She should get out while she could, run away. But to where? And how? The collar and restraints were locked to her by padlocks. How would she ever get them off? And where would she go without money, anyway?

If she just - just behaved - obeyed - then perhaps living here might not be so bad. Not compared to other things. It was kinky and sick, of course, but what was done was done and it wouldn't go away if she ran off.

She did all the chores, cleaned herself, and then, very nervous, heart pounding, knelt as he had been instructed, waiting at the door for him to appear. She desperately hoped he was alone - most of her did. But a part of her was feeling a kinky thrill of sexual hunger at the thought of so degrading herself in front of a stranger. She

looked down at her tight little slit, so visible with her legs spread wide, at her ringed nipples, and felt a crackling sexual electricity as she imagined a stranger coming in and - and doing whatever he wanted to her.

And there was the sound of a key in the door, and then, her heart skipped a beat - voices!

Oh my God! Oh my God! OhmyGod!"

She tried to keep her eyes from bulging, fought to keep from quivering when she desperately wanted to turn and run. She was already feeling a terrible pressure in her chest and a fluttering in her belly. And now the door opened, and there he was, with another shape just behind him!

She stared, face burning, eyes wide, despite her efforts, body trembling. She had to speak! But she couldn't, at first, even as his eyes narrowed and the second man moved up beside him.

"Y-Your slave w-welcomes you home, master," she babbled in a rush.

"Straighten your back, slut."

She stiffened, more heat rushing to her face as he shamed her in front of a strange man. They both came further in, the other men staring at her appreciatively. The door closed and the two men faced her.

"Where is your punishment crop?" he demanded.

Destiny started, for the thing had gotten in her way as she crawled around, and she had taken it off.

"I-I took it off, master," she said.

"Go and fetch it now," he said, his brows furrowed.

Embarrassment piled on embarrassment as she was forced to drop to all fours, then turn, presenting her backside, and crawl hurriedly into the living room to fetch the thin crop. She hurried back, crop held in her teeth, to find both men still standing in the front hall.

"Man," the other man said, "You really have

her trained!"

"Hardly, but give me time and I'll get the little bitch trained properly."

He took the crop from her. "Turn, slut. Show us your ass."

She obeyed, moaning.

"Bend more."

Destiny obeyed, and gasped as he placed his foot on her bottom and held it there with some weight.

"Why are you about to be punished, slave?"

"I-I - b-because I-I t-took off the -p-punishment crop, master," she stuttered.

"Why else, slave?"

Her mind whirled, even as embarrassment flooded atop her, humiliation poured down around her, utter shame burned her raw.

"I-I did not greet you properly, master," she said hesitantly.

"That's right."

He pulled his foot back, and the crop snapped across her buttocks, causing her to jerk in pain. Another blow, and another, more stinging, so that she gasped and clenched her teeth together, and another and a fifth, with her eyes closed against the pain.

"Turn and kneel, arch your back. Hands behind your head."

She obeyed, of course, though fresh embarrassment played over her mind at thrusting her breasts out at the strange man.

"Nice set of tits on her, eh?" her father/master said.

"Very nice indeed. And the rings are a nice touch."

Her father leaned in with the crop extended, then began to snap the very tip against her stiff, throbbing nipple with short, sharp motions.

"Did you get all your chores done today, slave bitch?" he asked.

"Y-yes, master!" she gasped.

"And did you try to stand up at all?" he demanded, switching to the other nipple.

"N-No, m-master!"

He pulled back.

"Remove our shoes, slave bitch."

"Yes, master," she gasped, relieved, leaning forward again, her nipples tingling and stinging.

She undid his shoelaces first, and tugged the shoes away as he lifted each foot. Then she turned to the other man, blushing a little more as she undid his shoelaces too, and pulled his shoes off.

They two men walked into the living room, and at her father's snapped fingers she crawled after them, face still red, still cringing inside.

But a part of her was hot and throbbing, as well.

"Get us a couple of drinks, slave," her father ordered. "A couple of martinis."

"Yes, master."

They were already mixed, behind the bar and in the low refrigerator. She crawled there, got down a pair of glasses, and poured the drinks, then popped in an olive. She brought the drinks to them one at a time, still crawling, then knelt back, sitting on her heels.

"Fetch my slippers, slave," her father ordered.

She turned, flushing again, crawling away, feeling the strange man's eyes on her bottom and bare pussy. She fetched the slippers back in her mouth and set them down at her father's feet, blood rushing to her face once again as the man stared and laughed at her.

"She'll do anything I tell her," her father boasted. "Want a blow job?"

"Oh ahm, well, I don't know," the man said a bit uncertainly.

Her father snapped his fingers at her. "On your back, slut. Masturbate for us."

A flood of shame swept through her, but she obeyed, laying back, spreading her knees, and running her slightly trembling hands up and down her body, over her breasts, over her thighs, between her legs. She began to rub her fingers at her pussy slit as the two men looked on, feeling a bizarre sense of daring and wild, thrilling sluttiness to match the embarrassment.

"Fetch a pair of dildos, slut," her father ordered, slouched back in the chair, grinning.

Another tremor hit her. She was almost in a state of shock as she rolled over, got to her knees, and crawled over to the far corner. She picked up a dildo in her mouth and brought it back, knowing he would want her to, then turned and crawled back for the other, taking that in her mouth too.

And soon she was on her back again, legs spread wide, one dildo shoved fully into her rectum as she pumped the other in her pussy and rubbed her clit. It was appalling, mortifying to do this, and still her insides were responding. The wickedness, the sheer depravity of her doing something so wildly, impossibly slutty like this was rousing her fiercely, despite herself.

She felt resentment, anger at her father for putting her through this, for degrading her like this, even as she sought to please him, and felt the waves of excitement sweeping through her body.

"Enough, slut. Shove it deep and then come and blow me," her father ordered.

"Yes, master," she gasped breathlessly.

She forced the dildo as deep as it would go, feeling an ache deep within her abdomen, then turned, got to her knees, and crawled the very short distance to him, undoing his zipper, reaching in, taking out his cock, and beginning to lick around the head. She knew he wanted her to put on a show, and did so as the other man looked on. And she knew the other man was incredibly

horny himself, now, his trousers bulging with his erection.

She continued to be gripped by a deep and terrible sense of embarrassment, and could not understand the simultaneous thrill of sexual excitement which swept her every time she did something particularly lewd, or exposed herself in an especially brazen way. She let her lips sink down her father's shaft, blushing still as she sucked wetly, as her tongue moved over it.

She rolled her eyes up at him, then across at the man sitting to their side. She flinched from his gaze, staring down at her father's cock as it slid forward into her mouth, then out once more. When he reached down to casually grope her breast she felt another shudder of excitement and embarrassment.

"Go on, Paul," he said from above her. "Get behind the slut and give her a fucking."

Another shudder, a pair of shudders ran up her spine, embarrassment, then squirming lust as she continued to suck on her father's cock. Now she drove her lips all the way down, pleased at the man's gasp of surprise as he watched her press her face right in against her father's groin.

"Jesus!" she heard.

"Yeah, the little slut can deep throat any cock," her father said with a hint of pride which instantly made Destiny feel proud too. "She's a natural born slut and there's no cock she doesn't love."

And then the man was fumbling at his pants as he half fell onto the floor, knee walking around behind her. There he hesitated, and with hardly a thought Destiny raised her bottom and shifted her knees further apart on the floor. Then she blushed at how revealing she was to him, and then again as his hands hesitantly began to stroke up and down her sides and back.

When she continued to suck, showing no

complaints, he grew more bold, his fingers kneading her bottom, then sliding down beneath to rub gently at her sex and the dildos which protruded from her holes. He gripped the one in her pussy and pumped it slowly in and out.

"Give her a real one, Paul," her father said. "This little slave bitch is addicted to cock."

Another double wave of shame and excitement rolled through Destiny, and when she felt the dildo sliding fully out of her she moaned around his cock. A moment later she felt the unmistakable touch of a real cock rubbing along her slit. Then it pushed in and slid smoothly through her tight sex all the way to the hilt. She groaned again, her heart pounding at being taken from behind even as she sucked another cock.

"God, she's a hot little slut!" the man exclaimed, thrusting in and out now.

"Do her hard and deep," her father said. "She's a wild, slutty little bitch and she likes a hard ride."

And with those words he filled his fist with her hair and yanked her forward, squeezing her breast hard. "Faster, slut," he said. "Suck that cock!"

Behind her, the other man, Paul, thrust faster and deeper, his hands now moving up her sides, then beneath to eagerly squeeze and knead her breasts. His breathing was becoming wild and ragged, so shocked and excited was he, and his hips were slapping hard and fast into her upraised bottom as he drove himself into her pussy.

And now her father was leaning forward, moving her back and around a bit so he knelt before her, and pushing her hands away. Destiny let them fall to the floor as he began to thrust into her mouth, using it in the same manner as the man behind used her pussy, and she knelt on all fours between them as the two cocks thrust in and out of her with long, deep strokes that made her

sometimes feel as though a single cock was piercing her from end to end.

Her insides were twisting and spinning with a wild, kaleidoscope of emotions and sensations as the men's hands moved over her and their bodies slammed into her from either direction. Her father's balls were slapping against her chin with every deep stroke, her nose jammed into his pubic bone as he held her head tightly by bunched up hair and used the entire length of his cock.

The man behind her was gripping her hips now as he rammed himself into her, and Destiny tried to remember that she must squeeze down with her pussy muscles every time he reached the deepest point of penetration so that her sex would feel even tighter as he drew back.

An orgasm was building within her. Her breasts were throbbing, her nipples tingling and sparkling, a crackling sexual electricity running up and down her body as the two men used her as their whore. Her embarrassment had largely faded away now in the intoxicating rush of lust and excitement, and now she felt an intense awareness of her status as a lowly slave, a slut, a sexual machine or toy for the men to play with and sate their lust upon. It was strange how the idea actually heightened her arousal, but it did, and when her father slipped a finger into one of her nipple rings and began to tug it back with a stinging rhythmic pull it drove her over the edge and she came wildly.

Chapter 8

Destiny was rewarded for her good behaviour by being permitted to lay around the pool, and even swim that evening. The sun was still bright and beating down, and she enjoyed the feel of the

cool water as it slide along her bare skin. That night she slept in her little dog bed again, wakened her father at the proper time, and performed oral sex on him as required.

She was still not permitted to walk, but she fetched his slippers, as she had before, made his breakfast, and saw him off, then went on to do her chores. It would have been easier to do them on her feet, but she continued to be nervous about whether he really had a camera secreted somewhere, and knew she would feel more comfortable without the fear and risk of discovery and punishment.

So even in the back yard she crawled to the boat shack, checked the readings, added the proper chemicals, then fetched the sweeper and ran the net along the surface of the water to catch leafs and dead bugs which had fallen. Afterwards she crawled into the greenhouse, feeling quite strangely aroused as she did so. She felt again that growing sense of masochistic arousal, enjoying, for some reason, the degrading performance she made for no one but herself, a naked, collared girl crawling in the back yard to do her chores.

Then it was back into the house to do more chores, cleaning the floors by hand, scrubbing everything within reach, fetching a chair to crawl up and kneel upon to reach the cupboards and sinks in order to clean them, too. Then she had a quick shower, again kneeling as the water poured over her, brushed her hair out, and was kneeling obediently before the door when it opened.

Her father had another visitor, and the form made her heart beat faster before he moved aside and she saw who the visitor was.

It was a woman! No, for another followed; two women!

She was shocked, stunned, and her face filled with colour, at once. Her knees started to draw together, her hands flinching up from her thighs.

But she caught herself and resumed her position as her father led the women inside.

The first was a handsome woman, stern faced, tall and statuesque, with very short blonde hair. She was in her late thirties or early forties, and wore a mannish blazer and gray trousers. Following behind her was a younger woman, one much younger than even Destiny, perhaps not even out of her teens. She was lithe and beautiful, with long dark, crinkled and wavy hair, smouldering brown eyes, and a wild Spanish look to her face. She wore a long, flowing skirt and a tight blue shirt with vest.

"Your slave welcomes you home master," Destiny said, stuttering a bit in her shame and surprise.

The older woman gave her a smirk of contempt, while the younger had large eyes which seemed to stare in disbelief. Then, though she evidently tried to suppress it, she giggled helplessly, which made Destiny's face burn even deeper.

"Come into the front room, ladies," her father said, guiding the women past her and into the living room.

Mortified, but with no choice, Destiny crawled after them, shamed again as the women glanced behind and seemed startled and amused to see her crawling after them.

They sat down in the living room, the older woman shaking her head and glaring, the younger one still fighting not to giggle as she stared at Destiny.

"Christ, she's like a fucking dog," the older one said. "Most of my friends would want to beat the shit out of you for treating a woman like this, Kennedy."

Her father only smiled. "But your friends wouldn't at all mind having a faithful little bitch like this as their own, now would they?"

"I certainly wouldn't mind," the woman said

with a wry look at the younger woman.

The younger woman - girl, really - snorted as if to show her opinion of that.

"No, I think it would be - fun, for a bit. But I prefer having a companion who can think and talk and be more than a - a pet," she said.

Her father shrugged. "My little slave bitch cooks, cleans, and services me. That's all I want her for. It's not like she's capable of intelligent conversation unless you consider fashion and makeup to worthy topics."

Destiny, who was sitting on her heels, knees spread, face red, felt even more embarrassed at his casual dismissal of her. The two women seemed intelligent and sophisticated and her insides were squirming horribly at so demeaning herself before them. She was stricken, wanted to run off and hide, but she held her position, her mind swimming in confusion and humiliation.

"What's her name?" the younger woman asked curiously.

"She has no name," her father replied, as if the idea surprised him. "If you want her attention snap your fingers, or call her by what she is; bitch, whore, slut, whatever"

The girl gasped at the concept, a sort of delighted awe at such shocking treatment making her eyes widen further.

"You're an amazingly sexist man," the older one said, frowning again.

"Yes, but she loves it." He snapped his fingers at Destiny. "Show the ladies your loyalty, bitch," he said, extending his foot casually.

Her blood was still racing, her heart pounding, and now she felt a jolt at this new effort to humiliate her. She felt almost as in a dream as she slid forward onto all fours, crawled closer, and then, trembling a bit, began to lick his shoe.

The two women made almost unconscious faces,

as if Destiny's shameful degradation somehow made them embarrassed as well. But Destiny continued to lick at his foot, letting her tongue slide fully out and stroke across the top and sides, and then, as he raised his foot, the bottom of his shoe. He face was burning, but again, the almost painful humiliation was beginning to set a her insides crackling with sexual tension and heat.

"Is there anything your little bitch dog won't do?" the older woman asked, glaring at Destiny.

"Nothing. She even serves as my toilet when I'm feeling lazy."

Another flush of embarrassment, of shame, of cringing humiliation, but Destiny continued to lick.

"Barely even human, is she," the older woman sneered.

"A slut animal," her father agreed smugly.

"And does the animal ever walk? This will be difficult with her staying on her knees."

"She can walk if I tell her to." He turned to Destiny. "Stand up, slave."

Destiny drew back, and then slowly, eased herself up to her feet. It felt oddly unfamiliar, though she had only been crawling for a couple of days. She felt unsteady, at first as she stood before them, three sets of eyes looking over her body.

"Well, she's got a good shape on her," the older woman said. "And a good body."

"Oh she'd be popular with that face and body," the girl said admiringly.

"We shall see. She needs more than that. She needs an attitude the men are drawn to."

She jerked her head at the younger girl, who stood up, taking a CD from her bag. She went to the stereo and put it in, then positioned herself in an open area, as if waiting. Music began to play, and her body began to sway rhythmically, her

hips to swing and roll. Her eyes became slitted, and her head started to move, her hands slowly moving over her body.

"Watch closely, slut," the older woman ordered Destiny.

The girl danced, stripping her clothes off gracefully. Nude, she continued to dance, moving with a fluid grace, turning and twisting, dropping to all fours to crawl, to display her lovely, slender body. Then she was on her feet, dancing towards her father, straddling him as he sat on the sofa, rolling her hips and grinding her bottom into his thighs.

She let her torso move forward, arching her back so that she appeared to be diving upwards, curving back, barely brushing his face with her stiff little nipples.

The music ended, and she climbed off, then resumed her place.

"Now you," the woman ordered.

Destiny blinked her eyes, her pulse racing. Her? Dance? She was not much of a dancer, but now she recalled her father's suggestion she become a stripper and felt a wild anxiety within her. Did he want her to strip like this in a bar, in front of crowds of men? The idea was terrifying and embarrassing. And yet, that familiar crackling sex heat ran through her.

The young girl began her dance again, though naked, and Destiny stood next to her, watching, imitating her as best she could, and now the older woman rose and walked over to them, snatching the punishment crop from Destiny's waist.

"Roll your hips more, slut," she barked, snapping the crop across Destiny's bottom.

Destiny gasped, for no one but her father had ever done such a thing, but her training held, and she did not fight or argue. She rolled her hips more, and then let her body undulate, her hands stroking and gliding along her flesh. But she was

clumsy, compared to the girl, and the older woman was unsparing in her criticism, and in the sharp, stinging blows of the crop.

"I'll let you see to her training, Joanna," he said. "I have to go out anyway. Use her as you wish. Just try and get her to dance better than a draft horse."

"Oh you can be sure of that," the woman said, her eyes steely and cold as she looked at the anxious girl.

Destiny felt a sense of panic as her father headed for the door. She stared at him beseechingly, but as he turned he glared. "You will obey Joanna or Sarah as you would me," he ordered. "You are a slave, and slaves do as they are told. Do you understand?"

There was no other answer. "Yes, master," she said, face flushing.

And then she was alone, with strangers, two women who snorted in contempt at her words.

"Unbelievable," the girl said.

"Just dance," the older said, turning to watch Destiny.

They continued to practice dancing, and now the older woman, Joanna, sat on a chair in place of her father, and Destiny was forced to practice lap dancing on her. She felt exquisitely uncomfortable having to grind and rub her naked body against the smirking, sneering older woman, but obedience had now become a habit, and she was afraid to do anything which would draw punishment.

With her breasts almost in the woman's face, she arched her back, leaning away from her as she ground her buttocks down against her thighs. But the woman reached out and slipped her fingers through Destiny's nipple rings, tugging them upwards painfully.

"Do you like being an animal, slave?" she asked with a smirk.

"Y-Yes, mistress," Destiny gasped.

"And what do little slaves do, hmm?"

"O-Obey, mistress," Destiny gulped, her heart beating faster now with what she consider an imminent demand that she perform some sort of lesbian sex act.

"So you do anything you're told, is that little slave girl?" the woman purred.

"Yes, mistress," Destiny said anxiously as the girl looked on and smiled.

"Show us how good you are at obeying orders then. Crawl over to Sarah and lick her toes like a good little slave."

Face flushing, Destiny slid off the woman's lap onto her knees, turned, hesitated, then fell forward to all fours and crawled across to where the younger girl stood, giggling a bit. She tried to keep her knees as tightly together as she could but knew the older woman would have a very clear picture of her pussy regardless.

She reached the younger woman and then, bracing herself, leaned lower and began to lick at her bare toes. The girl giggled and then laughed, her feet shifting on the floor.

"Sit down, Sarah," the woman said.

"This is really silly," the girl replied.

But she sat and held up her foot to Destiny, grinning as Destiny moved forward and licked at it.

"Suck her toe, slut," Joanna ordered.

Destiny obeyed, sliding her lips around the girl's big toe, licking and sucking at it, feeling disgusted at herself, as well as horribly embarrassed.

"If you want her to lick things I can find a better place," the girl said.

"Fine with me."

The girl reached down and gripped Destiny's hair lightly, then drew her head up and in between her opening legs. She slouched down lower, then raised her legs and draped them across the arms of

the chair, opening her own bare sex to Destiny as she drew her face in.

"Let's see what you can do, little slavey," she purred.

Destiny knew she had no choice, still she hesitated, wondering if the punishment from her father wouldn't be easier than going down on these women and - .

"Ungh!" she cried, as the older woman, Joanna, sliced the crop across her bottom.

"Slaves don't hesitate, slut!" the woman snapped. "You want a big cock in your mouth instead? Eat her pussy!"

Another slash of the crop and Destiny hurriedly plunged her face in between the girl's raised thighs and began to lick at her pussy. The girl's taste made her face wrinkled in disgust, but she forced herself to touch her puffy sex lips and spread them open, then to lick at the girl's clitoris. She was, of course, inexperienced, but she certainly knew what to do from her own experience. And she had more than adequate motivation in that Joanna liberally applied the crop to her bottom and back whenever she didn't approve of what she was doing.

The younger girl, Sarah, began to groan, her fingers tightening in Destiny's hair, pulling in against her rhythmically as she began to grind her pelvis upwards. Destiny licked wildly at her clit, altering her pace and direction from time to time as Joanna brought the crop down on her now stinging bottom and made another correction to her technique.

And she did feel a sense of victory when the girl groaned in pleasure and began to buck up violently against her face as she climaxed.

Then, of course, it was time for her to work on Joanna, who stripped and sat down across the room, ordering her to crawl over - on her belly. Sarah followed along beside her with the crop,

amused by clearly enjoying herself, snapping the thin, stinging leather down onto Destiny's bottom any time it rose off the floor.

She reached Joanna, and was forced to lick and suck all of her toes - on both feet, before slowly licking and kissing her way up her legs and thighs to her pussy. A rough pull on her hair brought her higher, so that she could lick and suck and kiss at the blonde woman's breasts and nipples. Then she was pushed down once more to show what she had learned about oral sex.

She felt fingers at her sex as she licked, felt herself penetrated by a thick dildo, which drove deep into her belly. Then Sara knelt behind her, lay down beneath her, and pulled her sex down into her own mouth, where she began to lick and suck at her smooth, hairless pussy. Destiny found herself unconsciously mirroring the girl's own technique, licking, sucking, kissing, fingering, and found her bottom beginning to grind and roll as the teenage roused her body despite her dislike of lesbian sex.

The girl was good - very good - at what she was doing, and when she gripped the dildo and began to thrust it in and out of Destiny as she licked it was just too much. Shamed and degraded or not Destiny couldn't stop herself from twisting and bucking frenziedly as she gurgled in unrestrained sexual bliss.

"Yesss, little slut, little whore. You like that, don't you, dirty girl?" Joanna purred, twisting and pulling at her hair, squeezing and kneading her breasts.

It was a wrenching orgasm, draining, exhausting, but she was given no time at all to recover. Joanne tugged on her hair and slapped at the side of one hanging breast to force her to continue licking at her own pussy. Sarah slid out from underneath her but continued to finger and fondle her, running her hands up and down her back

and beneath, kneading her breasts, pumping the dildo in and out, forcing Destiny's overheated body into another series of sexual convulsions even as Joanna finally came as well.

Then the two women amused themselves by giving her orders. Destiny was forced to crawl back and forth across the floor on her belly, to fetch a thrown ball with her mouth, crawling back on all fours, to sit up and beg, roll over, lick at toes and fingers, and then to masturbate with a pair of dildos as the women looked on, smirking and jeering.

It was all utterly, utterly degrading and humiliating, but somehow the sexual heat within her kept alive the entire time, as though shaming herself was arousing in itself.

Then she was forced to go down on Sarah once more. This time her wrists were bound behind her, and Joanna knelt behind her with a dildo, pumping it hard and deep for a few minutes, slapping at her bottom, groping her breasts, and calling her names. Then she went away for a minute, leaving Destiny alone to lick and suck at Sarah's clit. When she returned she pulled the dildo out of her aching pussy and replaced it with her own fingers.

Her fingers were slippery, and drove in to the knuckles very easily, all three of them. Joanne worked them in and out, twisting and turning them around inside her pink tunnel, then adding a fourth, jamming them deep, grinding and twisting them as her thumb hooked beneath to stroke against her swollen clit.

Then she drew them back, forced her thumb in against the other fingers and pushed it back forward. Destiny felt her pussy lips spread and stretch, felt them beginning to ache and strain as the woman slowly twisted her hand from side to side. She moaned as the pain rose, trying to turn her head, but held in place by Sarah's grip on her hair.

The pain mounted, eased, mounted, eased, as the woman continued to push her fingers forward. Several times, Destiny tried to pull her head away from Sarah's sex, tried to close her legs, or twist her body to free her of the ache, but was held in place.

Then the pain grew even worse, and she realized that what Joanna was trying to do was somehow fit her entire hand into her pussy! She gasped in alarm, jerking her head up from Sarah's pussy. "No!" she cried. "Oh don't, please!"

"You've never been fisted, little slave girl?" Joanna sneered.

"Please don't!" Destiny cried as Sarah forced her mouth back down against her pussy.

"I'm going to ram my fist all the way up your pussy until it punches you in the belly," Joanna said.

And with a final terrible ache her pussy lips spread just that much wider, and Destiny felt the woman's hard knuckles slowly grind their way through her straining sex lips and into her tight, slippery hole. The pain in her pussy lips eased, then, as the widest part of the woman's hand had passed, and now she felt a growing sense of shock and wonder as the woman's whole hand slowly slipped into her body, her pussy lips sliding together around her wrist.

"Fuck!" she gasped, eyes wide. "Oh God! Oh!"

"What a tight, warm little cunt you have, slave girl," Joanna said tauntingly.

Her fingers stroked against the inside of the trembling girl's pussy, her hand slowly turning from side to side. She slapped Destiny's bottom sharply, then again, laughing as she slowly forced her hand deeper and deeper.

"Keep licking me, slave," Sarah said in breathless protest, yanking on her hair.

Destiny's wrists pulled helplessly against the leather restraints binding them as she licked

at the girl's clit and felt the inexorable progress of Joanna's hand as it pushed deeper into her belly. It felt, finally, as though her twisting fingers had touched the very bottom of her sex, but then the woman drew them slowly in against her palm, forming a fat, thick, heavy fist inside her belly, and was able to push it still further.

As she did, of course, Destiny's sex lips slid slowly up past her wrist, up along her forearm, forced wider and wider with every inch. She could not move very quickly, of course, at least, at first. But her constant twisting, shifting arm and fist began to force Destiny's vaginal muscles into submission.

Sarah now had her bare feet on Destiny's back, helping to hold her in place. The girl was on the edge of another climax, her bottom bucking and twisting as she moaned and gasped and cursed softly and passionately. Joanna began to run her slippery fingers back and forth over Destiny's clit now as she worked her fist backwards, and the sensation was - incredible.

"UnggghhhhHH!" Sarah cried, arching her back, humping up into Destiny's face.

"Lick her, slut!" Joanna cried, slapping her bottom. "Lick her!"

Destiny licked frantically, until the girl finally wound down, gasping, sprawling weakly, legs spread wide, fingers loosening their death hold on her hair.

She rested a bit, then leaned forward, reaching down to fondle and caress Destiny's breasts with both hands as she watched Joanna working her hand in and out.

"Get me a big dildo," Joanna ordered her. "I want to fuck her bitch ass too!"

Sarah got up, padded across the room, and returned, kneeling next to Joanna, pressing a dildo against Destiny's wrinkled little anal

opening.

"Oh God!" Destiny moaned, her hips working back and forth now in time to the movements of the woman's fist.

"Shut up, slut. You cock loving little whore," Joanna said, slapping her bottom. "You know you love it."

Sarah forced the dildo deeper and deeper as Joanna worked her fist in and out with greater speed. Both women freely groped, fondled, and kneaded Destiny's breasts, and pinched and twisted her aching nipples.

But it was the sensations pouring through her body from the movement of the woman's fist and arm inside her belly which drove Destiny into intense paroxysms of wildfire pleasure. She had never felt anything like it before, that enormous penetration, so thick, moving in and out of her aching pussy was driving her insane. Adding in the fingers stroking her clit, kneading her breasts, as well as the dildo pumping in her rectum simply drove her over the edge.

She cried out in loud, dazed, breathless animal sobs of pleasure, her body rocking and jerking in time to the now hard thrust of Joanna's fist. Every time the fist thrust deep into her belly she let out a helpless broken sob of pleasure and pain, until she could not stop herself from shaking, humping and rolling. Convulsions wracked her body as an incredible orgasm thundered through her mind and body.

She could not breath, could not think, could only reel under the howling onslaught of sensory overload that threatened to strip her mind of consciousness.

The two women laughed and cursed her as she came, slapping and groping her as they called her whore and slut and cock lover, but Destiny didn't care. She thought of nothing but the wonderful sensations pouring through her nervous system. Her

face was a mask of animal pleasure, no intelligence in her eyes at all, her jaw slack, drooling down onto the floor and her breasts as she rammed her bottom back and forth.

One impossibly powerful orgasm followed another through her ravaged body as she cried and sobbed and gurgled in helpless sexual insanity, her mind fading, black dots dancing before her eyes, until, finally, she slumped barely conscious to the floor.

Chapter 9

"And how are you feeling, my little slut animal?" her father asked, gazing down at her.

Destiny could only groan. She was sweating like a pig, her body aching. She knelt, her back arched painfully, head far back so that her hair was trailing almost to the floor. Her wrists were locked directly to her ankles, and the only reason she didn't collapse backwards was that small chains had been attached to her nipple rings, pulling them tautly up and back, while another had been locked to her clit ring, pulling it up and forward. A clamp bit into her tongue, pulling it straight out between her lips, the result of a complaint by Joanna that her tongue was not adequate in length to properly perform on a woman.

She tried to talk, but, of course, because of the clamp, could only make unintelligible noises.

Her tongue had been clamped fairly often since Joanna and Sarah had started visiting, and it was certainly having an effect. She could now touch her nose with the tip of her tongue. Still, the clamping and stretching would continue until she could touch her chin as well.

She felt the soft, supple leather of a crop sliding along her taut, straining belly and over

her breasts and whimpered.

"Do you think it's time to change to your next position?" he asked, snapping the crop lightly against her belly, against her pussy, against her breasts.

Her response wasn't really expected, however, nor required. Her father had a number of "positions" which he would place her in. He would then take pictures, and leave her to "think" for a while, on what a miserable little slut she was.

Her back was screaming with pain, though indeed she was becoming much more limber, her back much more used to these stretching, straining exercises.

Her father undid her wrists from her ankles, then allowed her to straighten. Destiny felt an incredible sense of relief as the pressure was finally eased from her back and legs, almost sobbing as the pressure and pain eased.

"I've noticed your positioning needs work when you kneel," her father said as he pushed her into the position she most frequently held, kneeling, sitting on her heels, knees wide, back straight.

In short order she was bound again, this time in a much more comfortable position, at least, at first. She was sitting on her heels, as usual, knees spread, back straight. The difference was that her thighs and ankles were bound tightly together with soft rope. More rope had been placed at the back of her knees, tightly bound there as her legs were bend, and now it pulled tautly forward and apart to hold her knees wide, wide open.

Her arms were bound behind her back, her father not content to merely bind her wrists, but laying layers of rope around her forearms and even upper arms so that her elbows were actually drawn together, her shoulders aching at the strain. In addition, loops of rope encircled her belly, her

lower chest, just below her breasts, and her upper chest, just above her breasts, all tight, all pulling in around her arms to pin them against her back.

Her hair had been gathered in a single braid at the top of her head, pulled high so that she could not slump even slightly, tied off to a cord which ran to the roof above. She was gagged with a wide ring gag through which her tongue was pulled, the clamp attached to a weight which hung down over her chin.

She was kneeling on a low platform, and impaled on a pair of dildos which could sink into the platform and rise again. When her father threw a switch a grinding, pumping noise could be heard as wheels turned and the dildos began to rise and fall, thrusting up and down inside her.

He smiled to see her, then wheeled over another device. In quick order he turned it on, and attached two small plastic tubes to the centre of her breasts. Suction held them in place, and the suction began to deepen and then ease in a rhythmic fashion as he drew over another and placed it against her clitoris.

A blindfold went over her eyes, headphones playing soft music over her ears, and then she was left alone, the dildos pumping up and down with long, steady strokes, spearing up into her rectum and pussy as she knelt in place.

It was simply impossible not to respond to it all. By now she was helplessly addicted to bondage, to being restrained, and the unfamiliar, rhythmic sucking at her nipples and clitoris in combination with the dildos pumping deep inside her soon had the desired effect. Her body began to thrum with sexual energy, and she began to helplessly moan and gasp and writhe in her bonds as the first in a series of powerful orgasms washed over her.

After half an hour she was utterly exhausted,

her belly aching from repeated climaxes, her insides raw, her nipples and clitoris swollen, aching and intensely sensitive. Her skin was glistening with perspiration, and her breathing was coming in desperate little gasps and moans.

The first she knew her father was there was when he removed the headphones, then drew off the blindfold.

She moaned weakly, and found herself staring at three men who sat in chairs facing her, all of them grinning, two holding bottles of beer in their hands. They clearly had been there for some time, and Destiny's face flushed red as she realized they must have watched her writhing and moaning and bucking and coming from almost as soon as the blindfold had been put over her eyes.

"How do you like my little slave slut, guys?" her father asked.

"Pretty fucking hot," one said.

"Nice fucking body," another said.

"When do we get to fuck her?" asked the third.

Her father chuckled and removed the clamp from Destiny's tongue. She hissed in pain, for removing clamps, she had found, hurt almost as much, at first, as putting them on. She whimpered and moaned as she coped with the pain, then gasped as he removed the sucking devices from her clitoris and nipples. Her nipples looked grossly swollen and red, and when her father fingered them she gasped in pain.

"Who wants to ram his cock down this little whore's throat first?" he asked.

There were no shortage of volunteers, of course, and soon, still held tightly in place, but her hair unbound, Destiny's face was being jammed into a strange man's groin as he rammed his cock down her throat. The ring gag prevented her from offering up the slightest resistance as he slid his cock through it and freely used her mouth and

throat, forcing her head back tightly and lunging back and forth.

After him came the second man, then the third, all of them using her like a machine, like a toy, gripping her head and hair, jamming her face into their groins as they fucked her throat.

Her father slid the dildos out of her and took her off the platform, but left her ankles and arms bound as they were. The men then took turns riding her from behind, pounding their cocks into her belly as they laughed and chatted and shared drinks and stories of other whores they had known.

This was to become fairly normal for her, for at any time now her father could show up with a man or woman, or several of them to use her body. Sometimes she was bound, sometimes not. At no time was she ever asked for permission, of course. Once she found herself surrounded by more than a dozen men, and for hours they rammed their cocks into her one, two, three at a time, their juices spurting over her face and body, their hands mauling and bruising her breasts and bottom and pussy.

When they were all done her father took her into the back yard, and there she knelt as the men urinated on her, the men laughing in delight as their hot yellow piss rained down onto her face, into her open mouth, and over her breasts and belly. Then, after she had drunk the urine of a dozen or more men, they watched her kneel, spread her legs, and urinate like a bitch dog.

After a few more weeks of training her tongue was easily able to touch her chin, and with Joanna satisfied she went to work as a stripper in a lesbian club. She performed on stage, performed lap dances for the women in the club right out in the open at their tables, and then, in a back room, performed rather more personal services for those with extra money to spend. All of the money, of course, went to her master - her father. She

was, he said, paying him back for the money he had wasted in her upbringing, when she thought he would be his daughter.

Her days were spent in chores, her evenings at the club, and her nights in the little dog bed in her father's room. She did this for many months, though she lost track of time fairly quickly. And then, one day, her father came home with a foreign man, an Arab. Destiny was ordered to dance, to masturbate, to lick at the man's shoes and ankles, and to position herself in a number of revealing poses.

And then she was ordered to arch her back. Her father drew out the little crop, and began to bring the hard little black flap at its tip down against her nipples with hard, fast strokes. She gasped and hissed, but held her position. When he shifted his position and began to slice the crop down across her breasts the pain grew enormously, but though tears filled her eyes she did not move.

He cropped her belly, and then her pussy, and had he turn and bend so he could bring the crop down stingingly across her bottom. She held her position every time, only gasping and whimpering in pain a little when he punished her clitty.

The Arab man said nothing, until at last he turned to her father and said. "Very well. I will take her, at the agreed price."

"Excellent," her father said.

He brought Destiny upstairs where he locked her wrist restraints together, then lifted her wrists up behind her back, attaching them by a strong chain to the back of her collar. A ball gag was pushed into her mouth, and her father attached a leash to the ring in the front of her collar

"I am selling you to this man," he said. "This is not a loan, slut. I am rid of you for good. You are a whore and a slut and good for nothing but use as a sex toy. I don't want you anywhere near me any more, and don't even want to

be reminded of the slut who was once my daughter. This man will take you out of the country. You will wind up in his master's harem, used by any man who wants you, and I doubt you will ever return to shame me with your existence."

Destiny stared at him, heart in her throat, pulse racing, uncertain whether to believe, whether he was simply tormenting her again.

"If you disobey the slightest order you will not merely be beaten, but brutalized. They are a harsh, savage people, and the punishment I have given you is nothing compared to what they will do. You had better obey him and anyone else over there properly."

With that he turned, yanking on the leash, pulling her forward and back down the stairs. He handed the leash to the Arab man, who gave her a cold smile, then nodded at her father. The Arab man turned and walked towards the garage, and Destiny, dazed, had little choice but to follow. A car with darkly tinted glass waited, and the man pulled her into it. The door was shut by another Arab man, who got into the front seat.

The garage door opened, and she was driven away.

She sat on the plush leather seat, eyes wide and round, staring through the window, turning occasionally to stare at the Arab man, who seemed to pay her no attention, then at the back of the head of the driver, who likewise ignored her. The car drove through the city for half an hour, then turned through the gates of a small, private airport. The car rolled up beside a private jet, and the door was opened.

Destiny was still dazed, still filled with disbelief. Had her father really sold her to Arabs? Was she really going to a harem? Did harems still exist?!

But the feel of the cold tarmac on her bare feet was real, and the Arab man pulling her leash,

leading her towards the open door of the jet was real. She was led up the narrow stairs, and the door closed behind. The aircraft took off.

She was a sex slave, just as her father - her ex-father - had told her she would be, sold to a man somewhere across the ocean, and as the jet continue to fly she sat on the seat, a prickling sense of shock slowly giving way to acceptance. An orphan. She was an orphan with nothing, no family, no skill, no possession not even her own body. She was a slave owned by others, to be used for their own pleasure.

After a while the man drew the gag out of her mouth, then unzipped his fly and drew out his cock.

"Service me, slut," he ordered.

"Yes, master," she whispered.

She leaned forward and took him into her mouth.

She was a sex slave, after all. It was what she did.

End