

ONE

Joe watched the girl intently, licking his lips as the scope brought her perfect figure up close. He groaned a little, shifting on his knees as he held the scope still. The girl padded across the floor of the swimming pool, then dove in.

He sighed and drew back behind the tree, waiting for her to emerge. He scanned the rest of the women as they walked around the pool, looking for other likely subjects. Certainly all were reasonably well built. These were the U of C's swimming tryouts after all, so all here would be excellent athletes, prime specimens of female flesh.

Joe had been working as a recruiter for several years now, searching out female meat for his unknown masters. He didn't know what was done with the girls, though he could guess, of course, and didn't really care. It was his job to provide the meat and not ask questions.

Sometimes they asked for specific girls, or sometimes for girls matching a certain description or age. Occasionally they wanted a particular occupation, such as lawyer or doctor. Sometimes they even demanded a certain mental outlook, a weak frippery girl easy to influence say, or a tough lesbian who hated men.

The only thing which was consistent was that they were all young and all extremely beautiful, with lush, full, firm young bodies.

He brought the scope up to his eye and watched the girl emerge from the pool, her body and form outlined clearly through the wet, once piece outfit. He could see the muscles of her arms and belly as she walked smoothly towards her towel.

Her name, not that it mattered, was Amanda Smith. She was a straight A student at Ridgemont high school, or had been. She'd just accepted a scholarship to the University of California, and would be starting school there in the fall.

Her politics were somewhat left wing. She was a feminist, but not a fanatic about it. She dated now and then, but had no particular reputation, either as slut or virgin ice maiden. He'd examined her medical records and found her in perfect health. Her teeth were perfect too, the braces having been removed nineteen months ago.

He'd been given the go ahead just the other night, for her, and the other girl, a big titted Catholic schoolgirl who was about to enter a convent with plans of becoming a nun.

He watched her talking to the coach, then saw her nod, pick up her bag and head for the showers. It would take her twenty minutes to get out to her

car, her father's car, actually. She didn't know anyone here so she would almost certainly be alone.

It was a good opportunity for the grab. He packed his scope and returned to his van. Not that it was really his, of course. It belonged to a garage that hadn't yet missed it. By the time they did he'd have dumped it, of course.

He drove it over to where Amanda had parked her Chevy and parked behind it so his side door was just to left of the car's rear bumper. He was blocking her car completely, but since he was apparently from a garage, and dressed in a garage outfit, she wouldn't be suspicious.

He opened the side door, then slid some tools over to the edge. He ran his thumb along the seam of the plastic bag in his pocket, the bag that contained the white rag he'd soaked in chloroform, waiting to catch sight of her.

His heart began to pound and he looked around constantly, hoping nobody would show up to interfere with things. He eyed the front hood of the car on the Chevy's left, not wanting to touch it yet just in case the owner showed.

THERE!

He slipped off the side of the van and carried the tool box over to the other car. He quickly raised the front hood. His head jerked quickly from side to side. Nobody was in sight yet. His heart pounded harder as he turned back to the van.

He went to the side door and slipped the plastic bag out of his pocket, then, looking out the corner of his eye, he timed things to the last second. She saw his van blocking her car now, but was not suspicious. A small frown appeared on her face as she walked towards him.

He opened the bag and slipped his gloved hand inside.

"Excuse me?" she said from behind him.

He ignored her, humming to himself. The earphones in his ears were clearly visible, but were not hooked up to anything.

"Excuse me?" she said more loudly.

Again he ignored her, and she came in closer, tapping him on the shoulder.

He pulled the rag out and turned with a smile, his left hand grabbing her behind the head and jerking her face in against his right hand, which held the rag. Her eyes went wide and she made a muffled cry of shock, then began to struggle.

It was a brief struggle, despite her strength. Her eyes got glassy and her muscles grew spastic, then she collapsed into his arms. He let her fall forward into the van, lifting her legs and flipping them in behind as he slid the door closed.

He looked around him. No sign of anyone. It had taken only seconds. He picked up the tool box and put it in the van, then slammed down the hood of the other car and went around to the drivers' side of the van.

A minute later he was out of sight, and all that was left of Amanda was the gym bag she'd dropped beside her Chevy.

He whistled happily as he drove. The hardest part was over. There was no sign anyone had seen him. He was not linked with the girl in any way, shape, or form. And she would certainly never be found.

He turned into a parking lot some blocks away, sliding the van in so close to a rental van he almost scraped the paint. He slid the side door of the garage van open, then found himself facing the side door of the rental. He unlocked it and slid it open, then picked up the prone body of the girl and carried her over to the other van.

He drove off with her in back, checking his watch carefully. It was eleven-fifteen. He had plenty of time. Plenty of time.

He drove home, a home that no longer had a mortgage to be paid off, and pressed the remote door opener. The garage door slid up and he drove in, then let it close behind him.

He got out of the van and checked the house first, just to make sure something hadn't gone wrong. Nobody was there. His wife was supposed to be at work, and would know better, in any event, than to bring someone here today, but you never know. It wouldn't do for one of the neighbours to be sitting around the house when he dragged the girl through.

The house was empty.

He went back and got the blonde and slung her over his shoulder. He carried her through the house and down the stairs to the basement, then dropped her across the big billiards table. He opened the door to the unfinished part of the basement, then walked down to the storeroom.

He unlocked it, then went back for the girl and hefted her over his shoulder again. HE carted her into the "storeroom" and laid her out on a narrow table. He turned and, again taking no chances, locked the door behind him.

He quickly stripped the girl naked, his cock starting to throb as he removed her sweatshirt and pants, then unhooked her lacy pink bra and bared her firm, round breasts. He shook his head in appreciation as his hands stroked and fondled the firm young flesh. These weren't the biggest tits he'd felt, but they might well be among the most perfect in shape and texture and firmness.

He bent and slid his lips over her right nipple, suckling lovingly as his hand stroked up and down her chest and belly.

He pulled up with a smile. Business first, then pleasure. He pulled her panties down, paused to squeeze and fondle her pussy for a few seconds, then quickly got on with things. He took a pair of thick leather cuffs from a shelf and wrapped them around her wrists, buckling them tightly, then got two more and wrapped them around her ankles.

He laid her out flat then took the metal clips in the ankle restraints and clipped them together. He drew a chain from under the table up and cursed a little as it failed to reach her restraints. He had to slide her body a bit further down the table to lock the restraints to the chain.

That done he raised her hands high and linked those restraints together, then drew another chain from under the other end of the table and locked it to

her wrists. He reached under the table and turned a small crank to tighten the chain, then stepped back to admire his handiwork.

"What a body," he sighed in admiration.

He was about to turn away when he remembered. He almost decided not to bother, but then shrugged. He returned to the girl and wrapped a heavy black blindfold around her eyes. He'd started this with the first ones, in case they ever showed up again, but none had and he doubted by now that any ever would.

Best not to take chances, though.

He left the storeroom, locking it behind him. He still had the Catholic girl to get. Only after that would he play.

Delores hesitated, then rushed down the stairs to the basement and through the rec room. It might well be empty, she knew. Joe never took chances, and if anything at all looked risky he'd have blown off the pickup till tomorrow.

She unlocked the door anyway and looked inside. She almost clapped her hands in glee at the sight of the gleaming ivory flesh laying along the battered table. She turned on the light and stepped in closer, licking her lips at the perfect contours of the girl's perfectly formed body.

She felt a stab of jealousy. Though she was an attractive woman she knew she could not compete with this luscious young athlete, her firm young breasts and sweet pink nipples.

She stepped forward and looked down at the girl. The girl stirred and moaned low in her throat, her head rolling from side to side. She ran her hands over the chains, feeling how rigid they were, then slid her hand up the girl's leg, along her inner thigh to her pussy, then up her firm hard abdomen, over her trim, flat belly, and up her ribs to her breasts.

"Wha...wha...ooohhh," the girl moaned softly.

Delores rolled the girl's nipple between her thumb and forefinger admiringly. "Hot, little slutty girl," she whispered.

The girl moaned again, her head rolling from side to side. She raised it a little, then let it fall back onto the table. Delores smiled, then turned and left the room. The girl would be ready for play soon, but not just yet.

She went upstairs and stripped, then showered, humming a musical tune as she ran her hands over her soapy body. She felt a tingling heat between her legs as she anticipated the feel of the young blonde girl's flesh.

She dried off, then brushed her thick brown hair out into luscious curls. Naked, she padded across the room and into her bedroom, then selected a tight, frilly black corset that laced up the front. It came in two parts, a top, and a bottom. The bottom had a lacy trim around the hem.

She pulled on long black stockings, and hooked them to the bottom of the corset, then stepped into black stiletto heels. She pulled on a dressing gown, then went downstairs. She paused in the kitchen and got herself a drink, her body now almost trembling in anticipation.

She picked up the small, silver ice cube tongs and reached into the bucket in the freezer, plucking up an ice cube, then dropping it into her drink. She paused, then plucked out a second, then a third, then a fourth.

She closed the freezer, and was about to put the tongs down when she reconsidered. She eyed them with a smile then squeezed the teeth together several times. She held on to them as she went downstairs.

She unlocked the storeroom and then turned on the light. The girl hadn't moved, of course. She walked in, locking the door behind her, then went over to the girl. She saw the head turn towards her and smiled again. Alert now, hmmm, she thought.

"He...hello?" the girl said in a small voice.

Delores slid the tongs into her glass and plucked out one of the ice cubes then brought it over above the girl's right breast. She lowered it and watched the drop of icy water forming, then positioned it right over the girl's nipple.

The drop fell atop the pink nipple. The girl gasped and her back arched involuntarily. The nipple glistened moistly, and the drop slowly trickled down the side of her fat, round breast, then down her side to the table.

"Who...who's there?" the girl whimpered.

Another drop fell onto her nipple. Again she gasped as the icy drop trickled down her orb and chest.

"Let me gooo!" the girl whimpered.

Delores smiled. She saw another drop forming and moved the cube sideways over her other breast. The drop fell onto her other nipple. Again the girl gasped and jerked helplessly.

"Who's there?" she cried.

Delores slowly lowered the ice cube until it was touching the girl's nipple. The blonde gasped and jerked her chest to the side, but Delores held the cube directly on her nipple no matter how she shook. Since her movements were restricted, the blonde wasn't able to tear her nipple away from the burning cold of the ice cube.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Stop it! Let me go!"

Delores kept the cube on the girl's nipple, freezing it, smiling hungrily as the girl moaned and trembled.

"Pleeease!" the girl whimpered.

Delores slid the ice cube off the stiff nipple, circling it slowly, then widening the circle, moving it over the firm young round flesh of her breast as the girl writhed and shook in helpless discomfort. She shifted it to her other nipple and froze that one too, watching as trickles of icy water slid down her rounded mammaries on her ribs, chest and belly.

The ice cube was half melted by the time she moved it off her breasts and along her ribs. She trailed it up into the blonde's armpits, then down the sides of her ribs and in between her legs. She held the cube directly against her sex, then pushed, forcing it through the tight pussy lips.

"Noo! Pleeeeease!" the girl gasped, her hips twisting, buttocks rising. "Please stop!"

Delores opened the tongs and slid them back, but the cube remained stuck between Amanda's pussy lips. She pushed her finger down against the cube and pushed it down deeper into the slit, then jammed it into the girl's opening, making it disappear inside the quivering flesh.

She bent right next to the girl's ear. "Slut," she whispered.

"Who?! Who is it? Who are you? Let me go!" Amanda begged.

"Never," Delores whispered with a cruel, feral smile. "Ever."

She straightened, considering the blindfold. She ought to remove it. No one was ever going to see this little whore again anyway. But no. She'd better not.

She reached below the table and turned the crank to the upper chain, loosening it, then removed it from Amanda's wrist restraints. She went to the other side of the table and removed that chain too.

"Sit up, slut," she said, helping pull the girl up off her back.

"Who are you?" Amanda gasped, realizing for the first time that the voice was a woman's.

"Just do as you're told and you won't get hurt." Much, Delores thought silently.

She pulled the girl around and then off the table. She swayed from side to side, her ankles still bound together, and her hands grasped feebly at Delores. Delores held her arms and then made her shuffle across the floor.

"Why am I here?" Amanda moaned. "What are you going to do with me? Why am I naked?"

"Shut up, slut," Delores growled.

"But I'm not a slut," Amanda moaned.

"Raise your hands."

She lifted the girl's wrists up above her to where a pair of rings hung from chains from the ceiling, then tried to clip the restraints to them. Unfortunately the rings were too thick for the small clips. She cursed in annoyance.

"Stand still and don't move," she said. "If you try to take off the blindfold we'll have to kill you."

It was a lie, but an effective one. Amanda stood swaying helplessly, her hands joined together in front of her belly as Delores quickly picked up a couple of pieces of rope and returned. Again she raised the girl's hands, then tied the ropes between the rings and the restraints.

"There," she said.

Amanda's wrists were up high above her, but she could still bend her arms, even if just a little. She felt mortified standing there naked like. The voice was female, but who knew who else was there? Why was she naked? What disgusting things was this woman, and whoever else had captured her, planning to do to her?

She trembled fearfully as she tugged with her wrists. Her body felt terribly exposed and vulnerable, and she tried desperately to see through the blindfold over her eyes.

She gasped as she felt her ankles pulled apart. She hadn't been able to separate them before. Then, just as a faint glimmer of hope appeared it died, as she realized her ankle restrains were being locked to something down on the floor, her feet apart.

"How do we feel, little princess?" the voice cooed.

"Who are you? Why are you doing this to me?" Amanda begged.

"Because it's so much fun."

"But I...I never hurt you!"

"So?"

"Please. Please let me go!"

"Nope. Can't do it, blondie. We have to have some fun first."

"Wha...what kind of fun?" Amanda gulped.

"Can't you guess?" the voice purred.

Amanda gasped as she felt Delores' hand on her belly, slowly moving in circles over her abdomen and lower chest, then up between her breasts to her neck. The implications behind the woman's voice were all too clear, and Amanda's mind filled with horror at the thought being subjected to some kind of perverted lesbian attack.

"Such a... firm body," the woman said. "I haven't felt such a firm young body for some time."

She cupped the girl's left breast, then slid her hand down between her legs to cup her pussy. Amanda tried to jerk her legs closed but found that she couldn't. She moaned and then whimpered as the woman's fingers kneaded her soft pussy meat.

"Stop it!" Amanda begged, trying to twist her body away. The humiliation she felt at another person touching her so intimately was beyond anything she could have imagined.

Delores laughed and pulled her hand away, then walked around behind the blonde.

"Nice ass," she said admiringly, running her hand over the smooth, tight, round buttocks. "Very, very nice."

She slid her hand in under those cheeks and cupped Amanda's pussy again, squeezing harder and harder.

"Oooh! Ahhhhh! Whaa! Stop! Please!" Amanda cried as the hand crushed her soft pussy pad.

She squirmed and twisted in pain and dizziness as Delores crushed her sensitive flesh in her hand. She had no power to halt the lewd assault, however, none at all.

Delores slid her hand out and chuckled in amusement as she moved around in front of the blonde.

"I bet the boys loved staring at that ass of yours," she said to the trembling girl. "I bet they loved sticking their cocks in your slutty little cunt hole."

Amanda was still moaning and sobbing in pain and humiliation, and didn't answer. Delores slid her hand up and down her body again, caressing the strong, muscled belly and ribs.

"I think you're going to make a nice playmate," Delores smiled.

She leaned in and examined the girl's stiff, frozen nipple, the breasts covered with goose bumps, still glistening wetly. She kissed one little nipple, then let her lips spread wider to engulf it and the surrounding areola. She moaned as she sucked gently, spreading her lips wider, sucking harder as her hands rose to cup and massage both breasts, fingers kneading the firm flesh.

Her mouth sucked rhythmically, and she drew in more flesh, her mouth widening as her teeth began to chew on the breast tissue around the nipple. Her fingers kneaded the flesh firmly, strongly as the girl moaned her protests.

She rose, smiling at the look of dismay on the young girl's face, then picked up the tongs, still cold and icy and carefully seized one erect little pink nipple between the teeth. She closed the tongs hard and the girl cried out, her body shaking and twisting.

"Stop it! Please! Oh my God!" she sobbed.

Delores crushed the tongs more tightly together, pulling hard, stretching out the little pink nipple, turning and twisting the tongs, her face a mask of vicious delight as the girl's sobs and cries grew more loud and her body writhed and twisted in agony.

"If you're a good little girl I won't have to hurt you," she lied.

She placed the tongs on the other nipple and snapped them closed, twisting and pulling as the girl sobbed in growing hysteria, her torso twisting and her limbs straining against her bonds.

"Will you be a good girl?" she purred, releasing the throbbing nipple.

"Yes! Yes! Please!" the girl cried, voice breaking.

She laughed in amusement.

"Are you ready, dear?" she smiled.

"Wh-what?" Amanda sobbed.

"Ready to get down on your knees and lick my pussy, of course."

"Please! No!" Amanda gasped. "I can't!"

Delores smiled in delight.

"Yes," she said. "You will. Or I will hurt you much more."

She removed the top of her corset, baring her breasts, then pressed herself against the blonde, rubbing her breasts against Amanda's as she slid her mouth against the nape of the girl's neck. She suckled and licked and then bit down harder and harder as Amanda groaned, then cried out in pain and fear.

Delores pulled back, then went to where she'd set her glass down. She picked it up and had another drink, then went back to the blonde.

"Want a drink, slut?" she asked.

"Y...yes," Amanda whimpered.

"Yes please," Delores chided.

"Yes please," Amanda moaned.

Delores held the glass against the girl's lips and let her take a drink.

She pulled the glass away then poured a little liquid and ice into her right hand. She slid her hand under the blonde's left breast, drawing a squeak of protest. She ran her hand slowly up and down Amanda's body, over her breasts, up and down her belly, then in between her legs.

Amanda gasped and trembled and jerked from side to side, whimpering and moaning, but not asking her to stop, already knowing it was pointless, that she was caught in the lair of an evil, cruel lesbian who would do as she wanted with Amanda's own naked body.

"Silly little girl," Delores said. "Don't you know you'll do anything I tell you? Anything at all?"

She put the drink down, then picked up the tongs. She slid her fingers around them and turned back to the girl, sliding her eyes up and down the sleek, firm body.

"I want you to beg me," she said. "I want you to beg me to let you suck my pussy."

"Nooooo," Amanda gasped. "You...you're sick!"

"Sick am I? You might think so, slut, but you'll still be polite...and you'll still beg to lick my pussy."

"No!"

"Beg me."

"Pleeeasee," she whimpered. "Leave me allllllloooooone."

"Beg, slut!" Delores snarled.

Amanda's head jerked back in fear and her lower lip trembled.

Delores clicked the metal tongs together, then eyed the swollen nipple. She let the tongs push into the breast itself this time, catching a thick mass of meat between their iron jaws before she crushed them savagely together.

"Beg," she whispered.

"Oh! Oh! Ohhh! Please! Please! Pleeeeeeasssse! Stop! Ahhhhhhhhhg!" Amanda screamed, jerking and twisting and shaking in agony as Delores dug the tongs into her soft breast.

"Beg me, whore! Beg me!"

"Please!" Amanda screamed.

"Please what?" Delores asked, loosening the tongs.

"Please what, dear?"

"P...p...please don't hurt meeeeee," Amanda sobbed.

"You know how to stop it, dear," Delores smiled. "Beg."

"P...pleeeeee," Amanda sobbed.

Delores slid the tongs off and then around the other breast. Again she crushed the metal together, and again the blonde screamed and howled and shook violently from side to side, her breast pulled and twisted and crushed between the cold metal.

Delores loosened the tongs as tears trickled down from under the blindfold.

"Ready to beg, dear?"

"Ye..ye...yessss," she sobbed.

Anything was better than the terrible pain.

Delores smiled and slid her hands through the girl's golden hair, plucking strands off her sweating forehead. She leaned in and kissed her on the forehead, then pulled back a little

"You'll have to be veeeery convincing, dear," she breathed into the blinded girl's face. "You'll have to convince me you really, really want to lick my pussy."

She slid the tongs down Amanda's firm young belly and then stroked her soft pussy pad. She closed them around one pussy lip and dug them into the soft flesh, making the blonde cry out and squirm in pain. She pulled the pussy lip back and out sharply, smiling at Amanda's desperate cries.

She let the pussy lip snap back, then reached down with her fingers and pried both lips open. She reached in with the tongs and caught the girl's clitty and pinched teasingly.

"Beg me, Amanda. Beg me."

"P...please!" the girl gasped.

"Not good enough."

"P...please le...let me suck...let me suck your pussy," Amanda panted.

"Mistress. Call me mistress."

"P...please let me suck your p...pussy, mistress!" she said in a choked, desperate voice.

"You really want to taste my pussy don't you, slutty girl?"

"Y...yes," Amanda moaned.

"Beg some more," Delores purred. "Tell me how you'd love to suck my pussy and how you dream about licking my clitty. Tell me, slut."

She closed the tongs a little more and Amanda's breath hissed in.

"Please!"

Delores smiled.

"Please! Please let me suck your pussy! Please let me lick your clitty! I'm begging you! Please!"

Delores closed the tongs a little tighter.

Amanda's ankles tightly bound, unable to close her thighs, the blonde girl shuddered and arched her back slightly. Her face contorted in pain and the breath rattled out of her lungs in a choked sob of agony.

"Pleeeeeease!" she sobbed.

Delores closed her fist tightly on the end of the tongs and squeezed.

"AAAHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHhgghh!!!" Amanda screamed.

The pain tore through her body, her clitty burning like a hot coal. She screamed all the air out of her lungs, then sucked it in and howled again as Delores twisted the tongs cruelly, smiling at the sight of the girl's violent convulsions and helpless thrashing misery.

Delores let up on the tongs and slipped them off. Amanda's chest heaved, and her arms pulled desperately against the chains overhead. The muscles in her belly and arms and legs pulled and strained, shifting attractively under her firm ivory flesh.

Delores smiled smugly, watching as the blonde's exertions eased. Tears continued to trickle out from under the blindfold, sliding down her cheeks and

then falling onto her upper chest. Her flesh glistened with sweat, some of which trickled down off her firmly upthrust breasts.

"Ready to beg?" Delores asked.

"Pleeease!" Amanda sobbed. "I diiiiid!"

"Not good enough," Delores sighed. "Try again."

"Pleeease," Amanda wept. "Please let me suck you! Please let me lick your clitty! Pleeeeease!"

Delores slammed her knee up into the girl's soft, vulnerable pussy pad, almost lifting her off the ground briefly. Amanda choked and her legs jerked back against the restraints. Her legs came out from under her and she hung from her wrists, her breath coming in ragged, violent gasps.

Her stomach threatened to heave, and her mind spun dazedly.

"You forgot to say mistress," Delores chided gently. "You'll really have to do better, dear."

Her knee slammed up again, then again, then again as the girl gurgled and thrashed and swayed in her bonds.

Two

Joe had parked right next to the curb. A tall hedge ran alongside the sidewalk here, so the girl would be invisible to the neighbours when she passed his van. He had the side door open, and it would take seconds to shove the girl inside. Even without the cover, the odds someone would see during those few seconds were damned low.

He checked his watch. It was three twenty-five. Any time now, the girl would come past here on her way to her house down the block. The Catholic high school was just four blocks away, and it seldom took her more than ten minutes to get here. In this quiet, suburban, middle-class neighbourhood, she would feel quite safe.

On the sidewalk was a small lawn mower which would require her to step right alongside the open van. She'd probably be looking into the van as she passed. That kind of curiosity was only natural, and he'd put a couple of cute stuffed animals in there to draw her eye. He'd be behind her, with a pair of shears in his hand, as though cutting the hedge.

Clean cut, clean shaven, with a clean white jumpsuit, nobody would suspect him of anything, certainly not an innocent, virginal Catholic school girl.

At least he hoped she was a virgin. That was on the order he'd received. It was kind of hard to tell beforehand, but he'd done his best. As far as he knew she was very religious, and had strict parents. She'd only recently begun to date.

And if she weren't a virgin?

Well, he had alternatives. He'd have to simply drop her off somewhere...after raping her, of course, so the cops wouldn't be suspicious. A simple rape wouldn't surprise them, wouldn't seem at all out of the ordinary.

Oh, they'd look into it, for a couple of days, but they'd never find anything. Anyway, there was a better than even chance the girl wouldn't report it at all.

Now picking her up, checking her pussy and then dropping her off, now that would raise eyebrows. That would get the cops wondering what the hell was going on.

He thought about the blonde. Delores would be home by now. She'd have gotten off early to have some fun with Amanda. He just hoped she didn't lose control again. He'd allowed her to play with the girls before delivery, but she wasn't to make any marks. The blonde must be completely healthy and undamaged. Anything less would make his masters quite unhappy.

Just like this girl, Carolyn. She must be a virgin. So no matter how cute she was...and she was adorable...he wasn't going to be able to stick his cock up her pussy. Not if she was a virgin, anyway.

Of course there was still her back hole. No cherries back there.

He kept looking down the street, hoping today would be the day. He'd had her set up yesterday but she'd walked home with another girl. Usually, she came home alone, quickly dumped her blue uniform, then left for the mall or another girl's house.

There she was!

He started clipping idly at the hedge, sliding the stun gun out of his pocket. He couldn't afford to use chloroform with this girl. He might have to let her go, and if she went to the police, well, chloroform was a very unusual substance to be used in any attack. He wanted nothing unusual, nothing to make anyone pay attention to what would seem an innocuous little rape.

She got closer, and she was alone. He turned on the stun gun, holding it along the length of one of the wooden handles. The girl got closer and closer. She had a gym bag slung over one shoulder and was listening to a walkman.

He turned to his left as she approached, so she was behind him now. She passed, her head turned to the side, looking into the van. In an instant he dumped the sheers and swivelled around. He jammed the stun gun into the girl's side and put a gloved hand over her mouth.

She convulsed briefly, then collapsed into his arms. He heaved her into the van, lifted up the lawn mower and shoved that in, then grabbed the sheers and put them in as well. His head moved back and forth, looking up and down the street, but nobody was in sight. Nobody could have seen a thing.

He jumped into the van and slid the door closed behind him, then grabbed the dazed girl and dragged her deeper into the back of the van. He jerked her legs apart and flipped her short, tartan skirt up. She wore cotton bikini underpants with a red flower pattern. He ripped them off, exposing her softly furred brown pussy pad.

He licked his lips appreciatively then forced her pussy lips apart and shoved his index finger up her sex. He forced it in hard, not caring if it hurt the semi-conscious girl. Then he slowed, not wanting to damage the cherry if it was there. His finger probed deeper and deeper.

There it was.

He smiled thinly, then jerked his finger back out. He rolled the girl onto her belly and pulled her hands behind her back, then handcuffed them there. He picked up a ball gag and shoved it into her mouth, then drew the strap behind her head and buckled it. lastly he cuffed her ankles together, then threw a tarp over her.

He got into the driver's side, happy she was a virgin, but a little disappointed he wouldn't get to fuck her. Oh well, there was still the blonde for that. He started the engine and drove away from the curb...slowly.

"Please, Mistress. Please can I lick your clitty! I need to, mistress! I need to lick your clitty! I love your pussy, Mistress. I love to lick and suck it! Please. Please! Please let me! Please, Mistress! I'll do a good job! I promise to lick you really good!"

Delores punched her fist into the girl's belly, and her pleas turned to choked gasps of pain for several long seconds as the girl's head fell forward and she moaned in pain. Then she slowly brought her head up, gasping for breath. In a sobbing, pain-filled voice, she continued. "Pleeceasse, Mistress!" she whimpered. "I'll lick your pussy really well! I promise! I promise to do a good job! I'll lick it really, really good! I'll do anything you want! Please! Oh, PLeeeeeasse!"

Delores went to the wall and turned the crank, lowering the chain. Since Amanda was half hanging by them she immediately began to sag down towards the stone floor. Delores lowered her to her knees, then halted.

Amanda was still panting for breath. Her head hung low and she appeared to have given up any thoughts of resistance. Delores congratulated herself on breaking the filthy blonde whore so quickly, and without a mark on her. Well, her breasts were a bit bruised, but that would quickly fade.

She spread her legs and stepped closer to the girl. She gripped her hair and wound it around her fingers, then tugged it sharply, drawing a pitiful cry of pain. Delores rubbed her own bare pussy against the girl's face as she smiled down at her.

"Start licking, slut, and you better do a goooooood job," she said. "Otherwise I'm gonna take a bull whip to your pussy until it bleeds!"

Amanda began to lick, or at least to lap against her pussy, her tongue lapping inexpertly up and down the older woman's tight slit. Inside her mind recoiled in disgust and revulsion, but the pain was too much to bear, and she was terrified of what else the horrible lesbian woman would do to her.

"Shove your tongue in, whore," she sneered, jerking again on the girl's hair.

Amanda wined and whimpered, then licked harder and faster, shoving her tongue into the woman's sex, sliding it up and down between her pussy lips and up towards her clitty. She tried to ignore the nausea she felt at her perverted acts, tried to do a good job, to please the woman so she would stop hurting her.

"That's it. Dirty little whore," Delores smiled. "Dirty, slutty little blonde bitch. You love licking pussy. Don't you? Filthy little tramp. That's it. Lick there, slut. Lick my clitty!"

Amanda's tongue rasped against her clitty desperately, her mind reeling from the brutal, crude words, the vile, obscene insults. What had she ever done to deserve such degradation, such vicious vile abuse?

Delores purred in delight, standing firm and straight over the helpless girl, twisting and tugging on her blonde hair whenever she didn't put enough energy into her licking.

"Ahhhhh," Delores groaned. "YEesssss. Little sluuuuuuut!" She rolled her head slowly, pleasure pouring over her as the girl's tongue whipped over her clitty. She had both hands buried in the teenager's thick blonde hair, and was tugging and twisting it slowly as she ground her hips against her face.

She felt a steaming wave of heat blast its way up her spine and arched her back in bliss, grinding Amanda's face into her pussy as she bucked furiously. The heat boiled through her and she grunted and moaned, fighting to stay on her feet as the world spun around her.

Then she was back, exhaling sharply, then panting for breath as she began to recover. She eased up her grip on the licking blonde's hair, and sighed.

"That's one, slut. I want more, though. Keep licking. We'll make a good little lesbian out of you yet. Shove that tongue out, whore! Filthy cock hungry piece of cunt meat!"

Joe saw Delores' car in front of the house and smiled. He was sure she was having plenty of fun with the blonde girl. She hated pretty blondes worse than anything.

He drove into the garage and let the door close behind him, hiding the van from the street. He hummed happily, then went back and checked the girl. He hauled the tarp back and smiled down at her.

"Well, hello. And how do we feel, hmmm?" he smiled.

She stared up with wide, frightened eyes.

He crouched near her and caressed her cheek gently.

"It's too bad I won't get to fuck that nice little cherry out of you, Carolyn," he said. "But don't worry, we can have some fun even so. And someone will get around to it before long anyway."

He shoved open the door, then dragged her over to the edge. He reached down and unlocked the cuffs around her ankles, then lifted her into a sitting position.

"All right, sweetie, come along now," he said, lifting her to her feet.

She stumbled and sagged but his grip tightened on her arm and she regained her balance quickly. He led her out of the garage and into the living room. He took her upstairs to the spare bedroom, then had her sit on the bed. He cuffed one of her ankles to the lower bed post then went back downstairs.

He trotted down to the basement and unlocked the door.

Delores was naked, except for stockings and spiked heel shoes, and she was standing over the blonde, groaning in pleasure as the kneeling girl ate her out. Joe moved in closer and jerked the blonde back by the hair.

He inspected her casually as Delores glared at him.

"Let go," she snapped. "I know what I'm doing.

"Just wanted to make sure you remembered," Joe said.

"I know. No marks! Now leave me alone. You go play with the other one for awhile."

Amanda turned red at the sound of a man's voice, and her hands automatically tugged at her bonds, but she could do nothing to hide her proud young body as she trembled in misery and embarrassment, wondering if the man would now take his turn at abusing her, whether his horrible male organ would soon be ramming up into her pussy hole.

The sound of the door closing let her breath again. She gasped as the woman tugged on her hair.

"Never mind about him, sweetie," Delores purred. "He'll be by to rape you soon enough. For now you concentrate on my pussy."

"Ye...ye...yes, Mistress," Amanda gulped.

She felt her face crushed into the woman's groin again and began to lick at her slit, wondering what these people were, how they could be so evil and heartless and sick. Over everything, though, was a deep, soul-rending fear. Fear of more agony like the woman had already given her, and fear of what they would do to her when they no longer wanted to molest her body.

Joe went back up to the bedroom and unlocked the girl's ankle. He had her lay on her belly on the bed as he undid her handcuffs. Then he pulled her jacket back over her shoulders and tossed it in the corner.

The girl moaned something, but he wasn't interested in hearing it. He rolled her onto her back and began unbuttoning her blouse. Her hands went automatically to block him and he slapped her face hard enough to make her cry out, but not hard enough to leave a bruise.

"You want to die!?" he hissed in a blood curdling voice. "You do exactly what you're told and you'll live. Understand?"

He made his voice sound as evil and cruel and angry as possible in an effort to terrify her. It worked. She laid her hands back, trembling in fear as he resumed unbuttoning the shirt.

He shoved it back, exposing a pink bra that seemed too small for the full, rounded breasts encased within its tight confines. He jerked the girl to her feet and pulled the blouse back over her shoulders and off, then unclipped her skirt and let it fall down.

The girl was sobbing now, crying in misery as he bared her luscious body, but Joe ignored it. She'd be getting a lot worse where she was going.

He undid her bra and removed it. She fought him again, instinctively trying to cover her breasts, humiliated at her nudity in front of a strange man.

He cursed and gripped her wrists, pulling them behind her again then gripping her hair and tearing her head violently back.

She screamed into the ball gag as he pulled even harder on her hair, and her spine threatened to snap as he forced her back to arch cruelly.

"You're gonna pay for that disobedience, slut," he growled. "I may not be able to mark you, but I can sure cause you pain, enough that you'll learn to obey me."

She was naked but for her shoes and socks. A few seconds later they were gone too, and he dragged her over to a table and cuffed her wrists together behind her again. He bent her over the table and unbuckled his belt.

"You ever hear the term, spare the rod and spoil the child, Carolyn?" he grinned. "I'm sure you have. I'm sure your daddy beat your little ass when you were younger. Well, I'm gonna do a lot better job of it, and maybe it'll teach you obedience. God knows you're gonna have to learn that soon enough, girl."

He swung his belt down on her softly rounded buttocks and it hit with a sharp crack. Carolyn screamed into the ball-gag and her body jerked violently as she tried to break away. A blazing red line was left across the soft, white flesh.

Joe swung the belt down again, then again, then again, as the girl seemed to become hysterical, howling and shrieking into the gag, writhing and wriggling like an eel in her desperate attempts to break free. Joe cursed her and decided she needed worse than a belt, but was uncertain what to do that wouldn't leave any permanent marks when he turned her over to her new owners in a few days.

He would have liked to go downstairs to the "storeroom" where there were plenty of devices available to teach stubborn young women their place, but Delores was in there and wouldn't welcome another intrusion.

He dragged the sobbing, struggling girl off the table and over to the bed, pushing her back against the foot of the bed, in between tall corner posts.

He fished in the closet for some cord, and she sprang up and ran for the door. Cursing, he dropped the cords on the bed and ran after her as she raced down the stairs and into the kitchen. She tried to turn around and open the knob but didn't have time as Joe got there right behind her.

He picked her up and carried her upstairs over his shoulders, smiling grimly as he contemplated teaching the little slut some manners and obedience. The last thing in the world she should contemplate again was escaping. It was true that where she was going they'd train her well, but he wanted to take the edge off her resistance before then. He had a certain reputation for producing pliable meat and didn't want one stubborn slut doing anything to ruin that.

He brought her back into the bedroom long enough to pick up a chain from the closet, then, the girl still across his shoulder, he walked down the hall and into the main bathroom.

The shower here was a full sized stall, with three shower heads, one in the roof, right in the middle, one on the west wall, and one on the east wall. He uncuffed the girl, then slapped her face when she struggled to pull her blindfold free. He got her wrists together again in front of her and cuffed them once more.

Right next to the shower head in the roof was a heavy hook. He slung the chain up over it, then dragged the girl into the shower stall and raised her hands high. She almost couldn't reach, but did, just barely. He hooked the chain into the handcuffs and stepped back.

The girl stood on her toes, moaning through the ball gag and looking extremely uncomfortable. She was about to get more so. The controls for the shower were just inside the sliding glass doors. Joe turned on all three to cold. Icy water blasted down on the girl from three directions.

Joe reached up to adjust the wall faucets, narrowing and hardening their field of spray. He left the water on the squirming, moaning girl for a few minutes, then quickly pulled a lever that switched the pure cold water to hot. The girl screamed into her gag as the water poured over her, shaking and twisting, writhing and dancing, actually lifting her feet off the floor as she tried to climb upwards out of the spray.

Joe smiled. He'd done this before, and found it did wonders in taking the resistance out of snotty young women. The water was as hot as he could make it without actually burning her. The last thing he wanted was for her to have scars or permanent damage, after all.

If she'd had the chance to get used to it, and the temperature had been raised slowly, the water now blasting her would have been only a little too hot to be comfortable. The sudden shift from ice cold to hot, though, left her feeling burned, scorched.

When her struggles seemed to be easing he shifted back to icy cold again. Again she started to scream and shake and writhe in place, as the water now seemed to freeze her to the bone.

Back and forth it went, hot to cold to hot to cold, until the girl was hanging limply from the handcuffs and hardly doing more than moaning at each new temperature shift. He stopped then and turned off the water.

"If you'd only learn to obey," he said. "None of this would be necessary. You must be a good girl, Carolyn. You must learn to obey orders."

He lifted her down then carried the bedraggled girl, body and hair dripping wet, through the bathroom, and down the hall to the spare bedroom. He dropped her on the bed and then lifted her right ankle high, picking up one of the cords he'd gotten from the closet. He tied it to her ankle restraint, then tied the other end up high to the left post.

He pulled her bottom right to the edge of the bed, then lifted her other leg, tied the second cord to it, then again, raised her ankle high and wide, tying it to the other post. He tied both in such a way that she was split wide, and her bottom was actually held up about an inch or two off the bed.

She moaned weakly, her head rolling and her body trembling and shaking. She wasn't quite ready yet for further punishment, he decided. Best to wait until something of her mind returned. Maybe Delores was done with the blonde slut by now. He had a bulging hard-on and was longing to sink it into some tender pussy.

He walked back downstairs and found Delores in the kitchen.

"All finished?" he asked.

"For now," she said. "What about the Catholic girl?"

"She's upstairs. She just had a shower, and now she's relaxing on the bed. After she's rested a bit you might explain to her how it's not good form to try and escape."

"I just might do that," Delores said, smiling thinly.

Joe went downstairs and into the storeroom. The blonde, Amanda, lay on her back on the cold stone floor. Her wrists were tied tightly together with rope, and lay on the floor above her head.

Her lithe, slender, athletic young body was bound tightly, her ankles were tied to small rings set in the floor, holding her knees well apart. The ropes were circling her proud breasts, binding them tightly and forcing them to stick out hard and taut and red.

Ropes criss crossed her belly and drove down between her splayed thighs, down straight in between her legs, forced up hard into her tender pussy slit and then up the crack between her buttocks. Her eyes were still bound but she was not gagged. Her breathing was loud, and tortured, and she groaned every now and then.

"How are we feeling today?" Joe asked pleasantly.

She gasped and her body jerked, her legs trying to close. She brought her hands down over her crotch, raising her head slightly as she tried, impossibly to see through the blindfold.

"You look very sweet lying there like that," he said. "No reason to try and hide yourself. Pull your hands away. Go on. Put them back above your head."

Her breathing grew more rapid, and she licked her lips several times, but then raised her hands and let them fall back above her.

"There you are," he said. "Did you have a fun time with my wife?"

"I...Why are you doing this to me?" she whimpered.

"Why? The oldest reason in the world, of course, money. You see, in a couple of days we plan to deliver you to some men who will take you away somewhere. I don't think they'll like it if you disobey them...even a little bit, so you'd be well advised to learn obedience right here.

"But...but why?" she whimpered.

"Why what? Why do they want you? Come now, dear. You know why. You're a lovely young woman with a fine, trim body that will provide many hours of pleasant service to your new masters. I guess you could say you're going to be a sex slave. Won't that be fun? You'll get to suck and fuck all day every day."

"But...but...I...?"

"Now, now. There's no point in whining. Your fate is set. All you can do now is adapt to it. Learn to accept it and enjoy it."

He crouched next to her body and slid a hand onto one hard, tight breast. She gasped and her hands moved automatically off the floor, then fell back.

"That's right. There's nothing at all you can do about it so don't bother trying. You're a sex slave now."

"When are you going to let me go?" she whimpered.

"Me? Never? As for the people you'll be sold to...well, maybe when you're old and ugly they might let you go, though I doubt it. I think when you're too ugly to fuck they use you as a servant, you know, cooking and cleaning."

"I...I could pay you!" she gasped.

"Not enough, sweetie," he said, stroking and caressing her hard breasts.

"My father has money!"

"Not enough."

"How much?! How much do you want?"

"Sorry, honey, but it'd be too dangerous. Kidnapping brings life in prison and the ones who do it are almost always caught. I have no intention of risking myself and my steady, pleasant little job just to let one little blonde slut go free."

"I'm not a slut!" she wailed.

"You all are, dear. You all are. Every one of you teenage bitches that walks around in tight pants, showing off her round little ass, you're all sluts that need to be rode hard and often."

He reached down to her crotch. The ropes were bound together right above her slit in a slipknot, and he tugged them loose, undoing the lower ropes, freeing her slit. The bite of the rope against her pink flesh eased and she groaned in relief.

Joe slowly peeled the rope out from between her pussy lips, then stroked her sex with his fingers.

"Now isn't that better?" he smiled. "Silly woman puts a rope right over your pussy. Now it's all free and clear and ready to be fucked."

"P...please don't!" she gasped.

"What? Why not?"

"I...I..."

"You're not a virgin, after all. Why shouldn't I fuck you? You're sure going to be fucked often enough in the next few years. There's no reason why I shouldn't get a taste as you pass through my hands."

He popped the catch in his jeans, knowing she'd hear it, then slowly, teasingly pulled down his zipper.

"I've got a real hard-on for you, Amanda. Just looking at that gorgeous hot flesh of yours makes me want to blast my jism all over it."

Her mouth opened in horror at his obscene words. Her mind was already reeling in shocked despair at what he'd told her, at what her lay in store for her. They would never let her go!? Never? How could she live? How could she survive? Surely there must be a way to free herself!

He removed his pants, then pulled off his shirt as well. He wore no underwear, and knelt between her thighs

He rubbed his cockhead up and down her slit as she trembled in an agony of anxiety. He slid a hand onto her hard breast and stroked it, pinching and pulling at the stiff nipple.

"Ever been raped, Amanda?"

"Wha...what?" she whimpered.

"Have you ever been raped before?"

"N...N...n...nooooo," she whimpered, starting to cry.

"Now you're going to be. I bet you worried about it for years, some nasty man raping you, and now...here it is," he said happily. "I bet you fantasised about it too. I bet you beat off every night thinking about being tied down and raped."

"I didn't!" she sobbed.

"Liar. I know you did. Ready? Ready to be raped?"

He pressed his cock against her sex with heavier pressure, slowly forcing it through her pussy lips, enjoying the writhing and sobbing as he stretched things out for as long as possible. He forced his cockhead through into her pussy, then gripped her thighs tightly and used a steady pressure to drive his cock all the way up her pussy tunnel.

Three

Her bottom jerked and shook and she sobbed piteously as he forced his cock deep into her belly. She never tried to resist, though, never tried to bring her bound hands down to push him off. She was too terrified of what he would do, too scared he would hurt her as the woman, mistress, his wife had.

She felt his thick cock deep inside her, and her guts shook at the forceful penetration. She had never had anything so big in her before, and her pussy felt bloated and strained. She cried out as he thrust in sharply, and his cock pushed in even deeper.

Joe drove his cock in to the balls, then groaned in pleasure and ground his hips around in slow circles, one way then the other. He twisted his cock around inside the teen's pussy pipe, rubbing his loins against her splayed thighs, against her buttocks and pussy mound.

He slid his body down and forward, laying over her, sighing in pleasure as he felt her soft skin against his own. He kissed her, gripping her hair to force her face towards him, shoving his tongue into her mouth.

She was sniffing and moaning as he ground his cock around in her guts, but that was to be expected. She'd be much easier the next time she was raped. He slid his tongue over her face and onto her throat, gnawing lightly, sucking and licking as he continued to work his cock around inside her.

"Ahhh," he sighed. "I don't think there's anything nicer than teenager pussy wrapped around your cock. It's just so hot and tight and soft."

He drew his cock up a bit, then dropped down, thrusting it back into her. She groaned and her sniffles grew into sobs again. He ignored them as he began to fuck, using short strokes at first, grunting as her pussy sucked and squeezed his hard prong, but slowly working up speed and distance until he was fucking with long, deep, violent strokes.

"Hot little slut," he gasped. "You were made for fucking! You were made to take a man's cock! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Yeah! Yeah!"

His hips rose and fell remorselessly as he thrust down into the whimpering teenage blonde. His cock pounded down her pussy in a furious,

pistoning motion that smashed her bottom back down into the cold stone. He mashed his lips against hers again, then paused, his balls threatening to explode.

"Like it, baby?" he panted. "This is what you better get used to. No more swimming for you, unless you're swimming in jism."

He caressed her breasts and face, then eased down and slid his lips over her left nipple, sucking and licking the hard little button.

"You'll be fucked twenty or thirty times a day," he taunted her. "Up the pussy, up the ass, down the throat, between the tits...you name it. You're a walking fuck machine now, baby. Fucking is your only purpose in life, and you better realize it before someone decides to teach you the hard way."

He resumed his thrusting, softer now, luxuriating in the tightness and softness and heat of her belly as he pumped his cock inside her pussy sheath.

Amanda lay in a dazed haze of pain and misery and hopelessness as his body crushed her to the cold stone. All her dreams lay in tatters as his heavy body ground against her and his big cock rode back and forth in her pain-filled belly.

Delores wandered upstairs and into the spare room, licking her lips in appreciation as she saw the brunette laying out on the bed like a treat ready made for her. She noted the bound, spread legs and the belt laying there across her belly, knowing exactly what Joe wanted.

"Hello, dear," she said, sitting down next to the teenager.

The brown head whirled to face her, though the girl couldn't see. She mouthed something which didn't get past the gag. Delores slid a hand onto her breasts, stroking and squeezing them.

"I hear you're a very religious little girl," Delores cooed. "Never fucked, probably never did anything, hmm?"

Carolyn's breasts were larger and rounder than Amanda's, with big, red nipples that looked like sweet, suckable strawberries. Delores squeezed them, rolling them between her fingers as she lay on her side next to the brunette.

She reached under the girl's head and undid the strap holding the ball-gag in place, then slowly tugged the gag free. Carolyn coughed and breathed deeply several times before speaking.

"Le....let me go!?" she pleaded.

Delores laughed softly, stroking the girl's face, then letting her hand slide down her throat and onto one large round breast.

"Now why would we want to do a thing like that?" she asked in amusement.

"Please! I promise not to tell anyone!"

"What would you tell? You don't know who we are or what we look like. You know nothing."

"That's right!" the girl said eagerly. "I don't know anything, so you can let me go!"

"But we're not ready to let you go, dear. We want to have some fun first."

"Wha...what kind of fun?" Carolyn whimpered.

"I think you can guess, dear," Delores said, sliding her hand down the soft belly and in between the girl's legs.

"Ohh! Stop it! Don't! Don't touch me!"

"Why not?"

"It...it's dirty!"

"Not to me."

"Please!"

"No. I like touching you," Delores said, rubbing her hand back and forth over the girl's soft pussy pad. "You and I are going to have a lot of fun together. Well, I am anyway."

"Oh, please don't!" the girl sobbed, bouncing and shaking on the bed as Delores slowly worked a finger into her pussy slit. Delores chuckled in amusement, forcing the finger deeper.

"Don't! I'm...I'm a virgin!" she gasped.

"I know that, dear," Delores said. "Don't worry. I won't hurt your cherry."

"You...you won't," Carolyn whimpered, trying to grasp any shred of hope."

"Of course not. In fact, if you weren't a virgin, you'd probably be home now."

"I..."

"We wanted a virgin, you see. Ahhh, here it is," she sighed, as her finger touched the girl's cherry.

"Are...are you going to...to kill me?" Carolyn gulped.

"Don't be silly."

"But...I...are you...are you satanists?"

"Satanists? Oh! You think we're going to sacrifice a virgin! Oh how cute! What a precious thing you are!" she laughed, sliding her finger back out then giving Carolyn's pussy a squeeze.

"We're not going to kill you, my dear. What a waste that would be."

"But...but what..."

"We're going to sell you."

"Se...sell me?" Carolyn squeaked.

"That's right. There's always a high demand for soft, pretty young girl flesh."

She bent and licked one nipple, then closed her lips over it and sucked contentedly.

"Don't! Ohh! Don't! Please!"

"Stop whining, dear, or I'll gag you again," Delores said.

"But...but you..."

"I can do anything I want. You belong to me, at least until you're sold."

"But you can't sell me!"

"Certainly I can. I've done it before and I'll do it again. Girl meat pays quite well. There are all sorts of men out there willing to pay good money to get some fresh, clean teenage pussy for their very own."

Carolyn gasped and shuddered, her mouth wide as she stared up in horror.

"Don't worry, sweetheart. You'll like your new owners. They'll fuck you often."

"No!"

"Oh yes. They'll fuck you every day, and you'll get to suck their cocks for them, and..."

"No! I can't!"

"Can too," Delores smiled. She eased her face in against Carolyn's ear. "And just you wait," she whispered. "until you get a big, hard man-cock up your little round asshole for the first time."

The girl started to sob piteously and Delores slid her lips onto her nipple again, sucking and licking and chewing lightly as the girl's body heaved, and trembled, sobs racking her young body.

Joe pumped harder and harder atop the quivering blonde, then groaned as he came, his juice blasting down into her hot young pussy. He gave a final series of high speed strokes, then settled atop her, panting for breath as the pleasure slowly receded.

"That was good," he groaned. "Nice pussy there, honey."

He kissed her again, then eased off her prone body, smiling in satisfaction.

"Don't worry, kid. After you've been raped a few dozen times you'll get used to it. You won't even think twice about spreading your legs when you're told to."

He got to his feet and yawned, then got a knife and cut the girl's ankle free. He pulled her into a sitting position and cut the ropes around her wrists, then put the leather restraints back on and buckled them together behind her back. He cut the remainder of the rope off her and lifted her up onto her knees.

"Now you're going to learn to suck cock, honey," he said. "You're gonna lick my cock and make it all hard again. Now, if you do a good job, and act really, really nice, I'll go upstairs and fuck some other girl there in the asshole. If you don't. If I don't think you look eager enough and aren't doing your best, then I'll fuck you in the asshole. Got that?"

"I...I..."

"The only answer acceptable is yes, master."

"Ye...yes, m-m-ma-asster," she stuttered.

"Good. Remember. I want to see enthusiasm. This is a cock here, and pleasing cocks is your life now."

He gripped her hair and forced her head back, then pressed his finger against her lips. "Let's see you suck a little finger first, baby," he said. "Come on, suck my finger."

She puckered her lips and sucked, bobbing her lips up and down its length as he smiled. "Don't forget to work that tongue, baby. I like tongue on my cock."

She slithered her tongue over his finger as she bobbed her lips up and down. He added a second, then a third finger, letting her suck them as he grinned in pleasure.

"Okay, now we'll start on the real thing? Remember, do a good job, and this hard pecker is gonna take a walk up the stairs and drive itself into another girl's asshole. Otherwise, it's your little round A-hole that's gonna gulp it down."

He rubbed his flaccid cockhead over her face, then pressed it against her lips. She sucked it in, taking the whole thing, sucking it in like limp spaghetti, then massaging it with her lips, gums, and tongue. He slid his fingers through her hair as she worked away, thinking of how lucky he was to have stumbled across a job like this.

He pulled back, sliding his cock out of her mouth. She kept her lips puckered tightly, stretching his cock out, then, when it pulled free, darted forward and began licking on it again.

"Don't forget my balls," he said. "I like getting my balls sucked."

He took his hands off her head and folded them across his chest, watching as she sucked and licked at his balls, then lapped her way up his cock to the top and sucked that in again. His cock pulsed, starting to heat up again. She felt it and sucked harder.

His cock stiffened, lengthened, growing hard in her mouth. She continued to bob her lips up and down as far as she could go, but Joe pulled free and walked around behind her. He gripped her hair and forced her head up and back, making her gasp in discomfort.

With her head way up and back he pressed his cock against her lips and slid it inside, feeling his pleasure mount as her tongue stroked desperately against his cockhead and she sucked hard on his throbbing boner.

"Ever heard of deep throating, Amanda baby? Huh? Know what deep throating means?"

Her reply was muffled, of course, but he didn't really require an answer. He thrust down sharply, and felt his cockhead punch through into her throat, then slide down her gullet. She shook and writhed, but made not a sound as his cock drove through her lips to the balls.

"There you go, Amanda. Now you're doing it. You're deep throating my cock! Congratulations!"

He laughed and fucked his big cock up and down the horrified girl's throat, ignoring her struggles as he enjoyed the sensations against his boner. He fucked in and out with deliberate speed, not much caring how she felt about it as his own sexual passion grew greater and hotter.

Then he halted, panting for breath. He pulled his cock free and shoved the panting, gasping, choking girl forward, letting her fall on her belly on the floor. He considered fucking her ass, but though he didn't much care about lying one way or another, he wanted to stick that Catholic virgin.

He left Amanda and went upstairs to see how Carolyn was doing.

"Please! Please! Please!" Carolyn moaned as Delores continued to lick and suck and stroke her soft young body. The girl was whimpering and moaning in misery and mortification as the older woman did disgusting and horrifying things to her.

And when she felt the woman's tongue against her sex she screamed and bucked desperately in an attempt to free herself. Everything that was being done was an almost inconceivable horror to her. Just being naked was mortifying enough, but these, perverted, sick, sinful things the woman was doing were beyond her imagination.

And it was only getting worse!

"All right then," Delores sighed. "I guess you need more punishment."

Carolyn ceased her struggles, swallowing in fear as the woman pulled away from her groin.

"No I..."

She had her mouth open, and it opened even wider when she felt her hair pulled hard. The ball gag was stuffed back into her mouth and tied behind her and she quivered in fear.

"You tried to escape earlier," she heard. "That's absolutely not allowed, you know, and I have to punish you for it. Don't worry, though. We won't do anything to mark up this fine body of yours. Too many men are going to want to fuck you, and we wouldn't want to spoil their pleasure."

Delores picked up the belt and wrapped the end around her fist, then, looking down at the soft, puffy cunt pad, she smiled and slashed the belt down with all her strength. It hit dead center against Carolyn's pussy mound, and the girl howled maniacally against the gag, her body bouncing and shaking and thrashing in maddened pain.

Carolyn had never felt such pain, had never imagined that such pain could exist in the world. Her sex felt like it was on fire, the pain screaming up through her bones and blood and sinews and ripping across her mind like a flash fire. She howled in agony, her body thrashing in animalistic desperation to get free.

"Lovely," Delores whispered.

She swung the belt down against the girl's mons once again. Again there was a howling shriek through the gag, and the girl's body bucked and jerked and shook in frenzied response. The belt slashed down again, then again, then again, each blow deliberately striking the center of the teenager's pussy pad.

As the girl howled and shook, Delores' only regret was that she must use the heavy belt, and not something more effective, like a riding crop or a cane. But no, no marks must be left on this one. She was fresh and pure, though she wouldn't stay that way long.

Every time the girl started to ease up on her shaking, thrashing and struggling another blow cut into her pussy meat, until she finally stopped responding, and lay there in a numbed, dazed mass of tormented flesh and stunned helplessness.

Delores left then, for one of her soap operas was coming on and she didn't want to miss it. She went downstairs and turned on the TV, then got a beer and

sat back to watch, practically forgetting the girl upstairs until Joe came up from the basement.

"So how's the blonde?" she asked with a sneer.

"Tight."

They both laughed.

"I taught her to deep throat. That came as something of a surprise to her."

"I'll bet. You gonna show the Catholic schoolgirl too?"

"Uh uh. I got a better place for this," he said, indicating his hard cock.

"I thought you said she had to stay a...oh."

"That's right," he said, grinning fiercely. "Her asshole doesn't have to be virgin, and I'm willing to bet getting a stiff pecker up the ass will calm her down and take away some of that purity she thinks is so special."

"Well, be my guest, though I don't know if she'll even care."

"You whipped her pussy?"

"But good," she smiled.

"Wish I'd seen that. Oh, well. I'd rather ass fuck the little whore."

"Have fun," she said as the commercial that had been on ended and her soap returned.

Joe climbed up the stairs to the second floor and went into the bedroom. The girl was much as he'd left her, except her body was coated in sweat and she was moaning weakly through the gag. He fingered her pussy and she gasped and her hips bucked up.

He smiled and let his hand slide off the hot flesh.

"How are you feeling, Carolyn? Are you starting to learn? Hmmm? Your body doesn't belong to you any more. It belongs to us. You either do as you're told or you'll be punished."

He reached behind her head and undid the ball-gag, then pulled it out. She panted furiously, then paused to moan and whimper.

"Does your pussy hurt?" he smiled, sliding his hand along her belly and in between her legs.

"Oohhh!" she cried, as his hand slid over her pussy.

"I guess it does," he smiled. "I bet it would hurt even worse if I shoved my cock up there, huh? Want me to do that, Carolyn?"

"Please," she whimpered.

"Tell me what a slut you are, Carolyn," he said.

"But I'm nooooooot," she sobbed.

"All teenage girls are sluts, you bitch!" he sneered. "Now tell me. Confession is good for the soul!"

He squeezed her pussy and she cried out in pain.

"Tell me what a slut you are."

"Pleeeeeease! Stooooop!"

"Tell me!"

"I'm a slut! I'm a slut!" she screamed.

He slid his hand up her body and stroked her breasts as she sobbed in pain.

"Good. Now you're starting to learn, hmmm? What are you?"

"I...I'm a slut," she wept.

"A dirty, filthy slut!"

"I'm a...a dirty...f...filthy slut!"

"I love sucking cock!"

She sobbed, then panted deeply. "I...I love...su...sucking cock."

"I am a fuck machine, built for fucking."

"I...I'm a fuck machine that's built for fucking."

He untied her ankles and dragged her off the bed and onto the floor, then held her in front of him by the hair. He unzipped his pants and took out his cock, already hard. He held her face before him as he rubbed his pecker over it, and she trembled and moaned in misery as she realized what it was.

"That's right, whore," he said. "This is a cock, a big, fat, long, hard cock, and it's hard for you, Carolyn, it wants to slide inside you and spurt out it's juice."

He rubbed it back and forth over her lips, which she closed tightly. He smiled and shook his head.

"Now, Carolyn, you are going to open your mouth, and suck my cock. Otherwise I'm gonna spread your legs and ram it up your cunt so hard and deep it's gonna come out your mouth from the other direction."

"Please," she whimpered. "I can't! I caaaan't!"

"Want your pussy whipped again?"

"No! Please!"

"Open your mouth, whore."

She opened her trembling lips and he rammed his cock in. She gagged and choked as he started twisting and jerking his cock around inside her oral cavity.

"Close your lips and start sucking, whore!" he snarled, slapping her on the side of the head.

Desperately she closed her lips around it and sucked like she would on a straw. His cock continued to slide back and forth through her lips and she tried to use her tongue to keep the head from going down her throat.

"Lick my cockhead, you stinking bitch! Don't you know anything!?"

Carolyn felt her stomach heave, and knew she could not take this any longer. She was revolted, disgusted, nauseated at the male organ inside her mouth, and could think of nothing more horrible, even the pain.

He pulled his cock free and she gasped in relief, not caring if he beat her. Anything was better than that!

She felt his grip on her hair tighten, then cried out as he pulled it down and forward, forcing her downwards. She almost fell on her face, but landed on her shoulders instead as his hands positioned her on her knees. She felt him move behind her and cringed in misery, knowing he was going to take her long sought after virginity.

His strong hands jerked her thighs open and she felt his hand on her groin. She hissed in pain, but didn't try to protest. Then she felt his spit-wet cock pressing against her buttocks. It slid to one side and then pressed against her...her...her...

"Wha...wha..."

He snickered and jammed his cock against her anus, slowly forcing her wrinkled anal opening to part, forcing it to take his thick, knobby cockhead.

"What are you doing?! Don't! Oh my God! Nooo! Don't! You can't!"

"I love this round little ass so much I've just gotta fuck it," he said.

"Oh God! Oh God! No! NOOOooooooooo!"

Her mind was overwhelmed with horror as she felt his organ forcing its way into her rectum. She trembled and shook and tried to twist away, but he held her easily in place, his hands gripping her flanks as the evil, filthy tool was forced deeper and deeper into her anus.

Her asshole stung, and then burned, the pain mounting as the thick cock drove down deeper. She screamed in horror, her head thrashing wildly as she was impaled on his big tool. She howled and shrieked and screamed until he jammed the gag into her mouth again.

His cock sank deeper, spiking into her guts as the hysterical girl screamed into the gag and writhed desperately. All her efforts were for naught, however, as the cock thrust in sharply and buried itself in her tight, round little ass.

She felt his hips against her skin and his round, hairy balls against the underside of her buttocks, and she knew his long man-cock was way up inside her asshole. The idea sickened and horrified her. She could feel the hard nose of it pressing against her very stomach! It ached. Cramps rippled through her guts as he twisted and jerked it around inside her.

"Get used to it, whore," he said. "A hundred men will fuck your asshole before the week is over!"

NOOOO! NOOOOOOo! She screamed in denial, her mind blasted by horror and denial as his words sank in, as his cock began to pump in her bowels. No! She couldn't bear it! She couldn't live through it!

His cock pumped inside her again and again, sliding back and forth, leaving a trail of burning pain as it tore back and forth through her numbed sphincter muscle. She sobbed piteously as her little round hole was raped, sure she had fallen as low as it was possible, that she was as filthy and degraded as any human ever had been.

She could feel the big male organ's movements inside her, could feel it sliding back and forth, up and down, in and out. Her mind felt numbed by it all, by the pain and misery and horror, wondering why God had abandoned her to such wretchedness, what she had done to deserve his wrath.

His cock pumped harder and faster, and the pain mounted, but she only whimpered in misery, no longer trying to escape, knowing she couldn't, knowing that she could do nothing as the evil man sodomized her. She had long feared rape, but sodomy wasn't something she had ever really thought about. Only the lewdest of degenerates would contemplate something so disgusting and perverse.

Now she knelt on the floor while a man raped her asshole, while a big male cock pumped inside her belly, perhaps even no getting ready to spew out it's sperm, to fill her guts with its sticky whiteness. If she could have willed herself out of existence she would have done it there and then.

Instead she only moaned as his big cock pounded into her, as his hands stroked and squeezed and fondled her body, as his hips hammered against her behind. Then he went into overdrive, and her entire body shook as he jerked her back to meet his savage thrusts. Her asshole felt ripped and torn as his cock slowed and then stopped.

"There you go, slut," he sighed. "It felt like I pumped a gallon of jism up your asshole. I hope you like it."

Nearly catatonic with horror she simply stared at the inside of the blindfold and wept.

Amanda lay bound tightly on the cot for long, long hours before someone came for her again. Her ankles were released, then her wrists were pulled up from where they'd been locked.

"Had a good sleep, slut?" the man's voice asked.

"Noo," she sniffled.

"Today's sales day!" he said. "Today I bring you to the meat merchant and sell you!"

"Pleease," she whimpered.

"Just shut up and do what you're told."

He shoved a ball gag into her mouth, then clipped her wrist restraints together in front of her and led her up two flights of stairs. She heard other voices and tried to pull back but he just shoved her forward until the voices were right in front of her.

"Ahh, we have company."

Amanda recognized the voice as belonging to the horrible woman who'd hurt her so much.

"Look, Carolyn, we've been joined by another little friend," the woman cooed.

Amanda felt herself pushed forward until her right foot hit something.

"That's the bathtub, slut," the man said. "Get into it."

Amanda climbed over the tub and brought her foot down to hot water. She put her other foot into the water, then, as his hand pushed down on her shoulder, she slowly sat down, easing between what felt like someone else's legs.

Someone took her wrists and pulled her forward, until she gasped and stumbled against someone. She felt wet, soapy breasts against her own and tried to jerk back. Laughter filled the air as hands pressed her forward against the other squirming body.

"Carolyn, meet Amanda. Amanda, meet Carolyn," the woman said. "You two are going to the same home, so you should get to know each other."

"Let's get on with it," the man said impatiently.

Hands soaped up Amanda's hair and body, then water poured down from some kind of hand shower. Her blindfold was torn free, and for the first time since her capture she could see.

She blinked her eyes against the light, squinting. The first thing she saw was another girl her own age, also naked, and sitting on the other side of the

tub. She had very large breasts, and dark hair that was wet, and her face was frightened and miserable s she looked back.

Sitting on the edge of the tub next to her was the woman, mistress, only she was wearing a black mask. She smiled at Amanda, though, the smile evil and cruel.

"Too bad you can't stay longer, Amanda, honey," she said. "I'd have made a good pussy eater out of you before long."

The woman was washing the dark haired girl, and as Amanda turned her head she saw a man doing the same to her. Like the woman he wore a mask. He was more casual, though, and in a hurry as he stroked his hands over her naked body.

She was pulled to her feet for another rinsing, then helped out of the tub, as was the other girl... Carolyn. They were seated side by side as the two masked people brushed and dried their hair. Both were gagged, so neither could say anything.

Once dried they were led out of the bathroom and through the house to the garage. Both girls were lifted up into a panel truck. There was nothing in the back except a chain that ran down the roof. Their wrists, locked in leather restraints, were lifted up and locked together on the chain so both girls had to fight to keep from pressing their bodies against each other.

The woman paused to stroke and squeeze and fondle their breasts, then kissed each on the cheek.

Farewell, my lovelies," she said. "You're on your way to being good little fuck toys. Maybe I'll see you again some time."

She stepped down and the back doors of the truck slammed shut, leaving the two alone. They stared into each other's eyes in horror and anxiety, wondering what would happen to them, hoping against hope that the woman and man had only been making things up, that they would soon be freed.

The truck started, and they heard the garage door clanking open, then they drove forward and out of the house.

Four

Amanda and Carolyn were shaken and swung about in the rear of the truck as it drove along. Their toes found little purchase in the hard steel floor, and their soft, naked bodies were constantly thrown against each other.

After what she'd been through with the mistress, this didn't bother Amanda all that much, but it obviously bothered Carolyn, who squeaked and jerked away every time her breasts pushed into Amanda, or Amanda's pressed against hers.

Amanda had more important things to worry about, like where they were going, and what would happen to her when they got there. If those two perverts had been telling the truth she was in for a world of rape and abuse, and nothing she could do about it would help.

Her mind shrank from the thought of men, man after man abusing her, raping her, forcing her to do disgusting things. What kind of life was that? Where would they keep her, locked up in some kind of cage? What kind of people were they?

Maybe if she pretended to go along with them she would find some chance to escape. How, though, could she possibly pretend to go along with...awful things like that?

She trembled in horror at the thought of some of the terrible, disgusting things they might do to her. Her one night of misery at the hands of those two awful people had been something beyond her worst nightmares. How could she possibly cope with days, weeks, maybe months of that?

The truck turned and swung her against the other girl, Carolyn. Her breasts were crushed into Carolyn's fat, round orbs. Carolyn screamed into her gag, jerking back desperately. Amanda pulled herself straight wearily. She glared at the girl silently. Stupid girl, she thought, as if this was any concern when they faced possibly being raped by dozens, maybe hundreds of men for years and years.

She remembered suddenly, how the man had made her suck his cock, had told her that if she wasn't enthusiastic enough he'd...fuck her in the ass. This must have been the other girl he had spoken of.

She looked at her with a little sympathy. Being raped in the ass was something so horrible she didn't even want to think about it.

And yet, she realized with dread, that was something that was probably going to happen to her too. She knew she had a great looking ass, and knew that men who had her totally in their power would do whatever they wished with her, including that.

She felt like screaming, not that it would do any good. What was she going to do?!!!

The truck swung her against Carolyn again and the brunette squeaked in alarm as their asses rubbed together, quickly scrambling away. The truck stopped, and both girls turned to the door in worry. From the sounds coming from outside the truck they seemed to still be outside somewhere.

Then they heard the sound of a garage door opening, and the truck drove forward into what sounded like a garage. The door closed and they heard male voices. The back door of the truck opened and they saw the man come inside.

He still had his mask on but the two men who followed him up didn't bother to cover their faces. Both girls cringed in embarrassment as the men's lewd, lust-filled eyes caressed their soft flesh.

"Hot damn," one of them said. "What a couple of fuckin' whores!"

"Lookit the teats on this one," the other said, groping Carolyn's breasts.

The Catholic girl's eyes bulged and she mewled in terror, her body trembling. Amanda gasped as one of the men squeezed her bottom, then slid his hand in between her thighs to stroke her pussy.

"This is the swimmer?"

"Yeah, the masked man said.

"That makes this one the virgin," the other one leered, mashing his fingers in Carolyn's soft, fleshy breasts.

"Let's check," the first man said.

The second man moved behind Carolyn, then the first bent over and jerked her legs up in the air. He shoved them back against her chest, and the second man put his arms around her body and locked her legs up there, exposing her crotch.

The first man carefully slid a finger into her pussy, moving it slowly and gently, wriggling it around in the mortified girl's cunt until he felt her hymen.

"Cherry's there," he nodded.

"I wouldn't try to sell you boys defective goods," the masked man protested.

"All right, all right," the first one grunted.

He pulled a red magic marker from his pocket and wrote a number on Amanda's shoulder, then as the second man let Carolyn's legs go, he wrote a number on her shoulder too.

"The blonde is stock number 7294. That's the number for your invoice," he said. "The virgin is special order 389."

Stock number? Amanda looked at the red number on Carolyn's shoulder. SP389 it said. Her own shoulder bore the big red numbers 7294. Stock number? They were treating her like a piece of merchandise, like a hunk of meat!

The two men pulled the girls free of the chain, then heaved them across their shoulders and climbed down from the panel truck. Amanda saw they were in a large garage, but with her head upside down she didn't have much time to make things out.

She was carried through a door and down a hall, then into a room which had rows of hooks hanging on rollers, much like in a meat market. There was a girl already in there, naked like her, and hanging from her wrists from one of the hooks. She and Carolyn were both placed on hooks behind the first girl, then left there.

They hung there for about half an hour, their arms getting sore, their shoulders aching. Then the two men came in again with another girl, a woman perhaps five years older than Amanda. She too was placed on a hook.

"Send the special order through. Her master is waiting for her," one of the men said.

"You got it, Phil."

He gripped Carolyn's thigh and pulled her back. The hook slid along on rollers above her and she was sent sliding across the room, then through a dark tunnel. She disappeared, and Amanda felt strangely like she'd lost a friend.

Every twenty minutes or so another girl or two was brought in until there were about twenty-five of them there. Almost all looked like teenagers, nubile and fresh faced. All were naked, beautiful, their bodies full and firm.

Amanda's arms were killing her, and her shoulders ached fiercely. Her toes twisted and twitched several inches above the stone floor as she hung in a row with the other women. Men came in and out, taking girls in or bringing in boxes of supplies.

It was amazing how soon she got used to strangers seeing her naked. It didn't happen easily. At first, every time someone new came in she cringed inwardly, feeling mortified as their eyes moved over her. She didn't feel very embarrassed by the other girls, since they were in the same position as she, but she felt odd around them too.

After an hour or so of men hustling and bustling in and out and around her, the embarrassment began to fade, even if the pain did not.

"Okay, send the whores through," one of the men said.

Several men pushed on the girl on the end of the row and pushed her into the next girl. That girl was pushed along into the next and the next and the next, until the one behind Amanda mashed against her and thrust her forward into the girl in front of her.

The girls, all pressed together, slid along on the rollers towards the dark doorway through which Carolyn had disappeared. They slid through in a long train of flesh, passing into darkness for a few seconds. They slid downwards, picking up speed and separating a little, then rounded a corner into a small room.

A man waited there and held them there, spacing them out a little and turning them sideways. They waited another little while, then another couple of men came in, both wearing blue uniforms. One carried a clipboard and followed the other as he walked up and down in front of the girls, inspecting them.

They checked off their stock numbers, then wrote out brief descriptions of each girl.

"Hmmm, let's see," the man who seemed to be in charge said. "Lots of blondes as usual..."

"They're popular usually very popular, sir," the man with the clipboard said.

"Yes, yes," the man said, bored. "Let's start with this one," he pointed at one of the blondes, one with very large breasts and curly hair.

"Number 7301," the other man supplied.

"Then another blonde, say this one," He pointed at another blonde, a young one, very slim and fresh-faced.

"7305."

"Then this brunette here," he pointed at a girl with waist length brown hair. "And brush her hair out before she goes through."

"7298...brush hair," the man with the clipboard said.

As he pointed out girls the girls were lifted off their hooks and carried forward to be placed in order near a curtain. They saved Amanda for last.

"All right, now wait for the calls, then shove them through one at a time," the man in charge said.

He turned and left the room, followed by the man with the clipboard. The girls stayed there, hanging in a row. A couple of men remained. They moved to the curtain, then stepped through, then a door was opened on the other side.

The hanging women could hear a babble of voices through the curtain, many voices. They cringed and moaned into their gags. Then a voice rose above the others, speaking into some kind of loudspeaker.

"Greetings gentlemen!" the man said. "Welcome to our monthly meat auction. We've got some fine flesh here today, gathered from all across the western United States. They're healthy young specimens that will provide years of service to their new owners."

"First, stock number 7301..."

One of the men pushed the curly haired blonde through the curtains and she disappeared from sight.

"7301 is a seventeen year old from Valleyfield. She's a natural blonde, as you can see, and measures 38-22-36. She's five feet six and weighs one hundred and nine pounds. As you can see, she has excellent teeth, and is in perfect health. She was a cheerleader, and is quite limber... if you know what I mean..."

The door closed and the sounds disappeared. Amanda stared towards it in horror. It sounded like there were dozens and dozens of people out there. Was she to be brought out in front of them all and...and auctioned off? Surely not!

One by one the girls were pushed through the curtains, but always the sounds in the other room were cut off shortly afterwards. Amanda's dread mounted as the girls disappeared, until only she was left. Then the doors opened and the man came behind her and pushed on her back.

She rolled through the curtains and was blinded as a spotlight was fixed on her. She slid out onto a stage and was pulled to the center next to a man wearing a tuxedo. She heard a buzz of conversation coming from below the stage, and blinked her eyes in shock and horror.

"To finish, gentlemen, stock number 7294. Eighteen years of age, this natural blonde is five feet nine inches in height. She has blue eyes, and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Her measurements are 36-21-36.

"Now I want you to pay special attention to this one, gentlemen," the man said. "This girl's body is as finely honed as a well tuned piano. She was captain of her high school swim team, and destined for an athletic scholarship in swimming at U of C.

"You really have to feel the firmness of this one's body, gentlemen," he said, sliding his hand up and down Amanda's belly. "Look at the musculature of her ribs and stomach."

He gripped the back of her hair and pulled her head far back, making her chest push out.

"Also, look at the perfection of her shape. You'll find other girls with bigger breasts, or longer legs, but look at the total package here. It's as near to perfect as you could ever hope for. Her breasts are utterly perfect in their shape and firmness, the nipples, dead center, sweet and suckable. And look at this."

He turned her so her back was facing the audience.

"Look at this ass," he said admiringly, his hand sliding up and down her ass. He pushed on her stomach so her bottom stuck out more firmly.

"This is one of the finest asses I've ever seen, gentlemen, and I've seen plenty. It's so soft and perfect you'd like to cut it off and frame it. And then, of course, there's this..."

Amanda gasped, and heard laughter from the crowd as the man's hand slid down her bottom and in between her thighs, cupping her pussy.

"She's tight and warm and wet, and waiting for you, gentlemen," he laughed, giving her pussy a squeeze.

He turned her around again so she faced the audience. She could see a little now, since the spotlight had been widened out. There were perhaps fifty or so people, all men, looking up at her.

"What could a girl like this make if you rented her out? Who knows? Probably a thousand a day, maybe two. Train her properly and she'll purr like a kitten. What do you say, gentlemen. Shall we open the bidding?"

"Ten thousand," someone called.

"Eleven thousand!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

"Twenty!"

Amanda hung there, shocked by it all as the bids went higher and higher.

"Sold!" she heard.

She blinked her eyes and turned to look at the man in the tuxedo, then out into the audience again.

A few moments later she was rolled to the other end of the stage, then through another curtain into a room very much like the one she'd left. She groaned in relief as she was pulled down off the hook at last, and carried over to a small box.

The box looked like a coffin, and served much the same purpose. She was placed inside it, then her wrists were pulled apart and locked to the sides of the box. Her ankles too were locked to the sides, then several straps were pulled from the bottom and wrapped around her at the knees, hips, chest, and head, locking her tightly in place.

A man leaned over her with a hypodermic needle, and jabbed it into her arm. She yelped into the ball-gag, then her vision began to swim and blur. Then it faded out altogether.

She woke slowly. She moaned a little dazedly, then opened her eyes. She squinted against the light, and lay there for some time regaining her senses. She felt weak and dizzy, and had no idea where she was.

She tried to move her hands, but couldn't, nor could she move her legs. She raised her head, though it took a great deal of effort, and saw that she was still nude, and that she was laying on a heavy table of sorts. Her wrists and ankles were shackled tightly to the corners, so tightly that they ached, and felt cramped, and even her spine felt stretched and strained.

The room she was in was small, containing mostly shelves and boxes and a few sinks and tables. She saw no windows, and nothing to indicate what kind of a place she was in, or even what country.

She wondered if she'd been sold to some Arab sheik or something, and trembled at that, knowing she'd never find her way out of some desert in the middle-east.

Then, after a while, the door opened and a man came in. He was wearing normal clothes, no uniforms, anyway, and he didn't look arab. She felt embarrassed anew as he came over beside her and looked her over.

"Not bad. Not bad at all," he said.

"Wh...where am I?" she gulped.

"What shall we call you?" he mused.

"Amanda," she answered meekly.

He frowned, then ignored her. "Missy. That sounds about right. Your name is Missy, Understand?"

She nodded in confusion.

"You'll be given over to the training master soon, and you'd better be a quick learner, otherwise you won't live long."

"The...the trai..."

"Just do what you're told, when you're told and you'll live through it. The other whores have."

He slid his hand over her body, following its contours and ridges, stroking her breasts admiringly.

Amanda swallowed and fought down a whimper of fear. There was nothing she could do to resist him if he chose to use her, as that other horrible man had.

"Be a pity if this soft flesh of yours gets all whip scarred, wouldn't it, Missy?"

He turned and left and she stared up at the ceiling in misery. Wherever she was it didn't look like they were going to be letting her go any time soon. It also looked like they were going to do more than just rape her, that pain awaited her as well.

She waited in an agony of fear for an unknowable time, then the door opened again and the same man returned. He came over to her table and released her from the shackles, then helped her to stand. Her legs were very shaky and rubbery, and she had to cling to him as he helped her shuffle across the room.

He let her sit down, then fitted leather restraints around her wrists and ankles.

"These are temporary. Once you've been trained properly you'll be initiated, then get permanent shackles," he said casually.

He pulled her to her feet, gave her some water, then locked her wrists behind her back. He walked her to the door, a hand on her arm, then opened it and led her out into a hall.

Amanda quaked at going out there naked, but the man gave her no choice, and soon she was walking alongside him down the wide, carpeted hall. They passed several people, mostly men who appeared to be workers on some errand or other. There was one woman, though, a middle aged blonde who looked her over casually, without pausing in her stride.

Amanda cringed from that stare, finding it very hard to accept being seen naked by total strangers, especially men.

The man led her to an elevator, then pushed the button and waited. The doors opened and they got in. There was already a man inside. He looked at her appreciatively, then reached out and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing it.

"Nice looking meat," he said.

"Yeah, just got here today."

"Not even trained yet?"

"Going there now."

"I wouldn't mind tearing off a piece of her first."

"Orders are orders," the man with her shrugged.

The doors opened and he jerked her forward, leading her down another hall. Her bare feet padded on a cold tile floor as they moved along, and her eyes darted from side to side, seeking any sign of an exit. There was none.

They paused at a door, and the man took out a key and unlocked it. Then he opened the door and led her inside. The room was small, the floors and walls unpainted plain stone. Chains hung from the ceiling. The only furnishing was a table on which had been laid a number of frightening looking objects.

He walked her to where the chains hung, then undid her wrists, lifted them high, then locked them together above her head. He turned then and left, not saying a word.

Amanda looked around fearfully, her eyes drawn to the table, where there were whips and canes and strange metal devices. There was also, she noticed now, a small cart next to the table. On it was an machine of some sorts. Thick wires were laying on top of the machine, attached to clamps, and it looked something like a battery charger

The door opened and a man came in. Her eyes went wide as she saw him. He was big, not in the sense that he was that much taller, than her, but that his body bulged with muscles. He wore no shirt but only a kind of leather pants with the crotch cut out. She could not see his groin, though, because he wore some kind of G-string over it.

His face was calm, almost bored as he regarded her. He moved slowly around her, studying her from every side, saying nothing. Then he nodded, as if reaching a decision. He went to the table and lifted a cloth, then brought it back to her. Before she could say anything he had pressed it against her eyes and wrapped it around her head, then tied it behind her.

Something touched her belly button and she yelped and jerked back, but it was gone. Her mouth was open and trembling, her head turning from side to side as she tried to figure out where he was, what he was going to do.

"P..please," she begged. "Don't hurt me!"

A hand grasped her breast and squeezed. Again she gasped in fear, then shook as the hand squeezed and fondled her breasts. He had put on gloves, she realized. Why had he done that?

The hand moved and again she had no idea where he was. Again something touched her, something hard and narrow. It poked her breast, then slid down her side and around behind her. It disappeared, then flicked at her hair.

Then she heard a hissing sound and something struck her bottom hard. A split second burning aching pain tore through her and she screamed and jerked helplessly, dancing and shaking and sobbing as the pain made her guts clench.

She sobbed in misery and terror, trying to twist and turn away from the next blow. She heard the hiss again, and the thing struck her across both breasts. The pain was unbearable, it ripped her from end to end. She shrieked in agony as she swung and thrashed helplessly in her bonds.

She wept miserably, gut wrenching sobs tearing through her as she stood there waiting the next blow. He was in no hurry, but it came. She heard the hissing from behind her, then the blow against her upper back. She screamed as the pain followed, thrown forward off her feet briefly, then swung back by the chain. She shook and twisted again, sobbing in terror. She kicked out, hoping to force him back, but felt only air against her legs.

"Please stop!" she cried. "I'll do anything you want!"

She stood there, shaking and gasping for breath, desperately hoping...

Hiisssss...Crack! The thing struck her buttocks again, sending her flying forward only to swing back on the chains again. She howled in pain, her flesh burning like fire.

"Fucking bastard!" she shrieked.

Hiisssss...Crack! The blow struck her right breast, right across the nipple. She screamed and tore madly at the chain, trying to pull free. She jumped and pulled and swung, her feet clawing at the floor as she tried to tear herself free.

Hiisssss...Crack! The thing lashed across the backs of her legs just above the knees, knocking them out from under her as her howls and screams filled the small stone room.

"Pleeease! PLEEASE!" she sobbed. "I'll do anything you want! Anything!"

Hiisssss...Crack! The thing lashed across her breasts again and threw her back. She screamed in misery and pain, hanging from the wrists now as she gave up standing, gave up anything but trying to cope with the terrible, boiling agony ripping through her nervous system.

"What is your name, slut?" a voice asked after her screams had subsided to sobbing.

He waited patiently for her to form words through her tears. "A...a...ammmmaannnddaaaa," she sobbed.

"No. That's not right," he said, his voice regretful.

Hiiiiiiiss...Crack! The thing lashed her left breast right across the nipple. She screamed again, tears soaking the blindfold.

He waited patiently. "What is your name, slut?" he asked.

Her pain-blasted mind could hardly function, but she knew that she must answer properly, that a wrong answer brought more pain. At that moment she would have sold her soul to avoid more pain. Her mind spun and whirled as she tried to figure out what he wanted.

"M...misssy?" she whimpered.

"That's right. That's your name."

She heaved a mental sigh of desperate relief.

"Tell me, Missy. What are you?"

Her mind reeled in terror. There were so many answers! Her mouth opened and closed as a sob escaped her. She knew she wouldn't get it right. "A....a slut?!" she cried.

"What else?" he said, sounding doubtful.

"A..a. whore! I'm a cheap slut and a whore!"

"You're generalizing, Missy," he said, very much like one of her teachers. Something flicked against her right nipple and she gasped in fear and pain.

"You must be specific. After all, saying you're a whore and a slut is essentially correct, but it's like saying you're female. It's really the same thing. What are you here?"

"I...I...I don't know," she whimpered.

Hissss...Crack! Pain ripped through her as the thing slashed her lower back. She screamed and sobbed and swung wildly on the chain.

"You have been told, Missy," he said regretfully.

Her mind spun again. What had she been told. She had been told she was being sold...

"A....a sex slave?" she whimpered.

"Yes, that's correct," he said approvingly.

She shuddered in relief.

"You want to be a sex slave, don't you, Missy?"

"Ye...yess?" she gulped.

"Why?"

"I...I....because I'm a slut! I...I love to be fucked!"

"All women do," he chided. "What about you in particular?"

She was silent, except for whimpers.

"Don't you think you owe it to men to please them, after the way you've acted?"

"I....I...yes!" she cried desperately.

"And what have you done that's been so bad?"

Another she did not know.

"I-I've been bad because...because I've fucked a lot of men?"

It wasn't true but it was her best guess.

It was, unfortunately, wrong.

Hiiiiiss...Crack!

The pain struck her breast, then her belly, then her back, again and again and again.

Five

After she had stopped screaming she heard his voice, apparently repeating something. She lowered her sobs enough to make out the words, desperate to avoid further pain.

"Missy, Missy, Missy," he sighed. "If you're not going to listen there's no point in my talking."

"I...I'm listening," she sobbed piteously.

"Well, good. Now then, let me tell you a story. Would you like that?"

"Ye...yes?"

"Once there was a sweet, pretty little girl. Everybody loved her. But one day, a strange thing happened. The little girl grew taller, and her body changed. It began to fill out in all sorts of pleasant ways, ways that attracted mens' eyes...

"Are you following me, Missy?"

"Yes," she squeaked.

"We should probably start you on answering politely while we're here," he said. "You must always answer master...as in, yes, master, no, master. Understand?"

"Ye..yes, Master."

"Very well. Now then, to continue. This little girl grew up and... out in all sorts of pleasant ways. Unfortunately, her mind changed as much as her body. Instead of a sweet girl she became a self-absorbed, shallow, cock-teaser who loved nothing better than to show off her attractive new body to all the males around her. She loved getting them all hot and turned on. But you know what? She never would let them touch her pretty body.

"This was very cruel of her, of course. It was like holding out an ice cream cone to a child on a very hot day, then snatching it back and laughing. The girl, woman now, wore tight, tight pants to show off her round her ass was, and wore high heels to emphasise it even more. She delighted in wearing tops that pulled tight across her firm young breasts, or that revealed her firm midriff.

"Best of all, she loved the beach, where she could wear tiny bikinis and walk back and forth in front of all the men to tease them. It made her feel good to get their cocks hard.

"Of course, if any of them approached her she would quickly turn away and hurry off. She wanted nothing to do with these strange men, for she knew they wanted to stick their cocks into her, and she felt like her pussy was made of gold, and should only be granted to the males who would beg the most, who would wine and dine her and take her to parties and movies and promise her all kinds of things.

"She was a very selfish woman, don't you think, Missy?"

"Ye...yes, Master."

"She had this delicious little pussy hole that she never really used, but wouldn't let any of the men use either, even though they desperately wanted to. Instead she walked around in revealing clothes, glad she was turning them on, happy she was making their cocks hard, but not wanting anything to do with them.

"But...but I...I didn't..."

"Hisss...Crack!"

"AAAARRRRghghhhhhhh!" she screamed as the thing lashed across her hip.

"Tell me, Missy, if we were to look in your closet at home, would we find any tight jeans?"

She longed to deny it, but what if they had? Anyway, all girls had tight jeans.

"Ye...yee..yessss," she whimpered.

Hllllliss...Crack!

"You forgot to say master," he chided her as she screamed and sobbed in misery.

He waited for her screams to peter out.

"Would there be jeans in your closet that pulled up nicely against your ass and showed it off to anyone looking?"

"Ye...ye...yes, M...M...Master," she gulped.

"Jeans that dug up into your pussy and hugged your hips?"

"Yesss, Maaster."

"Would we find tops that for some strange reason didn't quite descend all the way to your pants?"

"Yes, Master," she sniffled.

"And short skirts that showed off your soft, very lovely legs?"

"Yes, Master," she said miserably.

"How many men and boys do you think saw you in outfits like that over the last few years and longed to get their hands on you?"

"I...I don't know, Master" she whimpered.

"Hundreds and hundreds probably. Don't you think?"

"Ye...yesss, Master."

"And how many, precisely, have you allowed to get their hands on your fine round ass? How many?"

His hand stroked her bottom, and she winced as it slid over the burning flesh.

"I...I don't know, Master."

"Think!"

"I...uhm...uh..."

"I'm waiting."

"Maybe....maybe...twenty, Master?"

"And how many did you allow to get their hands on your bare breasts?"

His gloved hand slid over her breasts, and again she gasped and trembled in pain.

Uh...uhm...maybe...maybe ten, Master?"

"And how many did you allow to get their lips on your soft pink nipples?"

His fingers pinched and rolled her left nipple and she moaned in pain.

"I...uh...uhm...five or six, Master?"

"And how many got to stick their hard cocks into your tight, warm little pussy hole?"

His hand cupped her pussy and then his finger slid up inside her, squirming around in her sheath.

"Two, Master" she whimpered.

"Two," he repeated. "Of all the men you taunted and teased and turned on, you only spread your legs for two of them. You only let two cocks up your golden pussy."

"WHY?!" he yelled into her face.

"I...I don't know, Master," she whimpered.

"I know. It's because you're a filthy stinking bitch! Isn't it!?"

"Yes, Master" she gasped.

His hands went to her blindfold and he untied and removed it. She blinked her teary eyes at him as he tossed it back on the table. He held up a thin wooden cane and smiled.

"This was just a cane," he said. "Just to warm you up."

He went over to the table and put down the cane, then lifted up a long, black leather object and brought it back.

"This is a riding crop," he said. "It's much more painful. It's an excellent device for training filthy little bitches."

"I...I'll do anything you want, Master!" she cried frantically.

"I know you will, Missy," he smiled. "I am a training master. I can make you do anything I want. Do you know what my task is, slut?"

"N...N...nnnnoooo," she whimpered.

"To destroy you."

"D...d...des..."

"Not your flesh, of course, only your self. I am named Kharg...Kharg the Destroyer. I will destroy Amanda, and only Missy will be left."

He reached up above her head and unlinked her left wrist from her right, then pulled it apart and locked it to another chain.

"We don't want you swinging around too much while I work," he smiled.

"Please," she sobbed. "Please, Master! Please don't hit me any more, Master! I'll do anything you want!"

"Really?"

"Yes! Yes!"

He ran the crop down between her legs and sawed it back and forth against her pussy.

"Will you fuck me?"

"Yes, Master!"

"Spread your legs for me, slut."

She jerked her legs as far as she could and he slid the crop back and forth along her pussy, pressing up so it slid between and sawed against her pink cunt flesh.

"Do you want me to fuck you, Missy?"

"Yes, Master!"

He smiled and stepped back to the table, putting down the crop. But then he peeled off his leather gloves and flexed his hands, cracking his knuckles. He picked up the crop again and swung it back and forth several times, letting it cut the air menacingly.

He came back to her and smiled apologetically. "No, I don't think so," he said.

"Please! Oh, please, Master!"

"Would you rather...suck my cock?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!"

He put his hand around her throat and squeezed a little, then slid his hand up under her jaw and over her mouth. He pushed a finger against her lips and forced it inside. She sucked on it eagerly, remembering the man who had first raped her.

She licked her tongue over it and sucked hard as she looked at him beseechingly. She cared nothing for pride or dignity now, only about pain.

He smiled and slid his finger back out of her mouth, then wiped it off in her hair. He walked around behind her and she tensed, waiting for a blow. She panted for breath, whimpering in fear.

"What a nice ass," he sighed, cupping it in his hand.

"Spread your legs for me, slut."

"Ye...yes, Master," she whimpered, spreading her legs apart.

His fingers probed at her anus and she closed her eyes and shuddered.

"How about if I fuck you in the ass? Would you like that, Missy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Stick that ass out for me, Missy. Show it off for me like you do for all the men."

She swallowed in fear, but pushed her bottom out and up. She hoped desperately he would sodomize her. Even that was better than the awful pain of...

Whhhhhrrr...Crack!

She howled in agony as her buttocks exploded with fire. She screamed and screamed, her legs jerking out from under her as her mind was flooded with more pain than it could cope with.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The blows landed one after the other...across her back, her buttocks, her thighs. Blast after blast of pain ripped through her as she screamed her throat into ragged dryness, until finally she could scream now more, could only sob in misery and pain and terror, and hang limply from the chains.

Kharg walked back to the table and sat down, then lit a cigarette and smoked as she moaned and whimpered and trembled in agony. He pulled on a leather vest, the air in the dank cell cool against his skin, and sat back patiently.

After a while her sobs lessened and her groans eased.

"Now are you sorry you've been such a cock tease?" he asked.

She didn't answer, only moaned.

He stood up and slowly peeled off his jodhpurs, then walked over to her in what was little more than a loin cloth. He held the crop in his hands and pressed the tip under her jaw, forcing her head up.

He smiled into her glazed eyes.

"Didn't you think we'd punish you for all the evil and frustration you've caused?" he asked. "Did you think we'd just let you come in here and fuck everyone without any punishment for your past sins?"

"Tell me how you want my cock," he breathed. "Tell me how you want it, bitch!"

He jerked back on her hair and she cried out.

"Beg me to fuck you, you cheap little cockteasing whore!"

"Fu...fuck me," she gasped.

"Beg for it, whore!"

"Fu...fuck me," she panted. "Please...please fuck me, Ma..master. Please fuck me."

"You love my cock, don't you, Missy?"

"Ye...yes. I...I love your cock."

"You want it inside you."

"I..I want it inside me."

"Up your...TWAT!" he barked.

"I...I want it up my t-twat."

"Up you CUNT!"

"Up my cunt," she groaned.

"Beg, slut!"

"Please," she groaned. "P-Please. Please. Please, Master. Please fuck me. Please fuck my t-twat. I love your cock. I love your cock inside me. I want you to fuck my cunt with it. Please."

"You filthy piece of vermin," he sneered. "You're not worthy of taking my cock up inside you. You want to get off? Your dirty pussy wants something to gnaw on? Here!"

Kharg jammed his riding crop against her sex, pushing up hard and then sawing it back and forth. Amanda gasped as the leather crop sawed roughly over her soft, pink pussy flesh.

"You love that, don't you?" he barked.

"Ye..yes," she whimpered.

"Stinking tramp! Filthy whore!"

He sawed the crop faster and harder, and she whimpered and groaned as it ground down against her clitty and soft pink pussy, rasping back and forth fast enough to burn her sensitive flesh.

"Fuck meat. That's all you are now, slut. You're fuck meat. What are you?"

"F-f-fu-uck m-meat," she panted.

He stopped sawing, then shoved the round knobbed handle of the crop against her pussy and thrust up hard. She gasped, her legs jerking apart as the thing drove up deep inside her. He rammed it up into her cervix and raped her with it as she whimpered and groaned in pain.

"Tell me how you love it, slut!"

"I love it! I love it, Master!" she gasped.

"You want it, don't you?"

"I want it! I love it!" she sobbed.

"Tell me then! Beg for it!"

"Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Harder," he sneered.

"Fuck me harder! Fuck me harder!" she sobbed desperately.

"Slut! Cheap cunt hole! Hump back on it! Push that dirty cunt back against it!"

She jerked her hips forward, sobbing and moaning as the handle pounded up into her again and again, his hand a blur as he raped her with the round handled whip.

"Let me hear you grunt," he sneered. "Grunt like a bitch in heat! Grunt like the slut dog you are!"

"Ungh!" she grunted.

"Louder! And hump back more!"

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she grunted, humping back against the crop as he rammed it up into her sore pussy.

He pulled it out and shoved the round knob against her lips, forcing it through into her mouth.

"Suck that, whore," he sneered. "Suck your own cunt juice!"

She sucked, her mind a dazed, shocked muddle with only one objective, please him, make him happy, make him like her so he wouldn't hurt her any more.

He sneered and jerked the crop back, then tossed it on the table. His hands went to his leather G-string and jerked it open, and his long, bulging cock burst out into the open. Amanda saw it through her blurred vision, and blinked her eyes to focus.

It seemed enormous, bigger, thicker, longer than any cock she'd ever seen, not that she'd seen that many, but it was much, much bigger. She stared at it, almost in confusion, wondering why it was so big.

"You want my cock up your pussy, don't you, slut?"

"Yes, Master," she said automatically.

"Spread your legs, slut."

She shifted her feet apart as his hand cupped her pussy and kneaded the soft flesh.

"You're not worth fucking, bitch. I'm doing you a big favour by putting my nice clean cock into your dirty, slutty body."

He gripped his thick cock and pressed the head against her slit, then rubbed it up and down the tightly closed cleft. Then he forced it through and made her pussy lips stretch and strain as he pushed the head inside. He stepped forward and slid his arms around her, then dug his hard fingers into her aching buttocks and squeezed tightly as he thrust up into her with all his force.

She cried out, her head whipping back as he jerked in on her bottom and pulled her up onto his cock. It thrust up into her like a spear, driving deep into her guts. He jerked her legs out from under her, pulling her legs up and apart as he buried his cock in her to the balls.

"There you go, whore," Kharg growled into her ear. "Now you got a belly full of cock, just like you wanted, just like you needed."

Amanda groaned in pain as his hands dug into her buttocks and thighs. All the flesh there was criss-crossed with angry red welts and his touch was agony. She could also feel her guts cramping and spasming with pain from his

crude, savage entry. His cock had pierced her to the centre of her belly and lay ugly, and thick and hard, throbbing inside her guts.

"Ahhhh," he sighed. "Nice and tight. Tight cunt sucking and squeezing on my prick."

He pulled back and then thrust in, making her bounce in the chains. He repeated the act, driving his cock into her as if it was a weapon, spiking it up into her with brutal force as she sobbed and moaned in pain.

"Put your legs around me, whore," he ordered. "Put your legs around me and squeeze them tight."

Shuddering in pain she raised her legs and put them around him, hooking her ankles together behind his back.

"Now listen to me, whore. Are you listening?"

"Ye...yes, Master," she whimpered.

"I'm going to take my hands off, and you're going to do all the work. You're going to use your leg muscles to fuck your soft little pussy back and forth on my cock. If you fall off, if your legs come apart and this whore's cunt of yours comes off my prick before I come, I'm going to pick up that crop, chain your ankles up and back with your wrists, then whip your pussy till you're unconscious. Understand?"

"Ye...Ye...Ye..s, Ma..Master," she whimpered in terror.

His hands dropped away and she gasped as she felt the strain come down on her wrists and legs. She clung desperately to him with her legs as he brought his hands up behind her head.

"Remember, bitch. You have to make me come. Otherwise I'll whip this cunt so hard it'll tear your clitty off!"

She whimpered in fear, tightening her legs around him. She began to use her leg muscles, tightening and loosening them, riding her pussy back and forth on his cock as he stood there. It wasn't easy, and the muscles in her thighs began to burn with overwork, but she humped back and forth, bouncing herself against his hips as she pulled her sex down on his cock, then loosening her legs and letting her pussy slide back along the hot, thick tool.

Her legs were very strong, fortunately, since she'd been a swimmer. She continued to work her pussy back and forth on his cock, desperately wishing he would come. The two boys that had fucked her had both come within a couple of minutes. Why wouldn't he?

She groaned and strained to tighten her legs, to pull her pussy back up along his cock. Her thighs were on fire, her legs worn out. It felt like she had been sliding her pussy up and down on his cock for more than twenty minutes.

She tried bearing down, squeezing down on her pussy muscles as she slid off his cock. That soon made her guts ache even more, but she was desperate. Her legs dragged her pussy back until their groins were locked together, then she loosened them and squeezed her pussy muscles as she slid back up his cock.

Soon her legs and guts were too tired, and as much as she sobbed and strained to pull her pussy back she couldn't. She clung to him for a minute, then her legs fell apart and back to the floor. She sobbed in misery as he stood back, his cock springing up hard and thick.

"Too bad," Kharg sighed. "Another hour or so and you might have made it."

"Pleeeasse," she sobbed.

He lifted her legs up high. Both ankles had leather restraints on them, rings on the restraints. He shoved them up high and locked them to the same chains that held her wrists, then stepped back. Her crotch was completely exposed, her sex and bottom sticking up and out at him in an oh so vulnerable position.

He shoved his cock against her pussy slit and then drove it in to the hilt. His hands gripped her hips and he began to fuck her with savage strokes. His cock rammed down into her pussy, ripping through her guts as he tore it in and out.

His hands rocked her in the chains, swinging her back and forth so his hips slapped bruisingly and painfully into her upraised bottom on each thrust. His cock punched her in the centre of her womanhood as he rammed it into her, and all she could do was whine and moan and sob.

He fucked her for long minutes, rutting against her in a savage, mindless pistoning motion. Then he sighed and she felt his juices flooding her womb, felt her guts cramping on the thick, boiling jism.

He pulled his cock slowly out from between her pussy lips, squeezing it so more white juices leaked out and dribbled over her cunt mound. Then he stepped back and picked up a cloth to rub his cock off with. He fastened his G-string, then picked up the riding crop.

"Please," she whimpered in a piteous appeal. "Please, Master! Please Master Kharg!"

He smiled as he brought the crop down directly on her soft, gleaming pussy pad.

Her body jumped and writhed as her screams echoed around the room, and the crop whistled as it came down again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Six

The riding crop drove deep into the soft, pulpy cunt meat, not hindered at all by the thin coating of furry golden hair. The sound it made was a soft, moist, meaty one, but it was barely audible as the blonde's screams rent the air.

Her body thrashed and shook and convulsed in maddened agony as she shrieked and screamed again and again. He brought the crop back, then whipped it down again, harder this time. He ignored the screams and thrashing, aiming each blow to land directly against the pussy mound.

After a dozen blows he lowered his aim, cracking the crop down on her wrinkled anus. She seemed ungrateful, for the screams did not ease. He landed several blows on her wrinkled hole, then shifted back to her pussy again. Still she screamed, again and again and again, until her voice was a soft croak.

Then her head fell forward and her eyes closed. Several more blows brought no response and he halted, put the crop back, and left.

Amanda hung there in senseless agony for long hours, her body throbbing with pain as her mind lay in blessed blackness.

She woke slowly, whimpering and twitching, her eyes fluttering weakly as her arms and legs pulled spastically against the chains. As her awareness grew, the pain flooded in, and she began to moan and sob in misery. She gazed at her pussy, only inches away, surprised to find no blood, surprised that she saw no sign of the horrible beating it had just taken. It burned. How it burned!

Hours passed, and she hung there, swaying slightly, whimpering and sobbing and moaning in her pain. The room was lit but a single bulb above the door, and the room was in shadows. She thought about her life, wishing she had it back, ran through all the memories of herself before, of the way she dressed, the way she acted.

She knew she had dressed to make herself look sexy, but had never thought of that as a crime before. She had been proud of her looks, of her body. She had known...vaguely, that some of the men who looked at her wanted to do...lewd and unspeakable things to her...but had never really paused to think about it.

Now, with her legs pulled up painfully and uncomfortably high above her, her wrists, arms, and shoulders throbbing with pain, her entire body aching and trembling and burning, and that terrible, awful pulsing hurt between her legs, she wondered, in her muddled stupor, whether she might, in fact be guilty of taunting men.

Was this her punishment? Was that why they had so cruelly and horrifically beaten her? Maybe she deserved to be punished, like the man said. Maybe she really was a whore for acting like that.

These thoughts were disjointed and confused, for the pain bubbling through her aching frame made it impossible for her to think straight. Her mind had become numbed by the pain and brutality inflicted upon her. The brutal raping, the second in two days, was almost irrelevant to her compared to the whipping she had received.

For long, long hours she hung like that, until Kharg finally returned. She blinked at him through her legs as he turned on the other lights and moved over in front of her. He reached up above her and unlocked the ankle restraints from above her, then let them fall to the floor.

She cried out in shock, and her body swung and jerked awkwardly and painfully as he moved over to the table. He picked up a plastic squeeze bottle that had a long plastic tube attached and came back to her.

"Care for a drink of water?" he asked.

She blinked her eyes at him in dazed confusion.

"Water?" he repeated, holding up the bottle.

"Yessssss," she whispered.

"Yes, Master."

"Yesss...Massster," she croaked.

He pressed the plastic tube against her lips and squeezed the bottle. She sucked weakly and water dribbled out through her cracked lips and down her chin, falling onto her chest and sliding down between her breasts.

He pushed the tube deeper and let her suck in more, then pulled it free and squirted a stream of water over her face and then over her breasts and belly.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" he asked.

"Yessssss," she groaned.

He shook his head in admonishment. "This is the last time I'm going to warn you to say master. You must be polite, slut."

"I...'m soooorry," she moaned.

He sighed again, then drew back his powerful arm and slammed his fist deep into her soft belly. The force of the blow threw her back, sending her feet flying out in front of her. Amanda croaked and gurgled in pain, the breath knocked out of her. She gurgled and croaked and choked as he shook his head sadly.

"I did warn you, Missy. You must learn to be polite. Most of the men here aren't nearly as tolerant and kind as I am."

He reached out and gripped her hair, jerking her head up and back. "Would you like to try apologizing again, dear?"

"I-I-I'm s-s-sorry, Master!" she gasped.

"Will you be a good girl now?"

"Y-yes, Master," she croaked.

He let go of her hair and her head fell forward as she groaned in pain.

He squirted more water on her face and head and breasts, then pushed the tube between her lips and let her suck down some more.

"Life will be so nice for you here, Missy, once you've been trained," he said. "You'll get to wear pretty clothes, go to nice parties, hang around the swimming pools...and you won't ever have to do any work. And best of all, you'll be fucked regularly. That pretty pussy of yours will get lots and lots of cock meat to swallow."

He lifted her head up by the hair. "Won't that be nice?" he demanded.

"Yesss, Master," she groaned.

"Would you like me to let you down from there?"

"Yeessss! Oh yess, Massster!" she panted.

He reached up and unclipped her wrist restraints, then let her down slowly onto her knees. She groaned and whimpered, her back aching, her legs, her arms, every part of her flaring with pain. Kharg went back to the table and sat down on a chair next to it, watching her.

"You have a fine body, Missy," he said.

She groaned as she twisted her shoulders to one side.

"It's polite to say thank you, Missy, when someone pays you a compliment."

"Th-thank you," she gasped. "Master," she added at the last second.

He got up and went over to her. Her eyes turned wide with fear, but he only turned her to face the chair. He made her fold her legs underneath her, then sit back on her heels.

"Keep your knees wide open, and your back straight," he said. "And keep your head up."

He ran his hand up and down her back, pushing inward a little to straighten her, then jerked back on her hair a bit to bring her head up. "Put your hands on your thighs unless they're tied behind you, and keep your arms straight."

He walked around her in a slow circle, then sat down in the chair facing her.

"That is the slave's position," he said. "It is the position you will automatically assume whenever you are not being used. Slaves do not sit on chairs here. They sit on the floor. If they're very lucky they get a cushion, or at least have a rug beneath them. If not, it's the stone."

"He stared at her for a minute.

"You don't look happy, Missy. We like our slaves to look happy. Smile for me."

"I-I..." She was going to say she hurt too much to smile, but decided it would be pointless. She pulled her lips up into a weak smile.

"Now then, what is your name?"

"M-Missy, Master," she sighed.

"What are you?"

"A...slave. A sex slave, Master."

"Do you like being a sex slave?"

"Yes, Master!"

"Why?"

"I...want to make it up to men for the way I...the way I taunted them with my body."

"Besides that you love cock, don't you?"

"Yes, Master. I love cock," she gulped.

"What does that make you?"

"A slut and a whore, Master."

"Do you think you deserved the beating you got?"

"...Yes, Master," she said, lowering her eyes.

"You're not going to treat your pussy like gold any more, are you?"

"No, Master."

"Did you like the fucking I gave you?"

"Yes, Master."

"You'll get plenty more of that. Are you looking forward to it?"

"Ye-yes, Master."

"All right, Missy, I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to get on your hands and knees and crawl around the room."

She looked at him in confusion.

"Now, Missy."

"Yes, Master," she said.

She leaned forward and gasped in pain as her weight came down on her aching arms. She closed her eyes and trembled weakly, suddenly aware of a gnawing ache in her belly. She tried to remember how long it been since she'd eaten anything.

She crawled slowly towards the corner of the room, her knees aching as they came down on the hard floor, her thighs and the rest of her legs burning in pain, and her arms and shoulders aching with every movement.

Once she reached the corner she turned and crawled to the next one, then the next, then the next.

"Crawl faster," he ordered, after she'd made one circuit of the room.

She crawled a little faster, but she was weak and in pain, and the more she moved the more pain she felt. She made a second circuit of the room and he called out again. "Faster, slut. And when you crawl keep your knees further apart and keep your ass up in the air. Let those tits of yours swing and wobble more too."

Amanda did her best to follow his orders, though it made crawling more difficult. It never once occurred to her to be embarrassed. She never for a moment thought about how utterly degrading her actions were. Things like that were no longer of the slightest importance. Pain was all that mattered, pain, and avoiding it.

"Crawl over here," he ordered.

She changed course and crawled over in front of him.

"I want you to clean off my boot, Missy," he said, crossing his legs and raising one of his leather booted feet off the floor.

"Clean it, Master?" she blinked.

"That's right. Lick it clean. Use your breasts to buff and polish it, and use your hair to dry it."

She stared at his boot for a moment, then looked up at him. He frowned impatiently back. She looked down at the boot again, then reached out and took it in her trembling hands. She leaned forward and began to lick along the top. Her small, soft, pink tongue lapped across the top from side to side, then started on the front sides.

"Don't forget to polish it," he said.

She hesitated, then pulled her head up and crawled a bit closer. She pulled his boot in between her breasts, then rubbed her right breast over the top, polishing the black leather until it gleamed.

Her breast still ached from being struck by the cane, but refusing his instructions was bound to bring much worse than the pain she got from rubbing them against the boot.

She bent and began licking along the side again, rubbing her breast against the wet surface.

"Don't forget the grit there," he pointed.

She pressed her thumb into the surface of her tit, forcing it into the crack to wipe the grit out. She winced in pain, but continued.

She licked over the other side, then rubbed her other breast against it, then when he lifted his foot higher, she began to lick along the bottom, sliding

her tongue in and along the treads. It hurt especially hard when she rubbed her breast meat along the treads there, for there was a lot more grit and dirt.

Finally he said that was good enough, and she pulled her hair forward and rubbed it all over his boot to dry it.

"Good, girl, now the other boot."

She sighed, then lifted up the other boot and began to lick. It was dirty work, and ached a little, but it was far better than anything else he was likely to do to her. After another twenty minutes or so she'd finished cleaning the other boot, and he had her crawl around the room again, swinging her ass and making her tits wobble and swing.

Then she knelt in front of him again, sitting on her heels.

"Are you a good girl, Missy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Are you a good little slave girl?"

"Yes, Master."

"Will you always obey the orders a master gives you?"

"Yes, Master."

"Any orders?"

"Yes, Master."

"Turn around and press your face against the floor."

"Yes, Master, she gulped.

She turned and lowered herself until her face was pressed against the cold floor.

"Raise that ass high and spread your legs."

"Yes, Master," she grunted, obeying.

"Now reach your hands back between your legs and grip your pussy lips, then pull them open. I want to see your little pink hole."

"Yes, Master," she groaned, working her arms down underneath her and back through her legs. Her fingers recoiled at the pain that rippled through her as soon as she touched her pubic mound and she whimpered.

"Go on. Shove your fingers in deep, two fingers from each hand, then pry that fuck hole open."

Amanda panted and moaned and clenched her teeth to fight off the pain as she gently slid her fingers into her sheath. She shuddered and whined as they slid deeper, then groaned aloud as she pulled her pussy open, stretching the tight, aching flesh.

"Wider," he said. "Wider!"

She groaned and whimpered, pulling wider and wider.

"Wider! I want that hole so wide a football can pass through!"

"Oohhhhhh," she groaned.

"Wider."

"I...I caaan't," she sobbed.

"Do you want me to try it, slut?!"

She whimpered and pulled herself a little wider. It gaped before him, and he thought he could see almost all the way down to her cervix.

"You want a cock in there, bitch?"

"Ye-yes, Master," she gasped.

"You just can't get enough hard cock, can you, slut?"

"N-no, Master."

"All right, whore, let it close, then turn around and suck my cock for me."

She gratefully let her pussy lips close, then slid her fingers out from between the aching flesh. She pushed her face off the floor and turned around to face him. She crawled up to him and he spread his legs.

"Take it out and suck it, whore," he said with a smile.

She pulled his G-string open and slid her fingers around his cock, then pumped it several times. She licked at the head, then pulled it into her mouth and started sucking on it.

"You know, Missy, sucking cocks is the only reason we let you bitches keep your tongues at all. God knows it's the only useful thing you can do with that flapping thing."

She bobbed her lips up and down his cock, squeezing the base repeatedly. She remembered what the other man had said, about deep throating, remembered how he had forced his cock down her throat. Was she expected to do that here? She didn't think she could without throwing up.

His cock hardened and thickened, until she could hardly get her lips around it, and sliding her lips up and down was difficult. She slurped and gurgled awkwardly as her mouth strained around the massive organ, licking the underside of his cockhead.

His hands slid through her hair, then began to pull down. They didn't jerk down, just pulled remorselessly. She tried to hold her head back, and whimpered in fear and protest, but her strength was nothing compared to his, and his cock pushed up deeper and deeper.

She took a deep breath and then her mind cried out as his cockhead pushed into her throat. It blocked her breathing completely as it slid downwards, and all she could do was tremble and shake as she looked up at him despairingly.

"Did you think you'd be allowed to get away with half measures around here?" Kharg asked, sounding surprised. "Deep throating is the way it's done properly, little slut, so you'd better get used to it."

He pulled her down until her lips were pressed against the base of his cock, and his long, meaty pole of flesh was buried down her gullet. He held her there as she squirmed in desperation, in no hurry at all to let her back up.

After about a minute, when her squirming was becoming truly desperate, and her face was turning blue, he slowly eased up and let her head come up. She coughed and choked and held her throat in pain and nausea as his cockhead pulled free.

He snorted in amusement. "Don't worry, slut, before long you'll be able to deep throat a horse without any difficulty at all."

He tightened his grip on her head and pulled her face forward, pressing his cockhead against her lips. She whimpered in denial, but didn't dare refuse him as his cock pushed into her mouth. It slid up through her lips and pressed against her throat. She swallowed and it slid right down her gullet.

"Good girl," he said, patting her head. "Now I want you to slide your lips up and down my cock...top to bottom."

He let go of her head and she slid her throat back up. She did it slowly, for every movement, however small, hurt. She almost choked and threw up when his cockhead popped free into her mouth. She panted and sucked in air as fast as she could, then, when she judged he was getting impatient, she slid her mouth forward again.

She swallowed as she felt his cockhead press against her throat. It was a thick mass to swallow, but she made it, and slid her throat slowly down his cockshaft all the way to the balls. She slid back up again, breathed, then swallowed his cockhead once more and slid down to the balls.

"See, you're getting good at it," he said.

She slid her mouth up and down his cock as he sat there, until he gripped her hair and pulled her head back. He held her face in front of him as he pumped his cock rapidly, then sighed in pleasure as his sperm jetted out the tip and splattered her face with white droplets.

"There you go, whore," he groaned. "Rub that all over your pretty face for me."

She brought her hand up to her face and rubbed the thick white drops all over as he smiled down at her.

"Sit back on your heels," he ordered.

"Open your mouth wide and keep it open. Close it and you'll be beaten. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

He held his soft cock out, pointed right at her face. She blinked rapidly, wondering what he was planning. His cock was soft now so what...

Piss squirted out and splattered against her face. Her mind was blasted by shock as she understood what he intended. She snapped her lips closed as the piss sprayed over her face, then turned away, trying to cover her face.

"Get back in front of me!" he cried. "Open that slutty mouth now!!"

She cringed in terror, then turned back, letting the piss splash on her face.

"Open your mouth!!"

She opened her mouth and the piss poured in, filling it up quickly and trickling over the lower lip. He turned his cock downwards, spraying piss on her tits and belly.

"Swallow it, whore," he barked.

She tried but couldn't. She spit it out instead.

He glared, then turned his spray up onto her face, again filling her mouth.

"Swallow it, you filthy whore!!"

She whimpered, then closed her eyes and tried to swallow again, but the taste was too horrible, and her mind rebelled. She spit it out again, sobbing in misery.

"You'll pay for that, bitch," he glared, shaking off his cock and then pulling his G-string back on.

"I'm sorry, Master," she whimpered. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

"Not as sorry as you will be, slut. Get on all fours."

She dropped onto her hands and knees, whimpering in terror as he stood up and moved to the table. He pulled out a long length of thick cord, then turned back to her. He dropped the cord over the back of her neck, then drew the two sides down along the sides of her breasts.

He circled both breasts right at the ribs and tightened the cords. He drew the two sides of the cord around behind her and tied them together tightly there, making her cry out as the cord bit into her soft breasts. He ran the cord back over her shoulders and down between her breasts, then around each breast again to tie tightly between them.

"All right, whore, stand up," he ordered.

She straightened, gasping in pain as she gazed down at her breasts. The cords forced the flesh out into two hard, tight, taut balls of flesh that were rapidly turning red.

He pulled her to her feet, then dragged her over beneath the chains and pulled her hands up.

"P-p-p-please, Ma...Master, I'm sorry," she whimpered.

"You will be."

He locked each wrist above her, then turned and walked out the door.

She stood there uncertainly, wondering if she could possibly be so lucky as to not get a beating. She looked down at her aching breasts, wincing a little. They hurt, but not that bad.

After a while her breasts turned from red to white, but she still stood there grateful that had been all he'd done.

Then the door opened and he came back in.

"Well, little slut, are you ready to be punished?"

Her heart fell.

"Please, Master! I'm sorry, Master! I'll be a good slave girl, Master!"

He belched, then went to the table. He picked up a long leather glove, then picked up a short crop. It was harder than the riding crop, though still leather. He walked over to her and smiled, then placed the tip of the crop right below her right nipple. He flicked it up and she cried out in pain, shocked at how sensitive her nipple had become.

"I think I've heard more than enough of your whining for one day," he grunted.

He went back to the table and got a gag, then came back to her, shoved it into her mouth, and tied it around behind her head.

"Now this might hurt," he said. He paused and shrugged. "Okay, this will hurt. It will hurt like hell. Maybe the next time you refuse an order you'll remember what happens to you when you do. A little piss in the mouth is a lot less trouble than having your tits whipped."

She cried out in denial, whimpering into the cloth, begging him through the gag to not hurt her.

He brought his gloved hand up and caressed her swollen, hardened right breast, and she was surprised and frightened to feel how ultra-sensitive her breast was. Even the soft caress felt like sandpaper.

He bent down and clipped her ankle restraints together, then stood up and smiled again.

"This is gonna hurt you a lot more than it hurts me," he said.

Seven

He pinched her nipples and she cried in pain, jerking and shaking and trembling as the fire bit into her twin orbs. He dug his fingers into one breast and squeezed, but the soft flesh was no taut and hard because of the cord, and had little give. The more he squeezed the more she screamed in pain. Her breast felt like it would explode from the pressure.

He let go and backed up, then raised the crop.

"Now this is gonna sting," he smiled.

He swung it down and struck her right breast a vicious blow. It bounced and jerked, and pain exploded behind Amanda's eyes. She howled and screamed in agony as her breast boiled and burned. Again the crop swung down, this time hitting her left breast. She shrieked and shrieked, her body thrashing and convulsing in extreme agony.

The crop slashed across her right breast again, then her right, then her left, then her right, then her left. His hand rose and fell, rose and fell, cracking and slashing the crop over the white flesh, laying deep, angry, fiery welts of pain all across their perfect round surface.

Agony howled through her again and again as the crop slashed and bit on her breasts. He aimed at her nipples several times, threatening to tear them free as the hard leather crop cracked against them.

"You think you can refuse any orders from a man, you cheap cunt hole?" he growled, pausing to study the shaking, writhing, howling girl. "You'll obey any man's order without question from now on. I'll see to that."

He raised the crop and continued to beat at her swollen, boiling breasts, sending white hot pain searing through her shuddering burning body. Finally, the pain rose so high her head seemed to explode, and she fell into a deep, grateful blackness.

"I must obey. I must obey. I must obey. I must obey. I am a whore. I am a slut. I am a slave. My purpose in life is to please men. I am made to please men. I am built to please men. I must obey I must please men. I am a slave. I love to be fucked. I need cocks inside me. I..."

The voice went on and on and on without pause, drumming into Amanda's tortured mind. She moaned, but didn't hear it. She opened her eyes, but saw nothing. She tried to move but couldn't. Her head throbbed like it would burst from the pressure inside. She felt sick and in pain.

"I must obey. I am a slave. My body belongs to the masters. I must obey the masters. I am a whore. I am a slut. I am worthless. My cunt is for men. My

asshole is for men. I love to be fucked. I love to suck cocks. I love my masters. I must obey...."

She didn't know where the words came from, or who was speaking them, and didn't much think about it. There were several voices alternating, all women. They never let up, hour after hour. She was totally confused, her mind completely unable to function.

After some time she realized, with some surprise, that she was upside down. She was hanging from the ankles, which were pulled far apart. Her hands were below her, also locked to something, and also pulled wide and tight. She couldn't move a muscle.

She thought about that for only a few seconds, then forgot it, lapsing into her confused haze. The voices continued without pause as the hours passed. She didn't know where she was or what was going on or anything else. She thought about nothing, for she was unable to form a cohesive thought.

"Obey...Obey...Obey..." the voices urged. "Slut, whore, slave," they accused.

She woke some unknowable time later. She was no longer hanging upside down, but lay on her back on a something soft. Her first thought was how terribly thirsty she was. She opened her eyes and found herself in the same stone cell where she'd been so cruelly beaten.

Someone had set a small mattress in a corner, and, she saw at once, also set a bowl of water next to it. She rolled weakly onto her side, groaning as she pushed her lips down and slurped noisily at the water. She gulped down long, deep mouthfuls, until the worst of her thirst was slaked, then she lay back, tiredly.

She didn't seem to feel the pain she had before, though her entire body ached still. She wondered how long she'd been unconscious.

Her last real memory was of her tits being beaten. She raised her head and looked down at them. They didn't seem too bad, though they were still a little bruised. She spread her legs and looked at her pussy, then slid a hand down onto it and rubbed it gingerly. That didn't seem to be too bad either.

She remembered hanging upside down, and strange voices in her head, but that memory was hazy and uncertain. The only thing that did seem certain is that it had been at least a couple of days since her beating.

She felt a gnawing hunger and looked over next to the water. There was a plate there filled with...she didn't know what. It was a mushy kind of stuff, sort of like hamburger, only it didn't smell like hamburger. She didn't like the smell at all, but she was so hungry she tasted it.

It didn't taste much better than it smelled, but she kept it down, so she quickly ate the rest of it.

She lay back on the mattress, looking around her, wondering what was going to happen next. She raised her hands and saw, with some surprise, that there were no leather restraints on them, not on her ankles. She had no clothes on, of course, but that almost seemed normal.

She sat up and moaned, her hands going to her head. She made several efforts before she was able to get her feet down and push herself up. She stumbled to the door, but was not surprised to find it locked. She turned her face away from the table and went back to the mattress, sitting down on her heels. She knelt there, heels together, knees apart, back straight, as she waited whatever would happen.

She drank the rest of the water and waited.

The door opened and she looked up anxiously. It was Kharg again, the man who had beaten her so cruelly, who's very name frightened her.

"Hello, slut. Awake at last I see."

"Yes, Master," she answered automatically.

"Name?"

"Missy, Master."

"Occupation?"

"I'm a slave, Master."

"Why?"

"Because I was a cock-tease who liked to show myself to men and turn them on."

"You like to fuck, Missy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Would you like to leave this cold cell and go somewhere warm, where there's soft music and lights."

"Yes, Master."

"Then all you have to do is learn your lessons," he smiled. "Stand up."

She stood and he went to the table and turned on a radio, or what looked like a radio. He turned to her again. "I want you to dance for me, Missy. I want you to dance slowly, sensuously, seductively, showing off that nice body of yours."

She blinked in surprise and looked down at herself uncertainly.

"Missy."

"Yes, Master."

"Are you going to stand there and tell me that you never danced naked in front of your mirror, pretending you were on a stage and there was a whole audience full of men watching."

She shuffled her feet uneasily.

"Go ahead. I'm waiting."

Since disobeying was unthinkable, she started to dance. Well, she started to sway to the music anyway. After a bit she started moving her hands too, then swinging her hips a bit more. She remembered the sexy, taunting dance she had done...occasionally, in front of her full length mirror, and tried to imitate it for him.

She swung her hips from side to side, and ran her hands up and down her body, stroking over her breasts, then sliding through her hair. Her hair was crisp and soft, and it occurred to her that someone must have washed her.

She didn't think much about it, though, but continued to dance. The longer she danced the less awkward she felt.

"That's enough for now," he said. "Some of the older sluts will teach you better once you've been trained."

"Sit down on the mattress. In fact, lay back."

"Yes, Master."

"Now I want you to masturbate."

"Master?" she gulped.

"Jerk off. I want to see you jerk off. I want to see it done well, too. Make the right sounds and make your face look hot and horny. Go on."

Again, there was no way of saying no, and though she felt awkward and clumsy and kind of stupid, she spread her legs and began to slide her hands down over her body. She eased a hand between her legs, her fingers searching for her clitoris, then began to rub it.

"You have to remember you're doing this for your audience, Missy, not yourself. Don't jerk off like you do in your bed, do it more conspicuously. Be a little showy. Guys like that. Pump your fingers in your snatch and arch your back, roll your head and moan softly, hump up against your fingers. I'm sure you've seen the occasional porno flick."

She felt dumb, but obeyed, rolling her head slowly, slitting her eyes to simulate passion, groaning as she slid her fingers down into her pussy crack and pumped them in and out. She drew her knees up and back and humped against her fingers as she drove them in to the knuckles.

"Enough. Crawl around the room for me."

"Yes, Master."

She sat up, then got to all fours and crawled around the room, keeping her legs apart and ass up, making her breasts swing below her as she circled the room several times.

"Come over here and clean my boots."

"Yes, Master."

She crawled over to him and began to lick his boots."

"Enough."

He shoved her away and stood up, then removed his pants. He walked over to the mattress and lay down, propping himself on one elbow.

"Get down on your belly and crawl over to me."

"Yes, Master."

She slid onto her belly, gasping at the cold of the stone against her soft, still tender breasts. Then she slowly slithered forward, wincing as her breasts ground across the stone, pulling herself along until she was next to the mattress.

"Suck my cock, bitch."

"Yes, Master."

She crawled forward over his thigh and slid her hands around his flaccid cock, then began to lick and suck on the head. Her hands squeezed and massaged his balls as her mouth sucked his cock into it and licked and twisted it around her tongue.

Soon it began to harden, and she had to slide her mouth back to give it room to grow. She bobbed her lips up and down, then slid her mouth all the way down to the base, taking the semi-hard cock down her throat. It hardened

quickly there as she slid her throat up and down its length, and when she pulled her lips free of it his cock glistened wet and hard.

She slid her mouth back over it, then gulped it down to the balls, sliding her lips and throat up and down its length until she needed air again.

"Enough," he said. "I want you to climb over me and sit down on it. Take it up into your asshole."

"Yes, Master."

The idea of that scared her, for she'd never had a cock up there before, and didn't much like the idea at all. Still, she had no choice, and the less hesitation she showed the less angered Kharg would be. She climbed over him until she was kneeling, straddling his hips, then gripped his spit-wet cock and sat down on it.

She felt the pressure against her anal opening, then began to jerk and pump herself against it, rubbing and grinding her hole until the cockhead could pop through the entrance.

She swallowed nervously, watching his face to see if he got impatient or mad at her slowness. His face showed no signs of anything, but she hurried as much as she could, twisting and humping against it, easing down, then back, then down again, then back, slowly working her anus open so she could take his cock deeper.

It felt strange back there, but not terribly painful, so long as she didn't go too fast. She was soon able to take half his cock without pain, and a little up and down action got the rest in quickly. She sat fully on him, feeling the strange fullness of the foreign object up in her belly.

"Don't just sit there, slut, fuck me."

"Yes, Master."

She leaned forward for leverage and began to slide her asshole up and down his cock. She started with slow shallow movements, but was soon able to speed them up and ride higher on the moist fuck-pole. Soon her buttocks were bouncing and slapping against his hips as she rutted on his cock, reaming her insides out with her fast, hard bouncing motion.

There was no part of her that felt ashamed at her actions, that thought she was wrong to be riding her anus up and down on a stiff prick. It did not occur to her to be embarrassed or resentful at being ordered to ride his pole, or at his earlier orders to suck his cock, lick his feet or crawl around the room.

If there was one principal belief that now occupied the main part of her mind, it was that she must always, always, always obey orders. To do otherwise, even to think of disobeying made her flinch from the awareness of the pain she would receive.

"Swing those tits, bitch," he smiled.

"Yes, Master," she panted, swinging her chest to make her breasts sway and swing above him.

She rode him for long minutes, until he slapped her bottom and told her to get off and to turn around. She knelt on all fours as he got to his knees behind her, then she felt his stiff boner pressing against her anus. He thrust it in and she gasped at the sudden fullness, then began grunting as he pumped into her.

His hands held her flanks as he rutted his cock into the teenager's hole. He gripped her wrists, jerking them out from under her. She almost fell on her face but found herself brought up short as he pulled her wrists straight back behind her and held them tight.

He pulled on her wrists in time to his fucking, jerking back to meet each new thrust, increasing the force of his sharp, deep forward stroke. Her soft, round buttocks bounced off his hard, muscular thighs, throwing her forward again, and his hands would then jerk her back to meet the next stroke.

Her head bounced up and down dizzily as her body jerked under the impact, but she made no protest, nor contemplated doing so. He let her wrists go and she dropped to her shoulders on the mattress. She raised her bottom high, anticipating him, and grunted as his cock spiked into her rectum with even harder strokes.

He suddenly went even faster, his hips a blur as he hammered against her buttocks, then he slowed and finally stopped, and she knew he had come inside her. He slapped her ass lightly.

"Not bad. You'll be a damn fine ride once you're trained, bitch."

"Thank you, Master," she said, gratified.

He got up and pulled on his pants, then ordered her to stand. He picked a studded leather collar off the table and slid it around her throat, then placed her against the stone wall and tied her hands above her head.

"Think about obedience, slut," he said. "Think about what a cheap, worthless whore you are, and how your life is now dedicated to fucking and pleasing men."

He turned, then and went out the door.

She stood there for what felt like a long time, long enough for her legs and arms and back to ache. Her mind faded off into blankness after hours of nothing, and she hardly noticed at first when the door opened. She blinked her eyes open just as a gloved leather hand gripped her collar and shook her.

"Sleeping on us, slut?"

"No, Master," she whimpered.

Several other men were with him, four of them, in fact. She knew none of them, and felt just the tiniest bit embarrassed at them looking at her naked.

One of them, a tall, thin blonde stepped a little forward and untied her wrists, then shoved her down on the floor, turned around and walked back to where the others were. "Come here, bitch," he said.

She looked towards Kharg, but his face betrayed nothing.

"Yes, Master," she said, hoping she was right. She crawled forward in front of the blonde man.

"Lick my feet, whore," he snapped.

"Yes, Master," she said, bending and licking at his shoes.

"What a cheap, sluttish whore," he sneered. "You're just a filthy little fuck pad, aren't you?"

"Yes, Master," she gulped, pausing just long enough in her licking to speak, then going back to licking at his shoes.

"Enough, whore. Suck my cock instead."

"Yes, Master," she said.

She rose on her knees and her hands went to his pants. She undid them and pulled out his already hard cock, then slipped her lips around it and started sucking. She bobbed her lips up and down, then slid them down to the base, taking his pecker down her throat as he and the others watched.

Her lips slid up and down it as he stood there unmoving. He briefly took her hair and fucked his cock into her face, but then he let go and let her continue until he was about to come.

"Take your mouth off," he gasped. "Now pump my dick so my cum sprays over your face, whore."

"Yes, Master," she panted, pulling her mouth off his cock and squeezing it with her hands. She pumped her hands up and down his slick cock until his sperm shot out, landing on her face.

"Rub it over your face, whore."

"Yes, Master."

"And clean my cock off with your hair."

"Yes, Master."

She did as he ordered then he shoved her back violently, so she fell on her back on the mattress.

"Jerk off for us, slut," another of them ordered.

"Yes, Master," she whimpered, spreading her legs and sliding her hands over her body.

She jerked off, pumping her fingers in her pussy and moaning and groaning as she rolled her head from side to side. Something pink fell on the mattress next to her and she looked at it in surprise.

"Use it, whore," one of the men ordered.

"Yes, Master," she said automatically.

It was a big, thick dildo. She picked it up and slid it between her legs, then slowly drove it up into her pussy and pumped it in and out as they watched. She started groaning and moaning again, then grunted softly each time she thrust the thing up her snatch.

Another dildo fell on the mattress and she picked this up and pressed it against her anus, burying that inside her guts as well. She pumped the two dildos in and out of her pussy and rectum as the men watched.

"Stop," one of them said.

She stopped.

"Take them out, turn around, and show us your ass."

"Yes, Master."

"You want my cock, whore?"

"Yes, Master."

"Beg for it."

"Please fuck me, Master," she begged. "Please shove your cock into me. Please fuck my pussy hole. Please ride my dirty cunt."

He knelt behind her and his cock stabbed into her, thrusting deep and hard. He rode her violently for long minutes as she grunted and moaned and

pushed back against him, then he came, dropping his gunk in her belly. He got off and moved away.

"Turn around, whore."

"Yes, Master," she blinked.

"Crawl over here, dog."

"Yes, Master," she said to the one talking.

She crawled over, then rose at his command.

"Jerk off my cock with your tits, slut."

"Yes, Master," she said.

This was a new concept, but an order was an order. She undid his pants and pulled his stiff prick out, then pulled it in between her breasts. She squashed her tits around it, rubbing them up and down as he looked down at her in contempt.

She mashed and squeezed and crushed her breasts around his cock for long minutes, until he jerked her head back by the hair, pulled his cock out, and sprayed his white jism over her face. She rubbed it in and smiled.

"Hold our your hands, palms up," one man said.

"Yes, Master."

"Don't move your hands, and don't close them. Understand?"

"Yes, Master."

He went to the table and took out the cane. Missy quivered in fear, but didn't move. He raised the cane and slashed it down against her right hand. She cried out in pain, her eyes and teeth clenching tightly as her palm stung and burned, but she kept it in place, open for the next blow.

It cracked down right where the first had, and again she cried out, trying not to be too loud, shaking and trembling as sweat broke out on her forehead.

The next blow landed on her other hand, then again, then back to her right, then her left, then her right. She trembled and shook and sobbed in agony, tears streaming down her cheeks, but through a desperate effort she kept her hands up and open.

"Good," the man said. "You can put your hands down now."

"Th-tha-thank you, Ma...master," she sobbed.

"Slut."

"Ye...yes, Master," she whimpered to another man.

"I want you to put your hands up as high as you can. Good. Now bring your head back and arch your back. Stick your titties out for me to whip."

"Ye...ye...yesss, Masssteer," she moaned.

"Now don't move, whore."

He picked up a thin leather belt and walked over to her, then lashed it down on her left breast. She cried out in agony, tears pouring down her face as she trembled and shook, but she didn't move her position as the belt lashed down again, this time on her right breast.

Her orbs burned like fire and she cried out in agony as the belt lashed down again and again, making the tender, sensitive flesh bounce and jerk in painful motion.

"Good," the said, stopping.

"Slut," another voice snapped.

"Ye..Ye..yess, M...Master," she mewled.

"Turn around and bend over. Spread your legs and raise your ass.

She did, whimpering and moaning, trying not to put much pressure on her aching hands.

"Now, I don't want you to move. I'm going to kick you right in the pussy. Understand?"

"Y-ye-yes, M-m-master," she gulped.

"You want me to kick you in the twat, don't you, slut."

"Y-Ye-Yes, M-m-m-master," she moaned.

"Beg me then."

"P-P-please k-kick me in th-the cunt, Master," she whimpered. "P-please kick my pussy..."

"Brace yourself," he ordered.

His booted foot lashed out and slammed directly into her sex. Pain and nausea flared inside her and her body lurched forward, her knees actually rising off the floor before falling back. She was almost thrown aside by the force of the blow, but managed to hold her position, though only barely.

She trembled and moaned and twitched as the agony ripped through her.

"Spread your legs wider, whore. I want to kick your cunt again."

"Y-y-yes, M-aster."

Again his foot slammed into her sensitive mons, mashing the soft flesh up into her with brutal force. She jerked forward, and almost passed out from the pain, but clung to her position with the desperate certainty that if she failed what were obviously tests she would receive far, far more pain.

"Good," she heard.

"Turn around, slut," Kharg said.

She turned and he stepped forward. "Kneel."

She sat back on her heels and tried to straighten her back, even as she shook and twitched and her guts roiled and twisted inside her.

He took out his cock, which was soft, and held it out, pointed at her face. She knew what was coming even before the urine poured out and splashed against her face. She held still as it poured over her face and breasts and down her belly.

"Open your mouth, whore."

"Yes, Master," she said in a dazed voice.

His stream of piss poured into her mouth and she drank it down as he kept it coming. When he finished she slowly closed her mouth.

"Lay back on the floor, slut," another man said, taking his cock out. "Spread your legs, reach down, and pull your cunt open wide."

"Yes, Master," she whined.

She winced and moaned as she touched her aching pussy mound, then slipped her fingers in as gently as she could and pulled them open.

"Wider. Wider!"

She groaned and pulled her sex open as the man began to piss. He aimed his piss stream right into her open pussy hole, shifting it a little to let the urine pour up and down against her entire sex and groin and bottom.

Another stream of urine shot out from another man and sprayed down on her face. She opened her mouth as his stream moved back and forth over her cheeks and mouth. She felt another stream then, splashing against her breasts.

When their bladders were empty they all turned and left. Kharg returned soon and gave her a bucket and sponge to clean the piss off the floor. After that she crawled out the door after him and down the hall to a small room, where he hung her from her wrists and washed her.

After that he dried and brushed her hair, put on leather restraints, and took down the hall to a large dark room. He raised her hands above her and locked them there, then went away.

Eight

Missy stood there for some time before she heard footsteps from behind her. She turned, or tried to turn around, but couldn't make anything out. Then a man came forward, coming around her and standing in front of her.

He wore a kind of black robe, complete with hood, and carried a candle in his hand.

"What is your name, slut?" he asked.

"Missy, Master" she gulped.

"You're sure of that?"

"Ye...yes, Master."

"Are you a slave, Missy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Do you give up all your freedom, all your comforts, all your choices and rights for your masters?"

"Yes, Master," she blinked.

"Are you willing to undergo the torment of slavery?"

"Y-yes, Master," she gulped.

He held the candle out towards her right breast, and she watched the flickering flame anxiously. He eased it in under her breast and passed the flame back and forth against her soft, tender flesh. She gasped and clenched her teeth and moaned, trembling in place as he slid the flickering flame upwards until it singed her nipple, then shifted it over to her other breast.

Again he passed it from side to side on the underside of her breast, and then eased it upwards to singe her nipple. He lowered the candle, the flame burning down her belly, circling her belly button as her body shook and trembled and her muscles shifted and spasmed.

He slid the candle down between her legs, passing it back and forth against her pussy hair. She smelt the hair burning as he singed and fried and crisped it down to nothing, working his way lower and lower.

"Spread your legs apart," he said.

"Yes, Master," she gasped in a choked voice, groaning as the candle burned her pussy hair up and down her pussy mound, then up between her buttocks. He fried every hair down there until she had a small, soft, pink, hairless sex.

Then he turned and placed the candle on a small stand she hadn't even noticed. She was sweating profusely, and her body burned where the candle had passed.

"Come forward," the man said.

A man walked forward, clad in leather, and rolling a strange looking device. It looked like a kind of oxygen tank with a hose. The man played with it while the robed man placed a thick leather pad around each of her ankles and wrists.

Then a white hot hiss of flame blasted out the hose, and the man in leather narrowed the flame. Missy stared in horror, knowing she would never survive such heat directed against her.

"Are you a slave?" the hooded man demanded.

"Yes, Master," she squeaked.

He stepped forward and bend down, then slid a thick metal bracelet around the pad on her left ankle. The other men bent and focussed the torch on the metal, burning it. Missy felt heat through the leather pad, but it was bearable.

"Are you a slave?" the hooded man asked again.

"Yes, Master."

He produced another thick metal bracelet and bent to place it around her other ankle. Again the other man directed the blow torch against it, and she felt the heat through the leather pad.

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, Master."

Another metal bracelet was produced, and this time she could see that it had two small rings in it. He unfastened the leather restraint from her wrist and put on a thick leather pad, then put the bracelet over it. He held her arm tightly as the blowtorch burned against the metal.

It was frying it.

It was burning it.

It was melting it... together.

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, Master," she whispered, as she realized the implications. The thing was being melted together, welded together.

It would never come off.

Another was placed around her other wrist, and welded there.

"Kneel, slave."

She knelt, sitting on her heels as she'd been taught. The collar was removed and a thick leather pad circled her throat. Then a metal collar was placed around it and she was ordered to pull her head back. She felt the heat against her throat as the collar was welded to her.

The hooded man turned away, and the man in leathers finished and turned off his torch, moving away in the other direction.

"Slave! Crawl to me on your belly!" the hooded man called from behind her.

Dazed, she turned and almost fell on her belly, then crawled slowly forward. She saw a light, a small one, and headed towards it. The room was still quite dark, and she had no idea how big it was, except that it was fairly large. She crawled forward on her belly until she came to the edge of what felt like space. Looking closely she saw it was water, some kind of pool.

"Through the water, slave," the hooded man called.

She slid forward into the water, and gasped as the welds on the collar and shackles hissed and spat as they were cooled in the icy liquid. She swam through the water, which was deep, but not wide, and emerged on the other side.

She crawled forward until she was right before the hooded man.

"What are you?"

"I am a slave, Master," she whispered.

"Louder."

"I am a slave, Master."

"Kneel before me, slave."

Dripping wet, she rose on her knees to see him holding out a foot long chain.

"Hold out your hands and receive the chains of your slavery," he said.

She raised her hands and saw him lock the chain to her wrist shackles.

"Rise, slave," he ordered.

"Yes, Master."

He produced another chain, bent, and locked it to her ankle shackles.

Light flared around her and she saw the men standing there, dozens of them. She felt no shame, but some alarm as they closed in around her.

"Slave, you have given up all rights, all freedoms. You belong to others now, and must always obey their wishes."

"Yes, Master," Missy blinked.

"Your body is theirs for their pleasure."

"Yes, Master."

Someone grabbed her roughly and she stumbled. Another hand, and then another grabbed at her as the men struggled to take possession of the startled slave girl. She was forced to the floor on her knees, and someone got behind her. She felt herself pierced, and a man fucked her as her head was torn up and to one side.

A cock shoved at her lips and she opened them, sucking on it as it rammed forward into her mouth. Her hair was pulled as he face-fucked her. Hands grabbed at her breasts, fingers clawing and squeezing and pinching them. Hands slapped and groped her bottom and voices laughed and cursed all around her.

She was surrounded by a wall of male flesh, and hands groped her everywhere as she knelt there. Cock after cock after cock slid up into her tight pussy and pumped wildly. More cocks rammed down her throat, one taking

another's place almost before she could swallow the come. Cocks pounded down her anus with furious desire.

She was placed on her side, and fucked in the pussy and anus at the same time, another cock sliding down her throat. Her breasts were groped and a cock was thrust in against them as they were crushed around it. Her wrists were unlocked, then locked together at the back of her collar.

Cocks slid through her hair and rubbed over her ears, spraying their goo into her as others pressed against her hands and breasts and feet, and pumped in her mouth, anus and pussy. Come juice flooded into her through every hole, and shot over her hair and breasts and belly and buttocks.

Hour after hour they took her in a wild carnival of furious raping, until she lay in a limp mass of spasming, exhausted muscles, body coated with sticky sperm, sperm leaking out between her pussy lips and gaping anus, her belly filled and sloshing with semen and piss whenever she moved.

Unconscious, she was dragged by the ankles into a cleaning room, hung up by the ankles and washed much as Kharg had done. When she woke she was allowed to eat and drink from bowls set on the floor, then a leash was attached to her collar and a man led her from the room, down the hall, and into a world of light and color and music.

The rug was thick and unbelievably soft to her grateful knees and hands as she was led through a crowd of men, mostly clothed, and woman, all naked. Some of them were having sex right there in the open, on cushions or sofas or chairs.

Some of the men were relaxing, wearing swimsuits or shorts or nothing. All had at least one, and some had two or three naked slave girls attending them, stroking their foreheads or massaging their shoulders or feet, or feeding them.

There was a large swimming pool in the center of the room, with a fountain in the middle. There were tables along one side of the room for gambling. They passed by a roulette wheel and then went past a craps table. She saw one of the men there rubbing the dice between a large young blonde girl's breasts before throwing them.

They kept walking, or rather, she kept crawling as the man led her over to another part of the room. There was a kind of trumpet call, and she turned her head to see a small cage carried into the room by four naked slave girls. It was set down and a naked girl was allowed to crawl out.

She was astonished to recognize her. It was Carolyn! She crawled around the room, begging and whining the men to fuck her. She licked at their feet and cocks and begged desperately for someone to fuck her.

"Please fuck my cunt," she whimpered. "Please fuck my virgin pussy! Please fuck away my cherry! Please, Masters! Please take my cherry!"

The man holding her leash smiled down at her.

"I heard you were in the same batch with her," he said. "Did you know she was a virgin?"

"No, Master," she said, watching a man get behind Carolyn and ram his cock down her asshole.

"Yes, and she still is," he smiled. "Every day she's allowed out of her cage to beg someone to take her cherry. If one of them does she'll be allowed out like the rest of the girls. If all they do is fuck her tits and asshole and throat she'll be beaten then put back in her cage and fed only water and dog food until tomorrow, when she can try again."

He laughed and led her forward to the edge of the pool, where he unsnapped her leash and slapped her ass. She crawled forward a little ways in confusion, until a half naked man grabbed her and pulled her over to him.

"Feed me some titty, slave," he laughed.

"Yes, Master," said Missy the slave girl.