

DARKER GAMES

Argus

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Chapter One

I used to like to say, with a smile, “I was young, but I was never innocent.”

But of course I was. Not about sex, perhaps, for I was an insatiably curious child and learned about my body rather early on. And certainly, as I was precocious, and as I had long, lovely, shining mahogany hair and a sweet, elfin face, as my hips widened and my waist narrowed and my breasts pushed outward, there was no shortage of people wanting to do away with what innocence I had.

I learned all about sex, and about how it, or the desire for it, affected people, how it made them desperate, made them willing to lie, to fawn over me, to flatter and spend money on me, how the sight of my body, or the mere hoped for sight of more of it could induce the male of the species to grovel and plot and even try to force me to unveil more.

No, I was not innocent about sex. But about life, and its strange cruelties, of that I was largely innocent.

I was not innocent of bondage, either. I think I had a fascination with bondage from an early age, and can remember being fascinated whenever a character in a book or movie was tied up for whatever reason. I used to tie myself up, pretending to be a helpless prisoner of pirates or red Indians or some such. I didn't associate that with sex in any way, especially as I knew little about sex, then, but the fascination was always there.

As I grew older, and became involved with boys and sex, I still failed to really connect my almost forgotten interest in “tie up games” and such, with sex. Sex was so desperately complicated a thing, in any event, that in the beginning I really had no time to try and make it more complex. There were so many crucial and always unwritten rules of behaviour one had to abide by in order to prevent getting “a reputation” of some sort or other.

There were always others, especially girls, willing to twist and turn and even invent situations which would put one in a bad light, especially if one was, as I was and am, in possession of a body and face which tends to cause jealousy in those who had been less gifted by nature. I was a very pretty little girl, became a lovely, coltish young adolescent girl, and turned into a graceful, sleekly beautiful, athletic, shapely woman who inspires lust in most of the men I came into contact with. That always caused a certain amount of resentment, and there were always those looking for some reason to make me look poorly.

As a young woman, one did not want a reputation as either a prude or a slut, and certainly not as a girl who liked to do kinky things like play tie up games. So the thought of introducing bondage into my intermittent sex life barely occurred to me then. Later, as I grew still older, I did finally begin to play at light bondage with trusted boyfriends. But it was clear they were humoring me, and had no serious interest in such “silly games”. I, of course, had no intention of pushing it and revealing the strength of my twisted interests, and so my sex developed into something rather vanilla.

That wasn't to say I didn't enjoy sex thoroughly, for I did. I loved sex. I loved the feel of a man's body against me, atop me – and inside me. I loved the feel of my own body, for that matter. I masturbated at least a couple of times a day, and thoroughly enjoyed it, as well. For all of that I was quite a normal girl so far as anyone else might have thought. And for all I know I was. Perhaps many girls harbored dark fantasies about being tied up and ravished. Though perhaps they failed to find theirs as deliciously attractive as mine.

I passed through college without doing anything tremendously wild or nasty, and emerged somewhat more sedate in action and spirit, and with a boyfriend – Ian, who found me terribly attractive, and who I quite enjoyed having around. I can't say that I loved him deeply and completely, but I was quite fond of him. But we moved in together more as a matter of economic convenience than life-long commitment.

Ian was and is a playful man, with an athletic body, dark blue eyes, and tousled brown hair. Our sex life was plentiful and varied between long, soft, gentle romantic lovemaking sessions, and hard, rough, wild sex that one could best describe as fucking.

We lived together in a nicely fitted out, semi-detached home just south of London which was within walking distance of the rail station. Ian started work at an insurance company, while I began working at a bank. We did the usual couple things, attending the weddings of friends, various parties and football events, and did our best to get ahead in our lives and in our professions.

I won't say that Ian and I had never done bondage, for we had engaged in a few tie-up games, always with me tied to the bedpost and him basically going at me as he always did. I'd always found this exciting, but then, I found it exciting whether I was tied up or not.. There was nothing to really cause me to fixate on bondage, then, until one warm evening when he was watching a match on the television and I was doing some long overdue scrubbing in the kitchen.

You wouldn't think that would be the prelude to a life-changing experience, but it was. I was wearing a very small pair of shorts, and a very small tank top cut off just below my breasts. Ian came in for a beer,

and wrapped his arms around me, kissing the back of my neck as his hands slid up to cup and squeeze my breasts.

“Hmm, my favorite toys,” he said, his fingers kneading my breasts through the thin tank.

I wasn't wearing a bra, and I liked the feel of his fingers squeezing my breasts, certainly liked the distraction more than my scrubbing, and turned my head around and back to kiss him. He pulled my tank up and over my head, and continued to knead my bare breasts, his hips sort of pinning me against the kitchen counter, my upper torso half turned towards him so we could kiss over my right shoulder.

“You should do your cleaning naked,” he murmured, his hand sliding down into the front of my shorts, into my thong and stroking lightly along my sex.

“Then I'd never get anything done,” I said.

“Of course you will. I shall restrain myself,” he said grandly.

I laughed and he took up the challenge. He eased back and I teasingly skinned off my shorts and knickers, and then slouched back against the counter in all my naked glory. He licked his lips, winked, got his beer, and went back into the lounge.

Well, of course, it was a challenge to me, as well. I wasn't about to let him get away with such pretense of disinterest. I was quite proud of my body, I must say. Nature had been generous with me and I'd worked hard to make myself even better. I had a lithe, dancer's body, with high, firm breasts and a tight, firm bottom. I knew very well just how hot I was naked, and knew that Ian would not be able to resist it.

Of course, he had to see me, so I gave up scrubbing the kitchen and decided to go out into the lounge to dust. I pretended to ignore me in favour of the match, but I did a lot of bending over and casually making my bottom swing to and fro, and I saw his eyes pulled away from the television as if by magnets.

“You're being a very naughty girl,” he said.

“Why Mr. Drummond, I cannot understand what you could be referring to,” I said haughtily, carrying on my dusting.

Now I should say that a wooden staircase ran up the south wall of the room, and we had a narrow table placed there against the side of the staircase by the entrance. I was pretending to dust along the spiral spindles – those wooden support posts which ran vertically between the hand rail and the stairs. This caused me to place my lower belly against the edge of the table and, legs together, stretch up and out, arm extended, bottom pushed out more and more as I rose onto the balls of my feet.

“You're really asking for it,” he half growled.

I smiled to myself. “I'm merely dusting the stairs,” I said. “You wouldn't want it said you had a dirty house.”

“Do you have any idea how lovely your arse looks like that?” he demanded.

“Please refrain from making such comments simply because I'm cleaning naked

as you've suggested,” I said haughtily. “You are strong enough to resist your baser instincts are instincts,

are you not?"

"No," he said, his voice right behind me as his hands slid around me and cupped my breasts.

"I've dusting to do," I said, ignoring him, still swishing the duster up and down at the spindles before and above me.

He eased back a little, and I felt his hand on my bottom, caressing it slowly, almost reverently. I felt my inner heat rising to push aside the outer, but resolutely ignored it, still pretending to dust, my bottom pushed out as he kneaded my buttocks.

"I should get a picture of this and hang it over the fireplace," he said.

"No doubt your mother would appreciate it," I said dryly.

He laughed, and then slapped my bottom. I yelped, and started to ease back, to turn, but he pressed against me from behind.

"No, don't move," he said.

He pulled open a drawer of the table. As it was by the door it had accumulated all manner of junk, and he pulled from it a long length of rough cord. I had no idea what his intent was at first, as he leaned over me, reaching up along my arms, extending them up and out once more, then pulling them together, holding them at the wrist. I watched, fascinated, as he wrapped the cord around them again and again and again, then looped it around one of the spindles, pulling so that I gasped, and was forced to rise again on the balls of my feet.

He tied the cord off and stepped back, and I felt a tight excitement in my chest as I looked back over my shoulder. I could feel the cool, hard wood of the table against my abdomen, against my hips as I leaned into it, could feel the cord biting into my wrists, the weight of my breasts as I bent forward.

"And what do you plan to do with me now, Mr. Drummond?" I demanded.

He shook his head and gazed at my bottom. "What a bloody fantastic ass you have," he said.

Again he ran his hand over it, caressing, stroking, then kneading my bottom. His hand slid between my thighs then and cupped my sex, and I gasped weakly, pushing myself out and back at him as I felt the warmth of his fingers against me.

"What a lovely sight," he said, drawing back.

I said nothing, merely looked hotly at him over my shoulder. Then he licked his lips and smiled as if he had gotten a sudden inspiration. He walked past me, oddly, and then up the stairs. I followed him with my eyes, surprised and wondering.

"Are you going to leave me like this?" I called after him.

He didn't answer, and then I was alone, for a minute, tied, bent over, the table firm against my abdomen. I felt helpless, and the sexual arousal was flooding through me like a rising tide. I looked at the cord knotted there around the spindle, then down at my breasts hanging below my bent over chest, then back at my bottom, or at least, my hips angled across the edge of the table.

Ian came down again, unhurried, and I didn't see what he had, for he hid it behind his body. He moved behind me and I tried to turn only to have him seize my hair and yank it up and back. I gasped in shock, but it was shocked excitement. Ian only pulled my hair when we were fucking – when we were having especially hot, nasty, rough sex, usually with him behind me and me on all fours.

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

“I... can't very well,” I said weakly, surprised at my breathlessness.

I was already on the balls of my feet. I shifted my legs apart and felt the cord pulling more at my wrists. I had to rise onto my toes. Then I felt his fingers at my sex, and moaned as they stroked across my clit. I was wet already, very wet, and I felt his finger push into me, then draw back. A moment later something else pushed into me.

I wasn't sure what it was, at first, only that it was thick and cool and familiar. Then I groaned as I recognized the feel of my own dildo, the thick one with all the rough ridges and veins, the black one that made my pussy stretch.

“Oh! Fuck!” I gasped.

He was twisting it from side to side as he pushed it up into me from behind. He got it halfway up me without much difficulty, then had to push and pull, pumping it in and out to get it deeper. My sex lips clung to it as it moved in and out, and I could feel the rough ridges stroking across them, and through the soft, velvety flesh of my inner sex.

“Ungghh!” I groaned as he pushed it especially deep, holding the pressure, twisting it from side to side as he forced it even higher inside me.

“W-wait!” I gasped.

He pulled back, gripping my hair now and pulling it back, then thrust up into me again. Hard.

“Unggh!” I groaned as the nose of the dildo jammed up high inside me. “I-Ian!”

“You can take it all, you randy little slut,” he said. “I've seen you.”

“But – unghh!” I groaned as he drew his fist back and then thrust the thing up into my pussy once again, jamming it deep and grinding it from side to side inside me.

It was my own total helplessness in the face of pain which triggered something inside me. I was perched precariously on my toes, legs apart, bent forward across the table, wrists tied tightly, and this hard, fat dildo was being jammed up inside my pussy with painful force. And I could do nothing at all to affect or restrain him.

He slapped my bottom, and it stung this time.

“Ouch!”

“Nasty girl,” he said.

He left the dildo in place, impaling me, and then produced my other dildo, an earlier one, actually,

smaller, narrower, pink, one I didn't use a lot. He must have gotten it from the closet. He smirked at me and then pulled back sharply on my dark hair again. He slipped the dildo into my mouth as I gasped, mouth open.

"Suck on that, nasty girl. Suck it and get it all slick and wet."

I moaned as I closed my lips around the dildo, feeling a delicious wave of sexual energy and excitement sweeping through me at this kinky and exciting little game he had come up with. I felt a sense of indignation, too, but that was easily suppressed. I was too excited to really care that much that he was treating me and speaking to me disrespectfully.

And then he pulled the dildo out of my mouth, and a moment later I felt the nose of it pushing against my little back opening. I gasped and tried to wriggle free, but of course, I could not.

"Oh! Ian! What are you doing!?" I squealed.

He pushed the thing into me, the head forced past my sphincter, and then he slapped my bottom again so that I yelped and flinched.

"Ian!" I moaned.

I did not really like anal sex. We had done it once or twice, just to see what it was like, but I'd always found it embarrassing and nasty. Now I had no choice but to submit to his will as he forced the dildo up my back opening, twisting it from side to side as he had with the larger dildo, and slapping my bottom stingingly several times to get me to loosen up and stop clenching down on it.

I was becoming a little upset with that slapping. It stung, and I was not a woman who could be casually manhandled, could be slapped or put in her place. Yet the slapping was doing something strange and dark and twisted to my mind, too, so that I felt less and less in control, and more and more like I actually was a prisoner, a helpless prisoner.

Ian forced the dildo painfully deep, so I felt cramps in my belly, then he returned to the other one, pumping it in and out, forcing it deeper, as well. Then, with both deep inside me, he drew my legs closer together, found more cord, and tied my ankles like that. Then he went back to his chair and sat down, watching me, staring at my bottom.

Initially, I was relieved, for his slapping was starting to sting, and my bottom was starting to turn red. But now as he sat there I felt myself reveling in the eroticism of the moment, in the dildos jammed high inside me, bent over, tied and helpless, and him staring fixedly at my bottom and the dildo sticking out of me.

I considered saying something cutting, like was this all he was going to do, or like could he not get himself up for this, did he have to use toys. But I just stood there, panting, feeling a kind of crackling electricity flaring through my body as I held in place, the dildos seeming to throb inside my lower belly as I bent over the table.

He got up and went to the kitchen then, and after a moment, returned with more of the cord. I felt a wild flutter in my belly and a throbbing in my chest, wondering what he intended. I watched him unfurl a length of the cord, then bring it around my waist. He drew it across itself, then brought the cord down my abdomen, down between my legs. He wrapped it tightly around the dildo protruding from my straining sex lips, then, pulling it tautly, wrapped it around the one sticking out of my bottom before drawing the cord back up between my buttocks and tying it off at the cord around my waist.

He smiled and caressed my bottom again as I stood there, panting breathlessly, face and chest flaring red with heat. He ran his hands up my body in front, cupping and fondling my breasts, pinching and plucking at my swollen nipples as I yelped and gasped and jerked in response.

“What lovely hard nipples you have, naughty girl,” he purred.

“What’ve you got that’s hard?” I demanded breathlessly.

He slapped my bottom in response.

“Ouch! Stop that!”

“No, I don’t think I shall,” he said, kneading my bottom.

He ran his fingers in to trace a circle around the big dildo in my pussy, then rubbed lightly but insistently at my clitoris as I moaned softly and tried to keep from melting down too soon.

He seemed fascinated by my helplessness, by his ability to do as he wanted, but of course, as always I was highly impatient when in this state. I wanted him to push me over the edge, wanted my climax.

“Fuck me!” I gasped.

“In due time.”

“Now!” I demanded.

He ignored me.

“Ian! Don’t torture me!”

“But I think it’s rather fun torturing you,” he said.

“Fuck me, you bastard!”

He slapped my bottom and it stung.

“Oww! You bastard!”

“Show more respect to your lord and master.”

“Then fuck me as you ought to! Are you a pansy! Can’t you get it up?!”

He slapped my bottom again and again I yelped, and then cursed him.

He grinned and tied a loop in the spare cord, then carefully drew it in beneath my chest and placed the loop around my nipple. He pushed it back and then began to tighten the loop.

“Wh-what are you doing?” I moaned.

He tightened the loop further, pushing it back firmly against my breast as it tightened. I gasped as it

began to pull in around my flesh, against the puffed up, overheated areola at the base of my throbbing pink nipple.

“Ow! Ian that’s – Oww!” I cried. “It’s too fucking tight! Oww! Oww! Take it off! Take it off right now!”

“All right, hang on a minute. The knot is in tight here.”

“Stupid bastard!”

He drew back as if in annoyance, and then glared at me. “Maybe I won’t take it off then if that’s your attitude.”

I’m not entirely sure what my attitude was. Part of me wanted it off because it hurt. It was squeezing my soft flesh too tightly. But on the other hand the initial pain had passed, and though it still hurt, well, it wasn’t so very terrible. And I was feeling deliciously, scaldingly hot all over. And something inside me wanted to exploit the situation, wanted to reaffirm my own helplessness.

“Stupid prat!” I said, sneering, deliberately bating him. “Ballless wonder. Untie my hands so I can use them on myself since you’re not man enough!”

Chapter Two

I wanted to goad him into doing me, into doing me hard and rough. But there was more, sub-consciously, I think, I wanted him to manhandle me, to use me roughly, to show me who was boss. I won’t say I wanted what followed, or at least, that I was looking for that, but I was looking for something.

“Bitch,” he said, slapping my bottom.

“Oww! Bastard! Untie me at once, you little boy, so I can go and find a man who’ll do me properly!”

“I’ll do you proper, you slut.”

“Ha!” I said.

He turned and hurried from the lounge, and I thought perhaps I’d made a mistake, made him so angry he wouldn’t do anything. I could hear his rapid footsteps on the basement stair, first going down, and then, to my relief, coming back up. I had no idea what he was about until he came up behind me and yanked my head back by the hair, much harder than he ever had before. I cried out in shock and some pain, and

then he stuffed a spongy rubber ball into my open mouth.

It was a stress ball, purple, with the imprint of his company on it. They'd given them out recently, and now he had stuffed it, or most of it, into my open mouth. And even as I rolled my eyes in shock and tried to understand what he'd done and what to do about it his fingers were jamming at the part of the ball still outside my teeth, squeezing the malleable ball further into my mouth.

I rolled my eyes and tried to speak but of course I couldn't, and he only grinned. But there was something feral about that grin, something almost cruel that both frightened and tremendously excited me.

"I think I've had enough of your nasty tongue," he said.

He slapped my bottom again, sharply, then picked up the cord hanging from my nipple. He cut it off a couple of feet down, then tied a loop in the other part and tied that just as tightly around my other nipple. I cried out in pain, squirming and twisting as the cord crushed down tight around my areola, but I couldn't even complain now, couldn't even tell him it hurt!

He drew the two cords forward, then angled them down a little and drew them around a pair of spindles, then he tied them together and began to tighten the knot. I felt them go taut, then begin to pull on my nipples and squealed in pain.

He grinned and tied them together, then moved behind me again. His hands ran over my body, touching, caressing, stroking and kneading, and slapping now and then too as I stood there helplessly. Then he squatted behind me, and untied my ankles. I tried to kick at him but he easily pinned both and then spread them apart. I yelped as they spread, for that lowered my body and I had to raise up on my toes to keep from hanging by my wrists.

He tied my ankles apart, then, to the legs of the table, then, flushed, clearly excited, he stepped back and regarded me, staring at me as I stood there, panting, moaning, writhing in my bonds, sweating heavily now, my fair, smooth skin glistening.

He stepped closer, and pushed against the dildos, and I groaned as both of them were forced higher inside me.

"You are so bloody hot!" he breathed.

I knew that! I wanted him to fuck me!

God, my nipples hurt!

I had never felt so sexually helpless, nor so powerfully overheated. I wanted his cock, wanted his touch. I squirmed and writhed every time his hands moved over my body, and was nearly desperate to have him inside me, or at least to pump the dildos inside and bring me off.

Instead he left me again! I moaned and my body writhed in place, my vaginal and anal muscles squeezing down around the dildos stuffed up inside me. I felt a little sore, deep inside, for how high they were, and my sex fairly oozed lubrication as I pushed my bottom out at nothing.

Then Ian was back, grinning, and I felt a little jolt in my chest, for he had rope with him, soft black rope we'd bought some time ago, not for bondage but with an idea of using it to as a temporary clothes line of sorts in the garage. We'd never done so, and it had been sitting about for ages. Now I watched silently

as he unraveled it and then took a pair of scissors and cut through the loops of cord around my wrists.

I groaned in relief as I eased down onto my feet, freeing my wrists, looking at the dark lines where the cord had dug into my soft ivory flesh. I rubbed my hands, where they had gotten a bit numb, and rubbed my wrists - until Ian took my right wrist into his hand and wrapped the rope around it.

I made no effort to resist as he looped the rope around half a dozen times, laying the loops close together, forming a thick, firmly closed, but not uncomfortably tight circle around my wrist before drawing the rope upwards to one of the spindles behind the desk. I leaned in and gasped as I was raised a little up onto the balls of my feet, then watched him wrap the rope around the spindle, pass the rope behind it, behind the next and the next and then come out around the following one and tie my opposite wrist.

The results were much more satisfactory to my mind. I felt more firmly bound in place now, for I had known in the back of my mind, that the cord must break if I pulled hard enough. It had also hurt as it dug into my flesh. The rope supported me more readily, and did not hurt as it held me in place.

And I knew I could not possibly free myself. That was important, though I don't think I really understood how important at the time.

I was well and truly bound, on the balls of my feet, ankles bound to the table legs, leaning forward, with my abdomen, really just at the base of my thighs, pressed into the edge of the table as I leaned forward. The strength of the ropes meant I didn't have to use my back muscles to support myself at all, either, but could almost hang there, bent over at a sharp angle, arms spread and outstretched.

Ian adjusted the cords which were bound to my nipples, making them tighter, and then began to run his hands over my body once more. He caressed my back and sides, squeezed my breasts, and ran his hands lovingly over my taut buttocks before sliding a hand down between my legs to stroke his finger against my clitoris.

I couldn't help my response. My bottom bucked out violently and I writhed and twisted in my bonds as I groaned in pleasure.

He chuckled, and drew his hand away, then began to pump the dildo in my backside, thrusting it up and down, up and down, hard, deep, making me groan at the ache and cramps inside me. I felt the inner heat soaring, and my head shook as I twisted and groaned. The intensity of the fires inside me were clawing at my mind, at my nervous system, and I felt a deep, wonderful rush of sensation every time he thrust the dildo up into my ass.

He began to pump it harder and faster, using long, full, hard strokes that threw me forward against the edge of the table again and again. It - hurt, but the pain almost didn't matter. I felt my insides seething and writhing with hunger and need, and the hard thrusting was sweeping my mind up into another place, and drawing my body with it.

Then he pulled the dildo out completely, and I almost collapsed, limp, panting through the ball stuffed into my mouth, moaning weakly. I felt something pushing into the open hole of my anus, something thicker than the dildo, and moaned as another shock wave rolled through me. It was his cock, he was going to bloody fuck me up the arse like this. And even though I generally disliked that sort of thing, felt it disgusting, the realization almost made me climax.

He was thicker than the dildo, and had a difficult time pushing himself into me easily. He pulled out and sheathed the dildo again, then left me for a bit as he went into the kitchen. He came back pumping his fist

over his thick cock, which now glistened. He pulled the dildo out and pushed his cock into me, and after a few in and outs he moved much more smoothly.

I was almost light-headed by then, moaning weakly, helplessly, reveling in my sense of being a prisoner and, oddly, in a sense of being used, being forced, being degraded. I groaned as he thrust his cock up deep, my back passage tight despite the oil or butter or whatever he'd used on his prick. It moved much more easily, but I was tight regardless. It – sank into me, sank slowly, wetly, slickly up through the tight back passage into my belly, and I shuddered hotly to feel it inside me.

He was in me, deep inside me, grinding his hips into my pushed out buttocks, his balls pressed in against my soft flesh, every inch of his slick cock inside me as my muscles squeezed down around his shaft. He slid slowly back, slid slickly, then pushed in again, and I groaned. He pulled back again and pushed in, pulled back and pushed in.

He drew back and thrust in again, hard, and I cried out, head flung back, chest on fire, belly quivering and churning. He began to pump in and out, in and out, sliding easily, smoothly, despite how tight I was. The feel of his thick cock moving in and of me was simply – glorious, and I felt my sexual fever deepen and grow.

I began to grunt in mindless, wonderful pleasure with every deep thrust. Every thrust sent the head of his cock punching deep into my anus, achingly deep, and brought a rippling cramp through my abdomen. And I gloried in it. Every thrust made me cry out weakly. Every thrust rocked me against the table. Every thrust sent a violent shudder through my body as his hips slapped into my upraised, outthrust buttocks.

He thrust faster and faster and faster, and then it was simply too much, and my head whipped back, my back arching, limbs straining against the cords and rope as a firestorm tore through my nervous system. I thrashed and shuddered through violent convulsions as a tremendous orgasm pounded into me like a violent storm. I was thrown about, this way and that, thrashing, shaking, gurgling in helpless, nearly mindless ecstasy as he continued to ram his cock up into my ass with unrestrained force and speed.

I swear I almost passed out. I couldn't breath, couldn't remember to breath, or just couldn't be bothered to make the effort. My eyes were glassy, my mind dazed and spinning as I clung desperately to the orgasmic high for as long as I possibly could. And then, as it slowly faded away, I collapsed limply, literally hanging there by the wrists, bent over, jaw slack, my head falling forward as I drew in ragged breaths to ease the fire in my chest.

Still my body shuddered to the harsh impact of his hips against my buttocks, his hands kneading my breasts, his cock spearing up into me with hard, deep, powerful strokes. I groaned weakly, helplessly, then let out a little cry as my head was yanked back by the hair. He reached down between my legs and gripped the dildo protruding there and began to thrust that up and down even as he continued to ram himself up my arse, and somehow another orgasm spilled through my nervous system and set me bucking and trembling and shaking in dazed pleasure.

And then, finally, he finished, groaning in pleasure himself as he rammed himself up into me and spilled his seed deep inside my back passage. He halted, deep inside me, gasping, clinging to me for support, then, his cock softening, he backed up and away, and wound up staggering back to fall into the overstuffed chair.

“Bloody incredible,” he groaned, laying his head back.

I echoed his thoughts.

He sat still for long seconds before looking back at me. My head was hanging low, and I was concentrating on breathing as I waited for him to come and untie me. I groaned as he stood up and came closer, then gasped weakly as he picked up the fallen dildo and shoved it back into my back passage. He chuckled and gave my arse a squeeze, then went back and sat down again, picking up his beer and taking several deep swallows as he stretched out comfortably.

I raised my head at last, and turned, staring over my shoulder, wondering just what he was up to, why he hadn't untied me. I wanted to be untied now, or at least, mostly wanted to. I suppose I thought the sex, the pleasure was done, and now he was just teasing me while he watched the telly. I frowned at him and called out to him through the ball, but he ignored me.

I glowered at him, and then began to use my tongue to slowly force the ball out of my mouth.

"What do you think you're doing?" I demanded, glaring at him over my shoulder. "Untie me, you bloody idiot."

He grinned and came over to me, cupping my bottom again and squeezing.

"I like you like this."

Then he yanked my head back by the hair, not harshly, but firmly, and I gasped as my head was forced almost back between my shoulder blades as he pushed the ball against my mouth again.

"Tan! S-stop! I-Ian!" I exclaimed, trying to turn my head away.

But he managed to get the ball back into my mouth, wedging his fingers into the soft material to squeeze it bit by bit in past my teeth. Then he opened the drawer and took out some tape, tore it off and placed it over my mouth to hold the ball inside. He grinned and put more tape there, then gave my bottom a smack that made me yelp.

I was getting cross, I must say, indignant with him for manhandling me like this. I tried to convey this fact to him but he had his back turned to me as he went into the kitchen. Then he came out, gave my bottom another squeeze as he passed, and went up the stairs. I stared after him, glowering. I was not the least afraid, you understand, but it seemed to me that he was simply leaving me like this to tease me.

And then he came back, holding my vibrator. I sucked air in through my nose, and felt a quiver in my belly. For he wasn't finished. We weren't finished. Now the indignation melted away and I felt a sense of anticipation. He turned it on and smirked at me, then slid it under my buttocks, between my legs, and angled it up and past the dildo protruding from my pussy.

He gave that a push, gave it a series of sharp little pushes that made me groan, as he played the vibrator across my clitoris. I felt my hips jerking as I flinched back from the power of the sensation the vibrator raised, that sensation too powerful, uncomfortable, making it impossible to keep my body still.

I whined in complaint, but he ignored me except to bring his other hand around me and begin to gently squeeze and caress my left breast.

The vibrations began to set my lower body afire, and I groaned helplessly as I felt his pressure on the dildo in my pussy begin to shift it, somehow sliding it even deeper into my body. There was hardly any of it sticking out of me now and I felt a wild thrill, for I knew it was thirteen inches long and it seemed I'd

swallowed at least a foot of it.

“Nasty little slut,” Ian whispered, pulling back on my hair as he rolled and sawed the vibrator over my clit.

Then he stopped, leaving me gasping. He grinned and picked up the remains of the rope. He considered me and then it, then to my surprise he reached past me and gripped the end of the table against the wall, tilting it back a little so he could pass the rope down between table and wall. He let the table back, and then drew the other end of the rope across the table placed it against my abdomen. He pulled me back a little, then, and drew the rope down between me and the table, and then squatted low to do – something I could not imagine nor see.

He got up and I turned my head back, panting, moaning weakly, and was bemused and confused to see him drag the heavy oak table his mother had given us forward a foot. Then he grinned at me and reached for the rope. He pulled it out between my legs, between my thighs, and I grunted as I felt it against the top of my sex.

What he had done was to tie a knot in the bloody rope, and as he pulled the rope back between my legs and pulled it taught that knot was jammed against my aching, swollen, exquisitely excited little clitoris.

And then he put his pants on, believe it or not, and sat down again, picking up his beer. I could hardly credit it as I stared over my shoulder, and wanted to call out to him, but of course, couldn't. I tried regardless, and he simply turned up the sound of the television and pretended to ignore me.

Needless to say, I was becoming frustrated on more than one level. I was irritated at him, indignant at him treating me like this, taking me for granted, taunting me sexually, and also, of course, my body had been roused once more – never mind how quickly and easily that had been accomplished – and then left unable to do anything about that arousal.

Or was I?

It took very little movement to discover that grinding my clitoris against the knot was both pleasurable and uncomfortable. It was, in fact, rather like pulling my nipples against the cords binding them. It – hurt – but the hot, fiery pleasure made it more than worthwhile.

At first, I determined to simply stand here. Before long, he'd get bored, forget whatever idiot idea he'd had, and then he'd untie me. But I very quickly found myself unable to resist those twin impulses of pleasure, unable to keep my body still. Without even really willing it my body began to tug in a rhythmic fashion against the cords holding my nipples. I was grinding myself slowly against the knot, slowly rolling my hips upwards, which ground my clit forward across the knot, and eased the pressure on my nipples, and then grinding back, which rubbed me against the knot once more, and then tugged tightly on my nipples.

When I realized what I was doing I stopped, gasping, my body quivering with sexual electricity, my head twisting to see if he had noticed. I did not want him to see me doing this, did not want him to understand just how much of a grip the idea of being tied up had on my mind. I had never really told him, never really explained, and I didn't want him to think I was some kind of sick, kinky slut.

I held myself still, quivering weakly, but before long my hips began to grind upwards again, my body grinding up, then grinding back, pulling on my nipples, moaning weakly. Again I caught myself and stopped, gasping. This happened repeatedly, as I became hotter, both inside and out. Had the air grown

warmer? Had it become more humid? I was sweating all over, my hair damp, tangled. I was panting weakly as the sweat trickled slowly down my flanks, down my breasts, down my thighs. Surely it had gotten hotter in the house?!

Then Ian was behind me, running his hands over my body.

“Bit sweaty, aren’t you, love?” he breathed.

I shuddered as his fingers slid around the dildo in my pussy and stroked against my clit. Then he slapped my bottom and I yelped, gasping afterwards, for the movement had driven me up across the knot again.

“Now what was that you called me? A bloody idiot?” he asked, slapping my bottom again.

Again I yelped, my hips lurching up and forward, then back.

“A stupid prat?”

Again he slapped my bottom sharply, and the sting drove me up and forward across the knot.

“A ballless wonder?”

Another slap, and I yelped and moaned and twisted at the continued stinging smacks, even as I gurgled weakly at the mixture of discomfort and pleasure as my clitoris ground up sharply across the knot.

“You were going to get some other man to do you proper, were you not, my love?”

Another sharp slap that drove me up across the knot, my pussy on fire now.

“My hand’s getting sore,” he complained.

He drew the belt out of the loops of his trousers and grinned at me, then doubled it and smacked me across the bottom. It wasn’t a hard blow, and I barely flinched. He smacked me again, harder, and I grunted. He smacked me still harder, clearly experimenting to see what would be too much, and the sting forced me up across the knot again, then back.

God on his throne I couldn’t remember ever feeling this horribly aroused. I was literally trembling with the excitement, my chest so tight I could hardly breath, my muscles twisting and spasming.

He cracked the belt across my bottom again, hard enough to hurt, making me cry out through the ball, my hips jerking up and forward so I ground across the knot, then sinking back so I ground back down and pulled against my nipples.

“I think me you’re in no position to be making demands, young Kendra,” he said, giving me another slash with the belt.

He reached between my legs and shoved at the dildo protruding from my anal opening, then at the one so tautly clenched between my sex lips, and gave a chuckle as my body flinched and jerked.

“You are absolutely dripping,” he said amused surprise.

I flushed red. I knew that, but as his finger circled the base of the dildo in my puss even I could feel the

moisture leaking out around it.

“Bloody dripping!” he said.

He slashed the belt across my bottom again and I cried out, hips jerking forward.

“Perhaps I should have been spanking you long since,” he said, cracking the belt across my bottom again.

I was embarrassed, but the embarrassment was swept away as I ground across the knot again and felt the orgasm beginning to unfurl. Desperately I flung my hips forward, heedless of how I looked, grinding myself up and back across the knot again and again and again without stop, even as I pulled sharply, repeatedly against the cords around my nipples.

Ian could not possibly miss the orgasm, as I gurgled and cried out, thrashing and arching and twisting while my hips rode frantically in and out. He laughed and cracked the belt across my bottom in a series of sharp, fast blows that sent the stinging pains rippling into the wild maelstrom of sensations tearing apart my mind.

Chapter Three

I was quite embarrassed about exposing my dark lust before Ian’s amused eyes. I avoided him afterwards, and in truth, had a decent enough excuse in that I had to shower and wash my hair again. I barked at him when next we talked, and growled at him for making me sore all over. There were red lines around my wrists, and I was still sore between the legs where I had ground back and forth over the knot. My nipples burned, and yet were still stiff for hours later. Even touching them made me gasp in both pleasure and pain.

Because a modern relationship was one between equals, I felt distinctly uncomfortable at how I had let Ian come to dominate me. I felt uncomfortable and embarrassed at how I had exposed my weakness to him. He, on the other side, felt cocky and amused. In his smugness he didn’t care that I growled at him, and teased me mercilessly.

When I snapped at him or barked at him he would suggest I might be in need of a spanking, or that I might want to watch out lest I be turned across his knee and given a paddling. Yet it was not all teasing. There was something there I had not previously sensed, for Ian had been affected by his total control of me in the same fashion as I had been affected by my total helplessness.

Well, and why wouldn’t he be? What modern man did not, at times, look back wistfully to the days when men were men, and in total control of their obedient wives?

I did not want to have sex that night in bed. Well, I did, but I wanted to both deprive him of sex and to attempt to show him I was not this sex crazed, wanton slut. And yet when he rolled atop me – I tended to sleep in the nude, especially on hot days – I found myself unable to fight with any real determination. I mean to say, that as he began to slide atop me I protested, as I usually did when I was not in the mood, or feeling too tired, or at that time of the month, and yet somehow it had less determination behind it.

“No,” I said, trying to push him off.

“Come on,” he whined, gripping my wrists and pushing them back as he continued to slide atop me.

“No. I’m tired and sore and – Ian! Get off me!”

He kissed me, his heavy body pinning me down, one of his hands pinning my wrists together above my head as his tongue slid into my mouth. I squirmed against him, but without any real strength. I could feel his cock hard against my abdomen, and moaned into his mouth as he reached down and gripped it, raising his hips, jabbing the head against the mouth of my sex.

I tried to twist free, but without any real strength or fury, and he simply held me as he found the right angle and slid slowly down into me. I was wet somehow, at least moist. I think I had been in a low state of sexual hunger all evening. My eyes widened and I tried with sudden determination to throw him off, exerting myself for the first time

His cock slid into me and he began to pump slowly, working his hips in and out, up and down, his mouth crushing mine, silencing me, his tongue thrusting inside as his free hand moved up to cover my breast, now, stroking and pinching at my raw, aching nipple.

What really got me, got to my mind, was that he was just doing me, just – doing me, ignoring my will, forcing himself on me, using me because he felt like it. Oh it wasn’t exactly violent or anything, and I have to admit he felt very – very good inside me as he slid in and out. But he was doing me against my will – well, sort of, and that seemed to twist something dark and hungry inside me, to drag it out into the open so it squirmed up into my outer mind and began to grow and spread.

I moaned into his mouth, helpless, my legs spread, knees wide apart, now starting to draw back in response to his thrusting motions, starting to rise up and down as he drove his cock into me with growing speed and power. I was growing breathless, gasping and moaning as he pulled his mouth away from mine, at last, biting into the nape of my neck.

He released my wrists, his hands going down to cup my ass, jerking me up to meet his thrusts as he drove harder.

We came together, crying out in hot, wild passion as the orgasms swept over us. But afterwards, as I lay back, chest rising and falling rapidly, I realized that this was the first time he had ever, however mildly, forced me into sex. I couldn’t help wonder if there had been some carryover from the bondage thing, and tremble a little with anticipation and wonder.

* * * * *

It was a normal day at the bank. I wore a gray linen suit with a long sleeved silk blouse to help hide the

marks on my wrists. I wore a watch with a thick band on one wrist, and a bracelet on the other.

My nipples were still hot. They felt raw inside the cups of my bra, a constant reminder, like my clit, which felt the same way, of what I'd done the other evening.

I spent my day processing loan applications, consulting tables and charts, and checking credit backgrounds. It normally occupied my mind fully, but I felt my thoughts drifting from time to time, back to that fantastic sex we'd had, there against the table. I felt deliciously naughty, slutty, and just a bit smug. Though of course I couldn't tell any of the girls at work.

I took the train home at the end of the day and started dinner. Ian came in at the usual time, and everything seemed perfectly normal, though perhaps I avoided his eyes a little, still embarrassed. We ate together and talked about our day, watched the news on the television, and then, Ian put his arm around me as we sat side by side, which was not entirely normal but hardly unusual. I liked to cuddle as much as the next woman, and eased in closer.

For a while we just did that, watching TV, and then he started getting playful, his hands roaming. We started kissing, lightly at first, then with more seriousness. His nimble fingers undid the buttons of my blouse and slid inside. He managed to get my bra open, and began to roll my nipples between his thumb and forefingers. Still sensitive, they burned as they throbbed, and I moaned into his mouth, wondering breathlessly if he would want to tie me up again.

He had my shirt and bra off, and I was sitting across his lap as we kissed. His shirt was open so I could run my hands up and down his chest and belly as we kissed. The button on my trousers was open, the zipper down. We were both getting hot as we made out there on the couch.

He tugged my trousers and thong off entirely so I was completely nude, his hand sliding between my legs, his thumb stroking across my clitoris. Like my nipples, it was still sensitive, and so I was more responsive than usual – and that was saying something.

And then he stopped with a grin, swinging me off him and standing up.

“I bought something for you today.”

“What?” I asked breathlessly, looking up at him.

He grinned and took my hand, pulling me to my feet. He led me towards the front door and then released me, opening the closet there and taking out a brown bag. He grinned and put it on the table, then reached into it and took out – a studded leather bondage restraint.

I stared at it, my heart skipping a beat. What on earth, I remember thinking. Then I realized what it was even as he took my wrist, and slipped the thing around it. I stared, as if mesmerized, heart beating faster as he closed and buckled it. It was quite soft on the inside, hard on the outside, a good three inches wide, with rings and clips and studs on it. It fit quite snugly.

He took another out of the bag and even as I was staring wonderingly at one wrist he was putting the restraint around the other. And then, he reached in again and I felt my heart skip a beat again as he drew out what was indisputably a collar. I stared at it, open-mouthed as he grinned and then placed it around my throat, doing the buckle up and locking it in place.

“What do you think?” he asked, taking my arm and tugging me over before the mirror at the door.

I reached up to the collar, staring at myself, open mouthed, feeling a hot, wild rush of emotions and excitement spilling through my veins as I stared at myself. My nipples were already rock hard, my pussy throbbing. Just the sight of myself in that – that gear was taking my breath away.

“You look incredibly hot,” he said, standing behind me, kissing the nape of my neck.

His hands slid up to cup my breasts and knead them and I felt the sexual pressure intensify. He squeezed harder than he used to, mauling and mashing my soft flesh in a way which ached, but ached so wonderfully.

“Where did you – get them?” I breathed.

“Bought them at a shop near my building over lunch.”

And then he gently but firmly drew my arms back behind me, drawing my wrists together. I heard a click, and then he released my wrists. Yet they remained locked in place. I stared at myself, transfixed, pulling at them as if to test for myself that I could not really free myself. My breath quickened and I felt my legs go rubbery.

He pushed me down and I sank weakly to my knees. He turned me a little, then unzipped and drew his cock out, already erect. I knelt on the floor not two feet from the mirror, partly facing it as he rubbed his cock over my face. My hands tried instinctively to rise, to grip his cock, to hold it, and could not. I was helpless there as he combed his hands through my thick hair, pulled it up and into a mass, then pushed his cock against my partly open mouth.

I moaned weakly, shakily, as his cock slid through my lips and over my tongue. I sucked on it, rolling my eyes upwards as he rolled his hips and twisted his cock around inside my mouth. He pumped it slowly in and out, the head pushing into the inside of my cheeks, sliding up along the roof of my mouth, sliding down over my tongue.

He had a thick mass of my dark brown hair in his fist, and held it above me, pulling me in and out a little, but simply holding me in place for the most part, as he pumped his cock slowly in and out. The tight, firm grip of the leather restraints around my wrists was an ever-present sensation that was making me almost light-headed with trembling sexual excitement as my lips slid up and down his thick, glistening shaft.

I sucked and licked at it as he pushed deeper, and began to feel a sense of anxiety now. I had always guided how deep and how fast he moved by holding my hand around the base of his cock. Now I could do nothing to control him. He would use me as he wanted to. A part of me feared that but another part of me reveled in it. I moaned around his cock, sucking and licking as he pumped it slowly in and out.

I felt him pushing deeper, almost deep enough to gag me, and rolled my eyes up towards him as he stood high above, then sideways, staring at myself with desperate excitement as I watched myself kneeling, arms behind my back, his thick cock sliding in and out of my mouth.

I had no business getting as aroused as I was simply by performing oral sex, yet my body was beginning to fairly vibrate with arousal and excitement as he pumped his cock slowly in and out of my mouth. My chest was tight, my lower belly fluttering, and I felt my will fading, felt the sexual haze thickening to the point I think I would do anything at all.

I wanted to swallow his cock. I knew I could do it. I had tried on previous occasions, but usually did not

succeed. Now I wanted to, and I felt a sudden shockwave of excitement thinking suddenly that he might just shove himself into my throat no matter what I thought or wanted or did.

For that was always the problem, my gag reflex causing me to instinctually pull back. Only now, with his grip so tight on my hair, on my head, with my wrists locked behind my back, I could not. I moaned at the flare of heat which washed over me, and then deliberately timed myself for when he was thrusting forward, pushing forward myself. His grip was behind me, as if to hold me in place, and did nothing to stop me from moving forward.

His cockhead pushed into my throat, and I gagged, choked, but my momentum carried me forward, and his hands eagerly followed, pulling me in tighter. I gurgled weakly as his shaft slid down my throat, gagging again, but feeling a white hot excitement at deep throating him. More, for his hands were behind my head as if to force me forward, and I choked again and gagged again as my lips slid deeper and more of him passed through into my throat.

And then my lips were wrapped tightly around the base of his cock. He was all the way inside me, my nose jammed into his pubic bone, and I gurgled weakly around his thick shaft as it filled my throat with discomfort, as it made me ache. But I was elated, wildly thrilled as he continued to hold me in place and curse softly above me. He groaned, and I felt his grip pulling back on my hair. His cock slid out between my straining lips, out and out and out, inch after inch of it until I gagged again and coughed violently as the head left my throat.

It had been the first time I had ever swallowed him on the first attempt, the easiest time by far, and though I was gasping, red-faced, gulping in air, I knew I could do it again. My excitement was only growing, and I groaned as he pulled back on my hair, then yanked me forward, making no effort to fight him. I opened my mouth, saliva dripping over my lower lip even as he shoved his fat cock into me again.

I slid downwards, sucking, licking, and his hands behind my head pulled me inexorably. I stopped moving, letting him force me forward as he pushed himself into me. I gagged again as the head entered my throat, gurgling and choking weakly as he slid deeper and deeper.

It was easier the second time, and even easier the third. Again and again he pushed himself into my throat, either pulling me forward at the same time, or simply holding me there as he drove himself into me. The more I knew I could take his cock the easier it became to do so, as though my gag reflex were, to some degree, psychological. I suppose, really, that it must be, else I'd gag every time I bit off something and swallowed my food.

He drove himself deep again, and drew back, faster now, and then halted and thrust in again. I gurgled weakly, rolling my eyes up at him as he drew back, and thrust in, drew back and thrust in. He was fucking my throat! I felt another shockwave roll through me, almost climaxing at the realization. He was thrusting in and out, in and out, and though I was gagging a little I was handling it.

Ian was cursing and gasping for breath, thrusting in and out harder, gripping my hair tighter, using shorter but faster strokes as he fucked my mouth, fucked my throat. And then he pulled out suddenly, gasping, squeezing his cock, and spat his climax into my face. I didn't even know what he intended at first, then the first droplets landed across my forehead, my cheeks, my mouth and lips as he shot off in front of me.

We had discussed facials in the context of seeing porn movies, on occasion, and neither of us had ever shown the slightest interest in engaging in that sort of thing. It was degrading, it was disgusting, it was contemptuous of the woman. It was like a dog marking its territory by peeing on it. It was a man saying "I can do anything I want to you," and the woman agreeing.

And that was why it excited me.

After coming in my face Ian released my hair and head, or maybe he pulled me back at the same time. I fell back onto my arms, onto my back, gasping, gulping in air, my face wet with saliva and semen, groaning weakly.

“Now I know what you’ll be wanting,” he said.

He squatted and gripped my legs, one behind the knee, the other at the ankle, and almost effortlessly flipped me onto my stomach. I groaned again, still gasping. I felt his hands slide up under my hips and yank them upwards.

“On your knees. Show me your better side, Kendra,” he ordered.

I was now, my chin against the floor, my bottom raised. I groaned as I felt his fingers tracing the line of my sex. Then felt them penetrate me, one, two, then three pushing into my sopping tunnel.

“Bloody soaking in there,” he said. “I think you need more than fingers.”

He had the big black dildo and he pushed it into me, slowly but firmly. I groaned aloud, my breathing suddenly becoming faster, more ragged.

“Ohh! Ohh! Oh fuck! Unggh!” I gasped. “Unnggghhh!”

Thick as it was, tight as it was, it was already deep inside me, and he was puming it in and out with a firm hand. Then I yelped as his other slapped down on my raised bottom.

“Spread those knees wider, slut,” he taunted. “Spread them!”

Another slap to the bottom and I yelped again at the sting, shifting my knees wider almost without thinking. I felt the dildo twisting and turning inside me, pushing in and out harder and faster. This was a humiliating position to be in, when you thought about it – and I did – face down, rump in the air, him thrusting a dildo into me from behind. I could almost imagine the smirk on his face as he drove it in and out of my sex.

He slapped my bottom again, for no particular reason I could think of.

“Ride it, slutty girl. Ride my black cock,” he taunted. “Let me see those hips working!”

Another slap to my bottom, a sharp, stinging one, and I yelped, but was too high, too feverishly high with sexual hunger and need and pleasure to protest. My hips worked in and out as I knelt in place, grunting and gasping as I rode the dildo, as he thrust it into me hard and deep and fast. My wrists pulled against the restraints, the tough metal links clicking lightly but holding easily.

Ian reached under and began to stroke my clit, and that was it for me. I cried out in helpless, wanton pleasure as the orgasm crashed down upon me, and rode the dildo like a whore, jamming my aching pussy back against it as the orgasm roared in my ears and my muscles spasmed and crackled with sexual electricity.

Chapter Four

I was a little embarrassed to be going into a sex shop, even with Ian, just a little. It wasn't a grubby, back-alley place, of course, but all shiny and high end for professional couples. It wasn't the sort of place for middle aged men in raincoats to browse. Still, I began to get a little embarrassed as I saw all the different sorts of dildos and vibrators, and then more embarrassed as Ian led me off to the corner section which was filled with bondage gear and costumes.

Of course I treated it all as a lark, so none of the other customers would think I was serious about anything, or at least tried to. Ian, however, was being Ian, which was to say he was quite enjoying teasing me and trying to embarrass me. And perhaps because I was still quite a bit disconcerted about how our new bondage games were affecting me, it got to me more than it should have.

Leather boots, for example, thigh high leather boots with five inch stiletto heels. He insisted I try on a pair, even over my jeans. I walked ever so carefully back and forth, feeling odd in them. "It's hard to walk in them."

"That's not really the point, is it," he said.

He took my shoulders and turned me, turned my bottom to him, and then put his hand on it. "This is the point, you see. It raises that lovely bottom of yours and positions it just right for – all manner of things."

I blushed and looked quickly around to see another couple nearby, apparently paying no attention, but they could not have missed hearing.

"And of course, you won't be doing much walking in them anyway. Perhaps you should see how they feel when you're on your knees. That's where you'll be after all. Probably make your knees less sore when you're kneeling on the floor too."

I blushed and glowered at him as he smirked back and gave my bottom another squeeze.

"I like the new taller you," he said. "I fancy those would look well with – this."

He held up a sort of leather bustier, or at least I thought it was a bustier, at first, but then realized that it was rather open where it should have been closed. He motioned upwards to a display model, and I felt a little rush of heat and excitement at the thought of wearing the thing.

It was a bustier, of sorts, very tight across the upper belly and lower chest, but it had no cups to speak of. It had a thick shelf of sorts which pressed up against the underside of the breasts, then straps which curled up around the outside of both breasts, criss-crossed in the chest and went over the shoulders. Another strap crossed the chest at the top of the breasts.

The affect would be to support the breasts, to squeeze them up and together and then down, but to keep them entirely bare. And then I saw some restraints, and felt my skin crackle at one particular set. Instead of leather or latex they were of stainless steel. They glistened as they lay there, different sizes for they were only a little adjustable, all metal, cool to the touch. I licked my lips and picked one up, my heart thumping in my chest, and then, checking around to see no one was watching, I slipped it around my wrist, staring at it as it snapped closed.

There was a tiny hole for it to lock, and I thought of myself wearing these and was immediately aware of how hard my nipples were in my bra, and how the crotch of my jeans was digging into my pussy.

“Very nice looking but they might bruise,” he said.

I just stared at them, and stared at the collars.

Ian reached past me and picked one up, opened it, and slid it around my throat.

“Too big,” he said as he closed it.

He removed it and tried another, and it fit as though made for me, snug, but not interfering at all with my breathing – except to make me breath faster. It was perhaps two inches wide, and thick enough so as to be impossible to break.

I reached up to remove it and he pulled my hands down. “If you want to buy these things, which are bloody expensive you should note, you have to wear them.”

“What?!” I gasped.

“You have to wear them out of here.

I gaped at him. “Don’t be bloody silly!”

“It’s only two blocks to the car. You can wear those heels that far, and it’s unlikely anyone will notice these things around the ankles. Your jacket will cover your wrists, and most of your throat.”

“Don’t be daft!”

“If you’re going to get into being submissive, Kendra, dear, then get into it,” he said, his eyes boring into me.

“But I don’t... I’m not – ”

“This is all very expensive. We have a budget to keep. If you want to pay this much then you have to demonstrate just how much you want it,” he insisted.

He left me for a moment, stopping a sales girl, and speaking to her in a low voice. She was young and blonde, and didn’t look at all surprised. “Just remember that you can’t return any of the toys or undergarments if they’re worn,” he said. “Aside from that, and aside from not breaking any public nudity or indecency laws we have no problem with how you carry anything out of here, on your back or in a bag.”

She looked at me and I flushed and dropped my eyes, though I wasn’t generally shy.

Ian came back to me, and gave me the bustier thing. "There's a dressing room. You can put that on under your jacket. But don't wear your blouse or bra."

I stared at him again, flushing, my heart suddenly beating a mile a minute.

"Wait one," he said.

He found a very short, pleated leather skirt, then what I at first took to be a leather thong, but quickly realized wasn't. He pushed them into my arms. "Go into the changing

room and put these on. If you want to demonstrate just how important paying so much money is then do it."

I was speechless, chest tight, stomach fluttering again. The blonde girl was not far away, clearly listening and interested, and that embarrassed me enough that I stumbled away, letting him lead me by the arm and then walking unsteadily into the changing room.

I dumped everything on a low shelf and stared at myself. Did I want to do this? Did I want to go through with this? Did I dare?! I just stared, my mind whirling, trying to decide what to do. But I was wildly aroused, and the thought of wearing the metal collar and shackles was terribly exciting. I wanted them, and Ian was within his rights for any expensive purchases outside our budget had to be by mutual agreement. We'd long decided that.

I licked my lips, then unzipped the leather boots and sat down to pull them off. I stared at myself in the mirror, heart pounding, then undid the buttons on my jeans, pulled down the zipper, and pulled them off. I was breathing even more raggedly as I undid my blouse and stripped it off too. Then I really examined the supposed leather thong and felt a jolt that almost threw me back against the wall.

It was not merely a leather thong. It would appear so when worn, but the inside of the crotch contained a soft, but thick, latex dildo, and only an inch or so away, a similar butt-plug. I was breathless at the thought of wearing them at all, much less wearing them here!

How could I – what would they think of me here If – but of course they must sell many and must be used to – oh my Good! What was I to do?!

I stared at the thing, face red, almost trembling with indecision and excitement.

I couldn't! Could I!? I mean, the girl had said as long as there was no public nudity or indecency they were fine with whatever we did. I bit my lip, then stepped into the leather thong and drew it up my legs. As it reached the top the difficult part came, of course. I had to insert the dildo in my pussy, and slide it slowly up inside myself. Fortunately, I was quite moist already, and it was not as thick as the black dildo we used at home.

I slid it up inside, then got it in deep enough the butt-plug was pressed against my anus. I moaned softly, then sort of sat down gently, letting it be forced up into my back passage. I pulled the leather and latex thong up tight against me and stared at myself in the mirror. It looked like simply a thong, at least from the front. I turned and looked at the back. There was nothing to show that I had a butt-plug up inside me.

I took off my bra, and then drew on the bustier thing, pulling it around my chest and doing the straps tight, then drawing up the straps on the outside along my breasts, then curving in across my chest. I

could feel my breasts being squeezed together from the sides as I did so, could see them as I crossed the straps over my chest and reached up and back to do the buckle behind my neck. Then the final strap crossed the top of my breasts, squeezing them down.

Oh my God I looked so hot! I stared at myself, transfixed, and ran my hands slowly across my firm, taut breasts, lightly pinching my exquisitely hard nipples.

I drew on the skirt, which was appallingly short, then stepped into the boots and drew them up my legs, zipping them up to the thighs just below the hem of the skirt.

My God I looked a proper slut!

I was embarrassed, and quickly pulled on my jacket, covering my chest. Then I stared at the restraints. I donned the pair at the wrists easily, relieved to see my loose sleeves did actually hide them. The ones around my ankles, however, were painfully obvious! Then came the collar. I stared at myself in the mirror as I drew it around my throat and snapped it in place.

A knock at the door startled me and I whirled, gasping.

“Are you about done, Kendra?”

“Y-yes!” I squeaked.

“I’ve one more thing for you to put on,” he said.

He opened the door, and held up a thick silver chain. I had no idea what it was, but then he drew me in and unzipped my jacket. I blushed as he looked down at my breasts, and anxiously looked past him at the shop outside. He was hiding me but still – .

He rubbed and pinched one of my nipples, then placed the end of the chain against it, and I saw there was a loop there, a narrow gold band which slipped over my nipple. Then he twisted and the band closed tightly as I gasped and jerked against him.

He chuckled, and drew the other end up to my other nipple, placing the loop over it, then tugging it tight so the loop cinched painfully closed. He let go and the chain dangled between my nipples. It was heavy enough to be a constant pull, an ache, but not heavy enough to pull my breasts or nipples downward.

He grinned and closed the jacket over my chest. “I guess we’re ready to go now,” he said.

“H-have you paid for everything?”

“Not yet.”

He took my arm and guided me out of the room and down the aisle. I felt horribly self-conscious in the tiny leather skirt and thigh high stilettos, and my face reddened as more than one man turned and flicked his eyes over me.

If they only knew what else I was wearing, I thought shakily.

We went up to the counter. A pair of older teenagers were giggling as a young black girl at the

counter put a large dildo into a bag for them. Then the blonde girl came up, looking at me in a way which made me blush, and I realized suddenly from her short hair and the way she looked that she was a lesbian.

“We’d like to buy what my girlfriend is wearing,” Ian said casually.

“What’s she got?” The black girl asked.

The blonde girl moved in and whispered to her, and they both looked at me, the blonde smirking, then turning to Ian. “We need to record the tags,” she said.

She took up a hand scanner, and Ian moved me right up to the cash as the girl ran it over the tag on the boots. The cash register beeped, and then she ran it over the tag on the skirt, and it beeped again.

“Put your foot up here, love,” she directed.

Embarrassed, I raised my foot high, putting it on a low shelf, and she gripped my ankle, raising it higher still, then passed the scanner over the ankle restraint.

“Don’t forget what’s under the skirt,” Ian said.

I blushed even more deeply, and the girl smiled and then delicately lifted the side of the skirt, pulling it higher and higher until my “thong” was exposed so she could pass the scanner across the hip.

“The dildo and butt-plug come off for easier cleaning,” she said.

I was red from forehead to chest, I think.

She let the skirt drop, and then Ian’s hands were at my jacket, unzipping it.

I gasped and instinctively tried to keep it closed but he firmly pushed my hands back. “They’ve got to scan the bra, and chain, dear,” he said.

He pulled the jacket wide open to bare my chest to the two girls, who looked at my breasts and then up at me. “You look really hot in that,” the Black girl said.

“Scrumptious breasts,” the blonde girl said with a grin, passing the scanner over the tag on the side of the bustier.

Then she slid a finger under the nipple chain and lifted it lightly, then pulled it forward a little, just enough to make me gasp and lean forward as she passed the can over the small tag at one end.

She held the chain a little longer than she needed to, then released it and I quickly jerked my jacket closed.

“Good thing it’s not cold outside,” the black girl said.

“I think she’s hot enough not to care,” said the blonde.

I was in a bit of a daze as we walked out of the shop, and Ian took my arm to steady me on the high heels as we headed up the pavement towards the car. I was horribly aroused, and every movement

made the chain tug on my nipples in a way which made me fight to keep from reaching up and rubbing and squeezing my nipples and breasts. I could feel the dildo firmly inside me, and the butt-plug as well, and I felt terribly naked in the little skirt and thigh high boots.

“I feel like a bloody prostitute,” I whispered.

“Prostitutes don’t dress like that, you know. They mostly wear jeans and jackets like you did going in.”

“What’s in the bag?” I asked, noticing it for the first time.

“A few things I bought while you were in the dressing room,” he said with a grin.

“What kind of things?”

“You’ll find out.”

“But I thought we had to agree on purchases!”

“These weren’t nearly as expensive, just a few small things. Oh, and one larger one. But I didn’t think you’d mind.”

People were looking at me as we passed, though not staring, at least. The men in particular were looking at me, as if that small flash of thigh between the tops of my boots and the bottom of the mini was so shocking they couldn’t pull their eyes away.

“People are staring at me,” I gulped.

“You’re worth staring at.”

“Ian!”

“Just think how they’d stare if you didn’t have that jacket on.”

We reached the car without incident, and I hurriedly climbed in and sat down carefully. Ian got in and grinned at me, then closed the door and started the engine as I reached for my seat belt.

“Hang on,” he said. “Lean forward.”

“What? Why?”

“because I said so, and because you’re going to do what I say, remember?”

“I didn’t say – .”

He was pushing forward on the back of my neck, and bending me forward in my seat.

“Put your hands behind your back.

“Ian!”

“Do it. Come on.”

Shakily, my chest almost on my legs, I put my arms behind me, and Ian seized them and drew the wrists together, then locked the restraints in place and pulled me back by the shoulder.

I stared at him and he grinned and looked around.

“Slump down.”

“Do you want to get us arrested!?”

“Do you want to do what you’re told like a good little slave?”

I slumped down, turning my head from side to side, looking for anyone who might be watching, then gasped as he slipped his hand under the short skirt, lifted it, and then pushed his fingers down into the front of the thong. I gasped as I felt his questing fingers reach my slit, and begin to rub at my clit.

“Ian!” I groaned.

He gripped my hair behind my neck in a tight grip, pulling it back sharply, forcing my back to arch even as I was slumped low. I whimpered and gasped as his fingers began to roughly stroke across my swollen clitoris, and he bit into the side of my neck.

The climax only took seconds to draw out of me, and my hips ground wildly, frantically as he rubbed my clit, trying to ride the dildo stuffed up inside me as I gurgled and shuddered and gasped for breath.

He chuckled and pulled his hands away, then unzipped his trousers. His hand went behind my neck again and he pulled me towards him, forcing me to bend across the center gear shift and bring my lips down onto his cock. I moaned around it as he pushed my head firmly down, and began sucking and licking. I slipped off the side, and was now on my knees on the floor of the car, sucking and trying to bob my lips up and down, no longer caring who might catch us.

He must have been almost as excited as I was, however, for he came quickly, and then lifted me back into my seat and pulled the seat belt across my chest.

We drove home in near silence, but I remained hot and bothered, to say the least, my wrists locked behind my back, my nipples throbbing. We drove into the garage so the neighbours wouldn’t see me, and Ian unlocked my restraints. Inside, he drew the drapes, then I pulled off my jacket, and he grinned to see me.

“Little sex slave,” he teased. “Now that we’ve bought it, we’ll make use of it. You’re going to wear nothing else all weekend. That is, if I let you wear even that much.”

I stared at him, but didn’t argue. I was excited at the thought. “I— have a lot to do,” I said.

“Then you can do it like that.”

I got to keep the skirt for perhaps half an hour, and by the end of the first hour he had pulled the “thong” off me and had me on all fours where he thrust violently into me from behind, ending up thrusting deep into my ass before coming.

The remainder of the day I wore the boots and bustier and restraints, and that was it. I was amazed at how many times a twenty six year old man could get an erection without the use of drugs. I was on my knees again and again, either swallowing his cock or getting done from behind.

And Ian never asked me once. He simply shoved me down onto my knees and either pushed himself into my mouth or pushed me onto all fours and mounted me. He was not rough, but he was forceful, and I submitted almost without thought, filled with hunger and need and excitement.

When we went to bed, he let me take the boots and bustier off, and the nipple chain of course, but the restraints and collar were all locked and he refused to provide the keys.

“You can sleep like that,” he said with a grin.

And then he pulled my wrists together in front of me and locked them together.

I spent the night with my wrists held above my head, locked by a chain to the headboard of our bed. Twice during the night Ian rolled atop me and did me, hard and fast, without asking permission, and I submitted, gasping and moaning as he thrust into me. Every time he closed his mouth over the center of my breasts and began to suck and lick at my aching nipples I nearly swooned from the pleasure and heat.

Chapter Five

I spent Saturday naked but for the boots and the restraints. Ian wouldn't even unlock the wrist restraints from each other, so whatever I had to do I had to do with my hands nearly together. I was a little annoyed, but it added to the excitement. How odd that even doing mundane things like rinsing off plates and glasses and pots and putting them in the dishwasher assumed a sexual air when done naked and in shackles.

The more things I did with my wrists shackled together, the more I got used to it, and the more, I don't know, wonderful, perfect, right, it seemed.

“Slave,” Ian called from the lounge, “Bring me some butter. I feel like fucking that tight little arse of yours.”

I shuddered a little, then opened the fridge and took out the butter and padded naked across the kitchen and into the lounge.

Ian was sitting back on an overstuffed chair with his hands behind his head, smirking.

“Take out my prick and oil it up, then sit on it,” he ordered arrogantly.

I glowered at him but the heat his order raised inside me made it impossible to refuse. I knelt

before him and undid his trousers, pulling his cock out.

“It’s not hard.”

“It’s not hard master,” he corrected.

I flushed, for he’d been trying to get me to say that and it felt silly. “It’s not hard, master,” I said.

“Then make it hard, slut.”

I took him into my mouth, sucking and licking, and it truly did not take hard for him to harden.

“Now slick me up and sit on me, slut.”

I opened the butter and rubbed a dollop against his cock, particularly the front, then stood up. I turned my back to him and straddled his legs, then began to squat over.

I felt his hands on my bottom, easing me into position, then reached between my legs with my shackled hands, gripping his cock and holding it up as he guided my bum down onto it. I gasped as he settled me slowly onto him.

“Slower! Oh! Wait! Not so fast!” I gasped.

“Not so fast master,” he said, tugging on my hair.

“Please! Not so fast, master!”

I sank down onto his thick staff, groaning as he impaled me, as the thing slid up deep into my bottom. Ian began to stroke my clitoris and pinch and knead my breasts and nipples as I began to awkwardly ride up and down. It was nasty, dirty, slutty, and I loved it, gasping and grunting as I rode faster and harder on his cock, feeling it impale me again and again and again.

And then I did the laundry.

I went carefully down the narrow wooden steps, and then sorted clothes, nude but for the boots, did the washing, then put the clothes, most of them, into the dryer. In between that I dusted and vacuumed and then I ironed, folded the clothes properly, and put them away.

Ian watched TV. But he came to see me from time to time, running his hands over my body, kneading my breasts and bottom, rubbing his fingers along my slit, over my clit. After a time he had me bend over and pushed a butt-plug up my ass. I think he knew it embarrassed me, knew I was uncomfortable with it, and so was enjoying teasing me, taunting me, pushing me to see what the limits of this new game were.

Truth to tell I didn’t know. I had no idea.

But when I was carrying an armload of towels up to the stairs he stopped me, his hand on my belly, stroking lightly, then descending to cup my sex casually. “So if you’re a sex slave, you have to do anything I tell you. Is that right?”

“I – I guess,” I said uncertainty. “I mean, yes, master.”

He grinned and took my arm.

“I have to put these away,” I said weakly.

He took them from me and set them on the table. “Sit there,” he ordered, pointing at a wide wooden chair.

I sat down gingerly. I was naked, after all, with a butt-plug up my back passage.

He sat down across from me, grinning so as to make me nervous.

“Slouch down, and drape your legs across the arms of the chair.

My face reddened a little, but I did so, exposing myself to him, and then swallowed anxiously as he handed me the large black dildo.

“Let me watch you masturbate,” he said.

I felt a shock ripple through me at the word. I stared at him, my mouth opening and closing uselessly. I most certainly did not want to masturbate while he watched! On the other hand, God, what a nasty thing to do! I felt myself growing aroused at the very notion of doing something that – wicked, that slutty.

“Go on. Put it in.”

I knew what he wanted, and it embarrassed me, but I slowly brought the dildo down between my legs and, face hot, rubbed the head up and down along the length of my sex, slowly sinking it into me. I was already moist, and rapidly becoming more so as he watched me intently, as I slowly worked the dildo into my body. I was sitting obscenely, legs sprawled wide and draped across the arms of the chair, my sex open to him as I worked the dildo into me.

My breathing quickened, and I cupped a breast, squeezing it, rolling the nipple between thumb and forefinger. I continued to feel embarrassed, yet the heat rose, the heat of wicked excitement, the thrill of doing something this nasty, and I groaned softly as I pushed the dildo slowly into me and began to stroke my finger across my clitoris.

I slowly began to get into it, get into it to the point where I was not faking at all, where I was gasping and panting, my hips jerking up spastically as I thrust the dildo into myself and stroked my thumb rapidly across my clitoris. The pleasure rose higher and higher, like a building wave, while Ian leaned in and watched.

I looked back, for a time, then couldn't keep my concentration, couldn't keep my eyes focused. My head rolled up and back and I grunted and gurgled and gasped as the orgasm swept over me. God, they were all so powerful now! I shook and trembled and my hips worked frantically up and down as I thrust the dildo in and out, and then I went limp, sprawled bonelessly across the chair, gasping for breath as the orgasm faded.

“That's much nicer than watching the telly,” he said with a grin.

“Bastard,” I panted.

My face flushed red, for now that the heat of arousal was fading I felt ashamed of what I’d done, of how he’d watched me doing it.

“Watch your mouth, little slut, or I’ll strap your bottom for you again.”

I wanted to reassert myself, but at the same time felt like goading him to do just that. It was very odd how I had these contrary sensations, these strange differing desires whipping about in my head.

“You wouldn’t dare. You haven’t the balls for it,” I said, feeling a quiver of excitement as my pussy started to throb once again.

He grinned darkly at me. “Do you want me to bend you across my knee?”

I gave him the finger and he stood up. I yelped and sprang up myself, and made him chase me around before he caught me and wrestled me to a chair.

“Wait! Wait!” I gasped. “I want to try something different!”

He eased off trying to pin me across his lap. “What?”

“Something I saw in a picture.”

He let me up and I licked my lips, a little uncomfortable telling him but – but I wanted to do it!

I went and got the picture and showed him, and he pursed his lips. “It shouldn’t be hard,” he said.

“You just need to put a hook or something in the ceiling.”

He snorted. “I need to put it into a beam, not into the bloody plaster. Hang on while I get my tools.”

And so Ian got a step ladder, a stud finder, hammer, screwdriver, drill, and a thick metal hook, and then carefully screwed and hammered the hook up into the ceiling above, being careful it was tightly supported. Then he got some of the rope and I turned my back to him, heart thumping, as he locked my restraints together. He put the rope over the hook, then tied it to the restraints and pulled.

“Oh!” I gasped as my wrists were forced upwards and I was forced to bend forward.

The higher he lifted them up, the more I had to bend, until my arms were almost straight up behind me and I was bent over at a ninety degree angle. But then Ian had his own ideas, which involved putting that damn chain around my nipples, and then, worse, hanging weights from it so it pulled sharply down on my nipples and made them burn and ache.

With me helpless, he worked the dildo in and out of my pussy, then took it out and gripped my hair to lift my head up, stuffing the dildo into my mouth. I gurgled and tried to twist my head away but he held me tightly, grinning as he pumped it in and out.

“Suck that pussy cream, Kendra,” he taunted. “Lick it like it was my prick. Nasty little slut!”

With me helpless he could pump the dildo in and out of my mouth, pushing it deep, and even force it into

my throat. He did so, and I gurgled and choked and gasped as he pushed it slowly in and out, forcing it so deep he was barely holding the base.

He pulled it out again and I gasped and coughed and drooled onto the floor as he released my hair and my head hung low once again. Then he shoved it into me from behind again, pumping it in and out so I groaned and gasped and shuddered, his finger stroking strongly across my clit as he did me from behind.

He got aroused enough that he thrust his own cock into me, doing me from behind, pulling back on my hair as I stood there, thrusting in strongly, and then pushing the dildo into my mouth and throat and pumping them in and out.

“This kind of position really calls out for two men, don’t you think, slut? One behind you doing you like you need it, and another shoving his prick down your throat.”

The thought of being trapped like this, helpless, between two men, made my pussy drool and made my body jerk and spasm. His hips slapped powerfully into my raised bottom as he thrust in and out of me, and I gurgled wetly around the dildo he was pumping in my throat.

All the while the weights pulled on my nipples, making them burn and stretch and ache and sending more little firefly sparks through my chest and stomach.

When he finished he pulled the dildo out and shoved it up my pussy, then made me lick and suck and clean off his cock.

He gripped my hair, which hung over my face, and used it to lift my head up and back so he could look me in the eye again. “Did you enjoy that, little slut?” he taunted.

“I-I want you to fuck me again,” I gasped.

He laughed and shook his head. Then to my surprise he shoved the ball-gag into my mouth and released my hair, letting my head fall again. I raised it – though it was very hard to do, and stared at him as he went back to sitting down and watching the television. I moaned weakly, feeling a mixture of indignation and dark excitement at being so treated.

And I realized there was just nothing I could do about it. I was standing there in the center of the room, bent over at the waist, arms pulled up high behind me, head hanging low, the room curtained off by my dangling hair. My breasts were hanging below me, nipples stretched out by the chain, and the dildo and butt-plug were deep inside me.

And without Ian thrusting away, pulling at my hair, and groping my breasts, I was starting to realize this was quite an uncomfortable position. I tried to shift myself in little ways from side to side, to ease the discomfort and stiffness to my arms and shoulders and back and legs, but they were never very successful. I tried raising my head from time to time and shouting at Ian but he ignored my soft, gagged, muffled voice.

I couldn’t do anything. I was completely helpless! At his mercy!

The discomfort got worse, but my mind was swept into a bubbling sexual heat, like a meal with the heat turned to simmer, and I – I simmered hotly. I moaned, feeling how warm and wet my pussy was, how it squeezed around the dildo, feeling my nipples and breasts swollen and throbbing, the sexual electricity rippling up and down my spine.

How long was he going to bloody leave me like this!?

I wearily raised my head to stare at the back of his head, and moaned softly, then dropped my head again. It had been my bloody idea so I could hardly get mad at him. But he should – he should – I didn't know. I had no idea what he ought to do or what I even wanted him to do. I didn't even know myself where this was going or what was driving it.

He wandered over at last, and I shuddered and gasped and twisted as he began to pump the dildo in my pussy and finger my moist clit. Then he moved before me and removed the gag. I had been drooling around it and now was embarrassed as the saliva fell to the floor. He thrust his cock into my open mouth and I closed my lips around it, sucking and licking as I rolled my eyes up at him looking down at me.

"I rather like this availability," he said, pushing deeper, gagging me. "Always ready whenever I'm in the mood, no preliminaries at all."

He began to pump faster, though he never went very fast. He thrust deep, though, deep into my throat, his balls pressed against my chin as he ground my face into his belly. He thrust in and out, in and out, reaching down to fondle my breasts as he held my head up by the hair.

Then he pulled out and came in my face, startling me by spraying his semen over my chin and nose and forehead and cheeks.

"Kinky little slut," he taunted. "What do you think? You want another man to come and do you from behind while I shove my prick down your throat? Perhaps another woman? You can lick her pussy while I fuck you."

I coughed a little. I was gasping, red-faced, gulping in air as he held my head up by the hair.

"Do you know that girl in the shop? The sex shop? She gave me her number," he said.

I stared at him in confusion. What on earth did he mean?

"It said that if we ever wanted a threesome, or help training you, she was available."

I coloured, and dropped my eyes.

"What do you think of that? Would you like to have sex with another woman?"

"No. I'm not into women," I said, my voice breathy.

"After all, a sex slave will do whatever she's told, right, will have sex with anyone who wants her. I mean, isn't that the essence of what it means to be a sex slave?"

Of course it was, but we were just playing at it!

He had hinted about me with another woman before, of course. It wasn't an unusual fantasy for men these days. It was so fashionable, after all, for a lot of women, particularly slutty actresses and pop singers, to dabble in a little lesbianism. It had become part of popular culture, something even high school girls did. He had occasionally mentioned, in a joking fashion, the thought of me with one or another of my girlfriends, and I had simply given him a tolerant look.

Now – the idea was attractive, in a way. It would be terribly humiliating, of course, and I had no actual desire to have sex with a woman. The idea didn't repel me, but women did not, generally speaking, arouse me. The idea of a threesome, however, of me shackled and at both of their mercy, well, that was one to make my tummy quiver and flutter wildly.

The blonde girl had been sort of cute, and not very threatening. I didn't see her taking Ian away from me for she was clearly not cultured, not educated, and he would have little interest in a woman not his intellectual equal. Besides, she wasn't nearly as pretty as me.

"I suppose," I mumbled.

I wanted to agree without agreeing. I did not want to say yes, but wanted him to simply do it. That surprised me – realizing I wanted to do it, and it confused me.

"I'll think about it," I said slowly.

"Don't think too long. She's coming over this evening."

My heart skipped a beat and I stared at him, jaw dropping.

"You don't have to do anything with her, of course. We could just have a drink and chat."

My stomach started churning, and kept churning. Every time I thought about it my stomach churned. The anxiety was making me sick.

"What time will she be coming?" I asked later.

"Round sevenish."

I thought of a hundred things I had to do. I had to make sure the house was perfectly straightened, and had to shower and do my hair, put on makeup and perfume, and choose what to wear. That would certainly be important. It had to be – restrained but sexy in a way, but without looking like I'd tried to be sexy. I didn't know how much I was even going to allow the girl to do. Maybe she'd just want to put on a little show for Ian and then leave.

I insisted he untie me, then hurried to tidy up, then made dinner, then showered and did my hair and makeup.

Ian smirked tolerantly to see me, but when I was starting to lay out my clothes he took me by the arm and led me from our bedroom. "I want to show you something else I bought," he said.

He brought me back downstairs, then drew my wrists together behind my back,

"Ian! We don't have much time!" I gulped.

"Time enough."

He produced what looked something like the stress ball, but this had straps on either end, and he shoved it into my mouth. I tried to shake it off but he pulled back on my hair, back sharply, and my mouth opened automatically. Most of it went in, and he prodded at the remainder with his fingers to

squeeze it in under my teeth, then did the strap around behind me, pulling my hair out of the way before buckling the strap.

He took my arm and led me to the mirror, and I stared at myself, feeling my pussy starting to throb and pulse.

“Where’s your dildo? You didn’t have my permission to take it out,” he said. “And you’ve lost the butt-plug, as well.

I could not, of course, speak. He led me back upstairs by the arm, and then firmly bent me over one of the dressers as he worked the butt plug into my bottom, and then slowly worked the dildo back up into my pussy, pushing it quite deep, a little painfully so.

Then he took me by the arm and led me back down the stairs, even as I tried to twist free, glaring at him, knowing that I didn’t have an awful lot of time left to dress and finish up before the blonde girl got there.

He pushed me down onto my knees.

“Sit on your bottom,” he ordered.

I knelt, sitting on my buttocks, again trying to glare up at him, then aside as he crouched beside me. I felt his hands at my ankles, and then felt the ankle restraints – which I’d taken off when I’d removed the boots, slipped around them, and then locked together. A moment later he had the nipple chain, and was tightening the loops around my nipples, tightening them painfully.

And then the bell rang.

I started, my eyes widening, and he put a hand on my shoulder. “She insisted that you be naked when she arrived,” he said. “She says she wants to help train you, if you can believe that. I thought it’d be a lot of fun.”

I would have gaped at him if my mouth wasn’t already wide around the ball gag.

“Now don’t try to run off, you’ll fall on your face, and look really dumb.”

He stood up, a hand on my shoulder holding me in place, then stepped quickly to the door and opened it. I didn’t have time to try to struggle up and scurry off, even if I had decided I could do that, or wanted to do that.

And then another rolling shockwave hit me as she entered the room and her eyes lit on me.

It was not the short blonde girl from the shop. It was the black one. She was tall, with a willowy body and high, small breasts. She had large brown eyes, and her hair was shoulder length dreadlocks. I was frozen, staring like a deer caught in the headlights as she smiled down at me. She was wearing high heeled leather boots, tight, low slung black leather trousers and a leather vest which bared a lot of dark brown flesh. She walked straight to me as I stared, wide-eyed.

“Well hello again,” she said.

She turned to look at Ian. “Have you given her a name?”

“She has a name?” he said, frowning.

The woman smiled. “I could sense you were both very new at this. Give her a sexual name for now, a distinct name which differentiates her submissive self from her non-sexual self – if you will. It’s a way to wall of this part of your life, unless, of course, you want them joined, want her to be submissive and obedient in all things. And, of course, if she wants that.”

Ian smiled “I’ve been calling her slave, or slut.”

“Those are descriptives, not names. “Why don’t we call her ... Missy? I have a cat named Missy.”

Ian shrugged.

“My name is Caroline, btw,” the woman said, shaking his hand.

“This is -- .”

“Her name is Missy to me,” Caroline said.

“Of course.”

Caroline stepped over to me and smiled down at me. I was still feeling mortally embarrassed, and trying not to look at her.

“Spread your knees apart, Missy,” she said. “You should always display yourself for your master.”

I flushed still deeper, and then gasped as she gripped my hair and yanked my head back. “Spread your knees apart, Missy,” she ordered.

I shifted my legs open, then wider at her insistence. I felt indignant, a little anxious, and very embarrassed. But I also felt a deep, dark thrill settling upon me.

“What have you done with her?” she asked. “Tied up to give you a blow job? Spread-eagled on the bed? That sort of thing?”

“Well, uhm, yes,” Ian said, a little red faced himself.

“Spanked her?”

“Yes.”

“What about a strapping?”

“Well, I did use my belt on her bottom, but not very hard.”

“Have you suspended her? I love suspensions myself.”

“Pardon?”

“You know, hung her by her wrists or ankles?”

I felt a little electrical quiver run up between my legs at the thought.

“I’d like that,” Ian said

“Would you? We can arrange that. It’s very tiring, though, and she’ll have sore muscles tomorrow.”

She pulled back sharply on my hair, and I gasped in pain, my back arching as she pulled my hair back. Then she slipped her fingers under the chain and pulled me up to my feet and I jerked upward with another gasp of pain as my nipples were stretched sharply. She smiled ferally at me, her other hand sliding up my tummy and up along the smooth skin of my chest to knead my breast. I flushed, having a woman do that, but Ian seemed intensely aroused by the sight, and then she slid her hand down my abdomen and around the thick base of the dildo protruding from between the lips of my sex.

I felt my face flushing more deeply, and felt a whirling mix of discomfort and embarrassment and heat as she let her fingers circle the dildo where my lips gripped so tightly, then played her fingers lightly across my swollen clitoris. She jerked my head back hard by the hair so I was staring at the ceiling, and then bit into my exposed throat as she began to stroke her finger rhythmically across my clit.

I had played at kissing women before, of course, mostly as a tease to the boys, but I was naked now, and this was not simply girlish games. The woman was stroking my clit, and despite the fact I really didn’t have a thing for women the sensations she was raising were undeniable. I was squirming mentally but my pussy was starting to burn with a ferocity I could barely remember feeling before.

It was the sense of total helplessness, and before a stranger this time. And more. For Ian was watching and I could sense that he was incredibly turned on by the sight of this black woman pawing at me and caressing me and even hurting me.

I gurgled weakly into the gag as Caroline bit and sucked at my throat, then rained bites slowly up along the nape of my neck as she continued to caress my clit.

She eased back, and slipped a finger beneath the nipple chain, pulling it upwards so I gasped in pain and was forced up onto the balls of my feet.

“Dance for us, Missy,” she taunted, releasing my hair, doing nothing but holding the nipple chain with one finger, forcing me to totter around on the balls of my feet, sometimes even on my toes as my nipples burned and I yelped and moaned and gasped in pain.

She drew me out from her with her arm extended, until she was standing beside me, and then her other hand gripped the dildo sticking out of my backside and pushed hard. I squealed in pain, then groaned as she gripped the dildo and pulled it back, then thrust in again. She began pumping it in and out slowly as she led me slowly tottering forward across the room, then all-but sheathed it as she eased me down onto my feet.

“Do you want to be hung by your wrists and whipped, Missy?” she purred.

She undid the strap behind my head, and then gently worked the ball-gag out of my mouth. She gripped my hair again and turned me towards her, then kissed me deeply, her lips crushing mine, her tongue thrusting into my mouth. My eyes went wide, and I felt another wave of discomfort and embarrassment

as Ian stared appreciatively. Caroline's fingers kneaded my breast as her tongue thrust in and out of my mouth, and I gurgled weakly, my mind spinning in confusion as I tried to think of what to do, how I ought to be responding.

She jerked back on my hair again, bending my head back as I gasped weakly.

"Do you, Missy? Do you want to be hung by your wrists?"

"I-I ... Y-yes!" I gasped.

"Yes, mistress," she purred.

"Yes, Mistress!" I gasped, face red.

"Say – please hang me by my wrists mistress," she said.

"P-Please hang me from my wrists, mistress," I said in a low voice, blushing furiously.

"And whip me," she said.

"I-I don't know - ."

She pulled sharply back on my hair again and I gasped in pain.

"You don't know what your limits are, you mean? I will find out what your limits are, Missy, and while we might push at them we won't go across, at least not far. We'll both explore what your limits are together with your boyfriend."

She released my hair and then gripped my wrists behind me, pulling them upwards in a way which forced me to quickly bend over.

"She can't be hung in these," she said, fingering the shackles, "They're too hard. It will hurt her wrists," she said.

"I have a softer, leather pair," Ian said.

"Fetch them," she all-but ordered.

They replaced the shackles with the padded leather restraints Ian had first brought, and then Ian had to get out his toolbox and there was this whole preparation thing where Caroline explained the difficulties of hanging people up, and how strong the chains must bear, and how deeply anchored they must be.

"If you spread her arms well apart, it lessens the pressure pulling straight up on them, eases the pain and possible damage to wrists. What you want to do in this case is spread her arms so far that her hands aren't really much higher than her head."

Ian drilled holes and screwed in eyelets, and then Caroline arranged me into the proper position, with Ian furnishing the strength. I wound up standing very straight indeed, with my arms spread well apart and angled up. Caroline arranged it so that I was stiff-backed, absolutely straight.

“You see how well displayed her body is like this,” she said as Ian looked at me appreciatively.

She ran her hand slowly along my taut body, caressing my breasts as she followed the curves of my body, then down between my legs to stroke lightly against my clit.

“The reason this is so easy is you don’t have to lift her up to hang her. Just position her like this. Then when you spread her legs, she’ll wind up hanging by her wrists.”

She tied rope to my lower ankle restraints and she and Ian pulled them slowly apart. I was first on the balls of my feet, then my toes, then, gasping and fingers wriggling for support, they pulled my legs wider still, until my toes left the floor and I was hanging completely from my wrists.

There was a sudden heavy pressure on my wrists, on my arms and shoulders and even on my chest. They pulled my legs wide, just like my arms, and then tied them tightly in place so I couldn’t move at all. I felt very exposed, and both embarrassed and excited as Caroline looked me over and ran her hands across my body again.

It was intensely arousing to be hanging by my wrists. My chest was tight with sexual excitement and pressure, and I groaned and flushed with anticipation and anxiety as Caroline pulled at the chain attached to my nipples.

She unscrewed the loops and pulled it off, and I gasped aloud as sudden intense pain from returning circulation made my nipples burn and throb and swell for long seconds. Then the pain began to ease, and Caroline bent and took the center of one breast into her mouth, sucking and licking and chewing as I squirmed and moaned in pleasure and pain.

She shifted from one nipple to the other, her mouth chewing at the surrounding flesh, sucking and pulling at it, her teeth lightly digging into the soft skin of my breast, her tongue whipping across the nipple, her mouth sucking and sucking.

Her fingers were stroking and caressing my breasts, and she was pinching and rubbing my nipple between her thumb and forefinger, my very rigid, fat, swollen pink nipple. And I was feeling little electrical sparks from both nipples as she continued to crush her lips against mine and kiss me. And when her hand slid downward between my legs I felt a bizarre combination of squirming mental discomfort and a terrible heat between the legs.

Chapter Six

“Have a look,” she said, holding the flog out in front of me.

I stared at it with wide eyes as she turned it over and over in her hand.

“You see, the laces are fairly thin and soft. This is flogging for beginners. It’s almost play flogging.

You'll feel nothing but the lightest of stings, and no matter how hard it's swung or how often it will never break the skin. This will give you a mental feel for what it's like to be whipped but without the true taste of pain."

She let the laces slide across my breasts, then moved behind me, and despite her words I felt tension inside me, and a fear. I stared at Ian, but his eyes were so wide and so filled with excitement and heat I knew he wouldn't do anything to stop her. Then I saw her, my head turned, her arm descending rapidly. I yelped as the whip slashed across my back.

But she had been telling the truth. There was hardly any weight to the thing, and I felt oddly cheated. It struck my back again, and again, and again, a little harder, but really, there wasn't even a sting. I stared at Ian again, and was turned on by how much he was turned on watching this. But I knew I wanted more.

She stepped before me again, and I flinched as she pushed the flog up under my jaw, forcing my head back.

"I think me she needs more than this," she said.

My body was all stretched out, all straining, my limbs aching now, and I felt a heady sense of wild sexual heat as she picked up another whip, this time the laces heavier.

"This is again a very, very mild flog," she said. "but the laces have more weight to them and more sting."

She stepped behind me and brought her arm down, and the flog struck my back, the half dozen or more thin laces spreading out to cut into my soft, pale skin sharply. And it hurt sharply, well, stung sharply. I cried out, for each lace was like a brief pinprick of pain, yet a pinprick can hurt and I gasped and jerked in my bonds, feeling those sharp, pinpricks of pain across my back.

Another blow and I gasped again, and then gasped a third time as she yanked back on my hair. "Thank me for whipping you, Missy."

"Th-thank you for w-whipping me, Mistress," I gasped.

"You will thank me every time I strike you," she said, releasing my hair.

The flog cut across my back and I yelped in pain, twisting in my bonds.

"Th-thank you for whipping me, mistress!" I gasped.

Another blow, and another cry of pain. They didn't really hurt, but the skin was starting to become more tender, starting to warm up. Another blow, and another, and I was twisting and gasping in my bonds. Another blow and then four more, and my back was growing warm, though not as warm as my pussy.

"Thank you for whipping me, mistress!" I gasped.

Most of my attention was focused on her now. I was hardly aware of Ian's presence, except as a gaping, excited shadow against the wall staring at me.

She moved behind me and I gasped as she gripped the ring of latex which was the part of the butt-plug remaining outside my body. She slowly pulled it out, forcing my back passage wide.

“Let’s find something longer and thicker for our little sex slave’s back passage,” Caroline said, embarrassing me further.

She produced her own black dildo, almost as thick as the one now stuffed up my pussy, and began to work it up my back passage, ignoring my gasps and pleas to go slowly, working it in deeper and deeper as her other hand moved around in front of me and her fingers began to stroke across my clit.

Ian’s arousal was almost palpable, and Caroline smirked at him.

“Got a hard-on? Would you like to stuff it up your whore’s backside?”

He would and did, though he blushed to have her seeing him, looking on. I think that, like me, he was both excited and embarrassed at her being there. But he unzipped and pulled free regardless, and then thrust himself deep into my ass.

It was – humiliating, to be standing, well, not even standing, to be spread-eagled in mid-air, naked, and have him sodomising me while she stood back and looked on with those dark brown eyes and that knowing smirk. It was horribly uncomfortable in that way. Yet for whatever strange reason, my body quivered with sexual hunger and need, and her eyes on me, the shame I felt as I let Ian ram his big prick up my ass again and again, ignited something hot and terrible inside me.

She moved to stand right in front of me, my body quivering and jerking from the force of Ian’s thrusts. She cupped my face and raised it to her. “Do you like being fucked up the ass?” she asked in an oddly casual sort of voice which embarrassed me anew.

I said nothing, merely gasped and grunted in time to Ian’s hard thrusts.

The weight of his body was thrusting me forward against the pull of the restraints, and she ran her hands slowly up and down the front of my quivering body as Ian drove himself into me, then wrapped her finger around the base of the dildo protruding from my pussy and began to stroke her thumb across my clit.

“Sing for me, little girl,” she cooed. “Sing for mistress. Let me hear you sing.”

I honestly didn’t understand what she meant at the time, as I gasped and moaned and whined in embarrassment and heated pleasure. The sensations she was rousing in my pussy were too powerful to resist, especially given the state of my mind and body. And as Ian thrust up into my rear she began to pump the dildo just a little inside me, keeping it deep, but stroking it in and out an inch or so, pushing it in forcefully – painfully, grinding the nose deep inside me as she twisted it around a little within my belly.

Her thumb flicked rapidly across my clit, and it was just more than I could take. My gasps became cries of helpless pleasure, my groans became mindless animal grunts and gurgles, and my mind and nervous system were swamped by waves of crackling sexual bliss that held me in a feverish grip, twisting and writhing and gurgling in pleasure until it built up into a tremendous explosive climax that had me literally crying out, I mean, in a way which later embarrassed me, crying out like a whore, like some kind of phony porn actress, crying out as I came with the wild intensity of the pleasure.

I sagged, at last, gasping weakly, my body still jerking violently as Ian thrust up into my rear again and again. But then he came, as well, and, spent, stumbled back, pulling his softening prick from between

my buttocks.

Caroline was still fully clothed, and she jammed the dildo in as high and deep as it would go, the point of actual pain, the point of my crying out and writhing, back arching, eyes widening. Then she eased off, leaving it buried inside me. She kissed the nape of my neck, then my earlobe, and her breath was warm against my ear as she whispered “whore”.

She kissed me softly on the lips, then eased back and reached for the dildo and pulled it slowly down the length of my pussy, thrust up again –sharply, deeply, hurting me, then pulled it slowly out all the way. She moved around behind me and I cried out again as she thrust it up into my bottom. I was still open there from Ian’s hard, rough sodomy, but the dildo was thicker than he was, and though slick, did not slide in easily.

She drew it back, then pushed forward, twisting it from side to side as I moaned and gasped and winced in pain. Ian looked on, his cock safely stuffed back into his zipper, a little abashed, but still deeply aroused from the look in his eyes. He watched this woman, this virtually stranger, forcing the dildo up my ass, even though it clearly was hurting me, and said nothing to protest.

But then again, neither did I, except to gasp and moan and wince when it went in too fast, too deep.

“Go into my bag, dear, and fetch me the large green vibrator,” Caroline told him, pointing.

“What?” he asked, apparently startled “Oh yes! Of course!”

He bent over it and seemed quite interested in whatever it was he saw there, then drew out an enormous latex dildo – or vibrator I suppose since she’d called it that. She pumped the dildo in and out of my ass a little more, driving it painfully deep, then moved around in front of me and took the new one. It was every bit as thick as the other, perhaps even more, and she smiled at me as she fed it into my pussy and began to slide it up into my overfull tummy.

It was all bumps and angles and round, curvy ridges, yet it was made of very soft latex and slid through my taut sex lips as she worked it up deeper inside me. Then, at the bottom, was a sort of clip, like the one at the top of a ball-point pen. This clip slid up across the outside of my body, pressing in tight as almost the last of the vibrator was fed into me. Then she activated a switch, and it began to buzz. It was pressing directly over my clit as it did, and I moaned and squirmed in discomfort at the strength of the sensations.

She gagged me again, forcing the ball gag deep into my mouth, then picked up the flog and began to swing it once more, bringing it sweeping in and down across my back and bottom. It stung, but not badly. However, it was making my skin tender and red, and warm. And when she moved around in front of me I felt a moment of quivering shock before she swung it down across my breasts.

They were more sensitive, and stung more, but the excitement within me bubbled over. The discomfort from the vibrator’s sensations became something else, something hot and raw and wild. It was all I could do to keep my hips from bucking forward like the whore she’d called me. I gasped and shuddered as she brought the light flog down across my breasts again and again, in a slow, measured way which soon had my chest pink and my nipples aching fiercely in more ways than one.

She put the flog down and drew another out of her bag, a heavier one, then moved up before me. She ran her hand over my chest, smirking and then bent to suckle at one of my nipples. The

sensation almost overwhelmed me and I shuddered and bucked my hips forward uncontrollably.

She mouthed my earlobe again. “Whore,” she whispered.

Then she began to whip me again, only this time the laces of the flog were a little thicker and a little heavier, and they stung for real. I flinched with every blow, crying out – my voice lost to the gag. My toes writhed and twisted only an inch off the floor, and my body arched and jerked and thrashed as the whip cut across my shoulders and back and buttocks. My skin was growing much hotter now, and the blows were starting to become actual pain.

“Shall we make her into our mindless fuck toy?” Caroline called. “Our brainless little sex pet?”

“Ungh! Ohh! Oww! Ahhh! Unngh!” I cried into the gag as the blows landed across my back and shoulders, my buttocks and thighs and hips.

There was a moment when I nearly panicked at the pain, and struggled for real to get loose, staring wild-eyed at Ian as if to convey that my limit had been reached and he must put a stop to it. But Ian was already hard again, and his face was filled with lust and excitement as he watched Caroline whip me. I realized I was truly helpless and could do nothing to stop her or protect myself, and my panic grew and then, oddly, faded into a hot, bubbling, steaming heat that all-but consumed the pain.

And then she moved around in front of me, and the whip began to bite at my belly and lower chest, then at my breasts. I squealed and cried out again and again, but could not stop it, could not affect it, and even when tears filled my eyes the whip continued to lash me to the point where my skin, front and back, seemed to be on fire.

At last Ian seemed to notice the tears trickling down my face, and protested anxiously.

“I say! Are you sure... that is, I don’t think she’s really liking this any more, Caroline,” he said.

Caroline smirked at me, then stopped the whipping.

“I’ll show you what frame of mind your whore is in,” she said.

She went to the bag and pulled out a large, strap-on dildo, then slid the straps up her legs and with obvious practice fixed the dildo in place before her groin. Then she moved up to me and pulled the vibrator from my dripping sex. She then pushed the big head of the black dildo up into my pussy, and I groaned aloud at how thickly it spread my throbbing, overheated sex lips.

She reached behind me and undid the ball gag, then worked it out of my mouth, but before I could say a thing her lips were on mine. She thrust the dildo up and down as her fingers dug into my red bottom and drew me forward to meet the thrusts. At first I could only gurgle and gasp and moan and grunt, but then my tongue seemed to instinctively respond to hers and I moaned into her mouth as our lips and tongues slid passionately together.

The big dildo was being forced roughly up into my belly with every stroke, the latex head punching me deep inside, at the very bottom of my pussy. It was hurting me, and yet I responded like a wanton whore, the crackling sexual tension filling my body now rising to the point of explosion.

And then I came as violently as I ever had in my life. I almost lost consciousness with the ferocity of the orgasm which screamed through my body. Every muscle spasmed and spasmed as I thrashed and

twisted and cried out in orgasmic ecstasy, my mind overcome with the shocking storm wave of pleasure so that I became nothing more than an animal howling into the darkness.

* * * * *

I watched my boyfriend making love with Caroline. It was fascinating, in a strange sort of way. I mean, how many women get to watch their boyfriend having sex with someone else – as if you weren't even in the room?

I was exhausted, and my limbs ached. My skin felt raw, almost sunburned as I hung there. I was not downstairs any more. They had hung me from my wrists up in the bedroom next to the bed. My wrists and ankles were locked together now. The dildo was still buried deep in my ass, though, and the vibrator was still jammed up high into my pussy. I was still gagged as I watched the woman sliding her black body across Ian, as their tongues and lips met, their hands slowly and passionately caressing one another.

Despite my weakness and aching, my body quivered and trembled with sexual hunger and need. It wasn't just the vibrator. It was the whole thing, the bondage, the embarrassment, the helplessness, the shocking wickedness of it all. I could hardly believe this was me doing this, rippling waves of delicious sexual pleasure rolled up and down my spine and through my aching tummy.

I had my first real multiple orgasm there, coming again and again and again, in a way which shook me from head to foot, which forced convulsions through my body and blew my mind out nearly like a candle. I became little more than a writhing, twisting, shaking, trembling, grunting animal as the orgasms paraded through my shattered nervous system, and left me in a sweating, trembling, gasping state of dazed bliss.

Aside from convulsions and muscle spasms I don't think I was really capable of movement, so great was my physical weariness and stiffness. I watched them through slitted eyes as she mouthed his cock, as she mounted him, as they writhed and rolled and twisted over and over again, as he rammed into her and she took his cock deep.

Watching them, I climaxed, and then climaxed again, and then again, trembling and shaking helplessly, responding to the overwhelming physical and mental stimulation like Pavlov's dog, climaxes rippling through me ever few minutes.

Now and then Caroline looked at me and smiled in a feral way, but Ian hardly glanced at me, so excited was he at this new body to explore. I watched her come, with my boyfriend's cock inside her, watched him come, gasping in release as he emptied himself into another woman. Then they lay together, giggling, whispering, caressing one another. And then they got up and with hardly a look at me, went into the adjoining toilet, arm in arm, and closed the door.

I continued to hang by the wrists, gasping weakly for breath, sweating profusely now from the effort of – of breathing, for some reason. I swayed in place, and sometimes twisted and wobbled when I moved. I drew my legs up, bending my knees a few times, simply for the pleasure of being able to bend my knees for a brief period. But my legs were too heavy to hold them in that position, and I soon had to let my feet dangle again.

I turned and stared at myself in the mirror, amazed and excited at the sight once again. My taut, straining pale body, glistening with perspiration, criss-crossed with thin red lines from the flogs she had used upon me, hanging by the wrists with slitted eyes and lolling head.

I could hear their gasps and moans of pleasure rising above the sound of the water, and knew they were making love again, and I longed to see them, hoping in my feverish state of arousal that the sight would push me over the edge once again. I had never been so aroused for so long, and could hardly credit that despite the numerous climaxes I was still feeling like a bitch in heat.

The bathroom door opened and they came out, naked and grinning, their bodies still damp from the shower or tub. They came over to me, both of them running their hands over my body in a way that made me squirm and twist and gasp helplessly for breath.

Caroline undid the gag and pulled it out of my mouth, and I gasped and gulped in air, chest heaving as she pinched at my nipples.

“Would you like to be let down, Missy?”
“Yes! Please,” I gasped.

She pinched my nipple hard, and I yelped in pain.

“Yes mistress,” she said sternly.

“Yes, mistress!” I gasped. “Please, mistress!”

“Beg. Slut.”

The word made me shudder. “Please let me down, mistress. Please – .”

“Do not refer to yourself as ‘I’,” she said. “You will refer to yourself as Missy. If you want something you shall say Missy is thirsty, Mistress, or Please let Missy down, Mistress.”

“Please let Missy down, Mistress!” I said, panting weakly.

She nodded to Ian, and I groaned as the chain holding me up wobbled, then descended. My toes touched the floor, and then my heels, and I groaned, though my legs were rubbery and wobbly. The chain sank lower and so did I, sinking down onto my knees, glorying in the feel of being able to bend my legs.

They removed the chain from the restraints and unlinked the restraints so I was free to move my arms and legs. I lay on the floor, groaning, arching and twisting, stretching and bending my arms and legs as they watched. But then Caroline shoved me with her foot, rolling me onto my back, and then she pressed her foot against the base of the vibrator, jamming the nose painfully inside me.

I cried out in pain, my hands seizing her ankle, but without the strength needed to do anything about it.

She eased the pressure off, then pressed again, then again, in rhythmic fashion, as I gasped and shuddered and moaned. My sexual hunger was already nearly feverish, for the sheer physical pleasure of being able to bend arms and legs and back on top of the heat I had already been afflicted with was

overcoming my nervous system. Now my hands patted ineffectually at her ankle and foot, and then, grunting, gasping, whimpering, my hand jerked back, and my fingers began to rub at my clit, my other hand rising to knead and roughly squeeze my breast as another orgasm shattered my mind.

My back arched and my legs jerked and flailed, my heels drumming against the floor as my head rolled and jerked from side to side.

They let me lay there, spread-eagled on the floor for a bit, then Caroline attached the leash to my collar, and she and Ian slapped and pinched me until I was persuaded to roll over and get onto all fours. Then, as Ian sat back on the edge of the bed and watched, Caroline “walked” me, across the room to the bathroom. I crawled like a dog as she pulled on the leash, and, groaning, crawled into the toilet and let her lead me into the tub.

The hot water felt glorious around me as I twisted and rolled in it, but Caroline ordered me back onto all fours, and I knelt there as she soaped me up, running her hands smoothly over my skin, over my buttocks, between my legs, kneading my breasts, soaping up under my arms and across my shoulders.

It was a little strange, but I was happy to be soaped, and her soapy, slippery hand felt very soft against my skin. The flog had not broken the skin, and I found the slipperiness of her soft skin against mine to be tiredly pleasurable.

She slid naked into the tub and pulled me atop her, our tongues and lips sliding together as she pulled me in against her. I still wasn't particularly attracted to women, but I kissed back, and felt a warm glow of pleasure as her hands kneaded my soapy bottom and our breasts mashed and pillowed wetly and soapily together.

And then she rose up out of the water, pushing me back, and used the hand shower to spray herself down as she knelt there before me. She grinned at me and slid back onto the lip of the big, round tub, up in the corner, and spread her legs, pulling me in against her.

I felt a pang of distaste and confusion, knowing what she wanted. I had never performed oral sex on a woman, nor wanted to, truth to tell. Yet I could hardly refuse.

She drew my head in against her, pulling on the collar I still wore, and on my wet, tangled hair. She pulled my mouth in against her perfectly smooth, shaven sex and I licked at it tentatively. She pulled me in harder, and I winced as she pulled at my hair. My mouth opened wide to envelop her mons, and I began to flick my tongue up and down the tight slit, up between those soft lips, up across her clitoris as she groaned and began to slowly roll her hips against me.

My hands were on her thighs, but she pushed them down, ordering me to use only my mouth. It was hard to keep bent over without them below me anyway, so I obeyed, kneeling on all fours in the water as she pulled on my hair and ground her sex against my mouth and tongue.

It wasn't really bad, to be honest, not revolting as I might have once thought. Perhaps it helped that she was all clean and bathed, and that she was so perfectly smooth and shaven. I think I would have had considerably more difficulties if she'd been all hairy and hadn't just emerged from bath water. I licked at her clitoris as best I could, recalling what I liked best, trying to gauge her reaction as my lips sucked and my tongue licked.

Ian came into the room, and I tried to jerk away, instinctively embarrassed. But Caroline held my hair tightly, and jerked me back against her.

“Do you want to fuck her arse again?” she asked.

“I don’t think I could get hard again to save my life,” he said.

“Then pick up that dildo and use it on the little slut.”

“God, I’m amazed she’s not sleeping by now.”

“She’s too hot to sleep. She needs sex. Give her that cock.”

And so he did, as I licked at Caroline. I groaned as I felt the thick nose of the dildo against my pussy. I spread my legs apart, and he rubbed it up and down my soapy entrance, then slid it into me, deeper and deeper. As I licked at Caroline’s pussy he began to fuck me with the dildo, deep and hard, making me gasp and moan in ever growing heat as she jammed my mouth against her sex and twisted her fingers in my hair.

I was so awash in sexual hunger when Caroline climaxed that the shock of finding she was one of those rare women who ejaculated their own cream out in streams did not revolt me. She gripped my hair in a tight, painful grip, holding me in place, as she sprayed a thick stream of her pussy milk into my face.

“Open your mouth, slut! Open it!” she barked.

Gasping, I did, and her cream sprayed into my mouth, trickling over my tongue. Such was my excitement, that I swallowed it, gasping and moaning as she poured herself into my mouth and over my face. My body shook to the hard thrusting of the dildo as Ian pounded it into me, and another orgasm rose up to send me into convulsions as my face was again ground into Caroline’s pussy.

Chapter Seven

If I had thought the wild romp with Caroline would be a one-time affair, I was to be thoroughly disabused of the notion within a few short days. The sex shop was near Ian’s workplace, and apparently he was quite taken with the woman. They had lunch together, and she would give him little items she thought would be useful with me, like nipple clips, oils, a thin quirt, and different kinds of gags.

She came over almost every evening, and she and Ian used me together, she often wearing a thick, strap-on dildo as they drove into me fore and aft and made me squeal and shudder and climax around their thick shafts.

She always bathed me, and always made me lick her, showing me now what her preferences were, guiding my tongue and lips, tugging on my hair and pinching my nipples to make me obey. She always called me Missy, and I was required to always refer to myself in the third person whenever she was

there. It was degrading, and babyish, in a way, but darkly thrilling just the same.

The wild, carnal kink was beginning to take over my life. I mean, everything else seemed dull and drab and gray compared to the wild thrill of our sexual adventures. So it was hard to want to do anything else, hard to concentrate on anything else when I was doing it. At work, I kept having nasty, kinky flashbacks when my mind wandered, and so I'd be at the copy machine or at a meeting or typing at the computer, and remember my mouth against her sex, or Ian's cock ramming up my bottom, or the feel of the ropes squeezing tight around my wrists or arms or breasts. Then I'd have to squirm and rub my thighs together and try not to show how aroused I was getting.

It felt almost as though I were leading a double life. At work I would dress respectably, in a businesslike fashion, and speak intelligently on cases and issues and problems, and do my work alongside my colleagues. Then I would go home and strip off, and put on my collar and shackles, and act the part of a sex slave, doing my cooking and cleaning naked, often, especially when Caroline was there, crawling about on all fours with a dildo up my bottom and a vibrator stuffed into my pussy.

It was all like a waking fantasy and I was falling deeper and deeper into it the longer it went on.

Two weeks after we'd met her Caroline introduced us to her "friend" Peter, a tall, well-muscled Black man. Ian had known he was coming, of course, for they had discussed it. I, of course, had not. I realized he was coming when he was there. I was nude, of course, shackled and gagged as I had been when Ian introduced me to Caroline. Now I was somewhat less innocent, and yet he was a male, not a female. My skin flamed and I squirmed mentally as I realized the man was in the room, and all three of them were smiling at me.

Caroline had placed me on the floor, kneeling, sitting on my heels. But she had wound straps around my legs just behind the knees and then pulled those straps wider and wider as I adjusted, to the point my knees were achingly spread, the tendons in my thighs stretched and straining.

I could not, of course, rise, for in addition to the straps binding my knees my ankles were strapped to my thighs. My arms were strapped behind my back in a kind of leather sleeve. The sleeve forced my hands and arms together all the way up to my elbows, and was held in place by straps which went across my shoulders, criss-crossed at the top of my chest, and came back.

She had also placed two very thick dildos on the floor beneath me. They had screws in their bottoms, and Ian had used his drill to fix them in place in the floor. I did not have them all the way up within me, but I had enough to ache.

An hour earlier I had been wearing my brown suede skirt, and blazer, sitting at a table and discussing insurance policies with my colleagues. Now I was nude, achingly impaled, and staring up at a strange man, a wide-shouldered black man as he stood over me.

"So this is little Missy," he said, squatting low before me.

He looked my body over, his eyes flicking up and down, and my face flamed. Then he reached in and began to run his hand over my chest. Behind me, Caroline jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch, and Peter's big, rough hand roamed over my breasts in a casually intimate and familiar fashion.

Ian sat down to watch, eyes alight with excitement.

"What a lovely little piece of quim," he said, his hand tracing a line down to my clit, and rubbing lightly at

it.

Wide-eyed, I moaned and squirmed, both mentally and physically.

He stood up, and unzipped, then reached into his trousers and pulled his black cock out. He was darker skinned than Caroline, and had a Caribbean accent. Yet he took my hair in the same fashion she had held it, and pulled it upwards to steady me in place as he drew his cock out and began to rub it across my face.

Caroline went to sit with Ian as Peter worked his fingers against the sides of the gag filling my mouth. It was a new gag, a kind of ring gag with a plug. The plug filled the ring, which kept my jaws wide. The plug was round and shaped like the head of a very large cock. Now Peter pulled it slowly out, and then slid two fingers through the opening, caressing my tongue, twisting them around, pushing against the roof of my mouth.

He grinned down at me, then drew his fingers back and inserted his own growing, thickening black cock through the ring.

I moaned around it. I had no choice. I had no say. No one had asked me. And his cock hardened into rock as it slid across my soft, wet tongue to the point I really had no idea what else I could do other than begin to lick and suck at it.

And so I did. I moaned, rolled my eyes up at him, and sucked on his big cock as he slowly pushed it deeper into my mouth. He combed my hair up into a mass at the top of my head and held it in his fist as he slowly pumped his cock in and out of my mouth. I sucked as best I could, preparing myself for when he would push deeper. And then he did, drawing me forward as he pushed his cock deep, pulling on my hair, forcing inch after inch into my mouth until the head popped into my throat and began to slide down.

And then my nose was jammed against his groin and my face was buried against the rough fabric of his trousers. He put a hand on the back of my head and sighed with pleasure as he held himself still, deep inside my throat, then pulled slowly, slowly out.

And there was another black man there standing next to him! My eyes widened and my heart beat faster as my skin flushed red once again. This one was thinner, with a narrow goatee, he had the same smirk, and was already undoing his trousers. The first man, Peter, was now undressing as the second took his already hard cock from his trousers and stepped forward. He gripped my hair, turned my head a little to the side, and thrust his cock in through the ring gag.

He was not as thick or long as Peter, but he was bigger than Ian, and I gagged weakly as he immediately pushed himself over my tongue and down my throat. Like Peter, he drew me in all the way until my face was jammed against his groin, then slowly allowed me to ease off. As he came free of my mouth I gasped and gulped in air, saliva spilling over my lower lip.

Peter was now naked, his body thick and muscular. He grabbed my hair and turned my head back towards him, then slid his cock into me again. I sucked weakly, and then gulped in air as the head neared the back of my throat. Again he forced himself all the way into me and held me still against him before drawing back.

A third black man was in the room, and my heart pounded like a drum. I tried to look at Ian but couldn't see him as my hair was roughly jerked forward and another black cock pushed into my mouth. I moaned, rolling my eyes upwards at the bald headed, middle aged black man who was raping my mouth.

Once again my face was jammed into his groin and I could see nothing.

The three Blacks were soon nude, standing in a semi circle close before me, and they took turns thrusting their cocks into my mouth, pumping in and out. Sometimes, though, one would rub his cock against my cheek or ear as the one beside was fucking my mouth.

I was – horribly embarrassed, terribly anxious, incredulous, at first, but helpless. I could neither move nor deny them. I could not protest, and in truth I'm not sure if I would have. But regardless of what shock I was suffering from, what humiliation, my body was so enveloped in sexual hunger and passion that I could not find it within me to protest or do anything to stop what was being done.

And then they all drew back, as if on cue. Two of them moved to grasp my arms, and they lifted me physically up off of the dildos impaling me, setting me down before them. One, the bald man, lay on the floor on his back, and the other two dragged me forward until I was straddling his hips. He pressed his cock against my throbbing pussy, and I sank slowly down, gasping and moaning.

I rolled my eyes to my right. For the man was laying lengthwise to the sofa where Ian and Caroline sat. Ian seemed mesmerized while Caroline – was taking a video. I felt a shock at that, and an anxious fear. But then strong Black hands bent me over, pulling my breasts down against the bald man's chest, raising my bottom as Peter moved in behind me. I shuddered as I felt his thick cock pushing into my bottom. I already felt impaled, and now I was being penetrated by another thick prick.

The phone rang.

It rang, and it rang and rang again as Peter worked his fat cock slowly up into my ass. I groaned and gasped at the thick girth of him, barely noticing as Ian picked up the phone.

“Ahh, no, I'm sorry Emily, she's tied up at the moment,” he said, as Caroline sniggered. “Can she get back to you?”

It was my cousin Emily.

Then the other Black man knelt on my side, and wound my hair around his fist. He drew my head to the side and pushed his cock through the ring gag and into my mouth.

Peter was soon all the way up my ass, and he and the bald man took turns thrusting in and out until they got into a proper rhythm. Three pair of hands mauled my breasts with bruising force, my nipples twisted and pulled and tugged and rolled as three cocks moved in and out of my body. I was dazed by it all, and by an incredibly intense sexual fever which had me as if on the edge of orgasm – yet continued on and on and on.

I was drunk with the passion and lust of it all, and could only gurgle and moan weakly as the three men used me with faster and rougher movements.

I saw Ian out of the corner of my eye. He was now video taping me. Caroline was bent over and bobbing her lips up and down on his own erection.

Then I lost sight of them, as the sexual fever became even more powerful and exploded into an all-encompassing orgasmic storm that shook me from head to toe. The orgasm went on and on and on to the point where I was told later I actually fainted – forgetting to breath, not caring. I came to again, dazedly staring, cross-eyed, at the black cock thrusting in and out of my mouth.

I felt boneless, as though I had no muscles, no strength. The three men used me, thrusting into me again and again and again, as I straddled one and passively lay forward, jaws wide. I only slowly began to get some sense of strength as my mind woke from the shattering orgasm, and then they were done, their soft cocks drawing back, their semen filling my belly and stomach.

And then they tortured me.

I was hung upside down this time, spread-eagled as before. I was fully awake now, and I had never in my life imagined I could feel so utterly naked as I was hanging upside down, legs spread wide, ankles held high above, my wrists held down and out, fingers almost touching the floor.

One of them had a vibrator, one which plugged into the wall, and it was terribly strong, to the point of causing acute discomfort as he played it over my clit and pussy. Another of them pushed big dildos into my pussy and my ass, while the third fetched one of the flogs and began to lash my back.

I was gagged again, and helpless, as they took turns flogging me, lashing my back, buttocks and breasts and belly with various flogs, not neglecting now to flog my pussy itself, letting the flog swing overhand and then down between my spread legs.

It hurt. It hurt too much, and I began to panic again, rolling my eyes towards the sofa.

Empty.

I felt a tremendous shock. I stared at it in disbelief. Ian was not there. Where had he gone? He had left me alone with three strange men! I felt a shockwave roll through me, and a sudden harsh spike in fear and anxiety. The names of the other two had now been revealed to me in passing as Alfred and Julian. Alfred being the bald guy, Julian the one with the goatee.

Julian gripped my hair, which trailed to the floor, and yanked my head up and back so my face was almost upright – though looking behind me, and squatted next to me. “Nasty little white whore,” he said. “Do you like being a sex slave to Black men. Do you know we’re going to make you our bitch? We’ll make you crawl for us, slut!”

I felt a shocked sense of outrage, shame, fear, and hunger. Why the hunger?! I didn’t understand! Why would his words so arouse me!? Yet they did!

The flogs cut across my breasts and belly and pussy until I was sobbing in pain, twisting and writhing and begging through the gag for them to stop. It was too painful! I didn’t want this, I wanted to tell them. Yet I could not, and even if I could have I had the awful feeling they would not care.

And then the flog stopped and the vibrator rubbed against my clitoris, someone mouthed my aching, swollen nipple, and I shuddered and felt my hips jerking in helpless response.

The dildos were taken from my pussy and anus, and then Peter and Alfred stood on either side of me and fed their cocks into my body, thrusting down into me in tandem as I gurgled and moaned helplessly.

I did not come. They came too quickly for that, and withdrew. Then they let me down, let me lay dazed on my belly on the floor. At least until Julian swung the quirt down to sting my bottom.

“Get on your hands and knees, slave,” he ordered.

And I did, shakily, gasping weakly. He made me crawl, back and forth between the three, crawling on all fours, and struck my bottom stingingly when I slowed. He made me lay on my back and spread my legs, knees raised, and then lift my bottom off the floor and display my pussy to them all, my pussy with the big dildo sticking out of it. He made me crawl on my belly from one side of the room to the other, and then took the gag out of my mouth entirely and made me lick their feet.

I would crawl on my belly to Julian and lick his toes, then turn and crawl back on my belly to the other side of the room and lick Alfred's toes, and then crawl to a third wall and lick Peter's toes, gasping and moaning the whole time. And perhaps I should have protested, but I didn't.

"Raise your bottom up, slave. Up high," he ordered.

With the three standing behind me I rose on my knees, my face and chest still pressed against the floor.

"Now reach back and masturbate for us. We want to watch you come. Come for us, sex slave. Nasty little white come slut."

I blanched at the order, flushing redly, but obeyed, my unsteady hands reaching between my legs, one gripping the dildo to pump it slowly in and out, the other stroking trembling fingers against my clitoris.

I masturbated while they looked on, jeering me and calling me a whore, and I came with a shuddering, hip bucking cry of pleasure as the orgasm rattled my brain.

Then Julian sat down and I sucked his cock, deep throating him, while Peter took me from behind, his big cock fucking me hard, then shifting up and thrusting into my anus while Alfred took videos.

Then Alfred mounted me as I lay on my back, forcing my ankles up and back over my shoulders, down behind my ears, pounding his hips down heavily against my upraised bottom as he pistoned his thick cock inside my aching pussy.

When they were done they bent me back across the ottoman, gagged, a fist in my hair, my arms held tightly, bowing my chest painfully. Alfred and Peter took turns sucking, licking and biting at my nipples and areolas and the surrounding flesh, then used ice cubes on them, circling and stroking back and forth across them both until icy cold water began to slowly trickle down my breasts and chest and ribs.

I could not see my chest for my head was pulled up and back, upside down, across the edge of the ottoman, almost touching the floor. But I felt a sudden sharp pain at first one nipple, then the other. The pain was intense, causing me to jerk violently and cry out, but it was short-lived. They left behind a throbbing ache, however.

I was pulled further across the ottoman, their strong Black hands positioning me so my bottom was on the small stool, legs spread wide, achingly wide. I felt a tongue penetrate me, lick me, lips sucking lightly on my engorged clit until my hips began to jerk and spasm. Then another sharp pain, sharper still, intense to the point I screamed, but just as short-lived and fading into a throbbing ache.

There was something – some – sensation – I didn't understand. And then strong hands lifted me up again, turned me, positioned me before the mirror, and I saw two heavy rings dangling from my nipples, piercing them. They were perfect round, gold circles without ornamentation. I could not even see where they opened. Then my eyes traveled down to my naked sex, and I saw another piercing. I thought at first it was piercing my clitoris itself, but then realized it was the hood above.

I stared, dumbfounded.

Chapter Eight

Well, of course I had to wear blazers to work after that, to hide my nipple rings. The rings were a constant pressure, and the one between my legs even more so, a constant reminder of who I was, of what I was, of my sexuality and its growing strength in controlling my life.

I felt different from the other women at work, now, different from my girlfriends. We had always discussed intimate issues before, but I was reluctant now. I knew that the kinky games I was involved with would demean me in their eyes, that they would not understand. They would think there was something wrong with me, and for all I know there was. But I felt too alive, too hotly aroused by the nasty games to back away from them.

A part of me thought the things I was doing were sick, wicked, depraved, and hated me for doing them, for allowing myself to be degraded. I was a strong, successful woman, after all. Yet at home I crawled like a naked slut, and referred to myself in the third person, as Missy.

Ian delighted in my being naked and available at all times, of course, but he was not the one pushing things. It was Caroline. She had practically moved into our house now, and while Ian found my submission exciting, and used me thoroughly, it was Caroline who seemed intent on degrading me thoroughly, who wanted me to crawl and call everyone master and mistress, and who convinced Ian into allowing others to use and abuse me.

Caroline frightened me. There was a cruelty to her that I had never sensed in Ian. That cruelty also aroused me in some dark way that I didn't understand, but I was very wary around her and tried to give her as little excuse as possible to punish me.

Yet she always found reasons.

She barked at me, at times, like a drill sergeant, insisting I walk a certain way (in stiletto heels, of course) crawl a certain way, stand and bend in a certain way, chivvying me into position with snaps of her tongue and quirt. She also trained my tongue to pleasure her, pulling stingingly at my nipple rings to reinforce each reprimand when I failed in some way to perform exactly to her specifications.

She made me uncomfortable and I disliked her, and I disliked performing oral sex on her. Yet that dark hunger within me was roused by her even more than by Ian. It was an uncontrollable hunger that robbed me of my ability to resist her orders and commands.

It shamed me to do so, humiliated me to submit to her, and mortified me when she forced me into orgasm despite all that.

Kneeling on all fours, naked, weights pulling and swinging from my nipple and clit rings, the dark shame would envelope me as Caroline, fully clothed most times, would do me with a strap-on dildo, do me hard and fast and painfully, yanking back on my hair and roughly kneading my breasts as she called me whore and slut and slave.

And then would make me come, make me “sing” for her as the orgasm ripped through my mind and body and all resistance and resentment collapsed as I gave myself to the pleasure.

Several weeks after we had met her Caroline moved in formally. And she bought a sort of dog bed, an oval basket like affair with a plushly padded center. It was made for large dogs, and she set it on the floor of our bedroom, then led me, crawling, leashed, into the room and had me lay on it, curled up.

“That is your bed from now on, Missy, my little sex slave,” she said. “Best get used to it.”

I thought the idea terribly exciting, at first. But I didn’t believe her. I thought it was a thing to shame me, and would be done with after she had done using me that evening, or perhaps the next one. I was not really surprised to find myself trying to sleep in it that night while she slept in my bed with Ian. Naked, collared, I was always somewhat aroused now, and had to masturbate three times that night as I lay in the basket, spreading my legs, stroking my clitoris and arching and twisting as I came as quietly as I could in the dark room.

She had given me a wrist watch with an alarm. The alarm caused the watch to vibrate against my wrist, and wakened me. I was stiff and sore and cold, and could hardly believe I had actually fallen sleep. Then I felt a sense of wild, dark lust as I realized I had spent the night in a dog bed sleeping on the floor. How kinky!

I crawled slowly out of the bed, for she had given me instructions on waking them. First I was to waken her, crawling lightly to the bed, up inside it, and then slowly drawing back the sheets and licking at her sex and anus until she began to stir. She wakened and draw me in by a fist in the hair, spreading her legs so I could more easily get at her pussy, licking her to an orgasm.

Then it was time to crawl across to Ian and wake him in much the same way as Caroline went to start the coffee. I mouthed his balls and licked his cock and got him hard, then took him into my mouth. At some point he wakened and his hand came down on my head. I took him into my throat and licked and sucked until he came, as well.

I remained nude as I made them breakfast and saw them off to work. I had my shower the previous evening so as to not get in the way, and now I touched up my hair, put on a little makeup, removed the restraints, got dressed, and headed to the bank myself.

Sleeping in a dog bed on the floor made me feel even odder, even sicker, even kinkier and more perverse around everyone else, making me feel like a secret outsider. But the shame the memory brought was, despite myself, arousing, and I felt naughty and wicked rather than anything else.

After the third day, however, I complained that it was hurting my back. This seemed to have some influence on Ian, but none on Caroline, who promptly ordered a regime of exercises for me every evening to stretch and work my back muscles and tone my body – to get rid of my flab, she said, much to my indignation.

I did not protest, however, at least not much, for her punishments were becoming more severe, the flogs heavier. She had introduced a riding crop to our little “game” now, as well as a longer, single

tailed whip. The flog hurt much more, though I was always gagged when she used it and in no position to protest.

The whip – disturbed me – and hurt me, leaving painful welts on my skin. She only used it after much preparation, when I was in such a state of feverish hunger that almost any touch was absorbed into the awful tumult of sexual electricity tearing through my mind and body.

Oh yes she prepared me well the first time, hanging me from my wrists, which always aroused me wildly, taunting and teasing me with vibrator and dildo, with ice cube and feather, with light flogs and her sneering tongue. I was exhausted, dazed and perspiring, gasping for breath and eyes slitted by the time the long, single-tail whip hissed cracked down across my lower back.

My eyes bulged and I screamed into the gag, back arching as she shouted “Slave! Filthy slave!” at me to override my cries of alarm.

“Whore!” she shouted as she swung the whip again and cut across my shoulders.

A few more blows and I was sobbing helplessly, legs kicking feebly, swinging and swaying, unchained for some reason as I twisted on my aching arms.

“Spread your legs! Spread your legs, slut!” she barked.

And so, somehow, I spread my legs apart while hanging there in mid-air. The whip swung out and curled down across my hip and snapped at my pussy with a shocking blow that had me screaming and arching, my body thrashing helplessly. There was a dildo inside me, a big, fat one, but she had buried it entirely, so the base lay nestled just within my partially closed sex lips. The whip therefore struck my sex nakedly and the shockwave was awful.

But it came amidst a wild storm of masochistic heat and passion and excitement. I was shocked, frightened and elated all at once. I remember thinking: ohmygod! She whipped my pussy! She whipped my pussy! A bizarre feeling of shocked outrage and wild thrilled passion swept round and round through my mind even as she was ordering me to spread my legs again.

And I did. Not at first, but I had grown used to obeying her, and as her words became harsher, her demands more insistent I slowly spread my trembling legs out to the sides to receive the next blow of the whip. It came, curling across my other whip, slicing into the tender flesh of my mons as I howled again, snapped my legs closed, twisting and writhing and shaking.

“Spread your legs!” she growled. “Spread them wide, slut!”

Tears filled my eyes, tears of pain and fear. Yet so wildly roused was I that I was near orgasm, as well. In a strange moment of clarity I thought that perhaps I was going to have a mental breakdown, and then in a sharp moment of understanding I realized that was something like what she intended. She was going to break me, break me to her will, break me to slavery, to obedience.

I opened my legs and the whip sliced into me again. I screamed and thrashed and twisted and danced.

“Open your legs!”

Sobbing, I managed to get them apart for the next cruel blow, and the next. The one after that

made me climax violently, and the world tumbled and twisted and spun around me as the orgasm churned through my mind.

She whipped me all through it, bringing the whip down as fast as she could across my back and breasts and buttocks and belly, each blow a sharp blast wave of energy which send the orgasm soaring higher and higher still.

* * * * *

I didn't want to go to work the next day. I had two stinging welts across my buttocks which ached when I sat down, and another across my breasts which made them quite sore within a bra. Caroline decided otherwise.

"You will go to work," she said sternly, "And when you feel your sore bottom as you sit there you will remember that you are a sex slave."

I wanted to argue, but of course I could not. Everything I said had to be phrased in a babyish way which robbed any argument of any force.

"Please, mistress. Missy is very sore," I whined.

"You'll be sorer still if you don't prepare for work," she snapped.

More than that she attached a chain to my nipple rings, a Y-shaped chain which she fed carefully down to my clit ring, just taut enough to hurt a little, to put a strain on both nipples and the hood of my clit, easing it back off my clit. A dildo and butt plug followed, to be worn through the day, she ordered. The dildo was actually attached by a small line to its companion plug so that my body would not expel it. The butt plug, of course, was quite secure.

I wore it all under one of the new outfits she had ordered me to buy. It was a business suit, true, and looked quite well on me. The only thing out of the ordinary – well, for me – was that the skirt was quite short for a proper business suit. It was well above the knees, and if not quite a mini – which would have drawn a rebuke from management – it was still rather short for our bank, especially when I sat.

Of course the outfits she had had me purchase for clubbing were far worse. They were scandalously short and often tight, and low cut, exposing an embarrassing amount of flesh. Sometimes we went out together with Ian, but Ian had never really been into the club scene, and seemed comfortable now with others using me to the point he did not object at Caroline taking me out clubbing – just us girls – as she said.

Needless to say she made no secret of the nature of our relationship at the clubs, embarrassing me with intimate caresses and touches and kisses, fondling me in front of the eyes of strangers, shaming and degrading me as she talked aloud, where others could overhear, of spanking me, of bending me over, of riding my tongue.

Yet she did not try to dissuade male interest. We soon had two men sitting at our table as she openly flirted with them, and all but offered me to both.

I was wearing a very short blue dress with deep cleavage. The dress was held together by a gold chain around my waist.

“Don’t you think she’s got marvelous tits?” she asked one of them, James.

“Very marvelous,” he said, leering at me.

“They’re ever so full and firm and yet quite soft. It’s very strange, isn’t it. Give a feel. Go ahead. She won’t mind.”

He looked uncertain, but though I blushed darkly I made no objection, and soon, in the darkened room, the two of them were groping my breasts as I sat there, commenting on their shape and size and softness.

We wound up in an alley next do the club, and they stripped off my dress, leaving me naked. Caroline closed the chain around my waist, pinning my arms to my sides. Then I bent over and sucked one man’s cock as he stood against the wall, while the other thrust up into me from behind.

Caroline stood back and watched, smirking.

We went on to another club, a lesbian club, and she again pawed me openly, and soon encountered a pair of lesbians, a couple I suppose, she could share me with further. Here I wound up in a back room, naked again, the chain binding my arms to my sides, as I knelt and licked first one, then the other, then Caroline, then the first, then the second again.

Then it was on to a party the men at the first club had mentioned, a black party, of course.

As we walked into the door I saw all those eyes turning on me, looking me up and down in my tiny, tissue thin blue dress, and I felt a harsh tightening of anxiety and fear in my chest and belly – along with a dark, wicked rush of lust and excitement. I was the only white person there, and even as Caroline pulled me through the crowd hands reached out to grope and fondle me, lips pulling back in sneers of lust and derision.

Caroline all but offered me to the first man there, whose hands were soon on my bottom as his tongue plunged into my mouth. Hands reached around from behind me to grope my breasts, and then my dress was pulled away to bare them entirely. I felt a crowd of Black men gathering around me, leering and laughing, and more hands reached for me, to grope my bottom and breasts and slide between my legs.

Large hands slid under my shoulders and lifted me into the air. More hands gripped my ankles, and I was dropped on my back across a round table, the chairs pulled quickly back. I gasped and moaned as my head fell over one side, my legs the other. The table was only large enough to support me from buttocks to shoulders, and under Caroline’s direction my wrists were pulled down and in, to be tied to my ankles.

I felt the first man slide into my pussy even as the next gripped my hair roughly to force it down, then pushed his cock into my mouth. It was good that I was used to deep throating by then, for he used me as roughly as any man ever had, thrusting directly into my throat and using it as hard and fast as if he was fucking me in the pussy. I gurgled and gagged weakly but he was pumping so quickly he could not last. He simply put a large hand under my jaw to hold me down, and raped my throat until he came.

Over the following hours men took me in the mouth and pussy and ass, jostling and laughing for position, gripping my hair roughly to thrust deep into my throat, fingers digging into my thighs to force them wider, mouths biting and chewing and suckling on my throbbing, aching nipples. Others simply

looked on, smirking, both men and women.

I was ashamed, mortified, and frightened, but that didn't stop me from having several powerful orgasms as they mauled my helpless body.

I had had a little to drink, but was far from drunk. I was shocked and dazed, though, by all those people, those voices, those hands and bodies. I thought of how wicked and nasty and exciting it was to be gang-banged, and the heat overrode my shame and fear. Still, I was so sore afterwards I was hardly able to walk.

"Only a dozen men had you," she sniffed, "Mostly only once or twice apiece. Next time it will be thirty. So you had better get used to it."

We went home. I was exhausted, in both mind and body, but she led me to the basement rather than upstairs. I was forced to kneel on all fours while she used a hand shower to soak me and wash off the semen and sweat and other stains. Then she showed me my new sleeping quarters. It was a cage. It was a large cage, larger than the doggy bed, and had a mattress inside. It was round, and about four feet tall at its tip, but it was certainly too small to stretch out in.

It didn't matter. Exhausted as I was, I crawled into it at her direction and lay down, curled up, moaning weakly, aching in every part of my body as the cage door was closed and locked. I slept for the first time in a cage, something I was to get used to. They took the cage upstairs the next day, and put it in the master bedroom.

It had an timing device which would unlock the door at a set time, allowing me to crawl out and waken the two of them as Caroline had required. I would sleep there from then on, waken them as before, and then after making their breakfast, get ready for work myself.

The problem, of course, was that Caroline was doing a very good job of breaking my will, and a loan officer at a bank needed to have a certain strength of character. It became very difficult for me to make decisions for I grew to fear punishment if they were incorrect. I knew, intellectually, that this was silly, but my emotions were becoming quite unstable. And frankly, it was hard to concentrate on my work. I was constantly thinking of the wicked, wild things I had done, and would do, and wanted to do, and feared to do.

Caroline began showing more of my body in public, more often. I was pushed up on stage at wet t-shirt competitions in bars – competitions which often devolved into complete nudity and lesbian exhibitionism. And then one day Caroline brought me to a strip club and I auditioned for the manager – and audition which included swallowing his ten inch cock to the balls.

After that I became a stripper, turning over my money to Caroline. Ian had less and less interest in me, except as an occasional masturbatory tool. He seldom spoke to me now, and preferred going out with Caroline, sometimes leaving me in my cage, sometimes alone with chores to do.

The strip club had shifts that only lasted 4 hours, so I had a lot of extra time. Caroline increased my chores around the house or simply left me bound in some uncomfortable position or another, perhaps hog-tied, perhaps hanging by my ankles or wrists, or once, after doing my hair carefully – hanging by my hair. She also loaned me out to her friends, most of them Black, so they could have "parties" with me as the main entertainment.

We once walked into a party – well, she did – with several dozen men and women, all of them stylishly

dressed – and me nude, crawling on the floor at the end of a leash, dildos protruding from my pussy and ass, little chains dangling from my nipples and clitoris. I crawled in among those legs, feeling the weight of all those staring eyes, and had an orgasm merely from the excitement, and the swinging pull of the weighted chain on my nipples.

It was an extraordinary change in my life in just a few short months, and it amazed me when I thought to look back on how I had previously lived. Yet I felt truly alive, felt as though my life was exciting and filled with pleasure, heat and wild thrills. There was a crazy, kinky rush at the thought of being a sex slave, and I have become addicted to it.

I know it's not the kind of life most women would accept, the degradation, the humiliation and misuse and abuse. Yet it's a life with far and away more thrills and excitement than they'll ever know. And I wouldn't trade it for the world.

End

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