

DESPERATE DAUGHTER by Argus

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One

Michael Brolin mentally licked his lips as he eyed the young blonde girl standing before his desk. He felt himself becoming aroused as she stood there, completely at his mercy.

There were two reasons for his excitement. The first was normal enough, the lust of a middle-aged man for a lush young, firm-bodied blonde of beddable and breedable age. The second was the power, the power he so loved, the power to make and break, to destroy, to force people to bow before him. That, in its way, was even more arousing than sex.

But combine the two and he had something... truly wondrous, something that he had often dreamt of, fantasised about. Brolin looked at this young woman, this innocent, foolish, naive child standing before his massive walnut desk, and his chest tightened at the possibilities he saw.

Dangerous, yes, but he was a man used to taking risks. He would never have gotten where he was without taking risks, would never have become so wealthy and powerful that people looked at him with awe and respect, and feared his wrath.

Her name was Robin, a short, pretty name, for a tall, pretty girl. She was almost six feet tall, her long, lovely, soft blonde hair tied loosely back in a pony tail, with long, thick bangs tumbling across her forehead.

She had an adorable elfin face, thin and sweet, with big blue eyes he had often seen sparkle with impish mischief. He had known her for several years, knew of her saucy, impudent personality, and often been amused by it.

She was a good-natured girl, and, he thought, rather innocent about the things men like he often fantasised when they looked at her, when they imagined her soft, pouty lips wrapped around their cocks, that small pink tongue lapping at their balls.

He heard her sniff softly, and saw her wrinkle her snub nose, swallowing nervously, repeatedly. She had good reason to be nervous, to be worried.

He looked down her young body thoughtfully. She was not quite buxom, but her breasts were full

and high, and pushed out firmly against the light blue blouse she wore. Her hips were rounded, her waist tiny, her behind round and boyish, her legs young, firm, and, even in jeans, ever so long.

If she wasn't a virgin she was as close to one as to make no real difference. He doubted she knew much of sex. He certainly hadn't at her age, though he had not been a virgin. Who had bedded this young lovely, he wondered/ Fumble fingered, drunken, panting, eager young men or boys without the knowledge or expertise to handle her properly. Had she ever cried out in pleasure with a man's cock ramming into her from behind? The mere thought made him hard, but he doubted it. The thought made his pulse race a bit once more, when he thought of the things he could turn her on to, the pleasure he could make... make her feel. He imagined her in orgasm, body shuddering...

He sighed and sat back in his plush chair.

"I don't know why you think I can do anything about this, Robin," he said apologetically.

"But... you're... the boss, aren't you?" she gulped, her melodious voice now hesitant and fearful.

"Yes."

"Then you...you could... just... let him pay it back or..."

"He never could."

"Yes he could! He could...take it off his pay every..."

"If I took his entire paycheck for the next several years it still wouldn't pay back what he's stolen," he said firmly.

"He didn't mean to!" she said desperately, her soft blue eyes pleading. "He has a sickness - ."

"I'm afraid neither I nor the police recognize gambling as an excuse for embezzlement, Robin."

"But... he... he'll go to prison!" she said, her voice breaking.

"I'm sorry about that, sorry for you, but he stole hundreds of thousands of dollars from me. A few years in prison may teach him not to touch other people's money."

"He'll die in prison! My mother said so!"

"She shouldn't have said that to you," he said disapprovingly.

"She didn't. I-I overheard," she gulped.

"Well, your father is a weak man, that's for certain, but I'm afraid this is a problem of his own making. I don't have any sympathy for him."

Her pretty eyes fluttered worriedly, and she bit her lip attractively. Mike enjoyed seeing the delicious combination of woman and girl, the tall, full-bodied female with the mind and mannerisms of an adolescent.

She was a bit spoiled. With her looks she couldn't not be. All those people telling her how pretty

she was, acting nice to her. She no doubt had come down her with the notion that simply begging him to forget about charging her father with embezzlement would be enough to sway him.

That wasn't arrogance on her part, merely youthful naivety. In her little world all you had to do was pout and whine a little to get what you wanted. Now that she wanted something very important she was finding it disconcerting and confusing to be refused.

"No, I'm afraid, now that your father isn't able to embezzle from me, you'll just have to forget about that expensive university of yours, young lady. That place was always well beyond your father's means. No doubt it was one of the reasons he started dipping into the till in the first place."

She stared at him, stricken, and he kept from smirking with only the greatest effort. Add a little guilt into the mixture and see what came of it, he told himself.

"Please, Mr. Brolin!" she begged, tears starting to drip from her eyes now despite her rapid blinking. "Please can't you let him go?"

"And have everybody else stealing from me?"

"Nobody else has to know!" she begged.

"I'll know. And stop your blubbing! I'm not your father. That won't work with me. Your father is going to prison for a very very long time if I have any say in it, and I do!"

She bowed her head and sobbed pitifully, and he felt his cock begin to harden again, as it had several times off and on since she'd come into his office. Not for no reason was he called a miserable bastard by those who knew him.

"Come here, Robin," he said. "Come around the desk."

She sniffled and rubbed her arm over her face, her hand trembling a little as she slowly shuffled around the desk. He took her arm and pulled her closer, right onto his lap.

She gulped in surprise, at first trying to pull away, but he put his arm around her waist and held her easily.

"You know... there is a slight possibility that we might...just might be able to reach an agreement of some sort," he said thoughtfully.

"The... there is?" she gulped, sniffing again, blinking her eyes rapidly in an attempt to clear the tears from them.

"Possibly. I doubt you'll agree to what I have in mind. It would keep him out of jail... even keep him working here but - ."

"I'll do it! Whatever it is!" she gasped.

What did she know about sex? Certainly the mechanics by now. And no doubt the beginnings of experience. Hand jobs, blow jobs, certainly, and perhaps she'd been had by some drunken boy or half man, perhaps while she was drunk, as well. Of course she could be wildly experienced, but he couldn't see it.

No, he doubted she had much knowledge of the kinds of things he would expect of her. No doubt they would shock her, even horrify her... at first. The trick would be to make sure she weighed her own... discomfort... against the imprisonment of her precious daddy... not to mention his possible death.

Eventually he hoped to hook her on it as an addict would be on drugs, hoped to make her love the hot, raw, nasty sex he had often fantasised about. Girls her age were weak-minded, easily influenced. It was the nature of the beast.

He slid his fingers through her hair, and gently pushed her bangs back from her eyes. She swallowed uncomfortably.

"Will you?" he asked, his eyes moving down onto her breasts.

He let his hand stroke her cheek as she blinked at him in confusion, then slid it down along the side of her neck, gently caressing the ivory soft skin.

"You're a very lovely young woman, Robin," he said. "Very lovely indeed."

Her eyes slowly widened, then her face turned red, then white as she realized what he was implying. She was speechless at first, her mouth opening and closing slowly, soundlessly.

"You... you... don't... you..."

She trembled slowly, swallowing rapidly, eyes jerking away from his.

"A very pretty girl," he said, sliding his hand along her shoulder. She stiffened, her arms pulled together in front of her.

"How much do you want to keep your father out of prison, Robin?"

She didn't answer.

"Well, if you're not willing," he said, removing his hand. "You can go now. I'm a busy man and - ."

"No!" she cried.

He looked at her and again she jerked her eyes away.

"I...will...will you...let him go if...if I-I -."

"If you what?"

"If I...sl-sleep with you?" she gulped.

"You value yourself too highly, girl," he said, chuckling.

She raised her eyes, obviously confused.

"Do you see that phone book?" he demanded. "There are about twenty pages of escort services in it. I can call any one of them and have a gorgeous twenty year old call girl here in an hour. She'd do

absolutely anything I wanted, and smile happily doing it."

"Then... then what?" she gulped.

"I could bring a hundred of them in here at a fraction of the money your father stole. You think you're so precious that having you lie there whimpering for twenty minutes while I fuck you is worth more than that?"

She reddened rapidly, dropping her eyes again.

He dropped his hand onto her leg and stroked slowly up and down along the outside, moving along her hip, up her side as she sat stiffly, awkwardly.

"No, no, my dear. If you want to keep your dear father out of prison... not to mention your family off the welfare rolls... you're going to have to do a lot more than that."

"Wh-what?" she whispered.

"You will have to give yourself to me... completely... fully, do anything... absolutely anything I ask. You will have to do it, and do it well... and smile when you're doing it. You will be my servant, my lover... my slave."

Her face turned white again, and he smiled, wondering how many times he could change her back and forth from pasty white to beet red.

She started stuttering things about school... about not being able to get downtown very often... about being inexperienced, and he placed his hand against her mouth and glared at her until she quieted.

"Listen to me. I will offer you this one chance. I will call in your father and read him the riot act, then tell him that he will have to work overtime to make up for the money he stole. I will also suggest to him... in the strongest possible terms, that you and your two younger sisters be sent away somewhere this summer so there will be no... distractions."

He slid his hand behind her head, loving the silkiness of her hair as his fingers slid through it.

"I will offer to pay, since he, of course, is now bankrupt. You will go to a uh... an equestrian camp... where you will learn to ride horses and play games for the next two months. In reality you will come to my penthouse, where you will learn many.... other things.

"At the end of the summer you and your sisters will return home and I'll write off what your father owes me. Now, do we have a deal or do we find out if your father can survive in a prison filled with drug dealers, pimps, murders and other assorted hoodlums?"

"Wha... what will... will I have to do?" she whispered.

"Anything and everything I say, instantly, happily, whether that's cleaning the floors or... pleasing me."

He let his hand slid onto her breast and cupped it firmly. She gasped, and her hands moved to grab his wrist, but they didn't exert any force.

"Put your hands down," he ordered.

She trembled, then, face turning red again, she obeyed, her hands relaxing, letting go of his wrist, dropping down into her lap.

He squeezed her breast a little harder, loving the heat of her soft young flesh. It was marvelously firm, and larger than he'd thought. He worked his fingers into it slowly and gently, kneading it, delighting in the resilience of her youthful body.

"Tell me what experience you have. What have you done? Have you sucked a boy's cock yet?"

Her head was bowed. He closed his hand on her pony tail and jerked it up sharply enough that she yelped in pain.

"Answer me when I ask a question!" he snapped.

"Yes!" she cried.

"How many times?" he asked, rubbing and stroking her breast slowly.

"I-I don't know, five or six times," she said in a choked voice.

"Same boy or different ones?"

"F-Four... guys," she gulped.

"And did they come in your mouth, pretty Robin?"

She was breathing harder and harder, and he could feel her heart pounding through her chest.

"Well?"

"I...yes," she gulped.

"And did you swallow it like you should?"

She nodded her head dazedly.

"You'll be doing a lot of that, pretty Robin," he said.

He gripped the back of her head and turned her face towards him, holding it easily.

"Do we have an agreement? Yes or no?"

She closed her eyes and moaned.

"Yes or no?"

She nodded her head minutely.

"Say it."

"Y-y-yes," she whispered.

"Yes what? Yes you will be my slave?"

She nodded again.

"Speak!" he snapped.

"Yes!" she gasped. "Yes I-I will be... your... your... s-s-slave!"

"If you are my slave, then I am your master. Isn't that right? Let me hear you call me master."

"M-M-M aster," she whispered.

"Again... slave."

"Master," she breathed.

"Again."

"Master."

"Stand up," he ordered, releasing her head and pushing her off his lap.

She got quickly to her feet and turned around, eyes fearful, anxious. he sat back in his chair and smiled.

"Take off your clothes... slave."

She stood there looking stricken, eyes darting from side to side as though seeking escape.

"Now!" he snapped, his hand slapping on the desk.

Her hands went to the front of her blouse, eyes wide, fearful. She looked down at herself, then up at him, then quickly down again. Her hands rose, fingers trembling, then she began to unbutton the blouse.

She fumbled the first few buttons loose and he could see a light blue colored bra inside. He licked his lips in anticipation as her awkward fingers undid the rest of the buttons and she slowly pulled her shirt open, then off.

"Nice. Very pretty," he said, meaning it.

The bra was lacy and went well with both her hair and skin colour. It was light blue, with small half cups, light, a bit too light, perhaps, for her breasts, which appeared larger now than he had anticipated.

"Take off your shoes next."

She licked her lips, then put the heel of one tennis shoe under the toe of another, flipping it off. She did the same with the second shoe, kicking both aside. She had no socks.

"Now the bra."

Her face was red again. He loved this! She fumbled behind her, not looking at him. It took her a minute, then her bra loosened, and her arms came around in front of her to cover her breasts as she hesitantly eased the straps over her shoulders and let the bra fall away.

"Take your hands away. Put them behind your head, and straighten your back," he ordered.

Her hands came away slowly, then went up behind her as she obeyed.

"Say yes master," he growled.

"Yes, master," she croaked, her throat obviously somewhat dry.

He examined her upper body for a long minute. It truly was a work of art. Her breasts were perfectly round, high and firm on her chest, with no hint of droop. In fact, they thrust upwards slightly in youthful exuberance. They were quite full, with small pink nipples in the exact center of each.

Her belly was firm and smooth and taut as she arched her back slightly, obeying his orders to put her hands behind her head and straighten her back. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly as she gulped in air, and trembling slightly.

"Now the jeans...Take off your pants, slave girl."

She let her hands come away from her head and slowly drop to her waist, then, head down, she fumbled the catch loose, then eased the zipper down. He watched the jeans loosen, watched the top of light blue panties appear as she reluctantly eased the jeans down.

She stepped out of them and held them in front of her as a shield for a few seconds, before abandoning them, dropping them to the floor.

"Stand as you were before, hands behind your head, legs apart."

She obeyed slowly, closing her eyes.

"I didn't hear you say yes master, slut!"

She gasped at the word. "Yes, master," she gulped.

The panties matched the bra, light blue in color, lacy, and quite erotic looking on her. The waistband was thin, high on her hips but dropping, angling in low to the tiny V of material over her crotch, drawing the eyes downwards to it.

"Very sexy," he said with a smile.

She didn't reply.

"Turn around slowly."

She hesitated for some reason.

"Now, slut!"

She gave a low moan, then slowly turned, and he saw why she had hesitated.

"Oh lovely!" he laughed. "What do we have here?"

The panties had a thong back, and her buttocks were delightfully visible, and quite attractive, rounder than he had thought, and whiter, very firm.

"Very sexy," he sneered. "And why did you wear such sexy panties today, hmm? Maybe you had planned on this?"

"No!" she gasped "I-I just... I... only wear them... sometimes... I don't mean... I never thought - ."

"Why do you wear them?"

"I... they...they make me feel.. sexy," she whimpered, starting to snifle again.

"I don't want to hear any snivelling from you! Do you understand me?"

"Yes... master," she gulped.

"I want you to spread your legs a little more, and rise up on the balls of your feet. Push your ass out at me."

She obeyed slowly and he chuckled in delight. This was like having a new toy. Indeed, she was a new toy.

"Turn around again."

She obeyed.

"Strip off those sluttish panties."

She flushed again. For a moment he was afraid she was going to refuse, saw her eyes flicker desperately towards the door. Then she slipped her fingers into the waistband and pushed them down, bending and then stepping out of them.

She stood up, pulling her hands up behind her head again.

She had a very small, thin, neatly trimmed bush with hair so light it was almost invisible. Whether it was that way by nature or whether she had made it that way he wasn't certain. It was quite attractive, though. All of her was attractive.

"Turn around again. Show me that round little ass of yours, slut."

She shuddered at the words, then slowly turned as he had commanded.

"Bend over and grip your ankles, slut."

She moaned softly, then slowly bent forward, and he looked into her tight little pussy slit, delighted at her humiliation.

"Now stand and face me."

Again she obeyed, blinking her eyes rapidly.

"I want you to cup your breasts. Cup them and squeeze them."

She frowned in confusion, not sure what he was telling her.

"Now!"

She obeyed, confused, embarrassed, fearful, anxious.

"Squeeze them softly. Press them together."

She obeyed, starting to realize she had to obey his every word.

"Pinch your nipples. Twist and tug on them. Make them hard."

She obeyed once more, not looking at them, her fingers pinching and pulling on her pink nipples until they stuck out rigidly.

"Now spread your legs and put your hands behind your head. Arch your back. Let me see how lovely your breasts are. That's my little slave."

He sat back, sighing in delight at the view before him.

"Tell me about the first time you were fucked," he said, being deliberately crude.

She moaned softly.

"Now, slave."

"I-I we did it in a car," she blurted.

"How romantic. Did you strip completely?"

She shook her head awkwardly.

"Tell me about it."

Her face white, she stared off into the distance, unable to look at him.

"We - we were making out and he, had his hand under my skirt and-and he was on top of me and he - he tore them off and p-put it in."

"You mean he just stuck it in you without your consent?"

She hesitated, then nodded miserably.

“So, and did you come?”

She shook her head.

“And how long did he pump his cock inside your tight little pussy before he came?”

“I don’t know,” she said, her voice low and ragged.

“Did he come quickly?”

“Yes.”

“What about your next fucking.”

“It - he - it was the same thing,” she said, sniffing again.

“Same thing? Some boy tore off your panties and fucked you in the back of a car?”

She nodded miserably.

“Same boy?”

She hesitated, then nodded.

“Pretty stupid of you to get in the car with him again, or were you looking for it.”

She dropped her head, then gasped as his hand slammed against the desk. “Answer me, slut!”

“He - I wanted - I wanted to see if it would be - different the second t-time.”

“Better, you mean, and was it?”

“No.”

“How many men have fucked you? Don’t tell me you weren’t a big target at school. Hot little co-ed froshes like you were always subjected to the best of efforts to get into their panties when I was at college.”

“Just one,” she said, her voice trembling.

“And was it good? Was it hot and sexy?”

She dropped her eyes again.

“Pretty pathetic, Robin. I guess you’re the next best thing to a virgin, then. Let me tell you, you hot, sexy, sluttish little girl, that I intend to make you scream in pleasure. I intend to make you come so hard your belly aches. You’re going to beg me to fuck you and then come like a whore when I ram it into you.”

She stared at him in disbelief.

"Now turn sideways and get down on your hands and knees, slut."

She flinched as if struck, then slowly eased down onto her knees, falling forward onto her hands.

"Crawl to the wall there."

She crawled slowly, her breasts jiggling and swinging below her.

"Now crawl back, slut."

She looked dazed as she turned and crawled back again, then crawled back to the wall.

"Stop. Get down on your belly on the floor."

Obviously confused by all this, not knowing what kind of weird and kinky things it was he was thinking of, she obeyed, laying on the floor.

"Now crawl to me... on your belly. Crawl to my feet and kiss them. Then beg me to let you suck my cock and be my slave."

She closed her eyes, pressing her hot head against the comparatively cool rug. She moaned softly and tears came to her eyes.

"Now, slave!"

The teenager slowly crawled forward on her belly, wriggling her round bottom as she awkwardly moved forward. Her soft breasts were grinding against the carpet as she moved, and her nipples in particular were smarting and stinging as they were ground down below her.

She made it to his chair and leaned her neck out, kissing his shoe, trembling, mind filled with confusion, fear, humiliation, anxiety.

"Well?"

"Can... please can... please may I... suck your... cock and... and be your slave... master?" she sobbed plaintively.

"Yes, you may, slut. Get on your knees and give me a blowjob. Let's see how good you are."

Dazed, hands shaking, she pushed herself up to her knees and looked at his groin.

"Open my pants and take it out, then suck it," he sneered.

She reached for his pants, her hands still shaking, and undid his pants, then tugged them lower and reached in, feeling his hardness, his cock, all hot and... moist. She gasped and almost jerked her hand back, then pushed her hand in further, gripped his prick and pulled it out into the open.

She gazed at it in shock, eyes wide. The times she had actually seen a real live cock had been in the shadowy interior of cars at night, and in a darkened rec room at a party. Now she was looking at one in bright light, thick and hairy and red.

It seemed a lot bigger than the other cocks she'd handled and blown too, and she realized with dawning horror that he was going to want to... to fuck her with it, and that she couldn't say no.

"Suck it, slave girl," he purred, sliding his hand through her hair. "Suck that cock. You were made for this. You were designed for it. A hot, sluttish little blonde like you was built for fucking and sucking!"

His words burned deeply into her mind. No one had ever talked to her like this! Especially not an older man!

She pulled his cock slowly towards her mouth, cringing back, then, after licking her lips, easing slowly forward and licking at it. She slipped her soft lips around it and encircled it, closing them, sucking lightly, then easing her mouth lower.

He spread his legs and gripped the arms of his chair, watching intently as she began to bob her lips on his cock. She sucked nicely, and he was trying hard not to get too hot, not to blow too soon. He wanted this to last. He loved the sensation of her hot little mouth on his cock.

"Yeah! Yeahhh," he sighed. "Suck my cock, slut! You hot, slutty little cocksucker! Lick it! Lick it, slut! Yeahh! Good little slut!"

Two

Robin bobbed her mouth up and down on his cock, sucking at it as her little tongue slithered over the underside of his cockhead. Whoever had given her instructions hadn't done a bad job. She was a little awkward and reluctant, but she knew what to do.

He sighed and laid his head back, feeling the eroticism of his absolute power of this hot, lush young woman, over her body, her beautiful soft body. How many men had seen her walk by and dreamed of something like this, dreamed of fucking her madly.

But it was he who had the power to force her to do his bidding, to force her to obey his every whim, his every perverse desire.

"When I come you will drink it all down. Understand, slut?" he snapped.

She moaned in acknowledgement, one hand holding his shaft as the other pressed against his leg to support himself. He smiled in delight and gripped her hair suddenly, lifting her head up and her mouth off him.

She gasped in surprise, panting for breath, and her blue eyes flicked up to him in alarm.

"I think you're using your hands too much, little slut," he purred. "Turn around and cross your wrists behind your back."

She shuffled around, turning her back to him, still puffing and panting as she obeyed. He opened a side drawer of his desk and looked for something to bind her with, pulling out a pair of black shoelaces he'd purchased some time back.

He smiled and opened them, doubling them up then leaning forward and tying them around her slender wrists. She gasped and jerked her head around in alarm, but didn't try to pull away as he looped the long laces around her wrists several times then tied it off.

He stood up and removed his pants, then moved around in front of her. He reached down and gripped her pony tail, then leaned in and untied it, spreading her hair out with his hands.

"Much nicer this way," he smiled.

Then he gripped her head in both hands and pressed his cock against her mouth. He felt her lips give way reluctantly, then his cockhead was inside and she was sucking, her tongue moving over it as he pushed more of his cock in after.

She gurgled as his cock slipped in deeper, then gagged on it. He chuckled and began to face fuck her, pumping his cock in and out slowly, pushing it deep enough to almost gag her every time. She would learn to swallow his cock before long, but for now he settled for this.

She tried to jerk her head aside whenever he pushed in too far, but he easily held her in place, loving the way she squirmed, the way her shoulders shifted as her wrists and arms pulled against the laces binding them together.

He wanted to hold off longer, but this was just too hot, too arousing, too erotic. The sight of her wild blue eyes as he fucked his boner into her pretty mouth drove him over the edge and he exploded, gasping in pleasure as his juicy white scum blasted into her mouth.

"Oohh Fuck! Fuck! Oh you little whore! Suck it! Drink it! Uhhhh!" he gasped, almost choking her as he pounded his meat through her straining lips and poured cum down her throat.

Robin looked at herself in the mirror, trying to see if she looked guilty, if anyone looking at her would know something was wrong with her, that she was...

"Robin?"

She turned and looked at Crystal, her pretty nine year old sister.

"What?"

"Could you brush my hair?" she asked.

"Sure."

She got her hairbrush and pulled Crystal over to the bed, then sat down.

"Do I have to go to camp?" the girl asked.

"You'll like it. It'll be fun," Robin said, brushing her soft brown hair.

"What if I don't like it?" Crystal asked with flawless logic.

"You will. Trust me. You'll play games, and swim and ride horses and everything. It'll be lots of fun."

She tried not to think about what she herself would be doing at the same time.

"How come you can't come to the same camp as us?"

"Because I'm going to a camp for... older girls."

"Put it in a pony tail like yours," Crystal demanded.

Robin got up and got a rubber band from her dresser, then sat back down and pulled the girl's hair together in back in a loose pony tail, slipping the band around it.

"Okay, all done," she said, patting her head.

"Thanks!" Crystal said, jumping up and running out the door.

Robin stood up and looked at herself in the mirror again. The images of what that horrible pig Brolin had made her do flashed relentlessly across her mind no matter how hard she tried to forget. She had never imagined he could be so disgusting!

She hadn't imagined anyone could be.

Oh she'd know about guys who were perverts... in a kind of casual way. She knew ordinary guys wanted to fuck her, to grope her and... and do stuff. She knew even grown men lusted after her. In fact, sometimes it had made her hot to know grown men, good looking ones, were looking her up and down admiringly.

She felt sexy, and liked to feel sexy, even if she wasn't entirely sure about what sex was all about.

She knew about how to fuck, of course. But she sure didn't know about the strange things that seemed to be running through Mr. Brolin's head. She had been humiliated by what he'd do, but also bewildered that he was making her do it.

Why make her crawl on the floor? Why make her crawl on her belly and kiss his foot? Was that just to make her feel stupid?

What other sicko stuff did Mr. Brolin want her to do?!

Well, he would fuck her. She knew that. She tried to tell herself it was no big deal. So if he wanted

to fuck her... and that would keep her dad out of prison, well... she would just damned well have to put up with the old pervert.

She would... be his... slave... if that was what the pervert wanted. It was only for the summer, after all. She'd survive. So what if he groped and grabbed her and... and fucked her and stuff.

Of course, every time she thought about it she felt a hard tightness in her chest and cramps in her belly.

Mr. Brolin wasn't the nice, smiling man he'd always been before. Now he was a nasty, mean, perverted old man. She didn't want to let him touch her, much less fuck her, but she knew it was the only way to save her father and her family.

Her father had been so happy... and astonished when he'd come home from seeing Mr. Brolin. So had her mother. Robin had seen them crying downstairs they were so happy, and she'd felt wonderful that she was responsible for their happiness.

But she couldn't tell them. She couldn't tell anyone. If she did that would ruin it and he'd wind up in jail anyway. And what she'd done would be for nothing.

"Robin? Are you about ready to go?" her mother called up from downstairs.

Robin trembled and her heart skipped a beat, then, when she was sure her voice would be steady, she replied. "Down in a minute."

She took a deep breath, then turned to the bed and picked up her suitcase. She pulled it off the bed and headed for the door. In the doorway she stopped and turned around, looking at her room. She felt her lower lip quivering and blinked her eyes rapidly.

Then she went downstairs.

"Hurry up, honey, the girls are already in the car," her mother said. "Is that the last of your bags?"

She nodded.

The phoney pamphlet and papers Mr. Brolin had printed and sent home said she shouldn't bring much, that whatever she needed would be provided at...camp. Her parents hadn't questioned it, nor wondered why she had been so subdued the last couple of weeks.

They went down to the car. Her father was at work, of course. He had been working twelve hour days since Mr. Brolin had agreed not only not to have him arrested but also not to fire him. Her mother was harried, and glad for the chance of peace for the summer. She was going to get a job too so she could help her father pay off what he owed.

She sat in the front while her two little sisters sat in the back, both talking excitedly about what they would find at the summer camp. Robin turned and gazed at her mother, wondering how it could be she hadn't the slightest hint of what she was sending Robin off to.

That wasn't fair, of course, and she knew it. There was no way her mother could know.

"Got my first job interview this afternoon," her mother said, turning briefly to grin at her, then

pulling out of the driveway.

"That's good. Think you'll get the job?"

"Who can tell."

"Maybe I could do something to help pay off what daddy owes," she said quietly.

"Don't be silly, dear," her mother smiled. "It's very nice of you to offer, but I'm not going to have you working all summer at McDonalds or something for a hundred dollars a week. Enjoy your summer. Have fun."

Robin nodded slowly.

They drove to the bus station and put her on a bus. Her "camp" was several hours north of the city, while the girls' was only about an hour to the south. Her mother would drive the girls there while the bus took Robin.

"Now you enjoy yourself. And don't forget to write!" her mother said, giving her a final hug before stepping back.

"I-I will," she said, swallowing repeatedly.

She turned quickly and hurried up the stairs, afraid she would do something to give away what was really going on.

She found an empty seat and sat down, then looked at her mother and sisters waving at her. She waved slowly back as the door closed and the bus started forward.

It was cool in the bus, but she was sweating anyway. Her chest was tight and her guts were swirling uncomfortably. She watched the scenery flash past as the bus wizzed down the highway, trying to think of the weird things Mr. Brolin might do to her so they wouldn't be such a shock.

Her knowledge was pretty slim, though.

An hour later the bus slowed and turned into a small gas station on the side of the highway. She almost threw up as she realized this was its first stop outside of town... where she would get off and meet Mr. Brolin.

She didn't see any sign of him as she climbed down from the bus. She got her suitcases and sat at a small seat, heart pounding. Five minutes later the bus took off down the road. She wondered if Mr. Brolin had maybe changed his mind, if maybe he would leave her alone but still let her father stay out of jail.

Then her hopes were dashed as a big dark blue car turned into the station and pulled up next to her. She saw Mr. Brolin smiling at her from the driver's window.

She closed her eyes and swallowed, then stood up. The trunk of the car popped open and she carried her suitcases over to it and put them inside, then slammed the trunk and went to the front.

She got in the front passenger seat, trying not to look at Mr. Brolin, who she hadn't seen since that

day.

"Hello slave," he said.

She felt a bolt of shock hit her.

"Hello... master," she whispered.

"Good. Good girl. You remember who you are and what I am and we'll get along fine."

He pulled out of the station and headed back down the highway towards town. His eyes occasionally flicked from the road ahead to her, then back again.

"What size are you tits, slave?"

She felt another bolt at the words, at the question. She was simply unused to anyone talking to her like that. She flushed red, both embarrassed and angry.

"I asked you about your tits, slut," he said.

"I... th-thirty-six," she gulped.

"What size is the cup?"

"C," she whispered.

"You have very nice tits."

She blinked her eyes rapidly, confused. It was like...it was a compliment...but at the same time... it was an insult, the kind of thing that would make her curse a guy who said it... bu -."

"I gave you a compliment, slut," he said.

"I... thank you... master," she said.

He smiled and she bit her lower lip, looking away from him.

"I've seen lots of teats in my day. Oh I've seen bigger ones than yours, naturally, but they're often those... melon shaped things and they kind of sag, you know. Or they have these huge fat brown nipples. I think that's ugly."

"Now yours are perfect, so round and firm, with those pretty pink nipples..and they stick out so nicely when they're hard. Yes sir. I'm going to become much better acquainted with those fine titties of yours, Robin."

He looked at her and smiled as he saw she was looking away, her face red.

"Maybe we'll even get you a breast pump," he said with a grin.

She blinked her eyes, and half turned to him.

"Know what that is?"

"No," she whispered.

"It's a pump with a little tube that you attach to your nipple, then you pump on the hose so it sucks on your nipple. Do that for a few weeks and soon you'll start giving milk just like a pregnant woman."

Robin turned her head and gaped at him in astonishment. The thought was so... so... shocking her mind reeled.

"Knew you'd like that," he grinned. "You could wake me up each morning and give me my morning milk in bed."

"But... but... but I... my... someone would... would know after... when I go home..."

"You think your parents are gonna squeeze your tits when you get home to see if milk comes out?" he smirked.

She stared at him in shock and horror.

"Don't worry, slut. After you stop sucking for a while they dry up."

He turned to her again and smiled cruelly. "But they'll get a lot of sucking when you're with me."

She blushed furiously and turned away.

He held the wheel in his left hand and suddenly dropped his right down between her thighs, cupping and squeezing her pussy through her jeans. She gasped and grasped at his arm with both hands, trying to close her legs.

"Put your hands down, you stupid slut. Your cunt belongs to me now, remember."

She let go of his arm and sat back, her heart pounding as he squeezed her snatch.

"Yeah, I'm gonna get a lot of this hot little pussy of yours this summer, baby," he leered.

He drew his hand back with a laugh.

"Tell me how much you love my cock, baby."

"Wha... what?"

"You heard me, slut."

"I-I love your... cock."

"Again."

"I... love your cock."

He was crazy!

"You love to suck my cock."

"I love to... to suck your... c-cock."

"You can't wait to have me stick it up your pussy."

"I can't wait... to have you stick it up my pussy," she whispered, looking down at the floor of the car.

"Your pussy is all wet thinking about my cock."

"My p-pussy is all wet thinking about your... cock," she gulped.

"No. Say it with feeling. Say it like you're really hot and horny. My pussy is all wet thinking about your cock, master," he said in a low, throaty moaning voice.

She stared at him warily, red-faced.

"Say it, slut."

"I... My pussy is all wet thinking..."

"Put more feeling into it, slut!"

"My...pussy is all wet thinking about your cock, master," she moaned.

"Again."

She repeated it.

"Again."

She repeated it again.

"You're gonna have to learn better, slut," he said. "Repeat after me. I am a filthy little fucking slut and I love cock meat."

"I am a filthy little fucking slut and I love cock meat," she said, her voice trembling.

"I live for cock meat."

"I live for cock meat."

"I was made for fucking."

"I was made for fucking."

He chuckled in amusement.

They turned off the highway, and twenty minutes later, after Robin had called herself every awful

word she had ever heard of...and a whole lot she hadn't ever imagined. It was humiliating at first, then just embarrassing. And also... something else. Something... exciting.

To call herself that, to say thing so filthy and vulgar in front of a man was... oddly exciting.

They pulled into the garage of a tall apartment building and Brolin stopped the car.

"Here we are, baby," he said. "Your home sweet home for the summer."

He parked and got out, then came around and opened her door. "Out."

She got out and went to the back of the car.

"Let's go."

"But...my bags are..."

"You don't need them. Come on."

She followed him as slowly as she could. He frowned back at her, then came back, and before she had an inkling of what he planned his hand cracked down on her behind hard and loudly.

She let out a startled scream of pain and leapt forward, bringing her hand down onto her suddenly aching behind as she stared at him in shock.

"I said move," he growled. "You do what you're told when you're told. Got it, slave?"

She nodded her head quickly, fearfully.

"And that counts for every order you're given," he hissed. "Now come on."

He grabbed her arm and jerked her forward, leading her into a small lobby with several elevators. He called an elevator, then they went in and rode upwards to the top floor, the penthouse.

Robin stood in the opposite corner of the elevator, one hand on her stinging behind as she stared at him fearfully. Nobody had slapped her in... in years, not even on her behind. Who would have thought being spanked on the behind could hurt so much?! Boy, had it ever stung!

The doors opened and he motioned her forward then followed. They were not, as she had expected, in a long hallway. The hall was very short, with only one door. He unlocked it, then shoved her inside.

The apartment was... spectacular. It was beyond anything she had ever imagined. The ceilings were twenty feet above her, and it, and the floors and walls were all glistening polished stone, maybe marble. There were huge floor to ceiling glass windows across an enormous room.

There was a grand piano to one side, a huge fireplace on the other. Antique furniture was scattered about, couches, chairs and tables.

"Nice place, huh, baby?"

"Yeah," she breathed.

His hand suddenly came down and cupped her ass, squeezing it, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. She forgot about the beauty of the apartment as her heart started thumping wildly again.

He turned her towards him. She was actually a couple of inches taller than him, though he was heavier. She looked away, but he gripped her hair and jerked her around to face him again. She cried out in pain.

"I'm not going to tell you more than once. You will not look away from me. Understand, slut?"

"Y-y-yes," she gasped.

"Yes, master!" he snapped, pulling her hair back hard, forcing her back to arch.

"Yes, master!" she screamed.

He smiled and let go of her hair, then gripped the front of her shirt and tore it open. She gasped in shock, and automatically tried to cover herself, and a moment later his open hand lashed out and cracked into the left side of her face. She spun around and fell on the floor, crying out again, half sobbing in fear and pain.

"I am your master, slut," he barked. "When I want to touch something or look at something you will not try and stop me! Do you understand!?"

"Ye...yes," she said, cowering on the floor, a hand against her cheek.

"Yes what?" he snapped.

"Yes, master!"

"Stand up, you filthy cunt!"

She stood up slowly, cowering away from him.

"Stand up straight!"

He tore the front of her shirt the rest of the way open and she trembled as she stood as still as possible. His hands slid up her belly, stroking roughly, then cupped her breasts through her bra, squeezing them almost painfully hard.

He jerked her bra down, exposing her breasts, making it dig into the sides and bottom of her soft breast meat, pushing them up and together.

"Nice teats," he smirked.

He gripped her nipples between his thumbs and fingers, pinching them and pulling them outwards.

"Oww!" she gasped, stumbling forward.

"Stay still, slut!"

She braced herself, quivering and gasping as he stretched her small pink nipples out, distorting her rounded breasts. They burned with pain, but she clenched her teeth and kept still.

"Heh, heh, heh," he smirked.

He let go of them and let them snap back. He roughly spun her around and jerked the remains of her shirt back over her shoulders and off, tossing it away. He spun her around again and shot his hand down between her legs, cupping her pussy and squeezing hard.

"Oww! Oww! Oww!" she gasped, trembling in place as his hand crushed her pussy mound.

"This is what you are, slut, a cunt, a walking cunt."

He gripped her hair and forced her down onto her knees in front of him.

"Beg for it, slut. Beg for my cock," he demanded.

"Please can I have your cock!" she gasped.

"Beg for me to fuck you, you stupid slut!"

"Please can you fuck me! Please can you fuck me with your cock, master!" she gasped.

"Kiss my feet, bitch. Lick my shoes clean and tell me how much you love me. Tell me how much you love my cock! Tell me what a miserable fucking whore you are and how much you need my prick up your slutty little twat!"

He bent her over further, pushing her face down against his shoes.

"Please!" she gasped.

"Tell me!"

"I...please I-I love you... m-m-master! Please fuck me, master! I need your cock, master! I'm a filthy whore and I love cocks, master! Please! Please fuck me, master!" she cried.

She licked desperately at his shoes as he twisted and pulled at her hair, terrified of this cruel, mad man who seemed to hold her life in his hands. She was still stunned from having been slapped in the face, and was desperate to please him, to keep him from being mad at her again.

Three

Brolin looked down at the cowering blonde and smirked in pleasure. He remembered when he was a teenager, an awkward, acnied nerd who couldn't get the time of day from the beautiful blondes like Robin. Well now he was the one in charge, and she was...his.

"That's it, slut. Do a good job of it, then rub them dry with your hair," he ordered.

He watched her lick his shoes all over, eager to please, then use her long silky hair to rub them dry.

"Stand up, slave, and take off the rest of your clothes."

She stood up quickly, eyes wide, fearful. He liked that. She looked down at her pants, then quickly opened them and, with just a slight hesitation, pushed them and her panties down her long legs and off.

"The shoes too, cunt meat."

She kicked off her shoes and stood there naked, breathing hard. The stone was cold on her feet.

"Look at how hard your nipples are," he said, snickering.

She looked down hesitantly and saw that her nipples were indeed rock hard. Of course they'd been pressed against the cold stone floor too, but she didn't dare say anything.

"That proves what a whore you are," he sneered, cupping her breasts again.

He squeezed them deliberately hard, jerking up, forcing the girl onto her toes as she gasped in pain.

He let go of them and gripped her hair behind her head, then jerked back, forcing her head back, and up, forcing her onto her toes. He frog-marched her across the hall and down another hallway, then into a small room, where he shoved her against the wall and let her go.

He opened a tall chest of drawers then pulled out a thick black studded leather collar. It opened in the middle and he slipped it around her slender throat and closed it tightly. He locked it there and pulled out a small key, then stepped back with a smile.

He squeezed her pussy, then her breasts again, before taking out a leash and snapping it to her collar.

"Get down on all fours, slut."

She knelt as ordered, and he lifted out another object, a three foot long, slim, flexible wooden switch, a switch he'd purchased at the bondage shop he'd visited. He stepped to her side and smacked it down on her buttocks.

"Oww!" she cried, jerking forward.

"Crawl, slut," he said. "I'll give you a tour of the house."

He made her crawl down the hall, and into a room with pinball games, video machines and a pool table. He led her around it on all fours, then back into the hall and down it further to the library, filled to the ceiling with towering bookshelves.

Whenever she slowed he snapped the switch down on her buttocks, drawing a cry of pain each time, and causing her to speed up. By the time they got to the theatre she was panting heavily, and by the time they reached the living room she was gasping for breath, and he was whipping the switch across her soft, tender buttocks repeatedly to get her to speed up.

He paused then, the sight of that round little ass wagging in front of him was finally too much. He dropped to his knees behind the teenager, sliding his hands over her red ass, then underneath to cup and squeeze and knead her pussy mound.

She groaned as he unzipped and jerked his pants down, then tore his thick, throbbing prick free and placed it against her soft little sex opening.

"Get ready, whore," he gasped. "I'm about to mount you like a bull does a steer! I'm gonna take you from behind like the bitch in heat you are!"

He did not, as he wanted to, thrust into her and rip her open. For even in his excitement he recognized the need to make her first time one of pleasure. Still, her first time would be on all fours, ridden hard by her master. She would not forget the total submissiveness of her first time.

And if her first time were also one of pleasure and excitement that would go a long way to drawing her over to thinking of sex, of his kind of sex, as the right kind, as the kind that got her juices flowing..

Whatever Robin had imagined it paled before what had actually happened. The dirty talk, nasty and insulting, worse than she'd remembered. And the slapping, the hair pulling. Why was he doing it all!? She would do anything he wanted! Why?

Yet there was still the sexual tingle she'd felt last time, the very acts of speaking such lewd things in front of a strange man, of stripping herself in front of him, having his eyes, then his hands on her bare flesh, squeezing and groping her, they all caused her insides to quiver a little in hot anticipation.

When he'd put the collar on her throat and a leash, she'd been stunned. Then he'd made her crawl like an animal, like a dog, and hit her with that stick that stung her ass terribly.

She felt so utterly degraded, almost not human any more as he made her crawl around the house, breasts dangling, ass aching as he brought the switch down across it again and again. His words were all harsh, contemptuous.

Of course she found it hard to blame him. She WAS a slut, a whore, like she'd said, like he called her. She was an absolute slut, worse than any she'd ever heard of at school. Crawling around naked like this was... was beyond her ability to understand or cope with.

She felt depraved, filthy, a total wanton whore.

And when he threw down the leash and dropped behind her, when she heard his zipper go down and he told her he was going to fuck her, her heart pounded with renewed strength and the blood raced through her young body as she trembled in anxious fear.

She felt his hand on her sex, squeezing, lifting, spreading her thighs. What a whore she was to kneel like this! She could hardly believe it.

Then she felt his cock against her opening, felt the soft cockhead rubbing up and down against her slit. Despite herself she felt a shiver of pleasure as it rubbed along her pussy and over her slit. She'd thought of the rushed, ragged, thrusting, stabbing cocks she had felt against her before. This wasn't like that. This was almost... nice.

Then it began to push into her, forcing her pussy lips apart. She gasped and groaned, bracing herself as his cock worked its way deeper and deeper inside her body.

She moaned in dazed disbelief that she should be taken in such a way, taken, mounted as he said, like a bitch in heat.

She felt her tight, soft, elastic pussy lips spread wide around his thick cock. They strained and ached as his member pushed forward. Yet the pain was mild, only a stretching ache. It wasn't at all like the pain she had experienced before when she had been penetrated, felt the hard cock stabbing up into her body.

She felt the pressure as it moved into her, gasped, wide-eyed as she felt her pussy tunnel spreading apart, the helmet headed intruder burrowing deeper. He was moving slowly, which surprised and relieved her, for his violence and brutality so far had convinced her he would fuck her in the same way.

He pulled his cock out again and rubbed the head up and down along her slit, rubbing especially over that hard little button that was her clit. Again he pushed it into her, slowly, and she knew once again the sensation of being penetrated, pierced by a man's cock.

He pushed in slowly, jabbing slowly, in and out, then in deeper... until his cock was deep inside her. He pulled out again, rubbing his cock once more over her slit, up and down, up and down, stroking her with his soft, warm flesh.

"Hot little fuck machine," he growled. "Hot, sexy, gorgeous piece of girl meat. This is what you were made for, slut. A million years of evolution behind you, all of hot little sluts like you being mounted like this, being rutted into like the wild, slutty animals they are.

She trembled at the feel of his cockhead sliding along her pussy crevice, across her clit. She felt her belly growing warm, tight, liquid. His cock entered her again and she felt herself sigh a little in pleasure.

It went in so - smoothly, after all, so nicely. Yes, she was tight and ached from the stretching, but only a very little bit. He felt much smoother, much nicer, silkier, going into her than the boys who had used her had. Well, Jerry and Mike were hardly boys, but still...

His hands slid up and down her body, stroking it softly but firmly, then eased under her to grasp her breasts, sinking fingers into the soft meat. She groaned again, the feel of his hands somehow much more natural now, almost... almost pleasurable. Again she compared it to her previous experiences, the hot sweaty, trembling groping by eager, half drunken dates. This was so much smoother, so much gentler.

Her breasts felt hot and swollen, the nipple tingling with life and desire. She felt his cock slip out and rub over her slit again, then penetrate her again, pressing forward, driving in halfway, no more, then pulling back.

Weirdly, she felt herself wishing he would push deeper, wanting to feel him deep inside her belly.

"Pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain," he growled. "Pain brings pleasure, pleasure follows pain, pain and pleasure are the same."

He pulled back and then thrust in sharply. She cried out as he rammed himself deep, his cock slicing between her pussy lips and driving into her to the balls.. He held still, only his hands moving, massaging and kneading her breasts.

He squeezed them harder, mashing them together now. She winced a little, but most of her attention was on her pussy, and the hot, sparkling little clitty that was turning her insides to bubbly soup.

He eased his hands off her breasts and back along her ribs, then up over her back and along her spine. He gripped her shoulders, his cock easing back slightly, then pushing forward.

He gripped her shoulders tightly, holding her in place as he slowly drove his cock deeper and deeper into her slender young body. It... hurt... in a way, but only a little, and already that was fading.

Deep inside she felt the penetration, the sensation of her previously closed pussy tunnel now spreading open as the helmet-headed cock drove deeper.

She was mesmerized by the feelings and sensations, gasping in shock, and even in a kind of wicked delight, as she felt him way inside her, felt him in her belly... deeeeep... moving...

His hands squeezed and massaged her buttocks then one slid down under and she felt his fingers stroking against her clit, rubbing it softly. She closed her eyes, groaning even as she fought against any pleasure.

She didn't want to enjoy it! She hated him! She hated this! This was disgusting! It was filthy and perverted and sick and evil! He was a pig to put her through this, to...to practically rape her like this, like she were an animal!

His cock moved forward, remorselessly, going even deeper. She was startled at how deep it already was. Surely that was all of it? How deep inside her could it go?! She groaned a little, remembering how big his cock was, remembering her hands sliding on it as she sucked.

"Uhnnggh!"

"There you are, slut girl," he sighed. "All the way in now. You got it all, a belly full of cock meat."

Her guts cramped a little, and her pussy... at least, something deep inside her pussy, ached from

the pressure of his cockhead against it. Maybe it was her cervix, she thought, remembering health classes.

Jesus, that was what it was, she thought to herself. Oh God!

The thought was appalling, yet also strangely arousing, that he was so high inside her, that he was filling her from top to bottom. She could feel the way her pussy sleeve fit snugly around his tubular cock, stretched tautly.

Her belly felt a little...hard, and she wished she could run a hand along her stomach to see if she could feel his cock there.

"Raise that ass, slut girl," he said, giving her bottom a slap.

She yelped, then obeyed, pushing her ass upwards.

She felt his cock moving, sliding slowly backwards. She felt the wonderful sensations as it stroked along her taut pussy walls, and the even more powerful sensations as his cock shaft rasped across the taut flesh of her sex lips on its backward journey.

She could hardly breath, didn't want to breath, didn't want to divert one iota of her concentration from the feeling of his cock moving inside her.

He pulled it completely out, and she felt oddly vacant as he rubbed the head up and down against her slit again. Her clitty buzzed and sparkled as his cockshaft stroked along it.

Then she was penetrated again, and felt a surging relief, then pleasure as it moved slowly but steadily up into her. His hips pressed firmly into her buttocks then as he pulled back on her shoulders.

She felt filled again. Then gasped as he moved his hips in a circular motion, grinding them into her soft ass flesh and twisting his cock all around inside her belly.

"There you go, slut girl," he said. "Nice cock meat, nice big prick for you. You like that, slut girl? Hmmm? Tell me how much you like having a big cock inside you."

"I-I...like it," she panted.

"Oowwww!"

She cried out in pain as he gripped her hair and pulled it slowly up and back, forcing her back to arch.

"Tell me, slut!"

"I love it! I love your cock inside me!" she gasped.

He let go of her hair and she let her head drop, groaning.

His hands moved along her body again, then down underneath, cupping and squeezing her breasts. He started pumping, slowly, his cock moving back and forth, stroking against her clitty as he rode her.

She closed her eyes and shuddered, forgetting the ache of her scalp, forgetting how she hated him, letting the pleasure slowly rise within her as she relaxed into the heat and desire of her first ever doggy fuck.

She felt odd. On the one hand she felt used, degraded, humiliated to be treated like this, to be... for all intents and purposes, raped. She was embarrassed, mortified in fact, at being forced to display herself to him, forced to allow his rough, violent and intimate touches and vicious verbal abuse.

But none of that seemed to matter much as his cock moved slowly inside her, picking up speed with each passing second. In fact, somehow she felt almost... right about it all.

Maybe he was right and this was what she was made for. It felt natural, it felt good. And now she started think in pleasure of how slutty she was. Instead of being embarrassed by it she considered how sexy and seductive, how erotic and hot and exciting she was.

Yes, a slut, a hot, slutty, sexy, beautiful girl. Hadn't even he called her beautiful? Sexy? Maybe she was a slut, but a slut that was a hot, sexy animal that men lusted after, went crazy for.

She felt a certain defiance in that, a certain arrogant pride at how hot and sexy she was.

"Ungh!"

His hips hit her hard that time, sending her body lurching forward, only to be held tightly by his hands, which had slid onto her shoulders again.

He was fucking much harder, his cock slicing back and forth between her pussy lips, his hips smacking into her buttocks hard enough to throw her forward. She spread her arms a bit to keep her balance, her breathing becoming faster and more ragged as her pulse raced.

Each thump, each heavy blow of his hips against her buttocks sent a rush of heat into her. Each stroke of his cock along her clitoris made her blood boil. Each hard punch of his cockhead into her cervix sent a sharp stab of pleasure mixed with pain into her guts.

His hands slid onto her hips, digging into her flanks as he increased his speed. She instinctively humped back, even though he was hitting her ass hard enough to hurt. A sweltering sexual haze had gripped her body and she cared little for anything but the pleasure spinning through her mind.

It felt so good! Sooo goood! She didn't care if she hated him, didn't care how nasty and mean he was. This was so right, so wonderful! Her insides were shaking and spasming and tearing apart as his big, hard, wonderful cock pounded into her.

Her head was bouncing up and down now, and she pulled it back, clenching her teeth, bracing herself as her body shook and her breasts swung. She was grunting continuously now without even knowing it, the air forced out of her explosively each time she was deeply skewered by his thick meat, each time his muscular hips slammed into her shapely behind.

"You love it, slut! Tell me you love it!" he growled, slapping at her ass.

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

"Again!"

"I love it!" she cried, gasping and groaning as he slapped at her ass and she rutted back against him. She yelped and cried out again and again as his hand continued to slap against her ass. He bunched up her hair and wrapped it around his wrist, then jerked it back, using her hair like the reins of a horse as he rode her wildly.

He was thrusting into her furiously now, and from all different directions, the left, then the right, then low, then high, his big cock churning her belly to a frothing steam as his hand slapped at her ass and sent sharp, jagged stinging pain through her overwrought system.

"You slut!" he cried. "Say it! Admit you're a slut!"

"I'm a slut! I'm a slut!" she cried, almost intoxicated with the pleasure howling inside her. Her entire body was burning with sexual heat, sexual need, as his big cock rammed up into the tight, hot depths of her belly.

"Again! Again!"

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

And she felt like it, yet the thought was wickedly, wildly exciting. This was sex strangely free of guilt or worry. She need not fear him blabbing to her friends, need not fear he wouldn't respect her afterwards - for he didn't respect her now. She was merely an obedient tool, a slave girl, and the pumping cock inside her felt - amazing.

"Louder!" His hand cracked against her ass.

"I'm a slut! I'm a slut! I'm a slut! I'm a slut!" she screamed, sobbing and gasping as she rode him into a powerful, mind blowing orgasmic storm, head back and ass up as his pistoning prick ripped into her body.

Her body exploded, hot, burning pleasure flooding her mind and sending it reeling and bouncing amid a whitewash of foaming erotic joy.

Every muscles in her body seemed to twist and spasm, heat screaming through her nervous system, her guts clenching and twisting and clenching again. Multi-colored lights twinkled in front of her eyes and she felt light-headed as the pleasure peaked, then slowly faded.

She sagged, groaning. He was fucking her much more slowly now, and she could feel the slickness inside her that indicated he had spewed his semen into her pussy tunnel.

She didn't much care, didn't much care about anything just then. She moaned in a deeply satisfied bliss, her head hanging down as his cock pulled free of her gash.

"Try to tell me you didn't like that ride, slut," he said, sounding pleased. "Like I said, you were built for it. A million years of evolution has made you into the cock hungry little whore you are."

He pulled her hair, forcing her to turn sharply around to face him, still on all fours. He held his cock to her and she automatically slipped her lips around it.

"Lick and suck it clean, slut girl," he ordered, sliding his fingers through her fine blonde hair.

She obeyed, still feeling oddly satisfied as she took his entire soft prick into her mouth, hardly even thinking about the fact that it was her own juices mixed with his jism she was licking.

He pulled out, grabbed her hair, and used it to wipe off his cock as he had in the office, then stood up and did his pants up.

"All right, slut, come with me," he said, pulling her to her feet by the hair.

He marched her into a bedroom, the one he'd said would be hers. It was very small, with little more than a bed, a small dresser, TV, stereo, and VCR.

There were tapes, but all were porno tapes, or instructional tapes in how to belly dance, or how to do a strip tease, or erotic dancing, or erotic massage, or different ways of making love.

He opened one of the drawers of the dresser and took out a pair of incredibly high heeled boots. They were glistening, shining black, leather of some kind. They had huge spiked heels and looked like they would come all the way up to her crotch.

"Put these on, slut."

She looked at them doubtfully.

"They'll fit. I got your sizes from your shoes and clothes that time at the office."

She picked up one of the boots and looked at it. There wasn't even any zipper. She pushed her foot down the front and pulled it up her leg, up her calf, past her knee, then up higher. She grunted with effort before finally getting her foot into the bottom and pulling the thing all the way.

It didn't quite reach her crotch, but did reach her upper thigh. She pulled the other one up too, then stood awkwardly in them, finding it difficult to balance on such high heels.

"Walk around, slut meat. Let me see how you look in them."

She obeyed, feeling strangely excited, yet also embarrassed. They certainly pushed her ass out behind. These spiked heels were the kind she'd heard referred to as fuck me heels, she decided.

"Excellent. Now these."

He tossed her a pair of glistening black gloves. They were incredibly long, and she pulled them all the way up past her elbows almost to her shoulders.

The next object was a leather G-string, shiny like the others. She stepped into it awkwardly and pulled it up, feeling... sexy...in a resentful sort of way. He gripped her arm and jerked her around to look into the full length mirror over the dresser.

"What do you see there?" he demanded.

She stared at herself, marvelling at how seductive, how sexy, how purely sexual she looked.

"A... slave?"

"A whore, a slut, a fuck toy."

He gripped her hair, jerking her head back, sneering down at her. "My slave!" he hissed. "My fuck toy!"

He cupped her breasts again, sighing in pleasure.

"God, these sure stick out and up! A set of real torpedoes! Maybe we should hang weights on these nipples to pull them back down."

His fingers mauled her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, then he bent and slipped his mouth around one, sucking, chewing, making her wince in pain even as she gasped at the odd, tingly pleasure that his mouth was sending into her swollen mammaries.

He let go and stepped back, then opened another drawer and took out something that looked like a bicycle pump.

"Remember what I said about a breast pump? I wasn't just talking. I want to suck milk out of those pretty titties."

He handed her the pump and she stared at it.

"You attach this part to your nipple and then pump slowly. Go ahead. Do it."

She stared at it anxiously, then placed the little cup over her nipple. It kind of squeezed around it tightly. Then she slowly pumped the thing. She gasped at the suction on her nipple, and slowed.

"You pump each nipple for five minutes several times a day. If I don't start getting milk I'll take a belt to your tits. Got it?"

"Yes, master!" she gasped, staring at him in fear.

"Keep pumping."

He watched her pump, watched the thing sucking on her nipple.

"Now here's a list of your duties, slut girl," he said, picking up a piece of paper. "Keep pumping, slut!"

He read off her duties, starting with her morning shower. She must always keep herself very clean for him. That meant showering several times a day if necessary, mouthwashes constantly, brushing her teeth after everything she ate...etc.

After she was clean she was to draw a bath for him, setting it to precisely the right temperature. Then start the coffee and make his breakfast. Then she was to come into his room and wake him, slide into bed and do whatever he wanted, generally suck his cock anyway.

She would then accompany him to his bath and wash him, dry him and help him dress. She would serve him his breakfast and kneel there waiting his desire.

She would see him off to work, then clean the dishes, wash the floors, change the sheets in his bed, vacuum, do any laundry that needed doing, clean the bathtub and entire bathroom so they were spotless, then attend to other rooms on a rotating basis.

She would have his meal ready for him when he came home. She would greet him on her knees, drop to her belly and lick his shoes, telling him how glad she was to see him and welcoming him home.

If he wanted her to she would suck him off then, or fuck him.

Any errors would be punished severely. Any mistakes would be punished severely. Any disobedience, any disrespectful looks or reluctant behaviour would be punished severely. Talking would not be tolerated except to answer him.

And she was to view the tapes, in the order he set out, and write a little report for him on which parts she thought were the most erotic and exciting. She was also to practice the things she saw on them and learn how to do every sexual act he might require.

There was a large collection of lingerie and leather clothing in the dresser. She was to wear nothing else. She was always to look attractive, have her hair brushed, and be smiling.

She was resentful as she listened to him, but she kept it from showing as she slowly pumped her breast with the pump. In fact, the pump was making her breasts, and then her pussy tingle in a pleasant, erotic way that made it hard to even concentrate on what he was saying.

He put that paper down and produced another, turning on the tape recorder and propping up a microphone up on the bed table.

"Read that in a strong, clear and convincing voice. I want to hear passion and conviction in your voice. We're going to make a tape for you to listen to while you sleep."

She read over the list, frowning.

"Now, slut!"

"I love my master," she said.

"Put more feeling into it, whore!"

"I love my master!"

"Better. Try again."

"I love my master!"

"Good. Keep on in that tone."

"I am a whore," she said. "I was made to be used. I love my master. I am a slut. I must obey my master. I love cock meat. I was made for fucking. I love my master. I need cock to live. I love sucking cock. I must always obey my master. My cunt loves fucking. My tits love sucking. I love to suck my master's cock..."

It went on and on in that tone for a full page, and she read it all into the tape recorder.

He took it then and led her to where the cleaning supplies were. He brought her into his bathroom and showed her where the supplies were there. Showed her how to use the washer and dryer and dishwasher.

"All right, slut meat. Now since you've been crawling around on the floor I want you to go and take a shower, wash your hair, and while you're at it, shave your pussy hair off."

"What?"

He cupped her pussy and squeezed.

"I want this as puffy and white and soft as the rest of your gorgeous skin, bitch dog."

He turned her around, slapped her bare ass, and watched her awkwardly walk back to her room in the high spiked heels.

"I want you wearing those boots and gloves when you come back," he called after her. "And the collar."

Four

Robin gazed at herself in the mirror of the bathroom, somewhat dazed by the events of the day. She looked totally unfamiliar to herself. The person in the mirror seemed so... so sexy and erotic, so hot and sensual.

Certainly she was no innocent young girl. No. Nobody would mistake her as such, not in such an outfit. She felt a little sad at that, but there was also a hot kind of exultation, a feeling that she'd grown, that she was now a woman, a hot-blooded, sexy woman.

She removed the boots with some effort, then the gloves, and finally, the collar, all of which she placed neatly on the counter before looking down at her little pale gold bush. The thought of shaving it off was bizarre. Still, she had no choice.

She stepped into the shower and quickly washed her hair, then soaped herself with scented soap and washed herself clean. She slid her hand back and forth over her pussy, wincing a bit, for it still stung from the hard fucking.

She was in something far beyond her experience or knowledge. That made her feel a little adrift, and quite helpless. She had thought she knew something about what sex was like, but obviously Mr. Brolin knew far more.

Well, she would just have to cope. Maybe she could watch those dirty movies he had put in her room and figure out just what sex was all about from them, and why Mr. Brolin wanted to treat her like...well, like a slave.

Of all the things she had imagined doing for sex, crawling on her belly on the floor and licking someone's feet were among the most bizarre. She had felt very strange doing stuff like that, almost inhuman.

It was embarrassing, humiliating, and yet there was also something oddly freeing about it. It was as if... well... as if she had no need to think about anything, nor worry about guilt for doing something nasty, as if he were in complete charge and she need only obey his words.

She fingered her nipples, which still felt sensitive and a little sore from the breast pump. Would she really start giving milk out of her nipples? The idea was shocking, but a little exciting too. As long as it didn't hurt or cause damage she guessed it wouldn't really be a bad thing.

She finished her shower and stepped out, drying herself with a big fluffy towel, then wrapping another around her hair.

She saw that there were scissors, shaving cream and razors there in the cabinet, so carefully set about trimming her bush as close as she could to the skin, then shaving it off.

It took a little time, for she already thought she knew enough about Brolin to know he would demand she do as he'd ordered and get every last little hair.

It felt strange shaving it off, and afterwards, looking at herself in the mirror she felt an odd tingling heat between her legs. She looked so...so exposed...so utterly naked down there. Her slit was so...obvious.

It was bad enough standing, but sitting it was horribly obvious. She felt terribly slutty. Yet, her belief in sluttiness as a bad thing was starting to undergo a change. Maybe sluttiness wasn't so bad at all. Maybe it was being daring and free spirited. Having wild and lewd and wonderful sex all the time shouldn't be a bad thing.

But, of course, she was doing more than that, she was acting like a... like a sexual animal.

Even that thought caused differing emotions. Her teaching said it was bad, yet she felt a strange fascination and attraction in such a forbidden thing, in being wanton and uninhibited. And after all, nobody would know, except Mr. Brolin.

She pulled on the G-string, the long boots, the gloves and the collar, then, walking carefully in the high spiked heels, she walked back down the hall and walked somewhat shyly into the living room.

"It's about fucking time you got here," he snapped.

He was sitting on a recliner, and she hurried up beside him, anxious at his tone.

"Did I tell you to wear a G-string, slut? Did I?"

"No," she said worriedly.

"Then take the fucking thing off, you dumb bitch. I want to see your bare cunt."

His words were crude and insulting. They embarrassed her and made her face flush, yet they were also outrageous, and strangely exciting.

She slipped the G-string down and stepped out of it, then stood next to his chair, blushing hotly as he gazed into her naked pussy.

He raised a hand, slipping it between her thighs and rubbing it over her pubic mound.

"Now that feels much better," he said, slipping a finger up into her pussy hole.

"Spread your legs more, slut."

She shifted her legs as he a second finger up into her pussy, driving them in to the knuckles and wriggling them around. His thumb pressed down against her clit, and he rubbed it idly, pumping his fingers in her pussy.

Then he reached up and grabbed her arm, pulling her forward onto the chair, pulling her down across his lap on her back.

His hands moved slowly over her body, stroking and squeezing it, exploring the feel and texture of it. She sat back, her legs spread, as his fingers pumped slowly inside her and stroked her clitty.

She inhaled sharply as he bent and slid his lips over her nipples, feeling the suction, feeling his tongue licking eagerly, his teeth digging into the surrounding flesh. He cupped and squeezed her breasts, his fingers mashing them together as his mouth moved from one nipple to the other.

"Man, you have gorgeous tits," he said. "One of the finest sets of jugs I've ever seen."

She blushed as he bent and sucked some more, his fingers never seeming to tire of kneading the firm, malleable flesh.

Again, she felt herself becoming aroused, and again fought against it, though not as hard. She had begun to resign herself to being touched and used by him sexually, and despite her dislike of him she was growing to like that touch. It was the one pleasure she felt among the humiliation and pain and anger of her slavery.

He stopped, raising his head and smiling at her. Then he pushed her off. She got to her feet and he indicated the recliner facing his, so she sat back on it.

"I want you to slump down more, slut," he said.

She obeyed, slumping in the chair.

"Now raise your legs and drape them across the arms of the chair."

She blushed at the lewdness of the request, but hesitantly obeyed, knowing she was spreading herself wide for his eyes, but knowing she had no choice.

"Nice looking slit, there, bitch. Nice and tight and thin."

She looked away.

"I just paid you a compliment, slut!"

"Thank you, master!" she said quickly, jerking her eyes back to him.

"Do you masturbate a lot, slut?"

She gaped at him.

"I asked you a question, bitch dog."

"I-I...no!" she gasped, blushing furiously.

"How often."

"I-I...don't."

"Liar! Lying bitch! Don't tell me you haven't played with those fantastic titties or touched that tight little cunt of yours!"

She looked down, face burning.

"I asked you a question, slut!" He shouted, slamming his hand against the arm of the chair.

"I-I-I h-have," she gulped.

"So you do masturbate! Admit it! Say it!"

"I-I masturbated," she gasped.

"Again! Louder! Say it! You masturbate!"

"I masturbate!" she cried, voice breaking from the shame.

"Then do it!"

"What?" she gasped.

"You're sitting there with your legs wide, naked. Show me how you jerk off."

"I can't!"

"Why not?"

"I don't want to!"

"I don't give a shit what you want, you miserable fuck toy!"

For Robin this was just too much! Having him fuck her was one thing, having her crawl like a dog was horrible, but she'd done it. She'd accepted him calling her filthy names, even said filthy things herself and dressed like a slut for him. But now to have him demand she do...THAT in front of him...That was just too shocking!

"No!" she shouted. "You're filthy!"

"I'm filthy? You walking, talking fuck toy! You don't know what filth is yet! Now let me see you jerk off! Play with yourself!"

"No!"

He glared at her, but there was almost a pleasure in his eyes, a sinister pleasure.

He got to his feet and she straightened, bringing her legs together and cowering back into the chair.

"You want to act like a shy little schoolgirl I'll treat you like one, bitch," he growled.

He reached down and grabbed her wrist roughly, yanking her to her feet and then pulling her along after him as he went down the hall to his room.

She whimpered fearfully, wondering what punishment he had in mind, what he intended to do with her.

He threw her against the foot of her bed, bending her face down across it and ordering her to stay in place. Then he opened his closet and took out a long, thin stick that was hooked at the end like an umbrella handle.

It was a thin cane, and he slid it through his fingers as he moved behind her, gazing at her perfect round ass, the skin so pale and soft and unmarred.

"Do you know what they used to do to schoolgirls who acted up and disobeyed?" he purred. "They taught them discipline with a little caning. And that's what you're going to get, little slut. You're going to get a little caning to show you not to disobey your master."

With that the cane whistled through the air and struck against the teenager's buttocks with a loud CRACK! of noise.

"Ahhhhhh!" Robin screamed, her legs jerking violently.

She pushed herself up quickly only to be shoved back down again.

"Stay put, slut slave! Your punishment is just starting.

But Robin, her bottom stinging painfully, burning where the cane had struck the soft, tender flesh, was already teary eyed and panicky. She knew nothing of such pain and couldn't stand the idea of receiving more of it.

She struggled wildly, sobbing and cursing, legs kicking and flailing until Brolin stepped back and let her up. She jumped up, retreating from him, rubbing her buttocks as she looked at him with fear.

"Look, slut girl. Our deal was that you would obey me utterly, do anything and everything I ordered, and be my slave," he growled. "If you're not prepared to do that then we'll cancel our deal right now and I'll have your father arrested!"

"Please," she whimpered. "It hurts!"

"Of course it hurts, you brainless cow! That's the idea. But if a hundred million schoolgirls and schoolboys could take it then so can you! Now you bend over that bed right now and hold still or your father will rot in a prison cell tonight!"

Robin's mind reeled from the enormity of it all. She couldn't think, couldn't figure any way to arrive at a good decision. She couldn't let her father go to jail, especially after all she'd gone through so far.

"Now, slut!"

She sobbed as she slowly shuffled forward.

"I...I'll do what...you...what you wanted," she whimpered.

"You're damned right you will. But first you'll be punished for your disobedience and disrespect. Now bend over!"

"Pleeease," she whined.

"Now, slut!"

She approached the bed, then gripped the rounded post that ran along the bottom and slowly bent herself over it. She moaned as she felt her ass cheeks tilting up even more than the high heels already had them, clenching her fists tightly as she waited for another blow.

It came, the cane slashing across her upturned buttocks with a sharp, stinging blastwave of pain.

"AhhhhhH!" she screamed, then sobbed and whimpered, clutching her arms tight against her sides, her fists against her face.

CRACK! The cane slashed across her ass again, and again she screamed in pain, her ass throbbing and burning now.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The cane whistled through the air again and again, landing blow after blow on the sobbing, whimpering girl's naked buttocks, drawing a latticework of angry red lines across the pale white flesh.

"Filthy whore!" he sneered.

CRACK!

"Dirty fuck dog!"

CRACK!

"Slut!"

CRACK!

Each blow was measured, giving her time to absorb the full pain of the previous one.

CRACK!...CRACK!...CRACK!...CRACK!

Her buttocks were a flaming red now, and the heat radiated out from them as the teenager sobbed piteously across the bedpost.

He stopped, and she moaned, hoping he had finished. He stepped to his closet and returned, coming up behind her. She didn't look, keeping her face down, whimpering into the bedspread.

She felt something hard...not his cock, something that wasn't flesh...rubbing along her slit, rubbing back and forth between her pussy lips. It was rounded and thick and hard like plastic.

Then it started buzzing and she gasped in fear, wondering what else he would do to her. She felt the thing vibrating madly against her flesh, felt the vibrations transmitted into her body as he slowly ran the thing up and down along her cleft.

"Unngh!" she gasped as he penetrated her with it.

It was rounded, thick like a cock, and he pushed it slowly up into her body, driving it deep. She felt his palm against the base of the thing as he pressed it almost all the way into her sex.

Only a small bit remained, and she moaned in pain as he tried to force that in as well, feeling the front of the thing jamming against her cervix.

The thing felt very strange inside her. Her entire lower belly was buzzing in sympathy with it, especially her pussy. He stepped back and squeezed her aching bottom.

"Don't move," he ordered.

He turned and left then. At least she thought he had. She hadn't raised her head or looked around. She was alone with the thing up in her belly.

The sensations it was giving off weren't unpleasant. In fact, they were a kind of pleasant distraction from the burning in her sore buttocks. She slowly raised her head and looked behind him, seeing that he was, indeed, gone.

She tentatively reached back and felt her bottom slowly and gently, wincing a little at the touch, then drew her hand back, looking at it. There was no blood that she could see, and she marvelled at that, thinking he surely had cut her skin with his wicked, nasty beating.

She spread her legs a bit for comfort, easing the pressure of the post on her lower belly and hips. She wondered how long she would have to stand like this in this lewd position. The heat in her bottom was a constant, throbbing thing, but it was bearable now.

The buzzing in her loins was something else again. She squeezed her pussy muscles down against the thing repeatedly, finding more pleasure in that. It felt really nice inside her, and her loins were heating up, getting moist and heavy from the buzzing.

She reached back daringly between her legs and felt the end of the thing sticking out of her bare little hole, then gasped as she pressed her clit against it.

She didn't dare keep her hand there in case he came back, and resumed her position, closing her legs now and squeezing her thighs together around the thick, full object in her belly.

She unconsciously ground her hips in slow circles, squeezing her pussy muscles and thighs repeatedly, feeling the sexual heat rising inside her body.

She pressed the sides of her arms in against her breasts, then brought her hands under her and cupped them, sighing and closing her eyes as they throbbed in delight.

She heard his footsteps and quickly pulled her hands away, her body stiffening as he came back into the room.

"Well, slut girl, are you enjoying my little toy?" he asked.

He gripped the tip of the thing and pumped it slowly in and out.

Robin fought the desire to thrust herself back on it, clamping her mouth shut so as to not groan in pleasure.

"This is called a vibrator," he said. "It's also called a girl's best friend. Feels nice against your clitty don't it."

He thrust it deep inside her once more, then moved aside and stripped naked.

Robin closed her eyes, trying to ease her arms in against her breasts unnoticed, fighting to keep from grinding her hips back. She listened to him strip in anticipation, wanting his cock in her now, almost forgetting the pain of her caning and her still-throbbing buttocks.

"You have one fantastic little ass, Robin," he said. "It's one of the most gorgeous, firm, round asses I've ever seen. It's irresistible, in fact. And I don't intend to resist it any further."

He came up behind her and she felt something else press against her asshole. It was thin and plastic like the vibrator, but didn't buzz. She clenched her hands again at this new and intimate touch, flushing in embarrassment as he slowly forced the thing probe through her wrinkled anal opening.

"Wha...what are...you do...doing?" she moaned.

"Do you know what men think to themselves when they see you walk by in tight pants, Slut girl? They look at that gorgeous ass of yours and think to themselves how fantastic it would be if they could ram their cocks up it."

The thing pushed deeper into her ass, twisting around, making her gasp and moan.

"That's what I'm gonna do, slave. I'm going to fuck you up the asshole."

Her eyes went wide at the deliberately crude words and her mind was assaulted by fear and revulsion. Yet at the same time she felt a hot stab of lust, of wicked, wanton desire. She was a virgin there, but even so had heard of such crude things.

She had never imagined she would allow any guy to fuck her THERE. But now that she was faced with the certainty of it she didn't feel the disgust or horror she once would have.

Perhaps it was the buzzing in her pussy and the burning lust now floating through her veins. Perhaps she had already done such wanton, wicked things that sodomy no longer seemed quite so perverted or sick.

He pumped the thing up and down in her ass, and she could feel it moving slickly, as though coated in some kind of oil. He pulled it out, and then another, thicker object was pushed back there. She groaned as it forced through her anal muscles, again riding a wave of slickness.

His hand gripped the tip of the vibrator again and pumped it slowly in and out.

Robin buried her face in the bedspread to hide her groaning as her insides caught fire. The two objects moving inside her caused unbelievable sensations of lewd delight and pleasure, and she panted and gasped for breath as her heart pounded wildly.

The thing in her ass was withdrawn, the vibrator thrust deep.

"Are you read, slut girl? Are you ready for your first ass fuck?" he taunted. "What a gorgeous ass! You should be punished for walking around with an ass like this and not letting anyone fuck it!"

She felt his cockhead, so soft, yet firm and warm, pressing against her anal opening. Her anus stretched wider as it drove into her, and she groaned and whimpered fearfully and excitedly as she followed its progress up her anal tube.

"Tight assed little girl," he sighed. "Built for ass fucking."

His cock pushed deeper and her rectum clamped down on it, fighting the intruder. His hand slapped her bottom and she yelped in pain, his cock thrusting deeper at the same time.

"Loosen that ass," he ordered. "Don't squeeze down on it."

She tried to obey, but it was hard to control her muscles. Whenever he became caught, found the resistance too hard he slapped her bottom, and suddenly her muscles relaxed.

Then he was deep inside her, and Robin groaned under the pressure and pleasure. He felt so good back there, especially combined with the thick, hard vibrator up her pussy.

She stopped fighting it and ground her hips lewdly, gasping and moaning in pleasure as her clitty sparked like a live electrical wire.

His cock was sending cramps through her belly as it drove in ever deeper, cramps and pain that made her moan and whimper. But she made no effort to stop him, almost all her senses focused on the rising tide of sexual fever pouring through her system.

"Uhhnnghhh!" she groaned as his hips crushed her buttocks and he ground himself against her.

"Knew you could take it all, slut girl. A filthy fucking whore like you could take a log up her asshole if she wanted to!"

He ground himself into her sore red bottom slowly, sliding his hands up and down her body. She raised herself up a bit on her elbows and he reached beneath her to cup her breasts, digging his fingers into them.

"That's it, whore," he growled. "You know you love it. Say it. Say it!"

He yanked on her hair and she cried out in pain.

"I love it! I love it!" she cried. "I love itttt," she said again, her voice breaking into a sob.

"Fucking slut! Beg for it! Beg me to fuck your asshole!"

"Please fuck me!" she sobbed. "Fuck my ass! Fuck me in the asshole! Please! Please master! Please fuck me in the asshole!"

The words sent a shockwave of heat through her mind.

"Dirty whore!"

He pulled back and thrust in, making her groan in sensuous pain and pleasure.

"Dirty little tramp! Fucking sex toy!"

He pulled back again, starting to pump her now, working her anal muscles open. He built up speed slowly, his cock sliding back and forth inside her guts, massaging her inner organs as the vibrator made her pussy and clit buzz and quiver in delight.

Her mind reeled, her senses floating amid a foaming whitewash of powerful sensory pleasure. She felt her body swirling upwards into the clouds, her nervous system approaching overload.

Then she cried out in shocked delight as she came, her insides heaving, her mind flaring with lust and ecstasy as the climax wracked her body.

Her anus squeezed down furiously against the big cock pumping inside it. Her pussy chewed and sucked on the vibrator buzzing away at it.

She pushed her breasts down harder into his squeezing, mauling hands, sobbing in wanton delight, in feverish ecstasy, her head thrashing, her ass thrusting back onto the twin tubes filling her.

The orgasm reached a crashing, screaming crescendo, then slowly toppled back, leaving her breathless and groaning on the bed, her body still jerking under the careful impact of his hips against her buttocks.

He reached down and pumped the vibrator inside her, then pulled it free and rubbed the rounded end along her slit, riding it slowly across her clit and sending a hot, churning fireball of heat into her guts.

He thrust it up her pussy again and fucked her ass harder, his hands sliding up and down her flanks, then reaching under to cup her breasts again.

"Fuck meat!! he growled. "You're fuck meat! Meat for my cock! A twat for filling! A tight asshole for fucking! You're a walking fuck machine, you filthy whore!"

His cock pumped faster and harder, his hips striking her ass with enough force to draw grunts and groans from her. She felt her insides heaving and twisting, the sexual energy spreading out once more, rapidly, swirling and frothing until she came again, stiffening, then jerking helplessly as it ripped through her young body.

Still he fucked, and the vibrator kept her insides heaving and quivering. She felt another orgasm sweeping up around her and groaned in disbelief as it swamped her and blasted her senses to shreds.

Five

Robin watched in confusion as Brolin attached padded leather restraints to her wrists and ankles. She looked anxiously up at the chains hanging from the ceiling overhead, hoping she was not going to be further punished for her disobedience or disrespect.

Her bottom still ached and burned from the caning she had received a short time earlier. She had been given just a few minutes to clean up, then he had ordered her into this room.

"Sit on the floor, slut meat," he ordered.

She swallowed nervously, then sat down gingerly, wincing as her sore ass made contact with the rug. She gasped in surprise as he pushed his foot against her chest, throwing her down on her back.

Up above she could see a wheel just below the ceiling. A chain ran over it and along the roof, then down along the wall to a strange round crank attached to the wall. Above her the chain held a wide metal bar. Small chains dangled from the ends of the bar.

"Raise your legs high, slave girl," he ordered.

She obeyed, glad to take the pressure off her aching buttocks. She watched him attach the restraints to the opposite ends of the bar, and again ran her eyes up the chain to the ceiling, feeling a sense of foreboding as she realized she was to be lifted by her ankles, held upside down for some reason.

He stood back and went to the wall, then began turning the crank. She was pulled along the floor on her back until her legs, which were spread wide, were directly below the chains.

Then as the chains pulled higher her hips were lifted off the floor and she was dragged forward on her upper back, then on her shoulders. Finally even her head was up off the floor, then even her hands could no longer touch it.

She grunted and breathed faster as she looked across the room at him, trying to make her upside down vision clearer.

He walked back to her and wheeled over a little cart, then moved behind her and took her hands. He pulled them up and back behind her, then locked them together there.

"Time for you to have a little rest, fuck toy," he said.

He knelt and put headphones over her ears...ones with a strap which fit under her chin to hold them in place. Next came a blindfold which blocked out her vision.

Music began to play through the headphones, soft violins and strings, gentle slow music. Below it was a babbling, a voice speaking words she could hardly make out. It was like sometimes when the radio got stuck between two stations and she could hear them both at the same time.

Her head began to throb from the blood rushing to it. Her entire body felt strange, in fact, hanging upside down like this. She'd never been upside down for more than a few seconds at a time, and found the sensation very confusing and dizzying.

She hung there in darkness, her legs aching dully and her ass throbbing. After a time... she didn't know how long that was... she felt her consciousness dissolving. She continued to hang there, motionless, breathing slow.

The room was brightly lit by the sun coming in from an adjacent window. Her skin glowed golden in its light, then slowly faded into shadow as the sun gradually disappeared and left the room dim.

Brolin returned from time to time, checking on her. Sometimes he stood inches away, looking at the fine lines of her face or the soft roundness of her breasts and buttocks. Then he turned away, pleased by his newest "toy".

After a number of hours he returned and moved over some more things, preparing to change the muddled teenager's situation drastically.

There were four posts running from floor to ceiling in the middle of the room. Holly was hanging in the middle of the four. He attached two chains to hooks set two of the posts, then special small cranks and chains to the other two.

It only took a second. Then he came over to the girl and gazed at her appreciatively before raising his hands and gently cupping her breasts. He stroked them softly, sliding his hands over the silky smooth rounded flesh, squeezing his fingers in as he gloried in her beauty.

She mumbled under her breath, her head moving slightly. He pinched her nipples lightly, then bent and sucked gently on each of them until they were erect.

He pulled two small round balls from his pocket. They were shiny metal, and much heavier than their size would indicate. Each was attached to a three inch long gold chain, and at the end of each chain was a small alligator clip.

He stroked his fingers and thumb along one of her erect nipples, then pressed down hard on the levers of the clip, forcing the tight spring to bend back, forcing the jaws open. He slid the two jaws in firmly against the thickest part of her nipple, then let it close.

The teenager screeched in shock, coming to sudden life, jerking and twisting and writhing on the end of the chains as she cried out in pain.

"Oww! OHhhhhh! Wha...What?! Stop it! Oohh! DOoon't!"

He let her wriggle and jerk, and when she had slowed he pinched the flesh below her other nipple and slipped the second clip over it, letting it snap closed.

Again she squealed in pain, writhing and jerking and begging him to stop. He stood back and admired the play of muscles below her skin, the way her body moved and twisted.

However, as she quickly realized, the more she moved, the more the weights attached to the clips would bounce and swing, and the more her nipples would be hurt.

So she quickly settled down, whimpering and moaning, panting for breath.

He went to the crank on the wall and lowered the chain holding her aloft, easing her down until her head was only a few inches from the floor.

He brought over the two chains from the posts behind her and attached one to each of her separate wrist restraints. He went to the separate posts and cranked the chains back until she was being pulled backwards, her body tilted at an angle.

Then he unlocked her restraints from each other, letting her hands come free. The first thing she did was try to reach for her breasts, but the chains prevented her from reaching them. He turned the cranks, pulling her back more and more.

He gripped one of her ankles, slipped it free from the chain and replaced it with one of the chains attached to the pole. Then he did the same with her other ankle.

Now, rather than hanging upside down, she was hanging horizontal to the floor, her soft breasts dangling directly down.

He went to the cranks and twisted them one by one, pulling her arms and legs tighter and tighter until she was gasping and groaning in pain, her four limbs pulled out painfully hard.

He ran his hand along her back and over her taut buttocks, then in between her spread thighs, rubbing his hand over her soft, puffy teenage mound. He loved the feel of her soft, firm flesh against his fingers.

He reached under and set the metal weights swinging, making her gasp and whimper as her nipples were pulled harder.

She wasn't talking much, and he figured that she was feeling pretty dizzy and confused with the blood starting to rush back out of her head. Of course her head was now hanging down again, but he was going to take care of that.

He slid his fingers through her long, soft blonde hair, stroking it, then pulling it all together behind her in a loose tail. He twisted it around together then tied it to a thin elastic cord. The cord was tied to a hook, a hook that looked like a half or three quarter donut, and was about as thick.

He put his hand on her forehead then and lifted her head up and back, again drawing a groan from the hapless, blind girl. He pulled her head back fairly hard, gripping the hook and stretching the elastic until he could slip the end of the hook into her anus.

Then he slowly let her head go. It eased forward, and the elastic stretched still further, the hook pulling up against her tail bone.

"Uhh! Oooww! Ooohh!" she gasped as she felt the pull tighten against her hair.

She held her head back, or tried to, but she was too weak to do it for long. In the meantime he ducked under one of her legs and came up between them. She was at exactly the right height, of course, and he unzipped and pulled out his erection, rubbing the head along her slit.

Her ass looked even better with her legs stretched out like this, her cheeks tight. He thrust slowly into her, feeling her warm softness envelope his cock as his prick slid through the tight folds of her pussy.

His hands roamed over her body, kneading and squeezing her buttocks, then running along her sides and ribs and moving underneath the squeeze her breasts.

He started fucking, his excitement mounting rapidly as he felt the glorious power he held over her, absolute power in every sense of the word. He owned her! He could do anything he wanted with her!

His cock pumped faster, jarring her body, making the weights swing below her as she moaned and mewled and whimpered in dazed confusion and pain. He reached out and gripped her hair, jerking it back hard, drawing a scream of pain.

He fucked into her with straight, brutal strokes, interested in nothing but his own pleasure, jerking off in her helpless young body until his juices spurted out and filled her silky belly.

Then he let go of her hair, which produced another cry of pain as her head started to fall forward and the elastic cord brought it up short.

He pulled his cock out of her and bent forward, using his fingers to carefully spread her sex lips apart and expose her clit.

He produced another weighted clip and slid the jaws over her clitoris, then let it snap closed.

This time the screams were much louder, and she thrashed wildly in the chains as he backed up and wheeled forward a small cart. It had a small, but heavy box on it, and round metal bar protruding a good two feet from the side.

He had slipped a plastic French tickler - a kind of hollow dildo with spiked and ridged sides

designed to be felt more than a regular smooth cock - over the end of the bar. Now the bar was lined up with the sobbing, trembling girl's pussy opening.

He moved it closer, turning on the machine. The bar eased back into a small shaft, and he rolled the cart closer in to her pussy. Then he twisted a lever so the bar started to slide out again.

He lined it up neatly with the girl's pussy and it pushed between lips slickened with his cream and on into her pussy hole.

He turned on the machine and started it pumping slowly, watching carefully as the tickler moved in and out of her slit, adjusting the spread and depth of each stroke. He set up an alternating cycle, so it would change speeds and depths on its own every now and then.

Then he turned out the lights and left her alone with it.

Robin's mind floated lightly as she hung there upside down. She had no idea how much time had passed and had stopped wondering when he would come and let her down. For a while she had thought of the things he had done to her, but then her mind had simply given in to a hazy half sleep.

She had no idea how long she'd hung before she started to become aware of a touch on her breasts. She didn't think much of it, she wasn't thinking much at all. But then the touch grew stronger and moved over her body.

Her drowsy mind started to clear a little and she realized it must be him returning. She felt his lips on her nipple, sucking and chewing lightly and sighed in pleasure as his tongue moved over them.

Then there was a sudden intense pain, a stabbing in her nipple that made her scream. It felt like someone had stabbed a needle into it, and she wriggled and sobbed and twisted in a desperate attempt to relieve the pain.

It wouldn't go away, and she quickly realized that something was hanging from her nipple, pulling and tugging on it every time she moved. She fought her instinctive attempt to shake free of it, quivering and whimpering as she stopped her movements.

It was definitely hanging from her nipple, and it was heavy. She couldn't imagine what it could possibly be, or why it was there. Then, a second later, just as she was starting to cope with the pain of the first thing pulling and pinching her nipple, another one stabbed into her other nipple.

Again she screamed, and couldn't help writhing and jerking and twisting desperately, even as the movement made her nipples scream with more and more pain.

Finally she slowed her movements, sobbing in pain as her nipples burned. A minute later she felt herself being lowered. She kept pulling against the wrist restraints, trying instinctively to grab at whatever was on her nipples and pry it free.

She felt his hands at her wrists, and a moment later she felt her wrists coming apart. She grabbed at her breasts but couldn't get her hands around in front of her.

Then the chains pulled back, tilting her backwards further and further. She was totally confused,

dazed, moaning helplessly. Her legs lowered somehow, and she sensed she was now hanging horizontal to the floor below. Her breasts were pulled down by gravity, the pressure on her nipples somehow worse as they were pulled straight out.

She felt the pressure on her arms and legs slowly growing grater, felt the cracking and snapping in her spine and bones as her arms and legs strained outward. She sobbed in pain, thinking her body would be torn apart by the pressure.

But it held together...somehow.

She felt a hand against her forehead pushing it up and back, then her hair was pulled back behind her. A minute later something thick pushed into her asshole.

Her head was let go, but she instantly found out that her hair was tied back somehow, tied to the thing in her asshole. She couldn't drop her head down, but had to keep looking sightlessly forward.

She felt his hands moving over her body, squeezing and fondling her everywhere, making the things attached to her nipples swing and pull. Then he was between her legs, and she got the first indication of how high or low she was now as she felt his cock against her slit, rubbing up and down.

He pushed inside her and started fucking. She was so strained and confused that she didn't get into any kind of enjoyment of it before it was over.

A moment later she screamed as searing pain tore into her crotch. She could hardly move at all, her body locked helplessly open as some....thing bit into her sex with merciless pressure.

Her mind shrank from the pain, and dizziness swept through her as tears fell from her eyes, trickling down her cheeks. She was totally dazed by it all, had no idea what was happening to her or why.

Something else touched her between the legs and she moaned anew. She felt herself penetrated by... something, something that felt very strange, rough, uneven. It pushed deeper and deeper, then started to slowly pump into her, to fuck her.

The music which had been playing in her ears for so long changed, got lower and lower. The voices grew louder, and she could make out the words now...dimly. She almost even recognized the voice as it spoke.

"I am a filthy slut," it purred. "I love cock meat! I love being fucked!"

Then something else arose, a groaning and gasping, a whining and yelping and grunting, sounds of pleasure, of excitement and lust. Women screaming in joyous sexual ecstasy, begging for more, begging to be fucked harder...faster, rejoicing in the orgasms which struck them.

"Ooohh! Yeesss! Yesss! Oh yeeesss!" they cried.

"I love fucking my master!"

"Oh God! Oh my God yes!"

"I love to obey my master!"

"Fuck me! Fuck me! UNNnngggghh!"

"I love sucking my master's cock!"

"HUhhhUUuuHHhuuHHHHHhhhUUuuHhh!"

"I was made to be fucked hard!"

She hung there stretched out painfully hard, spreadeagled, hanging several feet off the floor, nipples burning, limbs and spine aching, clitty screaming and scalp aching as some... some...thing fucked her pussy steadily.

Her nervous system overloaded on the multiple sensations shooting through her body and her hazy mind just couldn't cope with it all. They all just blended together in a towering scream of unidentified sensations.

Slowly, the pain faded into a dull background blur. Pleasure rose, mixed with it, shifting the essence of it. The thing in her crotch fucked harder, then slower, thrusting deeply, then more shallowly.

The ferocious pain in her clit and nipples had faded now to a sharp ache, and each time she moved even a little and the weights swung the sharpness bit into her and produced a strange kind of pleasure.

The pleasure rose inside her, the stroking of the French tickler against her clitoris and the sharp pulling of the teeth soon made that tiny piece of flesh ultra-sensitive.

The first orgasm hit her out of the blue, and she didn't even know what it was. Her mind was no longer capable of recognizing things, no longer able to think or make decisions or understand anything beyond the most basic of sensations.

It felt good, very good, and she gurgled and whined in pleasure as the "good" swept over her. It faded and she settled back into the dull, throbbing ache and pull that was her entire universe...aside from those cries of pleasure and those words in her ears.

Soon the pleasure rose again, shaking her body, draining her of energy, leaving her oddly content for a short period of time. Again they rose, and again, setting her body shaking one after the other.

Robin no longer thought of herself as a human being. She no longer thought at all. She was a mass of aching muscles which kept flaring up into crackling, ripsawing pleasure. That was all she was, pleasure and pain.

There was nothing else in her world now, no memories, no thoughts, no fears, no worries, no anger, no concern of any kind beyond the moment.

Brolin looked at the girl, wondering how long he could leave her like that without some kind of permanent damage setting in. She moved little, but grunted, whimpered and moaned almost continuously. Now and then the sounds would become more intense and she would tremble more, then she would settle down again.

He wondered what she was experiencing, what she thought of this. He moved next to her, gazing down at the girl. He slid his hand along her inner thigh and buttock, stroking it idly as he watched the bar pumping steadily into her body.

Was it even working? Was she getting any kind of sexual high from it? He couldn't really tell. Those sudden more emotional gurgles and grunts might be from orgasms, or they might be from her mind melting down.

One thing he was pretty sure of. She was going to be so stiff and sore tomorrow that she would not be capable of doing the things he'd put on the list. In fact, she'd probably be so exhausted she'd sleep right through till noon.

She already looked exhausted, her normally pale skin white as paper now, sweat dripping off her trembling body.

Of course, if she failed to live up to her responsibilities she would have to be punished, regardless of the reasons.

This, of course, was not punishment. After all, he was doing nothing more than restraining her and giving her a good solid fucking. So her nips and clit were a little sore, well that was hardly punishment, not really.

He smiled and backed out of the room, deciding to give the girl another hour or so.

When he returned she was hardly moving at all, just trembling and twitching a little. He removed the clip from one of her nipple and she cried out, then shook a little. He got the same result when he removed the second clip.

When he pulled the clip off her clitty she shook violently, spasms wracking her body.

He turned off the machine and pulled it away, then slowly unwound the chains, letting her sink downward until she lay flat on the floor. He unsnapped the chains from her restraints and removed the headphones, turning off the tape recorder.

She didn't move much, just lay there, breathing with long, ragged, laboured breaths, her head still held back by the cord lodged into her anus. Although her hands were now free she made no attempt to relieve the pressure or remove the cord.

He leaned forward to remove the cord himself, then halted as she gasped and started jerking and writhing. her arms and legs started flailing from side to side as though she were swimming, and her bottom bucked up and down with growing violence.

He stepped back, fascinated, wondering what was going on inside her body. She gurgled and grunted, then started wailing in what he hoped was pleasure, her body shaking and thrashing, legs kicking, hands slapping and clawing at the floor, head jerking backwards and forward, pulling on the elastic cord, jamming it up into her anus.

After a couple of minutes she settled down again, unmoving, grunting weakly.

He gripped her hair and pulled it back, then pulled the donut shaped hook out of her rectum. She made no move as he untied the cord from her hair, slowly letting her head down.

He gripped her arm, pulling up. She didn't move, conscious but totally limp. He squatted down and grabbed her other arm, grunting with effort as he pulled her up over his shoulder. He adjusted her weight and slowly got to his feet, then carried her down the hall to her room. He set her down on her back, rolled her over, hooked her wrist restraints together behind her, then rolled her back onto her back again. He hooked her ankle restraints together as well, then went back to the other room, got a tape, and inserted it into her tape player, turning it to continuous play. He fitted headphones over her ears, then left.

Six

Robin woke slowly, moaning softly. She blinked her eyes weakly, groaning again, her entire body aching and sore, every muscle bruised and complaining. She hadn't known it was possible to be so sore in so many places.

Every small movement produced a groan or hiss as her overworked muscles complained.

She was still blind, and the soft music continued to play in her ears, the babble of a voice continuing beneath it. She tried to reach up to her eyes but found her wrists still bound behind her.

Her throat was incredibly dry. In fact, she couldn't remember ever being so thirsty in her life. How long, she wondered, had it been since she'd had anything to drink? Her throat ached, and her mouth was as dry as a desert.

She had sweated like a pig during her caning, during the energetic sexual activity, during her...while she was... hung.... stretched out... pinched at nipple and pussy...

And she had had not one drop of water since arriving.

Her stomach rumbled and that reminded her she hadn't had anything to eat since her arrival here either. How long ago was that? She had no way of knowing. She tried to sit up, and then realized her ankles were also held together.

The effort wasn't worth it then since she couldn't go anywhere, and she dropped back with a gasp.

She moaned in misery, unhappiness and confusion. She had some of her thinking processes working now, and realized what he was trying to do to her. She knew those voices in her ears were supposed to convince her, to... to brainwash her into being his obedient little slave.

That angered her, and made her defiant, determined to resist. She didn't understand why he was

doing this. She had agreed to do anything he wanted. Why was he trying to brainwash her?

She thought over the agony and pleasure she had felt, the confusing memories of her stretching, the way her body had felt, so...so tight, so taught, so stretched out, and the pleasure, the ecstasy

that had ripped through her again and again, to the point where it had almost hurt.

She lay there for a while, half dozing, kept awake mainly by her growing need for water. Then she felt a weight on the bed, then a hand on her breast. She groaned and opened her eyes to blackness again.

"...thirsty," she gasped.

She felt a finger slide along her lips, and felt the moisture on it. Her dry tongue pushed out, licking at it. She felt a drop of liquid on her tongue and moaned in pleasure.

The finger pulled back, then pressed against her mouth again, wet once more. She wrapped her lips around it, sucking the wonderful moisture. She had never imagined simple water could taste so good.

She knew he was taunting her, knew he was degrading her by making her lick water from his hand. A part of her felt shamed. But her body's needs could not be denied, and satisfying them was more important than pride.

The weight on the bed shifted, and she felt his naked behind on her bare breasts. It lifted, then something pressed against her mouth again, something moist. She licked and sucked at it, realized it was his cock, that he was degrading her again. It was wet, though, as if he'd dipped it in water, and she licked and sucked at it gladly.

It pulled back, then dropped into her mouth again, nicely cool and wet. She slurped and sucked at it, feeling it harden inside her mouth. Her tongue whipped up and down its length, seeking any bit of moisture.

It didn't pull back this time, though, even after she had drawn most of the moisture she could from it. Her mouth was no longer as dry as it had been, but her throat was still parched, and her body needed water desperately.

Or some kind of liquid.

She remembered how much he had come in her mouth the first time she had sucked his cock, and her foggy mind leapt on that idea, on the idea of her mouth filling with liquid. She sucked more eagerly, tonguing the underside of the head, slurping and sucking

hard and fast as she sought to draw his moisture out of him.

Then his cock pulsed, and liquid spurted into her mouth. She swallowed blissfully, sucking and swallowing his hot semen as his thighs pressed against her head from either side and his hands tugged on her blonde hair.

But it wasn't enough, not nearly enough to make up for all she had sweated away. She kept sucking, or tried to, but he pulled his cock back. A moment later she felt his hands at her ankles, undoing the clips that held her restraints together.

He gripped her arm and forced her up to a sitting position, ignoring her moans and whimpers as sore, bruised muscles responded.

"Please... water," she gasped. "Can I have some... some... water?"

The headphones were removed, but not the blindfold, and he didn't speak.

He walked her... somewhere, then sat her down on something wooden. He undid her restraints and made her lay back, then pulled her wrists above her head and locked them together around something there. He did the same to her ankle restraints, locking them together around or against something.

A minute later she heard the sound of music, and that babbling voice again, coming from speakers in the room she was in. The sound indicated the room was small, but she had no other ideas about it.

After another minute she started feeling uncomfortably hot. she moaned and wriggled slowly, unable to move much because of the restraints.

The air got hotter and hotter, and she found it hard to breath. Her skin was wet with perspiration, soaking wet, and she moaned weakly as she panted for breath.

"Please!" she moaned. "Please, Mr. Brolin! Master! Please!?"

Something touched her, something soft... between her legs. His fingers.

"Please can I have some water?!" she mewled, lips

parched, throat tight and aching, mind buzzing and throbbing dizzily.

There was no response, just the continued stroking along her slit. It felt good, but she wanted water.

The very air taunted her, feeling so moist she almost felt like she could drink it down.

Something thrust into her, something hard. His cock? No, the vibrator again. She moaned in denial as she felt the buzzing. She didn't want more of that. She was so tired, so drained! She wanted only water.

"Please," she moaned pitifully.

No response.

Her pussy started to throb, her clitty to sparkle with pleasure. She squeezed her thighs together, rubbing them against the end of the vibrator sticking out her pussy hole.

The music was a bit lower, the voice a bit higher now, and she could make out the words, if not really understand them in her current state.

"My name is slut! I am a whore for fucking. I am a slut for men to use. I am a slave owned by my master. I love my master. I love being fucked. I love sucking my master's cock. I will never disobey my master. I am a bad, nasty girl. I need to be punished. I need to be beaten. I am a filthy tramp! My name

is slut!..."

She groaned in denial, but didn't really care what the words said. She was desperate for water.

On and on the voice droned. She might have recognized it as her own on a subconscious level, but wasn't really thinking much beyond the animalistic desire for water and food, and the sexual pleasure that was seeping upwards from her buzzing groin.

Brolin looked in on her every half hour or so, each time dipping his cock in a glass of water, then letting her suck on it a little. He found her body, skin glistening wetly, extremely attractive as she lay stretched out on the sauna's bench, and ran his hand over the firm ripe curves of breast and buttock as she wriggled and writhed from the vibrator's constant buzzing attention.

He spent his time watching TV and drinking beer out in his comfortable living room. And when he thought she was desperate enough for water... for any kind of liquid, he went back into her with a full bladder, knelt above her head, facing along her body, and fed his cock into her pretty mouth.

She sucked and licked on it at once, but her mouth was very dry so it wasn't as pleasant a sensation as it usually was. He let his bladder give way slowly then, and felt a stream of urine pour through his piss tube and into the teenager's mouth.

She let out a slurping grunt of pleasure and drank it down, still sucking on his cock like it was a teat as his piss continued to flow. Some of it spurted out around his cock and she tightened her lips around it. He watched her throat as she swallowed again and again, feeling his cock hardening at the sight.

As soon as Robin tasted the liquid she swallowed gleefully. Then the bitter taste came to her, and the smell, and Robin realized it was urine, that he was pissing into her mouth.

For a moment the enormity of that almost broke through her dizziness and desperation, but she kept swallowing, making an instant decision that she didn't care what it was or what it tasted like. She needed the liquid too badly, too desperately.

She felt a deep shame and disgust, but ignored it as she swallowed again and again, hating him for what he was doing to her.

Brolin drained his bladder and pulled back with a gasp, resisting the urge to ram his now rigid prick down her throat.

He moved around to the other side of the bench and unlocked her ankle restraints from each other, lifting her legs up and pressing them back and apart. He rubbed his piss-wet cock along the sweaty cleft between her buttocks, then pressed it against her sphincter and thrust down hard.

There was little resistance, and the pretty blonde teen only grunted softly as his cock filled her rectum. He felt the buzzing of the vibrator through the thin wall of her anal tube, and sighed in pleasure as

he thrust into her with long, deep, steady strokes.

He let his chest push back her legs as his hands fastened around her glistening breasts, squeezing and mashing them as he sodomized her.

The girl grunted and moaned, her head turning slowly from side to side as his hips jammed into her bottom and jerked against the vibrator protruding from between her straining pussy lips. After a minute of steady rutting she grunted louder and arched her back, her legs jerking and bouncing against his chest as his cock pumped her tight little bung hole.

Her anus sucked and squeezed spastically around his cock as she came, and he felt a surge of pride and pleasure and dominance over the gorgeous young woman..

He found her absolute submission and helplessness incredibly arousing, and soon spewed his juices into her lovely anus, sneering contemptuously down at her as he did.

He eased back, sweating heavily himself now, and let her legs down. He pulled her ankles together, locked the restraints together against a small chain at the end of the bench, then stood up and left.

The next time he returned he removed her earphones, slapped her face a few times to get her attention, and then recited words for her to use if she wanted more "water". It took a couple of minutes, but soon she was whining and begging nicely.

"Please piss in my mouth, master!" she croaked. "Please let me drink your piss! I love your piss, master! Please piss in Robin's mouth! Please!? Please!?"

He rewarded her by feeding his cock into her mouth and filling her with his urine again. At the same time he pulled the vibrator out of her pussy and began to rub it back and forth along her sopping pussy slit, grinding and rolling it around and around her swollen clitoris, then holding it directly against her as the last of his urine dribbled free.

He knelt and began to lick her, thrusting the vibrator in and out, then running it around and around her nipples before using it on her clit again. He drove her into a powerful orgasm, watching with satisfaction as her back arched and her legs jerked and twisted against their chains.

The next visit was easier. She seemed just as dazed, if not more so, but it took her less time to begin begging, and she seemed to remember most of the words.

The next visit she begged almost before he touched her, begging for his piss. He obliged her, then used his tongue and the vibrator to make her climax.

He unlocked her then and tried to get her to walk out of the sauna. She didn't seem capable, so he had to carry her over his shoulders. He brought her back to her room and set her on her bed, locking her wrists together above her head, through a ring set into the center of the head board.

He fit the headphones around her ears again, but changed the tape. This one had music too, but it was lower than the words spoken. It was also dark and nasty, taken from a horror movie. The words were starker, also hers, and spoken in a pouting, sulky voice.

"I hate my master! I don't want to fuck him. I don't want to obey him! I will do what I want! I am

better than him! I am a nice girl! I won't obey him!"

He pulled her legs wide and chained them to the corners of the bed, then turned on a small electrical generator he had brought in and picked up two alligator clips attached to wires. He snapped them around her nipples, and she squealed in pain, writhing and twisting on the bed helplessly.

He picked up a third wire and searched out her clit, snapping another clip around it. Again she howled, arching her back repeatedly, head thrashing up and down and from side to side, legs and arms pulling against the restraints.

He picked up a foot long tube. The top half was metal, the bottom half coated with rubber. Like the clips it was attached by a wire to the machine. He slid it easily up the girl's anus. Another one pushed deep into her pussy.

Now he manned the switches on the machine. It controlled how much electricity would be sent through the wires, and through which wires.

He selected switches one, two and three, which were the wires leading to her nipples and clit, then turned the little knob slowly upwards. At first there was just a low buzzing, but the buzzing became more and more intense, to the point of actual pain.

She moaned and wriggled, then cried out as the power grew and grew. She screamed, then writhed madly, bouncing and shaking and twisting and writhing on the bed, screaming again and again, her voice warbling unevenly as the electricity crackled through her body.

He turned the power down and watched her movements ease. With the power off she lay there whimpering, twitching and jerking occasionally. He turned on switch number four, the one in her anus, then jerked the dial over violently.

She shrieked in agony, her hips bouncing up off the bed, then shaking and bouncing wildly. He turned that off, and switched on the one in her pussy, then switched on all five, turning the power higher and higher.

She stopped screaming. Instead she gurgled wildly, continuously, a loud, uneven warbling and sobbing, as though she couldn't draw enough breath to actually scream.

He watched her writhing, thrashing body with interest and excitement, wondering what the sensation felt like to her.

Then he left, going out into the kitchen and getting another beer.

Robin had never imagined such pain existed. Her body thrashed of its own accord as she tried to scream. She felt every muscle in her body snapping and jerking, pulling and contracting. Pain seared her, tearing through her belly and guts, through her breasts and chest, burning her up.

On and on it went, bathing her in the fires of agony. She was no longer a human being, just a thing, an animal howling in pain as its flesh was tortured and burned.

He came back to find things unchanged, and slowly turned the knobs down.

She continued jerking and thrashing for a minute, then went limp, sobbing and moaning and whimpering.

This was so much fun, he thought to himself, pleased.

He gave her a minute of rest, then started to turn the power up again, alternating this time from one wire to another, and keeping the bursts very short. Turning the dial all the way up, then snapping it all the way back down again instantly.

After a while he changed the tape back and turned the power up low, just enough to send a pleasant buzzing through the wires. He took the tape back and edited it with the original for the previous tape. So it now had both good things and bad.

"I love my master!" was followed by "I hate my master!"

When that was done he returned to her room and put it in place. Each time one of the "bad" expressions was uttered he would deliver a nasty blast of pain. A "good" expression would have only pleasant, soothing buzzing sensations.

Finally, he turned off the wires, removed them, then fucked her hard and fast, pouring cream into her pussy. Shortly after that he urinated in her mouth, forced her into another climax, then let her sleep.

After several hours she had recovered some strength, but was still ravenously hungry and thirsty.

He unclipped her restraints and pulled her into a sitting position, then off the bed onto her knees. She was weak and disoriented.

"Do you know who I am, slut girl?" he asked.

She stared dully at nothing for a second.

He slapped her face and she cried out and fell back against the bed. He gripped her hair and dragged her back to her knees, sitting her back on her heels again.

"Do you know who I am, slut?"

"M-master," she whispered through parched lips.

"That's right. Good slut," he said, patting and stroking her head.

She smiled pathetically.

"Do you love me, slut?"

"Yes, master," she whimpered.

"Will you obey me?"

"Yes, master! I love you, master! I'll do anything you want, master!"

"Will you ever disobey me, slut?"

"No, master!" she gasped.

"What is your name?"

"Slut, master."

"Excellent. Would you like to see again, slut?"

She quivered weakly, her dazed mind having a hard time trying to make any decision, even one so simple.

He solved the problem for her by slipping the blindfold off and letting her see for the first time in twenty four hours.

"Thank me, slut."

She blinked and squinted in the light.

"Tha... thank you, master," she whimpered.

He sat down on a chair in front of her and picked up a bowl of water, then cupped his hand and put it in the water. He emerged with water cupped in his palm and held his hand out to her. She grasped his wrist urgently, her pink tongue whipping into his palm as she sucked the water out in an instant, then licked all over his hand.

"Don't touch, slut. Put your hands on your legs."

"Yes, master!"

He let her drink another palmful, then another, each time smiling as she licked all over his hand and fingers.

"Would you like more, slut?"

"Yes, master!"

"Beg for it then. Lick my feet and beg."

"Please, master! Please?! Please can I have more!?" she whimpered, leaning forward and licking at his feet.

She spread herself out on the floor on her belly, gripping his ankle and licking eagerly all over his shoe.

"Please, master!? Slut loves you, master! Slut loves you! Please can Slut have some more! Please?!"

He smiled and let his hand down, letting her lick and suck the water out of the palm.

"I feel like pissing. Would you like my piss, slut?"

"Yes, master! Please can I drink your piss! Please, master!?"

"On your knees then, slut."

She scrambled to her knees, mouth open, eyes pathetically eager as he undid his pants and pulled out his cock.

"Open wide, slut," he smirked, aiming at her mouth.

She opened her mouth wider as his piss shot out. It hit her face first, splashing off, but she instantly positioned her open mouth in front of it, gulping it down as it flew into her mouth.

He let most of it go into her mouth, then wiggled his cock a little, shooting more onto her face, then letting the stream splash off her chest and run down her breasts. He laughed at her desperate attempts to get her mouth in front of the stream, then put his cock back into his pants as she rubbed her hands over her face and breasts, then sucked the liquid from her fingers.

He let her drink some, a little, pure water, then bent her over and used the vibrator to tease her into another come.

He let her crawl into the main bathroom, then into the big shower stall there. He stood her up and removed her restraints, then handcuffed her wrists together behind her back.

There were two thin elastic cords hanging from the ceiling. Each had an alligator clip on the end. He pushed the girl under them and pulled down on the first one, stretching it tightly, then clipped it to the girl's right nipple.

She squealed and danced and moaned.

"OHhh! Ooh! Master! Please! Please master! I love you, master! Please! It huuurts! Ohhh! I'll be goood! Masstter! Pleeease!"

He ignored her, bringing down the second clip and snapping it around her other nipple. Again she squealed and sobbed and whined, tears trickling down her cheeks as she stood on the front of her feet, almost on her toes, to ease the pressure on her nipples.

He gripped her hair and yanked her head back, then jammed a thick rubber ball-gag into her mouth, forcing her jaws wider and wider. He strapped it around her head then and let go of her hair. She looked at him piteously, whimpering and sobbing.

He turned on the water and let it spray down on her from two directions, soaking her nicely. He changed from hot water to icy cold and back again as she danced and whimpered and jerked helplessly.

Then he turned the water off and picked up a sponge, a washing sponge which had a bar of soap inside a little slit. He began rubbing it over her belly, watching the layer of soap build up slowly. He moved the thing over her thighs, then in between her legs, forcing her thighs apart.

She moaned and whimpered as the pressure on her nipples grew harsher, but he ignored her, mashing the thing over her pussy, then up her between her buttocks and then over her back and

buttocks, before scrubbing her down along her long legs.

He picked up one of her feet and scrubbed it furiously as she danced and balanced precariously on the other. Then he did the same for the second foot. He scrubbed up against her tits, knowing it hurt and pleased at her whimpers.

He picked up the hand shower and turned it on full, spraying over her chest, watching the water bounce off those perky tit bags. He sprayed it over her belly and back and bottom, then rubbed it along her groin, letting the water dance against her pussy.

He got aroused himself then and turned the water off. He moved behind her, soaping up her buttocks, then stripped off his pants and got in behind her. He pressed his cock against her anal opening and slowly forced it up to the hilt, his arms around her, crushing her back against him.

He started pumping, his hands moving up to her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, pulling and jerking them against the cords. His cock pumped hard and steadily in her anus as he leaned forward, chewing and biting and sucking hard on her throat.

He gripped her hair then and yanked her head back violently, sneering into her wide-eyed face.

"You are mine, whore!" he spat. "I own you! I own you! I own your fucking body and your fucking mind! I own every part of you!"

He thrust up hard, almost lifting her off her toes, then spewed his semen up into her tight ass.

Seven

A part of Robin's mind screamed angrily as she obeyed him, as she jumped to his command like an animal, a part of her was furious and humiliated. But that part was buried under the hunger and thirst and desperation to avoid pain.

Naked on the cold stone, she knelt with her arms out, wrists bent sharply down, tongue hanging out. She panted and mewled in front of him as he smirked and tapped the switch he held against his leg.

"Sit," he commanded.

She sat back on her heels at once, legs spread wide, back straight, hands on behind her back.

"Fours," he ordered.

She sprang forward, twisting violently around to present her ass and kneel there on all fours, legs apart, bottom and head raised.

"Back."

She dropped to the floor and rolled onto her back, raising her knees and spreading her legs wide.

"Ass."

She rolled onto her belly again, pushing her bottom up, spreading her arms wide as she let her shoulders press against the floor. Her breasts were cold against the hard stone but she didn't care about that. She raised her buttocks high and spread her knees, her arms going straight out to either side on the floor.

"Have you been a good girl, slut?"

"I'm a bad girl, master," she gasped. "I'm a nasty, dirty girl. I need to be punished, master."

She gasped as the switch cut across her buttocks, then groaned as it cut into them again, then again, then again. She jerked under the blows, clenching her teeth, whimpering as the switched lashed her bare bottom.

She didn't try to move or resist. She held her position despite the biting pain in her sore buttocks.

"Good bitch. Beg."

She grunted with effort, pushing herself up on all fours, wheeling around, then rising on her knees, bringing her arms out and hands down again as he begged like a dog. She opened her mouth wide as he tossed her a piece of hamburger.

She caught it in her mouth and swallowed hungrily. All he'd allowed her to eat today were the few pieces of food he tossed to her now and then. Aside from them she'd eaten nothing since she'd gotten here yesterday.

He picked up the plastic bone and threw it across the room.

"Fetch," he ordered.

She dropped to all fours and scurried across the room onto the rug and behind the sofa, picked up the bone in her teeth and scurried back as fast as she could, dropping the bone into his outstretched hand. He ruffled her hair and patted her.

"Good fuck-dog," he said.

He threw the bone again and again she trotted after it, her knees sore, her breasts swinging as she crawled under a table, gripped it in her teeth and crawled back to him.

She sat back on her heels, panting for breath.

"I think it's time you learned to deep throat my cock, slut. I've always wanted to face fuck a pretty

little whore like you."

He ordered her up onto the table, then made her lay back with her head dangling over the edge. He pulled her arms wide and took chains, which were attached to the legs, and snapped them to her wrist restraints, pulling tightly.

"All right, fuck-meat. What I'm going to do is shove my cock right down your throat. All you have to do is swallow it."

She blinked in surprise, not understanding.

He pressed his cock against her mouth and she opened automatically. She sucked on the head, then the shaft as it slid into her mouth. But it didn't stop. To her surprise, then fear and discomfort it pushed right up into her throat.

She gurgled helplessly, her throat suddenly filled with thick cock meat. She couldn't breath and choked, trying to cough, then swallow, gagging as his cock slid remorselessly down into her throat.

Her body heaved and thrashed, her back arching violently, her legs bouncing, feet slapping and jerking on the table top as her panicky mind sought to escape from the cock forcing its way down he throat.

Her arms pulled again and again at the bonds holding it as he held her head easily and buried his prick into her face balls-deep.

He grunted in pleasure, rubbing his groin against her face, grinding his balls into her nose as her body continued to thrash wildly.

He held his cock still, exulting in the feel of her throat around it, and in the way she was panicking and shaking. She was learning that he would do anything he wanted, anything at all, and nothing she could do would change that.

He slid his cock back up her throat slowly, pulling at her hair, grunting in pleasure as his cockhead finally popped free into her mouth, then slipped out of her lips.

She coughed repeatedly, choking and swallowing and gulping in air as he rubbed his spit-wet prick all over her pretty face.

"See, slut. You didn't die. A whore like you has a specially designed throat. It's made to take big cocks down it without any trouble at all."

Robin continued to gasp for breath, her stomach heaving and threatening to turn over. He pressed his cock against her mouth again and she clamped her lips down in a panic.

"Open your mouth, fuck meat," he ordered.

She whimpered and sobbed fearfully, afraid of choking.

He slapped her right breast viciously and she screamed in pain. He could have rammed his cock into her open mouth then, but he wanted her obedience.

"Now you will open your mouth wide, and I will fuck my cock down your throat. Do it, slut."

She sobbed and kept her mouth closed. He smiled in pleasure and raised his other hand. He slapped it down against her other breast, and again she screamed. Then he slapped the first breast, then the other, his hands wacking down in sequence.

She opened her mouth wide and kept it that way as she sobbed and whimpered in fear and pain.

"That's it, whore meat," he sneered. "You filthy, disgusting little slag! You do what I tell you! Always! Never disobey me!"

He thrust his cock into her hard, jamming it down her throat to the balls in one hard, brutal stroke.

He ground his pelvis into her face, almost sitting on her as he jammed his hips forward. His hands grabbed at her straining breasts as she arched her back, fingers like clawed, digging into the tender flesh deeply, gouging at it, mashing it painfully.

"Filthy fuck toy," he sneered. "Think you can resist me!? Think you can disobey me?!"

He fucked her face hard and fast, his cock ripping up and down her throat as she gargled and coughed and choked in helpless pain and misery. He gripped her hair, yanking her head back, tearing at it for the fun of it, as he pounded his prick down her throat.

He pulled out when she was barely conscious, sniggering as she gulped in air, rubbing his cock over her face. He let her catch her breath, then ordered her to open wide again. Sobbing, she obeyed, and he rammed his cock down her throat again and fucked her violently, not stopping until she lost consciousness.

He woke her with smelling salts, then let her suck his cockhead till he came. He poured come down her throat, then left his cock in her mouth so she could clean him off. Then he pissed into her open mouth and made her drink it all down.

"Well, slut meat, it's time for bed," he said, undoing her wrists from the chains.

"You've got a list of chores to do tonight. If you miss any, or fail to wake me as you're supposed to I'll whip your ass till it bleeds. Got that, slut meat?"

"Yes, master! I'll do everything, master! I love you master!" she gasped in a choked voice, gripping her throat with both hands.

"You can lick my feet now, bitch dog."

She quickly groaned and half fell off the table onto the floor at his feet. She lay on her belly on the floor, spreading her legs and gripping his ankle. She brought her tongue to his foot, lapping and licking up and down across his, in between the toes and along the ankle, sniffing and gasping and whimpering as he looked down at her.

Then he went to bed and closed the door. She lay back on the floor on her back gasping and whimpering, holding her throat, and stroking her sore breasts.

She crawled onto the rug and onto one of the sofas, sitting down and laying back, drawing her

knees up against herself and rocking back and forth for long minutes.

He was gone, at least for a while, in bed. She was safe by herself. She stood up then and went to the kitchen. She was still ravenous, and her throat was parched and sore, both from drinking all that bitter urine, and from her rough throat raping.

She got a cup of water and drank deeply, whimpering in pain every time she swallowed. It took some of the bitter taste of piss and stomach acid away and eased her thirst.

She looked for something she could eat, something simple, anything that wouldn't be missed. She couldn't risk actually making anything in case he got up, but she found a bag of half stale cookies in a bottom cupboard and hurried with them back to her room.

Her list of chores was there, and she looked at them as she wolfed down cookies.

She decided to do the easiest first. She turned on the TV and put in the first video tape, then took the breast pump and attached it to her right nipple.

Both her nipples were sore and ultra sensitive from the hard pinching and pulling they'd gotten since she'd arrived, and she moaned in pain as she started to pump.

She looked at the TV to distract herself and saw a woman there dancing, swaying seductively to slow music. She watched the woman begin to strip, watched her remove all her clothes, then dance lewdly, humping and gyrating around for the camera, squeezing her tits, displaying her bottom and pussy.

Another woman came on, then another, then another, all stripping, dancing, grinding their pelvises at the cameras. She had to learn this, so she could dance in the same way for Master.

Brolin, that is. She shook her head, worried a bit that she'd come to think of him in her mind as Master instead of Brolin.

She switched the pump to her other nipple and pumped that one as she watched the tape again. Then she got up and tried to imitate the dances in front of her mirror. She had often danced naked in front of her mirror, dancing sexy, she had thought of it so this wasn't all that different.

It was somewhat lewder, nastier, and some of the moves were kind of a surprise, but it wasn't something she couldn't handle. She'd always loved dancing, and liked doing sexy things.

She thought about leaving, about just getting some clothes and taking off. No matter what happened surely her father wouldn't expect her to stay here with Master... with Brolin, and surely prison wouldn't be as bad as this.

But no, she couldn't do that. Just a couple of months... and surely Brolin would settle down soon if she obeyed all his orders.

She wore herself out dancing... not that she had much energy to begin with for it had been an exhausting day, then looked at the other items on her list.

None of them looked at all interesting, and she was tired. She longed to crawl into her bed and sleep.

She walked into the living room and looked at the rug she was supposed to vacuum. It looked perfect. He would never know the difference.

Likewise the floors simply did not need to be scrubbed, at least in her opinion. The house was flawlessly clean.

So she crawled into bed, set her alarm clock and fell into a deep slumber.

She opened her eyes slowly, yawning. Her body still ached, and she blinked her eyes against the light coming through the windows.

Then she sat bolt upright, gasping in shock. She stared at the alarm clock and found that it was ten thirty in the morning. She had slept more than twelve hours and was a good five hours late to wake up Master!

She jumped out of bed, stumbling and staggering then ran down the hall to Master's room. The door was open and his bed empty. She sighed in relief that he had wakened himself, but licked her lips nervously, wondering what he would do to her when he came home.

She went into the kitchen and had a glass of milk, then made some toast with peanut butter and jelly. Her stomach was tense with anxiety about what he would do to her when he came home, and that took some of the edge off her hunger.

She went into the main bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror, her hands testing the bruises here and there, looking for cuts or other signs of damage.

Then she filled the tub with bubble bath and hot water and climbed in. She soaked in it for a solid hour, sipping from a glass of ice water as she half dozed. She picked up soap and a wash cloth and cleaned herself thoroughly, not once, but three times.

She shampooed her hair twice as well, sinking into the water to rinse it off.

Finally she climbed out dripping, mopping the water from her hair then enclosing herself in a big fluffy towel,

She sat down in front of the vanity, then brushed slowly at her hair. She picked up the hair dryer and dried off her hair, then stood over the sink, brushed her teeth, gargled with mouth wash, brushed her teeth again, gargled again, then, finally feeling clean, went back to her room.

She was cold in the apartment, and now that she had it to herself she looked around for something to wear. None of the things he had put in her room could be described as clothes. The one that came closest was a red silk teddy. It was extremely high cut at the crotch, but at least it had an bottom, which was better than most of the lingerie there.

The top was lacy but full enough to contain her breasts with reasonable efficiency. Her arms were still cold, though, and her legs and feet.

She found a pair of socks in his bedroom and pulled them on. They were too big, but better than nothing. Then she got an old shirt from the back of his closet and pulled that on.

Feeling much more human now she sat down on the sofa and turned on the TV, brooding about

her situation. Obviously things weren't too bad when she was alone. But whether she could stand the time he was around for two whole months was questionable.

The place still looked pretty good. She changed his sheets though, then rinsed out his bathtub and shower. She went back to her room and practised dancing a little more, then used the breast pumps on her nipples again while watching another movie.

This one was an S&M porn flick. Nothing for her to learn from, but she had to write a report on what she saw and what was the sexiest part of the movie. She was surprised at how the men treated the women in the movie. Apparently Brolin wasn't the only man who wanted to treat girls like garbage.

She watched the women crawling and moaning and begging their masters, and in one case, mistress, to suck their cocks or lick their pussy. She watched one woman hung up by her wrists, literally hanging by the wrists as a man prepared to whip her.

She felt a little twinge in her pussy at the sight. The woman's body was taut and straining, and she looked so beautiful like that, so erotic and sexy as the camera panned over her body.

The whip cut across her body and she arched her back with a scream. There was a slow motion replay and Holly watched her back arching, her mouth going wide, her hair flying back.

For the first time she got the first understanding of why Brolin was treating her like he was, and what he wanted from it. She started to get an understanding of how erotic bondage and dominance could be as she watched various women whipped and choked and fucked so hard they screamed in pleasure.

It all seemed so wanton and wicked, so deliciously lewd and animalistic. The women were just... taken by the men, taken and used and degraded, fucked, raped, beaten into submission so their bodies could be used and abused.

Intellectually she thought the whole idea was horrible, but something inside her clicked with parts of it, with the helplessness, the terrorizing of the bound women. Her mother had once accused her of having a martyr complex, and maybe this was the ultimate sexual result of that.

She saw the woman as helpless, guiltless, martyred victims to the lewd, evil men who used them in such... nasty... filthy... crude... animalistic ways.

The TV showed a close-up of a woman's bottom and the man's cock sliding straight up into it. It cut to her face, her head going back, eyes and mouth wide, then cut back to the cock, thrusting home, then her face, a look of shock on it.

Had she looked like that when Brolin had sodomized her? She rubbed her pussy, wondering, remembering how he had forced his cock into her rectum while her pussy was filled with the vibrator. She thought back to her crude first fuck, then being hung by the ankles.

What had she looked like? She pictured herself hanging by the ankles, wrists behind her back, hair hanging down. She must have looked as sexy as the woman on the TV.

She watched a second move, then a third, intrigued and often aroused by the things she saw, even though they shocked and sometimes frightened and disgusted her.

She checked the clock, then used the breast pump again before stripping off his shirt and socks.

She put them back where she'd found them, then removed the teddy and went to the front door, getting down on her knees.

She thought it was stupid to sit here, kneel here. He might not be back for half an hour. He said he would be back around seven thirty or eight.

She sighed and sat there, knees cold on the floor, wishing he had wall to wall carpeting in the apartment instead of this hard, polished stone. She shifted her weight from one buttock to the other, wishing she dared go and sit on the sofa and pretend she'd lost track of time.

But with him already going to be mad at her she couldn't temp further trouble. She was liable to be caned as it was. In fact, she probably would be caned. That made her shiver a little, and made her belly tight with tension. But she knew she could survive it.

In fact, her memories of the caning were not all bad but were tinged with a deep seated sexual pleasure. That was probably because of how he'd used the vibrator on her right after caning her.

That was when he'd sodomized her too, and her memories of that were warm with excitement too after seeing the nicely done sodomy scenes in those movies.

So she would bend over, the helpless, beautiful victim, and let him cane her ass for being bad. And then, no doubt he would fuck her good and hard.

She waited with anxious anticipation until he heard the elevator outside the door. She stiffened, hoping he wasn't too mad.

The door opened and he came inside, seeming not to even notice her. He closed and locked it and opened the closet, removing his jacket and hanging it up, then walked up to her.

Robin braced herself, and had just enough time to let her head roll as his hand cracked against the side of her face and flung her backwards and sideways onto the floor.

He stood there silently as she groaned and slowly pulled her self back up onto her knees. Then his other hand cracked against the other side of her face, throwing her back hard onto the floor again, where she lay, dazed, her ears ringing.

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

"Are you slut? Are you? And how will you make amends?"

"I... can... you... you can... can... cane me," she whimpered.

"Oh I don't think so. Your punishment will be much more severe for so many flagrant violations of my orders."

Go and make me a scotch and soda, a double, then meet me in the punishment room."

She shuddered, but climbed to her feet and hurried to obey. The punishment room was the room with the chains where he'd hung her. There were other things in the room besides chains, and she'd been frightened by the look of many of them.

She made him a drink and then hurried to the room. She handed him the glass and he put it on a table.

"Kneel, slut."

She knelt at once.

"You're not very obedient, are you?"

"I'm sorry, master! I fell asleep."

"I'm not interested in your excuses, you filthy slug!"

He opened a cupboard and took out a short thin black thing, a cane, sort of, but lighter and thinner.

He swung it through the air and it swished alarmingly.

"So slut, you think you have discipline? You think you can obey my orders now that you're wide awake?"

"Yes, master!"

"You will hold out your arms straight in front of you, hands open, palms upright, and not move."

She obeyed, tension and fear gnawing at her belly as he gazed at her open hands. Then he raised the small stick. She whimpered as she realized his intent, and tried to brace herself against the pain.

The stick swung down hard, cutting through the air, and cracked against the middle of her palm with terrible agony. She screamed and reeled back, grabbing her hand with her other hand, sobbing and moaning as she pressed it against her body.

"You call that obedient?" he sneered. "You disobey my order within seconds of promising to obey!"

"Please!" she sobbed. "Please! Please! I'll do anything you want, master!"

She crawled to him on her belly, gripping his ankle and licking at his foot as she sobbed.

"Please master! Please don't hurt me! Fuck me master! Please fuck me! Please fuck me in the ass! I'll suck your cock! You can throat fuck me! I j..."

He gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back, then swung the crop down across her face. She screamed and clutched her cheek, falling backwards.

He threw down the crop and gripped her hair again, yanking her upwards and slamming her belly down across the table. He gazed at her bottom, then her soft, bare little mound between her trembling legs, and jerked her legs apart.

Angry at her failure to obey, and feeling a high sexual delight at her pain, he brought his knee slamming up into the girl's puffy little mound, nearly lifting her off her feet with the force of the impact.

She let out a shocked gurgle of pain, jerking and shaking as she came down, her legs flopping and twitching.

He yanked them apart, gripped them and then slammed his knee directly up into her pussy again. This time her body actually bounced up, her hips leaving the table momentarily before she fell back down.

He held her thighs, fingers digging in, and slammed his knee up into her pussy again, then a fourth time before letting go. She choked, gasped and gurgled, sliding off the table and onto the floor where she rocked dazedly, hands trembling as they slowly moved down towards her crotch.

He dragged her up by the hair, but even that pain couldn't get the dazed girl's rubbery legs working, and he had to lift her up by the arm too. He dragged her towards a T shaped framework.

The crossbar of the T was a thick two by four that was about chest high to Robin. He pushed her back against it, then pulled up one of her hands and slammed it against the crossbar. There was a thick leather strap there and he buckled it around her wrist. A second strap went around her arm just above the elbow.

He jammed her other arm back against the bar on the other side, strapping it down too. He moved behind her and she cried out as her hair was pulled back violently, forcing her head way back so she was looking at the wall behind her. Then he tied her hair to a ring at the back of the stand.

He moved back around in front of her and she heard the swishing sound again. A moment later his fingers were at her pussy. She heard a strange screwing sound, and felt a vibration through the wooden post. Something thick and hard and rounded pushed up then against her anal opening.

She squirmed and moaned as the thing, turning in slow circles, pushed higher and higher and higher, until her wrinkled hole was forced open. It kept turning, going up into her rectum bit by bit until it filled her, until it was sending cramps through her guts.

Then it stopped. She still heard the sound, though, and felt the vibrations. Then something just like the thing up her backside started pushing against her pussy lips. She whimpered in pain for her pussy was already bruised and sore.

It continued to rise, turning, turning, turning as it moved up deep into her pussy tunnel, right up to the hilt in her cunny. He pulled her legs together then, and her thighs squeezed against something hard and wooden between them as he strapped her to the post at thigh calf and ankle.

Her back was painfully bent, and she whimpered in fear and nausea and dizziness.

"Now, you cheap piece of fuck-meat," he said. "You are going to be punished for failing to wake me, failing to prepare my breakfast, failing to prepare my shower, and failing to shower as you were required to last night. I came into your room this morning and didn't even want to touch you, you were so filthy."

She heard the hissing sound again, the sharp sound of something thin cutting through the air.

Then something hit her right breast hard, and a split second later a massive blastwave of agony tore through the teenager's mind.

She screamed in shocked horror as she realized he was going to beat her breasts with the stick thing. The pain was horrifying, an intense, sharp, jagged, raw inferno of stabbing heat.

Again the hiss, and again the cane or crop or whatever it was cracked against her breast, then again and again and again, blasting her mind with agony, flaying her brain with the power of the pain that ripped into her tender breast meat.

Eight

Brolin looked at her gorgeous body and felt his cock throbbing. She was draped back over the top of the frame, her back arched, perfect breasts thrust out, belly taut, legs quivering. Her soft little pussy lips were strained wide around the thick wooden dildo he'd screwed up into her.

The front of the frame had two horizontal screw holes for the wooden dildos, and he'd forced both of them up her anus and pussy to the hilt, just to give her a little something to think about during her punishment.

And that punishment was about to begin.

He picked up the thin crop and ran it through his fingers, then swung it a few times through the air for practice as he eyed those soft, full, perky breasts.

Then he brought it up high and slashed it across one breast.

He felt the crop bend by the impact, felt it sink into her firm breast, watched the breast wobble and shake as the crop bounced back and straightened. Then came her delicious howl of agony as she felt the pain.

He saw her body strain and stain as she screamed, and his cock pulsed and throbbed in delight. The whole frame shook as she pulled against it.

He aimed at the other breast and slashed the crop across it, producing the same affect.

There were two lines of red across those perfect white mounds, and soon there would be more.

He slashed the crop across her right breast, then her left, then her right, then her left as she howled and screamed and begged him to stop.

He gazed at the play of muscles on her belly as she threw herself against the bonds, then swung the crop down twice... hard, cutting an X across her tight belly. He giggled in lewd delight, cracking it across her breasts again, then sideways along her abdomen twice, then across her breasts again and again and again.

Her screams eased, turning into gut-wrenching sobs and short, brief broken cries each time the crop hit her body. He stopped, his arm tired. Red lines ran up and down her body now, criss-crossing in many places. She trembled and quivered, sobbing in pain.

"Whore," he said.

He put down the crop and went to his room to change out into something more comfortable for energetic activity. While he was there he looked on the carpet in the back for the small thread he'd placed there last night. It was still there.

Snorting in amusement he went into the bathroom and found the tiny threads he'd placed on the floor, on the edge of the toilet, and in the sink all still in place exactly where he left them.

He went through the house and found the threads he'd placed behind the sofa, on the kitchen floor and in the bathroom still there.

His little whore had a lot to answer for.

He went back into the punishment room and unstrapped her legs, then unscrewed the dildos and unstrapped her arms. She sagged in his arms, whimpering and moaning, and he swung her around under the chains and pulled her arms up high.

He fastened her wrist restraints to the chains on either side of the bar, then went to the wall and slowly cranked up the chain until her toes left the floor.

Her feet kicked and she moaned and whimpered quite nicely. He moved around in front of her and smiled.

"Well, slut. It appears you have even more punishment coming," he said. "You didn't vacuum or clean the floors or the bathrooms like you were supposed to."

"I-I did," she gasped.

He glared, then his fist slammed into her belly. The air whooshed out of her mouth and she coughed and choked, her feet jerking and kicking weakly.

"Lying to me is cause for more punishment, slut dog," he said.

He moved to the cupboard and took down the Cat O' nine tails, sliding the thin handle through his hands and twisting it so the dozen leather thongs flipped and shook out.

He gazed at her smooth, unmarked back and barely touched buttocks and smiled in anticipation, his cock throbbing at the sight of his helpless young captive.

He raised the cat and swung hard, the thongs slashing across the center of the girl's back, throwing her forward with a scream of pain and disbelief.

"Slut!" he snarled.

He raised the cat again, his cock pulsing hungrily as he lashed the thongs across her shoulders, drawing another scream from the sobbing girl. He watched her feet kick and jerk, her toes wriggling prettily as she swung under the chains.

Again the cat lashed out, this time sideways across her lower back. He loved the firmness of the blow as it struck her solidly. He lashed her shoulders again, then again, then again, laughing in delight at her screams of pain.

He shifted his aim lower, lashing the cat across her buttocks, making her howl as her hips whipped forward, her body half twisting then twisting back again as it swung through the air.

Again he lashed her buttocks, then again, then again. He moved higher inch by inch, whipping the cat upwards along her spine to her upper shoulders. He moved around in front of her, panting heavily, gazing at the sobbing, miserable agony filled girl, then swung the cat down violently on her belly.

She screamed again, gut wrenching sobs escaping her as he lashed her breasts wildly, then her belly again. He sniggered, almost drooling with delight as he flung down the cat and hurried back to the cupboard.

He drew out a long, sinister looking coiled whip, a bull whip, and shook it out. He'd practised its use, and now had the target he wanted. He turned back, swinging out the whip again as it hung down to the floor.

He raised his arm, aimed at the center of the girl's back, then snapped the big whip back and whipped it forward. It cracked loudly across her back, and her screams almost made him cry out himself for his sore ears.

Her back arched, and her head thrashed wildly as he slashed the whip forward again. This time the whip lashed her back lower down, sideways, cutting around her side so the tip cut into her belly.

Her body was in constant motion, legs bouncing and jerking, torso twisting wildly, arms pulling despairingly at the chains as though to pull herself up and away from him.

The whip lashed her buttocks, leaving a thick, angry weal across the center of them both. The next blow slashed her upper back, then her lower back. Again and again the whip cracked against the weeping girl's back, till her screams began little more than grunts, and she hung limp in her chains.

Still he was not finished. He moved around in front of her and slapped her face repeatedly, throwing it violently from side to side as he cursed her and shouted vile names into her face.

He lifted up her right ankle, raising it high above her head and locking it to her right wrist, then did the same with her left ankle. He moved back, gazing wild-eyed at her naked, exposed pubic mound, the soft, tender lips parted to reveal the pink interior.

She stared back at him dully, dazedly.

He fetched the long thin switch and began lashing her bare pussy, drawing new whimpers and moans and piteous sobs from the helpless blonde. He threw down the switch and picked up the crop,

lashing her pussy and thighs with the heavier instrument.

He put that down and used the Cat, the leather strips lashing all up and down her inner thighs, pussy, buttocks and lower belly.

Then he picked up the bull whip again, standing back, He met her eyes and leered as he snapped it back then snapped it forward. The tip of the whip lashed her inner thigh and she howled in pain.

He frowned and snapped it back again, correcting his aim. This time the tip bit into her other thigh. Again he pulled it back and snapped it forward. This time he met with success as he saw the tip cut directly across her soft, reddened pussy mound.

She shrieked in agony, thrashing madly, howling and wailing in pain as her ass bounced and jerked up and down.

He snapped it down again, once again cutting directly across her little pussy mound. Again she shrieked, the sound a barely human howl of dementia.

He dropped the whip and moved closer, then picked up a pair of alligator clips. He moved to her and pulled her pussy open, then snapped the clips down tightly on each pussy lip.

He clipped a small chain to the clips and slowly pulled her pussy lips wider and wider apart as she moaned and gurgled helplessly. He pulled the chains around her hips and clipped them together behind her, then picked up his whip again.

His aim worked to perfection as the tip of the bullwhip lashed directly into her pink hole. She screamed and screamed and screamed again as he snickered and drew his arm back. Again the whip lashed into her pink meat, then again, then again, then again.

Holly almost wished she were still hanging from chains. Every part of her body ached and burned from the terrible beating Master had given her. She had never imagined she could have felt such pain. She had thought the cane was the ultimate. She had been so innocent.

Now she lay on her side, her upper leg bent so her groin was open, her foot flat on the bed. Her pussy burned despite the soothing balm she had applied to it at his instruction. Her entire body ached.

She had looked at herself in the mirror in shock. Her entire body was criss-crossed with red welts and bruises, lines that ranged from thin cat scratches to thumb-thick covered her from thighs to neck on both sides of her body.

Perhaps the ones which ached the most were the ones which couldn't be seen in the mirror, indeed, which didn't show much at all. The ones inside her pussy, between her aching sex lips, the bruises on her soft pink pussy flesh itself.

She had never imagined anyone would ever whip her THERE. Bad enough, shocking and painful enough that he had whipped her on her pussy, but to force her pussy lips apart and whip her there was incomprehensible, and stunning.

She had been stunned, shocked, horrified, agonized, and then... something else.

Nearly delirious from the beating, her body throbbing and burning all over, she had fallen into a dull kind of stupor. She had remembered the erotic sight of the women in the movies, and come to think of herself as one of them.

That had allowed a slow, seeping sexual heat to creep into her mind and body, and each outrageous, brutal act against her made her feel more the martyred victim, more the hot, erotic, noble beaten woman.

The first time he had beaten her breasts, with her back bent across the T bar all she had felt was agony, even as her pussy and anus jerked and thrashed against the two hard dildos inside her.

It wasn't until he had hung her from her wrists that she had really started to feel the erotic heat, and then, when the first blow had slammed into her back she had really and truly a powerful eroticism. She knew exactly what she looked like, having seen it on the TV just that day.

Her pussy had begun to steam as the first blows had cast their burning agony into her body. With her back already as burning hot and aching as it could get each new blow brought less new pain, absorbed as it was into the pain already there.

She had screamed anyway, screamed as she knew she should, screamed in wanton and totally uninhibited fashion, screamed as the martyr being tortured should scream, feeling a wonderful sense of freedom in being able to scream as loud as she could.

Dazed, moaning, in terrible pain, she had still felt the deep, soul-satisfying eroticism of it all. So much that when he had moved around in front of her and the thonged cat had lashed her breasts she had climaxed, climaxed even as she screamed in pain, climaxed repeatedly, her mind swamped by the most powerful orgasms and pain she had ever felt.

Then he had lifted her legs up and locked them back, and begun whipping her pussy. At first the pain was horrifying, worse than anything. But again, after the first blows had turned her pussy into an inferno of burning heat the newer blows added little but the force of their impact.

Her pussy had steamed and boiled with lust as well, and when she had seen the bull whip, watched in disbelief as it had lashed down directly against her sex, she had climaxed. When he had forced her lips apart and whipped her there every single blow had caused a massive orgasm to shake her body.

Then, with her pussy a massive bruise, he had unclipped her pussy lips. Then he'd thrust himself into her with merciless force, rutting furiously, dumping his juices inside her but still rutting, his hips slamming against her as his hands groped her ass and crushed her aching breasts repeatedly.

When the alarm had woken her the next morning she had staggered out of bed. Whimpering in pain she had bathed herself as gently as possible, then crawled into his bed to wake him.

He had pulled her face over his cock and she had sucked it as he'd lain there contentedly, deep throating him without him even asking. He had rolled over on top of her, clutching her head to keep her face jammed into his crotch, then face fucked her for a minute before coming.

She'd helped wash him, then dry him, use the blow dryer and brush on his hair, dress him, then make his breakfast and get him off to work. Then she'd started in on her chores, doing all of them

conscientiously.

Now she lay as comfortably as she could, pumping her aching nipples with the breast pump.

When she had finished she got up and did more chores, her body continuing to ache.

By the next day most of her smaller marks had faded. The thick welts from the bullwhip remained.

It was some days before those marks faded.

She obeyed his commands from then on, obeyed them quickly, jumped at his every word. That kept her from being beaten by the bull whip again. It didn't keep her from being whipped by the cat or cane or crops, for he always found some reason, some excuse to string her up by the wrists and beat her.

A couple of weeks later he bent her back across the T bar again and pierced her nipples, clitoris and nose with long needles, then inserted gold rings in them. He often hung weights from them thereafter, amusing himself by making her crawl along on all fours with the weights pulling at her rings.

She was not allowed to speak for any reason except to say yes master or no master. She ate from table scraps he placed on the floor and drank from the toilet bowl.

One day when he didn't like the way her hair was brushed he wound it into a tight braid from the top of her head and hung her from it for hours, then beat her with the cane and crops as she hung there.

Afterwards he made her cut all her pretty blonde hair off, then shave her skull smooth and white. She stayed that way and he would slide his hands over her bald head as he fucked his cock up and down in her throat.

Day by day her humanity slipped away, and she became the fuck dog, the fuck toy, the slut slave he wanted. With her humanity went her inhibitions and most worldly cares other than food and water. She lived for the hard fucking he gave her, deriving intense pleasure every time his fingers or cock touched her between her legs.

Her interest in sex was wildly greater than it had ever been when she was a human girl. It was her only source of pleasure, and the pleasure she got from it was enormous. She licked at Brolin's feet the instant he came home each night, then jammed her face into his crotch, whimpering hopefully.

Then if he agreed she would squeal in joy as she whirled and presented her ass, raising it high and spreading her legs. Then she'd groan in delirious pleasure as his cock was thrust home in her pussy or anus.

Each hard thrust would draw a grunt of joy and bliss as the slut girl rode his prick with pleasure and delight, gasping and panting and coming again and again and again.

Some nights she would sit across his lap, snuggled in against him. He would tease and taunt her for long periods of time, stroking her clit and thick nipples lightly to arouse her but not letting her get off.

He liked sucking on her nipples, drinking milk from her breasts. In fact, he began and ended each day that way, sucking contentedly on her nipples and swallowing her warm breast milk.

When he wasn't around she spent a good deal of her time playing with her pussy, stroking her

fingers over it, pumping them in it, and squeezing her sensitive breasts and nipples.

Sometimes she bent herself over and spanked her bottom hard as she rubbed her pussy, making her climaxes even more powerful.

She didn't realize it when the summer was up and fall began, didn't even think about her parents or life before she'd come to live with master. She didn't remember her name, other than "slut". She didn't remember how she'd come to live with master, or even what his name was.

She didn't think much about anything. Like any animal all she thought about was food, water, shelter and sex.

Though not in that order

She was a slave, a fuck-toy, and she lived only for the moment, with no thoughts of past or cares of future.

When her belly had swollen she had been surprised, but not concerned. She hadn't really understood what her pregnancy meant until the pain had come and she had given birth alone in the house.

The baby survived, though. Brolin had come home and taken care of her, then taken it away somewhere. It had been a boy.

The next time she became pregnant it was a girl, and she was allowed to keep that, to raise it as she was, to become a fuck toy for Master's use.

She was happy, though, and content. And so, of course, was Brolin.