

Disciplined by Mister Trask

By JJ Argus



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

Every time I looked at myself in the mirror I felt a sense of disbelief mixed with something like awed heat. This was me!?

It wasn't like I haven't seen myself naked before, of course. I mean, I'm no more vain than the next girl, but I'd certainly taken note of what I looked like, of my slender, curved body and the breasts which had often drawn unwanted attention to me.

I was used to thinking of myself as Melody, the writer, the intelligent girl, the one who went against all the cliches about dumb, slutty blondes. I dressed responsibly, not provocatively, and acted in concert with my mind, not my emotions.

And now there was a collar around my neck. It was metallic on the outside, etched with complex, intricate designs so that it looked really quite beautiful, though simple. It was stainless steel on the outside, but had a sort of leathery interior which rested against my skin.

It was tight enough, though it didn't hinder my breathing, and pretty enough to be a choker, with the right wardrobe. At least, if you didn't notice the very noticeable ring set into the middle. There were similar rings on the very similar metallic bands around my wrists and ankles.

And that was ALL I wore.

The collar and shackles made me feel more naked than naked, made me feel extremely sexual, and tightened my chest with the dark, thrilling sexual thoughts which filled my mind.

My heart, I think, had started to beat more quickly the closer I had come to Mister Trask's visit, and had never slowed down. Certainly his initial, breathless entry, wherein he had given me several orgasms and a very hot, sore bottom, had given me little opportunity to calm down!

Nor was this!

I was belly down on a wide, heavy coffee table, my belly tucked in tightly against my thighs as I held my bottom high. My legs were spread wide. My arms

were stretched before me, wrists shackled together, my breasts pillowed out against the table.

And my neck was getting sore from the way the position forced my chin up and back.

I wasn't thinking about my neck that much, though. I was thinking of how utterly full I felt, for Mister Trask had shoved two big dildos into my narrow belly, screwed them in, pumped them in, twisted and turned until they were achingly deep.

Now he was sitting down behind me watching TV.

All I had to do was maintain this position, very firmly, very strictly, and continue to chant the words he had told me to, low enough not to disturb his television program, but loudly enough he could tell if I stopped.

“I'm Evan Trask's sex slave,” were the words I said, over and over and over again.

I wasn't a short girl, but Trask was a head taller. He was about fifteen years older than me, incredibly handsome, suave, sophisticated and arrogant. Then again, he had a lot to be arrogant about. He was filthy rich, incredibly good looking, and had the best body I'd ever seen or felt in my life.

I had been a very normal girl up until he'd arrived at his mother's condo where I was house sitting, letting himself in and catching me naked out on the balcony in the hot tub. A gentleman would have apologized, gotten me a towel, and turned his head while I covered myself and hurried out to dress.

Evan Trask was not a gentleman. He had cockily looked at me, and invited me to get out and leave any time I wanted. Then he'd gotten undressed himself to show me just what waited for me if I stayed.

He wasn't just into possessing my body, though. He was a man with vast sexual experience and had slept with any number of girls. No, he wanted my mind too. And he'd instantly set about disabusing me of any notion that I was in any way his equal or that I had any say in whatever we did together.

I wouldn't have accepted that from any man – normally, but I'd been more than

slightly overwhelmed by him, not to mention being naked at the time! And, well, he was older and bigger and more sophisticated and... and the orgasms which had followed had rocked my world and my mind.

If I'd had those orgasms while tied up, well, so what? They were still the most incredible orgasms of my life! And if he insisted on giving orders, well, he WAS older and more educated, and he'd kind of become my boss in that he was now paying me to house sit.

At least, I told myself that was what the money was for.

But I'd done shocking, wicked, kinky things! I'd licked his feet! I'd let him sodomize me! I'd crawled on a leash, for Gods sakes! Such things had never even occurred to me before! What kind of a pervert wanted girls to crawl on a leash and call him sir all the time!?

My bottom was probably back to its old color now, after that nasty spanking I'd endured. I mean, I'd made him lunch and then we'd eaten together. Of course, I'd been on my knees on the floor eating out of his hands while he'd been sitting up in a chair like a proper person.

So enough time had passed that my bottom didn't really hurt or anything. Only my dignity hurt, or my pride, though both of those were being rapidly shifted in the direction I was sure Trask was hoping for. It was all quite incredible given that I'd been entirely normal up to his first visit.

That visit had been one month earlier, and had lasted one day. It had changed my life and my view of myself and sex. And now he was back for another visit.

“I'm Evan Trask's sex slave,” I said dully. “I'm Evan Trask's sex slave.”

Why hadn't I left? Because I got to stay in a fabulously beautiful multimillion dollar condo on the edge of the Pacific ocean and look out the windows to waves washing ashore every day. Because I had no other place to go or job prospects. And because, well, my one day with him had been staggering and momentous, and my mind had played down the pain and remembered mostly the pleasure.

The spanking I'd endured on his arrival had hurt! And I hadn't seen much pleasure yet!

And yet, my body had been thrumming with sexual energy before, during and after the spanking, all through making lunch, and eating it, and was thrumming even more now, as I so lewdly held my uncomfortable and exposed and degrading position on the table – because he'd told me to.

“Miss Blue,” he said, interrupting my words and sputtering thoughts, “This view of you is, I have to admit, quite delicious. Sadly, it does neglect the rest of your beauty. I am feeling deprived of seeing your lovely face and beautiful breasts.”

I felt my heart beating faster, anxiety and heat swirling inside me.

“I want you to roll over onto your back like a good girl.”

I drew myself in stiffly, grunting, sinking down and then carefully rolling over. I say carefully because those dildos he'd shoved into me, though they were achingly deep, still protruded through the taut lips of my sex, and out the tightly gripping opening to my bottom. I had no desire to impale myself further on them.

I rolled onto my back nervously, able to see him now, at least.

“Draw your feet back alongside your hips, slave girl”

I raised my knees, drawing my bare feet back along the edges of the table on either side of my hips.

“Hands behind your neck, and arch.”

I obeyed, arching my back.

“Now let your knees fall to the sides more. Wider. Wider, slave.”

I could feel the tendons in my inner thighs straining and getting taut already. They stretched as my knees fall to the sides, and I held my awkward, uncomfortable position as he looked at me from the comfort of his chair, wine glass in hand.

“You have magnificent breasts, slave girl,” he said.

I felt myself flush with pleasure.

“I don't know where I've seen better, to be absolutely honest. You've reached that delicate balance between breasts getting big, and breasts getting too big to hold to their firmness, despite your youth.”

He extended his leg, and yes, he was close enough to do it, to put the bottom of his shoe against the base of the dildos and ... press.

I gasped and moaned as I felt the renewed pressure deep inside me, as the nose of the two thick dildos jammed up against the deepest part of the narrow, stretched-out openings in which he'd all-but buried them.

“Please!” I gasped.

He pressed harder.

“Please, sir!”

He eased the pressure on me, drawing his foot back to rest on the edge of the table.

“Place your hands on your breasts, slave.”

I willingly did as he asked, though arched again at a word.

“Caress them. Do they feel soft? Do your nipples feel sensitive?”

I flushed again, letting my hands caress my breasts. My nipples were incredibly hard, and had been since he'd arrived.

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

This kinky stuff was all well beyond me. My previous boyfriends, not the he was either a boy or a friend, had just wanted to kiss, grope and have sex. All this... acting stuff, this role playing, this... domination stuff, that was beyond them too.

Yet it was darkly thrilling in the sense that I was doing outrageous and forbidden things.

“Reach down with your right hand and take hold of the dildo in your lovely, tight little sex, slave girl.”

I obeyed, my both my shackled hands descending to where I could grip the dildo, feeling another rush of heat and emotion as I felt the thickness.

“Slide it out slowly.”

I obeyed, flushing even more.

“Stop. Slide it back in again.”

I obeyed again, sliding the dildo deep, feeling the ache inside.

“Pump it in and out as you rub your clitoris.”

God! This was so wicked and nasty!

I did it, my chest tightening as he watched me. My clitoris was as swollen and sensitive as my nipples, and rubbing it even a little made me want to gasp and moan. I bit back on my reaction, though, emotions still fluttering, hot, but not wanting him to know how hot.

He thought I was a slut! He thought he could make me into some kind of sex slave! A willing sex slave! I just thought he was a pervert and while I was willing to go through all this kinky stuff for various reasons, he was crazy if he thought it was actually going to make me a slave for real!

A sex slave! Me!? Ridiculous!

But horribly hot!

My insides began to thrum more and more intensely, the heat inside building into an overwhelming pressure which filled my body and mind. I was pumping faster, gasping for breath as the pressure grew and my breath became more ragged. He was watching intently, but not like he was excited or anything.

But then I saw his hand resting 'casually' in his lap, and I realized that he was trying to hide how excited he was! Ha, so much for your perfect self-control, Mister Trask, I thought.

“Onto the floor, slave,” he said in a slightly husky voice. “On your knees before your master.”

I almost reluctantly abandoned the dildo, awkwardly rolling over the side of the table and landing on all fours. I turned quickly, crawling up to him as he spread his legs apart. He cocked his finger at me, motioning me forward, and I crawled up between his legs, rising on my knees.

“Open my trousers and show me what you've learned, slave.”

What I'd learned? I'd learned how to deep throat. Was that what he meant? I reached forward to his belt, undoing it a bit nervously since he'd used it on me before.

He gripped my hand to stop me, his eyes dark.

“Slowly. Don't rush, Slave girl.”

I opened his belt, then undid his trousers and slowly unzipped them, leaning forward as I did. When my eyes looked up at him I saw his intent on me, on my breasts. I ran my open hand up and down against his crotch, feeling the hardness there that I knew, from experience, would grow even more alarmingly large.

I tugged at his trousers and he shook his head.

“No, slave. The shoes, first.”

I started, then sank back onto my heels, careful of the dildos still protruding from me. I put my legs together and he raised his right foot and put it down on my thighs. I untied it and slipped it off, fighting to restrain my eagerness to see him naked again.

“The sock as well.”

I unrolled the sock and removed it, then put his foot down and untied the other shoe. When shoes and socks were off I rose, leaned in, and gripped his trousers, then pulled them slowly down and off. He was wearing boxers this month. I reached for them but he shook his head.

I ran my hands up and down across him through the boxers instead, then opened the fly and reached in. I felt his hard heat, felt it flinch and harden further as my fingers caressed it. I guided it out through the opening and into the light, marveling again at how big he was.

I ran my hands over it, my fingers squeezing him as I raised him up and back, then leaned in further, my breasts pressing against the chair as I licked upward from the balls to the bottom of the head. I did it slowly, my eyes rolling up at him as he watched me.

I could feel the sexual heat pulsing inside me as I did, and squeezed my thighs together around the dildos to feel a renewed sense of penetration and fullness.

I mouthed his shaft sideways, sucking and licking my way up and down, then let the heat push through my puckered lips and slide slowly across my tongue and deeper into my mouth. I started to suck as my hands shifted down to his balls, bobbing my head up and down slowly, in shallow strokes.

I braced myself, but had little doubt I could do it properly. I slid down further with each stroke, then forced myself to swallow the head as it entered my throat. My lips slid lower and lower as I gulped him down, as I swallowed inch after inch of his thick, slick cock and took him deep into my throat.

His hand came down on my head, firmly holding me in place, but I didn't panic, at least, not really. Instead a sort of strange, dark miasma of heat crept over me as I felt myself melding with the wicked, exciting roll of being a sex slave.

And that roll brought with it a sort of masochistic thrill at any kind of mistreatment. A strange thought, an almost thought, rather, came to me, that if he wanted to hold me here until I lost consciousness well... that would be hot!

Crazy, right?!

I felt my head beginning to pound as he ground me down against him, but he jerked back, then, and the pain as he tugged on my hair distracted me as my head drew up and back and came off him. I gasped aloud as he held me there, head back, back arched.

“Are you my sex slave?”

”Yes, sir!” I gasped.

He pulled me forward again and I took his cock into my mouth, then, almost at once, down my throat. Again he held me, then again yanked me up and back.

“Do you love your master's cock, slave?”

“Yes, master!” I gasped a little dazedly.

It did not occur to me that I had never called him 'master' before. He had always told me to call him 'sir'

“Say it.”

“I love my master's cock!” I gasped breathlessly.

He pulled me down and forward again, driving me all the way down to the base of his cock, then gripping my head in both hands and jerking it up and down, up and down, up and down, as I gurgled dazedly.

He pulled me sharply back and I let out a gasping cry of dazed pain at the sharp yank to my scalp.

“Tell me you love my cock, slave.”

“I love your cock, sir!”

He drew me up and forward, forcing me to crawl awkwardly up atop him so I was straddling him. I felt his other hand between my legs, drawing the dildo out, then I sank down as he held himself against me, moaning low in my throat as his cock, even thicker than the dildo, slid deep into my trembling belly.

My shackled wrists were behind his neck now as I ground myself against him, the heat threatening to consume my mind as I felt the delicious heat and fullness inside me.

He jerked me forward so he could begin to suck and chew at my breasts, one hand falling to my breast as the other slide behind me. I moaned, starting to rise and fall on his cock, and felt him grip the other dildo, drawing it slowly out, then pushing it back in.

The dual sensations were insane!

“Tell me you love master's cock,” he said

“I love master's cock!” I gasped.

“Again.”

“I love master's cock!”

I rose up and sank down, rose up and sank down. I rose as high as I could without him coming free, then slid down, glorying in that long, long, deep penetration! My body felt as though it were under this tremendous inner pressure as I rode him, as the startling rushes of pleasure and heat rippled through my body and mind.

It was like I had a fever, a sexual fever, like I was drunk on heat and hunger as I rode more and more frantically, moaning and gasping for breath as it all threatened to overwhelm my mind!

And then he stopped me!

He jerked my head up and back sharply by the hair so that I was staring at the ceiling.

“On your hands and knees on the floor, slave.”

I moaned in denial, but he would not be denied, and he pushed me back. I half fell, half slid off him onto the floor, then turned and dropped onto my hands, presenting him with the opportunity to drive himself into my hot, bubbling sex again.

Instead, it was the dildo he slid into me. I moaned heatedly at the penetration, but it wasn't what I wanted.

He quickly threw off his shirt and then yanked off his boxer shorts. God, he was incredible, naked, his powerful body toned and muscular!

“Face forward, slave!”

I moaned and obeyed, raising my bottom submissively.

“Like a bitch in heat wanting to be mounted,” he said.

Instead he snapped the leash to the ring on the collar, then jerked me up onto all fours.

“Crawl, slave.”

I moaned helplessly. I didn't want to crawl. I wanted him to fuck me! But he had picked up that thin switch and snapped it down across my bottom so that I yelped, then scrambled forward.

“Crawl, you slutty little animal,” he purred.

I moaned as he led me, crawling, across the room, but I was hyper alive with the sexual hunger and arousal within myself, my breathing ragged and my pulse racing. I twisted around, reaching up for his cock.

“Fuck me,” I moaned.

“You need to beg, slave girl,” he said, shoving my hand away.

“Please fuck me, sir!” I said, panting.

I rose on my knees, twisting around, and grabbing for his cock again, but he shoved me forward to fall back onto my hands and knees once more.

“Bad slave girl,” he said. “Let me see you face down on the floor, with your round little butt in the air. Right now.”

I obeyed at once, spreading my legs for him, eager for him to fuck me. I felt the thin switch slide in between my thighs and up against my clitoris, stroking back and forth.

“Hot little bitch in heat,” he said. “Pull your legs tight together.”

I obeyed uncertainly, and he brought the switch down across my bottom.

“Nasty girl,” he said. “When I tell you to crawl, you crawl.”

Crack!

I moaned, my breasts hot and swollen and grinding against the floor as he laid a thin line of fire across my bottom.

“You don't get to have my cock in you until I decide you deserve it.”

Crack! Crack!

“Do you understand your master, slave girl?”

Crack!

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

Crack! Crack!

I moaned, wriggling my bottom, grinding my breasts into the floor, feeling a continuous rolling wave of heat and crackling sexual excitement now, even by the switching, enthralled with the idea of my own victim-hood, my own punishment.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I moaned and shuddered, then gurgled as he yanked up and back on the leash again.

Crack!

“Crawl, slave girl,” he ordered.

I crawled out the door and up the hall.

“Submission pose.”

I fell forward onto my forearms, then lowered my breasts to the floor once again, raising my bottom and spreading my legs. I grunted as he stepped on my back just below my neck, then reached down and gripped the dildo in my bottom.

“Oh!” I gasped. “Oh! Please! Ungh!”

He was pumping it in and out, using long, deep strokes that jammed the head high into my belly again and again. Then he abandoned it, pumping the other one, the one in my pussy, grinding and twisting it as he pressed down more heavily with his foot.

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he ordered.

“I'm your sex slave, sir!” I gasped helplessly.

“Again.”

“I'm your sex slave, sir!”

He drove the second dildo deep, then lifted his foot and yanked up on the leash. I gurgled again as he lifted me up onto all fours, then snapped the switch across my bottom.

“Crawl.”

I crawled further along, and he turned us into the bathroom. This bathroom was more of a suite, with a side room much like a spa, complete with massage table, and a huge shower which doubled as a sauna. I had not used it for that purpose, not really being a bit admirer of heat except at the beach but now Trask led me into it, sliding the door aside.

“Stand up, slave.”

I obeyed, swaying a bit, and he grasped my arms, raising them above my head and joining them together with the clip which could lock the shackles. There was a chain hanging from a ring set into the ceiling. I had never noticed the ring before, but I knew the chain had not been here earlier in the day.

He gripped my forearms, raising me up, actually lifting me off my toes so he could slip the links between the shackles over the hook, then eased me down again. I couldn't come down all the way, for the pull of the chain kept me up on the balls of my feet.

I gasped as his fingers slid between my legs, rubbing skillfully. My hips began to grind and spasm against him even as he jerked back on my hair and bent to chew and suck and lick and kiss his way along my throat.

Then came a piece of black cloth. I had just a glimpse of it, then it was over my face, no, over my eyes. It drew back around my head and was tied behind me.

A hissing sound announced the heat being turned on, and he was gone, or at

least, as far as I could tell he was gone. I was stretched out, straining, on the balls of my feet, with the pressure of the shackles on my wrists, anxiously waiting for what he was going to do next.

What he did next was to gather in my hair a minute later, then pull back on my head, drawing it through my arms, bending it back sharply. He held it there, then pressed something against my mouth. I moaned around it, thinking it might be a dildo, but now, its rounded shape announced it for a ball gag.

I spread my lips wide, opened my jaws, stretching them, moaning as he slowly worked the ball into my mouth, filling it up completely. He let go of my hair, then I felt the pressure of the straps against my cheeks as he drew them back behind me and fastened them together.

Again I was alone, or so it seemed. There was no sound by my own ragged breathing and the hissing of the sauna as the temperature got hotter and hotter.

Standing on the balls of my feet was starting to make them ache, but there didn't seem to be anything I could do about it. I couldn't stretch my body enough to lower my heels to the floor.

I was starting to sweat. I moaned into the gag as the heat burned hotter, a very moist, humid heat, of course, it being a sauna. I was soon soaked in sweat as I stood there, I pulled my head through my arms, trying to ease my position, but that hardly helped much at all.

I wondered if Trask was still standing there, or if he'd gone away. If he'd gone away, for how long? He was hot. He had been erect. He must want to fuck me, I thought anxiously. Of course, he would probably be able to exercise considerable restraint, whereas I, who was unquestionably very hot and horny, was finding that difficult.

There wasn't much I could do other than grinding my thighs together, so that was what I did. The two dildos were still protruding from my body, and the firmness with which my buttocks squeezed against the base of the one behind me seemed almost as wickedly nasty and exciting as the way my thighs and labia squeezed in around the one in front.

It was nasty and exiting, but I wanted him to fuck me!

The sweating heat was starting to drawing the energy out of me. I moaned weakly, dazedly, my feet trembling now as the aching grew worse.

Then, suddenly, he was right there, startling me, making me squeal as his body pressed against me from behind. He was no longer erect, but he started to get hard as he ground his body against my hot, sweaty flesh. His arms slid around me to maul my breasts as he chewed on the side of my throat.

One of his hands slid downward, fingers finding my clitoris and rubbing. The other hand gripped my hair and used it to force my head back through my arms again.

“Slave girl,” he said in a low voice, chewing on my earlobe.

I could only moan into the gag.

The hiss was joined by a buzzing sound, then the vibrator began grinding against my clitoris. The powerful sensations almost instantly ignited the pulsing heat within me into a raging inferno, and I cried out into the gag, my buttocks grinding frantically against him even as I tried to jam myself forward against the vibrator.

That tremendous sense of sexual pressure began to pulse hotly so that I trembled and gasped and shook to the ever increasing power. And then the vibrations stopped, leaving me gasping and bereft. He pulled the dildo out of me, and I felt as though I were gaping open.

He gripped one of my thighs, spreading it apart, and I felt something thick and soft and warm and slick against me, then felt it pushing up into the mouth of my sex. In a quick shift of hands he grasped my buttocks and lifted me up into the air as he slid up inside me. I cried out as my legs wrapped around him, trembling and jerking in his arms.

“Slave,” he said.

His big hands jerked me against him even as I started to desperately grind and thrust myself in and out. His hips began to work in and out as well.

I was impaled on his long, thick cock as he thrust into me, as my insides roiled and twisted and I convulsed against him! My legs jerked desperately, pulling me

in and back, riding his cock. I was blind and dazed, panting with heat, inside and out, but I focused all my attention on that big cock inside me as he thrust in and out, as I did my best to jam myself onto it, as the sexual storm tore through my mind.

“Hot little sex slave,” he growled.

And then I came, with a long, swirling, churning explosion of sensations that had me crying out again and again in dazed ecstasy, my mind spinning and turning like a cork in a high sea, all my concentration inward, on the hard, powerful thrusts driving his big cock up inside me.

*

He had decided we were going out for dinner.

We had showered together, and he had washed me, using his fingers to soap me up and make me come again before shampooing my hair, then rinsing me off and drying me.

He then presented me with the outfit I was to wear, starting with a pair of very sexy black high heels. Then there was the dress. It was a floor length dress in black, but it was slit up the left side all the way to the hip.

It was sleeveless. The top started on my right shoulder, and split a few inches below it. One part went straight down to cross my breast, and also curving back around my ribs. The second part curved down across my upper chest, then across my left breast, before also going around my side and also down to my hip.

Naturally, there was something of a gap between those two sides. Although the insides of my breasts were exposed, there wasn't a tremendous amount of cleavage. It was more of a teasing dress, than a 'reveal all'. But the gap went all the way down my chest and belly at an angle until it reached my left hip, where the slit started.

It was altogether a far more sexy, provocative, and daring outfit than anything I had ever worn before, made even more nerve wracking by him refusing to allow me to wear any underwear. In truth, you couldn't have worn a bra with it, but panties could have been easily concealed.

But the master had spoken!

The arrogant jerk!

We were going to Dentino's, a very expensive place further up the shore, one of those five star restaurants which could easily take a week's pay from an average person for a small meal. That, of course, was no problem for Trask.

“Should I call you, sir?” I asked nervously, as we rode down in the elevator.

“You shall call me Mister Trask,” he said.

I looked sideways at him.

He had removed the 'shackles' from my wrists and ankles, but the collar, with the ring turned behind me to hide it, remained, taking on the guise of an attractive choker instead.

Suddenly I felt his fingers in my hair in back, and gasped as he jerked my head up and back there in the elevator.

“What are you?” he demanded softly.

“I'm Evan Trask's sex slave!” I gasped helplessly.

He released my hair and I stumbled briefly.

“Do not forget it, slave.”

“You mussed up my hair,” I said in annoyance.

“It's my hair. I can do with it as I choose,” he replied, combing his fingers through it in back.

“I don't actually belong to you, you know,” I said, taking courage from us being in a semi public place.

“You will.”

“It's a free county,” I said, glowering a little.

He leaned into me a bit. “How would you like my cock up inside you, right now?” he demanded in a low voice.

Despite myself I felt a sudden wild sense of excitement, my pulse and heart beat picking up with the rush of memory resonating through my body and mind. It was the memory of how it felt to have that cock filling me, and to be climaxing around it.

It didn't exactly make me tremble, but it certainly was jarring!

Then the elevator doors opened and he led me through the garage to the BMW. But he didn't open the passenger door for me. Instead he led me around to the rear of the car, and abruptly bent me forward so that I gasped, my arms flying out to press against the trunk.

In the same motion he drew the dress aside, the long, wide slit allowing the whole lower portion of the dress to open like a robe to bare my body below the waist.

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped, wide eyed, and quickly staring around the garage for fear of being seen.

“You forgot to say sir several times, slave girl,” he said.

Crack!

His hand slapped my bottom again.

“Don't think I'm going to let you get away with things like that.”

His fingers kneaded my buttocks.

“Spread your legs.”

“But someone might – !”

“Spread your legs,” he growled.

Gasping, I spread my legs apart and felt something pressing against my back

passage. I shuddered, eyes darting from side to side anxiously, as I felt him shoving something up inside me, something fat and wide and round. It slid in, and then was sucked in, to leave nothing but a slim flat spot on the outside of my body. It was a butt-plug, I knew.

“Remember that you're a sex slave,” he said, drawing the dress back into place, then pulling me upright once more.

He led me to the passenger door and opened it, then guided me inside and closed the door behind me.

He started up the car and headed for the garage entrance, but then his right hand slid through the slit in the dress and I gulped as he began to finger me.

“We could get arrested you know, sir,” I gulped.

“Don't worry about it. I make the decisions, remember. That means you don't have to. It makes your life much less stressful.”

I had not noticed that so far!

“All you have to do is whatever I tell you.”

“But what if I don't want to?”

“Mister Trask,” he said.

“What if I don't want to, Mister Trask?”

“Why would you not want to? Everything I order you to do will inevitably bring you pleasure, unless of course, you're being punished. In that case it will bring you discipline, and, eventually, more pleasure.”

“But – !”

“So everything I order you to do is going to be good for you, one way or another. I'm freeing you from the inhibitions you've grown up with, the ones which tell you that sex is nasty and you aren't allowed to do it unless you're in a committed relationship with your husband, or at least, your long term boyfriend.”

“It's not the... the sex parts,” I said warily.

“Then what?”

“Well... uhm, like, crawling, like being tied up and – .”

“You're crawling to reinforce to you that you are a submissive. The same goes for being tied up. You know I don't need to tie you up or shackle you to do anything I want to you. The shackles and collar are for your benefit, reminding you of your slavery, arousing and exciting you with the freedom you feel.”

I gave him a look of disbelief.

“The freedom of slavery?”

“That's right, the freedom to not worry about whether something you're doing is a blow to your pride, or what your friends might think of you, or whether feminists would despise you or anything else. You should be proud to walk naked through a crowd of men, knowing how beautiful you are. But you'd be horribly embarrassed instead simply because of your inhibitions.”

“I don't intend to walk naked through crowds of men,” I said in a determined voice.

“Why?”

“Because... because you don't do things like that!” I sputtered.

“Why? You have nothing to be embarrassed about. All those men would admire you.”

“They'd want to fuck me,” I said.

“Of course. But they want to do that if you walk by in a bikini, too, or in a pair of jeans and a tank top, or in that dress.”

I flushed.

“I'm more than just my body!”

“Mister Trask,” he said.

“I'm more than just my body, Mister Trask,” I said.

He shrugged. “I'm sure that's true. But all most people see is the body. They can't see your mind.”

“People I make love with usually want to know about my mind,” I said.

“I care about your mind. That's why I'm doing a lot of this. I'm training your mind to be the sexual creature I want you to be.”

“What about if I don't want to be a sexual creature!?”

“We're all sexual creatures, Miss Blue. Some of us are just more uncomfortable with it than others.”

“But – .”

“The body influences the mind and the mind influences the body. Have you ever paused to consider which comes first?”

I looked at him uncertainly.

“If I arouse the mind, the body will quickly follow, regardless of how much physical discomfort it's feeling. If I hang you upside down by your ankles and you're aroused, you won't care about anything else. If you're aroused enough I can whip you without your caring, can even whip you to an orgasm.”

I gulped anxiously, not wanting to encourage that line of reasoning.

“On the other hand, if the mind is without interest and I arouse the body, that can then influence the mind in turn. Then the mind reflects that heat back to the body, and so on. It's an interesting connection, don't you think, slave girl?”

I shrugged uncomfortably then gasped as his hand slid into the wide open slid on my thigh, slid under the dress and fingered my naked sex.

“Spread your legs.”

I obeyed reluctantly as his fingers caressed my clitoris and pushed downward to run along the line of my sex.

“The benefit of a female is that she is far less limited than the male in terms of sexual pleasure,” he said as his fingers stroked me there. “The irony is that, for the most part, they don't, as a rule, experience as much pleasure during sex as men, who orgasm every single time.”

His fingers tried to push into me.

“Slouch down more,” he ordered.

I obeyed, and his fingers pushed into the mouth of my sex.

“A woman can have orgasm after orgasm, can go on all night long,” he said, “Even if she has sex with a dozen men in a row. No man, not even me, can pleasure a dozen women in a row. Would you like to have a line of men waiting to pleasure you, slave girl?”

“N-No!” I gulped.

“Mister Trask,” he said, his voice harder.

“No, Mister Trask,” I said.

“Why not? As soon as one was worn out another would take his place. You could go on having orgasms and sex for hours.”

I stared at him.

“You realize men can only dream of that? Having a line of women waiting to have sex with him, pleasing them one after another and having more climbing into bed?”

“I'm not a man, Mister Trask,” I said.

“Quite true. Therein lies the contrast between the inhibitions of women and the lack of inhibitions of men. You've been taught by society that sex is to be rationed, and given only to men who pay you the proper attention, respect and duty. It's not to be handed out to just any attractive man who excites you.”

“Sex is supposed to be about – .”

“Sex has multiple purposes. If you listen to the Catholic church they'll tell you the only legitimate purpose of sex is procreation. But we all know sex is a wonderful thing of sharing and caring between lovers, as well. It's also, let's face reality, a simple, pleasurable thing between two people, whether they care about each other or not.”

He drew his fingers back, reached into his breast pocket and pulled out what I at first took to be a stubby, fat ballpoint pen. But then he angled it downwards, and, when he stopped at a light, pushed it slowly up inside me.

It pushed in easily enough compared to the big dildos he'd used on me, not to mention his own big cock, and I looked down nervously as he worked it in to the base, as he slid the clip up over the outside of my sex. I recognized the clip as being similar to a vibrator he had used on me last month.

Sure enough, as soon as it was snugly in place, I saw the clip, which was hollow, and composed of two narrow bars with a crosspiece at the end, was perfectly framing my clitoris, the bars pressing in firmly against my body on either side, and the bar on top.

And then it began to buzz, to vibrate. It was not as strong as the one he had used last month, but then, it was also much shorter and narrower.

I gulped anxiously, looking around at the traffic as he started forward again, then down once more between my legs. The clip had some tension behind it, just like a ballpoint pen, to hold the 'pen' in place. The slim bars pressed in against my skin and helped make my clitoris push out from under its little hood as it began to swell.

I gulped nervously, wondering what he had in mind. Nasty stuff in the apartment was one thing; nasty stuff in public was much worse!

He reached down and began to stroke my clitoris, and with the narrow bars pressing in from the sides and top it soon felt as if my clitoris was swelling out hugely! It was also starting to throb with heat and pleasure as I squirmed, both mentally and physically, there in the front seat of the car.

He drew his hand back at the next light, and reached to my hip, where the dress clipped together. I gasped and grabbed at his wrist, but he glared and my fingers reluctantly loosened as he undid the clip. The right part of the dress slid aside,

and the left fell back to bare my body.

It was still light enough out that people might be able to see me, even though my breasts were below the level of the window. If they were standing as we drove past they'd be able to see everything!

His hand slid the dress the rest of the way apart, tucking the two sides in, then he gave my breast a squeeze before sliding down between my legs once again.

We were heading into town now, and there were people on the sidewalks! There was also more traffic! Trask slid his hand back onto the gearshift as we drove, and I felt my face heating and the flush spreading down my chest.

We passed pedestrians and I had no idea if they could see anything, for I wouldn't look up at them. I imagined them doing double-takes and glancing back at our disappearing car. I kind of started to close in, to cringe together, shifting my arms in tighter to try to hide some of my body, but Trask would have none of it.

“Hands behind your neck,” he ordered.

“Please, sir,” I moaned.

“Do it,” he growled. “Now!”

I gasped, then obeyed.

“Arch.”

I arched my back, displaying myself as we headed slowly down the road past even more pedestrians. I drew my chin up and back, remembering that picture he had taken. At least they wouldn't be able to see my face!

But even so, I knew I was being noticed now, by the pedestrians who were walking towards us. They wouldn't have long to look. A startled glance, a dropped jaw, and we were past each one and continuing on, even as my heart pounded like a drum and my pulse raced wildly!

“Someone might call the police,” I gulped.

“Let me worry about that.”

We drove on, in no apparent hurry, passing person after person coming towards us on the sidewalk. I kept my head back, and back arched, a my face burning as they noticed, some of them stopping in their tracks.

We turned and then turned again, before pulling into a parking garage. I heaved a sigh of relief, easing my stiff arch and bringing my head forward as we drove down the ramp and then into the garage.

“You can fasten your dress now, slave,” he said.

I did so quickly, yanking the two sides together and clipping them at my hip as he smirked and stopped.

“Now did that hurt? You've given dozens of men a thrill, and suffered not at all.”

I didn't trust myself to reply!

We got out of the car and he led me to the elevator, then up it to a restaurant at the top of the building. People we passed looked at me, and I looked away self-consciously, telling myself that what I was wearing was perfectly respectable, if far from what I was used to.

The restaurant had a glorious view, and was thankfully not very brightly lit, as the man at the front led us to a discrete table, left menus, and left to get drinks.

“Have I mentioned how beautiful you are, slave girl?” Trask asked, looking at me intently.

I flushed a little.

“Say thank you,” he said.

“Thank you, Mister Trask,” I gulped.

He took my menu away, and I blinked up at him.

“I will order for you,” he said.

I didn't think to protest, but felt it odd how natural that sounded, given our relationship.

The restaurant had small chandeliers hanging overhead. The carpet was rich and thick, and the furniture was top of the line, with beautifully polished tables and high-backed with ornately carved arms and back.

It seemed a very refined place to be sitting with a vibrator buzzing away between my legs.

It wasn't very busy yet, as we were having an early dinner, but others were there, and I noted the stylish dresses on the women, feeling a bit better about what I was wearing.

“Slave girl,” Trask said.

I jerked my eyes back to him.

“I want you to go to the bathroom.”

I blinked in confusion.

“It's over there, in the corner. Go inside, and a redheaded woman will come in. Do not speak to her. But let her do anything she wants to you.”

I felt my jaw drop as I stared at this casual instruction. He was still reading the menu, after all!

He raised his eyes and they hardened.

“Now, slave girl,” he said in a low growl that made me gulp anxiously.

I rose unsteadily, my mind suddenly swirling around with anxiety and indecision, and headed for the corner of the restaurant. What was he doing? What did he intend to happen!? A redheaded woman!? What was she supposed to do, I thought anxiously!?

My stomach suddenly had butterflies flying around furiously!

I pushed open the door to the bathroom and found it empty. It had a granite counter next to the door, with three sinks spaced neatly along it. On the mirror behind it were three ornate mirrors, with Victorian era wall sconces glowing brightly between each of them.

On the other side of the room was another mirror above what was evidently a table for changing babies. Past these were rows of stalls. Soft music played from a hidden speaker.

The door opened and I gasped and backed against the counter as a short, petite redheaded woman – girl – came in. She smirked at me. She had long, straight

rust colored hair with thick bangs, and wore a long, loose gray dress.

She turned to the door as it closed, then locked it.

I gasped, feeling my eyes widen as she turned back to me. I couldn't back away any further as she stepped into my personal space. She was a pretty girl, if freckled, and probably about my age. I felt the tension rising as her hand reached out and slid along my hip to the same clip Trask had undone.

As with him I grabbed at her wrist instinctively. She gave me a stern look, and I gulped, heart pounding, as she undid the clip. I stared past her at the door, feeling desperately anxious, and blushed furiously as the dress parted.

She reached down, gripped my thighs, and jerked them apart, and I gasped again, almost losing my balance on the stiletto heels. I had to grab the edge of the counter as I kind of sat back against it, and then I was abruptly looking at the top of her head as she dropped quickly to her knees in front of me.

I felt a huge wave of humiliation as she looked into my sex, into the clip framing my clitoris, noting the narrow vibrator pushing up inside me.

She didn't seem surprised, though. She simply leaned in and began to lick.

I jerked violently at the touch of her tongue, my insides twisting and roiling with emotions. But she acted as casual as could be, her tongue long and warm and slick as it stroked up across my clitoris again and again.

She rolled her eyes up at me and my flush deepened. I looked away, too embarrassed to meet her eyes, then risked glancing down to see her looking down once more. I felt a sense of rising astonishment, staring at the door, then at the stalls, then down at her as she continued lick me with long, quick strokes of her tongue.

God, this was bizarre! I had never had anything to do with girls, really. Oh, I had played about, pretending, you know, to turn the boys on, now and then, but I'd never really considered.... No, that's a lie. I had considered, I simply had never seen the opportunity to safely explore a sexual relationship with another girl.

And now this pretty redhead was licking my clitoris with what seemed to me to be a very long tongue!

The vibrator was still purring too, and as my initial shocked humiliation faded I felt my body beginning to respond to the rush of sensations, not to mention the wild situation. My initial instinct was to simply endure it and pretend it was nothing. But the more she licked the more impossible that became.

She was... very good. I felt my breathing becoming shallower and faster, felt the delicious touch of her tongue making my clitoris throb more intensely, and send long crackling bursts of sexual pleasure up through my groin and into my belly.

This was so fucking perverse!

Her hands slid up my naked body to cup and knead my breasts while she continued to lick at my clitoris. Then she pressed her lips forward and began to suck with a rhythmic suction that had me gasping despite myself.

My hands were still on the edge of the counter, along with my butt, as I stood there, legs apart, and tried to keep my breathing from getting too ragged and loud. Emotions still churned violently within me, but a rising sense of arousal began to swamp them all with the intensity of the hunger.

That hunger, that arousal, pushed aside such meager things as embarrassment or dignity, and I began to feel the heat rolling up my spine and through my chest. I began to gasp for breath as if it was very, very hot outside. Yet the heat was internal, and I was starting to suffocate in it!

Yet I didn't touch her. My knuckles were white as I gripped the edge of the counter, and I rolled my head back as the sexual heat flooded my body and drowned my mind in sensation! My hips began to spasm, then grind against her lips as she returned to licking. Now the licks were faster, though, and harder, and I moaned helplessly, my hips moving more and more eagerly.

That was when she stood up, brushed my lips with hers, and then turned to unlock the door. She opened it and walked out, leaving me gaping, and suddenly scrambling to close the dress at the hip!

I turned and faced the mirror. Seeing how flushed and ragged I looked, I wetted a towel and patted it against my face, then brushed my hair before going back to Trask.

He was looking at his smart phone and paid me little notice. The menus were

gone. I wondered what he'd ordered. I'd only been gone a few minutes, I thought. The place must have very good service. I wondered what he'd ordered, but my mind was still too flustered to think of asking.

I looked nervously around the restaurant but didn't see the redheaded girl, and nobody looked at me strangely.

This was so freaking weird! I looked at Trask, wondering why he had arranged such a thing, but he clearly wasn't interested in responding.

The waiter arrived and set a decanter of wine on the table. He poured a glass for Trask, then one for me, before leaving with a smile.

"I don't drink wine," I said.

He raised his eyes. "I decide what goes into that lovely mouth of yours, slave girl," he said. "Drink."

I dropped my eyes and picked up the glass, then took a sip. It wasn't bad, really, though I supposed my previous experience with wines was at the low end of the price scale. I doubted this particular wine was really in the same category.

"Are you enjoying your stay in the condo, slave girl?" he asked.

I flushed and looked around.

"Yes, Mister Trask," I said.

"I've heard from... my mother. She's thinking of spending more time in France, on the coast. The weather there is quite agreeable, and she's met some people she likes. She might not be back before Christmas now."

I blinked rapidly, trying to get my dazed mind to comprehend what he was saying. It was only May, and she was due back in September. Now he was saying I might have an extra three months there. That was a good thing, or I would have thought so before.

Now it just reminded me that Trask came with the condo!

And so did all... this!

I began to calm down, though. The wild hum of energy making me want to tremble and shake subsided, and I realized it had mostly been sexual energy. Trask said nothing, nor even hinted he had any idea what had happened in the bathroom, but of course, he had set it up, so he certainly knew.

“W-Who was that girl?” I gulped.

He ignored the question, sort of.

“Have you ever had sex with a woman, slave girl?”

I blushed and shook my head.

“Oral, slave.”

“No, Mister Trask,” I said, flushing again.

“Why not?”

I shrugged.

“Have you ever been spanked on your bare bottom in the middle of a restaurant?”

I gasped, and stared at him.

“If you don't want that to happen you had best answer me when I ask a question, slave.”

“I just... never... I mean... I'm... straight,” I stuttered.

“Straight? Are you forgetting that a sex slave is there to provide pleasure to anyone who wants to use her body, male or female?”

I almost denied I was a slave girl, but that threat of a public spanking kept me too intimidated.

“Not to mention the little fact of you being a slut,” he said, using the word quite casually. “You're a slut who loves sex – with anyone. I wouldn't be surprised if you could be made to scream like a whore while being mounted by a German Shepherd.”

I flushed even more deeply, and glared at him.

“You are going to learn how to please women, sex slave,” he said. “It's an important part of your education.”

The vibrator buzzed away between my legs as he spoke. The truth was the redheaded girl had roused me to something very close to orgasm, and my body was still thrumming with energy, if not nearly so much. The vibrator was helping with that, of course. My clitoris still felt slick and wet, and throbbed powerfully.

“Remember, I own you.”

“You do not!” I growled.

He cocked an eyebrow and his eyes narrowed.

“Want that spanking?”

“You wouldn't dare... Mister Trask,” I said.

“Is that a challenge?”

“No! I mean, you'd be arrested or something...”

“I have a lot of money. The police like people with lots of money.”

I snorted.

“There are many ways for you to be punished aside from a spanking,” he said, stroking his chin.

I started feeling nervous. “I haven't done anything wrong... Mister Trask,” I said.

“Didn't you argue with me?”

“But... I mean... you can't think you own me! It's not like you paid for me or anything, even if it was possible to own people.”

“I intend for you to give yourself to me.”

“I own myself,” I said firmly.

“So then you can give yourself to me.”

He was so exasperating and single minded!

A woman came up behind me and I turned my head, then felt a quick shock as I realized it was the redhead. I jerked my head around to look at Trask, who was paying her no attention, then turned my head back to her, or tried to. She paused almost behind me, then bent over, her hand on my shoulder.

Her other hand slid down into the top of my dress and cupped my bare breast, which gave me a jolt of shock and embarrassment! My head twisted quickly to one side, then the other, to see if anyone could see, but there was the high walled back of a booth to one side, a wall to the other, and no one in view on the third.

The woman, of course, was directly behind me, but then, anyone there wouldn't be able to see around my chair anyway.

Trask continued to pretend not to notice!

I had grabbed her arm, almost instinctively, but her hand was already fully within the top, kneading my breast, then her other hand, the one on my shoulder, slid in to grip my hair and pull it backwards! That made me jerk my hand up and back onto her wrist instead.

“Behave,” she said in a soft, but stern voice.

“Always good advice,” Trask said, studying his menu.

I gulped, heart pounding, as the girl's hand slid out of my dress, then downwards. She leaned over and her hand pushed in through the slit which rose to my hip, her fingers fingering my clitoris as my mind churned wildly between anxiety, uncertainty, and a re-surfing heat.

The girl's hand slid back up onto my hip and undid the clip. I gasped and grabbed at it, but she slapped my hand away, letting the dress part, baring me to... well, to anyone who could see! At that moment only Trask could, of course, and the girl.

Her hand slid over my bare breast, then down between my legs again, as Trask finally raised his eyes to me. He watched as the girl's nimble fingers stroked my

clitoris, and the wild vortex of emotions began to give way to a seething sexual pressure she was quickly rousing within me.

Maybe I was a slut, like he said, or maybe the effects of the vibrator, and the wild ride her, and what she'd already done to me, had primed my body and mind, but I began to feel a pulsing heat within my own skull as I sat there virtually naked, the babble of conversations coming from behind me and to the side.

There was actually a couple in the booth just to my right. And if one of them was to decide to get out and stand up he or she would definitely be able to see that the whole front of my dress was open!

It wasn't just the girl's fingers rousing me, though. Trask stared at me intently, and I felt the full force of his attention there in that darkened corner of the restaurant, as if I was isolated from the rest of the world and everyone in it as the heat and pressure built up stronger and stronger.

“She isn't to be permitted to climax,” Trask said finally. “Take her into the bathroom and spank her instead.”

My eyes fluttered at him and a wild rush of heat and anxiety spilled through my body. Surely he wasn't serious!

The girl straightened up and, still gripping my hair, forced me up out of my seat, turning me towards the corner of the room with the bathroom! My dress still hung at my sides as she matched me, stumbling, through the empty tables and then into the bathroom!

The door closed behind us and she used her grip on my hair to force me down across the counter.

“You've been a bad girl,” she said in a low voice as she drew the dress aside.

Crack!

“Oh!” I gasped, as her small hand slapped sharply against my bottom.

“Bad girls get punished.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I squirmed and twisted and moaned as her hand slapped down against my bare bottom, but the weird thing was that my short time with Trask seemed to have already conditioned me to accepting outrageous treatment! Especially when I was feeling incredibly aroused, as I was now!

My bare breasts were pillowed out against the cool granite, my bare hips jammed in against the edge of the counter as she kept a tight grip on my hair.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her hand came down quickly as I squirmed and twisted and moaned in dazed complaint, but with her hand holding my hair and my mind in disarray I couldn't get together the proper physical and emotional balance to really resist her!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Spread your legs, slut,” she barked.

Crack!

“Now!”

I gasped aloud, obeying, and her fingers slid lower. The vibrator was still there, buzzing. Now she pushed a finger in alongside it, then a second finger, then a third. She drew the thing out altogether, turned it, and pressed it against my clitoris as her fingers pushed roughly in and out of my overheated sex.

Crack!

“Keep your legs wide, slut,” she ordered.

I shuddered as her fingers pushed deep inside me, then pulled out before being joined by a fourth. Her hand was small, unlike Trask, and she was able, given how wet I was, to force all four fingers into me. It was tight, and I ached, but I also felt a wild dark thrill as she twisted her fingers inside me and stroked her thumb against my clitoris.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Her other hand slapped sharply against my bottom as her thumb stroked me.

“Nasty slut,” she said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“You have to learn discipline.”

Crack! Crack!

“You have to learn to obey.”

Crack! Crack!

She gripped my hair more fully and then jerked my head up and back. I cried out as she yanked me up off the counter, but she forced my head back sharply so that I had to grasp the counter anyway to keep my balance even as she forced my head way back.

She thrust her four fingers up into me at the same time, stabbing them into me again and again, even as her thumb stroked across my clitoris, and a wild storm of sensation and emotion – much of it shocked heat – tore through me.

She shoved me down once more, slapped my bottom several times, then drew her hand back and replaced the vibrator. Then she yanked me up onto my feet again, turned me around so quickly I stumbled and had to grab her to keep from falling, and drew my dress back into place, fastening the clip at the hip.

“There, now you look presentable,” she said with a brief smile. “We don't want everyone knowing you're mister Trask's sex slave, now do we?”

She brought me back to the table and sat me down roughly, then left me there, gasping, flushed, my head still throbbing, my pussy aching, and my bottom hot and stinging.

“Dinner is served,” the waiter said, setting the plates before us.

I felt too flustered to care, but Trask insisted I eat, and at least I was able to feed myself, this time, rather than eat out of his hand. I was also sitting at the table like a person, not kneeling beside it. So things had improved in some sense.

“Wh-who is that girl... Mister Trask?” I asked

“Her name hardly matters. All that matters is you do as you're told, by me or anyone else who gives you orders.”

“Well, not anyone,” I gulped, examining the ribs he'd ordered.

“Anyone,” he said, looking at me sternly.

“But – .”

“If I order it you'll bend over and present your body to any man or woman who wants you under any conditions and circumstances,” he said. “that's what being a sex slave is all about. In return, the fact that I own you absolves you of any guilt or shame for acting like such a slut.”

We ate dinner like, well, normal people, almost, with me nervously glancing around warily for when the redheaded girl would return.

“I'll send someone to teach you to dance after I go back to LA,” he said.

“I know how to dance... Mister Trask?”

“I'll have a stripper pole put in, as well.”

I flushed, but the idea made my mind squirm. My body, of course, was still squirming in a kind of mid-level heat, and had been since the redhead had shoved me into my chair.

“Your tutor can teach you how to do a proper lap dance, too,” he said.

I said nothing in reply to this, still quite wary and confused within myself.

We went back to the car, where he again made me open my dress wide so I could flash pedestrians as we drove out of town. It was bizarre, embarrassing, and yet arousing! This time I didn't hide my eyes as much. I turned my face away, but felt a wild rush every time we approached someone who was facing us. I kept feeling jolts of heated embarrassment and excitement, peaking as they noticed me, as they stared, as we drove past!

They could only see my breasts, of course, but even so, it was a very wild experience in exhibitionism!

When we got back to the condo he had me strip, then shackled me again and put me back into the submission position on the leather ottoman. This time, though, he blindfolded and gagged me, as well.

So I half lay, half knelt there like that, probably for a half hour or more, bottom raised high, legs apart, arms stretched before me as my upper torso pressed into the padded leather waiting his attentions. He'd inserted the vibrator and dildo again, and made enough use of them to have me sopping wet and trembling with lust once more before he stopped and left me like that.

My back began to ache again, bowed once more, but when I lost my focus I got several swift and stinging blows from the switch before being put back into the proper position.

I was startled when I finally heard his voice, so near to my ear.

“Waiting,” it said softly. “Waiting to be used, waiting for a cock to slide into you, to make use of your lovely body. Isn't that what you're doing, slave girl?”

I couldn't answer, of course, being gagged.

“What if I told you there was a line of men waiting behind you right now, slave, waiting eagerly to mount you, to ride you, to use your body to sate their lust. One after another they'll ride you and use you and come inside you because of the lust you have roused in them by letting them see your beautiful naked body.”

I felt his finger tracing the line of my sex, and moaned into the gag.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said, his fingers pushing into me. “You know you love cock. You've already said as much. Tell me you love cock, slave girl.”

I moaned the words around the gag, and his finger eased the vibrator out and slid in and out of me.

“Any cock will do for a sex slave. It could be me or the next door neighbor, or a maybe a man off the street or a friend of mine. What does it matter who is attached to the cock that slides into your slutty little slave girl body?” he asked in a low growl.

He added a second finger as his thumb began to stroke against my clitoris, and

the wildfire heat began to build up again inside me at his dark, nasty words!

“Your body belongs to me, sex slave, and I can use it as I choose, or lend it to another man – or woman, if that's what I want. Have you ever had sex with multiple partners at once, sex slave? Have you ever been gang banged?” he asked.

I moaned in denial at such incredible, shocking, wicked suggestions, but in the churning heat within me they didn't sound frightening, just outrageous and ... darkly thrilling! I thought of the redheaded girl again, and wondered if he'd make me have sex with her while he watched! The idea was horribly kinky and wildly thrilling!

His fingers slid through my hair and gripped a thick mass of it as I moaned around the gag.

“Sex slave,” he said, his lips so close to my ear I felt the warmth of his breath.

His fingers eased out of me and my hips ground helplessly back against them.

Crack!

I moaned at the slap to my still tender bottom.

“Sex slave” he breathed into my ear.

I felt his cock pushing into me, thick and hard, and shuddered as it plunged deep. His hands gripped my hips and he began to ride me firmly, using long, hard strokes.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said into my ear.

I blinked behind the blindfold, moaning, my mind spinning.

“You love it. You know you love it,” he whispered as his hips slapped against my buttocks.

Except... his lips couldn't really be there if he was fucking me, could they?! I mean, could they!? Well, if he bent way over then he could, I thought, the sudden shock within me dampening.

“Dirty little girl,” he said.

Crack! He slapped my bottom as he thrust into me.

“Nasty little sex slave.”

Crack! He slapped my bottom again, his cock driving into me hard and fast.

He was trying to drive me nuts!

“Use her hard and use her well,” he said.

His voice moved as he spoke, moved around in front of me, several feet back, and then that shock hit me even harder, for I realized it could not possibly be him behind me! I stiffened, and forgot to breath, but the hips continued to slap against me as those big, strong hands gripped my waist and that big cock drove into me.

OhmyGod! I was stunned, partly horrified, partly mortified!

“She likes it hard. Ride her like the whore she is,” he said from before me.

I whimpered and moaned, my body shaking from the hard thrusting behind me, my mind spinning as it tried to adjust to the shock of this sudden new turn of events. What was I to do!? How was I to respond!? This was shocking and outrageous! I had no previous experience to base my response on, and was stunned he had dared do such a thing!

And yet, that dark sensual dream fantasy he had been spinning for me as a sex slave, bound and used, punished and abused, that dream fantasy had held me tightly in its grip, exciting my previously innocent imagination and turning my thoughts into masochistic hunger.

Me as a sex slave, me! That was so nasty and exciting and wicked! And wasn't this just a part of being a sex slave? I felt the shock easing, felt myself settling into that dark wicked fantasy, and with that the heat redoubled and began to burn away at my mind!

God! I didn't even know who was fucking me!

But it didn't matter, not for a sex slave!

His hands slid forward, whoever he was, gripping my hair, jerking them roughly as he rode me, as he fucked me, as he used me, and I felt that dark, bubbling cauldron of sexual heat overflowing, felt it boiling over until with a broken sob, I came, writhing and twisting and crying out into the gag as I was used roughly by a complete stranger I couldn't even see!

He stopped and moved back, and I was still, drooling into the gag in my mouth, trembling and gasping for breath, moaning weakly.

“And now the next man takes his turn,” Trask said from before me.

I whimpered as I felt hands on my buttocks, felt a hard cock sliding into me. Surely he wouldn't have really... !?

But someone was fucking me. I had no idea if it was the same person again, but hard hips slapped against my buttocks as a hand buried itself in my hair, yanking it up and back so the other hand could roughly grope my swollen breast.

“I own your body,” he said from in front of me. “I decide what happens to it.”

My body shook hard and continuously as it was ridden, as my hair was pulled, my buttocks slapped, my breasts mauled, and a thick cock rode me with relentless force and energy. He pulled out several times, for thirty seconds or so each time... at least, I think he did.

My mind was fuzzy, and I couldn't tell if it was the same guy or someone else! The wild idea came to me that it was like Trask had said, an there was a line of men behind me using me, riding me like a whore! It was a horrifying and yet indescribably exotic and erotic thought which sent me into a massive orgasm seconds after it occurred to me!

*

They took me... somewhere, half pulling, half dragging me as I moaned insensibly. Then my wrists were locked above my head to something, my ankles pulled apart, and with the murmur of male voices around me, I was whipped as I had been last month.

It was very much the same sort of light, stinging whipping, a whipping which made me gasp and moan and flinch and jerk, but didn't deliver pain too strong for me to bear. There were moments, though...

And interspersed with that was his hands – or someone's hands, caressing my body, fingering my sex, stroking my back and kneading my buttocks. No one spoke loudly enough for me to tell if there really was anyone there but him. I mean, I was fairly sure there was at least one more guy but... but I didn't know.

Maybe he was playing a game on me, or maybe there were several men gathered around me, taking turns or just watching! I didn't know!

A crackling wall of sexual electricity rolled across the surface of my body, and when he... or someone, pressed against me from the rear, I shuddered in helpless, dazed heat as he pulled the butt-plug free and then slid his own cock up deep into my ass!

God! This was so insane, so impossible!

But he rode me hard, thrusting his cock up inside me, gripping my thighs, gripping my breasts, chewing on the nape of my neck. The cock was large enough to be him. I thought it was him, but... I didn't know! All I knew was that someone was sodomizing me hard and fast, making me ache, making me burn... and making me come violently!

*

I didn't actually know for sure what had happened, of course. But I was pretty sure he hadn't been alone, that he'd invited another man to use my body. He must have! How else to get his voice out in front of me? Unless somehow he'd used some sort of speaker or recording device?

No! There were two of them using me! I had to come to terms with that! There really wasn't any doubt, despite not having seen the second man, nor touched him, nor heard his voice. I'd felt him touching ME, after all!

Two men at once! Wow!

I was still both outraged and awed by that as he made me crawl down the hall, tugging on the leash and snapping the switch on my bottom to guide me. When

we stopped, he pulled off the blindfold, and I looked quickly around, relieved to see we were alone!

“You will come to enjoy this room, slave girl,” he said.

We were in a long, narrow room with deep red wall to wall carpeting. One wall seemed to be entirely occupied, floor to ceiling, with a dark wooden cabinets, and as I watched, he opened a pair of cabinet doors to reveal an opening about three feet wide by four feet high. There was no shelves or bars inside, just a metal post running along the back wall with multiple holes running down its spine.

“On your feet, slave girl,” he said, gripping my hair by way of encouraging my quick response.

He spun me about, jerked my hands together behind my back, and clipped them that way. He opened another cupboard just above the two open doors and took down – a dildo! It was a long, thick dildo, with a slim metal spiked at its base. He thrust the spike into one of the openings inside the opened cupboard, then bent me over and made me back in against it.

I moaned, for my sex was still sore, but he ignored it, reaching in to guide the thing against me. I was still wet, and it pushed into me slowly as he took down something else and reached in and behind me, fixing it to the wall just below the dildo.

“All the way back, slave.”

I groaned, bent at the waist, sliding my pussy back onto the dildo as he seized my wrists and did something to the restraints around them. In due course they were chained to the wall behind me, as well, inside the cabinet opening.

A pair of straps went around my thighs just below my groin, locking me in place, then he gathered my hair into a pony tail, drawing it up and wrapping it in cord before tying the cord behind me to the top part of the opening.

All of this left me impaled on the thick dildo, back bent at a ninety degree angle, and arms pulled up and back to make sure I didn't fall forward – assuming the straps didn't hold me tight.

He pushed me back a bit harder, and I groaned as the tip of the dildo jammed achingly deep inside me. But then I felt the small round lump of the vibrator as he activated it, pressed directly against my clitoris.

He crouched below me, looking at my face, his fingers rolling and squeezing and twisting my nipples. An instant later they burned as the clamps closed around them, and I cried out in pain, twisting and shaking helplessly as the tiny toothed clamps dug into my tender pink flesh!

The thing was that not only couldn't I do anything about it, I couldn't even look down to see them! My head was held firmly in place by the cord around my hair, facing forward. My head was heavy in this position, and I couldn't hold it up for long. Thus more and more weight came down on my hair, on my scalp, which made me gasp and moan helplessly.

Mind you, the sight I was seeing was Trask, completely naked, and that was a sight well worth seeing! His body was no less incredible than the first time I'd seen it, like Adonis, with every limb and part beautiful and sexy and nicely toned and muscled!

He moved before me, gripping his cock at the head, lifting it up and pressing it back against his belly. He was soft, having just come inside me recently, I guess, but he was far from sated. He moved forward until his groin was directly in my face.

“Let's continue your training, sex slave,” he said, undoing the gag and drawing it out of my mouth.

Well, it wasn't like I had much of an alternative!

I started out by licking at his balls, then sucking them into my mouth and massaging them with my tongue against the inside of my cheeks and the top of my mouth. I sucked lightly, but rhythmically, first on one, then on both as he ground himself against my face.

He critiqued everything I did, of course, especially if I licked or sucked too hard to too soft, too fast or too slow. And each time he would reach down to grip whatever was attached to the clamps biting into my nipples and give one a quick, sharp tug to reinforce his message.

Then it was time to start licking my way up and down his soft cock, sucking on it, taking it into my mouth, and massaging it inside my cheeks.

As I was doing this, of course, I was jammed onto that dildo, with my clitoris pressed against the powerful little vibrator. Heat and passion began to surge through my veins once again, and as he hardened, they grew more insistent.

He rubbed the helmet head up and down against my face, then drew himself up and back against his belly again, standing forward close enough to let me lick up and down from balls to head – with some effort.

He let himself drop, and it bounced lightly, then stayed hard and erect, pointing slightly up – right into my face.

He pushed himself into my mouth, gave me a few seconds to adjust and start to suck and lick, then drove himself down my throat. I choked at first, just a little, gagging on the thick tube of flesh as it slid down my throat. I felt every inch of its progress until he halted, buried inside me, his balls on my chin.

There was nothing for me to do, really, except to lick at the base of his cock a little. I couldn't otherwise move, and my chest began to burn from lack of oxygen. My head began to pound and I moaned around the shaft. Then he slid himself back, long and slick and hard, pulling free as I gasped for breath.

He slapped his cock against my face as I gulped in deep, ragged breaths of air.

“Are you my slave girl?” he demanded, slapping his cock lightly against my cheeks.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gasped weakly.

“Say it. Say I'm Evan Trask's' slave girl,” he ordered.

Gasping, I said it, and he plunged down my throat again, holding himself deep inside me for long seconds before pulling back.

“Are you my sex slave?” he demanded.

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

He slapped my face with his cock again.”

“Say it, slave!”

“I'm Evan Trask's sex slave!” I gasped weakly.

He lunged deep into my throat again, grinding himself against his face, then pulled free.

“Are you my bitch?” he demanded, slapping my face with his slick cock. “Are you?!”

“Yes, sir, I'm Evan Trask's bitch, sir!” I gasped.

Again he plunged deep into my throat, grinding himself against my face.

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, sir, I'm Evan Trask's slut, sir!” I gasped dazedly.

He slapped my face again, this time with his open hand, then rammed his cock deep into my throat and started pumping in and out. I gurgled dazedly as his thick shaft slid up and down within my throat, becoming more and more light-headed.

“Are you my whore?” he demanded.

“Yes, sir! I'm Even Trask's whore!” I gasped.

Again he slapped my face, and again he thrust himself deep and started pumping in and out, using long, fast strokes that had me gurgling and gasping and drooling around his plunging cock!

He pulled out and left me dazed, black dots dancing before my eyes.

Crack! He slapped my right cheek.

Crack! He slapped my left.

“Are you a sex slave?”

“Ye-Ye-yes, sir!” I gasped dazedly.

Crack!

“Say it. Say you're a sex slave.”

'I'm a sex slave!’ I gasped.

Crack!

“Again!”

“I'm a sex slave!”

He dropped to his knees and jammed his mouth against mine, kissing me fiercely. His hands squeezed my breasts in together from the sides as his tongue invaded my mouth, and he jammed me back even harder onto the dildo, my clitoris grinding against the vibrator.

His long arm slid up beneath me, his fingers finding my clitoris and massaging it, grinding it against the rounded lump which was the vibrator as his mouth practically ate at mine. I moaned dazedly, overwhelmed again by the violence, the passion, the sharp, explosive burst of sensation, and the wild, outrageous behavior.

He stood up suddenly, his cock plunging deep into my throat, then he began to pump in and out using long, deep strokes. He thrust steadily, unhurriedly, but not slowly, his cock using my throat as if it was my sex. And somehow, my throat had become slack enough to breath even with him filling it.

Oh, I couldn't breath much, but enough to stay conscious anyway, however dazed and light-headed I might be. He thrust in and out, in and out, in and out as my vision narrowed to the sight of his glistening shaft appearing and disappearing before me, and the hard, rippling surface of his abdomen.

And then, with impaled on the dildo, with my nipples burning and my clitoris jammed against the vibrator, I came again, trembling and shaking and grinding myself back on the sex toys as he used my mouth and throat.

*

He left me like that for some time after spending himself in my throat. I had no idea what he was doing or where he was doing it. I just stood there, pressed back into the opening, half drained, at least emotionally, still impaled, still bound, and the vibrator thing jammed against my clitoris.

My scalp ached from the constant pull against it as the cord held my head upright. My nipples ached below me, though in a weird, twisted way, that was also existing me. I had discovered that when my body moved the sensations shifted in my nipples. The clamps were biting into them but it felt as if they were holding onto something else, dangling something which swung and moved below me when I did.

At first I just kind of stood there, bent over, jaw slack, eyes glassy, but over time, my position, the vibrator, the dildo, and everything else came together to begin to rouse me once again. Maybe he was turning me into a whore, I don't know, but I was definitely becoming addicted to vibrators.

My body's passions acted on my mind like a drug, and I was soon drawn into the heat once more, moaning and gasping as I ground myself against the vibrator and forced myself forward against the straps on my thighs, just so I could jam my pussy back down the dildo once more. And if those movements made whatever was hanging from my nipples swing to and fro that wasn't something which I minded at all!

After a while, and several orgasms, Trask returned. He had a couple of strange sort of plastic tubes in his hand. He squatted before me, removed the nipple clamps, and placed the tubes over the center of each breast, then pulled on something like a syringe until I felt suction drawing my nipples down into the tubes.

He left me like that, with the two tubes apparently locked to my breasts by suction, and my nipples throbbing wildly. The vibrator continued, and soon I was riding the dildo again, dazed and moaning, whimpering and whining, climaxing several more times.

I had become a kind of sexual animal, thinking about little more than my immediate pleasure, wrapped in a dark, seething envelope of darkly erotic fantasy and passion.

When he next returned he had the double headed dildo in hand, and filled my

throat with it, then left the dildo in place as he knelt beside me. I felt the suction thing removed from my breast, and moaned as his fingers stroked my throbbing nipple.

There was a sharp pinch, then an even sharper pain which made me cry out and which left a dull ache behind. He shifted around to my other side, removed the tube there, then again, I felt the pinch, the sharp pain, and then the dull throbbing.

Meanwhile I was trying to breath around the dildo filling my throat.

He pulled it free and let me breath as he exited the room, leaving me as I was, though with my nipples now feeling sore and hot in a different way. It felt sort of like something was hanging from them, but it was much lower weight than before so I didn't really care. I was becoming exhausted, and too sore to care about much else.

Trask came for me again, finally unstrapping me, then guiding me to my hands and knees. I crawled silently and without complaint, dazed and drained, as he tugged on the leash. Looking down, I saw two stainless steel rings piercing my nipples. They were thick and glistened in the light. I stared at them in confusion until a sharp jerk on the leash almost sent me sprawling forward onto my face.

I crawled, leashed, to the bathroom, where he bathed me, brushed my teeth, brushed my hair, then brought me to bed. Once again, he chained my wrists above my head. He spread my legs, then began to lick me, slowly and gently, at first, but building up to his usual ferocious technique, which, despite my exhaustion, I couldn't resist.

He made me climax, arching and twisting and crying out, then let me sleep, which I did, that night, comfortably, at least at first, emotionally and physically drained.

In the morning, he climbed atop me, thrust in, and used me quickly and conveniently, for him, of course, then it was time for breakfast.

I cooked, of course, and I served, naked, the butt plug and a dildo stuffed up inside me.

I found myself fascinated and distracted by the rings through my nipples.

Combined with the collar and shackles it all seemed so very, very... sexual, and since I wore nothing else it was a continuing reminder that he had turned me into a very sexual girl.

It was all so wicked and wild and shocking and ... and yet It had happened to ME, to boring little me! And, of course, I remained deeply intimidated by his stern presence, kneeling anxiously, making sure my knees stayed wide and my hands stayed behind me, not wanting to do anything to bring a slap or pinch or worse.

At the same time, I felt a low, bubbling sense of excitement begin to rise within me, an amazed sense of delight, of exultation, that I, of all people, was doing something this wild and hot and erotically charged! I mean, I was kneeling naked and collared like a slave girl at a man's feet as I ate from his hand! How fucking hot and sick was that!?

Why wasn't I upset with him? Because I had known, sort of, what to expect if I stayed, and I had stayed. Oh, I was still overwhelmed by much of it, astonished by things, outraged and indignant in places, almost to the point of angry protest. But I bit my tongue, gripped by an uncertainty. I mean, I could just leave if I didn't like it, right?

I wanted to talk to him, though. That was the frustrating part. He was a hot, attractive guy, and with all we had done, well, I wanted to know more about him, about what he thought and what he was like. So I was kind of waiting for that opportunity.

I knelt obediently, licked the food from his fingers with a sort of squirming sense of guilt mixed with heat, and was otherwise silent, for his attitude did not invite conversation. He was the master, after all, and I was the slave girl.

I didn't take that seriously, of course. I was still treating it as a kinky, perverted sexual game of his which, despite my upbringing, I found irresistibly thrilling. It was the forbidden nature of my agreement to it which was making my mind squirm, more than the actual actions. It was simply outrageous for him to do the things he had done to me and even more outrageous for me to acquiesce in it all. I wouldn't dare tell any of my girlfriends what I had done!

Evan Trask's sex slave, indeed! Ha! Ridiculous! But still, darkly arousing!

And then, he was gone for another month, leaving me like that, with outrageous instructions which included never wearing clothing inside the condo except when I had visitors. Of all the gall!

This was nuts! This was crazy! I needed to get out of there and back to a sane life!

Mind you, I had a month, so there was no hurry....

And I was happy to learn from the cooking tutor, and the massage tutor, and the bar-tending tutor. These were valuable things for a girl to know, well, except the massage tutor maybe. No way was I going to turn that into a job!

Still to come was the dancing tutor, and the pole she would be teaching me to dance with! The very idea made my chest tighten and my stomach swirl. It was outrageous, of course, but even so... wow!

Maybe I'd stay for a lesson or two, just to see what it was like. After all, I had a month before Trask returned, right? And another month of free rent at the condo – with all that luxury and that glorious view.

Evan Trask's slave girl, indeed! How ridiculous!

Kinky... wicked... nasty and exciting, but ridiculous. Wouldn't he be surprised when he showed up to find no little slave girl waiting for him!

Of course, I'd have to find somewhere else to stay, and I'd have to start looking quickly. I'd make a few calls. Later. Right now there was a glorious view and I could sit there on the balcony, naked, and watch the waves wash ashore over the rocks.

End

[Owned by Mister Trask](#)

[Trained by Mister Trask](#)

Disciplined by Mister Trask

[Submitting to Mister Trask](#)

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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