

Path: number1.nntp.dca.giganews.com!border1.nntp.dca.giganews.com!border2.nntp.dca.giganews.com!nntp.giganews.com!news.glorb.com!postnews.google.com!g49g2000cwa.googlegroups.com!not-for-mail
From: illuminate2006@yahoo.com
Newsgroups: alt.sex.erotica.stories,alt.sex.erotica,alt.adult.stories.text,alt.sex.stories.bondage,alt.sex
Subject: Enslaved - Argus - Curtersy bdsmbooks
Date: 19 Jan 2006 23:53:18 -0800
Organization: http://groups.google.com
Lines: 3190
Message-ID: <1137743598.231163.253050@g49g2000cwa.googlegroups.com>
NNTP-Posting-Host: 84.68.42.108
Mime-Version: 1.0
Content-Type: text/plain; charset="iso-8859-1"
X-Trace: posting.google.com 1137743603 23131 127.0.0.1 (20 Jan 2006 07:53:23 GMT)
X-Complaints-To: groups-abuse@google.com
NNTP-Posting-Date: Fri, 20 Jan 2006 07:53:23 +0000 (UTC)
User-Agent: G2/0.2
X-HTTP-UserAgent: Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 6.0; Windows NT 5.1; Q312461; CDSource=3Dv881c.00; SV1),gzip(gfe),gzip(gfe)
Complaints-To: groups-abuse@google.com
Injection-Info: g49g2000cwa.googlegroups.com; posting-host=84.68.42.108;
posting-account=R_2yU0QAAAB9ij_GpFrGPIj@h04pVQC
Xref: number1.nntp.dca.giganews.com alt.sex.erotica.stories:4416 alt.sex.erotica:1552663 alt.adult.stories.text:5091 alt.sex.stories.bondage:201098 alt.sex:737681

As promised we is giving you'se this story for free.

ENSLAVED by John Argus
copyright John Argus
downloaded from bdsmbooks.com

One

Nicole Moore was bored. That was nothing new, of course. Nicole was often bored. It seemed to her that every year that passed she got a little more bored with her dull, dreary life and the dull dreary people who inhabited it. She wasn't sure quite what to do about this unfortunate situation, but had more than a few ideas.

Those who knew Nicole Moore had ideas about how to alleviate boredom too, and most of them involved stripping whatever clothes she was wearing off the buxom, lithe young woman, spreading her out naked, and plunging their rigid cocks deep into whatever hole happened to be most readily available.

That Nicole, Nicky to her friends, was a jaded, bored young girl/woman unlikely to be impressed with their efforts mattered little to them.

Nicole was a round faced girl, with deep, smouldering hazelnut eyes. She had thick, dark brown hair which flowed across her smooth ivory shoulders like spun silk and framed a face with a small, snub nose, full, seductive lips, and perfect white teeth.

She had a lithe, hourglass figure, with long, perfectly sculpted legs and a magnificently rounded bottom that pushed out attractively behind her and drew every male eye she passed like a magnet.

The teenager slouched more often than not, but when standing straight it was obvious that her full young breasts were large and round and sat high and firmly on her slender chest. They were of such firmness that were she in a city people might have thought they were phony.

But everyone knew Nicky, for she'd been born in Sanford, Wyoming, and lived there all her life. Sanford was a town of some twelve hundred people, less, she knew, than many big city high schools.

Sanford had one main street, which had small shops on one side and houses on the other. The shops mostly served the surrounding farms, and none was very big.

The highway ran past the edge of town, separated from it by a wide, deep drainage ditch. Cars sped past, stopping only at Carmela's Diner to have some coffee or a burger.

It was a hot, muggy August morning, and Nicky was dressed for it in a pair of tight cutoffs which hugged her perfect behind like a second skin, and a green, long-sleeved shirt, with the sleeves ripped off, and the bottom pulled up below her breasts and knotted together there. She wore no bra, and the thin fabric of the top pulled int tightly around her firm breasts, lifting them and pushing them together so that a straying eyes might see the soft perfection of her cleavage and the small dimples of her nipples.

She wore no underwear between the flesh of her body and her tight cutoff shorts, and the bottom of each buttock peeked lewdly out from underneath the frayed material in back as the groin dug into her sex tightly in front.

As usual, with nothing to do, she was walking along main street, apparently oblivious to the eyes cast her way, slouching, lounging, yawning, strolling, and looking bored.

Nicky knew just what images the sight of her brought to men, even the righteous churchgoers who ranted about her tight clothes and went to church every Sunday to demand others repent their sins. She knew full well that even as they tore their eyes away from her and turned their noses up in self righteous indignation their minds were filled with lust and desire for her, and with thoughts about her naked body exposed to their carnal desires.

But this not only did not daunt her but, rather, encouraged her to lower the standards of her dress even further. For it amused her to see such starchy, priggish men try to hold their eyes off her cleavage or exposed buttocks, and amused her even more to turn her eyes away from them, letting them feast their eyes on her body, and then whip her eyes back to catch them in the act.

On this day, a hot July, the heat was beating down on her head from above and reflected up from below by the cracked pavement underneath. She turned into Jack's Grocery, a white, clapboard building with a Coke sign in the window, and opened the screen door to let herself inside. It slapped closed behind her and she blinked her eyes in the darker interior as she walked down the aisle to where the drinks were.

Billy Forbes was leaning over the counter, slumped there reading a comic book. His eyes rose as soon as she entered, and followed her every movement as she slouched down to one of the coolers, opened it and pulled out a bottle. She opened the bottle and slouched back to him.

"Hey, Mr. Forbes," she said, her voice weary sounding from the heat.
"Hello there, honey. Hot 'nuff fer ya?"
"Too hot," she sighed, brushing back her thick bangs and rubbing a hand over her sweaty forehead.

She lifted the bottle and formed her mouth into a kiss as she brought it to her lips. She consciously raised it slowly, sliding her lips down the neck as she closed her eyes and let the liquid flow into her mouth and down her throat.

Forbes eyes flicked back and forth between her soft lips, wrapped around the neck of the bottle in a way that gave him a nearly instant erection, and the way her firm, full breasts pushed out tautly against the thin material of the shirt bound together below them.

He licked his lips as she slid her lips off the bottle and smiled up at him.

"That'll be a dollar," he said.
She smiled at him apologetically.
"Could you wait till' my allowance on Thursday, Mr. Forbes?"
He frowned. Forbes was not a man who gave credit, not to anyone. On the other hand...

She bent forward to gaze at the magazines on the rack in front of the counter, and Forbes' breath caught as he looked down the front of her shirt at those perfect white breasts held together there by the knotted shirt. They glistened in the light as the girl sweated.

She stood up and Forbes moved around the counter to be closer to her.

"Now you know I don't give credit, Nicky, honey."

"Awww, come ooooo, Mr. Forbes," she pouted, tilting her pretty face to one side and gazing at him soulfully.

"Well, seein' as how you are one of my favorite customers," he smiled. "Maybe I'll consider it. If you give me a kiss for collateral."

"Just a kiss?" she teased, holding the bottle against her chest, pulled back between her breasts.

"S'l long as it's a good one," he grinned.

He looked out the window first, then grinned down at the teenager and reached out to her shoulders. He pulled her in gently against him, his hands sliding down her back as he pressed his lips against hers. He felt her tongue pushing against his and felt his heart skip a beat.

His hands slid further down, down past the waistband of her cutoffs, down over the smooth, round buttocks, fingers questing for the bottom where they peeked out and he could feel the lush, downy flesh. His fingers curled in, squeezing and kneading them as he pushed his own tongue against Nicky's. He felt her heavy breasts pressing firmly into his chest as his lips slid wetly against hers, and jerked a hand up off her buns to push up between their bodies.

He cupped her left breasts, feeling a wave of lust at how soft and firm and fat it was. His hand squeezed it, making the warm flesh ooze out between his fingers.

Then she wriggled aside and smiled coyly at him.

"It's too hot for long kisses," she said, sauntering towards the door.

Forbes looked at her with longing, his cock throbbing inside his pants as he watched her perfect bottom swing its way out the door. He cursed softly, fantasising about yanking her back in, tearing her clothes off and fucking her good and hard.

"Slut," he muttered to himself.

Of course, Nicky was gone then, or at least, out of hearing range. She was wandering up the street, sucking occasionally from the bottle. She felt a little hot on the inside. She had felt Forbes' erection pressed against her belly before pulling away, and knew that even now he was dreaming about ramming his cock into her pussy hole.

There were a lot of boys who had claimed they'd fucked Nicky Moore, but none had. Nicky hadn't found anyone in what she considered a rotten, miserable little town that she wanted to give her cherry to.

In point of fact, she had no cherry, having popped it herself years back with her fingers. Since then all manner of things had gone up her tight little pussy, candles, carrots, cucumbers, hairbrush handles, and of course, her fingers.

No cock had ever slid between her pussy lips, though.

The lips on her face were another story. They'd seen plenty of cocks. Nicky liked sucking cocks. It made her feel powerful, and at the same time, somehow helpless. She liked to do it on her knees, liked to feel dominated. Yet at the same time she felt in control, because she had their cocks in her mouth, and was the one doing everything, controlling everything.

She was headed for the diner, which was air-conditioned, and where she might find some man to buy her another drink, and maybe a burger, when she saw a gleaming blue Ford pull up in front of the Grocery store.

The windows were closed, which meant it was air-conditioned. The man behind the wheel was the town's newest resident. He didn't actually live in the town. He lived outside of town near the river. He was supposed to be a writer, she'd heard.

He looked to be about thirty, was of medium height, and build, with short brown hair. He was wearing jeans, loafers, and a short sleeved shirt as he got out of the car. He closed it behind him and walked into the grocery store as Nicky crossed the street and ambled over to his car.

She tried the door. It wasn't locked. She smiled and opened the door, then slid in, sighing in relief at the cool air inside. He'd left the engine running and the air-conditioner on.

Nicky shifted over to the passenger side and bent over, opening her top a bit as she let the cool air coming from a vent flow over her hot breasts and face.

The man came back out of the grocery with a bag and came up to the car. He opened it and slid in, closing the door before he saw Nicky. He started in surprise, then frowned at her.

"Hi," she said, in a soft, coy voice. "I'm Nicole. You must be that new writer guy that bought the Sutter place."

"Yeah," he said, sitting back.

"I hope you don't mind me bein' here," she said, putting on her pouty face. "I was just burning up out there, and I saw this gorgeous air-conditioned car and I just couldn't help myself."

"Must be hard getting through a day like this without air-conditioning," he said.

"Not many folks around here have any," she sighed, laying her head back a little, which pushed her breasts out.

She was sure he'd noticed.

"Well, Nicole," he said. "I'm sorry to have to shop and go, but I have to get back to my work."

"Would you mind dropping me off on your way?" she asked, her eyes going round and pleading. "It'd save me a long walk in this heat, and I'm already all sweaty."

"Sure," he said, putting the car in gear and backing out.

She raised the Coke and put it to her lips, sliding them down as she let the liquid flow into her mouth.

"Hey," she said. "You uh, wouldn't have air-conditioning at your house, would you?"

"Sure do," he said.

"Boy are you lucky," she sighed. "I'm about to get sunstroke or something, maybe even a rash from this heat. Even at night sleeping naked it's impossible to sleep."

"Well, if you're that hot you could take a dip in the river," he said.

"Yeah, but I ain't got no car to get there, and walking back gets me as sweaty as I'd be before going."

"Pretty girl like you can't find a ride?"

"Not one I trust," she snorted. "If a bunch of people are goin', okay, but I ain't gonna go with just a few guys. There ain't anything out there, you know, and who knows what would happen."

"You aren't afraid of me," he said.

"Well, you look like a gentleman," she smiled. "And you're a big writer an' all. I know you wouldn't do anything to me."

"You do, huh?"

She smiled coyly and he shook his head, heading off the paved two lane highway onto a dirt road.

She wondered if she should do him. He was kind of cute, and from the city, which meant he was way more sophisticated and smart than any of the old louses around here. It also meant that he didn't know anyone here and wasn't likely to blab to them all.

Maybe being from the city he might know more about sex than slam bam thank you ma'am. She'd heard girls talk about guys fuckin' them for all of two minutes and them not enjoying it one little bit. She figured that was most likely because the guys didn't know what the hell they were doing.

She would sure rather lose her "cherry" to a smart, sophisticated city man than one of the drooling boys who kept groping at her breasts, or some sweaty pig like Forbes.

"Where do you want to be dropped off?"

"How about your place?" she said, smiling suggestively.

He gave a short smile, and Nicky's heart thumped as she realized she had already made her decision. She was gonna let this guy do her. She was gonna let him strip her naked and stick his thing into her and pump her!

The car turned again and went through an open gate, then pulled into the carport of a single story house that overlooked a dock and the river. The house didn't look very impressive on the outside, but it was clean, and there were no cars or garbage lying around. That was different than most of the other places Nicky saw.

He got out, and Nicky climbed out after him and followed him up a few stairs to the door. She went in behind him, sighing happily at the cool air. She quickly realized the place was a lot better inside than out. The kitchen was like something out of a magazine, the dining room was huge, with a big gleaming wooden table, chairs, buffet, and other things, and the living room was richly carpeted and furnished.

"This is sure a nice place," she said.

He turned and looked her up and down, then his hand shot out behind her, gripping her hair behind her neck and jerking her head back as he pulled her forward. She gasped in surprise and sudden pain. Then his lips came down against hers as his other hand went around her and cupped her buttocks.

She opened her mouth and met his tongue with her own as he pressed her backwards against the bar. His tongue swept around inside her mouth as he kept her head pulled back. His other hand slid around and cupped her breast, squeezing it repeatedly.

He let go of her hair so suddenly she staggered, and before she even caught her balance he had the front of her shirt untied and was jerking it open. Then, without even pausing, he spun her around and pulled the shirt back over her shoulders. But then, instead of taking it off he pulled it together somehow, then tied it hard.

It only took seconds, and she hadn't even the first idea of what he was doing before he spun her around again to face him and she realized that her arms were entangled behind her in the shirt.

She opened her mouth to protest as he jerked her head back by the hair again and crushed her lips with his.

She mumbled into his mouth as his tongue shot into hers. His left hand held her hair back as his right squeezed her naked breasts. She trembled anxiously, feeling her heat rising inside as he forced her back to arch and shifted his mouth onto her throat.

He was like a ravenous beast, chewing and licking and sucking and even growling a little as he nipped and licked at her throat. He shifted down suddenly, his tongue slithering across her bared shoulders, then down over her left breast. His lips locked onto her already erect nipple and began to suck harshly.

She gasped and moaned. She'd only let one guy suck her nipple one time. It had made her head spin so bad she'd barely been able to keep him from fucking her, and even then wouldn't have managed if she hadn't grabbed his cock and it hadn't exploded in her hand.

Now she closed her eyes and trembled as lust boiled up from the depths of her soul. She gasped and moaned as his tongue whipped across her burning nipple. His teeth nipped and chewed on the surrounding flesh then and she cried out, partly in pain, but mostly in exquisitely shocked pleasure.

He shifted his lips to her other nipple. She could feel both of them pulsing with eager life, fat and thick as raspberries. He began sucking hard at the right, and the cool air made her left nipple, now wet and ultra-sensitive, tingle.

"God!" she gasped. "Ohhh!"

She felt his hand sliding firmly down her bare belly and down over her pants then cup her crotch through them. He squeezed and heat and excitement and lust gushed up into her belly. She jerked her own head back, her mouth opening and closing as she gurgled in wondrous delight.

She felt an orgasm approach, and marvelled at it, for he'd hardly even touched her pussy yet and...

"UHHHHhgghghhHHH!" she cried, humping against his hand as his fingers squeezed her mound repeatedly.

Her breasts felt ready to explode as she jerked and trembled in his grasp, helpless before a maelstrom of erotic sexual pleasure. She felt her moist inner juices soaking her cutoffs, and knew just a moment's embarrassment, then let herself be swept away in the joyous pleasure of the steaming orgasmic storm.

The orgasm slowly dissipated, and as her mind basked in the languorous afterglow she felt her shorts unsnapped and jerked down. His hand shot in between her thighs again, this time cupping her bare pussy mound. She gasped and groaned as he squeezed it, then forced two fingers up into her hole.

He thrust them in the knuckles, and she shuddered in pleasure. Then his thumb came down on her clitty and he began to rub it insistently as he pumped his fingers in and out. His teeth chewed their way up her breasts and over her shoulders to her throat, nipping down, then locking as he sucked furiously, then moving on again and again.

Her mind was reeling from the suddenness and force of it all, unable to cope as her sexual fever was rekindled and the bonfire between her legs began to roar up again.

"Oohh! Uhhhh! UhhhhhhHHH! Oooooo! Ooh God! God! God!" she whimpered.

A third finger was forced into her, and all three thrust in and out steadily, rasping across her clitty even as his thumb mashed and ground down against it. She was bucking her hips against him with hard, uncontrollable movements, unable to control herself and not trying.

She felt another orgasm blossom into life, and gurgled in ecstasy as it blasted through her. She arched her back violently, jerking her head from side to side as he rammed his fingers up into her drooling wet fuck opening. His teeth opened wide and clamped down on a mass of breast around her left nipple, then he sucked hard as his tongue rasped across it.

She sobbed in mindless joy, legs gone rubbery as the pleasure ripped through her nervous system. She felt herself falling, then felt herself lifted up and heaved across the bar. Her pants were ripped down her legs and firm hands gripped her legs just above the knees, tearing them wide open.

Her head and shoulders hung over the other side of the bar, and she gasped and panted, eyes glazed as she stared upside down at the shelves behind the bar. The orgasm slowly drifted away and she closed her eyes and groaned in exhaustion, every muscle feeling sore.

She was sweating again, despite the air-conditioning, but didn't care. She didn't care about much of anything, in fact. She felt his hands sliding up her thighs and felt him spread them wider, so wide her thighs ached from the strain.

Then she felt his fingers at her opening, felt them parting her pussy lips, pulling them apart as his arms kept her legs pinned back. She felt something at her sex then, and in a dazed sense of wonder, realized it was his mouth. She had heard of men eating out women but never had it done, nor had any body tried.

Now she quivered as his tongue slid over her hot pink meat, caressed her clitty, then drove up into her pussy hole and scooped out her thick

pussy cream. She moaned weakly, the blood now rushing to her head adding to her sense of disorientation.

His lips moved onto her clit and closed, then he seemed to blow raspberries for long seconds before sucking in hard. Nicky moaned in pleasure, her legs jerking spasmodically as he sucked harder and harder.

His fingers drove up into her pussy again, then twisted around inside her, pressing against one side, then another even as he sucked and licked on her clit.

"Uhh!" she groaned, long and low.

He nipped at her clit, then lapped at it like a dog, then folded his lips around and sucked it again as his tongue whipped back and forth. His fingers pumped inside her, and suddenly she felt another finger prodding at her rectum.

It wriggled into her as she gave a choked cry of shock. Then the pleasure surged up inside her and flooded her mind, washing her thinking processes away.

She grunted and moaned and gurgled in pleasure, a mindless sexual animal as another orgasm began to build up inside her. Then she was jerking and bouncing, her legs shaking, her head thrashing, hair whipping around below her.

The orgasm seemed to go on forever, then finally eased enough that she was able to take great gasping gulps of air to avoid passing out. Her body felt worn out, utterly drained, yet he was still lapping at her clit, softly now, while his fingers seemed to wriggle and twist around inside her pussy and rectum.

They pulled out, and both hands slid up her bare body to fasten around her breasts. He squeezed them repeatedly, as his tongue moved with more energy against her clit. He pinched her nipples, then slid his hands back down.

He pried her pussy open with three fingers, then blew air into her several times. His fingers moved onto her bottom, clutching it as his tongue pushed into her hole and wriggled around inside.

She wanted him deeper, wanted it to slide way up into her guts. She groaned and whined, the heat taking hold of her again.

"Jesus God," she groaned.

His lips sucked on her clit as he rubbed at her pussy pad, then his hands moved up and clutched her breasts again. She humped up, gasping and panting and whining in heated pleasure.

Suddenly he pulled back, and his hands dragged her up off the bar. The world spun as the blood rushed out of her head, and he lowered her none too gently onto the floor. He rapidly undid the shirt, and ripped it free of her, then his hands went under her belly and heaved her up onto her knees.

He gripped her hair and pulled, and she cried out in protest as she pushed herself up on her hands to take the strain off it.

"On your hands and knees, slut," he growled. "This is the way a slut takes it. On all fours like a bitch in heat."

He slapped her bottom and she cried out again at the stinging pain. Then he cupped her pussy and squeezed.

"Do you want it, slut? Do you want my cock up inside you?"

"Ye...yesssss," she gasped.

"Beg for it."

"I..."

"Louder!" He slapped her ass and again she cried out.

"Please!"

"Please what?"

"Please... please... put it iiiinnnn," she gasped.

"In where, slut? Do you want my cock up in your tight little twat? Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes!"

"Say it!"

"Fuck meeee!"

"Beg for it."

"Jesusssss," she moaned.

He slapped her bottom and she cried out again.

"Please fuck me! P-Please fuck my t-twat!"

He rubbed her pussy, stroking two fingers up and down across her sopping pussy opening, rubbing her clitty as he moaned and ground her hips back.

She heard his pants unzip and felt a wave of excitement. She was almost trembling with lust at the idea of being fucked at last, of taking a real honest to God cock in her pussy hole.

She felt it against her opening, rubbing up and down against her clit. She gasped in delight and jammed her body back. Then yelped as he slapped it.

"You want my cock inside you, baby?"

"Yessss!"

"Beg for it."

"Pleeaseeee," she half sobbed. "Put it in me! Put it inside meee!"

She didn't stop to wonder at her begging like this, after all the boys and men who had begged her for even a feel of her fat breasts.

She felt the thing pressing directly against her opening, felt her pussy lips spreading and spreading...and spreading. It was thick, thicker than almost anything she'd felt before. Even the cucumber, which hadn't been a thick one, hadn't felt so wide.

She groaned and spread her legs wider as she felt her pussy lips straining around his girth. His cockhead slid into her, going deeper and deeper and deeper. She moaned in excitement, feeling the soft, wet folds of her sex being forced aside as his man-cock drove upwards into her body.

"God!God!God!God!God!" she moaned.

He gripped her flanks tightly and thrust in hard. His cock rammed up her elastic pussy tunnel and drove deep into her belly as she cried out in pain and pleasure. She felt impaled on the thick cock meat as it was forced high into her guts.

Two

Nicky's head jerked back and her mouth opened in a silent cry of pain as his cock skewered her. A moment later, with the pressure against her cervix almost unbearable she felt his hips mash firmly against her rounded buttocks.

"Uhhh!" she gurgled.

"Just like you need it, slut," he growled, his hands sliding up her flanks and underneath to cup her dangling breasts.

He mashed the thick, heavy breasts together, his fingers digging deep furrows in the malleable meat, making it ooze out between them as he twisted and pulled and yanked the soft, sweaty orbs.

He ground his pelvis against her buttocks, twisting his thick meat around in her belly, churning up her guts as she gasped and moaned and whimpered.

The air puffed in and out of Nicky's gaping mouth as she concentrated all her attention on the tight, heavy pressure in her lower belly. His cock meat filled her sex to the bursting point, and the elastic pussy walls were straining around the fleshy tube of meat.

She could feel every ridge and vein on his cock as it slid slowly back up her sheath, relieving the pressure on her cervix momentarily. Then it thrust forward again.

"Ahhhhhhhh!" she cried.

He laughed, his fingers digging into her breasts, mashing and squeezing them like he was milking a cow. He drew his steely tool back down her quivering pussy tunnel, then shoved it back into her slowly.

The pain began to ease as her well-lubricated sex adjusted to the size of his manhood. He began to stroke with longer motions, moving with more speed. His hands slid off her sore, aching breasts and moved down her body and onto her hips.

His hips slapped softly against her buttocks each time he buried his cock inside her, but now and more of the teenager's attention was on the way it was rasping back and forth through her pussy lips, making her clitty buzz and throb with wildfire excitement.

He fucked harder, and the impact against her bottom rocked her forward. His cock was pumping rapidly in and out of her tunnel now, and she gave herself over to pleasure and delight that she was finally not a virgin, that she was being well and truly fucked, and fucked by a real man, not some punk.

She grunted as his hips smacked into her buttocks, shifting her hands a bit forward to brace herself as his cock moved faster and faster. She groaned in delight as his fingers sawed across her clitty, and felt the heat rapidly building up again.

She closed her eyes, groaning and grunting, feeling just like he'd said, like a bitch in heat. His cock was rodding into her with hard fast motions and his hips were smashing against her buttocks.

She felt the pleasure flaring within her loins, felt it spreading out, sliding up and down her body like a watery heat. She moaned in delight, gasping and panting as her chest tightened and her entire body began to pulse with sexual energy.

Her head began to bounce up and down. He was really giving it to her now! His cock was stabbing into her with unrestrained force, and his hips were pounding against her bottom with bruising force. Only his hard grip on her flanks kept her from being knocked off her knees and onto her face.

Then he let go and his hands darted forward to seize her wrists and yank them back. The dazed girl began to fall forward onto her face, then was abruptly yanked back as he pulled her wrists straight back along her body and held them alongside her hips.

He thrust in harder still, and her entire body shook wildly, breasts swinging back and forth below as he used her wrists like the handles of a wheelbarrow, yanking her back to meet his powerful strokes.

Nicky gurgled and moaned, her pussy burning up as he speared her with tremendous force. She felt the sexual pressure inside her skull, threatening to blow her head open. Then she cried out as the orgasm tore through her again.

This time it wasn't just a clitoral orgasm, but an orgasm that engulfed her entire groin and raced over her body like a flashfire. She felt herself burning up in the massive sexual conflagration. Her mind spun and bounced and bobbed in the foamy flood of raw, animalistic pleasure.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as he cursed her and slammed his tool up her boiling pussy opening. Her head was bouncing even more now, her hair whipping up and down violently as her breasts jiggled and shook below her.

Her body felt like it was coming apart from the inside, like the screaming pressure in her guts would blast her skin right open and come howling out into the room. She couldn't breathe for her chest locked tightly.

Then, just as the orgasm was fading, he gave several long, hard, powerful thrusts, cramming every last inch of cock into her with each one. He groaned in pleasure, and she knew he was coming inside her, that his steamy sperm was gushing out into her belly, filling her up.

Then he let go of her hands and she slumped forward onto her chest, eyes glazed. He left his cock in her for a minute, his hands stroking idly across her upturned buttocks, then he pulled himself free and she tumbled sideways onto the floor.

She groaned, rolling onto her back as he pulled backwards. Her chest heaved and her eyes were closed. She lay there like that for long minutes as he went into the kitchen and made drinks.

She had never imagined, even while fucking herself with bananas or fingers or whatever, that fucking could be so... so wonderful, so fantastic. She cursed herself now for waiting so long when she could have been fucking for years.

Of course, she quickly realized, this was nothing like what her girlfriends had described. Either they were all lying, which didn't seem too likely, or it was him, the man who's name she didn't even know.

He was, she guessed, a fantastic fucker. She smiled a little at using the word as a compliment.

Her hands moved down onto her breasts. They felt tender and sore, the nipples intensely sensitive. She cupped her pussy gently, wincing. It too, felt sore, and also very moist with sweat, her juices, and his.

Then she felt a blow against her ankle. She jerked her eyes open to look up at him. He had just kicked her ankle, and was holding a couple of drinks.

"Want a drink?"

"Yes, please," she said softly.

She groaned weakly as she slowly pushed herself up to a sitting position. He handed her the drink, then sat down at the nearby bar.

She sipped from it, aware that there was a lot of liquor in it. Her automatic suspicion was that he was trying to get her drunk, for a lot of guys had tried to ply her with drinks over the years to get her legs apart.

But then she smiled at her own silliness, for he had just gotten everything from her. He had just copped her theoretical cherry. He had just...well...fucked the living hell out of her.

She took a longer sip, feeling suddenly very mature. She was a woman now, had just gotten a good fucking. It would be silly for anyone to think she shouldn't be allowed to drink.

She realized that while he was fully dressed and sitting on a barstool, she was still completely naked, except for her tennis shoes, and sitting, with her legs spread, on the floor.

This was no way for a sophisticated woman to sit.

She pulled her legs together and slowly got up. She swayed a bit, for her body felt like it had been working overtime. Then she moved over to him and gingerly sat on another of the bar stools.

"You're a pretty hot little slut," he said.

She flushed with pleasure, but also embarrassment.

"How many times did you come?"

"I don't know," she mumbled, looking down as she sipped from the drink again.

"You got a helluva body on you too. Those tits are almost unreal. If I hadn't felt them I would've thought they were fakes."

"They're real," she said.

"I know. I can tell the difference. You've got one of the best sets of tits, real or otherwise, that I've ever seen."

She blushed again, feeling very odd. She was, after all, sitting naked beside a man who's name she didn't even know while he talked about her teats.

"Uhm, what's your name?" she asked with a shy smile.

"You can call me... master."

"Master?" She scrunched up her face in surprise.

"Yes. Master. That's what a sex slave calls her master."

He slid his hand behind her head as his words hit her, and she felt a flush of heat run up and down her spine. He pulled her forward and kissed her on the lips, not roughly, and without pushing his tongue out. Then he drew back and slid his hand off her.

"Sex slave?" she gulped, smiling at what was obviously a joke too sophisticated for her to get.

"Sure. Wouldn't you like to be a sex slave?"

What the heck did that mean?

She didn't care what it meant.

"Sure," she giggled.

"Do you know what sex slaves are for?"

She shook her head a little.

"Sex slaves are made to give men pleasure. They're hot, slutty, sexy, erotic walking sex machines that make mens' cocks stand at attention."

She flushed a little, feeling her pussy tingling. Again!

"Now ordinary women who get fucked a lot are called names. Ordinary women aren't supposed to let men do...nasty things to them."

His voice hissed the word "nasty", and she shivered a little.

"But sex slaves don't have any choice. Sex slaves are built to be fucked, designed for it. Their bodies are so hot and sleek and filled with sexual heat that they can't control themselves. Because of that men have to control them. Men have to rope them and tie them like wild animals, bind them down with their cunts open so they can ram their cocks into them."

She swallowed several times, and kind of rubbed her bare pussy down against the leather seat. She sipped from the drink again, marvelling at how hot and kinky and exciting this all was, and how different it was from the stupid fumbling and groping from local guys.

He stood up, and her eyes widened as he moved beside her. His hand slid through her tangled hair and moved down behind her neck. She wasn't surprised when he bunched up her hair and pulled her head back. Though this time he didn't do it hard, or force it far back.

He took the glass out of her hand and looked down at her.

"Are you a walking sex machine, Nicole?" he said, his voice a low growl.

"Yeahhh," she sighed.

"A sex slave?"

"Ye..yessss."

"Say it."

"I... I'm a sex slave! I'm a walking sex machine!" she said excitedly, eyes alive.

"Built to be used by men."

"B... built to be used by men," she growled.

His other hand slid between her thighs, his finger probing at her slit, then rubbing against her clitty.

She felt a hot rush of heat and groaned softly.

"You're an animal! Aren't you?"

"Yessss," she groaned.

"Who's your master?"

"Y... you are."

"Say it!"

She gasped as he pulled her hair back harder.

"Master!"

She was wriggling on the seat now, his single finger rubbing roughly across her clit setting her loins afire.

He pulled his hand out then, and she moved her own down to take its place.

"No!" he snapped, jerking hard on her hair so she cried out and jerked her hands up to try and relieve the strain.

"Put your hands at your sides, slave. And leave them there until I tell you!"

She lowered her hands with a whimper, and gasped in relief as he eased up on her hair. He twisted it a little, forcing her off the bar stool, then led her across the room, with her head still back.

Then he bent her over a chest and opened a drawer.

"Bring your hands up and cross your wrists behind your back, slave!"

She obeyed, panting for breath as the heat swirled through her.

He let go of her hair, and she turned her head to see him pull a length of thick rope from the drawer. She gasped in excitement, for this was truly kinky and lewd.

She kept her arms crossed as he slid the rope, which was very soft, thankfully, around her right wrist, then her left, winding it in a figure eight pattern. He was laying each new loop exactly alongside the last, doing it very carefully.

The ropes were not too tight, though they were very firm, and when he stopped, she found she couldn't pull her wrists apart even a fraction of an inch. He suddenly bent and lifted her right leg, then jerked her shoe off. He let it drop, and she lifted her other foot so he could jerk that other shoe off.

Now she was completely, totally naked, and she shuddered when he spread her legs and cupped her pussy, squeezing it firmly in the palm of his hand.

"Now you're a real slave," he growled. "You're my slut, my fuck machine, my sex toy."

He squeezed her pussy each time he called her something, and she felt her insides boiling over, almost ready to come.

Then he gripped her hair and pulled her back. Again she gasped in pain. He gripped her upper arm and led her out of the room and down the hall to the bedroom.

There he paused in front of a huge mirror. It was full length, and a good three feet wide. She stared at herself, feeling her sexual juices churning at the hot, sweaty looking nude girl before her, hair tangled, face flushed, red marks on her swollen breasts.

Then he turned her sideways and forced her down onto her knees. She turned again, groaning softly at the sight of herself, kneeling before him, her wrists bound tightly. He looked down at her, then slowly unbuttoned his shirt.

Nicky pulled at the rope around her wrists, amazed at how all of this was happening so quickly. She still didn't even know his name! What time was it? How long had she been here? God, what was she doing?

She turned her head and gazed at herself again, turning her body more so she could see how her wrists were neatly tied behind her. This was, she decided, the most exciting thing which had ever happened in her life.

She turned her head back as he dropped his pants, and for the first time, she saw the cock which had taken her virginity. It hung limp and white. It seemed long, but not that thick. But then it wasn't hard any more.

She realized immediately that he was going to have her suck him off, and do it on her knees, just like she loved. Only this time it would be with her hands tied behind her back.

Her whole groin was so hot that she wanted to jerk off, or better yet, have him do it. She squeezed her thighs together, rubbing them as he undid his shoes and took them off. She was so hot she was going to come just from rubbing her thighs together.

She kept pulling at the rope, not to get free, but because being tied up seemed super exciting and made her pussy steam even hotter.

Then he grabbed her hair and jerked it hard. She cried out in pain, blinking her eyes up at him.

"Did I say you could do that?" he demanded, sounding mad.

She shook her head quickly.

"Slave sluts do only what they're told," he said with a glare. "Slave sluts belong to their master. Their master decides when his slave slut will get to come!"

"I... I'm sorry," she gulped.

"You've been a bad girl, slave."

"I'm sorry," she said meekly.

"When you talk to me, slave, you say master. Say you're sorry."

"I'm sorry, master," she moaned.

"Slaves need to be obedient. That means they have to be punished when they're bad."

He forced her to her feet, and pulled her over next to the bed. It was a large bed, a four poster, with the posts a good six or seven feet high. He only sat on the edge however, then pulled her across his lap with her behind sticking up in the air.

She felt a little fear, but not much. She had heard a few people hint of girls getting spanked by their lovers, and it had always sounded so erotic and sexy.

"Are you a bad girl, slave?"

"Yes, master," she sighed.

"Do you need to be punished, slave?"

"Yes, master," she gulped.

His hand slapped across her bottom, and she yelped as the sharp pain crackled through her body.

He shifted her body atop him, his left hand gripping her right breast now as his right cracked against her bottom again. She yelped again, but the pain didn't seem to really matter next to the swirling sexual heat rippling up and down her spine.

His hand abruptly darted between her thighs and cupped her pussy mound, squeezing. She groaned in delight.

Then it pulled back and slapped against her behind again. Then again, then again. She whimpered and moaned and cried out at first, as his hand sent sharp, snapping pain into her tender round rear. The pain grew and grew, until her eyes filled with tears and she almost begged him to stop.

Then his hand slid between her legs and again squeezed her pussy pad. This time his fingers kneaded her tender meat for long seconds, and she found herself humping back uncontrollably, gasping and panting and whimpering.

He slapped her bottom again, but the pain didn't seem so bad any more. Again and again his hand cracked across her buttocks, the sound filling the room. Her buttocks were so hot now, throbbing with heat, that the new blows didn't seem to add much to it, and she began to really get into the eroticism of being spanked.

She groaned each time his hand cracked across her bottom. Her flesh was burning almost as much as her pussy, and she was starting to feel a kind of link between the heat in both places, like one was feeding off the other.

His hand cracked across her by now very red bottom, then the next blow didn't come. Instead she felt three fingers thrust into her pussy hole. She cried out in shocked pleasure, and the heat roared inside her skull as she bucked and jerked and humped back feverishly.

He thrust into her several times, then pulled his hand away and gave her bottom another series of hard slaps. She continued to hump, whimpering and moaning, her insides twisting and churning, her mind dazed by the powerful sexual gales blowing through it.

He stopped and gripped her hair, yanking her head up and back. She screamed.

"Are you my slave, whore?"

"Yesss!" she cried, startled and dazed.

"Am I your master!"

"Yess!" she sobbed.

"You're a fuck hungry little sex toy! Aren't you, slut!?"

"Yess! Yesss!"

He slapped his hand across her pussy, and she screamed in startled pain.

"I told you to say master, you little fuck machine!"

"M-M-Master!" Nicky cried.

His hand stroked her pussy and she felt her hips grinding instinctively.

"Do you want to come, slave girl?"

"Yesss!" she whimpered. "Yes, master! Please, master!"

"Say it."

"Please can I come, master!? Please! Please make me come, master!"

"How? Do you want me to masturbate you, slut girl? Do you want me to masturbate you? Is that it?!"

"Yess!" she cried. "Yes, master! Please master!"

"Say it!"

"P...P...Please m...masturbate me!" she gasped.

The very words almost shocked her silent.

"Say it again! Louder!" His hand slapped against her pussy and a wave of dazed pain roared over her.

"Please masturbate me, master!" she cried in a choked voice.

His fingers thrust into her deeply and she cried out in pleasure. They pounded into her pussy tube with a wet, slurping sound as she jerked and thrashed and wriggled atop his lap. He let go of her hair and his hand clamped down against her breast as his fingers thrust deep into her again and again.

She came, her insides exploding. Her head whipped up and down and her entire body heaved and thrashed. Convulsions wracked her from head to toe and her mind spun and twisted, then was flung apart as the massive waves of orgasmic ecstasy washed over her.

And in the midst of it he let go of her breast and his left hand began slapping down against her jigging, shaking buttocks even as his fingers rammed up her sex pipe with brutal force and power.

The sharp, spiky pains seemed to add to the pleasure, throwing it higher and higher until she screamed from the intensity of it, her mind caught in a whirlwind of boiling sexual madness.

She passed out, or at least, blanked out, from the power of it all. It didn't last long, and she groaned dazedly as he rolled her over and lifted her torso up, holding her in his arms as her head lolled against his shoulder.

"A hot little piece of cunt meat," he growled softly, licking at the side of her throat.

He reached into this drink and pulled out an ice cube, then rubbed it over her face. She shook her head and moaned at the cold. He slid the cube all over her face, leaving moist trail behind, then slid it down her throat and under her left breast.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It's cold!"

"And you're so hot," he grinned, stroking the cube back and forth against the underside of her breast.

He slid it up over her breast and rubbed it against her nipple, and she squirmed and whined in discomfort. He laughed, and small cold drops of water trickled down the front of her breast and onto her belly as her flesh melted the cube.

He slid the cube against her other breast, then along her ribs. By now she was squirming and gasping energetically. He slid the cube in between her thighs and popped it into her pussy opening.

"Ohh! Doonn't!" she gasped, squirming and trying to pull out of his lap.

He shoved his fingers in, jamming the cube in deeper and deeper, then laughed and pushed her off his lap and onto the floor.

He turned her around and pulled her face in against his groin, pulling down on her head to mash her face against his crotch. He undid his pants and pulled them down, then gripped his limp cock and rubbed the head against her face.

It started to grow, and he pushed it into her mouth.

Three

Nicky was still squirming in discomfort, wriggling her bottom because of the ice cube freezing her pussy. She folded her lips around his prong, though, and began to suck on it almost instinctively.

"That's it, little slave. Suck your master's cock," he said. "Then maybe when it's grown big and fat he'll ram it into your belly."

She licked at the underside of the head as his cock began to swell inside her mouth. She slid her pretty lips down its length, then back up again, even as she felt cool water trickling out from between her pussy lips.

He ran his fingers through her hair, combing through it on both sides of her head, then mashing it up together above her. He pulled all her hair together at the center of her head and pulled on it, using it to force her lips lower on his prick.

Nicky groaned and slurped on his cock, bobbing her head up and down as it grew to its full size and girth, her mouth wide as she worked on the sensitive glans.

She pulled her lips off and pushed her face in against his groin, sucking one of his balls into her mouth, then massaged it with her tongue and cheeks. She let it pop free, then sucked the other one into her mouth and worked it over.

She licked her way up his cock, but then he stopped her, pulling back on her hair and grasping his cock in his hand. He rubbed the spit-wet cockhead all over her face, then thrust it into her mouth again. She sucked as he began to fuck into her.

He held her hair in one hand, while reaching down and kneading and squeezing her breasts with the other, all the while he kept a running commentary, talking quietly, almost hypnotically.

"That's it, slave girl...suck that cock, slave... Suck your masters cock, slut. Little fuck toy...hot assed slut queen... Take that cock, baby. Swallow that meat. Suck it. Suck it, little whore. This is what you were made for. This is what you were built for...hot assed little slave slut...Sexy little fuck toy...little sex machine..."

Nicky slurped on his cock, excited despite her weariness. She felt so cheap, and yet, so incredibly sexy as she sucked him. His words struck her like blows, yet somehow they were blows that sent goose bumps running over her body.

She pulled at the ropes again, moaning around his cock as he squeezed her breast hard.

Then he pulled her head up and back.

"Turn around, slave-slut," he ordered.

Panting for breath, she turned her back to him, then bent forward. He pushed and she fell with a grunt onto her shoulders. He slid to his knees on the floor behind her, his hand slapping her bottom and making her yelp.

"You forgot to say yes master," he said.

"Yes, master," she gulped.

His hands stroked and caressed her buttocks, then her pussy.

"Nice meat," he said.

He drove his cock slowly down her pussy hole, and she groaned in pleasure as it filled her to the brim.

"Kinda cold in here," he said, running his hands over her body.

He pulled out and walked over to a dresser, then scooped up a jar of something and came back. The bound teenager didn't move.

He knelt behind her and thrust his cock into her belly, then ground his hips against her buttocks. Nicky sighed happily, loving the full sensation. She felt his hands sliding over her bottom, then felt a finger prodding at her rectum.

That disturbed her a little, but also excited her because it was kinky. His finger felt slippery, and she wondered if the jar had some kind of oil on it that he'd put on his finger.

He pushed it in to the knuckle and twisted it slowly around inside her. He bent his finger and pulled upwards, hooking it against her tailbone, pulling her bottom upwards each time he thrust his cock into her.

It was a slow, easy fuck, and he ran his other hand over her body as he fingered her rectum. He pulled his finger out, then pushed it, no, two against her anal opening, slowly pushing them into her.

It felt very strange to Nicky to have someone sticking their fingers in her ass, but it was... nice, kind of. It was embarrassing too, but she hardly felt that she could be embarrassed in front of... master, now that he had fucked her and jerked her off and seen her come and everything.

"Do you know what a gorgeous ass you have, slave?"

"Yes, master," she gasped.

"Do you know what men think when they see your beautiful ass walking down the street?"

"No, master."

"They think, that ass is so round and tight that it just has to have a big fat cock rammed up it."

He pulled his fingers out of her anal opening, and pulled his prick out of her pussy hole. Then she felt his cockhead rubbing against her rectum. Her eyes widened as she put his words together and realized what he intended.

She caught her breath, trembling anxiously as his cockhead jabbed at her rectum, pushing slowly inward.

"Oohhh!" she groaned.

"Don't worry, slave slut. Any girl with an ass like yours can take any size cock up her bung hole."

He slapped her bottom and she yelped, and at the same time he thrust his cock inward, jamming several inches up her rear.

She gasped at the full sensation, at the strain in her rectum. He slapped her again, hard, and she cried out, her anal tunnel loosening again momentarily. His cock drove deeper before her sphincter clamped down on it.

"Hot assed bitch," he said, grabbing her hair and pulling it back.

He slapped her bottom again, and his cock thrust in hard.

She groaned, her insides aching from the penetration.

"What a beautiful ass, so round and white and tight."

He stroked his hands over her round buttocks, then moved them down along her soft back and under to cup her breasts. He slid them back up and slapped her bottom again as his cock lurched forward.

"Oohhh!"

"Get used to it, slave slut. Any bitch with an ass like yours is gonna get butt fucked a lot."

Her rectum slowly loosened around his tool and he slid even deeper. He loved the softness of her opening as it sucked and rubbed on his cock. He stroked her sides and ran his fingers through her hair again, pulling it one way, then the other.

Nicky gasped and blinked her eyes, amazed by how comfortable his big cock felt in her anus. He was grinding his pelvis against her buttocks slowly, twisting his prick around in her body to work it looser.

There was no pain. His cock felt oddly slippery in her gut. She just

felt...very full, comfortably stuffed. She wondered whether it would feel even more full if she had a cock in her pussy too, and the idea made her belly burn.

"Tell me what a slut you are," he said, yanking on her hair.

"Oww! I'm a slut," she gasped. "I'm a filthy fuck toy! I'm a slave slut! I was built for fucking!"

"You love cock meat, don't you, slave slut?"

"Yesss," she groaned.

He slapped her and she yelped in pain.

"Yes, master!" she gasped.

"You're learning, slave slut. That's a good thing. I'd hate to have to string you up by your wrists and use a whip on your back."

She knew he wasn't serious, but the image his words created made her incredibly hot. She imagined herself hanging naked by her wrists as he swung a whip at her back, and her sphincter squeezed down on his cock as it began to slowly pump inside her.

"You love a cock up the ass, don't you fuck-toy?"

"Yes, master," she gasped.

"Say it."

"I love a cock up my ass, master," she gulped, shuddering as the words left her mouth.

"You love getting fucked up the ass, don't you, slut," he grinned, slapping her bottom

"Yess, master. I love getting fucked up the ass." Nicky heard herself speak as if from a distance, and her voice seemed to echo inside her skull.

"Beg for it. Beg me to fuck you in the asshole, slut."

"Please fuck me in the asshole, master!" she moaned. "Please fuck me up the ass!"

"Sluttish fuck machine!"

He pulled his cockhead all the way back down her anus, then shoved it deep again. She groaned in pleasure and fullness. He pulled his cock all the way back down her rectal tube, then thrust it slowly back in.

Again she groaned, loving the long, deep penetration.

He fucked slowly for a minute, massaging the muscles of her anal tube, working them looser. Then he began to pick up the pace, his hands stroking, squeezing and kneading her buttocks as he pumped.

"Tell me, slave girl, how many cocks have you taken up the ass?"

"N...none, master," she gasped, her face rubbing against the rug as he fucked harder.

"None? Why you selfish little whore! You've been going around all these years with a beautiful ass like this and not letting any men stick their cocks into it?"

He slapped her bottom and she yelped in pain.

"That should be against the law. Hot, slut bitches like you should be butt fucked a dozen times a day, a hundred maybe."

He reached below his cock and rubbed her clit, and Nicky whined in heat and ground her hips back against him.

"How many cocks has this slutty cunt of yours swallowed, fuck machine?"

"None," she groaned.

"You're lying!" He slapped her bottom.

"Owww!"

"How many cocks you you taken into your hot, dirty twat?"

"None, master," she whimpered.

"You weren't a virgin! I didn't feel any cherry!"

"I...I broke my cherry, master," she gasped.

He fucked his cock into her rectum steadily, pausing every few strokes to grind his pelvis against her soft buttocks and twist his prick around in her belly.

"How, slave-slut?"

"I...with...with my fingers, master."

"What else, whore?"

"My...the handle of a hairbrush," she gulped. "And...a...a carrot...and a banana...Owww!"

"Stinking fuck-toy! You've been stuffing your snatch full of vegetables while men all around you have been walking around with hard cocks! You really need to be punished for that!"

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

"I suppose you were afraid of everyone finding out, huh? Finding out what a whore you are."

"Yes, master," she moaned.

"So all the poor guys in town have been dreaming about ramming their cocks up your sluttish little fuck hole, and you've been stuffing vegetables into it instead!"

He slapped her buttocks again.

"I'm sorry, master," she whined.

"There can't be more than a few hundred men in this town. By now you should have fucked most of them! If you were any kind of a slave-slut you would've fucked ALL of them by now!"

He slapped her buttocks again.

"I'm going to have to do something about this, slave girl. I'll invite some friends down, a dozen or so every week to cram their cocks up your ass and down your throat and up your pussy! You'll like that, won't you, fuck toy!"

"Yes, master," she gasped.

He was fucking harder now, his hips slapping against her upraised bottom as he pounded his cock down into her rectum. She grunted under the impact, her face and shoulders rubbing against the rug as he reamed out her buttery anus.

He reached under and rubbed her clitty, and fire ripped up her spine. She gasped and panted and moaned as she tried to hump back against his driving prick. Her buttocks ached, for he'd already fucked her hard enough to bruise her cheeks, then spanked her, but she didn't care. She loved the hard rodding she was getting.

She groaned in delight, her body getting hotter and hotter with sexual fire as his big tool reamed her out with brutal pistoning motions.

He squeezed her pussy and she gurgled in pleasure. Then he rubbed her clitty and she felt a hot, flaring lust that set her insides to twisting and boiling.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she gasped.

His hips bounced off her buttocks as his cock ripped in and out of her sucking hot anal tunnel. Her body shook and quivered under the blows, her insides glowing like a fireball.

She came, her mouth opening so wide her jaw hurt as she gurgled in wondrous pleasure. She couldn't make a sound except a long, gurgling cry of raw, animalistic ecstasy.

Her anus sucked and squeezed and clamped down on his pounding fuck pole as wave after wave of orgasmic pleasure blasted through her. In the midst of what felt like an endless series of howling orgasms she felt his juices spitting out, flooding her anus with silvery white semen.

Nicky was confused about what to think and how to act when she left Master's house. She felt different somehow. It wasn't just that she'd finally been fucked... Oh how she'd been fucked! Nor even that she'd been fucked in the ass.

Somehow she felt... looser, freer, less bothered about things. Like she didn't have to worry about anything any more.

Of course she also felt hot, incredibly hot and sexy. Why, if the

other girls knew even the smallest bit about what she'd done they'd be shocked. Her parents would be even more shocked, even if her drunken shithead father was always calling her a slut.

If he knew what she'd done with... what the fuck was his name anyway, with Master, he'd probably beat the shit out of her.

Well, fuck him. He wasn't so perfect. She caught the way he looked at her sometimes, and she knew damned well that he was thinking things about her that weren't very fatherly.

She thought about what Master had said, how she was a natural born slut, how she should have been fucking every man in town, how they all wanted to stuff their cocks into her holes. It made her pussy tingle.

She wondered if he were right, that she was a natural born fuck machine. She never had been much good at most of the stuff she'd learned in school, and sure couldn't cook or do chores. Well, she could but she hated it. Maybe fucking was what she was best at.

It sure was more fun than anything else she'd ever done.

She walked back to her place, sweating like crazy in the afternoon heat. The house was hot and so stuffy she could hardly breath. She looked at it unhappily, comparing it to Master's perfectly clean, cool, beautiful place.

She'd sure rather be staying with Master... until she got his name she couldn't think of him as anything else... at his place than here.

"Where the fuck have you been?" her father demanded.

He was wearing dirty white shorts and a T-shirt which failed to cover his fat, hairy belly. He hadn't shaved yet, and his balding head glistened with sweat.

"Fuck off," she sulked.

He swung his hand faster than she would have thought and it cracked across her face, spinning her around and sending her stumbling against the wall.

"You watch your fucking mouth, slut!"

"You bastard!" she screamed.

"I'll give you more than that if you don't show some respect, bitch!"

"For you? That'll be the day! You drunken old fat-assed bastard!"

He swung at her again and she dodged, the blow catching her on the side of the head. She ran into her room and slammed the door shut, locking it. He pounded on the door angrily.

"You fucking little bitch! Open the God damned door!"

"Fuck you!" she screamed.

"I'll take my belt to your back!"

She stood against the door as he pounded on it, waiting until he walked away before moving forward into her room.

He'd been unemployed practically forever. Whenever his unemployment checks ran out he took some odd job for a couple of months, until he qualified again, then he always got himself fired and loafed around the house all day. At nights he played poker or pool with his friends.

Her mother, meanwhile, worked as a waitress at a coffee shop, and when she got home, which was usually late, all she did was scream and yell at him, and, if she was feeling particularly attentive or motherly, at Nicky too.

She reached down and undid her top, untying the halves and shrugging it down and off. She slid her fingers through her tangled hair as she moved before the mirror on her dresser, slowly grinding her hips as she put on a sexy look.

She ran her tongue along her lower lip as she turned on the radio and began to slowly undulate in time to the music. She thought about all the things she'd done today, about the things Master had said, and felt incredibly sexy and hot.

She was a hot-assed bitch, she thought to herself, a hot, sexy slut machine that all men lusted after.

She wondered what it would be like to live with Master. Would he keep her tied up, make her do his bidding? Would he spank her when she was bad?

He hadn't talked a lot, except to call her names, but that was just part of his act, she knew. It had been really exciting, to be called things like that. She wasn't sure why exactly, but it was.

She undid her pants and slowly pushed them down, letting them slip down around her ankles. She stepped out of them and kicked them off, then danced naked for herself. She thought of him watching, of lots of men watching, like he said.

She thought of crowds of them watching her as she danced naked, all of them with big erections in their pants at the sight of her beautiful body. She stuck her tongue out at her image, then smiled wickedly.

"Yeah," she whispered. "You want me. Don't you. You all want me. I'm a hot-assed fuck machine. You just wish you could get your hands on me. I could fuck you, all right. I could fuck the whole fucking town!"

"Even you," she whispered with a snarl, turning her head towards the door. "You'd just love to get your fat, greasy hands on this, wouldn't you."

She thought of her father busting in then and seeing her like this, thought of his eyes getting big and round and his cock getting all hard. He wouldn't want to take his belt to her then, would he. He'd get all nice and smirking, like all the men who wanted her, and come drooling around trying to tell her how pretty she was.

Of course, Master hadn't come smirking around her. He'd just taken what he wanted. He'd just grabbed her and... and done it... fucked her good and hard and long.

She stopped with a sigh and let her hands down, then lifted her nightshirt off the end of her bedpost and slipped it over her head. It was a couple of years old, and was too short, too tight, and a little threadbare now, but she didn't have anything else.

Besides...in a perverse way, she liked wearing it. She knew how it affected him, and liked to taunt the bastard with what he couldn't have. It wasn't like he or her mother could accuse her of anything either. If they didn't like her wearing it they could friggen well buy her a new nightshirt.

She listened at the door, then opened it and looked out into the hall. There was no sign of him. She padded out into the hall and picked a towel out of the linen closet, then went into the bathroom and closed the door.

She peeled her nightshirt up and off and turned on the shower, then stepped into it and let the hot water pour down over her face and body.

She wished she could tell someone about her incredible experience. She knew that anyone she told would gossip, though. It was such an incredibly hot, dirty story, after all. Maybe when she was old and she was sitting around with her friends she could tell them about this day.

She stepped back from the water and grabbed the soap, then began to soap up her body. Her breasts were a little sore. Master had really squeezed them hard, and she wondered if she would have bruises on them tomorrow.

It was a good thing, she thought, that she was done with school. If she had to shower after gym with the other girls it would be hard to explain having bruises all over her boobs, or her buns.

She ran her soapy hand over her wet buttocks, feeling sore there too. His hips had really pounded into her when he was fucking her ass.

She slid her fingers down along her pussy slit, feeling both a dull, raw aching, and a hot little bolt of excitement. She had jerked off a lot, but she'd never had comes like she had with Master.

It was amazing, really. So many guys had drooled all over her, being so pathetic and eager to please in their efforts to get into her pants. Now along comes a guy who treats her like a whore, cursing her and

pulling her hair and slapping her ass, and she lets him do whatever he wants. She'd even let him fuck her in the ass!

She shook her head wonderingly, then stepped back into the water and let it rinse away the soap. She shampooed her hair and rinsed that off too, then turned off the water and pulled back the curtain. She hummed to herself as she towelled herself dry, then dried her hair and pulled on her nightshirt again.

She went back to her room, then, feeling an uncontrollable urge to flaunt herself in front of the stupid, fat old man, wandered down the hall and through the living room to the kitchen.

Her father glowered at her as she passed, and she pretended to ignore him. She walked with her head back and her chest out, damp breasts pushing firmly against the threadbare fabric of her nightshirt.

She opened the fridge and cursed softly. There wasn't any soft drinks left. Lots of beer, of course, but she hated the taste of beer. The stupid old man was supposed to go and buy some groceries the other day but there'd been a ball game on TV. No doubt he'd found something else to do today as well.

She started towards the living room, then stopped. Feeling daring and slutty and mischievous, she opened the freezer and took out an ice cube. She flashed back in her mind to Master sliding an ice cube over her nipples today, then lifted her nightshirt up to her belly and pushed her hand up under it.

She felt really daring, because if her old man walked in on her right then he'd see her naked ass. She pressed the ice cube against her right nipple, sliding it back and forth over the hot little nubbin. She gasped softly as her nipple froze, and shifted the ice cube to her other nipple.

Then she tossed the cube into the sink and pulled down her nightshirt as she went back to the living room. She wandered over beside his chair and stood there, glaring down at him. He looked back with the same expression, but his eyes flicked down to her chest, where her nipples, now as fat and thick as raspberries, were pushing out very very obviously against her nightshirt.

"How come you didn't go and get any groceries?" she demanded.

"I was busy."

"Doing what?"

"None of your business," he snapped.

"Busy drinking beer," she sneered.

"Fuck off, you little whore. Go get your own damned groceries."

"Gimmie the money."

"I ain't giving you a cent. Earn it like everyone else!"

"Oh, what a laugh! Like you earn any!"

"Don't get on my nerves, you little bitch. I'll take my belt to your ass!"

"You try," she snapped, turning and stomping off to her room.

She hoped the old fat ass had gotten a good long look at her nips. She felt smug at knowing he'd be all hot for her and couldn't touch her.

Four

The evening wasn't cooler than the morning. In fact, it got even hotter and muggier. Nicky stripped naked and lay on her bed reading a romance novel while she listened to the radio.

She hadn't trusted herself to go out. She was afraid she'd say something, give too many hints. She just felt so full of the incredible story of what had happened today that she wanted to be by herself to bask in the joy of it.

Even naked, and even with the window wide open she was sweating. She thought about how cool it was in master's house. He'd had a big-screen TV too. She could be watching that. Her father watched sports all day and night on their little twenty incher, so there wasn't even any point in her trying to go out there.

"This heat is killing me," she moaned, pushing her hair back away from her face.

There was a pounding on her door then, and the handle jiggled.

"Nicole!" her mother's voice called angrily. "Open this door!"

"Shit," she sighed.

"Open this door right now!"

"Just a second," she snapped.

She sat up and grabbed her nightshirt, pulling it down over her head as she got out of the bed. She unlocked the door and opened it and her mother stormed through, pushing her back and slamming the door behind her.

"What?" Nicky demanded.

"What were you doing with that writer today?"

"What?"

"Mrs. Anderson said you got into his car and drove out of town with him!"

"Uh, he just...drove me to the river."

Her mother glared at her. She was Nicky's height, but weighted seventy pounds more. Her face was fat and had two chins.

"You lying little slut!"

"What!?"

"I said that too, and Mrs. Anderson said Jimmy was at the river all morning and you never showed up!"

"He's lying!"

Her mother slapped her face hard, knocking her backwards.

"You're the one that's lying! What did you do with him! Where did you go!?"

"Nowhere! And it's none of your fuckin' business anyway!"

"It's my business if you come home with a brat in your belly!"

"Well at least people would notice if I got pregnant. That's more than you can say!"

"Did you do something with him!? Did you spread your legs for him, you slut!?"

"What if I did!?" Nicole cried. "At least he's not an ignorant fat assed drunken hick like the guy you married!"

"If I find out you done anything with him I'll have your father rip the skin off your ass."

"Yeah, like he wouldn't love to get his hands on my ass," Nicky sneered.

"Don't be such a little slut!"

"I seen the way he looks at me!"

"Well when you walk around the house dressed like that and wavin' your tits at him I ain't surprised!"

"Then buy me a new nightshirt!"

"You think I'm made o' money!? You just put on your robe before parading around in front of him!"

"It's too fucking hot!"

"Then don't you go whining to me if he's looking at those tits of yours! Hell, you wave em' around at every man in town!"

"And they love looking at them," Nicky taunted her.

"And I bet that's not all they do!"

"That's right, momma! I let anyone who wants to get a good feel. Maybe I'll let daddy do it next!"

Her mother grabbed at her and Nicole shoved back. They struggled together, her mother grabbing at her hair and yanking it. Nicole screamed, and yanked her mother's hair. Her mother cursed furiously, and they knocked against the dresser, knocking over an empty glass, which crashed to the floor.

"What the fuck is goin' on in here!?"
Her father stormed over to them and jerked them both aside by the scruff of the neck, flinging Nicky back against her bed.
"Fucking bitch!" Nicole screamed.
"You little whore! I ought to kick you out of here!"
"I'm not a whore! You're just jealous because you ain't getting any!" Her mother's face turned dark red, and so did her father's.
"You shut yer' mouth!" he snarled.
"Oh, come on. Think I can't hear you two! You ain't touched her in a year! Not that I blame you since she's so fat and ugly!"
"I told you to shut up!"
"Shut your filthy mouth!"
"Know what I did today? Wanna know? I fucked him! He put me down on all fours and he fucked me so hard I came like crazy! And then I sucked his cock and he fucked me again! And I loved it! D'you hear me! I loved it!"
"You dirty whore!"
"You slut!"
"He ate my pussy too! He ate it so great I came and came and came!" Her mother rushed forward and grabbed the front of her nightshirt, jerking Nicky up out of the bed. The nightshirt ripped open as Nicky pulled back. Her father slapped her face, throwing her sideways, and Nicky lashed out with her fist as her mother came at her, hitting her on the side of the face.
Her father bellowed and grabbed her by the arm and hair, twisting her around and shoving her into the wall face first.
"Get her outa here! I don't want that little slut in my house!" her mother screeched.
"Fucking old hag!" Nicky cursed.
"Shut your filthy mouth," her father snarled, slapping the side of her head.
"Get her out! Out!"
"Oh calm down, for Christ's sake," he said.
"I want her out of here!"
"You can't just throw her out!"
"No, you wouldn't like that, would you," Nicky sneered. "Then you wouldn't be able to stare at my tits whenever I walk by!"
Her father slapped at her face angrily. "You wanna act like a whore? Fine then. Let's see how you take care of yourself then!"
He shoved her through the door, holding the struggling girl as he dragged her through the living room.
"Let me go, you filthy bastard!"
"I'll let you go, bitch! You're on your own now!"
He shoved her against the wall by the front door as her mother yanked the door open. She struggled against him, twisting around, and her got her in a headlock. Then he tore at her nightshirt, which was already ripped down the front, and it shredded, baring her to the waist.
He threw her towards the door, ripping the thin nightshirt the rest of the way off. She stumbled and fell naked beside the door and her mother grabbed her hair and yanked her up as she screamed in pain. Her father grabbed her and threw her out through the door.
"See if those fat tits of yours will keep you fed and clothed now, you little slut!" her father shouted, slamming the door.
"Fucking assholes!" Nicole screamed.
She looked around then, and scrambled to her feet. She jumped at the door but it was well and truly locked. She heard a car coming and rushed around the side of the house, hiding in some bushes as it passed. She went around to the back of the house but that was locked too.
"Fucking assholes," she snarled.
She kicked at the door, then turned away, arms folded over her breasts. She glared around her, wondering what the hell she was supposed to do now. She was sure they would calm down before too long, and would let her back in then, but she didn't intend to sit around naked for an hour or two waiting for it.
She walked cautiously back out front and looked down the dark street. Sanford didn't have many street lights, except a few on the main street. They were too expensive. She wondered where she could go naked without humiliating herself.
Then she thought of master. That would just serve those two bastards right if she went back to master's and he fucked her some more. It wasn't even all that far, just a half hour walk or so.
Naked.
Well, if someone saw her that'd just serve them right too. Everyone would know how they tossed their own daughter out the door naked.
She headed down the street, moving quickly, her head moving from side to side as she watched for any sign of people. Several times she had to back up and go down another way because there were people out on their porches, but she finally reached the edge of town and walked down the road.
She walked in the middle of the road because there were so many stones along the edge and she had no shoes. Every time she heard a car or saw headlights she rushed over to the bushes and tall grass alongside the road and hid until it passed.
Because of that it took her a lot longer than she had thought it would to reach the dirt road leading off to Master's house. By the time she did get there she was exhausted, and dripping with sweat. Her feet were aching too, from all the sticks and stones she'd stepped on.
By then she'd lost her mad, and had begun to realize how stupid she'd been. Even Master was probably going to be pissed at her for telling them he'd fucked her. Hell, he could get in a lot of trouble if they called the sheriff. Technically, the age of consent was twenty-one, even if nobody paid much attention to it any more.
Of course, she could just deny it all.
She made her way up to his house and knocked on the door. There was no answer. She walked around to the other side, where the glass doors were and saw him out on the dock, fooling around on a boat. She covered her crotch with one hand and her breasts with the other, then, thinking how stupid that was, and wanting to put on a brave front, she moved them away and walked boldly forward.
He was only wearing cutoffs as he bent over a box of some kind. She walked along the dock to the end.
"Uhm..."
He turned and frowned in surprise.
"Hi," she said.
"What are you doing here?"
"...my parents kicked me out."
"So?"
"Well...I uh...I was wondering if I could stay here."
"No."
She flushed in embarrassment.
"Why not?"
"Because I don't want the cops down on my head."
"Well...they won't know I'm here."
"I said no. Now get lost."
"...where?"
"Not my problem, slut."
"I don't have any clothes!"
"Why not?"
"Because my father tore my nightie off when he kicked me out!"
"Why?"

"Because of you," she flared.
"What?"
"I told them. Okay! I told them how you fucked me!"
He moved over to her and glared down angrily.
"Why?" he snapped.
"Well...because I did, okay!"
"That was pretty fucking stupid. I knew you were an idiot. I didn't know just how brainless, though!"
"Yeah? Well I'm smart enough to know that if they call the Sheriff your ass is gonna land in jail unless I say I was lying!" she flared.
"So you just better stop acting so snotty and be a little more polite!"
"Or?" he growled dangerously.
"Or, maybe I'll tell the Sheriff how the mean old man seduced poor little virgin me and made me do all kinds of nasty stuff," she said smugly.
"I don't take kindly to threats," he said softly. "especially from little fuck machines who should be on their knees in front of me."
"Well too bad," she sniffed. "I can do...oww! Hey! Don't!"
He had grabbed her by the hair and jerked her sideways, shoving her up against the flagpole which stood at the corner of the dock. He grabbed her wrists and pulled them together above her head, then pinned them together with one hand as he loosened the flagpole rope and then wrapped it quickly around them.
"Let me go! Stop it!"
"I'll show you the proper respect a little fuck machine should have for a man," he growled.
He stepped back, then undid his belt and pulled it free of the loops. He doubled it up and then swung it at her as she pulled desperately at the rope. It lashed across her shoulders and she screamed, her body hurled forward hard against the pole.
The belt whipped across her lower back, then her shoulders again. She screamed in pain, pulling at the rope holding her in place, but it wouldn't release her. She screamed again as the rope bit into her back, and danced around, hoping to deny him the target.
He swung the belt anyway, and it whipped down across her soft breasts. She shrieked in agony, her head flung back against the steel pole. Again the belt slashed across her breasts and she flew back and sideways, screaming, twisting around to hide her breasts from him.
The belt slashed across her back then, again and again and again as her screams turned to gut wrenching sobs and desperate cries of pain. The belt lashed her back from her shoulders to the top of her buttocks, and she sagged against the rope, sobbing and whimpering and moaning.
He stopped at last, and she cried out anew, face covered in tears as he yanked her head back.
"Don't you ever try to threaten me, fuck-pad! Do you understand?" he hissed.
"Ye...y.y.y.eeesssss," she sobbed.
He pulled back even harder and she cried out in pain again.
"You forgot to say master," he snapped.
"M...m.m.maasteerrr," she sobbed. "I'm so...sorry...ma..m.maasteerrr."
He unwrapped the rope from her wrists and she fell to her knees, still sobbing piteously. He put his foot between her shoulder blades and shoved her so she fell forward onto her belly. Then he squatted at her feet and pulled her feet together. He carefully wrapped the stiff leather belt around her ankles, laying each loop alongside the last. He took the loose rope, then, and wrapped it again and again around her ankles over the belt.
He stood up and reached up where the rope ran along the rope, then heaved. Nicky whimpered in confusion as she was dragged backwards. Then her feet were lifted off the dock, followed by her legs. She cried out in pain as her bare breasts were scraped across the rough wood, and covered them with her arms as her legs were hoisted upwards.
Her torso followed until her head was lifted off the dock. Still she rose, higher and higher, until her head was at the same level as his, then higher still.
"Please," she whimpered.
She rose up higher, her ankles pulled to the top of the twenty foot flagpole. He tied the rope in place, then stepped back a few feet.
"There you are, slut. You've got a place to spend the night."
Then he turned and walked back up to the house.
"Please," she whimpered. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it!"
He didn't look back, continuing up to the house and going inside, then closing the door and shutting the curtains. Nicky whimpered dazedly, her back still aching fiercely and the blood rushing to her head. She looked down at the dock which seemed so far below her, then grunted in effort as she turned her head upwards.
Her ankles seemed well and truly caught in the rope. Yet her hands were free. Surely she could somehow...free herself.
She tried to reach them, grunting and gasping in effort. She had to grab her legs and pull her upper body up. It was an enormous effort to her, who had never done any exercise.
She grabbed at the rope, trying to figure out how she could undo or untie it. It was wrapped so many times around her ankles that she could hardly see where to start.
Then she suddenly realized that if the rope came free she would go plummeting down head first into the dock. She swallowed fearfully and gripped the pole. She would have to untie it, and at the same time hold onto the pole, yet the pole was too wide.
She was rapidly getting exhausted from the effort of holding herself up, and was still coated with sweat, as she had been since not long after leaving her house. Her sweaty hand slipped off the pole and with a moan she fell backwards. This set her to swinging, and she cried out in fear as the rope she was on swung her out over the river, then back, then out again.
The river seemed very dark, and she didn't know what was under the water, and she couldn't swim very well anyway.
Her swinging slowed, and she groaned weakly. Even raising her head was exhausting. Even raising her arms was hard. She let them fall below her, feeling miserable. She had been so stupid to act that way around Master. She had forgotten how different he was from others. She should have known her threats wouldn't scare him.
How long would he let her hang like this? Surely he wouldn't really leave her out here all night?
She felt very sorry for herself. What had she done, after all, but fuck a guy and have fun? It wasn't fair that she was beaten and thrown out and now had to hang from her legs like a dead animal or something.
It was all so unfair. Why was everybody being mean to her? She was not used to this. She was used to having everyone be nice to her.
She wriggled her toes loosely. They didn't feel too badly. The belt he had put around her ankles kept the rope from digging into her flesh and cutting off her circulation. That must have been why he did it, she thought. She felt a little better about that, because she guessed that meant he didn't want to really harm her.
On the other hand, it might also mean that he felt he could leave her out here all night without her coming to any harm.
She felt so strange like this. The world was almost pitch black, for there was no moon, and what little she could see, shapes and shadows, were upside down. Her head throbbed and ached from being upside down so much, and her back still burned painfully.
Time passed, but the teenager had no way of accounting for it. Her

mind was in a daze, and she hung limp for some time, sweating in the hot night.

The darkness began to fade slowly, and birds chirped around her. She paid none of it any heed. It wasn't until she started moving, her body jerking roughly, that she started to flutter her eyes, and her mind awakened a little.

She saw a face before hers, but her eyes were a little crossed, her vision foggy. She blinked them and tried to raise her hand to wipe them, but it was so hard...

"Well, slave-slut. Did you have a good night?"

She recognized the voice, but couldn't understand the question. Then she felt a slap across her breast and cried out in startled pain.

"Master," she whimpered.

"I asked a question, fuck toy."

"I'm sorry, master," she whimpered, her voice hoarse, throat dry.

"Are you going to be an obedient little slave?"

"Yes, master," she whispered.

"What are you?"

"I...I..."

He slapped her breast and she sobbed in pain.

"You're a slave!"

"I'm sorry, master," she mewled.

"You certainly are a sorry little whore. You smell too."

He lowered her further, until her arms folded against the dock, her head touched it, and then her shoulders and back, and finally her buttocks. He pulled the rope down from the pole, then lifted her and heaved her off the end of the dock.

She knew a momentary dizziness then dropped into the cold, still dark water. Only instinct kept her from breathing as she slowly sank below the water. After a few seconds her hands started paddling weakly but then the rope pulled her ankles backwards and she slid through the water to the end of the dock, then felt her legs pulled straight up.

They slid upwards out of the water slowly, followed by her dripping torso, and finally her head. She choked and gasped and coughed violently as he lifted her up onto the dock.

"You still smell," he said.

"Master," she coughed. "Please, master! Pleas..."

He shoved her and she tumbled off the dock and into the water again with a splash. He pulled on the rope, lifting her upwards, pulling first her feet, then her legs and torso, and finally her head.

Again she coughed violently, gasping and choking and spitting out water as he dropped her roughly onto the deck.

He rolled the naked, dripping wet girl onto her belly, then roughly gripped her thighs and pulled them apart. He knelt between them and pressed his erection against anus.

Nicky hardly noticed. She clutched her chest, coughing and gasping for breath, eyes blinking as water dripped off her hair and face.

His cock slowly burrowed into her tight rear hole, forcing the soft flesh aside. She groaned a little, head still reeling from the suddenness of the blood rushing away and then being almost drowned.

"Ugh!" she grunted weakly, as his cock thrust deep into her belly.

He gripped her wet buttocks, prying them wide as he jammed his meat up her backside. He pulled back a little, then slammed forward. Her muscles were weak, and easily forced, and he soon had his entire log buried to the balls in her hot young anus.

He gripped her dripping hair and jerked her head back. She cried out in pain.

"You better get it through your head, slut, that this is what you were made for!" he snarled. "You don't get to talk back or threaten people or do anything I don't want you to. You get to spread your legs and bend over and obey orders! Do you understand?"

"Yes, maasster," she whimpered. "I'm sorry, Master!"

He let go of her hair and ground his pelvis against her wet buttocks, then began to slide his meaty prick backwards. He soon worked himself up to a good, steady fucking motion, running his hard prick in and out of her buttery little anus.

She grunted weakly, her head and now her hands flat against the dock, legs spread as he sodomised her. All she cared about was that she was down, and that he wasn't beating her or anything. She groaned weakly, her mind still not working on many of its cylinders.

She felt his big cock moving steadily inside her lower belly, chuffing in and out of her. It didn't hurt, though. It felt a little strange, but it didn't hurt.

He picked up the pace, smacking his pelvis into her bottom with enough force to make her hips grind down onto the dock. That hurt, and she winced and whimpered until he finally slowed and stopped, his cock still buried in her gut.

"Maybe I can turn you into something useful," he muttered, his cock shrinking in her sucking anal opening. He pulled it slowly out, then moved to her head, took her wet hair, and wiped his cock with it. Then he dragged her to her feet, heaved her over one shoulder, and carried her back into the house.

Five

Nicky was more exhausted than she had ever been in her life, and hardly paid any attention to what was going on as she was pulled into the bathroom and set into a tub. She sat there, head lolling back over the edge as her hair was washed, then rinsed.

Rough hands soaped up her breasts and back and water poured over them. Then her legs were pulled upwards and washed, then dropped back into the water. Finally she was lifted up and her groin and bottom soaped up.

She clung weakly to him as his hand rubbed back and forth over her soapy pussy pad. His fingers slid between them and began to rub against her clitty, and she groaned in pleasure, still hardly conscious.

He sat her down on the edge of the tub, pulling her head back by the hair as he fingered her soapy clit. Her eyes were closed and she whined dazedly as the pleasure coursed through her aching body. Then suddenly, he stopped. She was disappointed, though didn't know why.

He let her lay back along the floor, her legs hanging over the edge of the sunken bathtub. He spread her thighs and used a razor on her dark pussy hair, working slowly, but methodically until she was shaved completely bare.

Then he rinsed off her pussy and gazed at her naked slit. He spread her pussy lips apart, and glanced up at her. She seemed asleep. He spread her and began to rub at her clitty, then bent forward and began licking and sucking.

She started moaning softly, grinding her hips and jerking her legs. He licked harder, his hands snaking up her still damp body to her breasts, which he kneaded and squeezed.

Her eyes opened and she moaned, spreading her legs apart as she opened herself to him. He licked for another few seconds, while she began to hump up at him with growing desperation. Then he stopped.

She groaned as he lifted onto a chair. Her head hung back limply and he brushed it and blow dried it. She was asleep before he finished, and he carried her into a bedroom and set her on a bed.

He pulled leather straps from all four corners of the bed and quickly positioned her in the spreadeagle position, strapping her ankles and

wrists loosely. He fit a leather collar around her throat, then went to the night table and pulled out a long, slim metal tube.

He returned to her and pressed a button on the end of the tube. It began buzzing softly. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran the tube slowly around her left nipple, then her right. They began to harden.

He moved the thing down between her legs and stroked it up and down along her bare little slit, then forced her lips aside and ground it against her clitty.

Nicky was naked, sauntering through town. All the men stared at her openly, licking their lips, almost drooling as their eyes ravished her lush young body. She passed Jimmy Cooper, and his hand moved down, squeezing her ass and sliding between her thighs. She smiled as she passed and his hand dropped away.

She moved into the coffee shop, and saw Marcie Brag, Lynda Hughes, and Susan Teller sitting in a corner, all wearing long, heavy dresses. They glowered at her jealously. She smiled and moved to the counter where the stools were.

Every eye watched her as she straddled a stool, legs wide as she leaned forward. The man handed her a banana, and she turned to the room, smiling. She drew her legs up and back, and slowly pushed the banana into her pussy, sliding it easily, pushing the last bit through with her fingertips.

She burped, and smiled as she turned and climbed off the stool, walking past them and out into the street.

She moaned and whined in her sleep, twitching, her arms and legs pulling at the straps binding them, her bottom shifting and grinding into the bed. He slid the tube down into her hole, which was moist and hot, and pumped it in and out several times, then pulled it free and turned it off.

He left her like that, but returned an hour or so later and used the tube on her again until she began to mumble and squirm, head slowly twisting from side to side.

She walked into her house, naked. Her mother glowered resentfully. Her father licked his lips, eyes wide and appreciative. She passed him where he sat at the table and he grabbed her, pulling her onto his lap.

"You're so beautiful," he growled, his hands stroking her body.

"I know," she sighed, smiling at her angry mother.

"Your mother is so ugly. Let me fuck you instead."

"Maybe some day."

She pulled away easily, and his hand slid from her groin.

She walked over in front of her mother, smiling at her, raising her arms and sliding her hands through her hair as she arched her back.

"Don't you wish you were as beautiful as me, fat pig?"

"Yes," her mother pouted.

She laughed and turned away, walking down the hall. Then she was at school, walking into a classroom filled with people she knew. They all watched her, the boys with lust, the girls with envy. She moved to her chair, and saw a mighty cock sticking up out of the center.

Every eye was on her as she straddled the chair and lowered herself. She felt the thick, burning hot cock against her sex, and groaned in pleasure as she forced her pussy down onto it. She could feel it pushing its way up into her body, feel herself spread and spread as it drove deeper.

Then she sat down fully, sighing in pleasure. She looked up to the front of the class and saw Mr. Smith standing with his cock out, jerking off excitedly. She smiled back at him and leaned forward, groaning in pleasure. She began to slide her pussy up and down on the thick cock.

All around her guys pulled their cocks out and began to jerk off, panting and gasping for breath as they stared at her with lust. The girls all took their clothes off and tried to get their attention, but they only had eyes for her. She ground herself against the chair and their cocks began to spew thick foamy white jism, shooting it across the room and against her body.

She laughed, opening her mouth and a long stream of jism flew from Mr. Smith's cock into it. She swallowed it gladly, finding herself dreadfully thirsty. She turned her face, swallowing more cum as it flew at her from all across the room.

She couldn't swallow it all, and come overflowed her mouth, dribbling down her chin and onto her chest. More come streams shot directly onto her tits and back and, against her face and thighs and crotch. She lay back, head across the back of the chair, rubbing her come stained breasts and grinding her pussy against the cock as more come showered her body.

He stopped and left for a while, wondering what her dreams were about. He returned every hour or so, using the vibrator, his fingers, and tongue and lips on the unconscious girl, arousing her body to hot, feverish pitch, but not letting her go over the edge.

She sat on the edge of the river, laying back on her elbows, feet flat on the shore, knees up and apart. She saw a thick snake sliding through the water, zig zagging towards her. It slithered out of the water, moving up the shore to where she sat.

She felt terrified, but couldn't bring herself to move or even scream. She was petrified, desperately trying to get her body to jump up and run away. But instead, her legs slowly shifted apart, wider and wider as the snake slithered closer. Vines came out of the ground and wound around her wrists and ankles, pinning them apart, and as much as she struggled she could not move.

The snake moved up towards her sex and its tongue hissed out. Then it pushed itself against her and she felt pain as it forced her open and slid into her. She looked back in terror and saw that the snake was still emerging from the water. There seemed no end to its length.

She felt it pushing up into her belly, and saw her flesh bulge out as it twisted and turned inside her. It pushed higher, and she felt her lungs tickle. She stared at her groin, watching inch after inch, foot after foot of slimy green snake disappearing into her body.

It was rasping over her clitty, though, a long, drawn out, endless rasping motion that was making her insides heave as much as the snake. She felt her body burning up with lust and humped up at the snake, gurgling and whining.

Then it slid out of her mouth, forcing her jaws apart, it turned in mid-air and hissed down at her, and she sucked and licked at it, moaning in pleasure as her body got ready to explode.

Several times he thought she was going to come, even though he had stopped before she had. She kept pulling at the straps holding her arms and legs, and he was sure that if she could have she would have grabbed her pussy and squeezed herself to an orgasm even while unconscious.

She woke suddenly, gasping. She was filled with confusion, wondering where she was. She tried to sit up but couldn't, nor could she move her wrists. She remembered then, and looked above her to see the straps wrapped around her wrists, then below her at her ankles.

She felt incredibly aroused, and tried to squeeze her thighs together, but couldn't. She laid her head back, groaning, for her entire body ached, every muscle, it seemed.

She ground her bottom against the soft sheets, but couldn't bring herself off, and the sexual heat slowly began to ease.

It wouldn't go away, though. As much as her body ached, and, as much as she felt her stomach throbbing hungrily, and as much as her mouth felt parched for liquid, still her pussy ached to be filled.

What was his name? She still didn't know.

"Master? Master?"

She moaned, pulling at the bonds again. She stared down at her crotch then, blinking her eyes in amazement, wondering if this too was a dream. She had no pussy hair. Her slit was lewdly visible, and felt dreadfully exposed and...and sensitive.

She gasped as he appeared beside her.

"Master," she gulped, not sure now what to say.

"Hello, slut. Had a nice sleep?"

"Yes, master," she gulped.

He sat on the edge of the bed and his hand slid over her belly and onto her breast. He squeezed it, and she felt a surge of heat, trembling slightly.

"Oohhh," she whined.

"Are you my slave slut?"

"Yes, master. I'm your slave, master," she panted.

His hand slid down between her legs and cupped her pubic mound, palming it loosely.

"Masster!" she groaned.

"Yes, slut girl? Would you like something?"

"Please," she moaned. "Please"

"Please what, slut girl?"

"Fuck me, master! Please fuck me, master!"

"A slave has to obey her master completely."

"I will! I will, master!"

"You were disobedient. I told you not to tell anyone and you did."

"I'm sorry, master," she moaned, humping up as he fingered her clit.

He pushed his finger into her and she clutched it desperately with her pussy, working her muscles against it as he pumped it in and out. He pulled it free and she whined in heat.

He pressed it against her mouth and slid it in. She sucked it, looking up at him imploringly as she licked and sucked his finger. He pumped it in her mouth and she sucked like it was a cock, moaning and making wet, slurping sounds.

He pulled it out and squeezed her breast hard.

"Please fuck me, master! Please fuck me! Please!"

"Don't you think you need to be punished?"

"Yes, master! I'm sorry, master! I won't do it again, Master! Please fuck me, master! Please!"

She ground her hips into the bed, panting and moaning, flushed with heat and sexual power.

She woke to find herself alone again, but her body felt hot and sweaty and deeply aroused. She felt full, and raised her weary head, blinking her eyes as she looked down at her crotch. She saw a narrow electrical cord running out of her pussy opening, and felt something hard inside her, something that buzzed and quivered and shook.

She squeezed her pussy muscles down around it repeatedly, gasping in pleasure. It was straining her pussy lips, and pressing directly against her clitty, making it quiver like a tuning fork. She didn't know what it was, but it was making her entire groin crackle with sexual electricity.

Her sex felt greasy and hot as she clamped it down around the thing. It was a tube of some sort, circular, and long, pressing way up inside her, with the base just barely sticking out between her lips. She couldn't see it because she couldn't raise her head enough, and her neck was too tired to keep trying.

She laid back gasping and moaning, pulling at the straps holding her arms and legs. She ground her ass down, shifting her weight from side to side as she felt her insides burning up.

Blood roared in her skull as her hips bucked upwards helplessly. Then she cried out in pleasure as the orgasm roared up and overtook her. She gurgled in ecstasy, her head thrashing wildly as she strained and pulled at the bonds holding her.

One by one they came for her; old men, young men, fat men, skinny men, white men, black men, all with lust and lewdness on their faces, all with their trousers bulging. They tore their pants down and dove atop her squirming body, their fingers clawing at her flesh as they rammed themselves into her pussy.

Ten, twenty, a hundred. She lost count as she remained chained spreadeagled to the bed, used over and over again. Bruises covered her body, semen was spattered across her face and hair and breasts and groin. They slapped and abused her, sneering at her and calling her names. They raped and sodomised her until she was numb.

And still more men arrived, an endless line of men who paraded into the room to rape her and abuse her, to plunge their cocks into her pussy or anus.

She arched her back, gasping and groaning and grunting as her bottom ground into the bed and her body was blasted by a protracted storm of burning sexual bliss.

Then she went limp, groaning, her sodden pussy still grasping and squeezing at the hard tube inside it.

She smiled softly through the mass of hair which lay over her face, then shook her head slowly, blowing at it to get it off her. She raised her head, then let it fall back, groaning as she lay there basking in the pleasure.

Her body was filled with a soft, languorous heat, and the buzzing tube inside her was building on that heat, raising it higher, making it sharper and more powerful. She could feel the pleasure building slowly as she clamped her pussy down on the thing again and again.

She pulled at the straps, for she found that she loved the feeling of bondage, that it made her feel erotic and helpless. Her pussy burned and sucked on the tube inside it, and buzzed and quivered in response to the thing's urges.

She felt another climax rise up then tumbled into it, grunting and groaning in bliss as it swamped her nervous system and poured ecstasy into her mind.

She pulled at the straps wildly, joyously, giving herself totally to the orgasmic blastwave of pleasure that was ripping through her. She cried out in pleasure, feeling a wondrous freedom to scream her pleasure to the world.

She groaned and went limp, eyes closed, mouth slack as she panted and gulped in air. Yet still her overheated body quivered, for the thing was still deep inside her and still buzzing and shaking with its own irresistible demands.

"Yesss," she sighed. "Ooohhhh."

Her head rolled slowly, and she groaned as she ground her hips and squeezed her pussy muscles down. She felt another orgasm rolling towards her, and in an instant she recalled all her masturbation sessions where she had to keep her pleasure silent, where she groaned into her pillow or into her arm.

The clamour rose and then flared into climax, and she gave herself to it, throwing back her head and screaming in pleasure and release, screaming because she could, because it made her feel good, because it

somehow made the orgasm even more powerful, mor prolonged.

Blinding heat ripped through her body as she thrashed and twisted and pulled against the straps. She bounced wildly on the bed, feeling like a total slut slave, like a total sexual animal.

"What a cheap little slut."

She opened her eyes into slits, and groaned as he sat on the edge of the bed and slid his hand over her breasts. He squeezed them and pinched her nipples, then slid his hand down between her legs and rubbed at her clit with his fingers.

"Well, slut-meat, enjoying yourself with the vibrator?"

She groaned weakly.

"Starting to realize where the fun in life is? Starting to understand what your body was designed for?"

He pulled the vibrator down her slit and out, and she groaned again, feeling suddenly vacant. His fingers stroked the insides of her opening, sliding around the hot, round wet hole.

"Are you my slave, slut?"

"Y...yess," she whispered.

He thrust two fingers up her snatch and pressed his thumb against her swollen clitty, then rolled it between them.

Nicky arched her back slowly and moaned.

"Do you love cock, bitch?"

"Yesss."

"Say it."

"I loooove cock," she groaned. "I...love...fucking. Oh! Yes! I love your... fingers. Uhhhhhhh! Yesss! Yesss! Oohhh! Squeeze it! Squeeze it! Uhhhh!"

"Tell me what a whore you are," he said, sliding his hand away and squeezing one of her breasts.

"I'm a whore. I'm a dirty filthy fuck toy. I...I'm a slut slave. I'm a...whore bitch in heat. Please. Squeeze it. Rub meeee."

"Tell me more."

"I...I'm a slave slut," she panted. "I'm...I'm a tramp. I love cocks! I love to suck cocks! Fuck me! Fuck me, Master! Please! Oohhhh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

He was rubbing her clitty with his fingers and she was grinding her hips up as she panted and moaned and whined in growing heat.

He stopped and she groaned as he gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back. He mashed his lips down against hers and stuffed his tongue into her mouth, his other hand stroking and squeezing her breasts as her tongue pushed feebly back.

"Do you want it, slut?"

"Yess!"

"Do you want it?"

"Yesss!"

"Do you want it!"

"Yess! Yesss! Please!"

He reached up to her wrist and unbuckled the strap, then reached across her and unbuckled the other one. Nicky groaned and bent her stiff arms as he sat up and undid the straps from her ankles. Her hands slid down her body and squeezed her pussy, and she groaned as she pulled her knees up and back.

"Ooohhhhhh!" she moaned.

"Off the bed, slut-dog."

He pulled her forward by the hair, twisting her onto her belly and sliding her head first over the edge of the bed and onto the floor. She groaned and whined as he forced her up onto all fours.

"Crawl, slut-meat! Crawl like a bitch in heat! Crawl on all fours, fuck-meat!"

She crawled forward, filled with heat and shimmering sexual desire.

"Keep that ass high! Keep those legs wide. That's it, whore! Tell me you want it!"

"Fuck me, master! Fuck me!" she gasped, arching her back and pushing her ass back.

"Reach back and peel your cunt lips open, fuck toy."

She shoved a hand back between her thighs and pushed two fingers into her crack, then dropped onto her shoulders and pushed her other hand back. She pushed two fingers from each hand into her drooling fuck hole and pulled it open, gasping and whining and moaning.

"Fuck me!" she sobbed. "Fuck me, master! Fuck my cunt! Fuck my slutty cunt!"

He laughed and went to the closet, then yanked the door open. He came out with a leash and a long springy switch. He snapped the leash onto the collar around the whimpering girl's throat, then yanked on it, forcing her forward.

She had to tear her fingers out of her pussy and push herself up onto all fours again.

He cracked the switch against her round bottom and she yelped in pain and excitement.

"Crawl, bitch dog," he growled. "Crawl like the bitch slut you are."

He led her by the leash and she crawled forward along the floor and out of the room. He snapped the switch across her bottom every few feet, laughing as she yelped and tried to squeeze her thighs together.

God! What am I doing, she thought for the briefest of instants. Then she gave herself fully to the lewd erotic role he had created for her.

Suddenly the excitement grew too powerful and she cried out as she came. She thrust her hand back between her legs and stroked her clitty desperately as he rained blows across her upturned buttocks with the switch.

She cried out in shocked delight, each new blow ripping pleasure through her body. She pushed her ass up higher, gasping and whining and panting feverishly as her body boiled with lust and maniacal sexual power.

Then she collapsed, her knees spread wide, her arms both underneath her as she cupped and fingered the burning furnace between her legs.

Six

He left her there for a few moments, then returned and knelt beside her. She groaned as he pulled her arms out from under her and buckled thick leather restraints to them. Each restraint had rings and a clip set into them, so he was able to easily pull them together and clip them there behind her back.

He dragged her up by the collar, forcing her to her feet. Her legs were rubbery and weak and she could hardly stay up, and wouldn't have if he didn't keep a strong grip on her collar.

"Well, slut, what do you think I should do with you now," he grinned.

"Water," she gulped.

"What?"

"Please," she panted. "Please can I...can I have...some...w..w..water."

"Why should I waste water on a dumb cunt like you?"

"I don't know," she groaned.

"You want water, slut?"

"Yesss."

"C'mere."

He dragged her into the kitchen and lowered her to her knees on the tiled floor, then filled a bowl full of water. He sat down and put two fingers into the bowl, then pressed them against her lips. She looked

at them and let her lips open, then sucked on them as he slid them in.

"That's it, fuck meat," he grinned.

He dipped his fingers into the water and let her suck on them again and again, sliding his fingers through her hair as she slurped and sucked and licked.

"Dirty little slut slave," he grinned. "You're a real natural, you are."

He set the bowl on the floor and dipped his toes into it, then pressed them up against her mouth. She hesitated only briefly, then groaned and slipped her lips around them, slurping and sucking as she raised her big brown eyes and gazed up at him.

She licked at his big toe as she bobbed her lips on it, sucking heavily. He pulled his toes away, dipped them in the water, then pushed them up against her mouth again. She sucked the liquid off thirstily and excitedly.

Not only was the water easing the dryness in her mouth and throat but she was finding this whole role of submissive slut slave incredibly arousing, somehow more natural and fulfilling than anything she had ever done in her life.

He laughed in delight, then picked up the bowl and put it on the table. She straightened up, watching as he undid his pants and pulled them off, then pulled the bowl down and dipped his cock in it.

She licked her lips in anticipation, and as he pulled the bowl away she bent forward and slipped her lips around his semi-hard prick meat. She slid her moist lips down its length, then back up again. He pushed her back and stood up, then opened a cupboard and brought out a can.

He shook it and sat down, then sprayed whipped cream over his cock and balls.

She bent forward again, slurping and sucking and swallowing the cream as she sucked his now rock hard boner and licked at his swollen balls.

"Ahhh," he sighed, stroking her head. "That's it, slut-meat. Lick me. Lick my balls. Hot assed little fuck toy."

He sprayed more cream on his cock and let her suck and lick that off too, then gripped her head in both hands, holding it tight as he began to fuck into her open mouth.

She gagged and gurgled wetly as he ran his cock in and out of her sucking lips. Several times the head almost slid into her throat.

Then he halted and stood up, pulling her up by the hair. He bent her over the table and she spread her legs. He palmed her pussy, squeezing it rhythmically as she ground her ass back in pleasure.

"Fuck me, master," she panted. "Please fuck me, master!"

He rubbed his wet cock over her slit, then thrust it into her hard. She let out a long, drawn-out groan of sheer delight as his cock filled her. He slapped her bottom, then began to fuck slowly but steadily.

"Ooonngghhhh! Ooohhhggghhhh!" she groaned, closing her eyes and wallowing in the sensuous pleasure rolling through her body.

He pulled out then and his hand cupped her pussy, then lifted her upwards onto the table. He twisted her around onto her back, then moved to the other side of the table and gripped her collar, dragging her towards it so her head and neck hung over the edge.

She looked up at his cock as it pressed against her lips, and automatically opened them. She tasted her own pussy juices on it as he bunched her hair up and pulled it back.

"It's time for you to learn how to deep throat, fuck-toy. Now swallow. Swallow, whore!"

He held her head back as he forced his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth. He felt the entrance to her throat against his cockhead, and she gurgled and choked in panic, her legs kicking, her body squirming on the table as he forced his cock through.

Her eyes bulged as she felt his cock in her throat. It pushed deeper and deeper, straining her throat tube as he held her head down tightly against the squirming and thrashing of her body.

Her bare feet slapped at the table, which shook and trembled. Her hips rolled from side to side as she pulled desperately at the leather restraints binding her wrists behind her.

But he held her easily, her head pushed back harshly to open a straight passage from her straining lips to her throat, and right down it.

Nicky couldn't make a sound, nor breath at all, for his cock filled her throat like a cork in a bottle. It pushed deeper and deeper, and she tried to cough as it rasped against her throat, but couldn't.

It filled her gullet, and her neck bulged outward as it slipped through it, and then right down into the top of her chest. Then his balls were pressed firmly against her eyes as he pushed the last inch of cock into her open mouth and ground himself against her face.

He groaned in pleasure, pulling up on her head now, mashing it into his crotch as he felt her soft lips against the base of his prick.

"There you go, slut meat," he sighed. "You'll learn to love filling your throat with cock meat."

Her struggles had eased somewhat, though her legs kept sliding and jerking on the table top. He slid his cock slowly back up her throat until the head came free and she coughed and choked, bouncing and thrashing again as he pulled his prick free.

"See, slut. You can swallow cock and still live. No reason to panic."

He was able to bunch her hair up behind her and hold it in his fist, freeing his other hand to grip his cock and rub the spit-wet meat all over her gasping, coughing face.

"Take a deep breath, slut-meat, and hold it."

"No!" she coughed.

"Yes. Now take a deep breath, then swallow some hot meat, baby."

He forced his cock back into her mouth and she sucked in air just before he thrust forward. His cock punched through into her mouth and slid down her throat, more quickly than before, though still not too fast.

She trembled and shook, but as she learned to cope with the sensations, and the nausea and discomfort eased, she found that it was not as horrible as she'd first thought. Now that she realized she wasn't going to choke or suffocate, all she had to do was keep from throwing up, and that seemed to be growing easier with each passing second.

His hand moved over her straining, upthrust breasts, stroking and caressing, then squeezing them as he began to slowly fuck his cock in her throat. His boner rasped uncomfortably across her tonsils, but she found that she could handle the ticklish sensation.

He began using longer strokes, and again she fought against nausea. It wasn't too bad on the way in, but each time it slid back up her throat she felt very strange.

He pulled his cock free and she gulped in air again as he rubbed the head over her face. She wondered what her friends would think if they could see her now, with

her hands tied behind her back, her head down and a big cock smearing all over her face.

Then it slid into her mouth and she took a deep breath which was cut off as his cock pushed into her throat. It slid all the way down with hardly much more than a ticklish sensation, and Nicky began to feel her loins stirring again, the heat there beginning to reignite.

The feel as his cock slid steadily up and down her throat tube was becoming more and more exciting as she began to get into the eroticism of her helpless bondage. Her back was arched roughly, and her head pounded from the blood as he held it upside down, but her thighs began to rub together as her pussy crackled with sexual electricity.

This was so slutty! This was as wanton and whorish as anything anyone had ever done in Sanford. Well, as far as she knew. She knew girls who fucked, and had heard stories about some who took cocks up the ass, and even heard the rare stories of light bondage and spanking...though nobody had ever been hung by the ankles from a flagpole.

But she'd never heard about anyone in Sanford who deep throated. Surely that made her even hotter and sexier than ever before!

Even the beatings could be seen as erotic, she realized, since she was naked, and since he fucked her afterwards. The spankings had been hot, after all, and as he fucked her throat, and as she became more and more aware and excited about her helpless bondage, images sped through her mind.

She saw herself as she must have looked yesterday, wrists shackled, well, bound above her as he whipped her back. She recalled the hot quivering lust as he'd flogged her belly and breasts and sex while she lay bound to the four corners of the bed.

Her mind spun and dipped and twisted and flew through the joyous sexual imagery of her own degradation and sexual torment. She was a sex slave, a gorgeous wanton prisoner kept helpless to satisfy his vile lusts!

He pulled his prick out and rubbed it against her face while she gulped in air. Then he pushed it back into her mouth and shoved it back down her throat. He didn't even have to hold her head any more, leaving gravity to keep it back as his hands groped her swollen breasts.

He fucked harder, using long, deep strokes, working his boner up and down the teenager's throat as she spread her legs wide on the table. He slid a hand down her belly and cupped her pussy, and she moaned in pleasure, or tried to, and clamped her thighs around his hand.

He rubbed her clit as he fucked her face, and her ass bounced and jerked and humped on the table, her legs opening and closing, flapping spastically as the heat flared higher and hotter and lashed her with sharp, fiery bursts of pleasure.

Her feet slapped at the table, then she raised her ass up and dropped it. She slapped her ass up and down on the table with growing speed and excitement as he picked up the pace of his throat fucking.

Suddenly he pulled his prick out of her mouth. He spun her around on the table, grabbing her legs and jerking them up and around him. Then he took his dripping cock and pressed it against her bare little pussy opening.

He let the head sink into her as she gasped and whimpered and begged for more, then he dropped his body atop hers, slamming his prick home in her belly as she screamed in pleasure and came.

He tore at her hair, gnawing at her exposed throat as he rodded his prick into her spasming, shaking, thrashing body. Her pussy squeezed and sucked on his plunging tool as fucked her with unrestrained lust and violence.

Her spasming sex pulled him into her orgasm, and he cursed and slammed his meat into her even harder, making the entire table shake and rattle as her cries of lust were joined by his groans of pleasure.

Then he halted, laying atop her, groaning in pleasure as his cock began to soften inside her teenage pussy. He slowly pushed himself erect, then slipped his meat out of her.

He gazed at the lewd sight of her, draped nakedly across the table, legs apart, hot, sweaty breasts sticking out looking so incredibly suckable.

And fuckable. He'd have to take care of that later.

This whore had excellent potential all right.

"I'm so hungry," she groaned suddenly.

"You just had some meat," he grinned.

She snorted weakly and tried to sit up, but was too weak, especially with her hands bound underneath her.

"So what should I do with you, fuck-toy, hmm?"

"I could stay here," she said, smiling dreamily. "I could cook and clean and...and fuck you whenever you wanted."

"And amuse my friends when I brought them over."

She looked up at him and licked her lips uncertainly. She couldn't tell if he was just talking or was really serious. Somehow, though, the idea of other men fucking her wasn't all that threatening, as long as he was around.

"If you are going to be a good slave you'll have to learn instant obedience," he said.

"I'll do whatever you want," she said.

"Will you? I wonder. Whores today get this stupid idea that they should have some pride. A slave slut has no pride except in how well she can excite and bring a man off. A slave slut does anything and everything her master tells her."

"I will."

He dragged her off the table and, after a moment of weakness, her legs managed to support her.

"So if I told you to go into town and make me a few hundred dollars, you'd obey me?"

"How could I do that?" she asked in confusion.

"By finding men willing to pay for this," he sneered, squeezing her pussy.

"You mean..."

"Yes. You fuck anyone I tell you to, as often as I tell you to. If I take you to the city and put you on a street corner, you'll fuck ten or fifteen guys a night, and give me all the money."

She looked down anxiously, the wheels turning rapidly in her mind.

"Or if I bring a dozen men home, you'll do a slow strip tease in front of them and then start sucking cocks. Can you do that?"

"I...I could..." she gulped.

"If I tell you to walk down the middle of the street naked you'll do that to. If I tell you to drink my piss you'll do it. If I tell you to do ANYTHING, you'll do it, and you'll do it without question."

"I...I don't know if I can," she gulped worriedly.

"Perhaps you have some pride then," he sniffed. "I can break that, whore. And I will."

He pulled back on her hair and cupped her breast.

"I'll make you into a total slave slut, a perfect fuck toy for my use. Get down on your belly on the floor."

She sank to her knees, looked up at him with a trembling lip, then with a grunt, tumbled on her side and rolled onto her belly. He pressed his foot to her face.

"Lick my foot whore. Suck the toes and lick it clean."

She had done this before, but then she had been so filled with sexual heat she hadn't cared what she was doing. Now she did. She obeyed him, though, wriggling a little to ease forward, then licking at his foot and toes.

He moved back and ordered her to crawl towards him. She wriggled awkwardly along the floor, gasping and panting as she ground her breasts against the floor.

He paused and looked down at the baseboard, where there was dirt along the crack.

"Look at that dirt," he said, shaking his head. "Clean it, slut slave."

She wriggled closer and saw the dirt, mostly dust and crumbs specks of things. She grunted as she raised her head to look at him.

"Use your tongue, slut slave."

She looked at the baseboard, then, knowing she had to obey, eased forward and began to lick at the baseboard, sliding her tongue along

the crack and licking up dirt. She didn't know what else to do, not with her hands still bound behind her. It was kind of disgusting, but at the same time it was a bit of a turn-on, doing disgusting things at his order.

She licked and licked, sliding her tongue up and down the crack as he walked away, then returned with the long switch he'd used earlier.

"All right, cunt meat. Enough. Crawl this way."

She crawled after him, out of the kitchen and onto the rug. The rug ground even more harshly against her breasts and they ached anew, still covered with fine red lines from the flogging he'd given them.

But she kept moving, puffing and panting, yelping in pain whenever he brought the switch down across her back or bottom, and licking at the floor or along the baseboard whenever he ordered.

He led her into the bathroom and she gasped as her breasts made contact with the cold tiles. They felt raw and aching as she rolled her weight from side to side and wriggled forward.

"Clean the bottom of the toilet, whore meat," he ordered.

She looked at it, grateful it wasn't like the toilet at her place, where the bottom was coated with slimy dirt and hairs. Whatever else Master was he seemed to be a reasonably clean man. Still, it felt gross to lick at the base of the enamel, to slide her tongue along the bolts and up along the sides.

He lifted the top and dragged her up by the hair until her head was over it, then pressed her face against the lid.

"Lick it, dog meat. Lick the toilet seat."

She lapped her tongue across the seat, slurping tiredly as her dry tongue rasped along the surface.

Then he lifted the lid.

"Lick the rim, then go down inside and lick the sides."

She drew back in repugnance, for that was surely going too far. Yet he had said she must be utterly obedient.

"I...do I have to?" she whined.

"Obey my orders, slut dog!"

He slashed the switch across her back and she cried out, but still held back. Again the switch lashed her back, and again, each time stinging fiercely.

"Stick your face down in there and lick it!"

"I...I can't," she whined.

"Then you need more training," he said sternly.

He pulled her up to her feet, holding her hair tightly and painfully, and marched her down the hall to a narrow set of stairs. He led her down the stairs and into a narrow corridor. There was a room to the left, which had a washer and dryer. They passed it and continued past two doors, then stopped before another door.

He opened it and led her inside. She quivered anxiously, wondering if he would beat her again with the flog or his belt. The room looked scary. It had a heavy wooden work table on one end, and a four wooden poles at the other, which ran from floor to ceiling.

He stopped by the table and ordered her to bend way over with just her head on the table. He picked up a leather strap of some sort, though it had what looked like a figure eight tied in it. He bent over her and pushed the loops up against her breasts, which were hanging down beneath her chest.

The loops were too small, but he pulled at her soft, fleshy bags and forced them down through the loops, pulling and pinching until he could pull the figure eight up flat against her ribs. Then he pulled on both sides of the leather strap and the loops tightened even more, making her cry out as they squashed her breasts.

He pulled the leather around behind her back and tied it off there, then pulled her upright by the hair.

She gazed down at her breasts, wincing in pain. They were squashed at the base, for the loops were each no wider than a silver dollar, and her tits were forced out into two fat, hard balls of flesh, the nipples excruciatingly erect.

He led her over to these poles then, past a couple of other odd wooden frameworks, and stood her in the center of them, with one pole in front, one right behind, and the other two on either side of her.

He went to the table and picked up a few things, including some narrow elastic cords, then came back to her.

He unclipped her wrist restraints and lifted her arms up and apart.

"Keep them here," he ordered from behind her.

She kept her hands there but he still slapped the side of her head.

"When you are given an order you will reply Yes Master," he snapped. "Understand?"

"Yes, Master," she gulped.

He clipped one of the elastic cords to each other wrist restraints. They fell to the floor. He then kicked her legs apart, and hooked a pair of thin, but strong chains to them, locking them to the two poles which flanked her.

He moved in front of her and lifted the elastic cord attached to her right wrist up, then slid it through an eyelet up high on the pole on that side of her. He did the same to the one clipped to her left wrist, and pulled them both hard and straight out towards the pole in front of her.

He fed them through two eyelets set into that pole which were at about chest height, then led them back towards Nicky.

Nicky was wondering what he was doing. The elastic cords weren't very strong, and she was sure she could break them if she really tried. Why, she wondered, didn't he use chains or something.

By then he was right in front of her. She looked at the ends of the two elastic cords curiously. They didn't have clips. Instead they had round little metal rings, with tiny screws set into the sides. To her surprise he bent and pressed one of the little loops around her nipple.

He pinched her nipple, and pulled the soft little bud through the hole hard. She winced, and looked on anxiously as he stroked and fingered her nipple. It began to stiffen and swell even more than it already had. The loop squeezed down around it, though, making it throb painfully.

He began to turn the little screw, and she felt a stinging in her nipple. She winced, then gasped and tried to pull away.

"Owww!" she moaned. "Oww! It's too tight! Maaasteer!"

He tightened it further, and she cried out, wriggling and moaning as it bit into her nipple and made the tip swell out fat and stiff.

He let go then and the elastic, which he had been holding taut, snapped back, yanking at her nipple. She cried out again as her nipple was bitten by the metal loop. Her nipple was pulled straight out hard stretching, lifting her fat, taut breast.

He laughed and slapped her other breast, which hardly jiggled even though it ached fiercely. She whimpered as she stared at her nipple sticking out so painfully far, then yelped again as he slowly pulled the other ring around her other nipple.

As with the first, he tightened it to a painful degree, then let go of the elastic cord, letting all the pressure come on her nipple.

She realized now why the cords didn't have to be very strong. If she yanked her arms down she would rip her nipples off.

Yet he was far from finished, it seemed.

He got another elastic cord, this one with a metal alligator clip attached to one end, and clipped it to a small ring set into the bottom of the pole in front of her. He ran it up to her pussy, and she quivered in fear as he grinned at her, then opened the jaws of the clip.

"Please," she whispered.
He spread her lips and slid the jaws inward, then rubbed at her clitty.
"NO!"
He licked at the already erect little button, then put the sharp jaws around it and let them slowly close. When they were just pressing on it, he took his fingers away.
Nicky screamed in agony, her pussy burning up as the tight jaws and sharp, tiny teeth bit into the most sensitive part of her anatomy. She shuddered and trembled and shook, but couldn't do anything to ease the pain.
Her hands jerked towards her groin instinctively, and that only made her scream anew as she pulled and tore at her nipples.
Tears spilled out of her eyes as she was forced to endure the awful pain, and her legs trembled and shook as she sobbed in pain.
He moved behind her and she felt him gathering her hair together and twisting it into a braid. He pulled it down a little, and wound another, much shorter elastic cord into it, tying it tightly. The other end of the cord had a thick tubular hook in it, which looked very much like a cock which had been bent back.
He pulled down then, forcing her head back further and further and further, until it was almost upside down behind her. Then he shoved the head of the cock-like hook into her rectum and shoved it up so it was hooked over her tailbone.
"Now remember, slut meat. If you move, you'll rip your own nipples and clit off. This will teach you how to have discipline, to ignore pain and weakness and do what you have to do."
Then he spoke no more.
"Maasster?" she moaned, her voice quavering.
There was no answer.
"Maassteer?"
She sobbed weakly, her nipples and clit on fire as she stood there awkwardly, helplessly.

Seven

Nicky's arms began to get enormously heavy. The cord didn't really support them, for it was only attached to her nipples. The higher she held her arms the less pressure on them, but holding them high was getting harder with each passing minute.
As they lowered her nipples were pulled harder, and she whimpered and moaned and sobbed as the pain bit into her aching flesh.
Every time she shifted her legs to help balance herself she felt the jaws of the alligator clip tear at her clitty, and cried out in pain and misery.
Soon she wasn't able to hold her arms up at all, and all their weight came down on her nipples, which stretched painfully out from her aching round breasts.
"Maassteer," she sobbed.
After a short while her back and neck began to ache too, and when all the blood rushed to her head she found it hard to keep her balance. Her legs were stiff and aching, and she was sweating as badly as she had the previous night.
She suddenly caught movement and gasped in pain as she tried to turn her head and felt her hair yanked back.
"Master! Please, master! Please undo me!"
"Are you read to lick the toilet bowl now, slut?"
"Yes! Yes, master! Please!"
"I don't think you're quite ready yet, slut. Perhaps spending the night like this would help."
"Noooooo! Please, master! Please! I'll do anything you want!"
He stroked her round breasts, then squeezed them, making her groan in pain.
He moved behind her and pulled the hook out of her anus, letting her head up. She groaned dizzily and staggered, then cried out in pain as the alligator clip yanked at her clitoris.
He moved behind her again, then reached up to her right wrist. He unclipped the cord from the restraint, and the pressure on her right nipple dropped to nothing as the cord retracted and dropped to the floor. She groaned in sudden relief.
He held her arm aloft, though, and she saw him bringing a thick chain down from where it hung alongside the pole and locking that to her restraint. He did the same to her other wrist, removing the elastic cord and replacing it with a chain.
He moved around in front of her and smiled.
She smiled tentatively.
"This is gonna hurt," he grinned.
He reached down and began to undo the screw. She felt the pressure easing on her nipple. Then he pulled the ring off and her nipple suddenly burned even more fiercely. She sobbed and moaned, pulling at the chains holding her wrists.
But the pain of returning blood eased, and then she felt a wonderful cool relief. She cried out again as the loop was pulled off her other nipple. Both buds were throbbing with new circulation, tingling and crackling as she groaned in relief.
"Bet that feels good," he said.
"Yesss," she groaned.
He slid his thumbs and fingers around her nipples and stroked them very gently. She winced, then sighed in pleasure. Her nipples had never felt so sensitive, never throbbled so strongly. She began to feel a hot moistness between her legs then, and wished he would take off the alligator clip too and maybe fuck her.
He kept stroking and lightly squeezing her nipples, and the pleasure began to strengthen. She felt a shimmering liquid warmth flooding her breasts and chest as her nipples continued to snap and crackle with returning life and...the hot, quivering pleasure of sexual desire.
He pinched and pulled on them, and she winced and moaned. Then he bent and slid his mouth over her right nipple. He sucked softly, his wet tongue slurping against it in a wonderfully pleasant way that made her roll her head in pure bliss.
The heat grew into a real sexual storm, and she wondered dazedly if it was possible to come just from having her nipples sucked and stroked. She was groaning and sighing and whining in heated desire as he worked his tongue along one nipple, then the other, and her hips began to grind.
She gasped as she pulled against the clip locked to her clitty, yet the sudden bolt of hot pain was... different... transformed somehow. It still hurt but...but it hurt in a strangely attractive way, in a way that flushed more liquid heat through her system.
She groaned weakly, then cried out as he squeezed her taut breasts hard. The pleasure throbbled within her skull, and she ground her hips, wincing and gasping as the clip pulled again at her clitoris.
Then she seemed to lose control. She humped feverishly, yanking her clit back against the alligator clip, yelping and crying out in pain even as an orgasmic storm began to tear into her mind.
Her head thrashed as she shook her long hair from side to side. She gurgled and whimpered and yelped in pleasure and bliss, even as the pain burned into her clit. The pain seemed to blur inside her, becoming a wall of heat that blasted the pleasure higher and higher.
She jerked her hips in and out, crying out each time her clit was

yanked by the alligator clip. Her insides boiled and heaved in orgasmic delight as she arched her back and cried out in wondrous pleasure.

Her body twisted and undulated as she pulled at the chains holding her wrists and ankles. Her hair whipped up and down against her back as she gurgled in mindless sexual bliss.

Her breasts were afire as he stood there pinching, squeezing and rubbing her throbbing, white-hot nipples, his head dodging her hair each time she whipped her head forward. Then she sagged against the chains, head back, groaning weakly.

"Hot little piece of fuck meat," he smiled.

He walked over to the table and opened a drawer, then fished out two square metal weights. Each was attached to a small line, and the lines were attached to small metal hooks.

He came back to her as she was slowly straightening her legs, taking her weight off her arms. She groaned when he moved in front of her.

"That was fun, now wasn't it."

"Yes, Master," she groaned.

"You have very sensitive nipples, nice and round and pink."

He pinched one and held it between his fingertips as he pulled it out from her breast, then he pressed the end of the hook against the soft flesh. The hook was as sharp as a fishhook, and Nicky suddenly cried out as she felt the shock of it stabbing her sensitive nipple.

"Owww! Aaahhhghghhhh!" she cried, as blinding pain ripped into her nipple.

He shoved the hook right through her nipple and let the weight hang from it. Her nipple was pulled downward painfully, and she sobbed, teary eyed as he pinched her other nipple.

"Please," she whimpered.

He stabbed the second hook against her other nipple, twisting it a little as he forced it completely through, and hung the second weight from it.

"It huuurts! It huuurts!" she moaned.

"Pain brings discipline," he said.

He moved back and nodded his head as he looked at her, then moved around behind her again. He lifted a narrow golden chain from the table and took a thick vibrator from one of the drawers. He slipped the chain around her narrow waist and locked it behind her. Then he unwound the electrical cord which was wrapped around the vibrator.

He fed the vibrator up into her still moist pussy, twisting it from side to side as she continued to groan in pain. He pushed it deep, then took a short chain, which was attached to the base, and hooked it to the front of the chain around her waist.

He plugged the vibrator into an extension cord, and the thing started buzzing and shaking inside her. He stepped back, then wheeled a metal cart over in front of her and turned it around. There were four TVs on it.

He moved to a corner, where a curtain was, and she saw several video cameras on tripods. He lifted one up and brought it over to her, standing it next to the TV's. He plugged the line into one, then got a second video camera.

This one he placed on her left. He lifted out a third camera and set it up behind her and just to her right. The fourth was placed on the other side of the TV cart. He hooked them all up and turned on the TVs. He went to the first camera and focused so that her picture appeared in the first TV from her chained wrists to her chained feet.

He walked behind the TV cart and focused the second camera so it was zoomed in from the top of her head to just below her breasts. The third one, the one on her right, she focused from head to waist, and the fourth, the one to her left and behind her was a full body shot.

"Now have fun, slut."

He walked away and she groaned unhappily, looking down at her wounded nipples and the weights pulling at them. She shifted her eyes downwards to the electrical cord running up into her pussy, and the alligator clip locked to her clitoris.

Then she raised her eyes to the TVs across from her. She saw a lewd, carnal image of a bound, chained, spreadeagled girl, breasts sticking out round and white, nipples pierced and pulled by the weights, bald sex opening parted around the base of a round black vibrator.

She shifted her eyes from TV to TV, staring at herself.

Her whimpering as the pain in her nipples faded to a soft throbbing ache, and she began to become more and more aware of the vibrator purring away in her pussy.

She was mesmerized by her image in the TVs, for she thought she looked shockingly sexual and erotic. She took a deep breath, and watched the sight of her breasts rising in the TV, then shook them just a little, gasping as the weights shook on the ends of the lines hanging from her nipples.

She gazed at her full image, wriggling her fingers and arching her back a little, then gazed at herself from behind, looking at her rounded buttocks.

She squeezed her pussy down around the hard vibrator inside it, and yelped softly as she pulled her clit against the alligator clip.

Her body was starting to heat up again, or maybe it was her mind. No, it was both, the buzzing vibrator shaking up her body as the TVs pumped heat into her mind.

She mewled in pleasure, rolling her head slowly while trying to keep her eyes on the TVs. She ground her hips, hissing as the clip bit into her clitoris and the weights shook against her nipples.

"God! God! God!" she groaned.

She tried to keep still to ease the pain, but couldn't resist shifting her body in small increments, just enough to cause the lines to tug at her nipples and clit.

She flicked her eyes from one TV to the other, staring at herself, panting and moaning as she saw her body constantly in motion, dancing in slow motion to the music inside her, to the humming of the vibrator and the throbbing of her heart and flickering lightening which played along her nervous system each time the clamp or hooks bit into her nipples and clit.

Her movements became more pronounced, and she humped softly, groaning and gasping in pain and pleasure, squeezing down rhythmically with her pussy muscles as her juicing twat chewed on the purring sex toy.

"God! God! God! God! God! God! GOD!" she cried.

The orgasm rippled up and down her spine. She tried to watch herself come but couldn't keep her head still. Her skull was filled with pressure and she thought it would explode. She jerked her head back and forth, up and down, arching her back and straining against all four chains as she trembled and shook in a storm of frothing sexual delight.

She would have fallen over backwards had the chains not held her wrists high. As it was she lost her balance as her head whipped back, and she hung briefly from her wrists, back arched violently as convulsions wracked her body.

The orgasm faded, and she gave a gasp as she slowly pulled her head back up, then let it drop forward. She shifted her bare feet on the cold floor as she pushed herself erect. Then she shook her head to clear the hair from her face as she stared at her image again.

The sexual heat had not passed, though. The climax had relieved some of the pressure, but her body was still gripped by a hot, churning passion, and it began to intensify with each passing minute. She was soon writhing and moaning and shaking in the throes of steaming pleasure once again, and the next orgasm blasted her off her feet entirely, so that she hung shaking and trembling and groaning in

spastic oblivion.

It took her longer to gain her balance, and less time before she was grinding her hips and wriggling in heated pleasure once more.

She had barely regained her feet from the third orgasm when she felt her hair pulled and her head pulled back.

"Well, slut-meat, I see you're having a fun time. I didn't set this up for you to have this much fun. I guess I forgot just what a hot, dripping little snatch you got."

He let go of her hair and to a shelf, then pulled a long, slim black object from it. It twisted in his hand, and then made a soft, cutting sound as he swished it through the air.

"Do you know what this is, slut-meat? It's a riding crop. It's made to keep animals in line, to show them their place, to discipline them. It's ready made for hot, slutty little fuck animals like you."

He moved behind her, but Nicole wasn't paying a lot of attention, for another orgasm was approaching and her guts were still in knots from the last one.

Then she heard the swishing sound, and a moment later the crop hit the center of her back. There was only a light impact, but a split-second later a sharp, stabbing pain cut across her back and she cried out in shock.

The pain wasn't all that awful, not compared to the pain in her clitty and nipples, and when the thing cut through the air and hit her back lower down her cry was softer. She ground her hips again, whining in heated pain and pleasure.

The crop cut across her shoulders with more force, and she gasped in pain, arching her back and shaking her head. Her eyes shifted to the TV that was behind and to her left and she watched him draw his arm back, watched the long, slim black crop whip forward, and stared at herself as she cried out and shook under the pain.

She saw a red line across her back now, no, two, and as he drew his arm back a third started to glow. Again the thing lashed her, this time across her lower back, then again across her upper back.

She strained and moaned and cried out, staring at the TVs as she began to hump against the clip pulling at her clit. He began to whip harder, and the pain grew. Still, it couldn't intrude on the pleasure boiling up through her body.

The crop cut right across her buttocks then and the pain was sharper, yet it's proximity to the burning in her loins seemed to only add to her heated desire and lust, and she pushed her bottom back, gasping in pain as she pulled at her clit.

The crop lashed across her bottom again, and again she cried out, shivering and shaking as an orgasm began to roll over her. Her mind exploded with clamorous sexual fireworks as she screamed in delirious pleasure. Her body tore at the chains as she humped and shook and ground her hips in lewd, animalistic heat.

Hot, searing blasts of ripsawing pleasure and pain joined the churning orgiastic storm as Master lashed her back and buttocks with new strength and speed. The crop hissed through the air, the sound darkly erotic, than cracked against her shaking, grinding buttocks or straining white back, leaving a line of red fire behind.

She arched her back and thrusted in the midst of a roaring hurricane of orgiastic ecstasy, her body shaking as though in a fit as the crop continued to slash down across her.

Her clit pulled again and again at the tight, biting jaws of the alligator clip while the weights hanging from her nipples bounced and shook and swung as the teenager went mad from the intensity of the pleasure and pain whirling like a tornado inside her.

The orgasm seemed to go on and on. Every time it began to subside a new explosion would blast it back upwards and her mind would be flooded with raging heat and lust and bliss. She was engulfed in a black heat, the only light the sharp, crackling sparks each time the riding crop bit into her flesh.

Then he threw the crop to the floor. His body hit hers from behind, pressing her forward. She felt his cock hard and thick, pressing up against her anus. She felt it thrusting into her, forcing its way into her spasming, shaking, heaving body.

She gulped in air, and groaned as a new flashing blast of pleasure hit her. His hands shot around her and gripped her taut breasts, squeezing the hard balls of flesh, clawing and twisting and shaking them as she sobbed and screamed in pain and pleasure.

She felt herself impaled as his cock rammed up high into her rectum and he mashed his pelvis into her aching buttocks. He bit down on the side of her throat, chewing and sucking and growling as she gurgled in wondrous, maddened gratification.

His cock ripped back, then thrust up deep again, almost lifting her off her feet with the force of its hard, spearing force. He began hammering himself into her body, his cock tearing up and down inside her quaking, spasming anus.

His fingers dug into her tits, gouging and bruising them as he bit down on her throat and shoulder. Then he reached down between her legs, gripping the cord and pulling, tugging repeatedly as she cried out and shook and went insane from the intoxicating pleasure.

She couldn't think, couldn't breath. She spun and shook, her muscles spasming and convulsing as the orgasmic pleasure burned along her nervous system.

She gave a mighty jerk, her back arching, head thrown back, hair whipping her back, then she slumped unconscious in the bonds.

He continued to thrust into her limp body, holding her looser now, letting her sag forward as he fucked more calmly. He picked up the pace as his orgasm approached, then fucked hard enough to bounce her in her bonds as he spewed his hot load into her tender anus.

He held himself against her for a long minute, then pulled slowly back and stumbled over to the shelf, picking up the crop on his way, and dropping it back into its place. He cleaned off his cock, then went from one camera to the next, carefully turning each off, unplugging them, and putting them back into the corner, all except for one.

He went to the girl, slumped unconscious, her chin on her chest, and gripped her thick hair, lifting her head up and back. He shook his head appreciatively at her beauty and responsiveness, then let go of her hair. Her head fell forward again.

He took the chains from her ankles, then pulled the hooks out of her nipples and carefully washed both them, and her wounded nipples. He put the hooks and weights away and slid two small gold rings through the holes in her nipples.

He unplugged the vibrator, then unhooked the chain holding it to the one around her waist and pulled it free of her soft, dripping snatch. He set it aside, intending to make further use of it.

He hesitated, then, got a thin needle and pulled her head back again. He carefully pierced her nose between her two nostrils, then slid a third gold ring through it. He thought of piercing her labia or clit but decided that would wait until she was conscious.

He left the alligator clip on her clitoris, but removed the line so the clip hung free. He undid the leather breast bindings and her breasts softened and came free, rapidly turning red with returning blood.

He got a pail and filled it with soapy water, then returned and began to wash her sweaty body and face. She remained unconscious as he got another pail with fresh water and wiped off the soap.

Finally he reached up and undid her right wrist from the chain. She fell forward and he took her weight across his shoulder, then reached

up and unlocked her other wrist. He carried her down the hall and upstairs, then into the spare bedroom where he'd placed her before.

He dropped her on the bed on her back, then turned her onto her belly and spread her arms and legs, locking her wrists and ankles to the four corners of the bed. He got out a salve and spread it over her back and buttocks, which were liberally criss-crossed with red lines of pain from the crop.

He slid his hand between her thighs, stroking her soft skin, squeezing her puffy little mound. He felt the alligator clip against his fingers and smiled. When that came off she was really going to scream... at first.

Then there would be another response.

He went back downstairs and cleaned up, then brought the vibrator back upstairs and set it beside her bed. He got a padded blindfold from the closet and placed it over her eyes, lifting her head by the hair to place it, then letting her drop.

He got some smelling salts finally and pulled her head up by the hair again, waving them under her nose. She jerked her head to one side, then to the other, mumbling and groaning. He waved them again and she choked and coughed.

"Wake up, little slut. More fun to come," he said.

She groaned and shifted on the bed, pulling at the bonds holding her spreadeagle.

He put the smelling salts back into the drawer and plugged the vibrator into the wall, then sat beside her on the bed and pressed the nose of the thing against her slit, rubbing it up and down slowly and gently.

She groaned again, exhausted and drained by the hours of standing up in one place, followed by the gut wrenching orgasms and beating. She wanted nothing more to sleep. The buzzing of the vibrator was irresistible, however, and she felt the heat beginning to creep upwards from her pussy again.

She groaned weakly but couldn't resist it. She felt her pussy opened and felt the toy forced up deep into her pussy cavity, filling her belly with the buzzing and vibrations which had begun to feel almost natural.

It pumped in and out and she tried to look around but found her eyes not working. For a moment she thought that the room was dark, but then she realized something was covering her eyes.

She felt the vibrator pumping in and out of her slowly. His fingers were rubbing up and down alongside her slit. Then suddenly she felt something at the top of her pussy, something hard and a little sharp. She had only an instant to remember the clip on her fuck button before his fingers opened it and pulled it off.

For a moment there was nothing, then a hot, stabbing, spiking blast of pain tore at her crotch. She screamed and shook, thrashing and shaking on the bed, hitting her head repeatedly against the mattress as her pussy burned up with fire.

He rubbed her pussy softly for a moment, then eased his fingers away and picked up the battery powered vibrator he'd used before. He turned it on and pressed it against her clit as he continued to pump the second vibrator in her wet fuck tunnel.

The pain passed, and then she felt something akin to the pins and needles she felt in her arms or legs when they had been without blood for a while. It was more powerful, though, and accompanied by that unique pleasure the human body feels when a longtime pain is finally removed.

The sensations were bliss, and she groaned in relaxation and pleasure. But the pumping of the vibrator in her belly and the carefully grinding of the second against her clit was adding an entirely new force to those washing through her nervous system.

Her clit was incredibly sensitive just then, and she was soon burning up with sexual fire as her entire body vibrated to the tune of the two vibrators. She came, and came again, and then again, snapping off a long string of howling, shaking, writhing orgasms that ultimately knocked her out again. When Nicky awoke she wasn't in any better condition than she had been before. By then it had been more than thirty-six hours since she had had anything at all to eat. And during that same time period she had had only one bowl of water to drink.

She was ravenously hungry and her throat and mouth were painfully dry. Her thirst gnawed at her, and she pulled against the bonds still holding her, mewling piteously and blindly.

"Master?" she whined, her voice low and rasping.

There was no answer, and she waited for some time before she heard a movement and weakly raised her head.

"Maasster?" she moaned.

"Hello, slut-meat. Have a nice sleep?"

"Please," she gasped. "Water. I... can I have some... water..."

"Water, huh? Thirsty?"

"Please," she gasped.

His hands undid her ankles, then her wrists. He pulled her wrists up behind her back and snapped them together, then pulled her out of bed. She couldn't walk unsupported, at least at first. He half carried, half dragged her down the hall to the bathroom.

"Water?" she gasped.

He pushed her onto her knees and then tilted her head back.

"Open your mouth, slut meat."

She opened her mouth wide, eager, and a moment later a stream of something hot and liquid shot into it. She swallowed desperately, not even noticing the hot acidic taste at first, then not caring as it poured into her mouth and down her throat.

The blindfold was pulled off and she blinked her eyes rapidly as she focused on master standing before her, and his cock out and pointed at her. Her mind wasn't functioning very clearly, and she continued to swallow the hot yellow urine as she looked at his prick in confusion.

It took long moments before she realized that it was piss she was drinking, and more long moments as she tried to think of what to do. She was so desperate for liquid that closing her mouth was a hard decision to make.

And she decided not to. She kept her mouth open, slurping and gulping and swallowing as he continued to urinate into her open maw.

He finished and rubbed his cock over her face, laughing, and she tasted the awfulness of his urine in her mouth, her face puckering in distaste.

"There you go, slut meat."

"Please," she begged. "Water. Some water, please? Please, master?"

"God, you're a greedy little whore, aren't you."

He lifted the toilet seat and turned her around to it, then pushed down no her head. She saw the clear water there and eagerly bent forward, her head going into the bowl and her lips pushing into the water.

She sucked it up in delight, it's taste so wonderful and fresh, the liquid so cool compared to the hot urine she had swallowed. She gulped it down rapidly until he pulled her back by the hair.

"Don't want you throwing up," he said.

He pulled her out of the room and down the hall, then pushed her to her knees. He knelt next to her with what she thought were sandals. They looked something like sandals, though of dark leather, and with straps and buckles.

He placed them over her feet, but, oddly, pulled straps down and then locked them in place with small padlocks. He placed his hand against

the bottom of one and pressed it against her foot.

"Oww!"

He laughed and released it.

"See, slut, there are sharp little tacks under the little layer of sponge inside the shoe. If you try to stand up the tacks will jam right up into your feet. I want you on your knees like the fuck dog you are."

She looked at him with little interest, then turned to look at him.

"I'm hungry. I'm so hungry, master. Please can I have something to eat. Please?"

"Sure, fuck-dog. Why not. Just one little part of your outfit needs to be in place."

He walked away, then came back and bent over, undoing her wrists, then slapping her bottom.

"Raise that ass, fuck-dog."

She lifted her bottom and turned to look. He had what looked sort of like a ping pong ball, only with a long hank of hair attached to it. He pressed it against her wrinkled anal opening, slowly pushing it forward until it popped inside.

Her anus closed after it, with only the hank of hair, the tail sticking out. It hung down between her legs and he laughed and stood up.

"Let me see you wag your tail, slut."

She shook her hips from side to side, not really caring about anything but getting something to eat, but knowing instinctively she had to obey him, had to please him in order to get anything.

"All right, fuck-dog, let's go into the kitchen and I'll get you some food."

She eagerly crawled after him and into the kitchen, licking her lips hungrily.

He opened a can of something, then scooped it into a dish and cut it up. It looked a little like hamburger, though she hadn't thought hamburger came in cans. She didn't care what it was, though. Anything would do. She'd never imagined she could ever be so starved. Her belly ached and throbbed.

She sat back on her heels, her knees a little apart on the floor. For the first time she noticed the thing on her lip when she rubbed at it. She frowned and felt it with her fingers, wincing as she felt her nose aching. It totally confused her, and she tried to see it, getting cross-eyed.

He put the stuff into the microwave, and she forgot about the thing hanging from her nose. Nothing really mattered but getting something to eat anyway.

The microwave beeped and he opened it and took out the plate, then set it down on the floor in front of her. She reached for it but he shoved her back.

"Dogs don't eat with their hands, you dumb whore. Use your mouth."

She didn't care. She bent over and opened her mouth, licking and chewing the stuff, pulling it up into her mouth and swallowing it rapidly. It didn't taste very good, but all she cared about was getting it into her stomach.

She quickly cleaned the plate and licked at it afterwards, then looked up at him hopefully.

"Still hungry, slut meat?"

"Yes, please," she mewled.

He laughed and patted her head, then put more onto the plate and put it into the microwave. Again he set it down and she ate a little more leisurely, the worst of her hunger pangs easing.

He left the room, and she finished eating, licking the plate clean again. She felt terribly weary again, and also thirsty. She crawled out of the kitchen and into the living room. He was sitting down on the sofa. She crawled over to him and looked at him expecting some kind of orders.

"Go lie down or something," he said. "Go play with the vibrators or something."

"Can I have some more water, master?"

"You know where to find it."

She crawled away and went down the hall to the bathroom. She looked up at the sink briefly, then went to the toilet and drank out of it again. She sighed in relief and crawled back into the bedroom, climbed up onto the bed and laid down, then fell asleep.

The next time she woke she was much more lively, though that just meant she was now much more aware of her stinging back, buttocks, nose and nipples. She fingered the rings in her nipples wonderingly, then knelt on the edge of the bed and stared at herself in the mirror across from her.

She crawled out of bed and over to the wall, then straightened, looking at her nose and the ring sticking down from it. She sat down, wincing a bit as her bottom pressed against the floor, and inspected the odd footwear. There seemed no way of getting it off without unlatching the padlocks.

She crawled down the hall, pausing at the bathroom to get some more water. Feeling a kinky pleasure as she slurped from the toilet, then wandered into the living room and finally the kitchen. The garbage can was almost empty, but a can caught her eye as she remembered that she hadn't known what she'd been eating.

She reached in and pulled it out and felt a shock run through her. It was dog food. She'd eaten dog food! She felt a sense of awe and wonder, a sense of total degradation flood through her, and her pussy throbbed.

She dropped it and crawled back into the living room. She felt the tail stroking and bouncing against her pussy pad and thighs and considered, briefly, removing it. Then she decided he might be mad if she did.

She crawled over to the window and straightened, gripping the sill as she looked over the top. She saw him down on the dock fooling around with something in his boat.

She wondered if he'd give her a ride.

She poured over the memories of the last day or so, pausing as she remembered him pissing into her mouth. She was shocked at the memory, amazed that she had drunk piss and not thrown up! Piss and dog food!

Then she remembered the orgasms, the massive shocking blasts of pleasure, and she reached down between her legs and squeezed her pussy a little. Her clit still felt a bit sore, but rubbing it, even though it hurt a bit, made her guts heat up real fast.

She sat back on the rug and spread her legs, propping herself against the sofa as she began to stroke her clitty. Soon her hips were grinding and her head was rolling back as she groaned in pleasure.

"Well, this sure looks interesting."

She opened her eyes at the strange voice, and gasped at the sight of a strange man standing a few feet away grinning at her with interest.

She pulled her legs together, then belatedly tried to cover her breasts with her arms.

"What?"

Master came in and looked down at her, then grinned at the other man.

"I see you've found my newest toy."

"I don't think you're keeping her satisfied enough, Jack. She was beating off."

"Oh was she," he snorted, turning to look down at her.

Nicky looked up at the stranger face red.

"Well, I told you she was a hot little slut. Want a piece?"

"Who wouldn't?" the guy sighed.

"Fuck toy. Get on all fours for the man."

Nicky stared up at him, then at the other man.
"Now," master said, clapping his hands.
She eased forward, then got onto her hands and knees.
The man pulled his pants open and pulled out his cock.
"There's something for you to chew on, slut meat. Go to it," master said.

She crawled forward, embarrassed, but also excited. She didn't dare disobey what master ordered, but sucking a stranger's cock seemed terribly cheap, embarrassing, and also, exciting. She was all confused about what to do and react. The only thing she knew for sure was that she had to obey whatever master said.
So she straightened up, sliding her hands around his cock, then bringing her lips around the head. She stroked his prick as she sucked on the head and began licking.
"Where'd you pick her up?"
"I didn't. I went into town to get some milk and when I came out of the store she was in my car. So I drove her home, stripped her, fucked her, sucked her, butt-fucked her, then sent her on her way. She showed up at the dock the same night naked. So what could I do?"
"She's got a talented little mouth."
"She's got a lot of talents," master laughed.
Nicole felt oddly pleased at his words.
"I see you been teaching her some manners," the man said.
"Yeah. She drinks out of the toilet bowl now and does what she's told."

"Pretty fast work."
"She's a natural, man. I haven't seen a more natural slave in a long while."
"These tits real?"
The man reached down to squeeze one of her breasts.
"Yeah. That's youth, buddy boy," master laughed.
"What's her name?"
"Whatever," master shrugged. "I usually call her fuck toy, or slut meat or something like that."
The man laughed and stroked her hair, then pulled back.
"All right, fuck toy, turn around and bend over," he ordered.
She obeyed, spreading her legs as he slid to his knees behind her. She felt his wet cock rubbing along her slit, and felt the heat she had brought alive with her fingers reigniting as her lips were pierced and his prick slid up into her snug sheath.
"Shit! She's a tight little whore."
"She'd only had fingers and veggies up there before I broke her in," master said.
"Hot damn."
She felt his cock begin to pump inside her and sighed in pleasure, spreading her legs more and humping back at him. His hands moved over her back and bottom, then slid down to cup her breasts, squeezing them and pulling at the rings in her nipples.
Nicky whined and moaned in pleasure, the heat rising inside her as his cock pistoned inside her belly. Her ass cheeks were spanked and jiggled as his hips smashed into them repeatedly. She lowered her head, closing her eyes as she concentrated on the pleasure, on the hot, steaming pumping of his cock inside her.
She gasped and jerked her head back, humping back harder as the orgasm began to blossom, as the pleasure strengthened and took hold of her body and mind. Then she let out a high pitched cry of pleasure as she came, her pussy spasming around his plunging cock as he dug his fingers into her tits, cursed wildly, and pumped his jism into her boiling honey pit.
"Man! This bitch is something," the man said, pulling out. "Has she pulled a chain yet?"
"Not yet. I figure in a few days."
"That's one hot piece of ass, man. I really envy you."
"Come on and let's finish up on that engine."
They walked out, chatting, and Nicky sagged down and lay on her side for a few minutes, panting for breath. Then she got to all fours and crawled to the back door. She watched them at the boat, wondering if she was allowed to come outside.
But no, there were boats moving on the river. It wouldn't do to have someone tell her parents they'd seen her crawling around out here naked.
She crawled back into the bedroom and examined the vibrators there, then opened drawers and peered into things. She found what looked like a great big black cock in one drawer. It was rubber or plastic, and was shaped exactly like a cock, even down to the balls at the end.
She was fascinated by it, and rubbed the head against her slit, then crawled back to the bed and got the vibrator off the night table. She turned it on and lay on her back, her legs up and apart as she rubbed the vibrator against her slit.
She sighed in pleasure as she felt her juices flowing again. She put down the vibrator and slowly pressed the big black cock against her opening. She twisted and ground it from side to side as she slowly worked it up into her box, sighing happily.
It didn't feel as nice as a real cock, she decided, but was sure better than the hard, smooth vibrator. She pushed the thing all the way up her hole, then picked up the vibrator and rubbed the head against her clit. Her knees began to bounce slowly as she humped up at the dildo, and soon she was pumping it into her gash as she whined and moaned and shook with pleasure.
And that was the way the two men found her some time later, whining and moaning and yelping as she pounded the dildo up her snatch and ground the vibrator across her clitoris.
Master laughed as the other man shook his head in amusement. Nicky noticed them, but after a brief hesitation, she continued. Master went away and the other man moved closer, propping himself against the dresser as he watched the hot, luscious nymphet jerking off.
A minute later he returned with the camcorder and began to film her, moving around her from side to side as she exaggerated her movements in hot, lust-filled pride. She spread her legs wide and rolled onto her belly, raising her ass high as she reached between her legs with her hands and continued to jerk off with the two sex toys.
Then he climbed onto the bed behind her and pulled the dildo out of her snatch, thrusting his cock into her instead. She groaned in pleasure as he fucked her for a minute. Then he pulled out and buried the dildo in her pussy as he yanked the tail from her anus and pressed his cock against it.
Soon he was busily sodomizing her as she yelped and whined in overheated bliss. He hammered his hips against her upturned buttocks until his juice spewed out inside her butt, then pulled back with a groan of pleasure.
Under her Master's instructions, Nicky crawled off the bed and crawled around on the floor, the dildo still deep in her pussy as she wagged her tail. She crawled over to the second man, licked at his feet and sucked his toes, then crawled into the bathroom and drank from the toilet.
Master gave the camera to his friend and made her kneel straight, then took out his cock and ordered her to open her mouth.
She knew with a sudden flicker of both excitement and disgust that he was going to piss into her mouth again. She was very proud of herself, and didn't want master to get mad at her, nor did she want to disobey him at all, especially not in front of his friend.

So she kept her mouth open and tried to ignore the taste and smell as his piss poured into it. She swallowed rapidly, feeling sluttier and sluttier with each swallow, and when master shifted his cock and began pissing on her face, then on her tits, she moaned in excitement and arched her back, rubbing her hands over her breasts and belly as the piss poured down.

After master had finished he took the camera and the second man pissed on her. She sat back and spread her legs, rubbing her clit frantically as he pissed directly against her slit. She felt a mad, drunken pleasure and came with a cry of delight as his hot piss poured onto her hand and open pink twat.

She had to lick the piss off the floor, then got a bucket of water and scrub brush and clean everything. Then she turned on the tub and slid into it, washing herself, including her hair, while the two men watched football.

She blow dried her hair while on her knees before the counter, then crawled out to the living room and knelt next to her master. He sent her to fetch beers for them, then let her suck his cock. He came in her face and rubbed it over her, then had her get more beer.

Each time the men had to take a leak, which was often with all that beer, she slipped her lips over their cocks and drank it down.

Afterwards master bound her wrists behind her back and pulled her belly-down across his lap, then masturbated her while spanking her bottom and pussy. The other man did the same, then she straddled him and sat on his cock, riding up and down as her Master moved behind her and shoved his cock up her anus.

It was the first time, of course, that she'd had two real cocks in her belly at the same time, and she was tremendously excited as she rode them both, only wishing there were a third cock around for her to suck on.

A couple of days later another man came over. He and master fucked and sodomized her for a while, then they brought her downstairs and placed her against one of the wooden frameworks. It was X-shaped, and bound her arms and legs tightly even while her wrists and lower legs stood out free.

He then placed thick, ugly pads around her wrists and ankles. He had an acetylene torch, and turned it on, then placed gleaming silver bracelets around her wrists and ankles, tight over the pads, and used the torch on them to melt them together.

He slid a large pad around her throat, and put a silver collar over it, then welded it tight against the pad. He poured water over the welds on the bracelets and collar, then tugged the pads free so the metal was against her skin.

She was unlocked from the X-frame and she examined the bracelets. They looked nice, and each had a ring set into it so she could be chained. They had no opening and could not, she realized, be removed at all.

Her collar was the same, she guessed.

That night her master had a party for some of his city friends, and she was one of the main attractions. She was embarrassed, at first, being around so many people while naked, but soon she was on her knees sucking cocks while others fucked her from behind.

She also licked her first pussy, a large busted blonde girl who was wearing leather restraints. They kissed and sucked each other, then used a big double headed dildo as two dozen people watched in amusement.

Dozens of cocks were stuffed up her tight little pussy and rectum, and down her soft little throat that night, and she came too often to remember. She felt wonderfully free and fulfilled as she was passed from man to man and cocks were fed into her heaving body, and basked in their lust and admiration as she came and came.

What probably would have been a life wasted as some white trash trailer park mother had become one of lust and ecstasy, for she was the slut meat, the fuck-toy, the hot-assed slave her master had pronounced her the first time he'd taken her so roughly, and she was perfectly satisfied to always be one.

*****End Of Post*****