

Hannah and Mr. Masters

By JJ Argus



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Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

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

The view was fabulous! The house was perched on a heavily treed cliff overlooking the ocean, about, oh, three hundred feet high. There was a slightly higher cliff off to the east, also covered in a dense layer of trees, and a tall, hilly island out across the bay. To the west you could see down to the shore and then a small town as the land curled north into the ocean.

St. Croix, in the Caribbean, was a gorgeous place, or at least, what I'd seen of it so far anyway, which wasn't much more than this. I'd come down here with my friend Claire and her family just the other day, but now, our first full day here, and she and her mom and brothers had gone off to look at snakes and crocodiles! Blech!

So here I was all alone. Mind you, if you had to be all alone, this was the place to be, with a beautiful back yard deck and a very large infinity pool so you could swim right up to the edge and look out – and down – at that incredible view!

I wasn't entirely alone, of course. Claire's dad had stayed behind to do some sort of work for the office. But he was inside doing that and I was out here in my bikini enjoying the view, the sunshine and warm temperatures.

He was the stern, taciturn type anyway, not really very dad-like at all, at least, not if you compared him to mine. Mine was a little pudgy, good natured, and fairly easy to manipulate if I worked at it and was clever.

Claire's dad was more of the 'I say, you do,' type. He was also a head taller than my dad and had huge shoulders. He had played college football and still had a powerful chest and body. I'd seen them before when he was in a swimsuit, back at his own house, where I hang around with Claire.

Big jock men were absolutely not my type. I liked my guys more sensitive and genial, with a good sense of humor and an understanding that women were the equal of men.

Not that he and I had ever discussed that, of course. He wasn't really all that chummy with his kids' friends. And his wife was certainly no shrinking violet. Mrs. Masters was pretty self-confident, intelligent and determined herself.

And then there were his sons, the twins, Cody and Hunter. Just thinking about

them sent a rush of heat through my body. I hadn't intended to have much to do with them, but things had turned out otherwise. They'd surprised me when I was trying for a midnight skinny-dip and things had gotten shockingly intense.

I was still trying to figure out how, and still trying to understand why I had cooperated. I had been a virgin, after all! I mean, not really, but technically! I'd given lots of oral sex and hand jobs and let guys touch me all over, but the only cock I'd ever had in me before last night had been the dildo I'd bought.

Maybe that was why I had let them do what they wanted. I had been so filled with repressed curiosity and the need to see what it was like with a guy that I had given in to these two big, good looking jock types!

Why hadn't I had sex before? Because I went to a small school, was in my senior year, and determined to be respected. Everyone knew everyone's business, and the guys were all out to score so they could brag to their friends. I did not want them bragging about me, and talking about what I looked like naked and how I responded and stuff like that!

But at least the twins went to college now, hundreds of miles from home, and hopefully, whoever they bragged to would never meet me anyway.

But just because I had remained a virgin doesn't mean I hadn't really, really wanted to try it! And now, well, I sort of had. Not the way I had imagined it in countless fantasy scenes, of course, because none of them had had three people involved!

And none of them had me tied up... well, okay some of them did. The reality, though, had enormously exceeded the fantasy! Being tied up while they did stuff to me had been a strange, wild emotional thrill ride! It was like I was their sex toy and they could do anything they wanted to me! And there was nothing I could do about it!

Why had I not protested? I sort of, kind of had, in a half-hearted way. That was a little reassuring, that I had never actually said yes to all that dirty, kinky stuff they did. So I could legitimately say that. But the truth was I had been in this incredible state of raw hunger, and my body wanting them so much!

Oral sex from the receiving side had been incredible! And I'd had anal sex for the first time, too, and while that hadn't been as incredible it hadn't hurt like I

had thought it would.

God, the twins were such arrogant bastards! They had even insisted that I wear a butt-plug all the time 'in case we want to use your gorgeous little ass'. Can you believe that!? And they'd threatened a spanking if they caught me without it!

It wasn't just fear of a spanking which had made me put it in this morning, but a dark sense of fascination with this whole master and slave silliness they had introduced me to. I mean, of course it wasn't real, but the idea of it was deliciously nasty!

Hannah Moore the sex slave! Oooww! That was so hot and kinky! It was wickedly exciting, and with the butt plug in me I had this constant sense of sexuality and sensuality about myself. I could feel the little round base pressed against the outside of my opening like a plastic coin, and could feel the egg-like plug inside me, squeezed tightly within the flesh of my body.

I had almost taken it out when they left. I had intended to, in fact, but then, what the heck. I had left it in and pulled on my bikini and then looked at myself over my shoulder in the mirror to see if I could detect it. The only way I could was if I bent way over, like touching my toes, with my legs apart. Then you could see a little indentation against the black fabric.

Well, I wasn't going to be bending over in front of anyone, so it was fairly safe to leave it there. And like I said, it made me feel wicked and sexual as I swam around the pool, or perched on the edge. The idea of feeling like that had gripped me since waking.

In fact, just for the hell of it I swam to the edge, to the thick plastic that formed the outer wall of the infinity pool facing out over the ocean, and pulled my top up to bear my breasts. I bobbed up and down in the water, feeling it caressing my nipples, which hardened instantly, rising to show my bare breasts to the world!

I had not actually got my naked dip in the pool, and regretted it now. I wanted to feel the warm water sliding across my bare skin. It was too bad Mr. Masters hadn't gone with his family, but then again, I remembered, there was a servant, this black guy called Manuel. He was more of a caretaker, but he still lived somewhere in the big white house.

I heard the door slide open and quickly pulled my top down, feeling a surge of

adrenaline at the thought of someone catching me like this. Then I slid back under water, turned and came up again to see Mr. Masters coming out onto the deck.

“How's the water, Hannah?” he asked.

“It's gorgeous!” I exclaimed.

He was wearing a bathing suit, and I swam closer to the other side of the pool, feeling my lower belly starting to tighten. He really did have a powerful male body. And while I normally disdained jocks, like I said, last night's events, being crushed between two such male bodies, had sort of shifted my sexual view!

Plus, he had kind of looked at me in ways before which made me wonder if he was seeing me as more than his daughter's friend. It wouldn't be the first time one of my friend's dad's looked at me that way. I was, after all, a hottie, as the twins and Claire had all mentioned. I had long, soft, rich blonde hair and really nice figure.

That attention was normally embarrassing and icky, but not this time. Now, the prospect of it was kind of darkly exciting, in a scary, anxious, confusing sort of way. I mean, he was more than twice my age, after all. I had recently turned down a guy who was twenty four because he was way too old!

The twins were only nineteen.

Mr. Hanson was over in the corner where there was a full bar, including counter, outdoor stove, refrigerator and all the rest.

“Want a pina colada?” he asked. “Almost mandatory for the Caribbean.”

I was a bit taken aback since he was one of those parents who actually tried to enforce the drinking laws back home. There you couldn't legally drink before twenty one. Then again, we weren't back home.

“Sure!” I said.

I was feeling this weird little prickly sense, like a shimmer of sexual electricity on my skin, as I pulled myself out of the pool. I did not in any way intend to seduce him or anything like that, believe me! But after what had happened last

night – really early this morning, I had this strange exotic sense of sexuality about being so lightly dressed in front of a big powerful man.

My bikini was a tiny, inverted triangle with thin strings rising diagonally high over my hips. It was so small if I'd had pubic hair you would have seen it. It wasn't the thong he had caught me wearing before we'd left home, but the bottom was cheeky. The top was a string triangle, and nobody who had ever seen my breasts had failed to demonstrate how nice they thought they were, including girls.

Not that a lot of people had seen my naked breasts, of course! But I wasn't immune to watching porn, if only to get a grasp of what people wanted and were thinking. I knew my breasts were nice and full and firm and round, and that those were what guys really liked to see.

I went over to the counter and stood there watching him make the drinks, watching like a hawk for any sign he was looking at me in any way as, you know, in that way. I won't say it was entirely casual for me to reach up and squeeze the water out of my hair. I mean, it was something I always did after swimming, but I won't say I didn't know that made my back arch and push my boobs out.

He didn't seem to notice, though. I was partly relieved and partly miffed about that, as he handed me the drink.

I went over to one of the comfortable, padded chairs and put the drink on the table.

“How long do you think Claire and the others will be gone?” I asked.

“Oh, a few hours. I'm fairly sure my wife will be looking at some crafts at the market there as well as the live animals.”

“I didn't know there'd be crafts,” I said, pouting a little.

“Carvings of the animals, prints and pictures, some paintings and drawings, and things made with the skins.”

He came over and put his drink down next to mine, then picked up a tube he'd brought with him and squeezed some cream out onto his hands. He spread it

over his chest and down his arms and stomach as I sipped at the pina colada and then looked out at the pool.

I didn't want to be seen as showing any interest in him, after all! God, that would be a horrifying thing if he even suspected it! And if his wife found out – or Claire! Ungh! And I wasn't! Not really! He was ancient! But damn it, he was this big, well-built guy in a bathing suit rubbing oil on his body, which now glistened in the sunlight!

And then he turned his back to me.

“Want to get my back, please,” he asked.

I felt a sudden jolt, and gulped, even while putting down my drink and standing. This was nothing, I told myself fiercely. It's just a back! Just spread some suntan lotion! It's no big deal! Don't act like a dolt! Before last night I wouldn't have thought twice about it!

I squeezed some of the cream from the tube into my hand and then rubbed my two hands together before raising them and putting them on his shoulders.

Woah! I loved the feel of his shoulders! I hadn't gotten much chance to touch the boys because they'd either been holding my wrists or they'd tied them behind my back! Now I almost forgot to breath as my hands spread the slick suntan lotion over his shoulders, and then slowly down his back!

God! The feel of his warm, soft skin under my slick fingers made my pulse race! I ran my hands up and down his back and then around to the sides a little, resisting the urge to slide them completely around him!

Claire's dad, I shouted to myself.

I stepped back, a little nervous and anxious.

“Thanks,” he said. “The sun is pretty fierce around the equator.”

I nodded and turned to sit.

“Hang on,” he said.

He was pouring more cream on his hand, and I frowned uncertainly.

“That goes for your skin too,” he said sternly.

“Ahm, uh, I uhm, put some on!” I gulped.

“Yes, and the water washed it away.”

Which was true, and what could I do as his big, strong hands now landed on my shoulders! He was fairly casual about it, but his hands weren't exactly brusque and quick either. They slid up and down my shoulders and down my arms, then over my back, pushing up under the back strap of my bikini between my shoulder blades, then down to my suit.

And then, another wild jolt hit me as his hand glided down my bare hip and onto that part of my buttock which was exposed! My eyes widened and I forgot to breathe! But then his hand moved further down my thigh and leg, as if he was just... you know, putting on suntan lotion!

Was he!?

He dropped to a squat behind me as his hands slid down my legs, both hands caressing my thighs, circling my right leg, sliding up and down to my knees, then further down.

“Th-that's okay!” I said breathlessly. “I can get my legs!”

“No problem as long as I'm here,” he said calmly.

His hands gripped my other ankle and slid up and down to my knees, then up further, up along my thigh, inside and out, up higher, and then he stopped.

“What's this?” he asked sternly.

I frowned, not sure what he meant, because my mind was fluttering and swirling uncertainly, and then as he rose behind me he slapped my bottom lightly, low in the center of my buttocks – over the butt plug!

Almost instantly I realized what he meant, and spun around to hide my bottom from him, my face flaming as I looked anxiously up at him, then away, having

no fucking clue what to say to explain what that was!

Would he even know!? I hadn't really know about things like butt plugs before the previous night! I mean, I kind of had, but it wasn't the sort of thing which I'd paid any attention to!

He snorted and gave me this sort of reproving look, and then moved to sit down – but he took my wrist as he sat, tugging me backward and then his other hand slid around my waist and he pulled me back and off my feet so that I wound up sitting across his lap!

“I think you and I need to talk, Hannah,” he said sternly.

I had no idea what to say! I was feeling mortified!

I happened to hear a few things early this morning when I got up to get a drink,” he said. “Something coming from my sons' room.”

I stared down at my lap, heart pounding, pulse racing, gripped by a deep sense of humiliation! He had heard us! And what had he heard!? OMG!

“Now I have some idea of the kinds of things Cody and Hunter do, and I'm not all that pleased about them doing them with one of Claire's friends,” he said. “But the first thing I have to find out for sure is if anything was done last night against your will?”

Oh God! I did NOT want to answer that! I had reassured myself that I wasn't exactly a slut since I had said no! But telling him I said no would imply something that was just not true!

“Hannah?”

I shrugged helplessly.

“It's one thing for young men to take advantage of a girl's naive nature,” he said. “It's quite another to force them. I need to know they didn't.”

I had to answer! I didn't want to but I had to.

I shook my head.

“They didn't?”

I shook my head again, too embarrassed to talk.

“That's good. Now I gather you enjoyed what happened a lot.”

Oh! My! God! Could you die of embarrassment!

I wanted to get out of there but he had his huge arm around my waist, very casually holding me in place!

“The boys have picked up on some of the things they've learned from me about domination and submission,” he said. “It can be a great sexual experience for all involved, especially to girls who are naturally submissive, or have a naturally sexually submissive nature.”

It was getting worse! He was like, giving me a dad lecture about bondage sex! Ack!

“Clearly you're a submissive girl,” he said.

“I am not!” I all-but blurted out.

“No? The boys didn't tie you up?”

I cringed at his casual mention of what had happened.

I shrugged again.

“I heard the word slave girl last night. I heard you saying you were a slave girl.”

Could this possibly get worse!?

“There's a degree of freedom in sexual submission for certain types of girls who aren't normally submissive,” he said. “They're used to always standing up for themselves and insisting on respect. But instinctively, women find strong willed men arousing. It's hard to find a man to be strong-willed if he only does whatever you tell him. So this sort of dominance display on the part of handsome men can make even a proud feminist very aroused.

“C-Can I please go to my room now!?” I gasped, trying to stand.

“No. I want to ensure that you understand the sort of relationship you've involved yourself in so you won't be emotionally abused.”

His hand, the one which was around me, dropped to clutch my right thigh, lightly but firmly. The thing is, even though his hand was pressed against my thigh, the very edge of it was almost touching the crotch of my swimsuit! I suddenly became very aware of the feel of that big hand on me!

“I-I'm not in a relationship!” I said desperately.

“You're in a sexual relationship with both my sons,” he said calmly. “And you've said you are their sex slave.”

“God!” I cried. “I was just... we were just... playing!” I said desperately.

“You were quite loud when you orgasmed,” he said.

Fuck!

I groaned, wondering why the incredible heat I felt in my face hadn't melted my skin so it peeled off my face by now!

“I don't think you were playing. I think you might have thought of it that way. But given how strongly you reacted I have to wonder if the boys haven't triggered a latent sense of submission or masochism in you.”

“They haven't!” I exclaimed, refusing to look at him, staring down at... well, his hand on my thigh.

“Because you should understand that if that's the case, and you continue to experiment like this your reactions are likely to get even more powerful,” he said.

“I have to go!” I said desperately.

I tried to sit up but he held me easily, and not only that, but my movements eased his slippery hand a bit higher, just high enough the edge of his finger was now pressing against my crotch!

“Think of it like cocaine,” he said. “Cocaine is psychologically addictive, not

physically addictive. What that means is the great pleasure you feel when you consume it, makes you want to consume more. The human mind is pretty basic like that. The more pleasure something brings it, the more it wants.”

He wasn't doing anything with that hand except holding it against my thigh, but the pressure against my sex suddenly became incredibly important in my mind!

“You're a beautiful young woman with a gorgeous body,” he said.

And here his other hand picked up the tube and then squeezed it down onto my upper chest.

“Speaking of which, natural blondes can burn easily in this sun,” he said as if distracted.

His hand spread the oil on my upper chest and then slid down into the cleavage between my breasts, and then, without even pausing, very casually pushed into my right bra cup!

I was stunned! I mean, my mind had already been swirling and churning with emotions and confusion and uncertainty! And now his big male hand had just casually pushed right into my bra cup so his hand was massaging my bare breast!

It slid out again and then pushed into my other bra cup, massaging the slick oil into my left breast in turn! I stared, my eyes downcast, at the sight of his big hand overflowing my small bra cup even as the sensation of his fingers caressing my bare flesh exploded in my mind!

He picked up the tube and squeezed it into his other hand, which came off my thigh to take it. Then as he put down the tube his hand slid up into my damp, tangled hair in back and firmly pulled my head up and back.

“Wh-wha – !?”

His other hand, the one filled with the creamy suntan lotion, caressed my abdomen, and then pushed down casually into the little front of my bathing suit bottom! I cried out as his fingers slid over my bare sex, rubbing up and down.

“It's amazing how few young women have any pubic hair these days,” he said

casually.

My body was suddenly burning up with a raw, wild sexual heat that was almost uncontrollable! It was like a grass fire racing over my skin so that it burned as my heart pounded wildly!

What was I supposed to do!? I had no idea!

“There,” he said. “Now, suppose you tell me about what happened between you and my sons.”

His fingers were rubbing my suddenly very, very swollen clitoris as he spoke and I realized my hands were clutching his thick wrist tightly, though not really trying to dislodge it. Then the other hand, the one which was clutching my hair, gave it a yank and I yelped at the pain to my scalp, my hands instinctively jerking up and back to grab that wrist instead!

He chuckled softly and pulled the other hand out of my bikini bottom, drawing it back behind him. I felt one of my wrists gripped, then the other, and then both my wrists were crossed behind my neck and held in one of his big hands.

The other hand slid in between my thighs, cupping my sex, and jerked me in and back to adjust me across his lap.

“Spread your legs, Hannah,” he said calmly.

His hand came up along my back and I felt the string going behind my neck parting, then the one across my back, and the bra fell down to bare my breasts!

“Oh! Oh please!” I cried.

His free hand caressed my breasts as I squirmed helplessly.

“I can see what the boys like about these,” he said, his oiled fingers rubbing and lightly rolling my incredibly hard nipples.

His hand slid down my body and into the front of my bikini again and another raw jolt of dark carnal energy gushed through my body!

“Please! Mister Masters!” I cried.

“The term you should be using is please master,” he said.

Oh fuck! Oh my God!

His fingers were rubbing my clitoris, and more of that raw, wild animal heat was pouring through my body and mind! Then he pulled his hand out, gripped the string and tugged my suit down and off!

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

It was an order this time, his voice getting stern and cold.

Moaning, I obeyed, and his fingers lightly traced up and down over the line of my sex, and over my clitoris.

“What a body!” he said in appreciation. “It's wasted on my punk sons. A body like this should be shared by legions of men.”

Then his two big, thick, oiled fingers pushed into me, slowly, but firmly. I forgot to breath! Heat roared within me! I was very tight, and his fingers were very thick! I could feel the strain against the mouth of my sex! But he was oiled up and... and I was wet!

I shuddered and let out a helpless sob of pleasure as his fingers sank deep into my sex! Then his thumb was pressing against my clitoris, and I lost control of my body! My hips started to buck violently and I cried out in wild, wanton pleasure, drowning in sexual heat.

“Very responsive,” he said casually.

His big fingers slid deep, pulled out, and slid deeeep, pulled out and slid deeeeeeeep! God it felt so glorious! And then he jerked back harder on my hair to force my head upside down and make my back arch even more, and I felt his mouth on the center of my right breast, felt his teeth biting painfully into the flesh around it, then his hot breath sucking fiercely as his tongue lapped at my tingling, burning nipple!

The orgasm consumed me! I was lost to the churning waves of pleasure, tumbling and turning end over end, my mind intoxicated by the storm of sensation!

“That's it. Come for me, slave girl. You know what you want. You have to have that fix,” he growled, thrusting his fingers into me as my hips bucked uncontrollably against them.

I sobbed dazedly, moaning as I went limp, and his fingers held still inside me, his thumb resting against my clitoris.

“Are you listening to me, Hannah?” he asked sternly.

I was gulping in air, moaning, and he abandoned my wrists and jerked sharply on my hair.

“Are you listening to me?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

“Put your fingers behind your neck and interlace your fingers,” he ordered in a firm voice.

I was reeling from the intensity of the orgasm which had just blown through me, and still gulping in air, but I gasped again as he jerked sharply on my hair – which hurt! I drew my hands in behind my neck, interlacing my fingers.

“That's a good slave girl,” he said.

His fingers pulled out of my sex and slid along my lips, then pushed into my open mouth.

I blinked in surprise.

“Close your lips. Suck.”

I moaned but obeyed, feeling a new wave of embarrassment and anxiety now as my mind started to function. What was going on!? What was I doing!? Why was I letting him do this!

His big fingers pumped slowly in and out of my mouth, between my lips.

“Lick them. You know what you need to do, slave girl,” he said sternly.

I gulped and licked hesitantly at his fingers, and felt a strange dark heat as I

recalled they had just come out of my pussy! The strongest taste, though, was strawberry, which was, I thought, the suntan lotion. I sure hoped it was vegetable based!

“I know a submissive little sex toy when I see and feel one,” he said, his fingers pulling free of me and sliding down to caress my breasts.

“Lovely tits. Nice pink nipples.”

He plucked at my nipples, his oiled fingers stroking and rolling them, then sliding his fingers downward.

“Draw your head back, slave girl,” he ordered. “Arch your back more.”

I obeyed again, not really understanding why I was. My head was filled with a clamor of emotions and confusion, not knowing what I should be doing or could be doing!

I moaned as his fingers ran up and down along my sex again, then pushed slowly through.

“Spread your legs wider.”

Again I obeyed, and gasped as three big fingers pushed up deep inside me. They felt huge! I moaned at how they stretched my opening even as I was panting for breath as my body overheated! Then I felt his thumb against my clitoris again as he bent and began to lick and suck and chew at the center of my breasts.

I felt the wild clamor growing, a panicky sensation trapped in a molten, liquid honey that burned with heat and excitement. I wanted to jump up and run away, but... but he might get mad if I did! And then there was that strange sense of darkly thrilled sexual hunger!

He was sucking and chewing on my aching, throbbing breasts, my nipples feeling hard as rocks and pulsing with energy in his mouth! I could hardly believe I was just sitting here like this on his lap, legs spread and back arched and letting him do this! He was Claire's dad!

His fingers weren't just pumping slowly in and out, but turning and twisting from side to side, angling down, then up, then sideways as his thumb stroked and

brushed my clitoris. And then I felt him draw them all out, rub up and down against my opening, then push back in – only they were thicker.

I moaned as I felt myself being stretched, then stretched more, gasping at the thickness of his fingers pushing into me. I drew my head forward to stare downward and saw that he was pushing four fingers into my body now!

Four LARGE fingers!

I gasped and stared until his other hand jerked roughly back on my hair, making me cry out in pain.

“When I give you an order, slave girl, you obey it until I change my order,” he said sternly. “I told you to keep your back arched and head back!”

I whimpered and gulped in air as he returned to chewing and sucking and licking at my throbbing, burning breasts! His fingers slowly forced their way into me, though I ached hotly! I shuddered as he turned them slowly from side to side, and began to work his thumb harder and faster across my clitoris.

He pulled back further on my hair so that my body was bowed way back and I was staring almost behind me into the sky. My legs spread wider, seeking balance, and his fingers thrust in harder and deeper as I sobbed in dazed confusion, intense rushing waves of sensation sweeping through me as the heat rose higher and I began to tremble with sexual tension.

And then another orgasm tore through me, and I cried out again and again, twisting and writhing on his lap as his big fingers filled me and his thumb stroked roughly and quickly against my clitoris!

“It's very obvious that you were born to be a sex slave, Hannah,” he said as I went limp against him. “I would be remiss if I didn't do my best to bring you into the full flower of your natural slavery so that you accepted this and began to learn how to serve.”

He lifted me off his lap and set me on my knees on the deck.

I was still panting weakly, my mind staggered by the wild pleasure which had swept through me, and the dark heat which still gripped me.

“I want to see you on all fours,” he said.

He pushed on the back of my head and I dropped onto my hands and knees.

“Lower yourself to your elbows. That's a girl. Raise your bottom high and spread your legs.”

I flushed, my mind starting to return and with it embarrassment and consternation. What the hell! I mean, what was I doing!? This was so... nasty and kinky! And he was Claire's dad!

But his hand caressed my buttocks and slid under to finger my aching sex, and I felt more hot rippling waves of exotic excitement.

“Don't move,” he said sternly, pointing his finger at me as he glared.

He turned and went inside, leaving me there poolside, on my forearms and knees, my bottom raised high and legs spread. I felt this enormous wave of unreality. I could just not believe how fast this had happened, or that it had happened at all!

But the wild intensity of the pleasure the last orgasm had given me was still reverberating through my body and mind, and now I was in this... deeply sexual position naked on the deck, waiting to see what he would do next!

And again I felt consternation. Why had I let him do that? Why was I obeying him!?

The simplest answer, of course, was that I was used to obeying him, my other friends parents, teachers, coaches, and, well, I was used to doing what I was told!

He returned and I turned my head to see he had a bunch of stuff in his hands.

“Eyes forward!” he barked.

I jerked, instantly obeying.

“Let your upper body down on the deck and stretch your arms out in front of you,” he ordered.

I blinked uncertainly, then obeyed, feeling my still-throbbing breasts pillow out against the warm, smooth wood, then stretching my arms ahead.

He knelt beside me, and I felt his big hands on my waist.

“I want your belly back more tightly against your thighs,” he said, tugging on it.

He pulled me in more tightly, then adjusted my thighs so they were straight up and down, then further apart. God, it was such a ... utterly... open position! It was a position to have a guy fuck your brains out from behind!

“That's it, little slave girl,” he said, his big hands stroking up and down my back and over my buttocks. “That's the position sex slaves take so their masters can use them fully.”

I felt pressure against my sex, felt his fingers pushing into me again, twisting and turning, then pulling out. Something else pushed against me, thick and hard, and I shuddered. At first, I thought it was him, but it didn't quite feel right. And then I noticed that whatever it was it had all kinds of, well, bumps on it.

It stretched me wide open, though, and I groaned as he pushed it deeper and deeper, feeling it sliding down – or up, given my position – into my belly. I felt it widening still further, and moaned a complaint as the lips of my sex were stretched to the point the dull ache became a sharper pain. Then it pushed into me and abruptly narrowed. Which was a relief.

I felt his fingers at the other thing, the butt-plug, and blushed as he pulled it slowly out. Then it pushed – no, it was something else! Again, I thought it might be him, but it wasn't. It slid deep, made of little lumps, like a multi-layer ice cream cone. Except each little lump was wider, until the last one stretched me wide, then narrowed.

His fingers combed through my hair and gathered it up, then pulled it to raise my head off the deck. A moment later he slipped something under my neck, and then pulled it up around my throat.

“Every slave needs a collar,” he said as I blinked in confusion and alarm.

A collar!? God, this was so unbelievable!

He tightened it around my neck, then moved forward and I saw he had two smaller collars, two studded leather... restraints, in his hand. I stared in fascination as he wrapped them around each of my wrists and buckled them tightly.

He moved back and rose to his feet, then I felt a tugging on the back of the collar.

“Up onto all fours, slave.”

I gasped, pushing myself up onto my hands and knees.

“Now crawl.”

I felt the pull and now saw that he'd attached something to the collar – a leash! I gaped at it, and almost fell as it jerked sharply. I scrambled forward on my hands and knees as he walked to the edge of the deck, then off onto the grass.

That was a relief to my knees, but I was still gripped by a wild sense of disbelief. What the fuck was this? He had put a collar around my neck and was making me crawl like a dog on a leash! Was he crazy!? Was I crazy for not jumping up and refusing!?

“Down on your belly, bottom up,” he said sternly.

I hesitated, and then something short and thin cut down across my bottom sending a sharp sting into my tender flesh.

“Ow!”

“When I tell you something, slave girl, do it without thinking!”

I saw he had a little stick in his hand. A sort of stick anyway, and he raised it again so I hurriedly dropped down onto my chest.

Crack! It cut across my buttocks a second time, stinging me again!

“Ow!” I yelped.

“Bottom high, belly in tight, legs spread!” he barked.

What the hell!? But I quickly obeyed, even stretching my arms out in front of me.

“Good, sex slave,” he said, kneeling and then, I swear to God, petting me!

I mean, his hand stroked back across my head and hair, then up and down my spine and finally slid over my buttocks and down to finger my clitoris and push lightly against the base of the ... dildos, I guessed, he had pushed into me.

Fuck! I had two big dildos inside me! And this was all just unbelievable!

“Now, from now on, I'm simply going to call you Slave. And you will call me master. Try it now. Say my name.”

I gaped at the bushes ahead of me, my mind still swirling and churning, and his hand came away from my sex.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Say it, Slave.”

“Master!” I gasped.

His fingers rubbed at my clitoris again.

“Good slave girl.”

This was fucking insane! But that dark thrill of sexual hunger was still pulsing away within me and I had no idea what else to do but obey him anyway!

I felt his fingers gathering in my hair, and then he pulled it firmly but slowly, raising my head up and back, and then forcing me to lift my chest off the ground as my scalp began to burn. I yelped and reached up to grab his wrist, but he let go and dropped me down again.

“No,” he said firmly.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“No!” he said again.

Crack!

“Ow! Please!” I gasped.

“I do not want to see any resistance to what I want to do,” he said. “If I pull your hair you do nothing but come in the direction of my pull. You do not ever raise your hands to grab my wrist. You go with whatever I’m doing, Slave. Now I’m going to try again. Keep your hands down.”

He gripped my hair again and I braced myself, and as he pulled it up and back I kept my hands away, though my scalp stung, forcing myself up faster to ease the sting, until I was kneeling upright.

“That’s better,” he said. “Now return to your previous position.”

Gulping, my breathing ragged, I slid forward on my hands to my elbows, then down to lay my breasts against the grass.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Raise that lovely bottom high, slave girl.”

I jerked my hips up, scrambling to get into the position he wanted.

“Good slave girl,” he said.

He was nuts! But I was still gripped by a terrible dark sense of thrilling heat!

“Now lay down and roll over.”

I obeyed, rolling over to look anxiously up at him, embarrassment swirling inside me once again.

“Draw your knees up and back, slave.”

I pulled my knees up and then back, feeling more anxiety.

“Spread them wide.”

I obeyed again, cringing a little, mentally, at how exposed I was, and he squatted below me, his eyes roaming up and down my body.

“Now reach down and start pumping that dildo in and out. You know you want to.”

I didn't! But I obeyed, and felt a new hot rush of embarrassment, squirming self consciousness and... and yes, more heat as I gripped the base of the thing and began to pump it in and out!

“Push it all the way in with each stroke,” he ordered.

I whimpered softly, for that bulge part an inch from the base really stretched me out, but as I pumped it slowly in and out, that stretching began to fill me with an even greater sense of strange, wild erotic hunger. I grunted each time it pulled out and each time I pushed it in!

“Is that clitoris looking for attention?” he asked. “Reach down and rub it with your other hand.”

I gulped but obeyed and was instantly rewarded with a wild rush of sensation!

“Have you ever masturbated for anyone before, Slave?” he asked.

I felt a giant mental finch at the word! But it was impossible to deny that that was exactly what I was doing! I was naked and laying on my back and masturbating in front of Mr. Masters! My God!

I jerked my head from side to side, and he frowned, then he raised his right foot and let it press down against the base of the dildo. I gasped as he forced the bulging part inside me. That had the head jammed achingly deep, but now he pressed harder.

“Oh! Oh please!” I cried, grasping at his ankle and trying to shove it away.

“Are you resisting me, Slave?” he demanded in a stern voice. “Because that just

draws more punishment! Drop your hands now!”

Gasping in pain, I obeyed, whimpering.

“And don't try to close your legs! Spread them wide!” he barked.

Again I obeyed, hoping he would ease up on the pressure, and he did, thankfully!

“When I ask a question I expect an answer. Not shaking your head. Now, have you ever masturbated before in front of a man?”

“N-No, Sir!” I gulped.

He pushed his foot down and I gasped at the pain as the head jammed against the deepest part of my pussy! My hands trembled beside me as I fought to keep them from grabbing his wrist!

“Say master.”

“No, Master!” I moaned.

He pulled his foot away.

“Continue,” he said.

I licked my lips anxiously, then obeyed, because, well, I couldn't think of what else to do! I pumped the dildo in and out and rubbed my oiled fingers over my clitoris as he watched me, and I felt a growing sense of wonder and heat to go with my embarrassment and discomfort.

“Tell me what you're doing,” he said.

I gulped and stared at him and his eyes narrowed.

“I-I'm... masturbating, Master!” I blurted.

It was so embarrassing saying those words!

“How does that big cock feel inside you?”

How was I supposed to answer that!?

“I-I... don't know, Master!” I gulped.

“It feels nice, doesn't it.”

“Y-yes, Master!” I said anxiously.

“I can recognize a girl who loves the feel of a big cock inside her,” he said, nodding. “Roll on your belly and raise that lovely bottom up high.”

Kind of dazed by it all, I obeyed. Initially I was just glad to turn my face away from him! But then, of course, as I raised my bottom high I knew his view of me would be even more graphic.

“Reach down between your legs and pump that dildo, slave girl. And don't forget to give your clitoris the attention it wants.”

Panting for breath, I obeyed, pumping the dildo, fingering my clitoris, my mind awash in dark shocked heat and embarrassment, in uncertainty, anxiety and arousal.

“Tell me what you're doing, Slave.”

“I-I'm masturbating, Master!” I moaned.

“Did you masturbate for my sons last night?”

I blanched. “No, Master!”

“But you enjoyed having two big cocks in your tight little belly, didn't you, Slave.”

I did, of course. Could I deny it!? I had come like crazy and he had obviously heard me!

“I-I... I don't know,” I moaned.

He raised his foot and pressed it against the other dildo, the one in my ass, and I cried out as the tip pushed even deeper.

“You do know, slave girl. Admit it.”

“Yes, Master!” I cried helplessly.

He took his foot off.

“So once again, did you enjoy having two big cocks inside you?”

“Yes, Master!”

“In fact, you loved it, didn't you.”

“Yes, Master!” I moaned.

“Say it. Tell me you loved having two big cocks in you.”

This was so bizarre! So unreal!

“I... loved having two big cocks inside me, sir!” I moaned to Mr. Masters.

“You love cock, don't you.”

“Yes, Master!” I gasped, knowing the answer he wanted.

“Say it.”

“I love cock, Master!” I gasped.

Again, saying the words aloud – with him there – was bizarre and sent a strange rush through my already dazed head.

“Say it again.”

“I love cock, Master!” I moaned.

“Do you think you can come while I watch you, Slave?”

Was he crazy!?

And then I realized that I probably could! I mean, the sexual electricity was inside me, thrumming powerfully, and every time I stroked my fingers over my clitoris I felt a fresh wave of heat! I moaned, pumping the dildo in and out, turning and twisting it and rubbing my clitoris harder.

“Y-yes, Master!” I whimpered.

“I don't want you to come yet. I want you to bring yourself close and then tell me.”

Why!? Well, that didn't matter. And I felt that sense of... call it submission again. He'd told me what to do and I just had to do whatever that was. I shuddered as I pumped the dildo, my mind swirling with the knowledge he was standing right behind watching me!

My fingers stroked faster against my clitoris, and the dark heat washed over me!

“I-I'm going to come, Master!” I moaned.

“Beg me for permission, first.”

God! God! God! So nasty!

“Please may I come, Master!?” I gasped.

“Put your hands out to either side of your body and look forward.”

Whimpering, I obeyed, gulping in air, heart pounding. I felt his fingers at my sex, then, felt him pumping the dildo, felt his fingers rubbing my clitoris, and in seconds the orgasm tore through me as my body erupted in an incredible wild flare of sensation! I cried out in helpless pleasure, rutting back against the dildo and his fingers as my mind tumbled end over end over end by the wild, rushing waves of pleasure!

I swayed dazedly as the orgasm faded, leaving me overheated and gasping, eyes slitted.

“Thank me for letting you come, slave,” he ordered.

I groaned dazedly. “Th-Thank you for letting me, come, Master,” I moaned.

“Now turn around.”

I pushed myself awkwardly back up onto my hands and knees and turned around, dropping my head low.

“Down on your forearms and raise that bottom high, Slave.”

I obeyed and he moved closer, holding the stick forward. I gulped and quickly scrunched up more, drawing my thighs in closer against my belly and raising my bottom.

“Show me how grateful you are for the orgasm, Slave,” he said.

What did he mean by that, I wondered? Did he want a blow job?”

I rolled my eyes up at him, blinking rapidly, unsure.

Then he thrust the stick down, pointing at the ground at his feet. I stared, wondering again.

“Do you see my shoes, Slave?”

“Y-Yes, Master,” I said hesitantly.

“I want you to demonstrate how grateful you are by cleaning them.”

They looked clean to me, I thought doubtfully. And I had nothing to clean them with. What was he talking about?

“With your tongue, slave,” he said.

I felt another shock roll through me! Was he kidding!? I rolled my eyes up and saw his glaring down at me. No, he wasn't kidding!

I gulped and looked at his shoes in front of me. They looked fairly clean and... and, well, suddenly I leaned in and licked one, and that sent another jolt through my psyche. I leaned in and licked more, sliding my tongue up and down his foot, and more sexual electricity crackled through my mind and body, for this was so... demeaning, so degrading, so outrageous, and thus... so incredibly darkly thrilling!

Like I was a real slave or something!

A sex slave!

I winced as the stick struck my bottom.

“Longer licks, Slave,” he growled.

I licked more anxiously, dazed by the rush of wild sensual heat! I ran my long pink tongue up and down his right foot, then his left, moaning as he traced the stick along my spine.

“What are you?” he demanded, flicking the tip against the side of my right breast.

“I-I'm a slave girl, Master!” I moaned.

“You're a sex slave. Say it.”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” I gasped breathlessly.

The wild heat was rushing through me again!

“Up on your knees, Slave.”

Gulping, flushed, I pushed myself upright.

He moved behind me, drew my hands back behind me, and then when he let go of them I realized the leather bracelet things were now locked together behind my back!

He moved to stand in front of me and tightened his grip on the leash, then jerked his swimsuit down.

My eyes instantly were attracted to his thick cock. It was long and half erect. Like his sons he had shaved most of his pubic hair off so that it stood there in all its naked glory, rising before my eyes, thickening as I stared at it, moaning low in my throat as he gripped the base and squeezed, pumping his fist along it.

“Now, slave. You're going to show me how a proper slave girl pleases her master,” he said.

I moaned in denial again, about how unbelievable this was, but he gathered in my hair and jerked my face in against him, grinding it up and down against his crotch and cock.

“We'll start with my balls. I want attention to detail, slave girl, not a quick blow job.”

He made me lick his balls all over! Then he made me suck them into my mouth and massage them with my tongue, pulling my face in tight as I moaned helplessly. He lifted his cock up, pinning it against his belly as he had me lick my way up and down it, and by the time it was rock hard I was fairly sure it was bigger than any I'd ever seen in person!

He rubbed it over my face, then along my lips, then made me take the head into my mouth. He continued talking as I sucked, telling me when I was sucking too hard, or too weakly, when I was licking too fast or too softly, telling me to bob up and down faster, giving me a kind of instant feedback of what he liked and how he liked it.

No. What he liked and how he demanded I give it to him!

All the time I was sucking, and listening and trying to do my best, I was feeling that same sense of disbelief that I was naked and wearing a collar and restraints and sucking Mr. Masters' cock!

But that didn't stop my insides from pulsing and throbbing and squeezing on the big dildos filling me up!

Then he pulled me forward and I gurgled, eyes going wide, as that big, thick cock was forced into my throat. Well, I'd kind of been expecting it. It still caught me partly by surprise, though, and I gagged and gurgled helplessly, instinctively trying to jerk back.

He wouldn't let me, of course, and soon my lips were wrapped around the base of his cock as he held me tightly in place, my head pounding, my heart thumping, my chest burning as I wriggled and twisted in my instinctive effort at pulling free.

“Don't even try to pull away, Slave!” he said sternly. “That could be seen as refusing my order. If you refuse orders you'll be severely punished!”

He pulled out and I coughed violently, then gulped in air.

“You'll need to learn to deep throat as if it were second nature,” he said. “A slave girl has no gag reflex.”

I wanted to say I wasn't really a slave girl, but was too busy breathing!

He let me catch my breath, some of it anyway, then pushed himself back down my throat, holding me in place as I again wriggled and twisted. He pulled out, then picked up that... stick, and:

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three hard, stinging blows landed on my bare bottom and I cried out dazedly.

“Bad slave girl,” he said sternly. “No resistance. No attempt to break free. Obey!”

He shoved himself back down my throat again, and again I instinctively twisted and tried to back away, at least a little.

But even a little was too much.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I gasped and yelped and we tried again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Again we tried, with my head pounding, more dazed this time, and he pulled me down the length of his cock until my lips were wrapped around the base. This time I did nothing at all except to gurgle a little. I made no attempt to draw back, letting him completely control my head.

“Good slave,” he said.

He pushed me back so I fell, dazed, onto my back on the grass, then dropped to his knees in front of me. His big hands gripped my legs behind the knees and spread them wide, then he started to lick and suck on my clitoris.

At first, all I really cared about was breathing, but that soon subsided, and then my lower belly began to thrum and throb as his expert tongue worked at my clitoris and he pumped that big dildo in and out. I knew I was going to come again, as weary and breathless as I was, but he stopped.

But only to flip me over onto my belly. I felt his hands on my hips jerking them upward and then he slapped my bottom and spread my legs.

“Now your master is going to take what he owns,” he growled.

I felt him gripping the leash and jerking it taut, then the dildo pulled out. I shuddered as I felt what had to be his cock instead, pushing into me. I stared through glassy eyes at the deck and pool as his cock pushed into me, one slow, oozing inch at a time, stretching me out wide, making me ache deliciously!

“Ohhh!” I groaned as I was filled up.

“Cock is your life, slave girl. Cock is what you live for. Serving your master is your purpose in life.”

And then he started to do me, and boy did he know how to do me! I was almost ready to come anyway, mind you, but with that big cock pumping inside me and his hips slapping against my buttocks the orgasm just tore through me like an explosive force!

I cried out in a wild, breathless, sobbing wail as my hips bucked back against him. The orgasm screamed through my nervous system to sweep aside all conscious thought and turn me into a wild, carnal animal!

I rammed myself back, sobbing, impaling myself on his hard, thick flesh again and again, crying out with a wondrous dazed pleasure as he slammed himself forward, then gripped my hair and yanked it back sharply, violently, even cruelly.

“Hot little slut!” he growled, slapping my bottom sharply. “Take that cock! Swallow every inch, slut!”

His hips slammed into me harder and faster, and the orgasm just seemed to go on forever! And still his heavy hips slammed into my upraised buttocks with bruising force, again and again and again, jarring my entire body! His thick cock was spearing deep into my belly as my cries grew in intensity!

I was going out of my mind! Because the orgasm had faded, but then risen again, then faded, then risen again, like a roller coaster! And some tiny, conscious part of my mind realized that it wasn't one orgasm but multiple orgasms as the tidal waves of sensation drowned me in pleasure!

It only stopped, I guess, when he came inside me, and then withdrew. I sank slowly down, panting, my mind blown out, even more shell shocked than I had been with his sons.

“You're a good ride, Slave. But you'll get better,” he said.

He let me recover slightly, then used the leash to force me up onto all fours and made me crawl back onto the deck, then into the house.

It felt even weirder crawling in the house naked, but I didn't know what else to do. He had me crawl into the bathroom, then bent me over the kitchen sink.

Crack! His hand slapped my bottom.

“Spread your legs, slave.”

I obeyed as he got something from the cupboard, turning on the water. He filled something with water as I stared at my confused, perpetually startled face in the

mirror. Then he pulled the dildo out of my ass. I moaned in relief, but he quickly pushed something else in there, though it was much thinner.

And water began to pour into me! My eyes widened and I thought, well, WTF again, before understanding he was giving me an enema! Then I was WTF again, but what was I supposed to do or say!?

I groaned as more and more of it poured into me, warm water from a bag he held aloft.

“You'll do this twice a day, Slave, so your ass will be nice and clean and ready for the cock of any man who wants to use it,” he said sternly.

Was he crazy!?

He put me on the toilet, but refused to leave, and that was even more embarrassing!

“Your body belongs to your master. Do you think there's going to be any privacy for you any more? Don't be silly. Expel the water and we'll do it again.”

And we did, and then came the shower.

I just stood there, still shell-shocked, as the water poured over us. Mr. Masters turned off the water, picked up shampoo and poured it over my head. That made me close my eyes, of course. I'm not sure if that was his intent or not.

I felt his fingers working it into my hair, raising a good lather. Then there was more cream or something on my chest, as he ran his hands over my shoulders and chest, raising more lather. Probably liquid soap, I thought wearily as I felt him soap me up all over.

I moaned and gasped as his fingers rubbed over my clitoris and along the line of my sex.

He soaped himself up and rinsed us both off, then got out of the shower and toiled himself dry. He pulled me out and toweled me, then brushed my hair and used the blow dryer to finish the job.

I still hadn't said anything. I mean, what was I supposed to say? Cody and

Hunter had called me slave girl the other night, of course, but that was like a kinky game. Mr. Masters was acting like he thought it was real! But he was acting in this very stern way which did not invite argument!

He put a bigger butt-plug into my ass, and then led me by the leash out into the hall. I was at least walking, but my wrists were still held behind my back by the restraints. We went further up the hall, past his room and into what I had taken to be a storage room.

It was about the right size, and had no windows, but there were no boxes or bags in it. Instead it had a polished teak floor, a couple of strange looking wooden frames, and chains dangling from the center of the ceiling!

He led me into the center and then unlocked the restraints from each other, letting my wrists come apart. But he held the right wrist and lifted it up above me to attach it to one of the chains. He adjusted another chain, then brought my left wrist up and out to the side to lock to a second chain.

I should have said something before, but now, just as I was working up my courage to do so, he showed me what looked like a leather ball, then pushed it into my mouth! It filled my mouth, pressing up against the roof and down against my tongue, but not letting my mouth actually close as he buckled it behind my neck.

“This is a ball gag,” he said. “Masters seldom want to hear their slave girl's opinion on anything. And while you've been nicely silent thus far you need to learn it almost as an instinct. A slave speaks when she's told to, and not otherwise.”

Fuck he was crazy!

But he knelt in front of me and stared at my pussy, then started to lick again, and I shuddered and moaned, letting my head roll back, bracing myself uneasily as the strange vortex of emotions and sensations began to roll through me again.

He stopped only to produce another big dildo – or maybe it was the same one. I could see it now. It was blue and was covered in thumbnail sized round dimples. It was quite thick, but then swelled out an inch from the base, and when he'd gotten that inside me that kept it from falling out again, with just an inch protruding.

He inserted a similar thing into my butt, and then brought out a big vibrator. This was like a big, long white plastic device that plugged into the wall. It had this little golf ball on tip, and he turned it on and began to run it back and forth over my clitoris.

OMG! The sensations of that thing were so powerful they made me squirm and twist and try to pull away!

“Bad slave!” he said sternly. “Slave girls do not resist whatever their masters want.”

He went to a cabinet and returned with something that widened my eyes. It was a whip! I mean, it had a short handle, and then a big chunk of these leather strings or thongs or whatever they were called!

“Slave's who resist their masters are punished,” he said. “You need to learn that.”

I shook my head wildly but he moved behind me and then swung the thing at my back. I felt a huge rush of disbelief again, and then it cut across my upper back!

To be honest, the shock of what he was doing was probably worse than the actual pain. The things, the thongs were thin and lightweight. Still, there was like, twenty of them, and they all landed across my soft skin with stinging force!

I cried out in pain, thrown forward away from the blow, but drawn back by the restraints around my wrists so that my back arched sharply.

“Slave girls obey,” he said sternly.

The whip cut across the center of my back, and then my lower back, as I twisted and squealed wildly, gripped by alarm and stinging pain! This was insane!

Still, I calmed down somewhat as I realized that though it stung it didn't sting that much. And I knew it wasn't causing any actual damage. I still gasped and flinched as it snapped down across my buttocks, then across my back again and again.

He put it down and jerked back on my hair, pulling my head up and back so he could chew and suck on my nipples. His other hand was between my legs, fingers pressing against the dildo as his thumb stroked my clitoris.

Then he used the vibrator again!

I shuddered and trembled and moaned at the discomfort of such an overload of stimulation against my sensitive clitoris! But then, it was like my body adapted to it, and began to learn to interpret the sensations. And then my clitoris and my whole lower belly began to vibrate, to resonate in time to the thing as a wild rush of heat grew within me!

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said, his voice a low purr. “You like that vibrator don't you.”

I whimpered and moaned, panting heavily around the ball gag as the incredible swirling waves of sexuality and heat intensified.

And then the door opened. I was close to orgasm, but that abruptly subsided as Mr. Masters took the vibrator away and I realized that Manuel was in the room.

I squealed into the gag and tried to jerk my arms down, to twist my body away, to cover myself, but of course I could do nothing of the sort.

“Mister Masters, your wife is on the phone,” he said.

“She better not be calling to ask permission to buy something expensive,” he grumbled.

He handed the vibrator to Manuel and left the room.

I dropped my head low, cringing, mortified, then cried out as I felt my hair yanked up and back. My eyes rolled to see his face near mine as he looked me up and down.

“So, a slave girl, you are,” he said in accented English. “I suspected as much. Blonde girls often long to be slave girls.”

Was he crazy too!? OMG!

He turned on the vibrator and pressed it against my clitoris, and I tried to shake my head and moan no.

“Manuel knows how to treat slave girls,” he said. “He knows what they like.”

He smirked at me and licked his lips, and I trembled and moaned helplessly. Then he dropped his pants, and my eyes widened as I saw his cock. It was huge!

Mr Masters and his sons were big, football player types. Manuel was not. He was more wiry and athletic, with lean ropy muscles. But his cock was huge and thick and like the rest of his body, black as the ace of spades!

He chuckled as he saw me staring.

“You like, eh, slave girl?” he said.

I shook my head frantically and he smirked and moved behind me. He put his left hand around me to cup and fondle my breasts while the right slid over my hip and down – with the vibrator in it. He began to play the vibrator over my clitoris as his big, thick, hard black cockshaft pressed in between my buttocks, a hard, hot, slick length of flesh grinding up and down again and again!

“A slave girl, she is an animal,” he said. “A sexual animal who cares for nothing but pleasure and heat.”

He leaned in and began to kiss the nape of my neck, then drew back. I felt the thick dildo pulling out of me and when I tried to jerk free he slapped my bottom stingingly.

“Obey, Slave!” he barked.

I trembled and held still as he spread my legs a little, tilted my bottom back, and then pressed his cock against my back opening. It was well-lubricated because Mr. Masters had put plenty on the dildo. Now I felt myself stretching as the head of his cock pushed against me.

“Such a lovely bottom, so fair and round, I am sure it is tight and deep,” he said.

I felt him jabbing against me, the pressure mounting, my wrinkled opening stretching and straining, and then he pushed slowly into me! The head, at least, lodged inside the tightness of my body! He reached around me with the vibrator and played it against my clitoris again, and I shuddered and let my head fall back against his shoulders, dazed and overwhelmed by it all.

“Slave,” he breathed into my ear as he chewed and sucked along the nape of my

neck. "Sex slave."

I shuddered as his cock worked itself slowly deeper, slick and hard and warm, filling me up and stretching me out. It hurt, but not very much, really, and the sensations were easily swamped by the way he was working the vibrator over my clitoris.

And then I felt a sense of surrender, and with it, a sense of peace. I couldn't do anything anyway. Why worry about it? Just accept it.

Though as his cock pushed higher I began to gasp and moan as I started to feel these sharp little cramps deep inside me. God, he was lodged so high! I tried to rise onto the balls of my feet as that big cock pushed deeper, but my body was starting to swim with heat, and with startling swiftness that heat overcame me like a wave of intoxicating darkness.

So good! It felt so good! I shuddered as his cock pumped slowly inside my body, as the vibrator ground across my clitoris. I could feel that thick dildo jammed into my pussy, so that I was doubly filled, like I had been with the twins the other night! God! God! God! What was happening to me!?

The feel of his cock moving up and down began to loom larger and larger in my mind, until it was the focus of what was left of my consciousness. I shuddered and sobbed in dazed pleasure and wanton heat now, reveling in every deep stroke!

His hand rose from my breast, circling my throat just above the collar, making my head throb, my eyes bulge.

"Come, Slave girl," he growled. "Come for me. Come for Manuel. Come!"

And I did, crying out, sobbing in mindless, animal heat as the orgasm blasted my mind like a hurricane! Every nerve ending in my body flared wildly as my muscles spasmed and my hips bucked back frantically against his cock!

I could feel his balls wedged tightly in between my buttocks, and marveled that I had every inch of that monster cock up my ass! I twisted and writhed, impaled and glorying in the thick penetration as the vibrator threatened to drive me insane!

I sagged, practically hanging from my wrists, slack jawed around the ball gag, eyes slitted, moaning insensibly as the orgasm faded and left me a shattered, tattered wreck.

Mr. Masters came in then, smiling.

He looked at me and then reached behind my neck, unbuckling the strap holding the ball gag in, then gently working it out of my mouth.

I dropped my chin on my chest but Manuel seized my hair and jerked it up and back as Mr. Masters moved in closer.

“The reason I left you alone with Manuel, Hannah, was because I wanted you to come to terms with being a sex slave. I wanted you to realize your body is for the pleasure of any man who wants it.

He cupped my breasts, his fingers kneading them gently.

“You just came like a bitch in heat,” he said with a smile. “With a strange man's cock jammed balls deep in your tight little ass.”

I closed my eyes and shuddered.

“And it didn't matter who the man was. You would have come for any cock that pushed into that tight ass of yours, let alone your hot, hungry, buttery little cunt.”

One of his hands descended and his fingers rubbed at my clitoris, which was now hyper-sensitive after that wildly buzzing vibrator had been rattling its nerve endings.

“That's because you're a natural whore,” he said. “A cock loving slut who can't ever get enough cock.”

I wanted to deny this even as he leaned in to kiss me gently on the lips.

“There's no point in denying it. That's not a bad thing! Your body will bring a lot of pleasure to a lot of people,” he said. “And in turn, you will get an amazing rush of pleasure yourself.”

He gripped the base of the dildo and pulled it slowly out as Manuel dropped the

vibrator and gripped my thighs instead. He pulled them further apart, forcing me to rise onto the balls of my feet.

Manuel's big black cock was still buried in my ass, unmoving. I could feel it throbbing inside me!

Now Mr. Masters dropped his bathing suit and took his own big cock out. I whimpered and moaned as he began to rub the head up and down against my clitoris.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl,” he growled.

Manuel jerked on my hair and I cried out.

“Beg for it, slut.”

“Please!” I moaned.

“Beg, slave.”

“Please fuck me,” I whimpered.

Manuel jerked sharply, painfully on my hair.

“Master,” he barked.

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried.

I felt that thick, slick cock slowly pushing up, stretching the lips of my sex wide, sinking into my body. And I felt myself surrendering again, moaning as he pushed deeper, as Manuel began to slowly grind himself against my buttocks, then pump in slow, shallow motions.

Mr. Masters buried his cock in my tight sheath, and then I was sandwiched between the two men, warm flesh pressed against me front and back! I whimpered and moaned at the avalanche of sensation as my overwhelmed mind struggled for sanity.

Mr. Masters kissed me hard as Manuel bit into the nape of my neck, and both of them ground their pelvises against me, their big cocks stirring and shifting inside

my aching stomach.

It was sooooo good!

I was absolutely stuffed full of cock, and four male hands raced over my body as their lips sucked and chewed at my throat.

It took only minutes for the first orgasm to flood my mind with sensual pleasure, and then orgasm after orgasm tore through me as the two men thrust into me with greater and greater force! They fucked me hard and fast and deep until I thought I'd lose my mind from the intensity of the sexual fever they roused in me!

I screamed myself hoarse, screamed myself breathless

They emptied themselves in my panting, overheated, dazed body, and then stuffed the dildos back up inside me and left me there for a time. When Mr. Masters returned he ran his hands over my body, fingering my nipples and kneading my breasts.

I moaned as his fingers found my clitoris. I was sweating by then for it was hot in the closed in little room, and my hips ground helplessly against him.

He snorted and then pulled the gag from my mouth, sliding his fingers into it instead, pumping them in and out.

“Tell me you love cock, Slave girl.”

“I-I love cock!” I groaned.

“Call me Master from now on.”

I felt another jolt of heat. God!

“Say it, slave.”

“Master!” I moaned.

Again.”

“Master,” I gulped as his fingers returned to my clitoris.

“Again.”

“Master,” I moaned.

He reached up and unhooked my wrists from the chain, then gripped my arm to keep me from slumping to my knees. He led me over to one of the frames instead. This looked sort of like a saw horse, or maybe a very short, narrow balance beam.

He pulled the dildos out of my body, which gave me a sense of relief deep inside, where they'd been jammed. Then he lifted me up, swinging one leg over the balance beam or sawhorse or whatever it was. I grunted as some of my weight came down on it, as I felt it jamming up against my sex. It was sort of triangular, with a rounded tip, like a two by two set on one corner.

He lifted my wrists up and there was another hook and chain there. He attached them to that, then he found another pair of those leather restraint things and fastened them around my ankles. And then he pulled my ankles apart to the sides and chained them that way so I was literally sitting on that narrow wedge of wood!

I gasped at the pressure against my soft, sensitive flesh, pulling downward against the chain above to take some of my weight. There were limits to how long I could do that, of course.

He got the big vibrator and replaced the round head with a much smaller one, the size of a marble, then pressed it in against the top of my sex where it was jammed into the wood. I gasped and moaned as the vibrations reverberated through my groin, and he yanked my hair back sharply, then leaned in to suck and lick and chew at my breasts and nipples!

He drew his mouth away.

“What are you?”

“I'm a sex slave, Master!” I moaned.

“And who gets to fuck a sex slave?” he demanded.

I hesitated, blinking in confusion, and he jerked sharply and painfully on my

hair.

“Anyone!” he snapped. “Say it, Slave!”

“Anyone, Master!” I cried.

“Anyone who wants you. Anyone,” he said, rubbing the marble thing against my clitoris.

I shuddered. I could only hold some of my weight on my wrists. Most of it was pressing down against the smooth wood below, and that was making me ache, making me throb, making the soft flesh of my sex feel hot as it throbbed with rising pain.

Against that backdrop, the buzzing of the vibrator stood out clean and clear, and each time he jerked back on my hair my torso tilted back a little so the thing could grind right across it!

“A sex slave is a fuck toy for anyone who wants to play with her body,” he said. “She never says no. And if she does, she gets punished.”

I moaned helplessly, whimpering at the rushing storm of exotic dark heat, at the aching in my groin and the way the vibrator was making it burn in an entirely different way!

“A sex slave is a wild bitch in heat, a sexual animal,” he said. “She'd no more turn down sex than a dog would turn down a steak.”

I gasped as he jerked sharply on my hair again, forcing it back, forcing my lower body to tilt up to let the marble rub back and forth across my clitoris.

“And like any other bitch animal, she learns how to perform for her masters,” he said.

I was drowning in dazed heat, now sort of grinding my sex in and out along the narrow wedge of wood as my instincts made my hips roll wantonly. My mind was backing in heat and that sense of wild surrender was sweeping through me again.

“Let me hear you say no, slave,” he ordered.

“N-No, Master!” I moaned.

He snorted, and pulled the vibrator back, then moved away, leaving me as I was, but only momentarily. He returned with the whip thing he'd used on me earlier, and I cried out as it swept through the air and cracked against my bare back!

“Bad slave girl!” he said.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

I shuddered and sobbed as the thin laces cut across my back, producing sharp, stinging floods of pain. But it also made my hips jerk convulsively so that I was grinding my aching, burning sex against the wood!

“Please!” I whimpered.

Crack!

“Please who?”

Crack!

“Please, Master!”

“Tell me you're a bad slave girl!”

He moved forward and I shuddered.

“I'm a bad slave girl, Master!” I cried dazedly.

He swung the thing again, but this time so that it struck my breasts! I squealed again, and then again, and then again as the whip swept in and the thin laces snapped down across my already flushed, overheated, swollen breasts!

Then he dropped it, jerked back on my hair, and ground the vibrator against my clitoris again!

And I came! God, did I come! I came, screaming, sobbing, breathless, grinding myself desperately against the wood as my head thrashed and my back arched and the hurricane of sensation blew my mind apart!

I had no idea what was happening and didn't care!

*

He led me, crawling, from the room, to another room, a small one. It was brighter, having a window, and was covered in thick, soft gray carpeting. The only thing in the room was a large – cage. It was a round bird cage, but big enough to put a large dog into.

Or a bitch in heat.

He had me go into it, then closed and locked the door, before leaving the room and closing that door.

I found myself alone at last, to confront the shocking enormity of all which had happened in such a short time! The things I had done, and had done to me, simply blew my mind! I stared at the bars of the cage with that sense of disbelief again, shaking my head.

The floor of the cage was cushioned, and I sat on my heels, staring down at my body. It didn't seem to be marked, much. I mean, the thin lines across my breasts were already starting to fade. My pussy looked very red, the lips swollen, and when I gingerly touched myself I winced and jerked my fingers away.

How far was he going to carry this perverted sexual game anyway!?

What if Clair and Mrs. Masters came back early and found me like this!?

I stared at the studded leather wrist bands on my wrists, and down at the ones around my ankles. I felt along the collar around my neck, and felt another strange rush of confusion, heat, outrage, anxiety and amazement.

It didn't really occur to me he was serious, even then. It didn't even occur to me I was actually a sex slave, or could possibly be one. It was just a kinky game his sons and he were playing.

I looked around at the cage and saw a water bottle clipped to the outside, like you see in bird cages or hamster cages. It was higher up, though, and instead of a narrow tube a full sized cock-head attached to a three inch shaft pushed through the bars!

God, what a pervert, I thought admiringly.

But my throat was sore and I was thirsty. I turned and moved to it, then stretched out my head, slid my lips over it and sucked. Cool water flowed into my mouth and down my aching throat as I sucked.

I turned away from it, licking my lips, and saw another big cock. This one was on the opposite side of the cage. It looked like it was about eighteen inches long. It was clipped to the inside of one of the bars. Half of it ran along the inside of the bar, vertically running upward, then it bent sharply and thrust out into the cage

The thing buzzed and I noticed an electrical plug attached to the bottom which was plugged into the wall.

I moved closer and touched it, and realized the entire thing was buzzing, vibrating.

God!

I awkwardly lay down, trying to find a comfortable position, and wondering how long Mr. Masters would keep me here.

God, he and his sons were such perverts! And I had gone along with them! So what kind of a slut did that make me!?

The only comfortable position I could find, given the size of the cage, was on my back, with my legs bent sharply, my knees drawn up straight, and then spread to the sides. Since I was kind of hot and tender between the legs that wasn't a bad position to be in anyway.

My mind was occupied with going through all the outrageous things Mr. Masters had done to me and made me do to him – and myself! I had masturbated in front of him! With a dildo! And I had licked his shoes! And he'd let a stranger sodomize me!

But overlaying every memory was the dark, thrilled tinge of steamy sexual heat and pleasure. So many orgasms! So many incredibly intense orgasms! God! My belly still ached from the way my muscles had spasmed so much and so often!

Thank God I was far from home and that nobody I knew was likely to ever find out! I mean, Mr. Masters would make sure his sons didn't brag about it in case his wife and daughter found out! And they were in college anyway, a different one than I was headed to next year!

What rotten bastards they all were, though!

I reached down and gingerly stroked my very sore sex, wincing a bit. But though it stung, the throbbing heat also made my nerve endings there incredibly sensitive. I winced but I also gasped in pleasure as I lightly rubbed my swollen clitoris, and let my mind roll through some of the nastier things I'd done!

I moaned, my body starting to writhe as it filled with heat, and then I saw the buzzing vibrator cock thing! I gulped and sat up, then turned around and backed against it. I had to slide my legs through the bars, but then I got my tender sex pressed against the vertical part of the cock and cried out at the sudden rush of sexual energy!

I rubbed myself ever so gently along the silicone vibrator, whimpering and moaning at the way my nerve endings crackled and flared! My breathing became more and more ragged and then I didn't care about the pain any more! I rubbed harder, then forced my hips higher and slid my dripping pussy over the nose of the horizontal part of the dildo.

Sure it hurt, but so what!? I sobbed aloud, sliding myself down, down, down its length, then starting to grind and rut back against it in a growing frenzy of wild sexual fever! And when I got all of it inside me that put the top of my sex – now the bottom given my position – right up against the buzzing vertical part!

I cried out as I ground myself more and more frantically, the heat beating at my mind until another massive orgasm tore through me!

I panted weakly, sliding my pussy slowly off it with a groan.

“I see our little sex slave has been keeping herself busy,” Mr. Masters said.

I turned to the door and gasped, for there he was, staring at me, and beside him, Cody and Hunter smirked, their jeans bulging.

I moaned, face flushing anew.

“I thought I'd help introduce my sons to how a sex slave should be trained,” he said.

I backed against the far wall, eyes wide and wild!

But when he opened the door of the cage it never even occurred to me not to crawl through. Whatever happened, well, that wasn't up to me. I felt myself surrendering again, submitting to his will, to their will, to the will of the Masters. Whatever they intended doing to me I knew it would be nasty, naughty and thrilling!

End

Hannah and the Masters

Hannah and Mr. Masters

[More Masters for Hannah](#)

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

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Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus

Molly's Black Master (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir", and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains

at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

Working For the Smiths

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

Taylor's New Chauffeur (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

The Nerd Girls

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

Owned by My Best Friend's Family!

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

Zoe's New Boss

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

In The Vampire's Lair

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

Nigger's Girl

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

The Temporary Harem Girl

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought it'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I

began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

Owned by Mister Trask

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

Bound Beauty

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

The Mirror Box

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them