

# More Masters for Hannah

By JJ Argus



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**Smashwords edition**

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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.*

Imagine being put into a cage! What an absolutely outrageous idea! And naked! Well, it was hard to make it clearer what you were destined for! It wasn't an idea which would ever have previously occurred to me, but now that I was naked and in a cage the idea was overwhelming my mind with a breathless sense of heat and thrilled excitement.

Forbidden excitement, of course. Outrageous excitement. Degrading and demeaning and far beyond what any sort of good girl would ever imagine or take part in! And how I had come to be in a cage was something that was hard to even understand.

It had started out so simply! I would go on vacation to St. Croix with my friend Clair and her family! What could be easier!? And a little harmless midnight skinny dip was certainly not that far out there in terms of sexual morality.

But when I'd been caught by Claire's hunky twin brothers, that was where my ideas of sexual morality had been smashed. It wasn't like I had said yes to what Hunter – or was it Cody – had wanted to do to me. I mean, I hadn't said no but I hadn't said yes either! I didn't want him thinking I was some kind of slut, after all!

So I'd let him... do what he wanted, let myself submit to all that big, hunky, naked male hunger which roused my own there in the moonlight by the pool overlooking the ocean. And then when his brother had emerged, well, it had just seemed too late to back out then!

They'd used me! They'd done it roughly, and forcefully, showing a sense of determination and domination that had left me a quivering, trembling overheated mass of thrumming sexual hunger! They had even tied me up while doing so, and given me the most incredible, most intense sexual experience of my life by far! In fact, the most incredible, intense experience of any kind!

And if that hadn't been enough of a blow to my entire sense of who and what I was, then Mr. Masters, their father, had let me know he'd overheard – while he was in the process of putting suntan lotion on me by the pool! And what had started as a mortifying 'dad lecture' on sexual morality, role playing and bondage games, had turned into him showing me his own domination!

Oh God, had he ever! He'd put me through the wringer! And just as had happened with his sons the wild sexual fever which had come over me had left me breathless, speechless, and unable to resist or refuse anything he did to me! It was shocking and outrageous, and yet my mind had been swamped by the wild dark thrill of hunger and arousal!

And then he'd demonstrated in a way even I couldn't deny, that it wasn't just him and his hunky sons. He'd let Manuel, the servant, do me while I was tied up. And I'd still come like a whore, my mind fried to a crisp by the wild sexual pleasure. Then the two had used me together before he'd stuffed me into a cage!

A cage! Naked, wearing a collar and studded leather restraints around my wrists and ankles! Like... like a sex slave! That was what his sons had called me, and what Mr. Masters had called me, too. Oh what a dark, kinky, delicious, wild, carnal game they were playing!

I'd never have dared indulge such perverted things back home. But here on the island of St. Croix, far from anyone I knew, I couldn't stop myself!

Even alone in the cage I'd gotten aroused, and he'd placed a sort of L-shaped dildo against the bars on one side. The vertical part vibrated like a, well, vibrator, and I had put my back to it, and on all fours had put my aching, burning sex against it, and rubbed myself nearly to climax!

In doing so my heat had roused to the point I'd raised my bottom higher and slid my overheated sex down the length of the horizontal part of the thing, rutting back while crying out in helpless, mindless pleasure as I rode myself to a powerful orgasm.

What a whore I was!

But at least I'd done it alone, or so I'd thought, until the orgasm had faded and I'd opened my slitted eyes to find Mr. Masters in the room, looking in at me – and Hunter and Cody there beside him, smirking and with big bulges in their shorts.

I was on my knees, backed up against the bars, my legs actually through the bars on either side of the dildo, vibrator thing. My bottom was raised high, my breasts pillowed out beneath me against the floor of the cage as I recovered, gasping for breath.

I could feel the thickness of the dildo filling my aching sex, could feel the buzzing of the vibrations against my clitoris. I shuddered, trying to clear my mind, realizing that the three were there looking at me, and starting to fill with a rolling wave of self-conscious embarrassment.

I mean, Mr. Masters had sort of persuaded me to masturbate in front of him – somehow! He'd made me so hot, and there I was laying on my back, all oiled up in the sun, with dildos inside me, and he'd had me start and then.. I'd just done it! While he watched!

But submitting to Mr. Masters, who was so much older than me, sort of a semi-authority figure, was one thing. The twins were almost my age, and while the things they'd done me had been wicked and wild and shocking, I still cringed at them having seen me like this.

I lurched forward, sliding myself off the dildo with a gasp, half falling to the floor of the cage as the three came forward, rolling onto my side and sort of instinctively trying to cover my body with my hands, thought that was pointless, of course. They'd all seen and touched every inch of my body, after all.

“Where do you put a wild animal?” Mr. Masters said. “In a cage, of course.”

“Fucking hot!” one of the twins growled.

“This, boys, is a wild, sexual animal,” Mr. Masters said. “And what you want to do is tame it and make it yours.”

“I want to fuck her brains out,” one of the twins said.

“That's part of it.”

He bent and unlocked the cage door, then opened it.

“Crawl out, sex slave,” he barked in a harsher voice.

That... voice... was the kind of tone I'd heard often since I'd started hanging around Claire at his house. It was the voice of command. It had only been used on me today, but it was not a voice to refuse or resist.

Flushing, I crawled through the little doorway.

“Sit on your heels, slave girl, shoulders back, knees spread, hands behind your neck” he barked.

Gulping, face hot, I obeyed.

“God, she has nice tits!” one of the twins said.

“Yeah!” the other replied.

“I was under the impression you'd seen them last night?” Mr. Masters said.

“Doesn't make them any less gorgeous.”

Mr. Masters nodded. “This is an excellent example of a sexual animal in its prime,” he said. “It has gorgeous curves and lines.

Suddenly he was taking something out and placing it against my head. It felt sort of like a thin head band sliding down over my head, pressing in against it. He pulled my soft blonde hair out around it and then stepped back. The three all grinned at me and I gulped, heart beating faster, wondering what it was.

“Turn around, slave girl,” Mr. Masters ordered.

I obeyed.

“Now press those beautiful breasts against the floor and raise your beautiful ass high.”

I hesitated, cringing at the order, but starting to feel with a swirling, churning sexual heat again, then obeyed, moaning as I lowered my chest to the floor, feeling my soft breasts pillow out underneath me, then raised my bottom high.

*Crack!*

I gasped at the slap to my bottom!

“Spread your legs, slave!”

I moaned and obeyed, and felt his fingers sliding up and down the line of my sex, then there was a brief hesitation before something pressed against my tight little back passage. I cringed again! I had only recently, as in today and last

night, been introduced to anal sex! My previous thought on the subject was that it was kind of dirty and nasty and probably painful!

But it hadn't been! It had been another horribly dark thrill!

And now something rounded and slick was pushing into my bottom, much like the dildos he'd used on me already! Only it was shorter, and got wider as it pushed in, and I realized it was a butt-plug, like the ones Mr. Masters and his sons had already used on me. I gasped as I felt it sinking into me all the way, leaving only the thin round base on the outside of my opening.

No! There was more! I could feel something else there, something soft and ... furry! I rose up a little and looked down the line of my body between my breasts and saw something dangling down between my spread thighs, something that looked like a blonde pony tail!

*Crack!*

I yelped at the stinging slap to my bottom.

“I didn't say you could look, slave girl,” Mr. Masters said.

He squatted in front of me and took my right hand, then slipped what looked like a furry mitten over it! As he pulled it up around both my wrists, though, I realized it wasn't exactly a mitt in that it had no thumb. It also had a hard piece of something inside the palm which would keep me from closing my fingers into a fist.

I was, at first, well, bemused, I guess you could say. I didn't understand what he was doing, and was more preoccupied with the twins staring so lustfully at me.

He straightened, then gripped my hair and yanked up and back sharply.

I yelped, my hands jerking up and back instinctively as my head came back and my back rose. My hands pushed against his wrist, but couldn't do much of anything. It was then I realized that I couldn't close my hands at all.

*Crack!*

He slapped my bottom again sharply.

“What did I tell you about resisting, slave girl?” he demanded.

*Crack!*

“If I pull your hair you keep your hands down! You make no sign of resisting, no sign that you are trying to stop me from doing whatever I want with your body. A slave girl has no say over what is done with her body.

*Crack!*

“Understand?”

“Yes, Master!” I yelped as my bottom stung.

He released my hair and then snapped a leash to the collar around my neck.

“Come, slave.”

He tugged on the leash and I lurched sideways before quickly getting my hands under me and crawling forward.

“This is hot!” one of the twins said.

“Of course. Who wouldn't want their own slave girl as a pet?” his father asked.

He led me out into the hall, crawling, with the tail dangling between my thighs and brushing against my sex. It felt very... furry. Not like hair at all.

He led me into the room next door, and up to a mirror set on the wall. I gasped at myself, eyes widening. I saw that the headband, which was mostly hidden, held a pair of what looked like pointy ears, the kind of ears a dog or cat might have. It looked like they were sprouting up and out to either side of my head!

On top of that, of course, was the collar and leash, the fluffy mitten things that made my hands look sort of like paws, and the fact I was completely naked. Oh, and then he turned me so I could see the tail. A tail! God, what a bunch of kinky perverts!

But the sight of myself produced an incredible rush! I mean, I looked like some sort of... of sexual animal! Which was what he'd called me, of course. The

thought of myself as an animal was breathtaking in several ways. But one of them was that animals had no morals, no inhibitions, and no one held it against them if they were caught fucking in the streets.

Animals had no moral consciousness, of course.

And pets, while they might be loved and appreciated, had no say in anything they did, or anything that was done to them.

So a part of me was enthralled by the sight of myself, by the idea developing in my head of this strange, kinky fantasy creature of sex. Even though another part of me was appalled, of course. But that was the intellectual side, the thinking side, and that wasn't the side in control of me just then.

I gasped as Mr. Masters sat down, dragging me by the collar up across his lap. He was a big man, and he settled me so that my bottom was upright, and my head and legs were hanging down on either side of the chair.

“Cody, put the gag into her mouth,” he said.

I gasped as I felt him gripping my hair and pulling my head up and back sharply. I reached for it and he slapped my bottom stingingly.

“No! No resistance, slave!”

I dropped my arms, moaning, as one of the twins pushed a round ball into my mouth. Mr. Masters had used the ball gag on me earlier, so it wasn't a big surprise. I moaned as it pushed into my mouth, pressing up against the roof and down against my tongue, filling my mouth to overflowing.

I couldn't close my jaw with it in there, and the strap he placed around my head kept it in place.

“We don't need to hear her complaining,” Mr. Masters said.

He pulled my wrists up and back behind me and then locked the wrist restraints together.

“Now, there is an art to spanking a bad girl,” he said.

*Crack!*

I squealed, my legs kicking at the sharp slap to my bare bottom!

“You want to punish her, or maybe you just enjoy spanking her pretty bottom.”

*Crack!*

I moaned again.

“But it IS a pretty bottom.”

*Crack!*

I gasped at another sharp slap.

“And we want to keep it that way.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I squealed and twisted helplessly as his hand came down on my bottom several times.

“That means we don't want to use something like a cane or a paddle that will bruise it or damage the skin.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I twisted and moaned and cried out at more spanks to my bottom!

“The hand is the best thing you can use for psychological reasons, too.” he said calmly.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“It puts the slave in her place.”

*Crack!*

“Teaching her that she's like a child who has to do as she's told.”

*Crack!*

“And that naughty girls get spanked.”

*Crack!*

“But it doesn't do any harm to her beautiful ass.”

*Crack!*

My bottom was flaming hot again!

“Now there are several things you can use if you don't like your hand heating up,” he said.

He reached down beside the chair and took up what I recognized as the 'stick' he'd used on me earlier that day!

“This is just a quirt. It's very thin and lightweight. It's not going to break the skin or cause bruising. It stings enough to remind our little slave animal that she's done wrong, but isn't really very good for punishment.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

He swept it down across my red bottom several times quickly, and I yelped at the sharp stings. But he was right. They were stings, and light ones, and the sensation faded quickly.

He put the quirt down and picked up what looked like a small version of the whip thing he'd used on me earlier! It had a shorter handle, and shorter laces.

“This is a small, light flog,” he said. “It doesn't have knotted tails, so it's not really suitable as a punishment device either. But it does give more stings than the quirt, and over a wider area.”

He proceeded to demonstrate, raining a half dozen quick blows of the flog down onto my bottom as I squirmed and bucked helplessly. The thin leather laces, or whatever they were made of, struck my bottom in a mass, spread out, raining sharp little stings across the hot, red, sensitive surface of my rounded buttocks!

“What about taking a belt to her ass?” one of the twins asked.

“I'm getting to it. But we're training her, not just punishing her. We want to get her into the right frame of mind. And how do we do that, given she's a slut?”

His fingers stroked along the mouth of my sex, then one of them pushed through, pumping in and out. I was wet and hot, and his big finger sank deep, as did a second, while I moaned into the gag and fought to keep from, well, drooling.

That was a problem I'd had the first time he'd put it into my mouth, but it was only a small problem then because I was standing upright. Now I was bent over, and with the ball filling my mouth and keeping my lips apart I was drooling whenever I didn't concentrate! Which was embarrassing!

His fingers pulled back and something thicker pushed into me. I groaned as the lips of my sex were stretched wide and the thing, probably a dildo, pushed in. It turned and twisted and slid ever deeper, which sent a crackling wall of heat and excitement through my body.

He and his sons had turned me from a virgin with repressed sexual desires into a slut in a very short period of time! Or maybe it was like Pavlov's dog! Every time something big pushed into my sex I got a huge orgasm! So feeling something sliding into me had my body pulsing with a growing sense of dark excitement and anticipation!

It felt slightly curved as it angled down into my abdomen. I felt the head sliding along the lower wall of my tight elastic sheath as he worked it almost painfully deep! Then, it was like it came to a place where there was something sticking out of the shaft so it couldn't get deeper.

Whatever it was kind of hooked over the top of my sex – which was the bottom now, and it felt soft and rounded as it pressed against me. Then it started to buzz, to vibrate.

He and the twins had introduced me to vibrators, and they'd had a very, very powerful affect on me! At first, the touch seemed to make my skin vibrate too, and the sensations were uncomfortably powerful. But very quickly the sensations from those quivering, overloaded nerve endings had an amazing effect on my body as they morphed into something incredibly wild and intense!

I could feel him pushing at the base of the thing, which was almost buried inside me, but that just made the little arm or whatever it was, press harder against my clitoris! I felt the muscles in my hips spasming as growing waves of dark sexual heat swept through me, and I quickly forgot about my throbbing bottom!

This whole thing was so dark and wild and kinky and outrageous and thrilling that my mind was starting to roil and swoon with that sense of sexual fever they'd roused in me before!

“Now this is a good punishment device for teaching slave girls,” I heard him say.

I didn't really care what he was saying, though.

The blood had rushed to my head since it was hanging upside down, and now my entire body was thrumming with a sexual arousal that made me literally tremble.

“It's heavy enough to sting without you putting a lot of muscle behind it, but light enough not to bruise. It's also wide enough not to damage the tender skin of beautiful sex slaves.”

*Crack!*

The sharp blow of what felt like a belt was jarring, but it was like a small flash of light in the middle of a swirling, churning storm of color. Still, I gasped and jerked my head up and around to see him holding, well. It looked sort of like a leather ping pong paddle. And I mean the handle was leather too. And the paddle was more of a rectangle than a circle.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

And it stung! I yelped and moaned as the thing cut into my bottom. Some of that stinging pain was absorbed in the storm of hunger and heat this whole nasty, perverted thing was having on me. But some of it wasn't!

“Here. Cody. Give her a few.”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Harder.”

*Crack!*

I squealed and my head and shoulders jerked up and back.

“Not that hard, not unless she's been very, very naughty.”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Yes, about like that.”

“Her ass sure is red!” one of the twins said with a laugh.

“You try it, Hunter.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“That's about right.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The stinging blows to my bottom were starting to hurt so much they were pushing aside the storm of hunger and arousal.

“Now one of the things we want to train into her is a desire to please you – a lot,” Mr. Masters said.

“Cody, take the gag out.”

One of them undid the strap and pulled the gag out of my mouth.

“Now lift her head up and back by the hair and shove your cock down her throat.”

I gasped as he did just that, lifting my head up and back by he hair so that my face was pointed forward into his crotch. He jerked his shorts down and his big erection sprang up thick and red and hungry. He pushed it into my open mouth, and I moaned around it, sucking almost instinctively, then gurgling as he pushed it forward and forced it down my throat!

“I want you to beg Cody to fuck you, slave girl,” Mr. Masters said.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I yelped and moaned at the sharp blows to my bottom, but couldn't make a lot of noise with Cody's cock stuffed balls-deep in my throat.

He pulled his now-slick shaft back down and out, which left me gasping and red-faced, staring at it in front of me.

“Beg, slut!”

*Crack!*

“Please fuck me, Master Cody!” I gasped.

“That wasn't nearly good enough,” Mr. Masters said.

Cody shoved his cock back into my mouth and down my throat.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The blows from the leather paddle hurt! I twisted and writhed helplessly, legs kicking feebly as he brought it down on my burning buttocks!

Cody pulled back and I gulped in air.

“Beg, slut!” Mr. Masters growled.

“Please fuck me, Master Cody!” I cried.

“Not good enough,” he said as Cody shoved his cock back down my throat.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My bottom was on fire! I felt tears filling my eyes, even as my chest burned and I started to become light-headed from lack of air!

He pulled out and I gasped dazedly, sucking in air.

“Beg, slave bitch,” Mr. Masters ordered.

“Please fuck me, Master Cody!” I cried desperately.

“Still not begging hard enough,” Mr. Masters said.

Cody shoved himself back down my throat again as Mr. Masters swept the leather paddle down again and again!

Tears began to fall from my eyes, and when Cody pulled his cock free I sobbed openly.

“Beg, slave whore,” Mr. Masters said sternly.

“Please fuck me, Master Cody!” I sobbed desperately.

Someone let go of my hair, and I was half pushed so I fell off his lap and onto the floor.

“Put yourself in position, slave girl, ass up, face down,” he barked. “Do it fast or you'll get more of the strap!

I did NOT want more of the strap! I scrambled around onto my belly, jerking my bottom high and pulling my belly in tight against my thighs as I shifted my knees apart.

“Beg,” Mr. Masters said.

“Please fuck me, Master Cody!” I cried tearfully.

I felt a hand on the vibrator dildo thing, and felt it pulling back, sliding out. I felt horribly – empty for a moment. Then what had to be his cock was pushing into me, sliding deep, and I groaned in relief, not to feel myself filled, but because it meant he was going to fuck me now! I desperately wanted him to fuck me so his father would stop strapping my bottom!

“Grab her hair,” Mr. Masters said.

I grunted as my thick, soft blonde hair was gathered into a mass, then used to jerk my head up and back. Meanwhile Cody was thrusting into me, deep and slow, at first, but picking up the pace.

I grunted and gasped as he drove himself into me, still breathing in deep, shaky breaths, still light-headed, still teary-eyed. But my breathing was soon under

control, my mind began to clear, and I blinked most of the tears out of my eyes as he thrust harder.

“This is a wild sexual animal that goes crazy over cock,” Mr. Masters said. “Nothing she loves better than feeling a big cock inside her.”

I groaned and grunted and gasped as his hips slapped against my buttocks. Sure that stung a little, but the sensation was mild compared to the feeling of the penetration. I had been exposed to deep, hard, full penetration a number of times in the past twenty four hours, and had become very quickly addicted to it.

Maybe because, like I said, of a Pavlov's dog thing. Every time it happened I had a tremendous orgasm!

“Hunter, shove your cock down her throat,” I heard.

The other twin scrambled around in front of me and knelt before me, jerking his shorts down. He was thick and hard, and he took my hair from his brother as he guided his thick prick into my open mouth.

I moaned around it, then started to suck as he jerked sharply on my hair. The other brother transferred his big hands to my shoulders, then pulled me back enough to shift one underneath to my breast. Hunter found a place for his free hand on my other breast as he pumped in and out.

“This is what it's like to be a sex toy, Hannah,” Mr. Masters said. “It means you get played with a lot.”

I gurgled as Hunter shoved his cock deep into my throat, forcing every last inch through my lips while his brother's hips continued to slap against my buttocks. I was soon finding it hard to breath again, and starting to become light-headed.

“Don't forget the magic button, boys.” Mr. Masters voice seemed to come with an echo now, as if it was far away.

One of the hands kneading my breasts found its way under my belly and began to rub my clitoris, and I shuddered and moaned, my hips bucking back against Cody. There were more words above me but I wasn't paying attention to them.

Hunter sat down, then lay back, pulling on my hair to drag me forward. Cody

stopped thrusting, pulling free of me as they had me straddle Cody. I groaned dazedly as I slid my hot, hunger sex down over his slick cock, gasping as it pushed deep. I was forced downward, and I felt Cody's cock pushing against my ass!

I shuddered, squirming and panting and moaning as he worked himself into me, then the two of them started to thrust in tandem, as they'd done last night!

And then to make matters worse – or better, I felt a hand gripping my hair and forcing my head and then my upper torso upward. Mr. Masters was now standing in front of me, naked, and he pulled my mouth onto his cock as the two brothers thrust into me from below and their hands fought for control of my breasts and clitoris!

“Swallow that cock, sex slave,” Mr. Masters growled.

I shuddered and came, screaming, but the scream was blocked as he jammed his cock into my throat and pulled me forward by the hair until my lips were wrapped around the base of his shaft.

My body was twisting and writhing and trembling, though, and I was jerking frantically as I tried to ride Hunter's cock while Cody thrust into me from behind! My head felt like it was going to explode from the intensity of the rush of sensation and pressure and heat the orgasm was trying to release all at once!

Waves of heat swept up through my body, centered on my lower abdomen, which pulsed with overloaded nerve endings! Their powerful hands kept me from thrashing too wildly as they drove their cocks into me, but even after the orgasm faded my mind and body were now charged up with a powerful mix of physical and emotional excitement.

My hands pressed feebly against Mr. Master's hips now and then, but I hadn't the strength to oppose him yanking me forward by the hair or shoving his cock down my throat. And then someone, Hunter, I guess, gripped my wrists and held my furry hands against his chest as his father began to fuck my throat.

This wasn't just a matter of driving himself deep inside, as all three of them had now done. He was pumping it in and out, slowly but with long strokes, ignoring my gasps, gurgles and choking sounds as he held my hair firmly.

Another orgasm blasted through my shattered mind, and I screamed soundlessly, until Mr. Masters pulled his cock free. Then my screams began very, very audible, as I twisted and writhed and sobbed in mindless pleasure.

“That's it, sex slave. Isn't it great being a sex slave? You love it. You love cock. It's what you were made for,” Mr. Masters said.

I was bouncing on Hunter's cock, dazed and grunting and gurgling, even as Cody drove his up my ass. Mr. Masters pulled my mouth back over his cock, drove himself down my throat, and resumed pumping.

I had... I don't know how many orgasms. I was out of my mind with the dark, thrilled heat, the perverted, kinky outrageousness of being taken by three men at the same time!

I lay in a puddle of mindless flesh afterward, chest heaving, eyes glazed over as the three of them looked down at me with satisfaction. I heard their words but didn't understand them because my mind wasn't active enough to translate what sounds hit my eardrums into understandable words.

Mr. Masters and his sons slid these furry white sucks up my legs. They went past my knees, and when they got me on my hands and knees, I realized they were padded there.

Mr. Masters put a blindfold over my eyes.

“Now this is a test of your obedience, slave girl,” he said as I knelt there trembling wearily.

“All you have to do is obey the pull on your leash.”

I felt the butt plug going back into my ass, with the tail hanging down, and the dildo with the vibrator thing going back into my pussy. My mind was waking, and I was starting to gain control of my breathing again. Then the ball gag was pushed into my mouth and strapped around my head.

“All right, slave. Remember, you need only to go where you're led. And do not show any hesitation.”

I had no idea what he was talking about, but when I felt the pull against the

collar I crawled forward. It was strange crawling without being able to see what was in front of me. I felt like I should be putting my hand up in front of me so I wouldn't run into anything.

That wasn't something I could do while crawling, though.

I crawled through the house, then outside, along the deck, and onto the grass. Then it was... I don't know. We went inside somewhere, and then there was more crawling, and I had no idea where the hell I was. But then, I didn't need to know. I just had to follow wherever the leash pulled.

They had me sit, and then lay back on the floor. I had no idea where I was, but then I felt my ankles pulling upward. They'd taken the studded leather restraints off my wrists and ankles, and then put them on again over the furry sock and mitt things.

My ankles rose high, lifting my buttocks off the floor. They continued to rise, now starting to spread apart, and I was soon on my shoulders on the floor. Then just my head, and then that was free too. I felt my wrists pulled down and out to either side, and then something locked them in place.

The vibrator was turned on, and I groaned as the blood rushed to my head.

My legs were spread wide, and I felt hands all over me, sliding and caressing, stroking and squeezing and kneading me everywhere! God!

And then I was alone. Or at least, it seemed that way. I mean, they might have been standing there silently and not touching me, I suppose. I had no way of knowing, and no way of asking.

I was starting to feel more in control of myself, but I was still feeling very aroused. My head throbbed, and I had to keep swallowing the saliva that was building up in my mouth because of the ball gag.

The vibrator was still jammed into my body, with that little buzzing part laying right over my clitoris! It wasn't all that powerful, and nobody was moving it, but it was making that whole area of my body buzz and crackle with sexual electricity. It was hard to judge time, but it felt like I'd been hanging there for almost half an hour!

Without a word from anyone, I felt myself being lowered. The tension came off my wrists, and then they were unfastened from whatever was holding them down and to the sides, and lifted up and back behind my back, where the restraints were linked together.

Hands gripped my hair and shoulders as they reached the floor, sliding them aside as my body came lower and lower, and then my shoulders, back and buttocks were back on the floor. Nobody said anything but I was rolled onto my belly, and slapped on my bottom to get my hips raised high.

The dildo-vibrator thing pulled out, and then another dildo – though I wasn't sure if that was what it was, at first, pushed against me. I groaned at the pressure against the mouth of my sex. It was very thick, and it had to press and twist and press and twist before the head finally forced its way inside me!

I felt dizzy as hands lifted me up onto my knees. I gasped as the base of the dildo hit the floor, and then I began to sink slowly down on it! It was huge! I shuddered and cried out dazedly as the blood left my head now, and my aching, stretched out pussy slid slowly down the thick girth of the dildo!

My hair was gathered up and back into a thick tail, and then I was pulled down. I groaned at the ache inside me even as fingers rubbed my swollen clitoris.

The sensations from that were intense! After having that vibrator pressed against it for so long my clitoris was insanely sensitive! I cried out at the rush of sensation, and felt the heat choking me as I forced my sex down further on the dildo, glorying in the thick, deep penetration!

The ball-gag came out of my mouth, and I felt fingers on my nipples.

“Tell me you love cock, slave girl,” Mr. Masters said.

I whimpered and moaned and gasped breathlessly as I slowly worked my sex up and down on the too-thick cock!

Then my nipples began to burn as he pinched and twisted them!

“Say you love cock, slave girl.”

“I love cock!” I cried dazedly.

His fingers rolled my nipples nicely.

“Again,” he said.

“I love cock!” I gasped.

“Again.”

“I love cock!” I moaned.

“Again. Keep saying it, slave slut.”

Oh God that dildo was thick and long! I was going insane as I spread my knees wide and worked myself up and down on it, gasping and moaning as I felt the delicious deep penetration again and again!

“I love cock! I love cock! I love cock! I love cock!” I gasped dazedly.

Nobody touched me. Except for whoever was holding my hair. I rode up and down on the dildo, and when I got down near the bottom I felt warm flesh holding it. I shuddered as the fingers of that hand angled up and, still not moving, pressed against my clitoris as I slid lower still!

I cried out as the first orgasm hit me!

I rode even harder, dropping myself down on the thick dildo with aching speed and force, crying out again and again as the head jammed high into the back wall of my sex!

I squeaked at the sharpness of the ache deep inside as the orgasm faded, and I found myself impaled on the thing, gasping helplessly as the blindfold was drawn away from my face.

I was alone in the room, except for Mrs. Masters.

I gaped at her, open mouthed, confused, and then I felt a rush of heat come to my face as she stood there scowling down at me, arms folded, a look of deep disapproval on her face!

I gasped and tried to rise, tried to pull my knees together, but her foot thrust out,

blocking my knee from closing.

“Oh don't try and be modest now, Hannah,” she snapped. “You've already shown what a complete and utter slut you are, after all!”

I dropped my eyes, face burning, mortified!

“So this is what you like to do when I'm not here? Play perverted sex games with my husband!?”

What could I say to that!? That he started it!? I knew very well that was a useless excuse!

“Look at me, slut!”

I couldn't!

“I said look at me!”

And I couldn't refuse her order either!

I raised my red face and she slapped my cheek hard enough to make me cry out and almost knock me over.

“Losing your balance?” she asked. “Maybe you'd have better balance with your legs spread wider.”

She grabbed me by the hair and also pressed her foot roughly against the inside of my right thigh.

“Spread your legs, slut! Now! Wider!”

I moaned but obeyed, spreading my knees wide apart as she jerked back on my hair.

“My, that's a very big cock inside you, Hannah,” she said, glancing down at the base of the black dildo protruding between the taut, straining lips of my sex.

She leaned over, glaring.

“But then, you do love cock, don't you.”

She slapped my face on the other side and I gasped.

“Don't you, slut?”

“I-I... I-”

She slapped my face again, on the first cheek, then again on the other one, making my head reel.

“Don't you!?”

“Yes!” I moaned.

“Let me hear you say it again, slut.”

Another slap made me blink.

“Say it, slut.”

“I-I love cock!” I whispered.

She slapped my face again.

“Louder!”

“I love cock!” I moaned.

*Crack! She slapped my face again and I blinked teary eyes.*

“Louder!”

“I love cock!” I exclaimed, voice breaking.

“You're being impolite, dear, Hannah,” she said in a deceptively mild voice.

She leaned way over at the waist so she could look me in the eyes.

“You forgot to use my name.”

I stared at her in confusion.

“To you, it's mistress. Let me hear you say it, slut.”

I gaped at her, my mind still stunned and dazed by finding her there, and then by being slapped repeatedly in the face! Mistress!? Was she kidding!? Was that said in a sneer, as if to suggest again what a pervert I was, or ... did she mean it!?

And if she meant it then – !

She slapped my cheek again and I gasped at the stinging blow.

“Say it, slut!”

“Mistress!” I gasped.

“Again!”

“Mistress!” I gulped.

“Good. Now let me hear you say I loved fucking your husband, Mistress.”

I cringed but she raised her hand again.

“I loved fucking your husband, Mistress!” I blurted, then cringed, waiting more blows.

“Of course, if you're a submissive little bondage whore I suppose I shouldn't really blame you,” she said. “Are you a submissive little bondage whore, Hannah?”

I dropped my eyes, cringing again.

“Are you!?”

“Yes, Mistress!” I cried.

“Say it!”

“I-I'm a submissive little bondage whore, Mistress!” I gulped.

“Are you? Prove it!”

I blinked at her anxiously, uncertainly.

“Down on your belly, slut! But keep your ass raised high! You know the position!”

Gasping, I dropped onto my belly, making sure I raised my bottom high and kept my knees apart. I was staring at her boots from this angle. They were the boots she'd worn out to the reptile zoo. I hadn't been interested in going. But I could tell that it wasn't all paved paths there because her boots were dirty.

“Clean my boots, slave,” she growled. “And if you do a very good job I might not beat you as badly as I want to!”

I cringed again, and felt a rush of anxiety and fear. What would she do to me for fucking her husband?! It wasn't like I had anything to say in my defense, nor could I protect myself!

I stared at her boots. They weren't exactly encrusted with mud or anything, but there was a thin coating of some kind of dust on them. I gulped as I stared.

“Have you ever had a real whipping, slut? My husband has some real whips. Heavy whips. Would you like to feel them?”

No, I would not!

I moaned and wriggled my shoulders forward a little, raising my head a little, then licked at the top of her right boot. I could taste the grit there, but I licked further, licked up along the side, up along the top, feeling strange dark roiling waves of emotion going through me as I did so.

Mistress!? Was she a kinky woman like her husband!? She seemed to have no illusions about the kinds of things he liked. Did she like them too!? And was she intending to have me... have sex with her!? What would that be like!? She'd always been more intimidating to me than her husband, partly because I knew men always liked being nice to pretty blondes.

“I suppose if you're the complete slut you look I shouldn't blame you too badly,” she said, glaring down at me as I licked my way up and down her dirty boot.

“Wanting big cocks inside you would be about the same as a dog wanting a

bone. In fact, you are a dog wanting a bone, a bitch in heat!”

I moaned and licked, up and down both sides of her boot, licking the dust off, ignoring the taste, then licking at her other boot.

“Filthy, dirty little girl,” she growled. “Cock hungry little slut animal!”

I cringed as I licked, moaning and gasping, heart pounding as I licked her dusty boots and she looked down at me and told me what a whore I was. That sense of strange, twisted unreality I'd felt before began to settle over me.

She took off her boots and tossed them aside. Her foot was bare beneath.

“Continue, slut!” she said curtly.

Gulping, I licked at her toes, licked at her instep, licked at her ankle.

“Keep going, slut.”

Panting, my neck hurting, I shuffled a little closer, licking at her lower leg, at her calf, licking my way up to her knee. She was wearing a skirt which ended a few inches above the knees, but now she undid it and it unwrapped, pulling free.

I felt a shudder ripple through me, for with that gesture she had removed all doubts, and this became a dark, nasty, kinky, perverted sex thing like it was with her husband! It was almost like a light was snapped on inside me, a light that began to glow and spread heat through my body.

This wasn't the heat of humiliation, though that was still present, but a different kind of heat. And yes, the fear and anxiety were still there, too. I was licking her because... because I didn't know what else I could do!

I licked my way up her leg, up to her crotch, which was still hidden by a pair of high cut panties.

“Now back to the other foot, slut, and start up that leg.”

I gulped, my tongue starting to ache, but I obeyed, licking at her other foot, at her toes, at her instep and ankle, then licked my way up past her knee, up her thigh. Her hand came out at last and she gathered in my blonde hair then held it

in a tight mass as she drew my mouth in against her crotch.

“Lick, slave whore,” she growled.

I licked at her cotton covered pussy, moaning as my chest became so tight it became harder to breath. My head was spinning, and my body was thrumming with tension, alarm, fear, anxiety, and a dark, writhing sense of breathless excitement!

She pushed me back abruptly and I fell on my back, well, on my bound arms. As I did she skimmed her panties down and off, and then spread her legs as she snapped her fingers at me.

Gulping, panting, I pulled myself back up to my knees and shuffled in, staring at her neatly shaved sex. I'd never, of course, licked a girl before, but it had now been done to me a lot in the last couple of days, and was it any worse than licking her feet or dirty boots!?

She gathered my hair up again in a tight tail and drew my face in, grinding my lips and cheeks against her pussy.

“Lick, sex slave,” she said in a low growl.

Moaning, I licked, licked my way up and down the line of her sex, then licked at her clitoris.

She jerked sharply on the hair, forcing my head back.

“Are you a filthy slut?” she demanded.

“Y-yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Say it!”

“I'm a filthy slut, Mistress!”

She jerked my face in against her sex and I resumed licking, pulse racing, heart pounding. I tried to lick the way Mr. Masters licked me, then wondered if she would notice and get mad again!

She jerked my head back by the hair and I gasped in pain.

“Are you an adulterous whore?” she demanded.

“Y-yes, Mistress! I gasped. I'm an adulterous whore, Mistress!”

I had guessed right, and she jerked my mouth in against her sex again, so I could resume licking.

She jerked back on my hair again and I cried out.

“Are you a slave bitch?” she demanded.

“Yes, Mistress! I'm a slave bitch, Mistress!” I moaned.

She jerked my mouth in against her again.

She began to sigh and moan softly as I licked, as I sucked, her legs shifting further apart, her other hand unbuttoning her blouse and then shrugging it off while still holding my hair. Then she released my hair and removed it and her bra to stand before me naked.

She gathered my hair in again and jerked it back.

“Do you love licking pussy, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress! I love licking pussy, Mistress!” I gasped.

I didn't, but it was the answer I knew she wanted.

She jerked me in against her and I resumed licking and sucking.

Her hips began to grind against me in slow, sensuous motions that became more and more frantic.

“Lick me, slut! Lick your mistress, whore!” she gasped. “Lick my clitoris, you filthy little animal!”

She groaned as I obeyed, then grabbed my head in both hands, mashing my mouth against her sex as she came, cursing softly but explosively as I licked desperately.

She drew in a deep, shaky breath, then and eased her grip on my hair.

Then she turned and walked forward, pulling on my hair.

I yelped, almost dragged off my feet, but I got my knees working quickly enough and stumbled along beside her.

Now that I could see, I realized we were in the master bedroom – no pun intended, and she was leading me over to the bed. She pulled me up onto and threw me down on my back, then reached down over the edge of the bed and came up with a leather strap. She slid it up across my thigh, tightened, then moved to the other side of the bed.

Another strap was there, and she slipped that around my left thigh, tightened it, then pulled.

My legs were already bent at the knees, of course, by her. Now my knees were pulled achingly far to the sides! I could feel the tendons in my thighs strain and stretch and start to burn, and wriggled and writhed helplessly as I lay on my bound arms!

“Oh! Oh! Please, Mistress!” I gasped.

“You'll spread your legs as wide as I want, slut,” Mrs. Masters growled.

She climbed onto the bed, then, climbed on and lay on her side on my right leg, then gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back. A moment later her lips were crushed against mine and she let her other hand slide up and down my body as she kissed me for a long, passionate minute.

It was... quite a kiss! Her husband was awfully good, but she was better! And, still in awe of her, still in fear of her, still anxious, I wasn't about to break it. I lay back, gasping, letting her ravage my mouth however she chose, moaning my breath into her own mouth as she continued to slide her lips against mine and her tongue dipped and darted.

I gasped as I felt her fingers at my clitoris, felt them caressing me there, then gripping the base of the big dildo. She pulled on it, not hard, but hard enough, and not continuously, but in a steady, rhythmic sort of way, quick little pulls and pushes that sharpened the ache inside my belly as the nose jammed against the back wall of my sex.

Again and again and again, while her thumb stroked across my clitoris and her mouth practically fed at my mouth! I felt as if I were being devoured! But I also

felt that dark miasma of sexual heat settling over me once again as my body began to really heat up! I was losing myself to the heat, losing my personality, fading into that of the sexual beast she called me!

She shifted her position, rising, kneeling there, looking down at me with this scowl on her face as she thrust the dildo into me. She held the base of the dildo in the palm of her hand so that her thumb extended up along the edge, then began to pump the dildo in short, rapid motions.

“Come for me, slut,” she ordered. “Come for your mistress, slave girl. Come, you little blonde whore!”

I shuddered and cried out in helpless, animal heat as the dildo punched into the back wall of my sex! Her thumb was stroking rapidly across my swollen clitoris and a wild, raging river of sensation was overwhelming my mind!

The continuous impact of the dildo hammering against me inside was a wild, pounding train of dull aches amid the searing storm of pleasure coming from my clitoris! But the sense of outraged heat, of masochistic arousal was so deep I was writhing and sobbing for breath.

“Come! Come, whore! Come, animal!” she demanded.

Her other hand abruptly jammed down around my neck, and I gurgled as her fingers squeezed in tightly! My eyes bulged and my head pounded, and then the orgasm tore through me like an explosive force! I screamed – or tried to – my back arching violently and my hips bucking up against the thrusting dildo as the pleasure swamped my mind!

It almost knocked me unconscious! It was such a cataclysmic release of pressure I screamed and writhed and thrashed as if my body were being electrocuted! And then I collapsed, dazed, moaning, chest heaving.

She sneered, gave a finally hard slap to the base of the dildo that all-but buried it inside me – and sent a jolt of pain through my gut that made me arch my back again. “Slut animal,” she growled. “We’ll get you properly trained to service.”

She shoved the ball gag back into my mouth, then left me alone. I wasn't alone for long, though. The door opened and Claire walked in!

Her long red hair was pulled tightly back from her forehead, but aside from that she was simply dressed in shorts and a tank top. I cringed, embarrassment flooding my face with heat as I turned my head away.

“Well, well, well,” she said as she approached the bed. “Look what we have here. If it isn't the walking cliché of a blonde slut.”

I cringed again!

“Not just any ordinary slut, of course,” she continued. “A slut who fucks her friend's brothers and then her parents! I don't know if the term slut even begins to approach what you are, Hannah. Maybe nymphomaniac is better.”

She stood on one side of the bed, looking down at me, and I kept my head turned towards the other side.

“I suppose you have to be a nymphomaniac to be a bondage whore,” Claire said. “Something in your upbringing, perhaps. Or maybe it really is true that blondes are oversexed animals.”

She moved away, but then quickly returned. I sensed a quick motion in my peripheral vision, and then something came down across my torso with a stinging impact all across my breasts!

I squealed and jerked my head around, my wrists and legs pulling instinctively against the restraints, and saw that she had something like that little flog her father had used on my bottom earlier! Only it looked bigger!

“Got your attention, slave girl?” Claire asked.

I turned my head away and she swung the flog down so that the thin, foot long laces again slashed down across my breasts, raining stings across the sensitive surface of my skin!

I squealed again, twisting and thrashing a little in the restraints, turning to stare at her anxiously.

“That's right. Look at me, slave girl,” she demanded. “Because if you're going to be everyone's bitch in this family, then you're going to be my bitch, too.”

She swung the flog down across my breasts again, and then again, and again, and again, and I squealed and twisted and cried out, straining against the leather restraints as my breasts began to heat up and the rattle of dozens of little stings swept through me repeatedly!

“Are you paying attention, slave girl?” she asked.

I moaned helpless and she swung the flog down again.

“Say yes, Mistress Claire,” she said.

I gasped and winced, and she swung again. I cried out again.

“Say it, slut!”

“Yes, Mistress Claire!” I cried around the gag.

“I expect you to be an obedient little bitch, Hannah,” she said. “That means if I say you do something, then you do it. Understand?”

I moaned and nodded my head.

“Arch your back, slut. Show me those big tits.”

Flushing hotly, I obeyed, and she swung the flog down to rain stings across them again!

I cried out, helplessly, straining against the leather again.

“I didn't say you could move. Arch your back again,” she said.

I stared at her in a kind of disbelief, and she glared.

“Do it, slave!”

I shuddered at this dark, kinky side to what was already a dark, kinky game! I hadn't ever really thought about sex with Claire! I mean, she was pretty enough, but kind of, well, a nerdy sort of girl. I had always thought her very calm and serious, with a dry sense of humor.

But now my pulse was racing as I anxiously eyed the flog.

“Do it, whore!”

I moaned and arched my back.

“More, slut!”

Gasping, I obeyed, and she swept the flog down across my breasts again! I cried out in pain and dropped my back to the bed.

“I told you to arch your back and keep it that way,” she growled.

She swung the flog down again, and again, and again, raining blows across my breasts, and then down my belly and abdomen, and even between my wide-stretched thighs!

All I could do was thrash and twist and writhe as the flog snapped down repeatedly, covering my body in thin red lines! I mean, yes the stings weren't that terrible, but there was like two dozen with every blow! And the flog kept snapping down again and again!

I was starting to get frantic, to desperately need the continuing rain of stings to stop!

She halted, leaving me gasping for breath, panting, chest heaving and my breasts and belly hot and aching!

“Are you going to obey your mistress, slut?”

“Yes, Mistress Claire!” I cried around the gag.

She leaned in and pulled the ball gag off, and I gulped, embarrassed anew.

“Say it, slut.”

“Yes, Mistress Claire!” I said anxiously.

“Then arch your back and keep it arched, bondage slut.”

I flushed and cringed and then closed my eyes and obeyed.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The flog cut down across my breasts again and again and again as I held my back arched, the air sobbing out of my lungs as tears filled my eyes.

“Good slave girl,” she said, stopping.

I went limp.

“Did I tell you to stop, slut?” she demanded.

“No, Mistress Claire!” I cried, arching my back again.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Tears were filling my eyes now and I was sobbing helplessly as my breasts burned, but I kept my back arched.

“Good slut. You can relax.”

I gasped and went limp.

“You had better learn to obey, slave girl,” she said. “Because my family doesn't tolerate slave girls who don't do exactly as they are told.”

She was stripping as she spoke, and now, naked, she climbed onto the bed and straddled my head, sitting her buttocks down on my upper chest as she framed my head between her thighs.

“Now let's see if you know anything of value, sex slave,” she said, easing her pussy forward.

I didn't have to ask what she wanted, and given my breasts were aching I very much wanted to please her! I began to lick at once, doing my best to lick energetically at her clitoris as she jammed it into my mouth!

She leaned over me, grasping my hair in her hands, grinding her pussy up and down against my mouth, groaning as I licked and sucked at her.

“Ahhh, very good,” she sighed. “Good little slave bitch. Please your mistress and maybe you'll be allowed to have food tonight.”

I licked and licked, and felt a wave of relief when she came in my face.

She got up off me moved to the side of the bed, undoing the straps holding my knee in place, then moved around to the other side and removed the straps there. I groaned, the tendons in my thighs aching, stiff and sore. I started to close my thighs, wincing at the pain.

“Roll onto your belly, slut.”

I obeyed tiredly, and gasped as she slapped my bottom.

“Ass in the air, legs spread. You know the position, sex slave.”

Flushing, I obeyed, as she knelt behind me. I felt her grasp the dildo and slowly pump it in and out, then pull it out completely.

Her fingers caressed my clitoris, which was still swollen and sensitive, maybe even more now since some of the laces from the flog had smacked across it! I gasped as her fingers slid into me, three of them from the feel.

“Tell me you're a sex slave, Hannah,” she ordered.

“I-I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire!” I said in an embarrassed moan.

I mean, saying such a thing to Claire! Ugh!

Her fingers plunged into me to the knuckles, twisting and turning as she rubbed my clitoris.

“Say it again, slut.”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire!” I gasped.

Her fingers seemed to get thicker, stretching the mouth of my sex, twisting slowly, turning and thrusting, and I shuddered as she continued stroke my clitoris.

“Keep saying it.”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire,” I gulped. “ I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire. I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire. I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire. I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire. I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire,” I began to chant.

Her fingers were twisting and jamming against my opening, stretching me painfully wide! I gasped and moaned, my hips jerking and flinching as her fingers thrust in and out, pumping and turning.

“ I'm ungh... a sex slave, Mistress... ah... Claire! I'm a s-sex slave... oh... Mistress Claaaaire!” I gasped. “Oh! Oh! Oh God! Please, Mistress Claire!” I gasped as her knuckles jammed painfully against my opening.

“Keep saying it, slut!”

“I'm ... I'm... a... a s-sex slave! Oh God! Mistress Claire!”

Her knuckles were slowly grinding past the mouth of my sex, and I realized now that the heel of her hand was passing into me as well. I felt a wild shock-wave of understanding pass through me! Her whole hand was going into me!

“Please! Please! Oh!”

Her other hand stopped rubbing my clitoris and slapped my bottom sharply.

“Continue, sex slave.”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire!” I cried.

I felt the heel of her hand slide through my opening, and felt a bit of physical relief as my stretched sex lips were able to narrow around her wrist. But her whole hand was in me! I could feel it! A sense of appalled amazement gripped me! And then... and then anxiety, fear, and a wild, dark, dark sense of thrilled arousal!

Her hand turned slowly to one side, then the other, then back again before pushing deeper.

*Crack! Crack!*

Her hand slapped against my already tender, sore bottom.

“Keep saying it, you blonde whore.”

“I'm a sex slave, Mistress Claire!” I cried dazedly. “ I'm a sex slave, Mistress

Claire!”

Her hand was slowly pushing deeper, the lips of my sex stretching wider now as her forearm pushed forward!

Then I felt her fingers, deep inside me, brushing against what felt like the back wall of my sex! They wriggled there in a way which was quite indescribable! And then it felt like one of them pressed really, really hard against the slick, warm, elastic wall of my tight sheath, the tip scraping across it and then drawing inward. The next one did it, and the next, and the next.

And now her hand was a fist inside me! It pushed deeper, and I cried out helplessly.

“Say I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire,” she ordered.

I could hardly think to speak, but sharp slaps to the bottom tore my mind away from the feel of her fist inside me!

“I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire!” I cried.

Her fist drew back, slowly, then pushed forward, slowly.

“I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire! I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire! I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire! I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire! I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire! I'm a slut animal, Mistress Claire!” I cried repeatedly.

Her fist moved forward and back, forward and back, and I ached! But that dark sensual heat was raging inside me, and growing more powerful, more intense, until I was gripped by a sexual fever that had me sobbing in dazed, suffocating heat!

She gathered my hair into a thick, loose tail, and then jerked up and back even as she thrust her fist in hard! I screamed as the fist drove deep into my belly!

“Whore,” she said in a calm voice.

She let my head down and pulled her fist back, then jerked back on my hair as she thrust her fist into me a second time.

“Slut,” she said.

She relaxed her grip on my hair and drew her fist back, then punched into me as she yanked back on my hair again!

“Slave.”

Her fist began moving inside me faster and faster, and each time it did she jerked my head up and back savagely, so that my mind was swamped by a wild flood of pleasure and pain! I couldn't talk any more! I couldn't even think! I just cried out at every thrust, and then sucked in a shuddering, sobbing breath and cried out again at the next thrust!

And then orgasm truly did swamp my mind! I'd never felt anything so intense! It was a hurricane of sensation and it blew my mind, tumbling and turning end over end across the landscape of reality. I didn't even know who I was, much less care about anything else!

All my mind and senses were focused on that fist pumping inside me, thrusting into me, punching into me! Churning my belly into a frothing, flaming, volcanic bit of bubbling pleasure!

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God I was sore!

And numb. My mind, that is, not my body. I was shell-shocked. Even worse than I had been when Claire's brothers had taken me.

Claire didn't have a big hand, but that fist was thicker than anything else I'd ever had inside me! Certainly it was bigger than the dildo she'd put into me afterward. The dildo was thick enough, and had this swollen part near the base, almost like a ring, so that as it passed into my body it sort of locked itself in place, like the butt-plug.

The butt-plug with a tail.

To go along with the furry blonde mittens and socks, and the ears...

I had a new gag, too. This one was shaped like a bone, a pink bone stuffed

sideways into my mouth. It had a fat blob, like a ball, attached to the inside, nearly filling my mouth, and a strap that went around my head.

And when Claire was done with me she got dressed and put a leash on the collar around my neck, and made me crawl out of the bedroom.

Her mother was in the kitchen, talking with Manuel, the black servant. I flushed and dropped my eyes to the floor as Claire pulled me along.

“So who's slut is she?” Claire asked her mother. “I mean, is she my slut or the family slut?”

“Well, while she's on vacation with us I'd say she's the family slut,” her mother said. “Afterwards, perhaps she can be your slut. But she'll need a lot of cock, dear. She is a blonde, after all.”

Claire snorted. “I'm sure Hunter and Cody won't mind supplying her.”

She grinned. “I'll charge them a small fee, of course.”

Her mom snorted, then turned to Manuel.

“You take care of feeding and washing her, Manuel,” she said.

“Of course, Mrs. Masters,” he said, his eyes gleaming.

Claire leaned over and unsnapped the leash, then pointed at the open back door.

“Go outside and get some sunshine, slut,” she ordered. “It's what you came down here for.”

I reluctantly crawled towards the door as I heard her say to her mother “The boys have been told not to get all freaky in public, I hope.”

“Of course, dear. We're not perverts, after all.”

They could have fooled me!

I crawled outside and found Hunter and Cody in the pool, diving in and swimming around. Mr. Masters was sitting on a nearby padded chair. I flushed, not sure what I was supposed to do. I mean, I couldn't talk, and couldn't go in the

pool with these ... furry things on.

The strange thing was that while they all saw me, none said or did anything. I finally crawled off to the side, and then started to climb into one of the lounge chairs.

“Hey! Off the furniture, slut,” Mr. Masters said impatiently, snapping his fingers.

I turned to stare at him, flushing, then moved back uncertainly.

God! He was acting like I was an animal! Like I was a cat or dog or something!

*Or a bitch in heat!*

I sat down on the deck, wondering what to do, but they paid no further attention to me. I sat back more, and then sighed and lay back as the sun beat down. At least that was one thing I could do – feel the warmth of the sun on my skin.

Of course, it felt freaky to be doing it naked around them, especially with a thick dildo all-but buried in my pussy. So it was impossible to escape the sexuality of what was happening, even for a single second.

And it got worse when Manuel came out a few minutes later with a squirt bottle of suntan lotion. He unceremoniously began to rub it over my skin, very casually sliding his hand over my breasts and down between my legs, turning and rolling me to slide his hand between my buttocks and up and down my back, and also, of course, over my face.

Then, with a smirk, he let me lay back again and went back inside.

Of course, he left me heated up more than I'd been when he arrived! Having his fingers sliding over my breasts and nipples and clitoris, well, that wasn't exactly something that I could yet take as routine! And that he was doing it in front of three other men made my stomach swirl and my nipples burn.

Maybe that was why I soon lay back and let my knees fall wide to the sides.

But the guys had just fucked me not long ago, and didn't seem inclined to do it again. And why should I want them to anyway? I was sore inside, and I'd just had so many incredible orgasms my mind was practically blown out! I was bone-

weary, and emotionally dazed.

And yet, I still wanted them to be looking at me, and to want me, and to maybe, well, at least fondle and touch me! I don't know why. But I did.

But it was soothing in the sun. The heat baked me and I reveled in it. At least, until Manuel came for me. He snapped the leash to my collar, which was a signal, and I sat up, then dropped forward onto hands and knees.

He led me back inside, then down the side hall to the bathroom.

“Face down. Bottom high,” he barked.

I obeyed, and he pulled the butt-plug out of me, then inserted something else, something thinner. A moment later I felt warm water gushing into me, and my eyes widened as I felt a flush heat my face. He was giving me an enema!

I certainly couldn't protest!

“Do not move, slave,” he ordered.

And he left me like that, my breasts pressed against the floor, my buttocks high in the air, liquid pouring into my bottom! My abdomen began to swell and ache more and more fiercely, and I moaned and felt the urge to get rid of it becoming almost overpowering!

He returned, then pulled the thing out of my bottom and had me sit on the toilet. But then he wouldn't leave. He stood there smirking at me. I had no choice but to let the water gush out of me into the toilet, humiliated as he looked on!

And then he did it again!

Laughing, he then cleaned me up, put me back into position, dropped his shorts, and drove his hard cock deep into my ass, fucking me hard and fast for several minutes before coming inside me!

With that done he gave me a final enema, then removed the fluffy socks and the mittens and ears, and put me in the shower on all fours. He used a hand shower to soak me, soaped me up, using his hands, shampooed my hair, then rinsed it off.

With that done he took me out and dried me, then blow dried my hair before putting the butt-plug, mittens, socks and ears back on, and leading me out of the room – on a leash, crawling.

He took me to the dining room, and I could smell dinner cooking. My stomach rumbled, for until then I'd been too wildly overcharged to even realize how hungry I was or how long it had been since I'd eaten!

“Sit,” he ordered, pointing his finger at me like I was a dog.

I sat down awkwardly on the floor and he shook his head impatiently.

“No, slave girl. Sit like slave girl.”

That meant sitting on my heels, with the backs of my feet against the floor, and my knees spread as wide as possible. My furry hands were on the outside of my thighs, and the leash was looped over a peg set on the wall so I couldn't crawl away.

I smelled the food for about fifteen or twenty minutes before Manuel began to set the table, along with Mrs. Masters.

While I'd been getting my 'cleaning' the rest of them had dressed. That made me feel even more naked! I mean, there were six fully dressed people in the dining room, and one naked me!

Nobody talked to me as the family took their places around the dining room table. Manuel and Mrs. Masters served bowls and plates of food as they talked about their visit to the reptile zoo, and where they might go tomorrow, or even that evening.

Boy, I was hungry! I was literally salivating around that bone as I smelled the food!

Finally, Mr. Masters came over and unclipped the leash from the collar, then tilted my chin up so I was looking at him, pointing his finger sternly at me.

“One word. One word, and the bone goes back in your mouth. Understand, slave?” he said in a low, determined voice.

I gulped and nodded my head anxiously, and he nodded back, then removed the bone gag and went back to the table.

I stared after him, wondering what I was allowed to do.

Then one of the twins looked at me and cut off a bit of the steak he was eating and held it out in his fingers.

And whistled briefly at me.

I blinked at him in astonishment, still uncertain, but then as if in a haze, I fell forward onto my hands and crawled over to him. He held out the piece of steak and I licked it out of his fingers.

“Cody,” Mrs. Masters said. “Are you feeding the bitch at the table? You know Manuel will feed her later.”

“Don't worry, we'll give her lots of exercise,” Cody said. “She won't get fat.”

His brother laughed, and he held out a piece to me, too. Feeling a strange disorientation, I shifted over and licked it out of his fingers, swallowing it hungrily.

Then Claire cut off a piece of her steak and tossed it onto the floor next to me.

I felt a wild, swirling in my stomach, and my chest tightened, but I eased low and licked it off the floor!

Soon I was begging at the table. Of course, I wasn't allowed to speak. So I begged like a dog, rising up on my knees, holding my arms against my breasts, my 'paws' down, and looking sad, even lolling my tongue out!

It was incredibly degrading and humiliating and desperately thrilling!

Sometimes I took pieces of food from their fingers, or licked it out of the palm of their hands. Sometimes they tossed it onto the floor for me to lick up. I crawled around the table, rising at each person's chair to beg, and get a little bit of food, or to see it tossed onto the floor near me.

My hunger pangs were dealt with, though I can't say I was exactly full. And my

pussy was thrumming hotly around the dildo stuffed up inside me. At the end, Manuel set a bowl of milk in the corner of the room for me – on the floor, and I knelt low and slurped from it as the others got up from the table and scattered to do whatever it was they wanted to do.

Manuel brushed my teeth for me, then put the bone back in place.

I crawled through the house to Claire's bedroom and found her on the bed with her laptop. I looked at her uncertainly, until she patted the bed. Then I crawled up and sat down.

“I'm adding pictures of the reptile zoo to my Facebook page,” she said. “I got some great pictures.”

She suddenly laughed, then picked up her cell phone.

“Sit,” she ordered.

I licked my lips, then sit as Manuel had shown me, on my heels, legs wide.

“Hands behind your neck, slave girl.”

I obeyed, and she held up the camera, then snapped pictures.

“Okay.”

I lowered my hands, flushed, wondering what she was going to do with the pictures. I watched her transfer them to her lap top, then bring them up, and flushed again, my mind squirming. Yes, I looked very hot and very kinky and very sexy and all. But what was she going to do with those pictures!?

“I wonder what would happen if I put those on my Facebook page,” she said with a smirk.

I looked at her anxiously.

“Oh don't worry. I'm not going to. Facebook doesn't allow nudity.”

That wasn't very reassuring!

She reached her arm out and her fingers rubbed against my clitoris. I gasped at

the sensation which swept up through my body.

“Still hot and horny, huh?” she said. “I guess if you're a nymphomaniac sex slave you're always wet.”

I frowned at that, but there was no denying all this was incredibly hot!

“Well, go see if my brothers want to fuck you. I'm busy.”

I hesitated, and she pushed at me

“Go.”

I crawled down off the bed and out of her room, then up the hall, looking for the guys – even though I was far from sure I wanted sex. But that was what she'd told me to do so I had to do it. Right?

One of them was on his laptop. The other one was in the closet, looking for something.

“Hey, it's the sex slave,” the one on the computer said.

I flushed.

They wanted pictures. And they took a lot of them in all kinds of positions! I squirmed as I posed for them, wondering anxiously what they'd do with the pictures, but not daring to refuse. Posing, though, despite my anxiety, was turning me on.

Then one of them, Cody, it turned out, decided to fuck me, so he did, on the bed, and then he rolled over with me on top so Hunter could slide himself into my ass. The two of them took their time, their hands racing all over me, their big cocks punching in and out of my belly as they fucked me to several explosive climaxes before finishing themselves!

Then they put the dildo and butt-plug tail back in me and sent me away.

I crawled out into the living room, then out onto the deck where Mr. and Mrs. Masters were watching the sun set. I watched with them, sighing a little as I looked at the water. I would have liked to go in, but I couldn't with all the fluffy,

furry stuff on.

“I think our little slut wants more sex,” Mrs. Masters said.

I gulped and Mr. Masters chuckled.

“How many orgasms do you think she's already had today?” Mr. Masters asked.

I had no idea myself. Lots! But orgasms, like food, was not a hunger that could ever really be permanently quenched. You might be satisfied for a bit, but you always wanted more.

“If you want more cock, slave bitch, go back to your cage,” Mrs. Masters said. “There'll always be a hard cock there.”

I crawled back inside and back to the cage room, then, feeling weird, but also hot, I crawled in, then backed up against the big dildo there.

Of course, I couldn't do anything with it while I already had a dildo inside me, but the vertical part of the of the long, thick, L-shaped dildo attached to the inside of the bars was a vibrator, plugged into the wall, and still turned on!

I backed against it, lowering my torso and raising my hips, sliding my legs back through the bars until I could bring my throbbing mound up against the round tube. I shuddered as I angled myself properly, getting my clitoris against it, and then began to grind myself up and down, moaning and whimpering as the sensations grew and redoubled again and again!

The orgasm took only minutes!

I sagged breathlessly, regained my breath, then crawled out of the cage and back up the hall again. Manuel spotted me and had me go into the kitchen, where he'd set a bowl of what looked like cut ham, little pieces.

“Slave food,” he said, pointing, after removing the bone gag.

I was still a bit hungry, so I lowered my lips to the bowl.

“Slave girl eats with her bottom high and her legs spread,” he said.

I flushed, but obeyed, pressing my breasts to the floor as I licked pieces of ham out of the bowl one at a time, chewed and swallowed. I was very aware of him standing behind me while I ate, too!

There was a bowl of water, too, and I drank that, then crawled back to Claire's room to see what she was doing. She talked about some guy she'd met at the Reptile zoo, then removed her shorts and panties, drew me into the bed, and removed the bone so I could lick her to orgasm.

Then she put the bone back in.

She watched a movie, which of course, meant I watched, too, then I was taken to the 'master' bedroom, where I licked Mrs. Masters to orgasm while Mr. Masters fucked me hard – very hard – savagely hard from behind!

Manuel then removed the dildo and bone gag and had me go to the bathroom before putting me into the cage and locking the door for the night.

Of course, the first thing I did was back up against the vibrator, running my pussy up and down it as it buzzed powerfully. Then I impaled myself on the horizontal part of the dildo and fucked myself to orgasm after orgasm!

Finally, dazed and exhausted, I settled down and fell asleep.

In the morning Manuel came for me and I gave him a blow job – which was really him fucking my throat. Then he had me crawl up the hall to the master bedroom, where I wakened Mr. Masters with a blow job, then licked his wife to orgasm.

From there I went to Claire's room and licked her to orgasm and then sucked and fucked her brothers before breakfast.

At breakfast, I once again crawled around the table begging for food, and then went out back to soak in the sun. This time the twins put suntan oil on me, and did their best to drive me insane as their slippery fingers touched me simply everywhere! They left me on fire inside, never mind the outside heat!

So I wound up begging them again, only it wasn't for food. They knew what I wanted, and joked about it, taunting me as I moaned and gave them sad eyes, and even rubbed my cheeks and the sides of my head against their ankles like a

cat would.

Finally, they masturbated me to orgasm. Then, being nice, they took off the furry stuff and let me go in the pool! We played around in the pool for a while, with a lot more groping and touching on their part – and mine!

I still had the bone in my mouth, though. So I had to be careful not to swallow water whenever my head went underwater. And they threw me around a lot!

Then we went inside and had sex.

I had sex with the twins about three times a day during that vacation, every day. I licked Claire to orgasm probably four times a day. She also came up with a strap-on dildo she would use on me, fucking me to multiple orgasms. Manuel fucked me at least once a day, and usually had a blow job, and I always performed on Mr. and Mrs. Masters together before bed. Then there was that delicious L-shaped vibrating cock in my cage!

All in all, I had a LOT of sex during those two weeks! I couldn't possibly even count how many orgasms I had!

I never spoke a word, though, after that warning from Mr. Masters. I never walked anywhere either, crawling around the place and out at the pool. I could stand up in the pool, and sometimes they would stand me up and stretch my arms up and out to taunt and torment and whip me, but the rest of the time I spent crawling.

Like an animal!

It felt strange to get dressed to go home again. I had gotten used to being naked all the time, and didn't really like putting clothes on. They felt strange against my skin. It also felt strange to be standing upright and walking.

I had gone to St. Croix a virgin, and come back a sexual animal and bondage whore. It felt even weirder back home. Everything seemed very complicated and frustrating and boring at home, and, except when alone in my room, I had to wear clothes.

I masturbated a lot! Which was a problem in that I'd gotten used to being gagged and had become really uninhibited, screaming loudly at those intense orgasms.

And I couldn't do that at home except when I was alone.

I went to visit Claire as soon as possible, of course, and within two minutes of entering the house I was naked and wearing the furry things again, crawling and having sex with first her, then her brothers.

Then Mrs. Masters sat me down and discussed my college plans. It was a given that I had to go. My parents would insist. They didn't care what I took, just so I got a degree. Mrs Masters planned out my liberal arts program, where I would do, and what I would take.

That involved lots of psychology, especially about sex and sexuality, art appreciation type courses, some financial courses so I understood the financial system, and history.

I would also enroll in dance class, take pole dancing lessons, take bartending lessons so I knew how to mix drinks.

I would be Claire's roommate while I did this. Her roommate and sex slave. And afterward, while Claire started out on her career as a Geologist, I would start out on mine as high priced call girl specializing in bondage, and would move into Claire's apartment with her, cooking for her, keeping the house clean, and doing whatever else she wanted.

I was thrilled, of course. I had had no idea what I was going to do with myself, and letting Mrs. Masters decide and then having Claire there to tell me what to do, was a huge relief!

Now the Masters had decided, and I had no problem obeying.

That, after all, was my nature.

End

Hannah and the Masters

Hannah and Mr. Masters

More Masters for Hannah

\*

Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto: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