

My Wicked Fantasy

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.

I'm a curious girl. Others might call me nosy, I suppose. I like to know everything about everything. That's probably what started it. Or maybe, the internet started it. I had a broken ankle when I was sixteen. Sixteen is an impressionable age, you know.

I had nothing much to do but surf the internet and watch TV, and frankly, TV is boring. So I surfed the internet, and quite by accident, stumbled across one of those nasty little sites which good girls aren't supposed to know anything about.

It was a comics site. Pretty innocent, you might think. But this was more a site for X-rated drawings and graphic stories. One section was devoted to BDSM stories, some of them involving monsters and tentacles and weird aliens.

I was fascinated! I was outraged, of course, by some of the images, but also helplessly drawn to them. I mean, some of these were pretty awful! But they were drawn so well! Frankly, the size of some of the cocks and phallic objects were ludicrous, and would have killed any woman they entered, but even so, they really fascinated me.

The whole notion of bondage and submission fascinated me. It was so completely opposed to everything I'd been taught by society and my parents about how a girl ought to act! So in a weird way, if you were submissive you were being a rebel.

I found the well-drawn stories exciting, forbidding and incredibly arousing. And they caused me to search the internet for the real thing, featuring real people. There was a lot of that, of course, but very little of it was so neat, so perfect, so erotic and exotic as in the drawings and graphic stories.

I mean, the women in the drawings were perfect physical specimens, firm and smooth and unblemished, with beautiful faces and hair and pouty lips. I, of course, didn't think I could ever be that perfect, though at that age, I was... pretty near.

Sort of.

I wore glasses, for one thing, which sexy girls in the drawings never did. My hair was kind of, well, ordinary and not cut in any kind of fancy way. My clothes

were mostly not very sexy either, since I was kind of shy around guys and embarrassed about the size of my breasts.

That was the only way I completely measured up to the drawings. My breasts were unusually large and firm with youth. I had long legs, too, and smooth, unblemished skin (except for a little acne). I didn't think I was especially pretty, but I wasn't homely either,

The drawings became, in a weird way, my idea of what sexy women were supposed to look like, well, look like naked, or mostly naked. And over the following years, I tried to imitate them in a lot of ways. I managed to persuade my parents to get me contact lenses, for one thing. And I exercised regularly. I especially exercised to keep my stomach trim and fit and my breasts firm.

When I left high school I got a job at a book store, which gave me my own income, at last, and enabled me to buy a few toys, including studded leather bondage restraints and dildos. Staring at myself in the mirror wearing the collar and restraints turned me on so fast, and so intensely, that I could make myself come with just a few seconds of stroking myself!

And then I came across a new comic. It was a science fiction thing, and featured these female space soldiers – who always kept their big, firm breasts naked! More importantly were the space slaves. They took my breath away!

They were completely smooth, from head to toe, not just shaven, but completely denuded of hair. They had beautiful faces, with permanent makeup from tattoos, and they wore black thigh high stockings or leathers, and shoulder length black gloves. Their arms were almost always locked together behind their backs all the way up to the elbows!

They mostly didn't talk, except to scream, either in pleasure or in pain. They would be ravished by the cruel female soldiers, using all manner of nasty, thick, phallic objects, or by alien men, or by monsters with huge cocks! They would be whipped and strapped and spanked and used to sate the lust of all who saw them. They were nothing but sex slaves, almost like animals!

And I became helplessly obsessed with them!

I wasn't about to shave my head, of course. Try explaining that to my parents! Besides, a shaved head isn't pretty. Their heads were smooth, like a baby's

bottom. But I did buy black latex stockings and shoulder length gloves. And I eventually found something to serve as the breast bindings they usually wore.

This was a black cable, a bit elastic, and about as thick as my thumb. I wrapped it around the base of my breasts in a figure eight pattern, then carefully pulled the loops tighter and tighter. I wanted them tight enough to make my firm breasts push out more even more tautly, to make them swell up, but not tight enough to make them discolored.

They had to be smooth and unblemished, after all, like the drawings. I had gotten over my acne, so that was no problem, and I had nothing but the occasional freckle on my body to mar my perfection in trying to appear as the girls in the drawings.

I had already had laser hair removal for my legs (a Christmas present I had bugged my mother for), and had persuaded the woman at the clinic to do my pubic hair too, in return for a small increase in the fee.

I then discovered I could buy a bald cap at a makeup store! I did that, along with some makeup, and was astonished at how I looked in the outfit. I actually orgasmed just from seeing myself! I had the most intense orgasms of my life just from masturbating with dildos in front of the mirror! I came and came again!

Now you might think my little obsession is a weird fetish. But here's something even weirder. I was still a virgin. Yes! I had all these wild, dark, nasty, kinky fantasies, and an incredibly active sexual imagination, but I was still awfully shy with guys, and awkward, and uncertain, and knew I couldn't possibly tell anyone about my weird desires.

And then my mom nagged me into babysitting for my Uncle Nick and Aunt Beth.

Now, first of all, neither are related to my mother, or to me. They were her friends, or at least, Beth had been her friend for years, since I was a little girl. They were often around, and I wound up calling her Aunt Beth. She was a stern, short, pretty woman with a slender body.

Nick, who I had only met a few years earlier, was the guy she married. He was the opposite of her. He was tall and broad shouldered and good natured, handsome and with a deep voice. He worked as a lawyer.

So anyway, Aunt Beth picked me up and drove me over to her place, thanking me for sitting for them on short notice. I hadn't really had anything else to do anyway, I told her. And anyway, I could always use a little extra cash.

Beth was in her late thirties years, and still as slim and stern and brisk as she had been when I'd first met her ten years earlier. She had short blonde hair and a pretty, round face with an unusually deep voice that had made me wonder if she wasn't a lesbian when I was younger – before she'd gotten married.

Anyway, they left me alone with their eight month old baby, which was not an awful lot of work since he was already asleep. That left me with little to do but indulge in my favorite hobby, which was snooping.

I started in the living room, examining what was in the drawers, then went on to Uncle Nick's den, checking out bookshelves and knick-knacks. I looked into closets, then rifled the drawers in the kitchen.

I went upstairs and checked out their bedroom, including opening the drawers to their dressers, especially hers. I don't want to make it sound like I was looking for anything in particular. I was just bored and idly snooping.

I didn't find anything particularly interesting, though, until I went downstairs into the basement. It was a newer house, so the basement had a higher ceiling, and the rooms were really almost like any other rooms in the house if you left out the windows being smaller and up higher.

They had a large finished room with a lovely carpet, a pool table and chairs, and a bar off in the corner, along with a big screen TV on the wall. There was a storeroom, an exercise room, and the furnace room and a bathroom, and a laundry room and... and one room I couldn't get into because it was locked. That, of course, immediately piqued my interest.

I remembered seeing those keys in the drawer in Uncle Nick's desk in his den. So of course, I went back upstairs, got the keys, and came back down again. I was almost surprised the key worked, and I pushed open the door, curious, reached inside, and flicked on the light.

Wow! I just stood there, my jaw having dropped, staring at the ... the bondage torture chamber or whatever it was! There was leather and gleaming wood everywhere! On one side was this thing that looked like a child's wooden horsey,

except for adults, and it had no seat, just a narrow wedge of wood.

I knew what that was for because I'd seen them on the internet! There was a pair of black posts that went from floor to ceiling with strong rings running down along the insides, and a kind of leather frame with a round, leather covered surface which I thought was probably to bend people over!

On the wall was a rack with a row of whips and crops and straps all hanging neatly from hooks! Under it was a shelf with restraints, some of them leather, some metal, like real shackles, and handcuffs! There was also a lot of rope, soft, bondage rope, in various colors.

And on the walls were huge mirrors so you could watch yourself doing whatever you were doing!

Of course, the first thing I had to try was the horse. Because that was one of the ways the slave girls in the drawings were often punished. It took some doing to set it up myself, though.

I stripped and tied my hair back tightly, then examined the available 'toys' and accessories, and buckled on a pair of wrist restraints and a collar. I put on ankle restraints, then, and found a pair of nipple clips.

The horse consisted of a narrow rectangular black bar covered in leather that was about three feet long, plus a 'tail', which stuck up at the rear, and a head painted with a shark's grin, in the front. What I did was to tie a rope to the ring in one of the ankle restraints, and push it through a ring in the floor.

I straddled the horse, letting myself sit fully atop it, and putting my ankles out to the sides so I could measure the distance. I tugged the rope tight, then slipped off the horse to tie the knot there. Then I slipped on it again and measured the second rope the same way on my other ankle.

I couldn't get off to tie this one because the first one had my ankle too tightly held. I just tied the rope off under my knee. This left me sitting atop the narrow metal bar, which was pushing up quite firmly into my soft, naked sex, and my legs held out to either side by the ropes.

Next I attached the nipple clips to my pert, and very hard nipples, and leaned forward, attaching the Y-shaped elastic cord to the head before leaning back. Of

course, the more I leaned back the more the cord stretched and pulled at my nipples, which were already burning and stinging!

I couldn't really and truly lock my wrists together behind my back because if I did I wouldn't be able to get off again, and the thought of being caught by Aunt Beth, or worse, Uncle Nick, was horrifying.

But I could pretend, which I did, moaning helplessly by then, and using the leverage of my bound ankles to grind my sex ever so slightly on the leather. I also arched back, tugging my nipples harder against the cords to produce stinging little jolts of delicious pain!

I stared at myself in the mirror, fascinated, and helplessly enthralled by the thought of myself as a sex slave! I ground myself to a very powerful orgasm within less than a minute, then several more, even as the ache between my legs grew more intense.

My legs finally grew too tired, and the ache between my legs was becoming fierce. I reached down to untie the rope and pull my leg up and over the thing, groaning as I stepped down. But I was frazzled and overheated from the incredible orgasms!

I regained my breath, examining some of the things on the wall, and then took down a strap. It was about two feet long, thick, really just a length of leather folded in half. I licked my lips, then bent over the padded frame and swung it at my bottom, gasping as it struck. It stung!

The idea, though, of someone using it on me made my mind swim in dark sexual heat and hunger. I swung again, and again, and again, wincing, gasping, then crying out as the strap struck my bottom. It was an odd sensation each time it struck, like the first side hit my skin and then the second side hit the first side, to sort of create an echoing sting.

My bottom grew warmer, but I was feeling even hotter on the inside. My sex was very sore on the outside, but that just made it even more sensitive, and when I found a big vibrator I practically drove myself out of my mind with it!

This was like a microphone, you know, with a handle, then a big white round ball, and it plugged into the wall to produce powerful sensations. Given how sensitive my sex was, just then, it didn't take much of that to drive me into

something like convulsions!

I was almost surprised that they didn't think anything of how tired and weary I looked when they got home. I was sore, too! But my mind was alive with the wicked heat that had enveloped me at the sight of their nasty, kinky little play room, and I had a hard time not staring at them wonderingly.

I mean, I'd never even imagined they could share my own dark sexual fantasies, and now it looked like they were more into them than I was! Well, mostly. I mean, mine were particular, maybe even worse than theirs. I hadn't had much opportunity to explore them.

I did make a point of telling them how easy it was and how I'd be ready to come back again any time they needed me, of course. I wanted more time in their play room!

Over the course of the following weeks, my obsession got worse. I mean, it's not like it took over my life or anything, but my masturbation sessions were even more darkly thrilling, and had bought a belt to strap my bottom with, and an arm sleeve for my arms.

That took some experimenting to get it to work, of course. It's awfully hard to put your arms into an arm sleeve by yourself! What I wound up doing was setting it up and hanging it from a hook. Then I'd put my arms together behind my back, back up against the wall, and thrust my arms down into the sleeve. I would push them down harder and deeper, and of course, the deeper they went the tighter the sleeve pressed them together.

That made my shoulders ache a lot, but as I continued it they sort of got used to it, and I was able to shove my arms down deep enough that my elbows were physically pressed together by the sleeve! That made me feel incredibly hot and just like the space slaves!

Of course, the problem was without arms I was limited in what I could do to myself. I could, however, ride my own makeshift 'horse', grinding my pussy against it until I came, and came powerfully. And that kind of blew my mind, especially watching myself in the mirror with my bald cap on and my breasts bound.

And then I got a call from Aunt Beth! She wanted me back to babysit again! My

mother let me borrow her car to drive myself, this time, so I brought my 'costume' and left it in the car. Once they were gone, I checked on the baby, who was sleeping again, then went out to the car and got my outfit.

I stripped, put on the thigh high black latex stiletto's I had begun using in my play, then the black gloves. I used their stainless steel collar around my neck because it looked hotter, then wrapped the cables carefully around my breasts and tightened them until they were thrusting out taut and swollen!

God! I looked so hot in those big mirrors! I carefully put on the bald cap, then the makeup around the edges and over the top that would make it look so perfectly natural. I looked insanely erotic!

I put the arm sleeve on a hook on one of the frames, then angled my body in against it, thrusting my wrists and forearms down, then pushing further, lowering my body until the tight sleeve slid slowly up over my elbows, then up higher, pressing my arms tighter and tighter together behind me.

I stared at myself in the mirror in a kind of trance, my body slightly trembling with the force of the excitement within me, my pussy throbbing with hunger and heat.

And then the door opened and Nick stood in the doorway.

To say I was shocked would be the most profound understatement of my life. I was thunderstruck, and I'm sure the blood left my face so fast I was close to fainting! But then it all rushed back as I realized what his wide eyes were staring at and, mortified, I quickly spun around to present my back to him!

Of course, I was standing in front of a mirror, so then I jerked forward to press my swollen breasts and the front of my naked body against it while I tried to frantically jerk my arms out of the arm sleeve. But getting them out without hooking the edge of the thing on something was impossible, however hard I tried.

And then he was right there behind me! He didn't say a word, at first. Instead he took hold of the arm sleeve, but instead of jerking it down, he jerked it up! I gasped, and then felt his fingers at the buckles of the straps, tightening them!

I was light-headed, hyperventilating, when he spun me roughly around! I

dropped my eyes, and I felt his hands on the bald cap, then heard a brief harsh laugh.

“Well, well, little Chloe has grown up and gotten kinky,” he said.

I shuddered in humiliation, but then his big hand came up under my jaw and he jerked it up, shoving me back against the wall, and I trembled as his eyes looked me up and down. The humiliation made me want to sink through the floor! Up until his other hand rose beneath one of my breasts and began to caress it.

Almost at once a wild rush of... of desperate hope filled me! Maybe he wasn't angry and insulted and upset and wasn't going to tell my parents and Aunt Beth!

And then he started to pluck my nipples, and I felt something else again, a dark, breathless sense of anticipation and desire.

“I knew you had nice tits under those thick sweaters,” he said, “but I thought you were fatter.”

His dropped both hands down onto my breasts, letting them glide over the taut surface, then slide down against my belly.

“I've seen this look before,” he said. “but you do it very, very well.”

He caught my nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, then, and pinched. I felt the pressure, then the pain and heat, whimpering helplessly as he pinched harder, then lifted upward, stretching my nipples, and making me pant and cry out helplessly.

“Hot little slut,” he said. “We pay you to babysit our son, not to sneak into our playroom and masturbate.”

I flushed at the words, cringing again at how he'd found me and how shockingly, wickedly naked I was before him!

“So clearly you need to be punished,” were his next words.

And they jolted me deep inside! I think I froze, momentarily, and the breath left me! He grabbed me and pulled me forward under one of the hooks which hung overhead, then picked up a chain and hooked it to the ring at the base of the arm

sling binding my arms. He jerked it up and I cried out, forced to bend over as he raised my bound arms up high above me and fastened them to the hook.

“Nice ass,” he said, slapping me.

I gasped again as I felt his fingers tracing the line of my sex, then blushed hotly.

“Wet,” he said.

He went to the wall, then plucked the very same strap I had played with last time around! I whimpered and moaned as he came around in back of me, then cried out as the strap cut across my upraised bottom!

“Ah, what's this?”

I moaned, and raised my eyes, staring at the mirror in front of me in something like disbelief to see myself like this, like one of my fantasies! And then I felt another rush of humiliation as he picked up my own dildo, which I'd brought along.

“Your favorite toy?” he asked.

I cringed mentally as he laughed, then he moved behind me and I felt the dildo being rubbed up and down against my sex, then pushed forward. I moaned as the lips of my sex spread, and was forced to shift my legs wider as it twisted and pushed deeper and deeper.

“Nice looking pussy, nice and clean and tight.”

I cried out as he thrust it deep, leaving it practically buried inside me, then he took the strap up and swung it down sharply across my bottom! It stung again, worse than before, and I cried out as the sharp pain dug into my mind!

He went over and closed the door, and I saw that the inside was padded to keep noises from getting out! Then he picked up the nipple clips I had used and squatted in front of me. I stared at his big hands as he let the clips open around my nipples, then let them snap shut. I cried out again, then, at the sharp, stinging pain to my nipples!

He chuckled, then pulled the chain downward to the floor, where he clipped it to

a ring set there.

He got up and went behind me again, and the strap cracked down heavily across my bare bottom! This time I cried out even louder, and then again, and again, and again, as the strap snapped down across my soft pale skin again and again!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you know why you're being punished, slave girl?” he demanded.

Slave girl!? I shuddered and moaned helplessly, then gurgled as he pressed the palm of his hand against the base of the dildo, forcing it even deeper as his fingers rubbed against my clitoris.

“You're being punished for being a bad girl,” he said. “You stole the key from my desk. Yes, I found it open. And you've intruded on my private space without permission.”

Crack!

I shuddered.

“Didn't you?”

Crack!

“Didn't you, slut!?”

The word jolted me! I was a virgin, after all!

Crack!

“Didn't you!”

“Yes!” I cried.

Crack! The belt hit even harder and I cried out in pain.

“Yes, sir,” he snapped.

Crack!

“Say it, slut!”

“Yes, sir!” I cried.

Crack!

“So you want to be a slave girl, eh?”

Crack!

“Well, this is what happens to bad little slave girls.”

Crack!

My bottom was on fire, by then! It was throbbing hotly! But the pain was actually fading in importance in my mind as the seething sexual heat began to blossom and grow. I mean, this was, after all, like so many of my masturbatory fantasies over the years, and so it was associated in my mind with every orgasm I'd had for a long time.

Another source of pain was my nipples! Not only were the clamps biting harshly into the soft, tender pink flesh, but every blow sent my hips jerking forward, tugging my nipples against the chain holding the clips down!

But there, too, the pain was becoming secondary. My breasts were throbbing with hunger and heat, and my entire body was churning with a violent sense of dark, masochistic eroticism!

And then he moved around in front of me. His hand came down beneath my forehead and lifted it up and back, lifting it up so that I was facing forward. I was staring into his crotch, and saw that it was bulging! I watched, eyes and mouth wide, as he unzipped himself, then drew out a shockingly large and thick erection!

He didn't ask. He simply pushed it into my open mouth, and I gasped around it, my bulging eyes rolling upward.

“Suck,” he growled.

Moaning, I closed my lips around it, licking in my awkward, amateurish way. He

didn't have much patience, though. He thrust forward, and there was nothing I could do to control his movement. He pumped in and out, using longer and deeper strokes, and then suddenly, he pushed forward and kept going!

The soft, spongy head of his cock pushed into the back of my throat, and then kept going, sliding down its length as I trembled and shook helplessly! I gagged a little, but surprisingly not a lot. I had, after all, practiced deep throating often with my dildo, and managed to master the 'art', simply because that was what I thought a slave girl ought to be doing.

His cock was thicker and longer than my dildo, but it was real, and my throat seemed to accept it better, even with no lubrication but my own saliva to coat it. Mind you, there was a lot of that!

He pushed in deep, until my lips were pressed against his pants.

“You're going to make an excellent sex slave, Chloe,” he said.

And he said it with such conviction I felt a shock-wave roll through me!

He pulled back and I stared, cross-eyed, at inch after gleaming inch of his shaft pulling out of my lips. Then he pulled free entirely and I coughed violently, gasping for breath, shuddering.

He slapped it against my face repeatedly.

“Are you a sex slave, Chloe?” he demanded. “Are you?”

“Y-Yes!” I gasped.

He slapped harder.

“Then you say yes, master.”

“Yes, master!” I cried.

Another little shock rippled through my body!

He pushed himself back into my mouth, then down into my throat, pumping slowly in and out, pumping into me in such a way that, just as with the strapping,

made my body swing in and out, tugging my aching nipples against the clips!

Then he pulled out completely and stripped completely. I blushed, then felt another wave of heat as he stood before me naked with his broad shoulders and flat stomach and powerful chest – and that thick, hard erection pointing at my face!

He lifted my head up and pressed his large balls against my mouth.

“Lick my balls. Do it!” he said harshly.

I shuddered, and obeyed, licking at them anxiously.

“Now suck them into your mouth, slave,” he growled.

I obeyed, sucking and licking them, massaging them against the inside of my cheeks as he glared down at me. He pulled back and thrust his cock deep into my throat, burying every last inch and then pumping in and out, making me dazed and light-headed from lack of oxygen, my chest burning.

Then he pulled out and let my head hang, and as I gasped for breath, he picked up the strap and started strapping my bottom once again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

“Do you want me to fuck you, slave?” he demanded.

Crack!

“Do you, slut?”

“Yes!”

Crack!

“Yes master!” he snapped.

“Yes, Master!” I cried.

Crack!

“Then beg for it!”

“Please fuck me, master!” I cried in a strangled, dazed voice.

Crack!

“Beg harder, slut!”

“Please fuck me, master!”

Crack!

“Beg harder, sex slave.”

“Please fuck me, master!”

Crack!

“Beg harder, whore.”

I shuddered and moaned and whimpered.

“Please fuck me, master!” I sobbed, my voice cracking.

And then I felt the most glorious sensation in my life. I felt him pulling the dildo out of my aching pussy, and then felt the slick, delicious tactile pleasure of his warm cock pushing into me! It was way better than my dildo! Oh my God, it was glorious!

I cried out, then again, louder, and then the orgasm washed over me and I sobbed dazedly as I tried to grind and buck my hips back against his thick, deliciously hot and slick cock! The orgasm was like a screaming storm inside my body and head, and I sobbed breathlessly as his hips began to slap against my buttocks harder and harder!

Then his big hands came down onto my shoulders and he jerked me back as he thrust harder still. Now he began to really pound me, and the orgasm seemed to fall, only to rise again, then fall then rise again! I screamed and sobbed as he rode me, as he fucked me, as he used me with his stiff, hard cock! His hips were pounding me with bruising force as his thick cock speared deep into my

quivering, burning, volcanic sex!

And it was ... insane! I was locked into a sexual fever, intoxicated by the wild dark hurricane of sensations. It was like the fulfillment of my years long fantasies! I was actually being fucked, by a real guy, and fucked hard, and fucked ... cruelly, savagely! He was using me just like my darkest, deepest, most wicked fantasies!

My nipples burned and my pussy thrummed, and I couldn't stop coming!

Not until he stopped pounding me, anyway. Which happened when he came, squeezed by my hot, tight, spasming pussy.

He moved away from me, leaving me gasping, panting, drooling and sweating, just a bedraggled mess barely conscious.

When he returned I felt him entering me again, but almost immediately knew it wasn't him. It was a dildo, but a thicker one than I was used to. It slid deep inside, spreading wide the walls of my elastic tunnel and making me feel all full of... cock!

He pulled me upright, and I staggered and almost fell, then he attached a chain to the ring in the front of the collar and jerked me down and forward, putting me firmly on my knees.

“Spread your legs, slave!” he barked coldly.

Trembling, I obeyed, and shuddered as he positioned me kneeling naked before him. The clips were still on my nipples, attached to the Y-shaped chain, and he stood naked before me, holding both the leash and the chain.

“Now you're going to start to learn the skills of a sex slave,” he said sternly.

And he proceeded to teach me. He started, of course, with how to suck his cock. Never mind what I'd read on the internet. I was to do it this way, my tongue aching as he had me licking his thighs and balls and cock again and again, had me mouthing him, sucking him, anxious to please since he jerked on the chain to my nipples whenever he offered up a corrective word!

Then he jerked on the chain attached to the collar, and I gurgled as it forced my

head sharply up.

“Understand this, slut,” he growled. “There will be no discussion about what you will or will not do, nor what you want to do. I make those decisions. Understand?”

He jerked on the nipple chain.

“Agh! Yes, master!” I cried.

He jerked on the chain again, sharply.

“You'll fuck me any way I tell you to, and anyone else I order you to. Understand, slave?”

“Yes, master!” I cried breathlessly.

He was hard again, and now he had me licking up and down his shaft, then sucking his balls, then swallowing him, inch by inch, until he was deep in my throat and my lips were pressed tautly around the base of his shaft.

And that was how his wife, Aunt Beth, found us.

He pulled back, leaving me gasping, and then I saw her, staring, wide-eyed at me.

“Look what I found in our play room, darling,” Nick said dryly. “She'd stolen the key from my desk drawer to get in, and this is pretty much the way she looked.”

“I will be damned,” Beth said in astonishment.

My face burned again and I dropped my head, until he jerked on the chain to force my head up again.

“I've seen this look before but I'm not sure where,” he said.

“So have I,” Beth said as she strode forward to halt, staring at me.

My face burned hotly.

“So,” she finally said. “Invasion of privacy doesn't begin to describe this.

Betrayal of trust, perhaps?”

I cringed even more.

“And while you were down here who was taking care of Jacob, you little slut?”

I cringed even more as her voice hardened.

“Everything she's wearing is hers,” Nick said. “She must have had it in the car.”

“I'm sure her mother would be delighted,” Beth said dryly.

I cringed yet again.

She reached out and took the chain from Nick, then jerked on it, pulling me to my feet.

She looked me up and down incuriously, then thrust a hand between my thighs, gripping the big dildo Nick had driven up inside me. She thrust it hard, and I cried out at the pressure against what I felt must surely be the back wall to my sex! That pressure forced me up onto the balls of my feet, then onto my toes!

“Please!” I cried helplessly.

“Say please mistress,” she replied in a low purring voice.

“Please, mistress!” I cried.

She released the dildo and I moaned in relief, sinking back onto my heels.

She sniffed and looked at me from behind.

“What's she got up her ass?”

“What she put there,” Nick said, as I felt yet another crushing blow of shame.

I felt him gripping the base of the butt-plug, and felt it being slowly pulled loose.

“Spread your legs, slave,” he snapped.

I gulped and obeyed, and felt the thicker body of the butt-plug forcing open my

sphincter as he pulled it out of me.

“Far too small,” Beth said.

Nick laughed and let it sink back into me, then moved away.

“Have you ever heard the term look out what you ask for, you might get it?” she asked, frowning at me.

I gulped, too embarrassed to want to even talk!

Then Nick came back with a huge dildo! I moaned as he spread some kind of oil on it, then pulled the butt-plug out of me. I felt the head of the dildo pushing against my opening, but unable, at first, to gain entry.

Beth ran her hands over my breasts, squeezing lightly, then plucked the clips off my burning nipples. I cried out, at first, with returning blood, but as my nipples between to tingle she gently rolled them between her thumbs and forefingers.

“Tell me you're a slave girl,” she said, her eyes cold.

I flushed anew and her eyes narrowed.

“I-I'm a slave girl,” I whimpered.

She dug the edge of her nails into my nipples and pinched.

“Mistress,” she growled.

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

She went back to gently caressing my tingling, aching nipples, while Nick twisted and turned the head of the dildo against my back opening, pushing in, then drawing back, pushing in, then drawing back, trying to get the thing into me.

“Say it again.”

“I'm a slave girl, Mistress!” I gulped.

“Say it one hundred times.”

I stared at her in anguish, then hurriedly obeyed, as she caressed my nipples. Then one of her hands dropped down my body and her fingers began to stroke my clitoris.

“I'm a slave girl, Mistress! I'm a slave girl, Mistress! I'm a slave girl, Mistress! I'm a slave girl...” I said as she fingered my clitoris.

All the while Nick was pushing against my back passage, and finally succeeded. I groaned, interrupting my chanted words, as the fat head finally pushed into me, then, still twisting and turning, pushed slowly deeper!

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

Her fingers stroked my clitoris with a deft, knowing touch, as the thick dildo slowly pushed deeper into my ass. I felt a dark sense of masochism and lust growing within myself. I already had a big dildo in my pussy, after all, and my bound breasts were throbbing. My nipples thrilled to her rubbing and rolling, and this whole shocking event was starting to echo many of the fantasies I'd masturbated and climaxed to for years!

“I'm a slave girl, Mistress,” I changed. “I'm a slave girl, Mistress! Oh! Ungh! I'm a slave girl, Mistress!”

Heat suffused my body, and I began to feel it throbbing with excitement, almost radiating the growing power of the sexual tension building up within me. My breathing was becoming more ragged as my chest tightened, and my hips started to unconsciously grind myself against her fingers!

I began to feel deep cramps inside my belly as the dildo pushed even higher into my ass, but they did nothing to dispel the growing sense of feverish sexual hunger and need.

“I'm a slave girl, Mistress!” I panted. “I'm a slave girl, Mistress!”

“On your knees, slut,” she ordered.

Moaning, I sank down to my knees, and she gazed down on me, then reached for my head and sniffed disdainfully. She dug at the edges and peeled the bald cap off, much to my dismay. I didn't dare protest, though. She combed my tangled hair out with her fingers, then gripped it and jerked sharply enough to pull me up

and back, crying out as my back arched.

“I like my slave girls to have hair,” she said. “It serves a purpose.”

She let go of my hair and then stripped herself. Her body was petite, lithe, but strong, and I felt myself quailing anxiously as she stepped before me again and then gripped my hair.

“Have you ever performed on a woman before, slave?”

“N-No, mistress!” I said meekly.

“You are going to learn, then.”

She jerked my face forward into her groin and rubbed it up and down against her.

“You will please me or know pain, slave girl,” she said. “Now let's see your hot little pink tongue.”

I moaned and pushed my tongue out, and she ground herself against me.

“Now start. I shall instruct you. Nick, a crop.”

I started licking, still thrumming with sexual energy enough to overcome my initial reluctance. And then Nick handed her a riding crop, the tip of which was then placed against my ear as a warning as I licked.

“I'll go check on Jacob,” Nick said, putting on a robe which hung from a hook on the back of the door.

That left me alone with Beth and her cold eyes, as I nervously licked at her pussy.

I cried out as she jerked back sharply on my hair, again forcing my back to arch, then swing the crop down at my left breast. The very tip, which had a thin leather flap, snapped down across my swollen nipple several times in a row very quickly, and I yelped at the stinging pain!

“Don't lick like a dog, you ignorant little slut!” she growled.

She then began to 'instruct' me, on her preferences, much as Nick had. I learned to use my lower lip to support my tongue so I could lick harder, moving my head instead of my tongue. I learned to shift directions, and to intersperse my licking with sucking. I learned how to thrust my tongue as deep into her pussy as I could – which wasn't nearly deep enough.

And I learned how much the flat little bit of leather at the tip of the crop hurt when it struck my nipples!

It never entered my mind to protest, though, or to demand to be released. I was a slave girl! And my mind and body were intoxicated with the dark, wicked thrill of it!

When Nick came back, just after I had succeeded in making her climax, the two of them lifted me to my feet, and then Nick disappointed me by pulling off my arm sleeve, though my shoulders did feel a tremendous sense of relief as my arms were separated.

They pulled me aside and each gripped one of my wrists, though, each still encased in the studded leather restraints I'd worn. They raised my hands up and

apart, and then clipped the rings to chains which they spent a few minutes adjusting. Then they spread my legs, putting restraints around my ankles and locking those down, too.

It was all so scary hot! I was anxious and nervous, but being restrained this way filled my mind with a desperate excitement!

Nick undid the cables which bound my breasts, and that caused some relief too, though in the position they'd placed me my breasts were hard and taut anyway.

Beth let the tip of the crop rub up and down against my throbbing clitoris, and I moaned helplessly, my hips spasming.

“What are you, slut?” she demanded, slapping it lightly against me.

“Oh! I-I'm a slave girl, mistress!” I cried.

She rubbed the thing up and down against my clitoris, perhaps as a reward, then handed the crop to Nick, turning away and going over to the cupboard. Now Nick stood before me, still wearing the robe, holding the crop. He let the tip rub over my swollen nipples, slapping it down intermittently to make me wince and gasp.

“What are you?” he demanded.

“I'm a slave girl, Master!” I gasped, feeling a rush of heat at the words.

He let the crop slide down my body until the tip was rubbing against my clitoris once more.

“What are you, slut?”

“I'm a slave girl, Master!”

He moved around behind me and suddenly the crop hissed through the air and cut across my bottom! This time it wasn't a light slap with the square little tip but a hard, stinging blow from the shaft! I cried out, hips jerking violently forward.

He reached out with his long arm, snaking it across my left hip, and his fingers bound my clitoris, rubbing skillfully. Then I felt the dildo he'd stuffed into me

twisting and turning, pulling back, then pushing forward, pulling back, and then sliding forward.

I was still very tight around it, but it was very well oiled, and it moved in and out fairly smoothly with his strength behind it. It felt very strange inside me for I had played around a bit with anal play, but nothing this big. And besides, as I had come to realize, it's way different when someone else is doing something to me!

He managed to get the thing even deeper inside me, so deep it was almost buried between my buttocks! I could feel his hand on the base, and feel how little of it still remained on the outside of my throbbing, aching body! And as he pumped it in and out he let the fingers of his other hand rub my clitoris so that I sobbed dazedly, grinding my hips against him!

Then Beth stepped around in front of me, and I saw that she was now wearing shorts, black latex shorts – of a kind. Attached to the front was a large, long, thick, gleaming dildo that curved slightly upward.

“Do you like my cock, slave girl?” she demanded.

“Y-Yes, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Beg me to fuck you.”

I felt another wild rush of anxiety and heat.

“Please fuck me, Mistress!” I gulped.

The cock she wore looked black and menacing!

She moved behind me and then Nick came around in front of me again, moving to the rack. He put the crop down and instead picked up a thin, light flog which had a number of short, thin leather laces, and returned to me.

I trembled anxiously as I felt Beth's fingers at the dildo straining my pussy, then felt it sliding slowly down and out. I felt a momentary sense of relief, then she pulled back on my hips and thrust the dildo she was wearing up inside me from behind! I felt a delicious sense of tactile pleasure! It felt wonderful inside me! It was so thick, but smooth and slick!

I was so tight around it I could feel the lips of my sex tightly clasped together around the shaft, could feel the thin veins carved onto the silicone as they slid in and out of me!

And then I saw the vibrator in Nick's hand. He lowered it, turned it on, and began to grind the soft round head against my clitoris!

The sensations exploded inside me! I cried out in shocked pleasure, which quickly gave way to a massive orgasm even as Beth thrust the dildo deeper and deeper! She gripped my hips, jerking them back as she pumped, and Nick kept the vibrator grinding against my clitoris as I cried out again and again, twisting and bucking and sobbing in wildfire pleasure!

And that was before she could really start to pump! I collapsed, exhausted, gasping for breath, dazed by the shattering force of the orgasm which had overwhelmed my mind. But of course, the restraints kept me in position, and the pain from all-but hanging by my wrists quickly got my feet under me once again.

Nick removed the vibrator, and replaced it with his fingers, stroking and rubbing gently as Beth began to slowly work the big black cock in and out of me from behind. I whimpered helplessly as the dildo moved in and out, using longer and longer strokes.

The raw, animal heat within me quickly re-ignited, the sensations of its movement like oil on flames as she worked it in and out. Then Nick dropped to his knees before me and started licking my clitoris! I had never felt anyone's tongue on me down there and now I could hardly stop myself from crying out at the intensity of the sensations which began to roll up my spine!

I thought that I was surely going insane, but I didn't care in the least! I sobbed dazedly, gasping as Beth thrust still deeper, her hands on my hips, pulling my hips back at her as she stroked. Then she pushed in deep enough for her hips to slap against my buttocks!

Not only did I shudder emotionally at the knowledge that she had buried the entire long length of that monster cock in my sex, but her pubic bone was now hitting the base of the big dildo Nick had shoved deep into my ass! Every time she buried the dildo in my pussy she slapped against the base, to redouble the feel of incredible fullness and deep, throbbing ache within me!

I felt a shocking, almost visceral thrill of sexual heat at the sensation! I sobbed aloud, then began to cry out at every stroke as Nick licked faster and harder against my clitoris and his wife drove her thick black spear of a cock deep into my burning pussy!

I screamed myself hoarse as orgasm after orgasm tore through me, flaying my mind, building on the storm of sensations tearing through my body! I was utterly impaled both by the thick dildo Beth was using to fuck me, and the other one filling my ass!

And with Nick licking strongly against my swollen clitoris it was all I could do to even retain a sense of self through the howling storm of sensual and erotic passion and heat which gripped my body and mind!

“Responsive little slut,” Beth said in an amused voice.

“Very,” Nick replied, sounding more enthusiastic.

I shuddered as the thick dildo pulled back. But then I felt Beth's fingers against my aching, overheated sex, felt two, then three, pushing up inside me.

“She's as wet as swamp,” Beth said, laughing.

Her fingers twisted and turned within me, then pushed harder, getting thicker, as if she'd added more of them. Nick picked up the vibrator and began to play it back and forth over my clitoris as I hung in place, too dazed to support myself for a minute, gasping for breath.

I groaned at the ache in my sex, panting, gulping in air, head hanging low as I stared at Nick grinding the vibrator against my clitoris. I whimpered and drew my head up and back, regaining enough consciousness to support myself on my feet and take the ache off my wrists.

But I could feel her fingers so thick, stretching me, straining me, making me ache more and more, and then they pushed deeper, and the lips of my sex slid tightly across what had to be her knuckles! Then there was a final aching stretch as the knuckle of her thumb passed into me, and I sobbed weakly.

I felt the heel of her hand slide through my taut lips, and then there was some slight relief as they closed around her wrist. But the wild sexual fever inside me

blossomed once again as I realized her entire hand was inside me!

I whimpered as I felt it moving, turning, her fingers flexing and wriggling. Then it pushed still deeper into my belly.

“Hot, slutty little slave girl,” Nick said. “Is this what you've been dreaming about?”

It was! But I had no speech left in me as Beth slowly closed her fingers into the palm of her hand, one by one. Each finger stretching out the tight, elastic walls of my sex until it could pull inward. Then I had a fist tightly closed inside my belly.

And it moved up deeper!

I trembled as it began to pump in and out, as Nick stood before me rubbing the vibrator against my clitoris. Then he raised his other hand, which had the short flog, and brought the thin laces hissing down across my taut breast!

I shuddered, then cried out weakly at a second blow, then again at a third.

“Hot, nasty little slave,” he said. “You know you're a bad girl and need to be punished.”

“A very bad girl,” Beth said from behind me.

I cried out as she jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch and pushing breasts out even more vulnerably!

The flog came down in sharp, quick little movements, the eight or ten little laces sweeping down across my breasts again and again as I trembled and shook and then exploded into orgasm!

Beth's fist moved in and out faster and deeper, and my cries became screams as I twisted and writhed in place, straining and thrashing against the restraints as the vibrator ground faster and harder against my clitoris!

The flog bit into my nipples and the soft, taut tissue of my breasts and upper chest as I came again and again, my body wracked by convulsions, muscles spasming as though gripped by an electrical overload!

That was all I could take. My nervous system, overloaded, shut down, dropping me into unconsciousness.

*

I woke, dazed, numbed, for long seconds. I lay on a padded bench. It was sort of like the kind of medical exam bench you'd find in a doctor's office, except not as wide, and with a leather top. It was, in fact, just wide enough for my torso to lay upon, and no longer, either.

One of the reasons I was dazed was because my head hung over one side of the bench, upside down, so the blood had rushed to it and my vision, as I blinked dizzily, was also upside down.

My arms and legs had been drawn downward along the corners of the bench and strapped in place, leaving me helpless, and I could feel the muscle exhaustion and ache from all over, but especially my lower belly.

There was also a sharper ache from my nipples, for some reason, and from my sex, but outside, not inside. I was confused, at first, wondering where I was, and how I got there. Then I remembered, as I saw an upside down view of Nick, who was now naked.

He was also erect, and his cock slid into my open mouth and, quite neatly, straight down my throat. I gurgled, and my limbs jerked, muscles spasming as they instinctively sought to jerk me up and away from the thing sliding down my throat.

I felt... full, down below, but as my mind woke up, I knew it wasn't with Beth's hand any more.

God! She had fisted me! That was so insanely kinky and shocking and wicked and hot!

And now Nick was pumping his thick erection in and out of my open mouth as if he were fucking me, only he was fucking my throat instead! He pulled slowly out and the saliva clinging to his cock trickled down over my face as I gasped for breath.

Then I felt the vibrator switched on, pressing against my clitoris. I felt sore there,

too, like with my nipples, but didn't understand yet. That soreness, as if I was cut, leant the thrumming vibrations a kind of sharp sting to them, but even so, my body began to react.

Nick pushed into my mouth and down my throat once again, taking his time, fucking me in a leisurely fashion, but ensuring every inch was buried with every stroke. When he pulled out he was still very hard, and reached down to unlock my wrists.

I felt my ankles also being undone, and I groaned as I was able to move my stiff limbs and they helped me sit up. Of course, not for long. They pulled me off the bench, and onto the floor. They put me on my belly, then lifted my hips up high.

Crack! I felt a sharp sting as Beth swung the riding crop down across my ass.

“Spread your legs, slut,” Beth ordered.

Moaning, I shifted my knees apart, then further at another slap.

Nick jerked on my hips, on my waist, pulling my torso in more tightly against my thighs. The two of them positioned me with my buttocks raised as high as possible, my belly pressing almost against my thighs, my back bent sharply.

“Arms behind your back,” he ordered.

Crack! The sting of the riding crop cut across my buttocks again!

I felt my arms strapped together at wrist and elbows.

“What are you, slut?” she demanded.

I moaned helplessly, and the crop cut across my buttocks again.

“What are you, slut?”

I groaned, and the crop cut across my bottom again, so that I cried out in pain.

“I-I'm a slave girl, Mistress!” I gasped.

“Beg your master to fuck you, whore.”

“Please,” I moaned.

Crack!

“Beg, slut.”

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

Crack!

“Harder, slut!”

“Please fuck me, Master!”

Crack!

“Ahh!”

“Again, slut!”

“Please fuck me, Master!”

I felt something sliding out of my sex, and then my first real cock pushed into my body! I shuddered as it filled me up, as he buried it to the hilt and ground himself against me. His hands held my hips and he began a slow thrusting motion using just a few inches of his cock, ensuring his hips slapped against my upraised bottom again and again and again!

Beth moved before me and her foot, enclosed in a leather shoe, pressed against my mouth.

“Lick me, slave girl,” she growled. “Show your mistress how much you worship her.”

I couldn't believe it, at first. A shock rippled through my mind, and then an almost suffocating wave of pure, dark heat as I arched my neck a little and then, gasping for breath, licked at her foot while her husband thrust into me from behind!

It was the most glorious, incredible sensation of being completely immersed in the wild, kinky fantasy which had filled my mind for so very long! I shuddered

as his hips began to slap against my buttocks, as his cock pumped steadily inside me, as I licked at Beth's shoe with no inhibitions or restraints whatsoever!

And then, my mind swept by wild dark bursts of sexual electricity, I came again, sobbing breathlessly as my body shook and my muscles spasmed and strained repeatedly!

*

It was only when they were done with me, when they pulled me to my feet by the hair, that I realized, belatedly, that they had pierced my nipples while I had been unconscious! Two thick gold rings dangled from my aching nipples, and I gaped at them with open-mouthed awe!

Then, of course, it was back to my home, to my life as a normal suburban girl, or at least, to try to pretend that was what I was. It was impossible for me to be calm in that role now, though. I knew what my fantasies would be like for real! So I wanted them to be real all the time!

That evening with Beth and Nick had been like an emotional earthquake, and totally shifted my world view! I saw it as my destiny! And I became even more obsessed with making it a reality! Of course, the path to that was Beth and Nick, and just thinking about it made me breathless!

I couldn't do it while living at home, though. How could I be a sexy slave girl and come home and help my mother with the dishes!?

It was the next day that I talked to Beth about it, and she offered me a way out. First, I would stay with them. I could tell my parents I was renting a room there dirt cheap in exchange for babysitting services to help out Beth with the baby! That was easily believable!

So I moved into Beth's house as their slave girl! And they then began to test out just how committed I was to life as a slave girl by taking me to a BDSM gathering. They didn't tell me what I'd be doing there, however, or that I'd be the center of attention of maybe fifty or sixty people!

No, instead they had me put on this very tight, very short one piece leather dress with a lot of cleavage, and thigh-high leather boots with stiletto heels! The dress was sleeveless and strapless, and I had a bondage collar around my neck, and

wrist restraints around my wrists.

Can you imagine appearing in public like that!? I mean, maybe you can, but I had always been so conservative in how I dressed in public. So to appear in that was a huge, emotional blow to my psyche!

And it only got worse. We got out of the car, and I kind of tried to take some comfort in that Beth was wearing a fairly slutty outfit, too. She had on a short skirt, and a kind of leather vest, but with no shirt on. She also had high, stiletto heels on.

But then she and Nick grabbed my wrists, pulled them behind my back, and locked them together, then Nick attached a leash to the ring at the front of the collar, while Beth pushed a black ball gag into my mouth and strapped it behind my head!

My eyes were huge at this point, as you can imagine, and my chest, which had already been tight, now began to throb as they led me into the dark doorway by the leash. We went down a narrow flight of stairs and as I heard the murmur of many voices my heart beat faster and my pulse raced and my face began to flush hotly.

Then we were out amid a crowd of people, and my face burned as eyes turned my way! The dress was very low cut! And I had no bra and no panties on underneath! In fact, all I had below the skirt was the round base of the butt-plug Nick had pushed into me.

It was a wonder the skin of my face didn't burn off as Nick paraded me around, greeting people, taking a drink for himself as Beth chatted with women. A lot of people commented about me, and Nick introduced me as "Slave"! And he referred to me as 'it', not 'she'! This was sooo wild and kinky!

I had just barely started to settle down, getting used to people staring at my cleavage and making dirty and suggestive remarks about me when Beth gripped the zipper that went down the back of the dress and jerked it down. All the way!

I felt the tight dress parting behind me, and I felt an incredible psychic jolt as it fell away, leaving me completely naked as people gathered around to look me up and down! Oh my God! I was frozen, shocked, numbed, dazed!

I dropped my eyes in shame as people formed a circle around us, then gasped as a hand, Beth's, gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back.

“Nice tits on her, don't you think?” she said to a woman nearby.

“God, yes. I love those tits,” the woman said.

She actually reached out her hand and began to caress and knead my breast!

“Nicely shaved,” a man on the other side said.

“And very tight inside,” Nick assured him.

And then hands were all over me! They were caressing my breasts, and kneading my buttocks, and squeezing my breasts, and fingering my nipples and nipple rings, and rubbing my clitoris! I was totally shocked!

And then, as if rising up out of nowhere, like a grass fire spreading across the prairie, I felt this immense rush of heat, an intense, thrumming pressure wave of sexual hunger and arousal sweeping through me!

And it got worse as Beth led me by the leash into the center of the room, and then she and Nick made me kneel, then lay down. Each of them had a thick leather restraint, very thick, which they wrapped around my ankles. They brought down chains from above, and clicked them onto the restraints, and then the chains began to pull.

I shuddered and squealed into the gag as I slid slowly across the floor, but then my ankles were raised higher, and my legs and then my buttocks came off the floor. My back slid across the floor, but then that came off the floor, then my shoulders, and then I was hanging freely from my ankles, which were spread wide apart!

Could there be a more exposed position!? I mean, I was hanging upside down and with my legs spread wide while dozens of people gathered around watching appreciatively! And I wasn't hanging very high, either, so my naked sex was about the perfect level for everyone to stare at!

The first thing Nick and Beth did was to slowly work two enormous dildos into my pussy and my ass! I shuddered and moaned, face burning, head pounding as I

looked around wildly at the crowd surrounding me. I felt the dildos slowly pushing deeper and deeper into my belly, stretching me out, filling me up, impaling me!

Nick then began to rub a vibrator back and forth across my clitoris, as Beth unlinked my wrist restraints, then pulled each wrist down and apart to lock them to chains which in turn locked into rings in the floor! Now I was spreadeagled, my limbs stretched tautly in four directions!

All around me, people were staring excitedly, commenting about how hot and sexy I looked, and talking about wanting to do things to me! It was both mortifying and electrifying!

And then Beth started in with the flog. I squealed and moaned and twisted and thrashed helplessly as she flogged my back and buttocks. Then she did my belly and my breasts! Then, when she began swinging the flog overhead, letting the long, thin laces come down between my legs, I came, screaming!

After that, what inhibitions did I have left? They let me down, unlinked my wrist restraints, and led me around the room again, this time crawling on all fours! And then, right in front of everyone, they put me down on my belly, with my bottom raised high, and gave me to any man who wanted to use my body!

One after another they dropped to their knees behind me, thrusting deep into my pussy and my ass, fucking hard, yanking on my hair and slapping my bottom as they pounded enthusiastically against my upraised buttocks!

And I just lay there, knelt there, and took it, gasping, shuddering, moaning, whimpering, my breasts grinding against the floor as my mind burned in the fires of sexual fever! I came, sobbing, then screaming into the gag.

They pulled the ball gag out, and then they led me around again, crawling, making me suck guy's cocks as they sat, while other guys fucked me. Then I was licking women's pussies. Then I was riding guy's like a whore as they sat below me!

They finished up doing me three at a time, one under me, fucking me, one in my ass behind me, and one fucking my mouth and throat! I came so hard that I thought I'd go insane!

They took me home and then Beth shaved my head completely so I could be the slave nymph from the fantasy cartoon I had been obsessed with. Of course, then they had to buy me a really nice wig for the occasions when I had to see my parents or go out in public. It was very real looking, though, so no one guessed.

But at home I was the slave nymph! They bought a gag for me which was like a black leather strap which cut across my face below the nose. On the inside of the gag was a puffy black ball which filled my mouth. It allowed me to close my mouth, but did prevent me from speaking.

I was to wear this gag at all times when not eating or drinking, sleeping, or performing sexual acts with my mouth! I had been silenced! As if I wasn't a real person who could communicate! Like I was an animal! A sexual animal!

I was enthralled!

As their slave girl I was given a lengthy chore list to complete. I was responsible for cooking and cleaning the whole house, as well as doing laundry, and looking after the baby when Beth wasn't available or didn't want to.

Instead of a room, they gave me a large pet bed on the floor in the hallway where I was to sleep curled up. And to be ready to waken them each morning with my tongue.

My first full day as a bald slave nymph started with waking Nick up with a blow job. I slid to my knees next to the bed, gently tugged the sheets back, and then began to lick his flaccid cock. It hardened as he began to stir, and by the time I got my lips around it and was beginning to bob up and down he was hard and yawning as he wakened.

He let me bob up and down for a bit, then gripped the back of my collar to drag me fully into bed so I was laying between his spread legs. Then he rolled over, pinning me beneath him, and fucked my mouth and throat, his hips pumping hard and steadily as I lay there gurgling and gasping weakly.

When he had finished, I crawled over between Beth's legs. She'd wakened while Nick was fucking my throat, and watched lazily until I began to lick her pussy. Nick got up as I was doing that and shuffled off to the bathroom.

When I had succeeded in making Beth come, she sat up and swung her legs out

of bed, yawning herself.

“Face down,” she ordered.

I quickly knelt on the bed, then dropped my upper body down onto it and raised my bottom high. She got up and moved away, then returned and I grunted as she shoved a very thick dildo deep into my pussy. It was a bit like the butt-plug in that it was made to completely sink itself into me, then it had a wide, flaring ring near the base, and then finally a more narrow base which protruded between the lips of my sex.

She slapped my bottom and told me to go, and I scurried off to the kitchen to get coffee for them while she joined him in the big en-suite bathroom. I quickly prepared their morning coffee in their preferred mugs and brought it into the en-suite, setting each mug on the counter next to their sinks, then hurried back to the kitchen.

There I made breakfast, mostly a simple, continental breakfast with buns, croissants, bagels, with various spread, some fruit, and juice. It wasn't difficult. It was ready when they came out from their bedroom and I quickly placed it on the table, then knelt next to the small kitchen table between them.

The thing inside me made me thrum with sexual energy. In fact, everything I was doing made me thrum with sexual energy! I loved being penetrated and loved being full, and I loved the concept behind it, too, which was that as a slave I would never be permitted to sit down anywhere, but must kneel.

The base which pushed out between the lips of my sex was almost two inches long, and since the nose of the dildo was already lodged achingly deep within my sexual tunnel sitting down would have been very, very painful. So I would have to always kneel.

Neither of them spoke to me. They talked to each other about things they would be doing that day, or others they knew, and ignored me as if I wasn't even there, or at least, as if I wasn't human, but a pet. Nick tossed me a piece of croissant, for example, literally. It bounced off my breast and landed on the floor.

I dropped to my hands and knees and lowered my mouth to the floor to lick it off, then sat up again, waiting. Beth threw the next piece, then Nick did, both of them smirking a little as I dropped and licked them off the floor.

Like an animal!

That was how I ate my breakfast! Beth even poured some of her orange juice on the floor! I had to kneel, bottom raised, knees wide, on my forearms, with my breasts to the floor as my tongue licked at the orange juice!

As I was doing that I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, Nick taking a video with his cell phone, and felt another hot, jagged rush of sexual energy, moaning to myself as I let my tongue lick at the juice and clean it up.

After breakfast they had showers while I cleaned things up, then hurried up to help Beth. She sat at her makeup table as I brushed and blow-dried her hair, following her instructions. Then I carefully applied her makeup.

With that done I went and got the baby, waking him, changing him, feeding him, and then bringing him downstairs for Beth to cuddle and give me further instructions.

They both went off to work, taking the baby to daycare, and I went into a separate bathroom which was attached to a guest room. There I douched, gave myself an enema, and shaved my head again. It was to be done every single day, even though scalp hair doesn't grow very fast, so no trace of hair would ever show.

After that I did the laundry, then got out shoe polish and a brush and polished all the leather shoes Beth and Nick wore. With that done I began to wash the floors. Beth insisted I do that on hands and knees, and she said there were hidden nanny cams so she could keep an eye on me.

I made my own lunch, and ate it in the kitchen, on the floor, much as I had eaten breakfast, with my breasts to the tiles, my arms unmoving, my bottom raised high and legs spread, eating directly from the bowls with my mouth and not using my hands.

Then I began to polish the furniture and vacuum the rugs.

Oh, and masturbated about ten times!

When Beth got home, though, it turned out she did indeed have cameras in the house, because she strapped my bottom until I cried, and ordered me to never

again masturbate. My only sex and only release was to come at their hands, she said.

I apologized, licking her shoes from toe to heel and up along the ankle to beg her forgiveness, then licked her to an orgasm. She then gagged me, suspended me from my wrists, and went about her business for a while, while I dangled helplessly, moaning.

When Nick came back he sodomized me as I hung there, then left me swinging and went in to change. Beth let me down and set me to making dinner, which I did, and I ate my part on the floor in the same manner as I had my breakfast.

When I tried to speak to Nick they gagged me, suspended me from my wrists again, and whipped me to teach me not to speak until and unless spoken to.

This day was to set the pattern for the next year. I stopped masturbating, which meant that the sexual tension which filled me all day built up to almost unbearable levels, but since I was either gagged or not allowed to speak I couldn't even ask her or Nick to do anything!

I tried, the next day, to secretly masturbate, by going into a closet, closing the door, and doing it there, but they knew somehow, and not only whipped me again, but used a strap on the soles of my feet! That really hurt! I had to crawl everywhere for much of the next day!

The next day two men came to visit Nick, and he and they spent some time with me as he demonstrated my sexual prowess to the men, or rather, had me demonstrate it for the men. Then they experimented with various flogs as they suspended me spreadeagled.

The following night it was Beth who had a female visitor, named Andrea, and the three of us spent time as the two women used bigger and bigger strap-on dildos to make me scream in pleasure. Then Beth fisted me as the woman rode my face and used a vibrator on me and I screamed myself hoarse with the intensity of the orgasms!

I stayed with them for almost a year, looking after the baby, cooking and cleaning, and, of course, servicing their sexual needs and those of anyone else they wished me to. Then, one day, this guy showed up. He was about Nick's age, but there was something more serious about him. This guy had gravitas. You

know, what I mean?

He was taller, but not as broad in the shoulder. But there was a trim, athleticism in him, and he moved like a panther. He had short dark hair and hard, cold gray eyes. And I gulped nervously under his gaze.

He... inspected me, as I stood there naked and bald in my thigh highs, with my shoulder length gloved arms locked behind me. He watched as Nick put me through my paces, ordering me to kneel, to bend, to turn and twist, and position my body as ordered, to show my respect by licking his shoe, and licking a candy from the palm of his hand.

The man spoke in low tones with Nick, then Beth pushed the ball gag into my mouth, then put a blindfold over my eyes. I felt the leash pulling me forward, then, but no one spoke. I could tell we were going to the garage, however, and then hands put me into a car set and put a seat belt across my hips and chest.

And I was driven away!

I had no idea where I was going, and my heart beat fairly rapidly. We drove for some time before the car turned and slowed and the sound around me shifted. There had been soft music playing the entire ride, classical music, but no one had spoken. Now I could tell from the sound around the car that it had driven inside somewhere.

The car stopped, the engine stopped, and someone got out. The door next to me opened, and someone under the seat belt. Then I felt the pull from my collar and twisted and turned, swinging my legs out and standing with the aid of someone gripping my arm.

I was led... somewhere. Then stopped. A moment later I felt pressure against my middle, then arms around my thighs, and I gasped as I was lifted into the air and dropped across someone's shoulder! I was then carried inside somewhere, then up a flight of stone stairs (I could tell from the sound!).

I was set on my feet once again and the leash pulled me forward across a stone floor. I walked for about a hundred feet, I guess, then the pull turned and I was led to my right. The pressure stopped and I felt hands on my wrists. The restraints were unlinked, then lifted up above my head and linked together.

I felt pressure, and then my heels, then my toes came off the floor, and I was dangling fully from my wrists!

Then came the whip!

I was still blindfolded, just hanging there, panting weakly, my feet wriggling a little as my toes kept instinctively stretching out to try to find purchase. Then I heard the hiss and felt the impact across my upper back!

I screamed into the gag, my body bucking so that I began to swing in place. Another hiss, and another sharp line of pain across my lower back! Then another, across my buttocks that sent my legs lurching forward so I swung even harder!

The whip came in again, and this time, either my body had turned around or whoever was whipping me had, because it cut right across my taut breasts! I screamed again as I felt the sharp pain, then the throbbing line of fire across them, my body twisting and turning as the whip came in again, and again, and again!

It struck my breasts repeatedly, so that they burned like fire! It cut across my belly and abdomen and my buttocks until I was exhausted and sobbing weakly, dazedly, hanging limp from my wrists as the whip cut in again and again!

Finally, it stopped, leaving me trembling and whimpering as the chain holding me aloft lowered. My feet were able to find purchase, and then my wrists lowered further and further, my aching arms lowering with them until I could try to cup my aching breasts.

And then my ankles were pulled out from under me! I cried out, startled, dropping heavily until I was brought up short, hanging by my wrists again, though this time with my ankles lifted up and back behind me, attached to...something, other chains, I guessed.

I felt fingers at the buckle of the gag, then it was pulled from my mouth. I gulped in air, gasping raggedly, then a thick erection slid through my lips, forcing them wider as it pushed across my tongue and deeper into my mouth.

I moaned around it, sucking instantly, almost instinctively, trying to bob my lips on it, but finding it hard to move my head as whoever it was – and it wasn't Nick

– pushed deeper. I gurgled as it pushed into my throat, then pushed deeper, sliding fully into me until my lips were pressed against his groin.

There was no doubting it was a real one, not some sort of dildo. I knew the difference, by then, and I could tell it was bigger than Nick's, and longer. A male hand was at the back of my bald head, holding me firmly against his groin as my head pounded from lack of air.

For the next week I remained blindfolded, hooded, really. I was washed by someone who did not speak, but was male, from the hands on my body. I was slapped, strapped, spanked, fucked and sodomized regularly, and fed by hand, eating whatever was placed in my mouth.

That was the week of silence. The second week, he spoke to me, but I remained hooded. He told me I was an incredibly beautiful sexual creature, and he now owned me, having purchased me from Nick and Beth. Their son was getting to be a toddler and they could not have a naked slave girl around the house any more.

He demonstrated an amazing skill at licking me, and a similar skill with his fingers, his cock, and a vibrator. At one point he had me tightly bound, deeply penetrated through all three orifices with very long, thick dildos, and subjected to what felt like hours of attention from a vibrator which left me dazed, exhausted, and twitching and trembling for hours afterward.

And even though I was gagged I lost my voice through screaming.

Not that that mattered since speaking was forbidden.

The third week he took the hood off and he led me around the house, showing me where everything was. I made the tour on all fours, leashed, as he explained the various daily tasks I was to take care of. It was a bigger house than Nick and Beth's, so I would be kept busy with chores.

There were no women here, just him, but he had a lot of friends who visited to get their hands and lips on his slave girl, not to mention their cocks inside her! One time I had a gang-bang with twenty men that went on for hours! God, that was insane!

After a year with him, though, he met a woman who wanted no part of a slave

girl. This time I was not sold or given to anyone else, but simply thrown out! I was at quite a loss as to what to do after that. He had rented a cheap apartment for me which was paid for six months, but that was about it.

Of course, my only course was to get involved in the sex industry. I started out as a stripper, keeping my head shaved. Men were fascinated with me! They gave me an amazing amount of money to dance for them, and I was very good at it, of course, since Beth and Nick had had a pro teach me lap dancing and stripping.

I transitioned from there into becoming a call girl, a specialized one, because the agency told me I could charge much higher fees if I let men spank, strap and whip me. Let them!? I would have taken less money to get the punishment which turned me on so much!

Within a year of leaving my last master I was worth half a million dollars. Two years after leaving him I was worth two million. My fees kept going up, and the number of wealthy men who wanted to use and beat me still kept growing!

But the fiery lust caused by the outrageousness of it all was losing its heat, and I eventually grew out my hair and went to college. I took all the right liberal arts courses, like sexual psychology, business finance, art appreciation, courses in wine and bartending and massage to become a more adept call girl, then simply switched to basic sex – well, with a little spanking thrown in.

I know others will find my journey a shocking one. Even most of the people I know now would be astonished if they ever learned of my time as a slave girl nymph. But I can think of nothing else which robs a person completely of their inhibitions, and allows them to truly feel the sensual nature of her own body every day!

I've just married a multi-millionaire banker, so my days as an escort are over. He's quite a bit older than me, but makes up for it by being amazingly rich and perverted. And he and I have discussed my recruiting a young slave girl, who I'm sure I'll be able to teach what I've learned – the pleasure of her body.

May you be as lucky as I have.

END

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

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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