

## NO ESCAPE

BY ARGUS

Copyright resides with author

Downloaded from bdsmbooks.com

### One

“You have lovely breasts.”

Dale felt a red flush creeping up her throat and into her cheeks as the blonde girl examined her bared breasts, and braced herself as she saw the woman’s hands rise to touch them. She felt slightly light-headed as the woman’s fingers stroked lightly along the undersides of her breasts, lifting them lightly, as though weighing them.

Dale’s breasts were a good size for her slender body, full, and very nicely rounded, yet deliciously firm due to her unrelenting exercise which gave her a toned, athletic body.

“They’re a good size, but they’re terrifically firm,” the woman who called herself Crystal said.

Her hands continued to stroke the undersides of Dale’s breasts, squeezing up a little. Then her fingers rose and she seized the by-now swelling little pebbles of her nipples and grinned at Dale as she rolled them between the tips of her fingers.

“Nice nipples, too. The areolas aren’t too big or brown, and these nipples are tiny, but I can see they get nice and long. The customers will really love the sight of you, girl.”

Dale fought to hold still, squirming on the inside as the woman fondled her breasts. It was very weird to have a near stranger discussing her breasts like this, much less groping them, but she had suspected she might be required to suffer this sort of attention if she wanted to attain her goal of becoming a chorus girl here among the glittering lights of Las Vegas.

She was not a virgin, nor exactly shy, though it made her mind a bit numb to think of prancing around on a brightly lit stage topless. She knew that the girls in the chorus were there as much for their attractive bodies and faces as dancing skill, though. And she knew her full, firm breasts would be her best attention getter.

Both great bodies and dancing skills were required, of course, and she thought she had

them both. She was a willowy young girl of twenty. Her deep brown hair was full and rich and silken, parted at the centre of her forehead to spill down along her slim, oval face and past her shoulders, almost covering her pert breasts before Crystal had pushed it aside.

She had soft brown eyes, a slender nose, and full, sensuous lips. Her legs were long and lithesome, and her bottom firm and taut and round. She had been in dance classes since she'd been able to walk, and had once dreamed of being a ballerina. But she'd come to Vegas a couple of years ago with her parents, snuck into a show, and from the moment she'd seen the chorus girls in their fantastic costumes she'd been enthralled.

It was not simply their beauty, their skill, their sensuous movements, but the amazing costumes, the music, the lights, and, she admitted to herself, the brazen sense of sexuality they exuded as they moved about with their breasts and bottoms exposed. They were not strippers, but were respected, even admired. And the thought of being so exposed without being condemned as a whore had caught at her mind. It wasn't that she was an exhibitionist - exactly - at least, not much more than most beautiful young girls. Yet still, the thought of doing the forbidden, without being condemned for it, of having so many men and women staring at her virtually naked, well, it did make her quite excited.

And being a Las Vegas chorus girl would be such an incredible experience! Let her friends go on to their dull, boring jobs as secretaries and clerks while she was dancing beneath the great lights. And, of course, making far more money than them in the bargain.

But it was a daunting task to get on with one of the bigger shows. So many girls came to Vegas with the same hopes that the competition was ferocious. Many of those girls were willing to do whatever it took to gain an advantage. She had already turned down several obvious suggestions from producers or those associated with the shows that her chances would be enhanced if she slept with them.

But as the weeks went by it was growing more difficult to keep her sense of moral certainty. She went to a number of the auditions, saw a lot of the girls, and knew in her heart she was as good if not better than most. She was also extremely attractive. She wondered if she would already have found a place if she'd let her pride go, but her mind still squirmed away from the thought of giving her body to some lecherous middle aged man just on the hint that he might help her.

She'd met Crystal the other night when the beautiful blonde had walked into the restaurant where she was working as a waitress. Dallas was in the chorus line of one of the bigger shows, and had looked her up and down and almost immediately asked her if she'd ever thought of trying out.

Of course, Dale had been suspicious. She was young, and had grown up fairly innocent in suburban Denver. But she'd lost her virginity fairly early and taken quite excitedly to sex and sex play. And after two months in Vegas she was starting to become jaded and cynical enough to satisfy anyone.

So many male customers, some two or three times her age, had propositioned her, often offering money, that her initial shock and embarrassment had no given way to a strange sense of

almost-pride. All those men wanting her could not but help affect her ego. Clearly they thought she was pretty hot.

That was reassuring, given how many of the showgirls were big, sophisticated looking blondes.

Her face, though, was sweet, young, and innocent. She looked like a girl barely out of high school, if that. And while she was not entirely innocent she had not yet clued in to why that would be particularly enticing to so many older men. She well understood their desire for big, busty blondes like, for example, Crystal. But her? Skinny, brown haired Dale? She could only be flattered, if sometimes embarrassed by their attention.

“Get those pants off, darling, and we’ll try you in a costume,” Crystal said.

Dale nodded, face flushing a bit more. Lesbianism was mostly a stranger to her. The most she’d done is, on a dare, and with laughing companions around, engaged in a hard, hot tongue lashing session with her friend Tracy Cunningham in someone’s pool late at night. The boys looking on had gotten very obviously aroused, and that had made her hot. But her kissing and hugging and even a little touching with Tracy had done little for her.

Still, she knew that other girls enjoyed it a lot more. Tracy, for one, had strongly hinted they explore the idea further at her house. Dale had turned her down, slightly embarrassed, and wary of getting a reputation as some kind oflesbo . Now she was beginning to strongly suspect that Crystal was another such woman.

Her hands went to the catch of her low-slung black jeans and she popped the catch and tugged down the zipper. Then she bent and undid the straps on her high heels before kicking them off and sliding the pants down her legs and off. She flushed a bit more as Crystal watched, her stomach twisting a bit as her mind began to frantically swirl with indecision. What should she do if Crystal wanted her to, well, do something?! She’d never really done anything with another girl, and didn’t think she really wanted to. But somehow, the thought of letting the lovely blonde fondle and kiss her wasn’t as terrible as letting one of those half bald, middle aged men do it.

It wasn’t really sex, after all, if it as just another girl. It was just – playing.

She straightened, wearing nothing but her powder blue thong, and licked her lips as Crystal looked her up and down, a strange look in her eyes.

“Turn around, sweetie. Let me see your ass,” Crystal said.

Again Dale flushed, but obeyed.

“Rise on the balls of your feet, as if you were wearing heels. That’s a girl. Very nice ass. You’re very pretty.”

“Thanks,” Dale said, blushing shyly, then gasping as the woman cupped her nearly bare bottom and gave it a squeeze.

Then she passed before her and went to the costume rack, coming back with a magnificent, glistening silver halter with huge wings spreading out behind. She helped Dale pull it on, tugging the centre up beneath her breasts, rather than over them, and fastening it there, then adjusting the wings. She helped her step into the bottom, which was little more than the thong she now wore, and tugged it up around her hips. Then helped her into a pair of stiletto heels which didn't quite fit. Next she pulled her hair up and back behind her head and put a kind of lacy silver cap over her head.

She led her to a mirror and Dale flushed in pride, excitement and embarrassment to see herself. The thought of going out on stage looking like that was intensely exciting - in more ways than one. But it was also daunting.

Crystal stood behind her, taller and fuller of body, and reached her arms around her to cup her breasts lightly, startling Dale and make her face flush more darkly. There was something a little - crazed about the blonde, though she put it down to lust, which was embarrassing enough.

"You hardly even need this halter to hold your tits up, honey. They're really great. And such cute little nipples."

She plucked them lightly, and Dale gasped.

"I'm going to get Brent, one of the producer's assistants and see what he thinks of you," she said.

Dale almost grabbed the woman when she turned away. Suddenly the thought of showing her bare breasts to a strange man, even one strange man, had her breathless and embarrassed. But Crystal left the room, leaving Dale nothing to do but either quickly dress and run off - giving up on her hope of being a Las Vegas Showgirl, or stand and wait.

She waited.

When she returned with a man Dale's face burned red, but the man seemed to have an almost clinical look in his face as he examined her, having her turn from side to side.

"She certainly looks sweet," he said.

His voice alerted her to what his look should have. The man was obviously gay, and Dale relaxed a little.

"We could invite her to the tryouts next week," Crystal said.

"She's got the body for it, though a bit on the skinny side," the man said. "Still, Bryan likes them skinny."

He shrugged, seeming almost bored. "If she can dance a little then invite her."

Then he turned and left. Crystal beamed at her and helped her remove the costume, her fingers caressing her breasts and nipples as she undid the halter, then skimming along her inner

thighs and buttocks as she pulled off the bottom.

“Let’s see you dance,” she said as Dale reached for her jeans.

Dale hesitated, then drew in a deep breath.

“What do you want me to do?” she asked meekly.

The woman’s lips curled up slyly. “Oh honey, what an opening,” she said with a throaty little laugh.

She turned on the radio and had Dale move in time to the music. It felt very weird to the girl, especially wearing only a thong, doubly especially since the woman was doing little to mask her sexual interest. Then Crystal reached behind her and undid her dress, letting it slide down her body to pool at her ankles. She stepped out of it as Dale halted, frozen, and smirked at her. “Let me show you how it’s done.”

She began to sway provocatively to the music, her head back, eyes set. Her breasts were very large, but clearly false, and didn’t move much as she let her long legs swing back and forth and her hips grind sensuously. She was a tall woman in heels, more than a head taller than Dale. And when she turned and danced up to the girl, Dale took a step back. Crystal followed, swaying and rolling her hips until she had her backed against the wall.

“I think you’ve got talent,” she purred. “But you need to get the right moves for the chorus line. You’re not auditioning as a ballerina, you know, honey. Nor a stripper. Being a showgirl is a bit of both, though.”

She laughed and her hands slid forward to cup Dale’s cheeks and lift her chin.

“I think I can help you. We need to work together for a bit, so I can show you my moves.”

She was leaning in so close her breasts were almost touching Dale’s, and the brown haired teenager’s heart was pounding as she tried to decide what to do, how to respond, what she would do if Crystal – and then the blonde kissed her full on the lips.

Dale was frozen, pulse racing, feeling the older woman’s tongue slide over her tongue and stroke along her own. She slid her arms around the slim young girl and her hands cupped her buttocks firmly, pulling her in against her as her lips began to move more firmly against Dale’s mouth. Dale, her mind still sputtering, kissed back, almost as a delaying tactic, kissing as she had with Tracy.

But Tracy’s hands hadn’t spent so long on her bare bottom. And now one of Crystal’s hands came up to knead her breast. She pulled her lips from Dale and the brunette gasped, then again as the woman bent and began to suckle firmly on her left nipple. Despite herself she felt her nipple tingle and throb, her breast heating from the attention.

She was still trying frantically to decide what to do, how to respond, how far to go when

the blonde returned her lips to Dale's own and her hand slid down her taut young belly and over her pussy, squeezing it gently through her thong. Dale jerked as if an electric shock had gone through her as the feel of the woman's firm, warm hand over her mound. Then she grabbed at her thong as the woman tugged it down.

Crystal chuckled throatily, and gripped her hands, lifting them up and pressing them back against the wall above her head, her face full of hunger and determination and - something else, something raw.

"Keep your hands there, little baby. Pretend this is a rehearsal and you're playing a part. If you want to win the part, you have to follow the script."

The words were said with a smile, but there was a bite to the words, and Dale froze in alarm, worried that any refusal would lose her best chance since she'd arrived in Vegas.

The woman tugged her thong down and slid her hand in along Dale's warm abdomen, then down over her almost bare sex. She had only a very small, thin line of hair there, and Crystal's fingers as they stroked along her slit were warm and soft. She gasped aloud as she felt her sex lips slowly pulled apart, and felt one of the woman's fingers stroking along the valley between.

"Such a pretty little girl," Crystal growled, kissing her again.

Her left hand was kneading Dale's right breast while her right was fingering her sex. Dale was frozen in place, panting, gasping, mind spinning. Her hands remained locked against the wall as a slender finger pushed up inside her. Still she had not decided. Should she give in or push the woman away?!

But it wasn't that bad, she thought desperately. It wasn't like she was likely to catch some disease, and Crystal was... was... beautiful, and the feel of her fingers at her sex were - not terrible.

Yet she felt shamed nonetheless, and terribly uncomfortable. She wanted to flee, but didn't dare. She watched through wide eyes as the woman licked and sucked her way down over her breasts, then dropped to her knees in front of her. Her tongue licked up along Dale's tight little slit and the teenager shuddered, partly in disgust, partly in - excitement.

She had had sex before, very basic, simple, straightforward sex with uncomplicated guys, mostly in the back of cars or dark basement couches. This - was different. Much different. And a part of her wailed in disgust at herself, wanting to shove the woman away and stalk out.

But she stayed, body stiff, eyes anxious as the blonde began to trace her tongue around and around her clitoris, then over it. Nor were her fingers still, as two slid up into her surprisingly warm and now moistening sex. Her body began to react as Crystal's talented tongue stroked across her rapidly swelling clitoris, and now a low sexual heat began to roll up through Dale's body.

Crystal licked teasingly, then put her lips over her clitoris and began to suckle gently and rhythmically. She altered that with strong, then weak, then strong licking, and occasionally a

little raspberry which set her pussy to vibrating with shocking pleasure.

She moaned in pleasure, and was shamed and shocked to hear it. Her head rolled against the wall between where the backs of her hands were so tightly plastered, and her hips began to grind and jerk and buck against the woman's mouth.

The blonde pushed two fingers up into the mouth of her pussy and sort of - pulled forward as her tongue lapped strongly over her clitoris. Dale shuddered again, and let out a soft, guttural cry of pleasure as an orgasm was wrenched from her body. Her back arched and her hips jerked spastically as the climax rippled up through her nervous system.

"Such a little sweetie," Crystal breathed, rising up to kiss her again.

Dale tasted her own sex juices on her lips, and felt a small, but not very important wave of disgust. She moaned weakly, her legs rubbery, and then gasped as Crystal pushed down on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees. Her heart skipped a beat as the woman undid her own thong and stepped out of it, and Dale saw that her sex was shaved entirely bare.

"Now you show me what you learned, my precious," Crystal said.

She grinned, then tilted her head to one side. "But first," she said. "A small costume."

She went back to the costume rack, but this time opened a drawer next to it. She drew out a length of shining silver fabric. No, Dale discovered, it was not a metallic fabric, but a soft, pliable type of metal choker which had been daintily done up to look almost like lace. Crystal slid it around her throat and fastened it, then pulled the now shy and anxious girl to her feet. She kissed her hands, and put a pair of matching soft metallic bracelets around her wrists. And then Dale realized there was a clip on the centre of the back of each little bracelet, and stared at the mirror open-mouthed as Crystal fastened them together behind her back.

She had never really thought much of bondage, but now felt a wave of fear and anxiety sweep over her as she realized her wrists were bound together. She had thought giving in to Crystal would be a fairly clean and short lived surrender, but it seemed the woman was considerably more - perverse - than she had imagined, and she wondered again if she should refuse and walk away.

Crystal laughed and turned her, then bent her over one of the dressing tables. She slapped her bottom lightly, but firmly enough for Dale to yelp, then let her fingers knead her small bottom.

"What a precious little ass," she said.

Crystal produced a length of soft, lacy metal a half inch or so wide and attached it to the back of her collar. It descended down the line of her spine to just below her tail bone.

Dale gasped as she felt something pressing against her small, wrinkled anal opening.

"Oh! Don't!" she gasped, trying to stand up and turn.

“Stay still, little minx. This won’t hurt, and it’s part of the costume, part of the role you’re auditioning for.”

She slapped at her bottom and pushed down against Dale’s back, flattening her breasts against the top of the dressing table, and Dale gasped again as she felt the woman’s finger slide into her back hole, slippery, and obviously riding some type of lubrication.

“C-Crystal,” she gasped. “I-I don’t want t-to do this kind of thing.”

“But you’re going to act as though you do,” Crystal said.

Her finger pushed more easily up inside her, and pumped in and out a few times, then withdrew. Dale felt something bigger, fatter, and harder pushing against her.

“It’s just a little butt-plug, dear. It’ll feel scrumptious when you climax.”

Dale bit her lip and gasped, letting her legs be forced wider as the thing turned and twisted and pushed deeper. It didn’t feel very small. Her face was burning red with embarrassment as Crystal forced her anus wide, wide open and slowly pushed the thing up deeper into her bottom.

“Ahh! Oh! Ungh!” she gasped, her head and shoulders twisting around, trying to see behind her.

Crystal slapped her bottom, and pushed the thing deeper, so that small cramps rippled through her belly.

Then she halted, and Dale felt her fingers against her pussy, spreading her lips back. Her tongue licked up along her slit and her lips began to suckle on Dale’s clitoris. The brunette moaned, eyes still wide and round, but now thinking that at least the worst of Crystal weirdness had been done. The woman’s tongue licked at her clitoris, and a soft, shimmering sexual heat began to roll up Dale’s body.

Then something pushed into her pussy, something fat that made her groan with the strain and moan with the excited pleasure. She could not see, but could feel the thickness of the thing Crystal was pushing up into her sex. It pushed deeper and deeper, burrowing through the soft, wet folds of her sex, driving in and out in short movements as Crystal twisted it from side to side. Yet each thrust drove it deeper, until Dale gasped and groaned at how stuffed she was, at how high in her belly the thing had been forced. She began to feel sore, aching, pain, and was on the edge of protesting again when Dale did something and the thing began to buzz and vibrate.

It was a vibrator, Dale gasped, eyes wide, feeling the heat inside her belly redouble as the vibrations began to purr through her lower body.

“I know you’re a little cock lover,” Crystal said with a chuckle. “I know you’ll be more excited with a nice, big prick in your belly.”

Crystal stood up, and took Dale’s arm. “Stand up, darling,” she said.

Dale gasped as she straightened, swaying against the woman's restraining arm. Crystal grinned, and produced another of those half inch wide lacy metal strips. This one attached to the front of her collar and dropped between her breasts, down the centre of her belly and abdomen, to just about where her clit was. A thin hook-like clip was attached to the bottom, and she watched as Crystal tugged it down a bit and fastened it to a ring set in the rounded base of the vibrator which had been stuffed up her pussy.

Crystal chuckled and spun her to look in the mirror. She stared, aghast, but excited, to see the lace-like metal around her throat and wrists, and descending to the top of her pussy. There it was fastened to the protruding base of the vibrator. She didn't need Crystal to turn her to know that the second strip, the one down her back, was likewise fastened to the fat base of a protruding butt plug in her rectum.

The metal of the – the bracelets – was so thin and so dainty that she wouldn't have thought it would actually suffice to hold her if she had tried to break free. That was a little reassuring, because she was rapidly coming to the conclusion that Crystal was not simply a lesbian, but a weird, kinky pervert, as well.

“Now on your knees, precious,” Crystal ordered, pushing down on her shoulders.

Dazed, she obeyed, and stared into the woman's bare slit as Crystal ran her fingers through her hair and drew her head in against her.

“Now do as I showed you, sweetie.”

Dale's face scrunched up as the woman's sex came within an inch of it. But then she felt herself give a kind of mental shrug. She'd come too far to back out now. She licked her lips, then licked along the woman's slit. She felt Crystal's fingers tighten against her head and heard her sigh of pleasure. Reassured, though still mildly repulsed, she licked again, pushing her tongue in deeper.

Again she was slightly repulsed, but remembering what Crystal had done, she braced herself, and began to lick upwards towards her clitoris.

“Ahhh,” Crystal groaned. “Yesss! Lovely little slut! Lick me, darling. Lick me!”

Dale was starting to get used to the smell, taste, and touch of the woman's pussy, and growing less repulsed by it. Crystal was a beautiful woman, after all, with a trim, beautiful body. Her pussy was perfectly shaved and soft, with tight, thin lips. It was the first time Dale had ever been so up close with any pussy, even her own, and was finding it less disgusting than she would have thought.

And the excitement which was overcoming her body could not long be resisted, even if she did find this twisted and perverse. The vibrator was making her entire groin burn and throb in tune to its own frantic buzzing, and she could hardly keep from squeezing her thighs together as she knelt at Crystal's feet.

Crystal reached down, parting her sex lips, and Dale licked up and down along the inside of her slit, sucking and kissing softly, fiercely aroused despite quivering, anxious inhibitions as she pushed her tongue deep into the woman's small opening and twisted it in and out. She licked upwards, found the woman's straining clitoris, and began to lick and kiss it, sucking gently as Crystal had done for her, excited as the woman began to groan and gasp and sway above her.

The woman's hands tightened in her hair, and she began to roll her hips, grinding her sex into Dale's face so that her moist pussy juices rubbed all about her mouth, nose and cheeks. Dale kept licking, driving her tongue up steadily, trying to remember what Crystal had done to her so recently that had nearly blown the top of her head off.

But it was hard thinking. Her body was throbbing with sexual heat, a sweltering, crackling cloud of lust and need filled her with hunger, desire and excitement, and she moaned softly into the other woman's pussy as she licked, her bound wrists pulling feebly against the metal bracelets holding them in place, her pussy squeezing down around the buzzing vibrator filling her up.

Her knees were sore against the floor, but she didn't care. She was in a sexual fever, squeezing her thighs together against the fat head of the protruding vibrator and butt-plug, moaning more loudly now as she licked at Crystal's clitoris and thrust her tongue so deep into the woman's hole it ached.

"Ahh! Oh God! Yes!" Crystal gasped. "You fucking slut! Deeper! Shove your tongue into me, you bitch!"

The words struck a hard chord within the back of Dale's mind, the reverberations echoing through her body to produce more seeping juices in her sex. This was sick! This was wild! This was incredible and amazing and so intensely hot!

Crystal came with a gurgling moan of pleasure, jamming Dale's face into her groin as her hips bucked violently forward.

"Such a lovely performance," an amused voice said nearby

Crystal's fingers relaxed their grip on her hair, and the woman stumbled back a step. At the same time, Dale her mind still woozy from sex heat, swayed back and gaped up at the sight of another woman leaning against the wall just inside the door, smirking down at her.

## Two

The woman was a brunette, just under thirty perhaps, with her hair cut into a boyish like bob at the ears. She was dressed in an elegant pair of white silk trousers and a pale green blouse, and her arms were folded below her small breasts as she grinned at the two women in the room.

“N-Nicole!” Crystal gasped, looking stricken, then hurrying to grab at a nearby towel.

Dale, of course, could do nothing to hide herself, but bow low, her flaming face aimed at the floor as she shrank under the other woman’s gaze. In a matter of seconds she went from intensely aroused to mortified and stunned, her skin prickling as sweat began to bead on her forehead and breasts.

“Who’s your little friend?” the woman asked, her voice now less than amused.

“I ah, this is uhm, Dale,” Crystal gulped, holding the towel around herself.

“I don’t care what her name is,” Nicole said, her voice hardening. “What is she doing here and why are you playing your little sex games here?”

“I uhm, we ahmm, met at... at a restaurant, and uh, she wants to be a dancer,” Crystal stuttered.

“I see, and this is a job interview? Or were you rehearsing how she should behave when she has an interview with me?”

“No! I mean, of course not! Uhm... w-we were just, uhm... playing,” Nicole gulped.

“So I don’t get my pussy eaten?” the woman said with mock sadness. “How unfair. I mean, you’re just a lousy second rate dancer. I’m the choreographer. If you get your pussy eaten I ought to get a lot better.”

“Nicole, I - .”

“Oh shut up. Just take your little slut and get out!”

“She’s not mine!” Crystal recoiled. “I hardly know her! I mean - .”

“I’m tired of you fucking up in the back of the chorus anyway. I’m tired of you showing up stoned or drunk. I’m tired of you putting the make on every girl in the chorus, every waitress, every customer service girl and maid in the hotel! You’re a fucking whore, Crystal, and too much trouble for your meagre talents. Go find another place to work.

With that the woman sniffed, turned and left, and Crystal gaped after her, then cursed venomously. She flung down her towel with another savage curse, then began to hurriedly get into her thong and pull on a bra and top.

“Would you untie me please?” Dale said meekly.

“Oh fuck off!” Crystal snarled.

She jerked on her top and stuffed it into a mini skirt, then zipped that up and sat down heavily to pull on a pair of high heels.

Dale bit her lip and pulled at the metal around her wrists, but though thin it seemed quite strong.

“It’s not my fault,” she said.

Crystal glared at her, then stood up, snatched at her purse, and hurried for the door.

“Hey!” Dale yelled.

“Fuck you,” Crystal spat. “Maybe the janitor will find you and let you loose.”

She slammed the door and hurried off, leaving Dale staring after her, shocked and suddenly horribly aware of her humiliating position. She was entirely nude, her wrists chained behind her back, with the black base of the vibrator sticking a good inch out of her bare pussy and the head of the butt-plug quite obvious between the cheeks of her buttocks.

She was still in a daze of humiliation at the other woman finding her like this, catching her on her knees, performing oral sex on Crystal, dressed as some kind of sadomasochistic lesbian slut! Now what was she going to do!?

She stood up and tried her best to pull her wrists free of the restraints, twisting and turning, writhing and pulling, but to no avail

“Fuck!” she cried in frustration, embarrassment and anxiety. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!”

She tried jamming the lacy metal bracelets against the sharp corner of a makeup table, but that accomplished nothing. She was getting hot and sweaty from effort, her heart pounding with fear someone else would soon come in and discover her in the humiliatingly shameful outfit. Yet there seemed no way to free herself!

Finally, nearly in tears from frustration, she went to the door. It was closed, but by turning her back to it she could grip the handle and turn it. Maybe Crystal was still around somewhere, or, if worse came to worse, that other woman, Nicole. Going to her and asking her to undo her restraints would be humiliating, but not as bad as someone entirely new. She could only imagine the wide eyed amazement, disgust and, perhaps, hilarity at her expense if some other woman saw her like this.

She didn't even want to think about a man seeing her!

She peered anxiously out through the crack in the door, staring into the dimly lit hall, listening intently, trying to hear over her own pounding heart. There were voices, but distant, both male and female, and she swallowed nervously as she looked left, and right, wondering which was the best direction to go to find the woman.

But she held back. The idea of going out into the hall bare-assed, worse than bare-assed naked, was intimidating, to say the least. She licked her lips, drawing back every time she heard any sounds nearby. Then there was the hard click-click-click of a woman in high heels approaching quickly. She eased back a bit more, chest tightening, and felt a wave of relief when she saw Crystal rounding the distant corner.

“Hey!” she hissed. “Get these fucking things off me!”

Crystal didn't answer, but shoved her roughly back from the door and closed it behind her.

“The bitch wouldn't listen. She fired me,” she snarled.

“I don't give a shit! Get this off me!” Dale demanded.

“Fuck you! You cost me my job! Do you know how much money I owe! And to who!?”

“That's your problem! Get these off right fucking now!” Dale yelled.

Crystal glowered at her, then her eyes took on a shrewd look. “Maybe you can help me,” he said, turning to the trunk behind her.

“I don't want to help you! Get this fucking bondage shit off me or I swear -”

Crystal surged towards her suddenly, slamming her back against the wall, gripping her hair and forcing her head back so that Dale cried out in pain. At the same time the woman stuffed something fat and soft and leathery into her mouth. Dale twisted and jerked her head, but to no avail, as the woman's fingers jabbed and pushed and forced it deeper into her mouth until her mouth was overfilled, her jaw forced painfully wide, her tongue crushed against the bottom of her mouth.

The woman grinned cruelly. "Or what, bitch?" she sneered, pulling a thin strap around her cheeks and fastening it behind her head. "What do you think you're going to do? Stupid, useless little farm girl. You're not going to do shit! Except what I tell you!"

She pulled away then and picked up a large bag, then began stuffing articles from the chest into it as Dale glared at her and twisted her mouth around the fat leathery - ball - she saw in the mirror - the straps digging into the corners of her mouth. She tries shouting at the woman, but the sound was so muffled as to be useless.

"This is the worst possible time to lose my job. I've had really shitty luck at the slots and at card the last month. I owe a fucking fortune to Johnny Lombardi," the blonde snarled as she stuffed dresses and lingerie into the bag. "Do you fucking have any idea who Johnny Lombardi is?!"

She found another bag, and began packing that, as well.

"I owe that son of a bitch almost fifty grand," she moaned. "And now I have no fucking job!"

Dale blinked in surprise at the amount. But then again, the showgirls in this hotel earned over a thousand a week, so she supposed the woman could make payments on such a sum. She had no idea who this Johnny Lombardi was, but from the sounds of him - combined with gambling - he probably had something to do with organized crime.

But that was Crystal's problem, the stupid bitch, for somehow getting into the hole that deep over gambling. All Dale cared about was getting out of the restraints on her, yanking the damn vibrator and butt-plug out, getting dressed, and getting the hell away from this hotel.

She advanced on Dale suddenly, grabbed her arm and yanked her forward, then swung her around and thrust her into a closet, slamming the door behind. Dale yelled into the gag, twisting and writhing, then kicked at the door, or tried to. There was very little room in amongst the clothes and boxes in the closet, and after her second kick she fell down on a pile of boxes. The vibrator protruding from the straining lips of her sex jammed down hard, and she yelled in pain into the gag, twisting violently around to relieve the painful pressure.

She could hardly believe what was going on, that she'd let herself get into this kind of situation, and moaned in frustration, misery and anger as she tried to get back to her feet. She got up, and turned her back to the closet door, fumbling for the latch, found it, and tugged. The door opened a crack, then jammed. Crystal had apparently stuck something in the way. Cursing to herself, Dale threw her shoulder against it again and again, and it finally burst open.

She stumbled out, but into Crystal's grasp, the woman glaring at her. "Let's go," she snapped.

Now Dale was doubly alarmed as the blonde yanked her towards the door and out into the hall. Her eyes widened and she stared around in fear as the blonde tugged her down the hall to a stairway, then down the stairs. Dale tried to twist away, but Crystal shifted her grip to her hair, and pulled sullenly so that Dale had no choice but to scurry along with her.

They reached the bottom of the stairs and Crystal opened a door, peered through, then led Dale out into a parking garage. Dale tried to twist away, kicking at the woman, and Crystal snarled and lashed out with her open hand, delivering a stinging slap to Dale's right breast. She squealed in pain as her breast wobbled and shook, and then Crystal thrust her back against a stone wall, her face full of anger, jamming it in against Dale's as she caught her left nipple in her fingers and then dug her nail in, pinching savagely.

Dale screamed, twisting and jerking, but the other woman was heavier, and braced herself, thrusting her body into Dale to hold her in place as she let her fingernail jam sadistically into her nipple.

"You do what you're fucking told!" she snarled. "You cost me, and you're going to pay for it!"

She released her throbbing, burning nipple, and yanked the dazed girl forward. A large pale blue car was parked nearby, its trunk open, and Crystal simply flung Dale against the open trunk. She staggered against the bumper of the car and almost fell into the trunk. Behind her, Crystal lifted her legs up and hurled her in amidst bags of clothing. She slammed the trunk and a moment later Dale felt the car door slam, then the engine go on.

The car began to move, and she stared into the darkness, moaning to herself, stunned and full of anxiety and disbelief. What did the crazy woman think she was doing!? She'd just lost her job: Did she want to go to prison too!?

She felt the car tilt as it went up a ramp, then another, then heard street sounds around her. The car bumped over a curb and then the engine growled as it accelerated. In the trunk, Dale continued to pull even more desperately at the metal around her wrists, trying to free herself. God! When she got free she would beat the woman to a pulp!

When she got free. What if the crazed woman was taking her out into the desert to kill her? Was she that insane? Fresh fear rolled through the helpless girl, and she tentatively kicked her heels against the side of the trunk, hoping to attract attention. Unfortunately, the traffic sounds now increased and the car accelerated much further, indicating it was heading onto the freeway. No one would hear her there, no matter what noise she made.

She settled back, heart pounding, wondering what Crystal was doing, where she was going, waiting for a chance to get free.

The minutes ticked by slowly, and the trunk began to heat up. Dale began to sweat, and her breaths became more shallow. The burning desert sun was beating down on the metal lid of the

trunk, and no matter that the car itself was certainly air conditioned, the trunk certainly was not.

In a few more minutes she was positively soaked in sweat, her hair matted against her scalp and the side of her face, her chest rising and falling in very shallow movements as the heat drained her of energy. In the darkness, she turned, rubbing her face against some clothe that had spilled out of one of the bags, but that was a very brief respite, for her face was soaked again within a minute.

She was barely conscious when the car pulled into a garage and the top popped open. Crystal appeared above her, glowering. "Shit! You're sweating all of my clothes!"

She yanked out some of the clothes, cursing and muttering, then put them aside, grasped Dale's tangled hair, and yanked so hard the pain stabbed through the heat exhaustion and forced the girl to cry out in pain and throw herself forward. With Crystal pulling she slid roughly over the lip of the trunk and landed heavily on the stone floor, her eyes filled with tears now as the woman pulled at her hair.

"Move! Move!" Crystal yelled. "I don't feel sorry for you! Do you think I can get into another quality show at my age!? I'm not going back to whoring!"

She kicked the girl in the ribs, and Dale screamed and shuddered.

"Move!"

Dazed, pulled to her feet by the hair, she staggered after the woman into a house she barely noticed, then down a flight of stairs into a shallow, roughly made stone basement. She sank to her knees, gasping for breath, and fell forward onto her belly on the dirt and stone floor. Crystal tugged on a chain over head and a bare bulb lit up, then she walked over to a corner, returning with a long length of rough rope.

She bent over the panting girl and removed the delicate metal mesh collar, and the line which went down her spine to attach to the butt-plug. She placed them carefully on a nearby box, then unfastened the metal bracelets around Dale's wrists. She jammed her knee into the small of the moaning girl's back, however, in case she got ideas, and quickly wrapped the rope around one sweating wrist and tied it tight.

She brought Dale's other hand back, and now the dazed girl finally began to struggle, realizing belatedly that she was untied. But it was too late, she was too tired, and when Crystal jammed her knee down hard into her spine she let out a pained cry and lost her concentration. Her wrists were quickly tied together.

Then the blonde fed the rope up around her elbows and circled both arms, yanking it tight, seeming to enjoy the cry of pain from the girl beneath her as she forced her arms back sharply and painfully together. A pull on Dale's hair forced her to her knees, and the blonde wrapped the rope around her body completely, cutting into the soft flesh at the very top of her breasts, circling her arms and chest with two loops there, then looping the next two just beneath her breasts, binding the rope tightly behind her.

She looked around, then yanked at Dale's hair. "Into the corner," she barked, pulling at her hair.

There was a stone block in the corner, and Crystal manoeuvred her around and forced her to sit back on it. Dale screamed at the pressure against the vibrator - whose batteries were still operating nicely, and slumped sharply down.

Crystal sneered at her, uncaring. She tied a loop in another piece of rope and put it over Dale's head, drawing it down around her throat and yanking it tight, then fed the rope up above her to loop around a pipe. She smirked at the girl, then tied another length of rope around her left leg and another around her right, just above the knees. She then fed the ropes up and back above her, tying them to the same pipe, forcing Dale's legs up high and wide apart, baring her sex and bottom, and at the same time causing her to slump lower so that the rope around her throat dug in and made her gasp for breath.

She reached behind her head and unstrapped the gag, then pulled on it, forcing it out of her mouth. Dale sobbed in pain as her jaw ached, and then again as it could finally close. It had almost frozen in the open position, and it hurt fiercely to move it at all.

And then she was alone, for a bit, alone in the basement, which seemed luxuriously cool after the trunk of the car. The rope was rough against her skin, and her arms and shoulders ached. As long as she didn't slump too much the rope around her neck, though tight, didn't hinder her breathing too, too much.

In the dark and quiet she began to regain her strength and throw off the woozy, sick, dazed feeling the heat had given her.

She grunted as she looked around her as far as she could. Movement tightened the rope at her throat. The basement was perhaps ten feet square, unfinished, and low enough that anyone tall would have to duck to avoid hitting their heads on the ceiling. The walls were of rough stone. The floor unfinished, of dirt and loose stones. The roof overhead was bare beams with the floorboards above. Pipes and wires criss-crossed the roof and walls.

There were boxes piled in the opposite corner, and the stairway was in front of her. There were no windows.

She moaned as she looked up at her legs, bound high and apart, and down at her groin, so exposed, the vibrator still purring inside her. She was mentally and physically exhausted. Her body felt filthy and coated in dried sweat, and the ropes pinched at her, her arms and shoulders aching.

Crystal was fucking insane! She was in the hands of a crazy woman! What did the woman have planned for her?!

For an hour she sat balanced precariously on the stone block, legs drawn up and back, the base of her spine aching and her back beginning to burn. Her shoulders and arms were going numb, and her feet, held aloft, were actually cold.

Then there were feet on the stairs and she looked up with a mixture of hope that Crystal would have regained her sanity and fear of what she would do if she hadn't.

Crystal was wearing a pair of tight cut-offs and a bikini bra, and carrying a bag. She bent as she emerged in the basement, gave Dale a strange little grin, and came over to her, tugging a low stool with her.

She sat down in front of her, strange, wild eyes looking her up and down.

"Pretty little Dale," she purred in a low voice. "Are you sorry you cost me my job?"

"I didn't cost you your job!" Dale growled, speaking difficult with the rope tight around her throat.

Crystal smiled and ran her hands down Dale's thighs, gripping the vibrator and easing it slowly back.

"Do you know how hard it was to get that job at my age?" she asked. "I'm nearly thirty. Do you have any idea what kind of competition there is for a show like that?"

"It's not my fault - Ungghh!"

Crystal thrust the vibrator in hard and deep, so that the metal nose jammed against Dale's cervix.

Dale cried out, twisting and jerking violently, legs wobbling spastically against the ropes.

"I was younger than you when I came here with my boyfriend," Crystal said, easing the vibrator back, then pumping it slowly in and out. "I couldn't even get an audition. I had to work as a stripper. Then my boyfriend started using coke, and made me do tricks on the side to make more money."

"L-Let me go!" Dale groaned, her voice gravelly as the rope pinched in around her throat.

"I had to fuck people for money!" Crystal growled, raising her voice.

She thrust the vibrator into Dale like a dagger, and again the nose slammed into her cervix painfully. Dale cried out again, her head jerking back, legs bouncing, head twisting as she choked weakly.

"You fucking cost me the last job I'm going to get with a big show!" Crystal snarled, leaning into her, pushing harder against the base of the vibrator, twisting it sharply from side to side as Dale cried out, her body thrashing weakly in the rope, sobbing in pain.

"Stop it! Stop it! God! Please!" she sobbed.

Crystal leaned back, yanking the vibrator fully out of her sex, smirking as the girl's sobs weakened and her body stopped shaking.

“I dumped that bastard,” she said. “I dumped all men. Shitty bastards, all of them! You don’t know any better, stupid little cock-loving whore! Men are scum! Do you know how many men I had to blow and fuck to get my first chorus job?! Do you?”

She put down the vibrator and let her fingers trace the line of Dale’s pussy, frowning at it.

“You even have a nice looking cunt,” she said resentfully. “It’s already closed up. You have such small, neat little cunt lips. You’re practically a little girl,” she said accusingly, stroking her finger up and down the slit. “Maybe after you have to fuck half the city to get a job you’ll be a little less tight, huh?”

She grinned then, a scary, feral thing to see. “Or maybe I can make it ugly, hmm? Maybe I can shove so many huge dildos up your pussy you’ll be floppy and loose.”

She picked up something, and Dale, gasping weakly, blinked to see it was a thin leather quirt of some kind. It was perhaps eighteen inches long, and had a thin, flat flap on its end.

“Wh-what are you going to do to me?” she panted.

Crystal smiled thinly. “Anything I want. You’re going to help me pay off the money I owe Johnny Lombardi.”

“I-I don’t have any money,” she gasped.

She had slumped further in her response to the pain Crystal had inflicted on her poor pussy, and now tried to struggle a little further upright to ease the tightness of the rope around her throat.

“I’m not letting any man touch me again! Do you understand!?” Crystal growled.

She put down the leather thing, turned around, and marched upstairs. Dale could hear her moving around, her feet heavy on the floorboards. Then she returned, carrying, to Dale’s shock, a tripod and a video recorder. She set them down a few feet in front of her, and bright light washed over her as the camera lit up.

Dale squinted against the light. “What are you doing!?” she gasped.

“Just the start, honey. Just the start,” Crystal said, her voice distracted as she moved the camera up and down.

“I-I’ll call the police if you don’t let me go!” Dale panted.

Crystal only snorted. She got up and went back up the stairs, and Dale was alone with the video camera, blinking into the light, full of anxiety at the thought the thing would be taking video of her in such a degrading, revealing position.

Then Crystal returned, and Dale gaped at her. The woman’s hair was drawn back in a tight bun, and she wore a mask over her face. She wore leather boots that went up to her knees, latex

gloves that went past her elbows, a kind of strap halter which went under her breasts, lifting them and squeezing them together without covering even one square inch. Aside from that she was naked. She squatted by the camera, fiddled with it, moved it to one side, and then came over in front of Dale, sitting loosely on the edge of the stool.

“I have a web site, you know,” she said. “It makes okay money, too. I have a member’s area where they pay to see the really revealing stuff, the X-rated things. It’s mostly me and vibrators and dildos and shit, but I also do a lot of bondage pictures and videos. My girlfriend Roxy helps, and sometimes I get a couple of other girls I know who are into the real kinky shit.”

She combed the fingers back from Dale’s forehead.

“But it’s hard to find really good looking girls who are into pain, and the customers like to see the real thing, see, not faked. They can tell when it’s faked. None of us are good enough actresses.”

She picked up the leather quirt and rubbed the flat bit at the end up and down over Dale’s pussy.

“Y-You’re crazy!” Dale gasped.

“Not at all, lover,” Crystal purred.

She slapped the thing against Dale’s pussy, and Dale gasped in pain.

“Such a bad little girl you are,” Crystal cooed.

She slapped the thing sharply against her pussy again, and Dale moaned at the stinging pain.

She slipped two gloved fingers down against Dale’s pussy and then slowly twisted them inside and spread her lips open. She pressed up along the top of her sex, revealing her clitoris, then began to slap the tip of the quirt against her clitoris.

“Ung! Ung! Ung! Ungh! Oh! Ungh! Ah! Ungh! Stop! Ungh! No! Ahh!” Dale cried, her body trembling and jerking and bucking as the sharp pains stung her again and again and again.

“Bad girls have to be punished,” Crystal said. “They have to be taught how to obey their mistress.”

She slapped even harder at Dale’s clit, and the pain grew, her movements becoming more violent as she jerked and thrashed against the ropes, crying out and cursing and sobbing, her head thrashing from side to side even against the pull of the rope around her throat.

Crystal relented. “Are you sorry for being such a bad girl?” she purred.

Dale, sobbing, hung her head, gurgling as the rope pulled in tight.

Gloved fingers lifted her chin, shoving her head back against the corner.

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl or do you need more?” she asked sternly.

“Y-yes!” Dale panted.

“Say it then. Say you’re sorry for being a bad girl.”

Dale whimpered, her groin throbbing and aching.

Crystal slapped the tip against her clit again and Dale yelped in pain.

“I’m sorry!” she cried, voice breaking. “I-I’m sorry for being a bad girl!”

Crystal slapped the leather flap against her aching clit again.

“Mistress,” she said poutily.

“M-Mistress!” Dale said in a choked voice.

“The whole thing. Come on.”

She slapped at her clit again.

“I’m sorry for being a bad girl, mistress!” Dale cried.

“Much better, little slut,” Crystal said.

She picked up the vibrator, ran it teasingly up and down Dale’s throbbing slit, then pushed it forward, sinking it through the pinkening flesh, driving it deep into her pussy, then deeper still, so that Dale groaned in pain and sobbed, her head rolling from side to side.

Crystal eased the vibrator back a bit, then slid off the stool, kneeling before her, and licking up and down along her slit. She turned to look at the video, moved towards it, sliding it a little further to the side, then returned to Dale, licking lightly up and down her slit.

She pried her sex lips wide with her gloved fingers and mouthed each of them, licking her way up and down, then concentrated on the aching, swollen little clit standing out at the top. She traced her tongue around and around it, then kissed it and sucked gently, rhythmically.

It hurt, for her clit still stung, yet as her tongue came out and began to lick softly against the sensitive little button Dale began to relax, feeling that unique sense of pleasure that comes after the relief of constant pain.

Her head rolled back against the corner and she moaned, eyes closing as Crystal continued to lick softly against her sex. After the stinging pain it had felt her clit was even more responsive to the woman’s tongue, though, and despite her exhaustion, or perhaps because of it, Dale felt a surge of sexual heat flaring within her groin. At first, she didn’t really care. It was certainly a

relief from the pain. But as it continued and grew she began to feel a sense of outraged shame and resentment.

But there was little she could do, and, truth to tell, little she wanted to. The pleasure soared hotter inside her, and she moaned deep in her throat.

The pain had driven the video camera from her mind, and only at the last did she remember, and open her eyes. She stared at the unblinking eye, thinking about people watching her, men watching her, men getting off on the sight of her being - tortured - by this crazy woman. They would not think it real, of course. They would never suspect she was really held there against her will, especially if she - .

But it was too late, and she felt the climax rush over her. Her body stiffened, her head thrown back, her back arched as she gurgled and moaned, her hips jerking and convulsing from pleasure as Crystal's tongue drove her over the edge.

### Three

Crystal left her as she was for a bit, and Dale moaned weakly, her bound body sweating again, her hair a mess, exhaustion and misery taking its toll as she wept miserably.

Then the blonde returned, stepping delicately through the loose stones and dirt in her high heeled boots. She sat down in front of Dale again and reached around, picking up something else, plugging it into a nearby outlet, then turning and setting the video camera.

“Let me go,” Dale moaned weakly.

“You like fucking, don’t you?” Crystal asked.

Dale didn’t answer.

Crystal held out a sort of wand, a narrow metal wand, bent at its final inch, with a kind of glowing glass ball on its end. She smiled and pressed the thing against Dale’s sex.

“Ungh!”

Dale jerked back violently as an electrical shock zapped her between the legs.

Crystal giggled. “You like to fuck, little girl, don’t you?”

Dale panted and gaped at her, then at the wand as it moved forward. Crystal laid it right next to her nipple, not quite touching, and Dale could actually feel the humming, crackling electricity in the thing as her hair stood on end. It touched her nipple and another sharp, painful electrical shock bit at her flesh.

“Ungh!” Don’t!”

The pain was no worse than the electric shocks she occasionally got at home when the air was dry and she touched something metal. Well, no worse than the bad ones. But it was not her finger being shocked her, but her nipple, and the sensitive little button continued to throb in the

aftermath.

“S-stop it!” she moaned.

“Tell me you like to fuck,” Crystal ordered.

“I-I like to fuck!”

“Men!” Crystal said accusingly. “You like to fuck men!”

“Y-yes,” Dale moaned.

“Ungh!” she cried an instant later as Crystal pressed the glowing purple ball against her other nipple.

“Dirty little cock-loving whore,” she said in a sneer. “You love cocks, don’t you? Slut. Don’t you!?”

She pressed the wand against Dale’s breast and she jerked and cried out in pain.

“Don’t you!?”

“Yes!” Dale cried, her voice hoarse, strangled by the rope.

“Say it then!”

“I-I love cocks,” she whimpered.

“You love to suck cocks, don’t you!”

“I-I - yes. Anggh!”

Dale jerked as another shock hit the side of her throat.

“Say it, slut!”

“I love to suck cocks!”

“Cock sucker!” Crystal said with relish. “Say it! Say you’re a cock sucker!”

“I’m a - a cock sucker,” Dale moaned.

“A cock sucking whore!”

“I’m a cock-sucking whore,” Dale panted weakly.

Crystal smiled and then raised the wand. She examined the bottom of Dale’s dainty white feet as they were held up and exposed, then pressed the wand against the underside of her toes.

She followed the foot up as it jerked back in pain, letting the rounded wand stroked down over the ball of the foot, down along the instep and over the heel.

Dale jerked shook violently, crying out at the shock, twisting and thrashing as the electrical shock rolled along her foot. With Crystal holding the ball against her she felt more than just a quick jolt, this time, and the electrical power burned deeper, flowing down her leg to her groin so that she shook and jerked.

“Nasty little slut,” Crystal cooed.

“Please!” Dale half sobbed. “Please!”

Crystal pressed the wand against her ankle, and rubbed it from side to side, then held it to her skin as she rolled the wand down along the back of her leg, along her calf, then the back of her knee, then along her thigh, holding it carefully as Dale’s gurgling cries of pain filled the room and her body thrashed violently.

She let the wand slide right down to her pussy mound, rubbed it up and down the slit, and then sank it between the lips of her sex so that the ball had disappeared. She watched, excited and satisfied, as the girl’s body continued to tremble and shake violently, her legs and feet bouncing up and down, her body twisting and convulsing, her head jerking spastically.

She thrust the ball deeper, sliding the wand up through the girl’s sex lips, feeling the ball pushing up through the soft folds of her sex and up into the back of her lower belly.

She pumped it in and out there, pumped it like a cock as she smiled at the girl.

“Such a nasty little cock-loving whore,” she purred.

She pulled the ball back at last, and Dale slumped, gasping for breath, sweating heavily, her body still twitching and jerking.

“Don’t worry, slut. We will cure you of your cock loving ways,” she said for the camera.

She turned off the wand and put it down, then moved away, donning a thick, long, strap-on dildo. The dildo was not a normal one, but heavily studded with sharp little spikes. She displayed it for the camera, then turned to Dale and crawled in on her knees, moving her body against her, rubbing the fat, latex head of her dildo along her slit.

“We’ll see how you like my cock, you slut,” she said.

She gripped the girl’s hair, forcing her head up and back, and gazed into her glassy eyes, then thrust. Those eyes widened, then bulged as Crystal put more weight behind the dildo, as it forced the girl’s slender sex to tear wide. Dale’s mouth opened in a wide O of pain, and then she let out a choked cry as Crystal rammed the dildo forward, half burying it in her belly.

“Oh - G-G-God!” she gasped in a choked voice.

“Nice and big, isn’t it, little slut?” Crystal purred.

She thrust again and Dale’s head jerked back as she cried out in pain.

“You’ll get all the cock even a slut like you could want!” Crystal said vengefully.

The studded dildo forced its way painfully deep into Dale’s belly, and though the studs were not really very sharp at all they felt like it against the delicate, silken walls of her sex as Crystal began to pump the thing in and out.

At the base of the dildo, at the top, was a small leather pad designed to rub against her clitoris each time the dildo was rammed deep, and though she grunted and gasped and moaned at being so roughly raped her mind was in a state of dazed incomprehension, and her body was exhausted and torn by conflicting sensations.

The dildo hurt. But somehow that hurt was bound up in a sexual heat that began to flare more and more powerfully from her tormented groin. Nerve endings which had snapped and crackled wildly under the lash of electricity now responded with confusion to the fat latex cock pumping in and out.

Crystal yanked her head back by the hair and crushed her lips against hers, thrusting her tongue into her mouth as she pumped her hips in and out. Her other hand roughly kneaded and squeezed her breast as she played up to the camera.

And some part of Dale’s body and mind - reacted. Her groans were almost mindless, first of pain, but then of dazed pleasure. The steady, deep thrusting of the cock was soothing, despite the pain, and a slow rolling orgasmic storm built up and then spilled over her as her body responded the way it was designed to.

“Are you out of yourfucking mind!?”

Dale’s eyes fluttered open to see Crystal standing before her. Next to her was another woman, a thin, flat chested woman with blonde hair done in a kind of boyish style. It was parted on the left, sweeping cutely across her forehead in front, but cut off at the ears. The second woman was in her mid thirties, and staring at Dale in shock, obviously appalled.

“But Lori, honey, sweetie,” Crystal simpered, “I didn’t have any choice, and I didn’t know what to do, and I couldn’t - .”

“You’ll get us put in prison!” the other woman shouted, thrusting her back so Crystal almost fell.

“The first video has gotten great reviews!” Crystal said desperately. “They’re clamouring for more. And I have already have the second one ready! They’ll love that one!”

“You’ll go to fucking jail!” the other woman said, as if in disbelief Crystal didn’t understand.

Crystal shook her head frantically. "The girls all think it's fake. Of course, they think it's fake!"

"Because they wouldn't believe anyone was fucking stupid enough to do this to someone against their will and put it on the fucking Internet!" the other woman shouted.

"It's not on the Internet, Lori, sweetheart, it's only for our members, just the girls. They'll never think it's real!"

"And when one of them emails it to some friend of hers, and she emails it to someone else, and winds up out on the web and someone recognizes her? What will you do then?"

Crystal blinked at her as if in confusion.

"Are you planning on keeping her here forever?"

"Well, no, I uh - ."

"Oh, you're planning on killing her."

"Of course not!" Crystal sounded shocked.

"Then you're going to release her, and when she goes straight to the cops, what then?"

Crystal's lips curved up into a cunning smile. "She won't. She'll be too embarrassed at the thought of the cops seeing these videos. Besides, we can just say she was paid, that it was just a fake. She came in that video, Lori! She came!"

The woman slapped her face and Crystal stumbled against the wall.

"You dumb cunt! I let you out of my sight for one fucking day and you get fired and then do this! You need a fucking keeper!"

Crystal began to simper and sniffle, eyes downcast.

"But I - I needed to get money and - and I - ."

"You're an idiot! You're a moron!"

Crystal began to sob, and suddenly turned and ran up the stairs. The other woman turned and glared after her, then glowered down at Dale.

"Fuck!" she snarled.

"L-let me go," Dale gasped.

The woman came forward and squatted in front of her, looking her up and down, glaring

fiercely.

“What’s your name?”

“D-Dale,” she panted.

“Who are you?”

Dale moaned weakly.

“Who are you?” the woman demanded, gripping her hair and lifting her head up and back.

“I-I work in a restaurant,” she moaned.

“How did you meet Crystal?”

Dale spoke haltingly, her voice hoarse and choked by the rope, and the thin faced blonde pinched her lips unhappily.

“She’s such a fucking slut,” she snarled. “Every piece of ass she runs into she has to get her nasty little fingers into.”

“L-let me go,” Dale panted. “I won’t tell anyone. I p-promise.”

The woman snorted. “Yeah, maybe, probably. But what if you do?”

“I- .”

“She’s a stupid little cunt, but I love her. I am not going to see her wind up in prison.”

“I w-won’t - .”

“Shut up. I have to think.”

She glared at her unhappily. “No one knows you’re here. No one knows you were at the hotel either. If you disappear there’s nothing to trace you to Crystal.”

Dale felt an upsurge of fear, thinking what the woman had said earlier, that Crystal might kill her.

“It would be better for Crystal if you just never appeared again,” she said darkly.

She looked down at the stone block beneath her, then bent forward. She gripped the base and tugged, and Dale felt it sliding, twisting out from under her. She moaned in sudden fear, tried to protest, but the block pulled free, and she gasped and gagged as the rope tightened around her throat.

She was now held against the corner, hanging in mid-air by the throat, only the ropes

around her legs which lifted them up and back supporting some of her weight. Dale thrashed desperately, gurgling, using her legs muscles to ease more of the pressure from around her throat.

She could not breath, and her head was pulsing, throbbing, her chest aching. She tried to talk, to beg, but only breathless gasps emerged as the woman sat back on her heels, scowling at her.

The rope was dug in under her jaw, tight around her throat, and she gurgled and gasped and tried desperately to breath. And she found that she could, though not easily.

For a minute, then two, then three, the woman scowled at her and Dale gurgled and gasped and choked, and then the woman heaved a heavy sigh and shook her head. She pushed the block in beneath her again and reached forward, undoing the rope around Dale's throat.

"Maybe I'm not quite that ruthless," she muttered.

Dale gulped in deep, ragged breaths, soaked in sweat, head throbbing and aching.

She turned and went upstairs, leaving her alone for long minutes, then returned for her and untied the ropes from behind her knees, letting her legs fall. She pulled the butt-plug free and dropped it on the floor in distaste.

"We're going upstairs," she said curtly. "Move."

She pulled at Dale's arm to steady her, tugging her along and helping support her when the exhausted young woman stumbled and staggered. They emerged in a very nicely decorated bungalow, stumbled through the kitchen, down a narrow corridor, and into a large bathroom. Once there the woman let her collapse to her knees, then worked at the knots binding the ropes around her.

She cursed, left Dale alone briefly, and came back with a knife, which she used to cut the ropes free.

Dale cried out in pain as her arms, so tightly held back for hours, were now finally able to pull free, her shoulders, so long restrained, throbbed and burned.

"Get into the tub," the woman said.

"Please let me go," Dale moaned exhaustedly.

"Get into the fucking tub and don't try my patience! You're almost young enough to be my daughter but I haven't got a single maternal bone in my body. Now move!"

Dale slid into the tub as the woman turned on the water. She sat back, gasping, blinking in the bright lights as the woman knelt next to the tub and picked up a washcloth and soap. She winced and whimpered a bit as the woman roughly washed the dirt and sweat off her, especially when she rubbed across the raw marks the ropes had left on her chest and arms.

She soaped up her hair and used a hand shower to rinse it off, her eyes flicking constantly

up and down as she worked.

“I’ll give this to Crystal, she sure picked a nice one this time,” the woman, Lori, muttered. “You clean up real nice.”

“A-are you going to let me go?” Dale whispered.

“I’m not just going to let you go so shut the fuck up about it!” the woman snapped.

Dale jerked back fearfully. She sensed a lot of barely restrained violence in the woman, who had, after all, almost killed her downstairs.

The woman let her bare hand slide over Dale’s soft, soapy breasts, kneading them gently, not at all like a chaste washing. “Very fucking nice,” she heard the woman whisper.

She drew her hands back, then rinsed her off. Crystal peeked in, and the woman got up and went to the door. The two whispered briefly, and Crystal darted away.

“Come on. Get out and I’ll dry you off,” the woman said.

Dale had to be helped to her legs, and was shaky on them. She thought about trying to run, but the idea was ridiculous. She felt as weak as a kitten, and this woman looked strong and wiry, and dangerously tough. The woman blocked her access to the door, too, and sat her down before a counter, then picked up the blow dryer and a brush and brushed out her hair as she dried it.

When she was done she licked her lips and stared down at Dale.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty,” Dale said nervously.

“You are one fucking hot looking chick,” the woman said.

“Are these what you wanted, Lori?” Crystal asked, returning.

She had an armful of leather, and the other woman nodded, taking a couple of them and moving back to where Dale sat. Dale saw they were studded leather restraints, and tried to draw back.

“Put your hands out and don’t fuck around!” the woman snapped.

Dale swallowed nervously and obeyed, watching anxiously as Lori buckled the restraints around her wrists, then another pair around her ankles. A studded leather collar then went around her throat. It was padded, and thick, but still made Dale very nervous.

Finally, her wrists were locked together behind her back, then lifted up higher along her back, attached by a strap to the back of her collar. Lori stood back and she licked her lips in a way which made Dale squirm uncomfortably.

“Man,” she said, shaking her head. “You are a walking wet-dream.”

“Do you forgive me, Lori?” Crystal asked in a little girl voice.

“I forgive you for wanting to fuck her. Not for getting yourself fired and into this stupid mess,” Lori growled.

“Come and see the second video,” Crystal said eagerly. “You only saw the first one, where I ate her out. I used the big studded dildo on her in the second one and I swear she came again!”

Dale flushed darkly, and the older woman looked down at her thoughtfully.

“Come on,” she ordered, taking her arm.

## Four

Lori stood up. She was still shaky, and, she found, ravenously hungry and horribly thirsty.

“Please, can I have something to drink?” she begged.

The woman hesitated. “Soon, if you’re good. Now come on.”

She led her back into the living room, with Crystal almost bouncing in excitement, then sat her on her knees on the floor before a very large television.

“Watch! Watch!” Crystal said, turning on the DVD player. “The girls will go crazy!”

Dale cringed to see herself on the screen, the light so bright, her body glistening with sweat. She flushed in humiliation as the two women watched, dropping her eyes. She could hear herself crying out in pain, though, when Crystal began to slap her pussy, and was forced to raise her eyes, to stare at the picture of herself jerking and thrashing as the flat little leather tip whipped against her clit.

Then came the electrical wand, and she bit her lip as it was thrust up inside her and she thrashed wildly.

Lori scowled, sometimes shaking her head in resignation, sometimes looking thoughtful, and sometimes looking intrigued and aroused.

When she saw the size of the studded dildo before it was inserted inside her Dale closed her eyes, then opened them again to the sound of her own voice crying out. She watched, oddly fascinated, but also terribly embarrassed, as the big, fat dildo was driven all the way into her pussy and Crystal began to thrust in and out, to kiss and grope and fondle her.

She dropped her eyes in shame then gasped as her hair was jerked up, her chin raised by Lori.

“Watch,” she ordered. “Look at yourself. Do you look like you’re there against your will? You look like a fucking slut getting off on a good fuck!”

And it did look like that, as her sweating, dazed self moaned and shuddered, her eyes rolling back, lips quivering, body jerking and twitching to what certainly could be seen as an orgasm.

And that was what it had been, she thought miserably. But it wasn’t fair! She hadn’t enjoyed the vicious bitch’s attentions. She had been so exhausted, her mind so strained, her body so full of tension and pain and - and confusion, that somehow it had responded on its own. It

didn't mean she was some kind of slut, Dale thought miserably.

"I was not having any orgasm," she said through clenched teeth. "If you don't let me go you'll be as guilty as her!"

Lori looked at her, frowning and sighing, clearly troubled, but then she looked back at the video and her eyes took on a more cunning look. "I'm only guilty if a jury says so, and who's to say that will ever happen?"

"I told you, if you let me go I won't complain to anyone!" Dale said, trying to be as convincing as possible.

"I'm not going to take that chance with Crystal's life," Lori said with a scowl.

"So what are you going to do with me then!?" Dale demanded.

Lori shrugged uncertainly. "I have some ideas."

"Like what?" Dale demanded, angry now. "Are you going to rape me too?"

Lori seemed to flinch a little at that, but her eyes narrowed in her own anger. "Little cock loving slut. You'd love it if that was a real cock. You just want a man on top of you."

"I don't!" Dale exclaimed. "I just want to go home!"

"Let's take her downstairs again," Lori said, rising to her feet.

"I don't want to go downstairs!" Dale cried.

She cried out in pain as Lori gripped her hair in a thick mass, twisting it around her fist, and yanked cruelly. She was forced to scramble frantically to her feet, and when she tried to kick at the woman Lori danced back, still yanking on her hair, but pulling it forward and down so that Dale was forced to bend low.

"I don't think I like your attitude, little girl," she said.

She moved back, still pulling on Dale's hair, forcing her to walk forward with her head bent almost to her knees, gasping and moaning in pain. She led her to the stairs, then began to descend, turning as she pulled on Dale's hair and then going back up towards her to put her shoulder up beneath the slender girl's belly.

She grunted and pulled back, and Dale gasped as she found herself across the bigger woman's shoulder, belly down and helpless.

Lori turned carefully with the girl over her shoulder, holding the railing as she walked slowly down the stairs. Dale, afraid of being dropped, did not try to struggle free.

They reached the bottom, and Lori bent forward, setting Dale on her feet again. Dale felt

the rough stone and earth floor beneath her feet and tried to twist free, but with Lori grabbing her hair again she had little success.

She kicked at her and got her leg. Lori cursed and danced aside. "Fucking bitch!" she snapped.

Dale tried to run for the stairs but found Crystal blocking her way. The blonde woman grabbed at her and Dale turned quickly aside, only to get a fist in the belly from Lori that knocked the breath out of her and dropped her, gasping in pain, to her knees.

A grip on her hair forced the panting, moaning girl deeper into the cellar, then both women were bent over her, holding her in place. Crystal gripped her left arm, and as Lori unlocked it from her right, forced it painfully up behind her back. Lori then twisted her other arm out in front of her and locked it to a chain of some sort. A moment later Crystal did the same, and the two stepped back as Dale, regaining her breath, found her wrists locked to a chain in front of her.

Lori went to a wall, where there was a pulley set up, and began to crank it. The chain attached to her wrists began to pull up, and Dale was forced, groaning, to her feet. Her arms were pulled higher and higher, until she was actually standing on the balls of her feet, her wrists locked into the leather restraints high above her.

She stared at the two angrily, fearfully, her long, slender body stretched out. The two women looked back, and there was a look of appreciation and excitement in their eyes that made Dale feel an odd, forlorn pride, despite herself. "Fucking lesbos," she thought. "They're hot for me, all right."

Lori stared forward and she grunted with effort, kicking wildly at her. The woman jerked back, glaring.

"Stop trying to kick me or you'll regret it," she said.

"Fucking queer! Fucking dyke!" Dale panted. "Fucking lesbo rapists!"

Crystal frowned at her while Lori snorted derisively. She turned back to the wall and the pulley crank and began to turn it. Dale gasped as the chain lurched higher, and she was raised onto her toes, then they wriggled and writhed in search of the dirt and stone beneath as she was lifted off her feet entirely.

The pain in her wrists was deep and throbbing as the leather restraints, even though padded, dug into her tender flesh. She kicked her feet and ankles feebly, and once again saw the look on the older women's faces with a dark, forlorn pride.

"L-Let me down!" she gasped, her head pressed back against her bound arms.

But the women showed no great desire to do so. In fact, Crystal moved back to get the video camera, raised the tripod, and began to record her as Dale slowly turned and twisted on the end of the chain.

“Maybe after you’ve hung up there for a couple of days you’ll feel more cooperative,” Lori said, smirking.

“F-fucking dyke! Fag!”

Lori snorted, more in amusement than anger.

By stretching her toes down to their utmost Dale could just barely brush against some of the loose stones, but she could not support any of her weight as she continued to hang full on her wrists, twisting slowly, sweat now beading on her forehead and chest and back. Her wrists ached and her hands were getting numb. She managed to grip the chain, which eased a lot of the pressure on her wrists, but only for so long as she could hold her weight in her hands, and that was not very long at all.

Soon her wrists were hanging freely again as she moaned weakly. Crystal had moved out of her sight, and now returned in her leather dominatrix outfit, her face masked. Now, however, she held a whip, and Dale stared, gasping, alarmed, feeling a sense of absolute disbelief.

The whip had a long, fat handle, which was attached to a number of much longer strips of thin black leather. It looked like it would sting awfully, and it was still almost impossible for her to believe the woman would actually use such a thing on her.

“Say, I loved the taste of your pussy, Crystal, and I want to drink your juices,” Crystal said with a sneer.

“F-Fu-Fuck you!” Dale gasped.

Lori moved to the camera and began to operate it as Crystal slapped the doubled up whip lightly against her thigh. She paced slowly as she watched Dale, and when she came closer Dale tried to kick at her, only really succeeding in setting her body swinging and turning much more wildly.

Crystal laughed lightly, letting the whip fall straight, the laces just touching the floor. Then, as Dale’s body turned so her long, smooth back was towards her she swung her arm up and out, sending the laces slashing sideways across it.

“Fuck!” Dale cried, her body jerking violently against the sharp, cat-like clawing of the whip.

It stung, and she gasped and twisted in mid-air, turning to look wildly over her shoulder. At that moment Lori darted in, sliding to her knees and putting an arm around the hanging girl’s lower legs, quickly drawing a leather strap around them and then snapping it together before Dale could do a thing. She grinned as she stood up, right beside the even more helpless girl, and Crystal moved in as well, smirking.

“Such a nice, soft little white body,” Crystal purred.

“Very soft. Very tender,” Lori said, as both women ran their hands up and down over the

helpless teen's body.

"Don't touch me! Fucking whore slut bitch queers!" Dale cried, twisting helplessly.

She tried to kick them with both feet now, but was too close, and Lori, making an impatient noise, held her legs as Crystal tied a chain to the strap around her ankles, then spiked it to the floor with a hammer.

Then the two women resumed their taunting exploration of the young girl's smooth, soft body, kneading her plump little bottom, rubbing along her small, hairless slit, squeezing and massaging her breasts, and pinching and twisting and pulling at her nipples so that Dale was forced to yelp and whine and cry out again and again.

Lori moved back, and Crystal leaned in, licking and kissing along the nape of Dale's neck, pinching her nipple lightly, rubbing at the top of her slit.

"Nasty little slut," she purred. "We're going to make you a star!"

"Fucking freak," Dale gasped, yelping as Crystal pinched her nipple.

"Let's see how our little darling likes these," Lori said, returning.

Crystal laughed as Lori handed her a little metal ball and chain, then the two women squeezed at the base of her nipples and brought the jagged little jaws of alligator clips up around the swollen pink buttons. They let the jaws snap closed and Dale cried out in helpless pain, her nipples crushed and burning.

She twisted and writhed and sobbed aloud as her crushed nipples sent sharp, jagged pain swirling through her breasts and up through her mind.

But the women were already moving back. Lori was operating the video camera again, while Crystal swung her whip lightly to and fro.

Dale, moaning, gasping, panting, now drenched in sweat from the pain and pressure and effort, cried out anew as the whip sliced across the small of her back, just above her buttocks, then cried out again as her sharply jerking body caused the heavy, weighted balls dangling from her burning nipples to bounce painfully.

"Oh nice!" said Lori, behind the camera.

"Oww! Fuck! Stop it!" Dale cried.

Crystal swung the whip again, harder, and this time the leather laces cut across her bottom with stinging force. Again she cried out, her body jerking helplessly, and again the metal balls bounced and tugged at her burning nipples.

"Wait a minute," Lori said, stopping her machine. "I have another idea."

She trotted upstairs, returning with a thick bag, then examined Dale for a moment before coming over to Crystal and whispering in her ear. Crystal nodded, and they both approached Dale, bending and unlocking the chain which was locked to her ankle strap. A moment later they undid the strap around her ankles, but any hope Dale might have had of kicking at them went for nothing. Each woman held an ankle tight, and immediately pulled it wide out to either side.

There were chains in their hands, and they locked them to the ring of each ankle restraint, then attached them to rings set in the wall. Dale now had her legs spread open, and felt even more vulnerable, especially as Crystal, grinning nastily, approached her with another metal ball. This time, however, her gloved fingers rubbed up and down Dale's slit suggestively.

"Guess where this one is going?" she taunted, pressing her thumb against the ends of the alligator clip so the little jaws opened and closed several times.

"D-Don't!" Dale gulped.

Crystal smiled silkily, spreading the tight, slim lops of the girl's sex, pressing the hood of her clit back to reveal the soft, pink little bud.

"Beg," she said with a sneer, lowering the alligator clip.

"P-Please!" Dale gasped in fear.

"Please mistress," Crystal said arrogantly.

Dale stared down at the little alligator clip and her ankles pulled helplessly against the restraints. "Please, mistress!" she begged.

Crystal let the clip snap down tightly on her clitoris and Dale screamed, her head thrashing, body jerking violently as she tore her arms and legs against the restraints.

Crystal laughed and toyed with the girl's nipples as she trembled and twisted and sobbed in agony.

Dale took desperate, ragged little gulps of air, trying to fight through the pain, gritting her teeth, whimpering as she fought to keep from breaking into open tears in front of the horrible woman. The alligator clip bit harshly and cruelly into the soft, sensitive flesh of her clitoris, pulling down with the weight of the heavy metal ball dangling from the chain.

"Fucking c-cunt!" she half sobbed.

Crystal only smiled, moving slowly around the girl, her eyes feasting on her trembling body, on the tightness of her clenched muscles as the pain washed up and down her spine. Then she drew her arm back and sent the whip cutting through the air to lash the girl's narrow shoulders with more pain.

Predictably, the sudden startling pain caused Dale's body to flinch hard, and the ball dangling from her clitoris swung, as did the two biting into her nipples. She let out a sobbing

moan, her head rolling slowly, eyes closed.

Crystal licked her lips, staring at the red lines criss-crossing the athletic young girl's otherwise pale back, the flesh beginning to go pink between those lines now as she drew her arm back and slashed the whip down again, and again, and again and again.

Each blow caused Dale's body to flinch, but she tried to repress any cries of pain, merely gasping and moaning softly as the leather cut into her skin. Crystal merely smiled and swung harder still. The girl's back was now pale pink from shoulder to shoulder and all the way down across her bottom to her thighs. Darker red lines cut back and forth through the pink, as the girl's skin, overheated, glistening with perspiration, began to darken.

Crystal took a step closer and swung the whip sideways across Dale's back. This time, however, she was close enough to send the leather laces slicing in beneath the younger woman's arm, around her ribs so that the tips snapped across the ever so soft, tender, plump flesh of her right breast.

Dale could not repress a cry of pain at that, and an extra harsh jerk of her body, followed by another cry as the balls danced and pulled at her tender parts.

Lori moved the camera around in front of her and Crystal sent the next blow scorching out cruelly, slicing around the girl's ribs and biting harshly at her soft breast.

The cry this drew was even more satisfying, as it ended in a broken sob of pain and misery. Crystal eagerly swung the next blow on her backhand so it sliced around Dale's other side and bit into the other breast. Another cry greeted this pain, and a full sob of misery, followed by real tears as the dam broke.

Crystal moved around to the front now, making sure she didn't block Lori and the camera. She sliced the whip directly across Dale's firm young breasts, already laced with red lines, and Dale screamed and sobbed, her burbling pleas to halt broken by shuddering sobs as Crystal slashed the whip across those breasts again, and then again and again.

She had not intended to whip the girl this hard, but the excitement was too much for her restraint. The sight and sound of the beautiful young girl so at her mercy, the feel of the whip as it cut into her body, made her pussy throb and boil hungrily. She felt electrified by the sexual tension within her as she aimed the whip lower, cutting into Dale's lower chest and belly, and then angled the whip down to slice in between her trembling, spasming thighs.

Dale screamed, her head drawn back, jaws wide. "Oh God!" she sobbed. "Please! Please!"

Crystal sent the whip slicing up across her shaven sex again, drawing another cry, and again, almost on the verge of orgasm from the intensity of her own excitement. She was panting for breath herself, admiring how the girl's reddening breasts were drawn taut against her straining chest as she hung more freely from her arms. She sent the leather of the whip slicing down across them again and again, rubbing excitedly at her clitoris as she did.

ABC Amber LIT Converter <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>

ABC Amber LIT Converter <http://www.processtext.com/abclit.html>

## Five

“Nasty little girl,” she smirked.

She reversed the whip, twisting the thick handle in her hand, then rubbed the head along the girl’s sweating sex and thrust up sharply.

Dale let out a strangled gasp, then another, harsher one, head jerking back as Crystal forced the handle up deeper, then a cry, her head pulled back, rolling, sobbing, as Crystal thrust it higher still.

“Do you like my cock, little het girl?” she sneered, forcing the leather whip handle deep into the sobbing girl’s belly.

She pumped it slowly in and out, gripping Dale’s hair as she did, forcing it back as she bent to lick across her sweating breasts and chew on her exposed throat.

“Crystal. Use the strap-on,” Lori called.

Crystal halted reluctantly. But she obediently pulled the whip free and crossed the room to step into the strap-on dildo she had used before. She went back to where the girl hung, sobbing, red, lined with pain, glistening.

“No, not her pussy,” Lori said. “Lube it up and do the little cock lover in her ass.”

Crystal felt a shiver of excitement. She obediently found some slippery lubrication, smeared it over the studded dildo, then moved behind where the girl’s body shuddered and trembled. She fisted the studded dildo as Lori moved around and knelt beside them, then pressed it against Dale’s wrinkled anal opening and began to press it forward. She pushed forward hard, then eased back, pushed forward, and eased back.

The girl’s sobs had not really changed, but now as the dildo began to slowly force its way past her sphincter they seemed to alter in tone, becoming more miserable as the fat dildo was driven up into her rectum. Crystal felt the resistance there, but gleefully fought through it, sneering at the whimpering girl before her.

“What’s the matter, little cock lover?” she sneered. “Isn’t this what you love?”

She was able to begin stroking, slowly and jerkily, at first, and as the girl’s anal muscles were battered into submission, her strokes drove the dildo higher and deeper into her belly. Finally, she was able to jam her groin in tight against the underside of Dale’s soft buttocks and

know that she had rammed the entire long length of the dildo up into her rectum.

She reached around the girl's trembling body, roughly groping and pinching her breasts and nipples, fingers setting the weighted balls dancing and swinging. Cruelly, her hand slid down between Dale's legs, flicking at the ball there, setting it to swinging and dancing, laughing softly as the girl sobbed anew.

"Here."

She turned her head aside to see that Lori had found another large dildo and slapped it into her hand. It was obvious where that was to go, but she waited as the woman moved around the video camera, then slid the head up and down their helpless prisoner's narrow slit and began to push up into it.

Her hips were working in a long, smooth stroke, now, pumping the dildo up and down inside Dale's anus. She easily worked the other dildo up into her pussy and then began to pump that, as well, bending forward to bite and lick and kiss at the nape of her neck as the camera looked on.

The dildo was as long as the one strapped to her groin, and Crystal thrust it as deep as she could, feeling a hot little gush of excitement each time Dale's body stiffened and jerked in pain, each time she hissed and moaned and half sobbed as the dildo was rammed up into her belly. She dropped her other hand to the weighted ball, and then the clip, and rammed the dildo up harshly, jamming the heel of her hand against the base, trying to bury the entire thing in the moaning, sobbing girl's sex.

Then she yanked off the clip.

Dale screamed in pain at the sudden flare of heat and agony from her clitoris, and Crystal thrust harsher and faster into her bottom, her heel still jamming against the base of the other dildo.

"Bury it! Bury it in her cunt! That's what she needs!" Lori called from behind the camera, her voice obviously as excited as Crystal felt.

Crystal slapped her hand against the base of the dildo, trying to force it deeper. She reached up and plucked the weighted balls of the girl's nipples to make them burn like fire and draw still more emotional sobs of pain.

The dildo was almost flush with her taut sex lips now, and Crystal concentrated on thrusting with her strap-on. There was a soft pad at the base of the dildo which ground gently against her clitoris each time she buried the thing in Dale's bottom. Now her excitement forced her to concentrate on her pumping, thrusting dildo, gasping and moaning in pleasure, biting into Dale's throat as she kneaded and squeezed her breasts excitedly.

She felt her own orgasm swirling around her as she rammed the dildo up deep and hard, gasping and panting as she pounded it into the helpless girl's anal tube, pulling and pinching her nipples as she ground her own soft breasts into the heated, well-whipped back.

She groaned as the orgasm spilled through her senses, grinding her hips against Dale's buttocks, twisting the long, fat dildo around inside the girl's gut as she hugged her tightly against her own body.

"Oh God," she moaned weakly, the orgasm flowing away and draining her of energy.

"Leave the dildo stuck up her ass," Lori called.

Crystal eased back a bit to detach the dildo from the mount strapped to her groin, then thrust hard so it almost disappeared into the girl's body. Dale was almost limp now, moaning, chin on her chest, body soaked in sweat, eyes slitted or closed.

"Show her some tongue work," Lori directed.

Crystal heaved a heavy sigh. She wanted to relax now, not tongue the little slut, but she dared not disobey Lori. She moved around in front of the hanging girl, knelt, and ran her gloved fingers over her whip-marked thighs and belly before leaning in and tracing the line of her pussy with her tongue.

Of course, her sex lips were spread out and tautly gripping the base of the dildo. Crystal licked around and around them, and found that with the way they were held wide she had easy access to the girl's throbbing, swollen clitoris. It had been well-punished by the whip and the alligator clip. It was darkened and swollen, and she thought it must be exquisitely sensitive now.

Sure enough, the merest trace of her tongue drew a moan from the exhausted girl.

Encouraged, she let her tongue swirl around and around it, flicking slowly and lazily over it again and again as her hands squeezed and kneaded the girl's bottom. She licked a little harder, her soft tongue lapping slowly up across the abused little sex button.

Sweat dripped and trickled slowly down Dale's body, down between her breasts and over her belly and abdomen. Crystal stripped off her gloves, loving the feel of the girl's battered, overheated body and the slickness the sweat made of her soft skin. She licked softly and persistently against the girl's clitoris, now beginning to pump the dildo a little, as well, hoping to draw an appropriate reaction from the half-conscious girl's body.

And it was working. Even through the pain, Dale felt the quivering of her hips as the pins and needles of returning blood flow which had felt like buzzing electricity set her clitoris to throbbing hungrily. The blonde woman's tongue was making her clitoris swell even further, drawing pleasure from the pain, intense pleasure which welled up in her groin and then flowed over her aching, exhausted body.

She grunted and shuddered, hips jerking spastically as the orgasm passed over her. Her pussy clenched tightly on the dildos impaling her, her chin jerking and bouncing on her chest as the orgasm set her to quivering and shaking. Yet as it ended Crystal's tongue continued to lap at her with even more strength. The over stimulation hurt at first, but then another intense throbbing heated her up quickly, and another, even more powerful orgasm shook her.

A series of orgasms rippled through her body, physical reaction to the powerful stimulation Crystal's tongue was forcing upon her, until her weariness dulled the sensation and left her simply hanging limply.

"What you want to see Mr. Lomardi for?: the man demanded, looking her up and down with disapproval.

"That's his business," Lori snapped, not appreciating the direction of the oversized man's stare.

"No, that's my business. Less I say so you ain't seeing shit."

"My friend Crystal owes him some money."

He snorted, and gave her a knowing smirk. "Crystal, the dyke?"

She glowered at him and he smirked again, leering at her. "Wait here, baby."

He disappeared into the back room of the small, dank casino, and Lori glared around her with disapproval. This was not the kind of place the chamber of commerce liked to talk about. It wasn't much bigger than a mid-sized restaurant, and catered to a seedier element. The sale of drugs flourished here, as did prostitution. Up on a low, round stage, a plastic looking bleached blonde did an unenthusiastic bump and grind, rubbing herself against the pole.

The big man returned, jerking his head to nod her forward. She steeled herself, and strode forward, chin up, passing him and then pausing to let him lead her up a surprisingly long corridor. She could hear music ahead, and the sound of voices, and knew this was the real casino that made Lomardi his money, an anything-goes, no-holds-barred private club where people with more money than brains or morals could get anything they wanted - and do anything they wanted.

She led into a large, lavishly furnished office, though it had no windows. Johnny Lombardi sat behind a huge, antique desk, his more than ample belly pushing his black suit up and out in a huge mound which forced him to stay well back from the edge of the desk. He leaned forward a little, letting his belly tilt down, and could thus lean on his desk and intersect his fingers as she looked at her.

He had a fat face which even in the chill air of the office gleamed with sweat. His dark hair was slicked back, and he had a poor excuse for a moustache pencilled across his upper lip. His eyes were dark and beady, ferret-like, she thought as she tried to look respectful.

"You're Crystal's little queer friend?" he asked, his voice absurdly high.

"Uhm, yes," she said, knowing better than to indulge her temper with him.

"Crystal owes me a pile of money," he said. "And I hear she got her ass booted from the show because she couldn't keep her fingers out of the honey pots."

“I’m here to see if there’s some way we can arrange payment.”

“You got the money? No, I didn’t think so. So the only thing Crystal’s got is her body, which ain’t bad even though she’s no kid no more. You ain’t bad either. You wanna help her pay back her loans?”

Lori bit back an angry reply.

“We had another idea,” she said, “me and Lori aren’t exactly spring chickens any more. I’m sure your uhm, clients would rather pay for someone younger and - firmer.”

She seethed to have to put it that way, but it was the kind of way a man like him thought, the kind of way most of his clients probably thought, too, she thought angrily. Crystal was gorgeous and hot, with a firm, trim body. And she was no old lady either. But neither was a wide-eyed little teenager some middle aged man could use to relieve his youth.

“You got a daughter?” he asked, smirking.

“I have a uhm, young lady that is extremely beautiful. I mean, really, really hot. I’m sure she’d be real popular.”

“So how come you didn’t bring her with you?”

She shrugged. “She’s not uhm, completely trained yet.”

He frowned. “What’s that mean? She a dancer?”

“She’s a dancer,” Lori confirmed. “Long legs, nice tits. But she’s uhm, got a bad attitude.”

A sharkish grin spread across Lombardi’s face. “I know how to deal with bad attitudes,” he said.

“What I mean is - she’d have to be kept uhm, well, unwillingly. You know? I mean, she’d have to be locked in.”

Lombardi let out a bark of laughter. “You telling me you kidnapped some little bitch to pay off Crystal’s debts?”

“Not - well... kind of. Not completely but...”

“Why the fuck should I accept that as payment for anything? I can grab bitches off the street myself if I want to. I don’t need to pay you for one.” He glowered at her. “I can just take you right here and now if I want.”

“It’s not exactly kidnapping,” Lori said quickly, squirming a bit, for she knew it WAS exactly kidnapping. “I mean, this girl gets off on being – punished, if you know what I mean. She bitches and whines and complains, but she gets hot anyway. Look.”

She thrust a DVD onto his desk and jerked back a little as he leaned forward and took it off his desk. He rolled his eyes a bit, then handed it to the big man who had stood silently beside him. The man took it without a word and put it into a DVD player, and a TV came to light. It was the first scene, showing Crystal abusing the girl, or at least some of it, and showing the girl climaxing. The scene then moved to the second scene, and part of the third.

She was nervous and embarrassed watching such a thing in front of two sleazy, greasy men like this, but was relieved that both seemed to be intrigued, no, aroused by what they were seeing. The fourth scene was one she'd shot earlier that day, after she and Crystal had slapped the girl into doing a lewd strip and erotic dance Crystal had taught her the moves she used to do so often, and the girl, under the threat of pain, proved to be a quick study.

And why not, Lori thought cynically, she was not only a dancer but a fucking slut to boot. Small wonder she would do well as an exotic dancer.

"She looks pretty fucking hot," Lombardi said as the TV went dark. "But how do I know she won't start screaming and crying and begging my customers to call the police?"

"She's easy to control," Lori said hurriedly. "A few slaps, a little pain, and the threat of more, and she's easily cowed. You'll scare the crap out of her. If she believes it's a private club, which it is, and nobody cares about how she came to be there, which is pretty much true, she'll know better than to make a fuss. Besides, I told you, she's a real slut. She'll start getting off on it. You watch and see if she doesn't. I think she's a masochist who just never realized it. She gets off even for me and Crystal, and she's a straight girl. She should get off a lot more with men."

She looked at the big man standing off to the side "Have your monster there put her through her paces. She'll do what she's told, all right. And you'll make a lot of money off her."

"And who might be looking for her?"

"Nobody," she smiled. "She's alone in the city, came in from some nothing place in Colorado. No friends, no family around. Nobody has any clue she's even disappeared. Her family will miss her eventually, but where is that going to lead? Another missing person file the cops won't bother to look into? And even if they did where would they go? Ask her friends? She's got none. Ask her boss at the restaurant? He hasn't a clue where she was going or what she was doing. I'm telling you it's risk free."

He drummed his hands together on the desk and licked his smirking lips. "And maybe if this works out you and Crystal might find me other girls in the future, hmm? Nice hot, young, sexy girls who can be uhm, disappeared without any risk?"

The idea of kidnapping young women to satisfy the sick lust of greasy men made Lori almost physically ill. But she smiled gamely. "Uhm, maybe," she said.

"And if anything bad happens because of this girl, you know what I'm going to do to you two bitch dykes? I'm going to see you both in a Mexican bordello flat on your backs with your legs spread all day long for farmers and truck drivers. You understand?"

She swallowed anxiously and nodded.

“So where is this slut?”

“We’re just uhm, finishing her training,” Lori said.

The man snorted in amusement. “I want to see her tomorrow. In the meantime - get your clothes off.”

Lori felt the blood leave her face.

“Wh-what?” she squeaked.

“That movie got me all hot,” Lombardi said with a leer. “I ain’t waiting till tomorrow to get off.”

“B-but.. you’ve got lots of girls here,” she said, taking a step backwards towards the door.

“Yeah, so? They’ll do anything I tell them smooth as silk. But you got me interested in something else. Take your clothes off.”

“You don’t want me,” she said with a frightened little fake laugh, backing another step. “I’m practically old enough to be her mother! Let me go and -”

“You got a nice fucking body there,” he said. “And you ain’t bad looking, either. But you know why I wanna fuck you?”

He stood up, and suddenly the big man who had been leaning against the wall was behind her and leaning against the door, blocking her exit as Lombardi came around the desk.

“I wanna fuck you cause you don’t want to fuck me. And cause it’ll teach you not to be so fucking snotty. And because Crystal is an ignorant bitch and isn’t here for me to teach a lesson. Now get your fucking clothes off,” he snapped, his voice rising.

Lombardi was a fat man, but he had been a big, broad shouldered man before he got fat. Now he loomed over her, leering, his eyes looking at her chest through her tank top. Lori backed another half step, heart pounding, chest tight.

“But - you don’t have any right - .”

“Right?” he sneered. “You been raping this bitch for how long? And you got the balls to complain about me having the right to something?”

He was in her face now, and she had backed up so that she was almost touching the man behind her.

“Now get your clothes off or you can forget the deal. I’ll have Crystal picked up, and me

and her will have a little conversation about how much she owes me and what she's going to do to pay it back."

Lori felt fury welling up inside her, but it was held in check by fear. Lombardi had a reputation for being unstable, at times, and for being extremely violent. If she spouted off she could find herself buried in sand out in the desert, with Crystal keeping her company. She shuddered, but reached down and peeled her tank-top up and off, then slipped off the halter below.

He gazed down at her breasts with lust in his eyes, and she felt a wave of disappointment. She knew he loved big breasted blondes. She was far from that. She had very small breasts, but her breasts were so small they were high and absolutely firm, two small growths, almost like big muscles on her slender, athletic chest with two tiny, perfect nipples in the centre of each

He leered at her, and she fought to prevent herself from recoiling as his big hands lifted and moved over her chest. She held still, trembling slightly, knowing he was trying to provoke a reaction as his fat fingers stroked against her nipples, then plucked them stingingly hard.

"When's the last time you had a real cock up your pussy, baby?" he demanded.

"I don't fuck men," she said, unable to keep from sounding sullen.

He laughed mockingly. "Strip, slut."

The word struck her like a blow, but her fear made her fingers move to her hips and undo her belt, then pull down the zipper. She felt anger turning to defiance, and thrust her pants and thong down, kicking off her sandals and then straightening up nude, back rigid, glaring at them even as her face flamed with humiliation.

He smiled thinly, watching her, patient, letting her stand stiffly, filled with tension, anxiety, anger, fear.

"On your knees," he said, his voice low and menacing.

Again she flinched, as if the words were a blow, then dropped her eyes as she sank to her knees. He stepped before her, his hands at his fly, opening it, pulling out his cock. He was already hard, and he rubbed it against her face. She reached for it and he let her take his cock, aroused by the look of distaste and anger on her face.

"Suck it," he growled.

She slipped her mouth around it, starting to lick and suck, at once. She was a lesbian, but she had memories of a youth spent trying to explore her sexual options, and it was not the first cock she had taken into her mouth. She bobbed her lips rapidly, her fingers massaging his balls, hoping to get it over with quickly.

"Slow down," he snapped, immediately realizing her intent.

Lori slowed, her lips sliding along most of the length of his shaft as she massaged the base and rubbed at his balls. She endured his big hands stroking through her hair, endured the leering gaze of the thug standing at the door, trying to set her mind aside, to do it as matter of factly as she could; like any other miserable, dirty job.

“The dyke ain’t half bad,” Lombardi joked. “Maybe we should hire her.”

“Probably a lot better at eating pussy,” the other man said in a rumbling voice.

“We’ll have to ask Crystal,” he sneered.

Lori tried to tune them out, staring at his cock and his black pants, ignoring them, running her lips up and down his prick as she sucked and licked. But Lombardi was looking for reaction, and glared at her. He gripped her hair and twisted it sharply so that she cried out and reeled back, then thrust his cock into her mouth hard, fucking her face. She slapped and pushed at him but the thug was there behind her almost at once, pulling her wrists up and back and holding them there as Lombardi laughed down at her.

He seized her head in big, sweating hands and thrust in and out of her mouth, grinning, leering, sneering as she gagged and choked and drool ran over her lips. He jerked her face forward to jam her nose against his groin, his cock thrusting into her throat, and held her there, grinding her face into his groin as he laughed down at her.

He pulled back and she coughed violently, eyes tearing, saliva dripping down over her lower lip as she gulped in deep breaths of air. He took her arm and yanked her stumbling to her feet, then thrust her against the edge of his desk, a hand the size of a plate slapping down between her shoulder blades and forcing her flat against the desk.

He kicked her legs apart and slapped her bottom sharply.

“This is a nice ass,” he said admiringly.

His fingers kneaded her buttocks and then he slapped them again and pressed himself against her sex. She was dry, of course, but his cock was soaked in saliva, dripping in it, and he rubbed it up and down her shaven sex, moistening the mouth of her opening quickly, then sliding slowly into her.

He sighed in pleasure as he buried himself in her tight belly.

“Tight slut. Guess she hasn’t been using any big dildos,” he said.

Lori was so frustrated, so enraged, she had to keep from bursting into tears, or doing or saying something suicidal. Her fingers were clenched tightly into fists as she grunted to his thrusts and tried to bear the pain and humiliation just a little longer. She knew now how stupid it had been to meet him here, and to present him with those videos while she was helpless. She had removed herself from any hope of protection from the law, after all, and Lombardi had seen that at once, had seen he could do whatever he wanted to her without any fear of her going to the police.

“Ung!” she gasped as he thrust himself deep into her tight, seldom used pussy.

“How you like that, baby?” Lombardi jeered, slapping her bottom again. “You like the feel of a real man riding you instead of some butch dyke with a strap-on?”

He laughed in delight, thrusting harder, deeper, punishing her with his cock as his hands moved over her slim body. He twisted his fingers in her hair and forced her head up and back, half lifting her chest off the desk so he could fondle her small breasts.

“Not much tit here,” he said. “But they’re nice little things.”

His big belly was riding over her bottom or slapping into it as he used her, his groin punching hard against the mouth of her sex. He grunted now with effort, sweating even more heavily as he drove his cock into her again and again. It couldn’t last long, she thought desperately, and it didn’t. With a groan of pleasure he came inside her, making Lori gnash her teeth in disgust at the thought of his semen inside her - and fear at the knowledge she had no birth control.

He stepped back and she closed her eyes, shuddering in relief, but when she sought to rise his hand slapped back against her back to push her back down, and he slapped her bottom.

“Not yet, baby. You got Dominick all hot and bothered. You gotta take care of him first.”

“N-No!” she gasped, struggling to rise.

The thug moved behind her and shoved her down hard, mashing her small breasts against the desk. A moment later she felt the nose of his cock rubbing up and down between her sex lips, then thrusting into her. He was big, much bigger than Lombardi, and she moaned as she felt her pussy spread wide to engulf him.

“Oh! Oh fuck!” she gasped, fingers clawing at the desk. “Oww! No!”

He chuckled and thrust into her, forcing his fat prong through her tight opening. She bit her lip, gasping in pain as she felt his prick pushing deeper and deeper - and still deeper into her body. She felt a frantic wave of fear as she realized how big he was, as he continued to drive deeper. The pain mounted, but more numbing was the feeling of immense fullness as his big cock drove into the very bottom of her pussy and still pushed forward.

“Please!” she whimpered. “P-please! Oh! Oh wait! Ungh!”

He gripped her thighs, spreading them wider, and thrust himself forward, ramming his fat cockhead into the depths of her pussy, grinding himself against the back wall of her sex. Lori felt her pussy lips spread painfully wide, stretched taut around his shaft, and her eyes closed as he trembled in pain and despair.

He slapped her bottom, then again, laughing as he began to tear himself back and forth inside her. His cock battered down her vaginal muscles and was soon pumping hard and deep.

Lori was dazed, feeling utterly impaled, her insides pulped by the size of his hard, fat cock. He slapped at her bottom again, just to draw a reaction, thrusting hard and deep. And now his finger probed at her anal opening, bringing fresh shame and more raw fear to the whimpering woman.

He gripped her hair, forcing her head up and back, thrusting harder, shaking the entire desk with his thrusts now. And Lori could only gasp and moan and whimper in helpless misery, pain and shame as he rode her.

“Let me show you something, bitch,” he said, panting for breath now as he drove his cock achingly deep with every thrust.

He picked up the pace, thrusting harder, faster, and she knew he was going to come. She heard a grown from him as he began to spew, and then he let go of her hair, at the same instant punching her hard in the back of the head with such force it stunned her and sent her face slamming forward into her arms and hands. He finished thrusting quickly, then slowed and pulled out with a sigh.

Lori lay across the desk, still dazed, gurgling weakly as Lombardi fondled her bottom in amusement.

“That’s called punching the donkey,” he said gleefully. “Makes your cunt squeeze up hard against his cock when he shoots.”

He leaned over her. “You’re gonna remember this, dyke,” he hissed. “You’re gonna think about what I’ll do to you and your bitch girlfriend if anything goes wrong.”

## Six

“Well, did he agree?” Crystal asked eagerly.

Lori glared at her bitterly. “Just don’t fucking talk to me,” she spat.

Crystal recoiled. “But - but did - .”

“Yes, he fucking accepted it! All right!?”

“But why are you - .”

“Just cut it!”

She glared at the girl who lay on the floor in the corner of the room. She was lying on her back, her ankles strapped to either side of a bondage bar which was held over her by a rope dangling from above. The bondage bar had a loop at either end for her ankles, and two more in the centre for her wrists. She was naked, of course, and with her ankles drawn up and back her pert bottom and neatly shaven sex were lushly visible and vulnerable.

The base of a fat dildo protruded from either hole, and she felt another wave of anger and fury, remembering how Lombardi and his goon had raped her. She moved over to the girl as Crystal watched nervously, and put her foot down against the dildos.

She was in a state of rage, and knew intellectually, that it was not the girl’s fault. But she had to vent her anger on someone, and allowed herself to think that if the little whore hadn’t been so quick to drop her panties for Crystal none of this would have happened. She pressed down, and the girl moaned into the gag filling her mouth, her body squirming as she put more and more pressure against the nose of the dildos already lodged deep inside her.

Lori let more anger bubble over. Filthy little slut! Cock loving whore! She probably loved getting fucked by men like Lombardi! She'd probably have been delighted at the size of the thug's prick! She was lovely and beautiful, sweet and firm and shapely, and Lori had to punish her for it, punish her for everything. She pushed down harder still, letting her weight jam against the base of the dildos. The girl's eyes were bulging and she was shaking her head desperately, her legs and arms jerking and pulling against the bar.

"What's the matter?" Lori sneered. "You love cock, don't you?"

She put more pressure on the base of the dildos, full of anger and rage, feeling a sense of vindictive satisfaction at the girl's pain, at her writhing and bucking and twisting, and the muffled animal sounds coming from the gag stuffed into her mouth. And there was a feeling of arousal, too, of sadistic excitement as she felt the dildos going deeper, forced painfully into the nubile young girl's belly by the weight pushing behind them.

"Yeah, you can make room! Can't you, slut!"

She ground her heel against what remained of the dildo protruding from the girl's anus. The other was flush with her sex lips, though still forcing them wide apart.

"Those are twelve inches long," Crystal said, awed and excited.

Lori felt a moment's remorse, but that only served to make her more angry. The girl should feel pain! After what she'd done! The stinking little breeder whore!

"A foot of cock is nothing to these breeder whores," she spat. "They love it."

She ground her foot against Dale's soft sex, smirking spitefully as she jammed the nose of the dildo there even harder against the back wall of the girl's pussy.

"She'll be getting plenty of cocks up her cunt soon," she said.

"So Lombardi agreed?"

"Yes, he agreed!" she snapped. "But if anything goes wrong we're both going to wind up as sluts in his bordello, so this little bitch better be properly trained. We can't take any chances of her causing a stink."

She rounded on the buxom blonde. "You're sure there's nothing at all to connect her with you?"

"What could there be? She's a waitress in some tacky little restaurant. I never go there. I was just... hungry and it was close. They don't know who I am."

"What if the little slut told some friend of hers she was going to see a showgirl about a job?"

Crystal shrugged helplessly.

Lori glared down at the dazed, exhausted young woman and ran a hand through her short blonde hair. Stupid little teenager, she thought. For the first time she considered simply picking up with Crystal and running somewhere, LA, maybe, or New York, or Florida. But Lombardi had a long reach, and she didn't want to abandon everything she had here, including this house.

Not for this little bitch.

She bent and began to undo the shackles binding Dale's wrists and ankles. First one foot, then the other dropped to the floor with a thump. Then one arm, and the other as the girl lay there, gasping, moaning, eyes slitted. Lori undid the strap of the gag stuffed into her mouth and then pulled it slowly out, drawing a cry of pain from the teenager as her aching jaw was finally able to ease closed.

"All right, slut. You're going to learn a few things about pleasing men," she said. "Get on all fours. Right now."

She slapped one of Dale's breasts, and the girl gasped in pain and drew her arms in over her chest.

"Now!" she shouted.

She turned to Crystal. "Go downstairs and get a couple of big dildos and the number three flog. Move!"

Crystal darted away as Lori gripped the girl's arm and leg and roughly flipped her onto her belly. Then she pulled on her hair and slapped her bottom, forcing her onto all fours. Crystal returned and Lori took the a long, realistic looking latex cock from her and pulled a chair over. She put the cock in her lap, pointed up, and ordered Dale to crawl to the chair.

"I just want to sleep," Dale groaned.

"When we're done, slut. Now move!"

Dale crawled to the chair and looked at the dildo without enthusiasm.

"Now you're going to pretend this is a real live cock, and we know how you love those. I want to see how enthusiastic you can be when you suck it off. And you're going to take it all the way to the base, slut."

"Don't touch that," Crystal snapped, slashing the light flog across Dale's back as she reached for the dildo jammed into her pussy.

"Oww!"

"This is the cock you need to pay attention to, slut," Lori said. "Now suck it!"

Dale wearily put her mouth over the head of the cock, but Lori's hand slapped into the side

of her head, making her ear smart.

“Not like that, you useless fucking whore!”

She stood up and gave the dildo to Crystal, taking the flog from her. “Show this slut how to suck cocks,” she ordered.

Crystal sighed and knelt down next to Dale, then placed the cock on the chair. She let her eyes slit and her tongue slide seductively across her lower lip. She smiled coyly, then eased in and licked lightly at the head of the dildo. She rubbed her face against it and made a soft, moaning sound, then began to lick around the shaft, and down around the fake little balls. It took several minutes before she actually pursed her lips and let them slide softly and gently down over the shaft, her cheeks sucking in as she sucked and licked.

She bobbed slowly up and down, up and down, making wet, slurping sounds now and then. She pulled her lips off several times to kiss and lick at the head, and at the balls, then took it deep into her mouth again.

She gagged and drew back with a violent coughing fit. “It’s been too fucking long since I did this,” she gasped.

“Well if we don’t teach the slut to do it right you might wind up learning again,” Lori said.

Then it was Dale’s turn. Lori stood over her, slashing the flog down across her back whenever she erred, or whenever her face lost the phoney look of excitement and pleasure she was supposed to maintain.

She could not, however, go very deep before gagging and drawing back, and even the flog cutting across her back couldn’t seem to change that.

Driven by her own fears, and her own recent rape, Lori had little patience. She soon had the girl on her belly, and drew her ankles and wrists up behind her, locking them into the same steel bar once again. This time she raised it high enough that the girl was actually dangling a few inches off the floor, her breasts hanging low.

She drew her soft hair, now coarse and filthy and matted, into a rough tail and yanked it up and back hard, to fasten to the bar behind her. A ring gag followed, forcing her mouth wide, but leaving an opening through which they could slide the dildo.

“Now this is all mental,” she growled, kneeling beside the girl and sliding the latex cock through the ring and into her mouth. “You know that you can take this into your throat. You’ve seen enough porn movies, I’m sure. You just have to control your gag reflex. Pretend you’re swallowing food. I don’t care. But get used to it. A whore who swallows cocks to the bone is in a lot more demand than one who can’t, and you need to make a lot of money for us.”

She turned and motioned to Crystal. “Go get the blue, double headed dildo”

She turned back to the moaning, gasping girl and then thrust the dildo forward slowly,

stopping as the girl gagged, but not drawing back.

“Fight the gag reflex,” she ordered. “It’s just that, and you need to control it. Pretend it’s food. Swallow as if it was.”

She pushed the cock a little further in and the girl’s face got red, her eyes tearing, as she gurgled and gagged and coughed and choked on the dildo.

Lori eased the dildo back as Crystal showed up with the other one. The double headed dildo was softer, more pliable, and, of course, a lot longer. She rubbed one side against Dale’s chin, for saliva was dripping off it into the wooden floor as she drew in deep, shuddering breaths of air.

“Now try again.

“I-I-I’m going to throw up!” Dale managed to gasp out.

Lori had to puzzle out the words, for her voice was, of course, wildly distorted by having her jaw held open, then she laughed. “Go ahead. You’ve got nothing in your stomach.”

Still, she had Crystal fetch a large bowl and placed it beneath the helpless girl’s mouth as she thrust the double headed dildo inside, pumped it in and out a few times, twisted it around to get it nicely moist, and then slid it into the girl’s throat. There were no half measures, this time. She pushed it deep into the throat, watching with no small interest, the bulge in Dale’s exposed neck as the dildo pushed deep down through her throat.

She pushed at least a foot inside, enough that it could not fall, and let go, smirking a little as the girl continued to gag and choke and gurgle helplessly, eyes red and bulging. Her own recent experience hardened her heart to the girl’s torment, and she left it in as the seconds passed, as her face went from flaming red to pale white from lack of oxygen.

Then she twisted the dildo around and around and withdrew it. There was another flood of saliva as it slid out of the coughing girl’s mouth into the bowl and Dale gulped in air desperately.

“You’re going to learn if we spend all day at this,” Lori said cruelly.

She ignored the girl’s gurgling please, thrusting the dildo deep again and again and again, until the girl began to get used to the feel of it in her throat, and was able to control her gag reflex. Then she began to pump the dildo slowly in and out, in and out, fucking the girl’s face. And not incidentally exciting both herself and Crystal, who watched the thick blue latex cock sliding in and out of the pretty young girl’s mouth with lustful eyes.

When they were satisfied Dale was lowered, the bar removed. She was not permitted to lie down for long, however. Crystal attached a leash to the collar around her throat and led her crawling back and forth through the house while Dale, in a gravelly, gasping voice, recited “I am a slut animal made for fucking. I am a slut animal made for fucking,” again and again and again.

She was then placed in a cage, arms bound behind her back, and allowed to sleep for a bit.

However, a tape recording of her own voice played endlessly, repeating her words back to her as she slumped limply, eyes closed.

Dale gasped in pain as the crop sliced down across her bottom.

“Slower, and roll your hips more as you slide down,” Crystal said.

They had obtained a department store mannequin somewhere, and it lay on its back on the floor. Lori had glued one of the dildos to its groin, and Dale was taught to mount it again and again, then to ride her sore pussy up and down on the dildo.

“Make a little groan as you slide down,” Crystal said. “Nothing too loud. Just a soft little groan of pleasure. Try to be more realistic this time.”

Dale didn't have to fake. Her pussy was sore from all the use it had gotten of late. She rolled her hips a little and slid down the fat length of plastic cock, groaning as it pushed deeper and deeper through the soft folds of her pussy, up high into her gut.

“Don't forget. Squeeze your cunt muscles down as you ride up,” Crystal said.

For a pair of lesbians, Dale thought wearily, they seemed to know a lot about fucking men. Then again, if she understood right, Crystal, at least, had once been a stripper, and probably more than that.

“Now lean in and kiss him,” Crystal ordered.

Dale leaned forward, her breasts coming down to pillow against the mannequin's plastic chest, pillowing there, then sliding up as she licked a trail across his shoulder, the way Crystal had shown her, then into the nape of his neck, then finally onto his lips. All the while her pert bottom rose and fell slowly, riding the plastic prick.

She had long since grown immune to the humiliation of doing such things. Pain was a great motivator, and avoiding it had become the focus of all her efforts since she'd been kidnapped by Crystal. She waited her chance, any chance, to escape. But in the meantime, she obeyed as quickly and as enthusiastically as the two women could hope for.

“Enough. Get over onto the rug, slut.”

She eased her pussy off the dildo and then crawled unselfconsciously across the floor to the rug. She saw that Crystal was stepping into a strap-on, and felt a little lurch of fear. But she assumed the proper position, knees apart, bottom raised, sex bared as the woman knelt behind her and slid the dildo into her pussy.

She rolled her hips and bottom, thrusting back in time to Crystal's strokes. Each time the dildo drew back she squeezed down with her pubic muscles as she had been taught. Crystal slapped her bottom regardless, and reached forward to roughly squeeze and knead her breasts, as she said the men would do who would use her.

She was to be a prostitute.

At first, being told that, she had balked, been horrified, disgusted, angry. Yet there had been some hope, as well, for surely that meant she would be allowed out among other people, and if she could pass a note or whisper a plea then the police could come and get her. She no longer cared what they thought of the videos the women had taken, no longer cared that they might burst in to find her naked and in some filthy, obscene position. All she wanted was to get away from these women, to be free again, to get out of Las Vegas and go home.

“Much better, slut,” Crystal said, slapping her bottom as she pulled out.

She pulled on a pair of jeans, pushing the dildo down along one leg, and fastening them, even doing up the zipper. She went to a nearby chair and sat, then turned to the table and turned on the stereo. She found a likely song and snapped her fingers at the kneeling girl.

“All right, slut. I want a lap dance.”

Dale rose to her feet, and swayed a bit. She was not allowed to walk any more, except when she was practising dances, and the floor seemed quite far below her now. She walked to the corner where the stiletto heels Lori had bought her were kept and slipped into them, doing up the straps, then drew in a shaky breath and began to roll her hips. Her body felt battered, bruised, and sore, but she had to force herself to move fluidly, just as she forced a seductive smile onto her face as she sashayed back towards the chair.

They thought they would make her a stripper, did they. The stupid bitches. The instant she was on a stage she was going to shout out to the audience, begging for help, begging them to call the police. At least one of them would do so, she was quite certain.

She strolled over before the chair where Crystal looked up at her. The smirk and excitement on the woman’s face made Dale furious to be used like such a - a toy by her, but she kept it out of her eyes as she rolled her hips and let her hands glide up and down her lithe body. She smiled coyly and straddled the chair, rubbing her bottom up and down Crystal’s legs, rolling her head, her mouth open as she moved her body to the music. She let herself slide further up along the woman’s legs, grinding her bottom and pussy into her lap, feeling the hard dildo underneath and grinding especially atop it as she’d been taught.

As she did, Crystal’s hands moved over her body, squeezing her breasts, pinching and twisting her nipples, and kneading her bottom. When Dale slid her breasts in to rub against the woman’s face she felt them being licked and then gasped as Crystal’s teeth ground against her nipples and bit lightly.

“Undo my zipper, slut.”

The word had become her name over the past days, and Dale responded as ordered, sliding backwards until she was standing up, legs spread, body bowed at the waist. She bent and licked at the “head” as she pulled it from the zipper, her tongue twirling around and around it.

“Maybe she’d like to try a real one,” came a male voice.

Dale gasped, jerking up and twisting around in shock, arms jerking in to hide her breasts, hands down before her groin.

The man before her was large, with broad shoulders and bald head. He smirked at her as he stood beside Lori and shook his head from side to side. "She looks a little shy for a stripper."

"We'll work that out of her," Lori said, glaring at Dale.

"Put your hands at your sides, slut!" Crystal snapped.

Dale's face flamed, but it was obvious this man was in league with her captors, and so, fearing punishment, she dropped her arms to her sides and tried to stand up straight, though she quivered and dropped her eyes and head under that steady, lustful gaze.

"Head up, slut!" Lori barked.

Dale's head rose, and she squirmed desperately, her eyes rolling away as the man approached.

"Nice fuckin' body," he said appreciatively.

His hands cupped her breasts, and Dale's hands instinctively rose to push them back, then froze and dropped again as his big fingers worked into the soft flesh of her breasts.

"That your name? Slut?" the man asked with a laugh.

Dale saw Lori glaring at her and forced herself to answer. "M-My name i-is D-Deidre.... sir."

"Well, Deidre, I want to see a dance."

He stepped back and sat down, and Crystal took Dale's arm and led her to the corner where her stripper outfits were. She donned one quickly as Crystal prepared the music. There was a stripper pole set up in the middle of the floor, and Dale, feeling odd to be wearing clothes, began the dance.

## Seven

She could hardly catch her breath. Her heart was pounding like a kettle drum and she was sweating into her outfit. She could not believe it had come to this, that nothing had intervened, that somehow, in this day and age, she could be forced into being a stripper. No, worse than a stripper, forced to put on a live sex show!

Lori was behind her, one of Lombardi's thugs next to her, both looking at her with cold eyes which nearly froze her blood. She could hear the crowd out front, cheering the dancer before her as the music pounded out. Any minute the announcer was going to give her cue and she was going to have to go out onto the stage and -- and do the things Lombardi had ordered her to do. Not simple stripping, oh now, far worse.

Her dream of calling for help had been crushed. She had been shown newspaper clippings about Johnny Lombardi, about the people he had murdered, or was suspected of having murdered, about how powerful his crime syndicate was and how far its tentacles had spread. Then she had been brought to the club, shown how secret it was, informed of the nature of the clientele, and their perversions and loyalty to Lombardi.

And then she had met Lombardi.

She still shuddered at the memory of those cold dark eyes on her, those thin lips pressed together as she had stripped for him, the cruelty in his face and voice as he had warned her what would happen to her if she dared to try to cause trouble.

All the things her captors had taught her about sexually pleasing men had been for nought. For this man wasn't interested in anything approaching skill from her. He was only interested in demonstrating his cruelty and power. He had used her hair as a handle, yanking and flinging her around the office, had made her pose in obscene positions for him, laughing and mocking her as she had spread her legs for him and bent over, calling her names.

He had used her brutally, hammering his fat body into her from behind, using his cock like a spear, like a knife, driving it deep into her soft sex as he had pulled on her hair and slapped at her head and breasts.

She had been terrified. Yet she was more determined to escape than ever.

“All right, get out there, and remember what you practised,” the man growled.

What she had practised? What they had forced her to do, the man meant. Heart pounding, she skipped - literally, out onto the stage. She was dressed as a schoolgirl, her hair done in pigtails to either side of her face. She was even wearing phoney glasses as she blinked into the bright lights. She lurched a little, then continued on, trying to skip to the edge of the stage where the pole was.

She could see figures moving in the bar beyond the lights, could see a group of men up closer, staring at her, and she froze in terror for a moment before continuing. She smiled tentatively and let her hips swing from side to side as she backed against the pole. She let her arms slide up above her and spread her legs a little as she continued to grind her hips.

Then she turned around, bent towards the pole, pushing out her bottom and rolling it slowly and saucily at them. She let her blazer slip off her shoulders and drop to the floor, then kicked off her shoes and danced a little in her white knee socks. She dropped her tie and teasingly undid the top buttons of her white blouse, then began to lift her short kilt in little flashes as she skipped around the stage.

Her heart began to beat much more quickly now, for the next step was a big one. She had to finish undoing her blouse, then pull it off and expose the dainty white lacy bra beneath. She did so, feeling an uncomfortable little wave of excitement at the same time. She danced around the stage, then undid the catch of her schoolgirl kilt, letting it slide to her ankles before stepping out.

Now in just white lace thong and bra, she turned and twisted, feeling darkly exhilarated now at showing herself off like this. Her nearly bare bottom felt fiercely warm at all the eyes she knew were fixed on it, and she pranced and danced, tension making it almost impossible to breath as she headed to the next huge step. She had to undo her bra and show them all her bare breasts.

She knew she had great breasts and knew they would appreciate them, but it made her mind cringe at the thought of exhibiting herself like that. She put it off so long she could sense some were getting impatient, and then, fearing trouble, finally undid her bra and let her soft breasts push free.

Blushing fiercely, she turned and grabbed the bar, rolling her bottom, turning and twisting and then - and then the man came out onto the stage. She made a pretence of shock, of surprise, and backed against the bar, holding her arms before her protectively.

The man was dressed all in leather, including a hood. He looked very evil, very dangerous, with big spikes jutting out of his shoulders and around his wrists. He stomped towards her and she put her hands up against his chest as if to ward him off.

He gripped her wrists and forced them up and back against the pole above her, then produced a leather strap which he wrapped around them, binding them in place. The audience was cheering and shouting now, obviously very enthusiastic, and they cheered even more when he put his hand down the front of her panties and began to rub her.

She moaned and her hips rolled, and it was only partly an act as his big fingers rubbed along her pussy slit quite uncomfortably.

He tore her panties off and the audience cheered again.

She was nude, horribly embarrassed, and her heart hammered in her chest as the man ran his leather gloved hands over her body. She roughly squeezed her breasts, then pinched at her nipples and pulled them out so the audience could see. He reached to his belt then, yanked something out and held it aloft like a knife. Dale didn't have to have practised to jerk her head up and stare, her mouth open.

The "knife" was a dildo, a long one, attached to a handle, and he thrust it down as if he were stabbing her, thrusting it straight into her mouth. He chuckled as the audience cheered, as Dale choked and twisted helplessly. He gripped her hair, forcing her head back, and then thrust the dildo knife deep into her throat, ramming it down so only the handle protruded, the hilt jammed against her lips.

He drew back then, letting the audience see what he'd done as Dale gurgled and tried to cope with the big dildo blocking her throat. The audience was loving it, and she was mortified before them, barely able to repress the tears which filled her eyes.

He pulled the dildo back up out of her mouth, twisted it in his hand, and then thrust upwards from beneath, driving the dildo up into her pussy, which thankfully had been lubricated earlier. But now he thrust harder and faster than when they had practised, driving it up into her to the hilt, jamming the hilt against her soft pussy.

He gripped the handle with both hands as the audience yelled and hooted and cheered, and pushed up so hard she was lifted off her feet, her legs jerking feebly. Again the audience yelled their approval.

He slapped her face, lightly, but enough to send her glasses spinning, then yanked the dildo out of her pussy, twisted her roughly around, pulled her bottom out, and thrust it up into her anus - hard. Again, she had been lubricated, and had a butt-plug inside her until very recently, but it still hurt, and she cried out, her cry lost amid the applause, as he jammed the dildo knife deep into her bottom and twisted it around inside her.

Now he drew out a mass of thin leather straps held together by small metal rings. In very quick order he had slipped it around her body. The leather dug in against her soft flesh, encircling her breasts to plump them out further, criss-crossing her body, and finally, digging in hard and tight between her legs, where they held the dildo jammed up her bottom in place.

Her arms were pulled down and strapped together, a collar placed around her throat, and

then her wrists were forced up high behind her back, chained to a ring in the back of the collar. A final strap went around her arms, forcing them back solidly together, and then, gripping her hair, he turned her to face the audience, which cheered wildly.

“Should I fuck this schoolgirl whore?!” he shouted.

The audience roared with approval.

“Should I ram my cock up her tight little ass!?”

Another roar of approval.

“Should I bury my prick down her slut throat!?”

Yet another howl of enthusiastic approval filled the air.

He grinned and shoved the half dazed girl to her knees, then turned her so they were in profile to most of the audience. He undid the front of his leather trousers and drew out a huge cock. He rubbed it against her face to harden it, then seized her pigtails, one in each fist. The audience was hooting and shouting obscene suggestions, yelling at him to shove it down her throat, to make her choke on it.

He rammed his cock into her mouth, then forced her lips all the way up the shaft until her face was jammed into his leather groin. The audience cheered wildly. She had learned how to control her gag reflex to some extent, but the man using her mouth and throat was giving her now time to adjust. He used her pigtails as handles, thrusting into her face in hard, deep strokes that made her choke and gag, smashing her nose into his groin until she saw stars.

Half dazed, she drew in a shaky gasp as he finally pulled out. He twisted her around and threw her down onto her belly, lifted her bottom, slapped her, then adjusted the straps which had been digging into her bare slit, and rammed himself into her there, thrusting hard and fast, his hips pounding against her buttocks as the audience whistled, cheered and urged him on.

When he finished he twisted the handle off the dildo in her anus, then found a second to thrust up into her pussy before jerking the leather strap in against her slit again very hard. The strap held the two dildos in place, though with several inches sticking out. Then he clapped a pair of nipple clips to her pink nipples. They were attached to a Y-shaped chain which he used as a leash to force her out into the audience.

Hands groped her everywhere she went, and Dale gasped and yelped and moaned as she was pinched, squeezed and fondled. The man shouted out in a large voice, looking for volunteers, and Dale was forced onto her knees, forced to give several men blow jobs as those around looked, laughed, and shouted encouragement.

All the while Dale was in a state of dazed shock, cringing under their shouts and stares, nude, worse than nude, as she was tugged around the room by the nipples and shown off as the new “slave girl” to men who laughed and joked and licked their lips lustfully.

Then it was back behind stage, where the man was congratulated and her outfit adjusted. Her arms were released, though leather wrist restraints were clamped around them. The dildos were removed and the straps adjusted below her so that they did not cover her bare little slit, but instead framed it nicely.

And then she was led around to the side, to where the private lap dance rooms were. There was a long list of men seeking her services, and they had paid well for them.

“You better not fuck up,” the man growled nastily before thrusting her out into the bar.

Naked again, with all those male eyes feasting on her, Dale’s face flushed once more and she felt a wave of glittering edged shock creeping over her. A hand gripped her arm roughly and tugged her along. “Come on, slave girl,” the man said jovially.

He was one of the bar’s employees, she thought distantly, as he led her to a row of curtained booths. A man, half drunk, she saw, was already waiting for her, slouching in a chair as he leered at her. She was thrust into the booth and the curtain pulled closed.

“Yum, yum,” he said.

He was middle aged, with receding salt and pepper hair. He wore a dark suit with an open collared shirt, and had a narrow, flushed face.

“Come sit on my lap, baby,” he said, placing a ten dollar bill on the table next to him.

Dale was frozen in place for a long moment. She didn’t want to go to him, but feared what Lombardi would do to her if she disobeyed.

“Dance, bitch,” he ordered, glaring sulkily at her as the music played.

Dale gulped fearfully, then began to dance in time to the music. Her heart pounding, she swung her hips in a slow, seductive motion and hesitantly moved closer to where he sat. His eyes were staring at her, not at her face, but at her body. It felt - odd. She could see them flitting up and down between her bared breasts and her pussy, as if he didn’t know where to put them, or didn’t want to miss something. But they never moved up to her face. In a way, it made her feel invisible, and somehow calmer.

She moved closer, her hips rolling provocatively, her belly undulating as her hands rose and began to skim up and down her body. She felt a fresh flush of heat to her face as her hands slid up over her breasts. Regardless of what she had done outside on stage - or really, what had been done to her, it seemed much more intimate in here with just one man, just one - stranger.

She had to spread her legs as she reached him, and that was another embarrassment, for she was shaved smooth and he was staring at her pussy. No one had ever stared at her body like this to the exclusion of her face, and she found it unnerving, but strangely freeing as well. She shifted her bare feet apart, straddling him, and flinched as his hands came up to grasp her hips and pull her in closer.

Pulled by him, she sat down more heavily on his lap than she had intended. She could feel his bulging erection through the thin layer of his trousers as her bottom rubbed against it. Tingling a little, shocked, embarrassed, but guided by fear, she began to grind her bottom against him, reaching forward to grasp his shoulders with her hands. She raised her bottom and ground herself back and forward, flinching again as his hands gripped her bottom and squeezed.

“Fucking nice,” he whispered, fingers kneading her buttocks.

In any kind of respectable club the man would not be allowed to grope her, she thought anxiously, but this, of course, was no such place.

She felt shaky as she tried to continue lap dancing the way Crystal had showed her. The music ended and the man put another ten onto the table, his hands sliding up her soft belly to cup and knead her breasts now. It felt unnerving to have a complete stranger like this fondling and groping her, and she tried to focus her attention on carrying out the movements Crystal had shown her, but it was impossible.

He gripped her back, then, pulling her forward so her breasts pillowed around his face. His mouth opened and he began to lick and suck and chew on her soft breasts, ignoring her winces, gasps, and soft pleas, ignoring her hesitant efforts to push herself back.

A sharp slap on her bottom made her yelp.

“Move your ass, baby,” he said.

Helplessly, Dale ground her bottom against him, against his hard cock, feeling it rubbing up against her buttocks, then against the soft, sensitive flesh of her pussy as he mouthed her nipple and sucked strongly.

She gasped as he pulled back on her hair and bit at the nape of her neck.

“Undo my zipper,” he grunted, chewing on her breasts again.

Gasping, head held back, Dale fumbled at his zipper and undid it.

“Take out my cock,” he groaned, chewing more painfully at her left nipple.

“Please,” she gasped, fingers fumbling again, trying to reach in, feeling the heat and warmth of his flesh just inside the zipper.

He pushed her back and undid the top of his pants, then pulled out his cock.

“Suck it,” he ordered eagerly.

Swallowing anxiously, Dale slid backwards and stood up, then, after searching frantically for a way to avoid obeying, bent forward at the waist, taking his cock into her hands. She gasped as he pushed down on her head, her face rubbing against his warm cock.

“Suck it, slavey,” he growled.

She licked at it, then her mind squirming. He pushed down hard on her head and his cockhead pushed up into her mouth and jammed against the inside of one cheek. She began to suck, trying to bob her lips up and down against the pressure of his hands. He relented, his hands going to her breasts instead, groping them as she bent over, twisting and pinching the nipples as she sucked and slurped wetly on his erection.

“Ahh fuck,” he gasped. “Enough. Ride it, bitch!”

“Wa-wait,” she gasped.

He yanked on her hair, pulling her up and forward, then siezed her hips as she straddled him, pulling her down.

“Put it in!” he ordered, groping her breasts.

Dale looked down at it a bit dazedly as it lay up along her belly. She reached down for it and then as he lifted up on her hips, placed the saliva coated head against her hot slit, rubbing it back and forth to moisten the mouth of her sex.

A hard yank on her hips and she let out a small cry of pain and startlement as it punched up into her pussy. He laughed, bit into her soft breast tissue, and pulled her down harder. Dale moaned as his cock slid up through the soft folds of her sex and drove deep into her lower belly. She felt stuffed with it, and could hardly believe she was acting as a virtual prostitute.

No, she though weakly, not virtual. She was prostituting herself.

“Oh baby, baby,” he groaned, sucking and licking and chewing on her breasts, rubbing his face against them, his fingers kneading her buttocks.

“Ride it, bitch!” he gasped, slapping her bottom.

Dale had been trying to pull up, in fact, but hadn't been able to with the tight hold he had on her hips. Now she did slide upwards, feeling his cock retreating as she pulled herself upwards. But she was only half off when he yanked her back down again. His fingers began to lift her up and down, and she worked her legs in time, gasping and panting, riding his cock now as he continued to mouth her breasts.

What am I doing, she thought a bit dazedly?

When she emerged from the curtained room a minute or two later she was clutching a fistful of tens, and his semen was dribbling slowly out of her shaven sex.

She felt dirty and used, and her mind continued to try and work its way around how this had happened to her and what she could do about it.

She did another lap dance, and another, and another, prostituting herself again and again as

men made her ride their cocks and take them into her mouth. She did not think to protest or to try and get help from any of them. None of them cared for anything above her neck, except when her lips were wrapped around their cocks.

And yet there was a kind of a feeling of power in doing the lap dances, for she was always on top, and always in some control over herself. The men were often drunk or nearly so, and would gasp and moan and whimper and shudder as she rode and sucked their cocks. They would tremble and beg and their voices would be filled with desperation as she brought them closer to climax. Then they would flop limply, gasping for breath after their climax.

She also began to become more used to being seen naked, to being groped and pinched, to having the men say lewd and obscene and insulting things to her, to feeling their fingers pushing up into her pussy and ass and their hands pushing down on her head to force their cocks into her throat. And so the shame and anxiety began to loosen their grip on her mind, which in turn began to flit about in search of a way out.

The exit was obvious, right past those two large men in dark suits. If there was another way out she didn't note it. There was a kitchen through a door off to one side, for scantily clad waitresses came in and out carrying food from time to time. There was likely an exit through their somewhere. But would she have the time to find it, and would the people in the kitchen grab her? Did any of them know she was there against her will?

Lombardi frightened her, terrified her. What would happen to her if she tried to escape and failed? Surely he wouldn't kill her? She was worth more money to him alive than dead. But then again she wasn't entirely certain he was sane.

Perhaps, she told herself, she would be safer escaping from Crystal and Lori. If she did that Lombardi would take out his anger on them, not her. And she felt a snarl come over her at that thought. He hoped he'd force them both into prostitution. The filthy stinking lesbian bitches!

## Eight

She was tired as the night ended. She had lost count of how many cocks she'd ridden, and her pussy was sore, her breasts aching and bruised from all the groping. She was given nothing to eat, and was hungry. She had managed to drink, however, usually being given sips out of the glasses of the men she was with. All those different drinks on an empty stomach left her more than slightly drunk as she was led backstage.

She was given no notice that the night was over. Her wrists were forced back behind her and the rings locked together. A gag was shoved into her mouth, and then a leash was placed on her collar and she was led back up the hallway she'd entered by and handed over to Lori. She realized only then that the night was over, as Lori examined her with distaste, then led her out into the back and the waiting car.

She rode in the trunk back to Crystal and Lori's house and was taken out in the garage and led downstairs. With both women present there was no chance of escape, especially as tired as she was. She was forced to kneel on all fours as Crystal poured water over her, then soaped her up and scrubbed her sweaty body. She grunted, half in pain, half in relief, as the woman thrust soapy fingers deep into her pussy.

"Yech," Crystal muttered. "She's probably got a quart of semen in her belly."

"Not to mention up her ass," Lori said. "Give her an enema too."

"No!" Dale gasped, shocked at the idea of this new and painfully embarrassing idea.

"Shut up, slut," Lori said negligently.

So Dale was given an enema, as well. And only when the women thought her completely clean did they take her back upstairs - there to give them pleasure.

She was made to lick each of them to orgasms, and then to give Lori a lap dance just as she had the men. Lori sneered at her as she ground her bare bottom against her.

"How many guys did you do this to tonight, baby bitch?" she asked, rolling Dale's nipples between her fingers. "How many guys shot off in your dirty little cunt tonight?"

"I-I don't know," Dale gasped.

"You'll be doing the same thing tomorrow, slut, and the next night, and the next and the next."

She smiled sadistically up at the girl as she tugged and twisted her nipples. "You love cock, so what do you have to complain about?"

"I-It's not fair," Dale whispered miserably.

Lori's eyes narrowed. "Who gives a shit about fair, you little slut!? If you hadn't been such a cheap little bimbo none of this would have happened!"

"And none of it is Crystal's fault," Dale said bitterly.

"Crystal is important to me, slut. You aren't even as important as my least favourite pair of shoes," the woman sneered.

Dale was shackled to the head of the bed between the two women that night, pawed,

fondled, her face ridden, then left as she was while the other two slept. In the morning she was cuffed immediately, forced to eat with her hands shackled behind her, washed, and then Lori left for work. Crystal was more careful with her, though, always leaving her bound, especially as she made more videos to put up on their web site.

Now she was hung from her ankles, spread-eagled, as a hooded Crystal toyed with her. The woman used a fat strap to spank her bottom red, then thrust dildos deep into her pussy and anus before tying thin cords to her nipples and stretching them out painfully. A light flog was then used on her back and belly and breasts, then on her open groin. It stung awfully, but the marks it left behind faded very quickly.

Later in the afternoon she was taken in the trunk of the car back to the club, where she was once again forced to perform the humiliating sexual slave act on stage, paraded around the room, and forced to service men with her mouth. Then she was sold in the private "dancing room" to at least two dozen men.

With each day she grew more used to being naked, more used to being pawed and fondled as a matter of course, more used to having no choice, no say in what was done to her body by anyone. But her growing acceptance also alarmed her. And she could see no end in sight, no opportunity to escape. On her fourth night, so used to it all was she that she began to grow aroused as she was riding a man's cock, began to gasp and pant with more than just effort as she rode her soft, moist pussy up and down on his steel hard erection.

She almost came. She was very close to it when he spewed inside her. And so aroused was she that she eagerly rushed to her next "client" and came while riding his stiff cock, shuddering under the waves of sexual heat.

And then cried, afterwards, miserably, wondering what she was becoming.

On her fifth night she was escorted up the private hall by one of Lombardi's goons. Far ahead she saw a door opening into what looked like a casino. It was a small casino, however, and she could see the bright light of outside not far from the door.

She was pulled aside and led into Lombardi's office.

"Wait here. The boss wants to - see - you," the man said with a leer and a grope at her bottom.

He closed the door behind him and Dale looked around anxiously. She was not eager for another brutal ride by the fat, cruel Italian. And the shocked instant of recognition, where she had seen the light of daylight for the first time in a week, still had her heart thumping. She eased back to the door and then listened for a moment before opening it.

The hall was empty, and the door leading to the casino did not seem to be guarded. Her heart pounded. She was nude but for the leather harness, collar and restraints. A butt plug was jammed into her anus, trailing a little leather tail - something designed to make anal sex easier for the clients.

Running out amongst real people dressed as she was did not appeal to her. A week or so earlier the idea would have horrified her. Of course, she was considerably less shy than she had once been, and considerably more desperate too.

She sprinted naked up the hall to the door, then eased it open. The room was not very crowded. There were two people playing at the roulette wheel off to one side, a half dozen at the slots on her right, and one guy playing blackjack. The bar was on the other side of the room, and the door was dead ahead. She ran for it, gasping, trying to hold her breasts to keep them from bouncing. Heads turned and there were shouts from customers and employees as she yanked the outer door open.

Then she was out on the sidewalk, staring wild-eyed around her. She ran up the sidewalk, still holding her breasts in one arm, searching desperately for a cop, or someone she could run to for help. But the casino was not in a very good part of town. The people on the sidewalks laughed and smirked and hooted at her, and didn't look like the kind who would provide help. She ran past shuttered stores and along a row of low brick apartment buildings, their walls and doors littered with trash and graffiti.

She tried the door to one. It was locked, as was the next, and the next. There were not many cars, and none stopped, no doubt thinking she was crazy. Then a car did stop, and two men in dark suits jumped out. She let out a squeal and turned to run, but didn't get very far.

"Please! Help! Police!" she screamed.

Then a big hand covered her mouth, and the two men wrestled her into the back of the sedan. She was jammed down low, her arms brought back behind her, and her wrist restraints fastened together. Her flailing legs were similarly locked together, then lifted up and back behind her, locked to her wrist restraints.

Hog tied, the terrified girl was dumped onto the floor of the car, eyes filled with fear as she stared up at their lower legs and wondered what they would do to her.

Hours later, she knew.

She stared up at the bright blue sky, gasping weakly, moaning softly. She was not gagged, and the leather straps and restraints had been removed. The men had driven her deep into the desert and off the roads. She lay now on the side of a hill, spread-eagled, arms and legs bound by rough rope to metal pegs driven deep into the dry earth. She could not bend elbows or knees in the slightest, and the sun beat down upon her as she lay sweltering in sweat, gasping, moaning, and alone.

There was utter silence, silence as she had never heard before. There was no sign of people anywhere, no cars, no shouts, no machines, no aircraft overhead - nothing. No wind blow, no faintest breeze, and her head ached already from staring up into the bright sky.

She could not even look around her. Spikes had been driven through the rings on either side of her collar, pinning her head to the earth just as the rest of her body was pinned. How long, she wondered, before the sun burned her to a crisp, or would she die from lack of water before

that happened?

Already her throat was dry, her lips cracked, and the perspiration on her body was beginning to dry as she became dehydrated and stopped sweating. The heat robbed her of energy. It made even breathing, drawing in shallow, panting breaths exhausting.

And yet she knew that she had to do something to free herself. She had tried, of course, tried to pull away, thinking that surely the pegs could be drawn back up through the soft earth. Yet she had no leverage whatever. Her legs and arms were spread achingly wide apart. She had no strength to lift her legs upwards, and not much more in her arms.

It was not fair.

She had thought that often over the previous week. Now it came again.

It's not fair!

She had done nothing to deserve this. She had done nothing to deserve the pain and shame which had been heaped upon her.

It's not fucking fair!

And now she was left in the desert to fry?! For what!?

Bastards! Fucking, filthy bastards!

Anger lent her strength. Her body began to lunge violently and thoughtlessly up again and again, straining wildly, frenziedly, jerking against the pegs like a wild animal caught in a trap. Where deliberate effort had failed before this wild thrashing began to have an effect. The pegs were jerked from side to side in the holes into which they had been driven, incrementally widening those holes with each desperate jerk of her arms and legs.

Her right wrist moved.

That was enough to lend her even more desperate strength, and she was able to pull her arm straight up, pulling the peg from the dry ground. With that done she was able to yank up the pegs in her collar, then turn and pull at the one holding her other wrist. Minutes later she was standing, gasping, turning in place, searching desperately for anything but endless sand dunes.

She didn't find any.

She chose a direction and set off quickly, but as soon as she was off the little hill, a hill chosen by the men because of its sun baked earth, her feet sunk into deep loose sand. It was like walking in snow. Her feet sunk into the loose sand to the ankles, and as she forced her way through it her legs began to ache, and she became more and more breathless and exhausted.

She collapsed, panting, moaning weakly, half buried in the soft white sand. After a few moments she picked herself up, forced herself to her feet, and continued another distance before

collapsing again. Once again she picked herself up only to collapse. This time she only managed to get to her knees. Dazed, exhausted, the sun beating down upon her, she crawled up the next sand dune, then slid moaning down the other side.

She lay there, dazed, barely conscious.

There was a sound nearby, but she did not hear it, or at least, did not understand nor care of it. A man walked up to her and gazed down, bent over her briefly, then muttered to himself. He straightened, and Dale grunted as her long hair was wrapped around his fist. Then she gasped, though little pain penetrated her numbed mind, as the man began to move, dragging her limp body after him by the hair.

They went up another sand dune and down the other side, then over another before coming to wear a straggly little burrow waited. Her body was lifted up across the back of the burrow, and the man led it off down a narrow trail.

There was a low cliff nearby, and an ancient cave home was carved into the side. The man, easily old enough to be her grandfather, his skin dark with long exposure to the sun, dragged her off the burrow and into the cooler, shadowed interior. He sat cross-legged before her, bathing her lips and head in rags soaked in cool water, and chanting in an ancient tongue.

He mixed herbs and powders and water, then spread a salve over her sunburned skin.

For several days he nursed her back to health. Dale was delirious at first, dazed, not knowing where she was, or even who she was. But the feel of his soft hand sliding over her slippery naked body brought back instinctive memories. Her restless hands seized his wrist, pulling his hand in harder between her legs. His fingers rubbed her there, and she moaned in pleasure.

Soon his fingers began tracing the line of her sex each time he applied the salve, teasing her, stroking lightly over her clitoris, dipping inside, caressing, making her moan and twist and thrash in her dazed state. With the flick of a thumb he would then drive her over the edge, and her body would buck, her back arch to the pleasure of a powerful orgasm.

She passed from barely conscious delirium into soft, exhausted wakefulness with him atop her, thrusting gently into her pussy, his hips grinding against her splayed thighs and buttocks. Her eyes closed and she sighed contentedly, for it seemed right somehow to have a man atop her, thrusting into her.

Crystal and Lori writhed against each other on the stage, the upright bar rising between their breasts as their tongues slid lewdly into each other's mouths. They ground their pussies against the bar, their hands caressing each other as they rolled their hips and bottoms in time to the music.

All around the stage the men hooted and shouted and leered and laughed as they pulled apart, danced energetically, then moved together again. This time there was no bar between them, and their breasts pillowed together. They sank to their knees, scissored their legs, and brought their pussies together, then began to grind, gasping and moaning enthusiastically - or at least,

with the sound of enthusiasm.

A double headed dildo materialized in Loris' hand, and she drew back, then drove it deep into Crystal's pussy. She positioned herself against her and slid the other end up her own pussy, then the two resumed their energetic grinding motion as the crowd shouted obscene encouragement.

They turned and twisted. Now they were on all fours, thrusting their bottoms back against each other, grunting as their pussies took the twenty inch dildo deep into their bellies. Their buttocks slapped again and again as they panted and moaned in simulated passion, and then, as if they had both climaxed, they sagged to their bellies groaning.

They left the stage and were guided around back, then out into the front of the bar. They separated and Lori fought to keep the rage out of her eyes and off her face as she entered the first room. The man looked like a classic tourist, with loud pastel top and ugly shorts, his hands sweaty as he began to paw at her soft flesh. Soon, however, she was riding up and down on his cock, fuming, furious, filled with anger as she smiled and moaned and milked his cock with her pussy.

There was no escape. They had tried a couple of weeks earlier, and made it as far as the airport before Lombardi's thugs had taken them. Then they'd been hung from their wrists, belly to belly, breast to breast, and whipped until unconscious. His men had raped them mercilessly afterwards, and it had taken days before the bruises and welts had begun to fade.

Now they were kept locked in a small room in the basement. They were available to Lombardi at any time, or his thugs. And if either one failed to show the proper degree of enthusiasm for having filthy, sweaty male cocks thrust into them at any time then Lombardi had promised to separate them from each other and keep them in separate rooms.

How long, she wondered, as the man spat his seed up into her belly, before they had worked off Crystal's debt, and whatever other debt Lombardi decided had accrued?

She slid off the man and watched his limp cock slip out of her pussy, then turned and left the room. There were more men she needed to satisfy. She had a high quota, and stiff punishment if she failed.

Like a private performance for Lombardi.

Her and Crystal, his sluts, naked, kneeling, taking turns sucking his cock and balls, moaning and purring like horny breeder sluts, then riding him, gasping and panting joyfully - because if they didn't seem joyful at taking his greasy cock up into their pussies there would be a beating.

They were his bitches, his whores, his slaves, and there was no escape.

The old Indian man did not seem to speak English. And he was ancient! Her grandfather was sixty five and this old man looked old enough to be his grandfather!

He wore little more than a loin clothe, and slept on straw and grass. There were no clothes to be had, that she could find, and she remained nude. He smiled at her, a lot. He was always smiling at her, a small, faint, amused sort of smile. He spoke in a low, mumbling voice, words she did not understand. Nothing she said to him seemed to make any impression.

There was a tiny well in the back, and he used it to water a small garden. He had a small goat, a dog, and the burro. They were, so far as she knew, in the absolute middle of nowhere, and going out into the sun, even for a few seconds, made her flinch, and filled her with anxiety.

She tried to make him understand that she wanted to leave, or more properly, that she wanted him to go and fetch help, but if he understood, it didn't show on his face. He seemed to be very hard of hearing, and squinted at her as though he didn't see very well.

But there was nothing wrong with his hands, or his strength, or - his cock.

She was exasperated, and at the same time bored. And no matter how many times she slapped away his hands they returned eventually. Sleeping was impossible without waking to his hands gliding across her body, to the dampness between her legs, shortness of breath, and a deep, irresistible need. The man seemed to have an extraordinary talent with his fingers, and Dale found herself utterly unable to resist him if he had but a few seconds to work them against her body.

Every evening was spent across his lap, bent back, writhing, gasping, moaning as his fingers tormented her. She begged for release, again and again, but he had a talent for keeping her writhing on the edge for hours on end. And when he pushed her over it was like plummeting from a great height.

And she screamed all the way down, screamed herself hoarse.

And once he got his stiff cock into her it was even worse. He would ride her like a bitch in heat, ride her until she was a sweating, wild eyed animal moaning and crying out and clawing at the dirty floor, his cock pounding into her as he rode her through climax after climax.

"Sun," she said, pointing up at the sky. "Earth," she said, pointing at the ground.

"Sun," he said, smiling. "Earth."

If she could teach him English, then perhaps they could communicate, perhaps then he would show her how to leave the desert, to get back to Las Vegas.

"Sand," she said, letting some trickle through her fingers.

"Sand," he said, sliding a hand between her legs, dirty fingers stroking lightly at her slit.

"Stop that!" she said. "Wall. Roof."

"Wall. Roof," he repeated, the soft pads of his fingertips catching her nipple between them, stroking and rolling. A hot jolt of passion rolled up her spine, but she fought it off, pushing his

hands away.

“G-Girl,” she panted, pointing at herself.

“Girl,” he said with a leer, amazingly quick hands sliding past her own to brush at her clit.

“God!”

“Good,” he said, chortling.

“You have to listen,” she moaned as he pulled her against him.

But his fingers were firmly between her legs and she was beginning to helplessly roll her hips and buck against them as once again he roused a sexual fever within her.

“Oh! Ohh!” she moaned, his fingers driving impossibly deep into her pussy.

The lesson faded as she began to writhe in his hands and arms.

She was a prisoner of the sun, and becoming helplessly, hopelessly addicted to the old man’s cock.

And there was no escape.

END