

RAPE TOY by Argus

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One

Maybe it was because I was such an incredible tomboy.

I was kind of old to be a tomboy, according to some, but I just sort of felt like doing boy things, well, guy things by then.

I'd always had short hair. I'd let it grow a little longer, to collar length anyway, when I'd hit puberty, but it was still shorter than most girls who weren't lesbians wore theirs.

Some people hinted that maybe I was a lesbian, because I was so into sports and stuff, and acted like a guy, but I didn't think I was. I mean, I just wasn't into sex, really. The thought of having sex with a girl didn't turn me on, and neither did the thought of doing it with a guy.

The thought of either was excruciatingly embarrassing, to be honest. Because I'd tried for so many years to make myself one of the guys it embarrassed me for anyone to point out how different I now was from them. So being naked in front of one would be unthinkable.

As for the girls, well, while I loathed them in some ways I also felt kind of inferior to them. I mean, they knew their part in life and they did it right. They were girls, they looked like girls, they acted like girls were supposed to, they knew about makeup and fashion and stuff. And I didn't.

See, I'd always thought of girls as silly. They did silly things, and were such crybabies. I didn't want to be like that. I liked being tough. Like a boy, you know?

Girls were soft and weak, and played with dolls and whined all the time if you just hit them a little. Then, even when they got older they acted dumb, exchanging dolls for makeup and clothes and boys.

I hated the way girls acted around guys. I mean, it made me embarrassed to be a girl to see these simpering idiotic girls fluttering their false eyelashes and giggling stupidly around the guys I hung around with.

There was no way I would act like that, even if I knew how, which I didn't.

I admit that, well I was getting these thoughts, not about sex, really but about, well, clothes and... making myself look pretty, even sexy. But I kept shoving them away.

As time passed, though, it got harder, especially since the guys kept pointing out just how girlish I was, at least physically. I had a sweet, round face with full, soft lips, a lithe, athletic, but quite female body, with high-riding, round, extremely firm breasts, and a great pair of legs.

I knew this because...well, the guys pointed it out and...well, I looked at myself... sometimes... in the mirror at home. I'd look at my girl's body, cup and lift my breasts a little, partly proud, partly embarrassed by them, and I'd realize there

was no way I could pass as a boy any more.

But I kept acting like one... mostly.

I played lots of sports, including pickup games of basketball, soccer and even football with the guys, hung around with them at the corner store, and at local hangouts, including their houses, and sniffed contemptuously at frilly girl things.

It was in one of those houses that I discovered the... the infatuation I had with... with well, what some call bondage, though it was more than that.

I was there with Mark Spencer, Paul Connors, and Jason Lorne.

It was a finished basement. Jason lived there. He had a stereo, TV, etc, the usually stuff of a suburban teenager. Not much furniture, though, like no sofa or anything. So we mostly sat on his bed while we were bullshitting or watching TV or whatever. We'd been doing it since junior high, but now that we were seniors we figured we were all very cool, and would drink whatever beer we could get, and smoke a few tokes while we enjoyed our last year together before college, jobs, or whatever.

Jason had gotten out his father's camcorder, and we were making dumb faces for it. Paul, who'd had a few beers, turned and bent over and smacked his ass for Jason while me and the others laughed.

Then Mark bent over and pulled his pants down and mooned the camera briefly.

Jason turned the camera on me then.

"Let's see your ass, Jessie," he said.

"Fuck you," I said.

"Nah, we wanna see your ass," Mark laughed.

"I'd rather see her tits," Paul said.

I punched him and he yelped, and we wrestled.

He got me bent over and slapped my ass, but I wriggled away, then grabbed his balls. He yelped and twisted around behind me, then got his arms under mine and yanked them up and back, linking his fingers behind my head and pinning me in a half-nelson.

He made me say "give", and then let me go.

That was all there was too it, really, except that Jason then put the tape in his VCR and played it. We laughed at things we'd done. But then it came to where Paul had been wrestling me, and when it showed me bent over, and him holding me, and the camera zoomed in on my ass, the others hooted and laughed, but I felt a little... tingly - down there.

And then when it showed him pinning me like he did, with my chest thrust out so hard and my head back, I thought to myself that I looked incredibly sexy and erotic like that. My breasts had really pushed out hard against the T-shirt I wore, and there was sure no mistaking me for a guy.

I wasn't sure why it looked so erotic. I knew they guys thought my boobs looked great like that. I remembered how helpless I'd felt at the time, but I hadn't put that together with anything really sexual until seeing myself on the TV.

I loved to read adventure stories. And in them the girl was always the helpless victim, tied up and held captive by the evil criminal. There hadn't been any sexual abuse in those stories but it was always in the air when the female victim was tied up.

And now, well the thought of being bound helpless, my breasts sticking out, for some reason that kind of... turned me on.

I didn't really understand those feelings. But I did get into more wrestling matches with the guys after that. I had been avoiding wrestling matches for a couple of years because the guys were now stronger than me, and because sometimes they'd take the opportunity to cop a feel.

But now I wanted them to do that, though maybe I didn't quite know it, or at least, didn't quite admit it to myself.

But I couldn't deny the incredible heat I felt when one or another of the guys would pin me to the ground and sit atop me, his knees or hands on my wrists holding them down above me.

And sometimes when we wrestled I could feel their hard-on pressing against me, and I knew what they wanted to do to me. And that made me hot too. Not that the thought of them fucking me, but the thought that they wanted to hold me down and force themselves into me.

I knew they did. I knew they got hot thinking about raping me.

I didn't want to be raped, not... not really raped. But the thought of one or another of the guys doing it to me like that was starting to become... well..I was starting to fantasise about it.

As the guys found they could get away with it they were copping more feels too, and finding excuses to wrestle me to the ground. While we rolled and struggled I would often feel a hand groping my breasts before I could shove it off, or a hand on my ass, or even squeezing my pussy.

Then one time while me and Kevin McCann, Jason, and Paul were at Kevin's house one of those dumb Baywatch shows came on TV and the guys were all ogling the half naked girls.

The conversation came up about which of them had had a boob job, and how you could or couldn't tell. Kevin said you could tell by feel, while Paul said you could tell just by looking at them. Then Jason said that I probably had a boob job.

The other two laughed and I gave him the finger. Then Kevin suggested that really all I had was padding. All three of them knew that wasn't true, but the others went along with it, saying I just had a padded bra and a lot of tissue paper, and that maybe I was really a guy pretending to be a girl instead of a girl pretending to be a guy.

"Fuck off," I said. "Blondes stuff their bras. I'm not a blonde."

I had glistening chestnut hair that had a little bit of red in it.

"Brunettes do too," Jason grinned.

"Like I would bother," I sniffed. "If I had any interest in that kind of thing I'd be down at the mall buying makeup."

"I think you're a guy. That's why you don't wear makeup or dresses," Kevin grinned.

"Hey, fuck you guys. I guess that's why you're always trying to cop a cheap feel off me, huh?"

"Well, we thought you were a girl, Jessie. Maybe we been wrong all this time," Paul said, puffing on a Marlboro.

"Yeah, prove you're a girl. Show us your tits," Kevin said.

"Kiss my ass."

"Sure. Show it to us."

I was wearing a pair of shorts that day, and a thin tank top that exposed several inches of my trim belly. It was fairly tight across my chest. Underneath it I wore, instead of a bra, a halter, one of those Jockey things that matched their panties, which I also was wearing.

Anyway, I was on the sofa, and all of a sudden Kevin grabbed at me, saying he wanted to see if I was a girl. I grabbed his wrists and pushed him off, but then Paul moved behind the sofa and reached down and grabbed my wrists, pulling them up and back over the top of the sofa.

"Let me go, you fuckers!" I cursed, pretending anger when what I really felt was heat and excitement.

I was bent back, my chest sticking out firmly against the tank top. I tried to kick out at the others but they pinned my legs, grinning, joking, and leering. Then Kevin, to my surprise, because I wasn't expecting him to really do anything but maybe grope me, lifted up my tank top, shoving it over my halter.

"Let me go! Stop it!" I demanded, face flushed, insides starting to thrum with an excitement I couldn't ever remember feeling.

Instead Kevin, grinning, maybe leering, gripped the elastic at the bottom of the halter and yanked the halter up over my breasts.

Suddenly they were exposed. I gasped in shock, humiliated by my exposure to them. The guys were silent. I think shocked as well, staring at my firm, taut breasts. I don't think they'd expected Kevin to do that either, and weren't sure how to react - except to stare.

I struggled and squirmed, but they held me almost absently as they looked at my tits. My face was beet-red, but the heat I felt in my groin was far worse. My body thrummed with a strange, languid lust that was affecting my thinking processes.

Even as I struggled to pull free, even as I felt desperately embarrassed at my exposure, I wanted them to do more. I wanted them to touch me. I almost ached for it. I knew I must look really erotic, and actually arched my back more than necessary, almost thrusting my breasts out at them.

I kept straining at their grip, gasping and groaning with the effort I was putting into it. And I was putting effort into it. I wasn't just pretending to be struggling. I really was. That was important to me somehow, though why I didn't know.

"Well, sure looks real to me," Kevin said, licking his lips.

"You can't tell without touching them," Jason said, his voice a bit shaky.

Then Jason put his hand on my left breast, on the underside, stroking it, then squeezing as it moved upwards. Kevin's hand moved onto my other breast, and both squeezed repeatedly as I struggled against Paul's grip.

"Look at how hard her nipples are," Paul said. "The little cocktease wants it."

I felt even more embarrassment. I knew he was right. I could feel how hard my nipples were, and knew how thick and fat they got when cold, or, recently, when aroused.

Jason pinched my nipple, and I yelped, feeling a hot, burning slash of fiery heat across my mind.

"Ow!"

"Maybe she's hot for us," Jason said.

"Yeah, I bet she wants it," Kevin growled.

He held my aching little nipple between thumb and forefinger and rolled it between them, squeezing and stroking and plucking at it.

"If a girl's really hot you can feel it between her legs," Paul said. "They get all hot and wet."

I struggled even harder, because I was sure I was hot and moist down there, and the idea of them feeling it and knowing... knowing what a slut I was... was too humiliating to stand.

"Let go of me you fucking faggot bastards!" I screamed.

Paul laughed. "Whatever we are we aren't fags, Jessica."

Jason and Kevin looked at each other, then at me, both of them anxious, uncertain, excited. Jason reached for my shorts and unclipped the catch in front, and Kevin tugged the zipper down, then both pulled at my shorts, pulling them down and exposing the black cotton jockey string bikini panties.

Jason cursed softly, and I heard Paul sigh as they stared.

Then Jason got his fingers in the elastic waistband and tugged them down to expose my groin. I gasped in shock, humiliation coloring my face as all three stared at my tight pussy cleft and the small thatch of neatly trimmed hair.

Then Kevin slid his hand between my thighs and cupped my pubic mound. He squeezed, and my body felt a flare of heat. It was like he was squeezing the juices up from my pussy into my body, like they were washing through my nervous system.

His fingers rubbed against my cleft, and pushed inside, and I gasped, almost sobbing in embarrassment.

"She's all wet," he said, holding up his glistening fingers.

"She wants it," Paul growled.

"I don't," I gasped.

"Cock tease."

I was almost dazed with the contrary feelings surging through my mind. I

was so embarrassed I wanted to fall through the floor and never see them again. But I was also so hot that every touch made me clench my jaw against the crackling sexual heat.

"Let's do her," Jason said.

"Not unless she says so," Kevin said.

I felt a wave of relief at Kevin's words, but at the same time I wished I could kill him.

"She wants it," Paul said.

"Let her say it then," he replied.

He squeezed my pussy and I shuddered.

"Tell us you want it, Jessica," he said. "Tell us to fuck you."

"No!" I gasped.

"Little cock-tease," Paul repeated.

I felt Kevin's fingers at my tight slit, slowly wriggling inside. I moaned and writhed, but they held me tightly as his finger pushed into my pussy hole. It hurt. I was so tight, and so virginal that my pussy clamped down around his finger and he could barely move it. They tugged my shorts and panties off completely, and their strong arms forced my legs far apart, spreading me open.

Jason's fingers were at the top of my slit, rubbing at it there in a way that was sending sparks through my body. I had avoided touching myself, avoided playing with myself, not wanting to be female, wanting to be a guy, to be the tough tomboy. I had overlooked sex, pushed it away for years, so the sensation now, as his finger rubbed wetly back and forth across my swollen button was - shocking.

Meanwhile Paul had now pinned both my wrists together behind the sofa and was reaching down to squeeze and fondle my taut, swollen, hot breasts.

"Tell us to fuck you," Kevin said.

"No!" I gasped. "I don't... don't... want... you to!"

"You little bitch. You're acting like a cock tease just to turn us on. That's why you're always wrestling with us," Paul said, squeezing my breasts hard enough to make me gasp in pain.

"No!" I gasped. "Ooh!"

"She's a virgin," Kevin said, his finger reaching my cherry.

"Figures. Probably a dyke," Paul said.

"If the little girl won't fuck us there's nothing we can do," Kevin said.

"Fuck her. She wants it!"

"If she wants to act like a little girl we can't change that," Kevin said. "We'll treat her like a little girl - a bad little girl."

He looked at Jason, and made a motion I barely caught, then Paul dragged my wrists sideways along the back of the sofa, then over the arm of it, while the other guys grabbed my legs and yanked them up and in.

I found myself laying on my belly on the sofa, but only briefly, because Paul dragged my arms, then my head and shoulders and chest over the arm until I was upside down, draped over it, with my bare bottom sticking up.

I tried to wriggle away but my legs were pinned, and Paul still held my wrists as he moved to kneel beside my head. Someone's hand was between my legs, rubbing back and forth over my moist sex, and it was all I could do not to buck back against it as my pussy burned with need.

"This is what we do to bad little girls who play games," Kevin said.

A moment later I felt his hand crack against my bare bottom. I felt a moment of shock, and an instant's impact, then a sharp, burning rip of pain that made me cry out despite myself. A moment later there was another sharp crack, and another, and another as the guys spanked me.

I sobbed now, unable to suppress it, gasping and crying out in pain as the guys took turns slapping my aching ass. They weren't going easy on me either, but slapping really hard. And since only one could spank at a time there was another hand between my quivering thighs, squeezing and fingering my moist pussy.

Fire was running along my veins and my body was engulfed in a whirling hurricane of sexual pleasure as the heat inside me built to a towering height, then exploded. It was my first ever orgasm, and I didn't even know what it was as it wracked my body from end to end.

I gasped and groaned as my insides quivered and spasmed. My pussy flared white-hot in someone's fingers, and my mind was blasted by the fiery lust and madness of a powerful orgasmic eruption.

The guys might not have known for sure if I was coming, but my gurgling moans couldn't be mistaken for much besides pleasure as they spanked my ass and fingered my sex.

"Tell us to fuck you," Kevin demanded.

"Yeah, tell us you want it, slut," Paul demanded, reaching under me and squeezing one of my breasts hard.

"Fuck it! Let's do her!" Jason cried.

"Not unless she says."

"She's getting off on this!"

"Yeah, I think so too."

A finger pushed into my hot pussy and pumped in and out, jabbing against my hymen as I gasped and panted for breath. The orgasm seeped out of me, but didn't take away the burning sexual heat that gripped my body.

"Spread her legs wide."

Rough hands spread my legs further apart, and fingers moved with more care across my slit, centering on the hard little spark of dark heat at the top of my slit. They rubbed carefully, sending waves of pleasure up my spine, while their hands spanked down across my fiery red bottom.

"Tell us you want it, slut," Kevin ordered. "Tell us you want our cocks in you."

"Uhhhhhgh," I groaned. "N...nnnooooo."

"Say it, Jessie," Paul growled, squeezing my breast hard and twisting it painfully.

I gasped in pain, my body straining and shaking as he cruelly twisted my breast from side to side, but the heat only rose higher inside me. I wanted them to fuck me. I yearned for it, but I couldn't say it.

"She wants it," Jason said.

"Bring her into the other room," Kevin said.

They pulled me up to my feet, jerking my top and halter up over my shoulders so I was entirely naked, then dragged me, struggling all the way, out of the finished basement, the rec room, and into the unfinished part, with its pipes and stone floors, the washing machine and dryer and furnace, and a small work table near the sink. I was too weak to struggle much, and my body was burning with lust.

"On the table," Kevin said.

They draped me on my back lengthwise along the narrow table. Paul held my wrists, while Jason held my ankles. The table was only big enough to hold my torso, so my head and shoulders basically fell off one end and my legs fell over the other. Kevin went to the cupboards and came out with some cord. He tied it around my right wrist, then pulled it wide and tied the cord to the leg of the table on that corner.

He did the same for my other wrist, forcing my arms down sharply so that my back arched atop the table. My head hung fully over the side and all I could do was pant and moan and blink my eyes as the blood began to rush to my head. I felt my legs spread apart, my bottom squirming on the edge of the table, and then my ankles were wrapped in cord and pulled down off either side of the table, down sharply and tied to the lower legs.

I sobbed in heat and excitement, but also a deep, gut churning embarrassment and anxiety for what was going to happen, for what they would tell others, for whether I could hide just how hot and slutty I was feeling just then. I could feel all their eyes racing over my body, hear them growling with lust. And then their hands moved over my body, all six of them, stroking and squeezing and fondling and groping me everywhere. I felt an incredible, amazing surge of lust inside me, so that I was practically coming as my ankles were bound apart.

I strained at the cord, wincing as it dug into my flesh, arching my back provocatively as they pinched my nipples and fingered my slit.

"Tell us you want it, Jessie," Kevin demanded.

"Fuck you," I gasped.

"No. Fuck you," Jason said.

"Yeah, all of us will," Paul growled.

My ass slapped and ground down against the wood as I strained repeatedly at the cords, gasping in heat. Kevin brought over something from the freezer in the corner and then lifted it up and placed it against my armpit. It was a chunk of ice.

I gasped and strained anew, but couldn't do anything about it. He laughed as I squealed and pulled at the cords, running the ice cube up and down my ribs. Jason and Paul grabbed some ice too. Jason rolled his over my breasts and across

my belly, while Paul rubbed his up and down my thighs and pussy slit.

"Stooooop! OoohH!" cried.

"Tell us to fuck you," Paul demanded.

He slowly forced the ice down against my tight pussy lips and against the entrance to my virgin pussy hole. I whined and strained but couldn't defend my vulnerable sex hole as the ice slid into me.

"Stooo! Take it out! Take it oooout!"

"Say it!"

"Yes!"

"Yes what?"

"You... you can... you can... fuck me," I moaned.

"All right," Paul growled.

"Beg for it," Kevin demanded.

"Please," I gasped, boiling with lust and burning with humiliation.

"Beg for it."

"Please! Please fuck me!" I gasped. "Please fuck me! Please!"

"Man!" Jason grunted.

"This is some kinda slut," Paul said.

"And still a virgin," Kevin replied.

He leaned over my face and his hand slid behind my head. His fingers snagged my hair and forced my head up and forward, then he kissed me full on the lips, his tongue shooting into mine. It was my first really sexual kiss, and it startled me for a moment, then I replied instinctively, pushing my tongue against his.

He pulled back.

"Beg us to fuck you, all of us."

"Please fuck me!" I moaned. "Please fuck me!"

"Who? Who do you want to fuck you?"

"Youuuuu!"

"Who?"

"All of you!" I sobbed. "Fuck me! G-Go ahead! Put it in me! Fuck me!"

"Who goes first?" Paul said, licking his lips.

"Since I can pound the shit out of you two I go first," Kevin said.

Nobody seemed to have a better answer than that as Kevin climbed onto the table and knelt between my spread thighs.

He undid his pants and jerked them down, and I felt his erection leap up in hot, eagerness and press against my buttock.

"Like it, baby. This is the cock that's gonna take your cherry," Kevin said from above.

I gasped as Jason gripped my head, lifting it up and forward so I could see. His hand was on my breast at the same time, while Paul pinched and twisted my nipple on the other side.

He pulled his shirt up and tossed it off, then leaned forward atop me, his bare chest rubbing against my full breasts, squeezing them down as his hand took over

from Jason's in my hair and his mouth sought mine again. He kissed me roughly, his tongue shooting into me as his cock prodded at my sex.

"Give it to her, man," Paul said.

"Yeah. We want our turns," Jason growled.

"Plenty of pussy to go around," Kevin replied, easing back onto his knees.

He took his cock in his hand and rubbed the head up and down my drooling, dripping pussy opening, then began to apply pressure, slowly sinking the thing through my tight, taut pussy lips and into my sex hole.

He leaned forward over me, then thrust hard. I cried out in pain as his cockhead smashed into, and through my cherry, then I felt it sink deep into my belly, and knew I was no longer a virgin.

And no longer a tomboy.

Two

Even as I was coping with the pain, and the amazing sensation of his cock sliding right up through my belly, the orgasm hit. It blasted through me like a firestorm, and I arched and strained and thrashed in ecstatic madness as it shook me to the core of my being.

My pussy spasmed and sucked and squeezed on Kevin's prick so hard he gasped as well, thrusting in deeply, burying his tool in my boiling furnace of a cunt as my head fell back over the side and I gargled in animalistic passion.

"That's it. Come, baby," he gasped. "Come, you slut."

He thrust into me with short, sharp, savage motions as I grunted and sobbed in heavenly delight. Then he dropped his body atop me and began to fuck, grinding and thrusting, his hips rising and falling as he pumped his cock inside me.

My orgasm slowly seeped away, leaving me utterly drained at first, and I just lay there groaning as Kevin stroked inside me, squeezed my breasts and running his tongue over my face and throat.

He came inside me, and I knew a new delight and shock as his semen bubbled down into my pussy. Then he groaned and pulled himself off me.

As I lay there, bound spreadeagled and helpless, and Paul moved in to take Kevin's place, I knew a new burst of heat and lust, along with a deep, piercing sensation of helplessness and eroticism. I pulled at the cords, straining, arching my back as Paul eagerly pressed his cock against my pussy opening.

Then he thrust in, and I groaned in both pain and pleasure as I was filled again. He dropped atop me and began to fuck, harder than Kevin, faster. He stopped often, grinding his pelvis against me as he twisted his cock inside me.

He fucked hard, though. This was not making love any more than Kevin's

had been. He was fucking me. I was being fucked. Fucked.

I was tied up, bound helpless, legs spread, and being fucked, being raped.

I grunted in time to his deep, hard strokes, gasping in pain each time his hips smashed down against my thighs, grunting in delight as someone's finger rasped across my clitoris.

My head was swimming, and I was becoming dazed from hanging over the edge of the table. My vision blurred and I shuddered and twisted as the waves of sensations rippled through my body. I cried out as I came again, my ass jerking up and down, slapping frantically against the table top as my head thrashed and I gurgled in wondrous pleasure.

Nothing had ever felt so good as this, so fantastic, so wonderful. It rippled up and down my spine, raced along my nervous system, overloading me with blissful sensations of passion, lust and pleasure.

Paul rode me hard and fast, then got off and was replaced by Jason. Jason fucked me just as hard, yanking my head up by the hair and crushing his lips against mine as he shoved his tongue into my mouth.

Suddenly the thought entered my head; I was being gang banged.

It was like gasoline thrown onto a fire, and my lust flared up anew as I felt my pussy squeezing around his plunging cock. I gasped and grunted and groaned, straining against the cords as I felt another climax ripping up through my body.

My head thrashed and convulsions wracked my body. Jason cried out as he came inside me, spewing his seed into my heaving, spasming belly. Almost at once he was shoved aside as Kevin took his place for a second fuck. His cock rammed into me and he began another long hard fucking.

"Oh God!" I sobbed. "Oh Jesus! OH God! OohH! OhhH! Unnghh!"

"What a hot little bitch," Paul said, his voice coming from a great distance.

"We oughto invite the football team over to fuck her."

Again heat flared inside me. Another orgasm flashed through me as Kevin pounded his hips against me and his cock sawed back and forth through my pussy lips.

I could feel every inch of his cock as it pistoned up and down my tight sex tunnel. I could feel the flesh rasping against my flesh, could feel the head ploughing its way through the soft, moist folds of flesh each time it drove inward, could feel the shaft stroking so quickly through my tight pussy lips and upwards towards the burning ember of my clit.

"I never seen a girl get off so much," Jason said.

I came again, exhausted, but driven relentlessly by the sexual energy ripping through me. I humped up at him, gasping and panting for breath, my body so overheated I wondered I wasn't steaming. I wasn't thinking clearly any more. I was lost to the sex heat, to the wild, steaming image of myself as a bound victim being gang banged, being - gang raped.

His cock plunged deep into my belly with each stroke, moving with a harsh slurping sound as it pumped in my now sopping wet sex hole. I felt its impact

against my silken flesh, felt it forcing me open, forcing the flesh aside, ramming into me, up into me...

His come spewed into me, and I shivered with bliss as I imagined his cream spurting way inside my belly. My legs trembled and jerked against the cords holding my ankles, and I arched my back, groaning in aching pleasure as he got off and Paul took his place.

Paul thrust into me and began to buck hard, using his cock as a battering ram. He pulled out slowly, until only his head remained, than rammed in as hard as he could. He did it again and again, pummelling me with his flesh, spearing me with his meaty sword.

It hurt, but there was a fierce, hungry lust with that hurt, a terrible heat that gripped me from head to toes. I could only jerk and grunt in rhythm to his stabbing strokes until he resumed the same hard, fast humping as I was more used to.

I was almost vibrating with sensual heat, yet it was as if I were too weak to come again. As his cock stabbed into me repeatedly, and his chest ground over my breasts, I could only lay there and tremble.

He got off, and Jason took his second ride, fucking wildly and enthusiastically as he gripped my head and crushed his lips to mine. I gurgled into his mouth, shuddering as another orgasm began to ripple over me despite my weakness.

It wasn't as powerful as the others, but gripped me as deeply, making me shudder and tremble.

After Jason had come inside me they stood around looking at me for a few seconds. I lay there limply, my chest rising and falling. They squeezed my breasts a little, then Kevin cut me loose from the cords which had made red bruises on my wrists and ankles.

Paul and Jason seemed a little uncomfortable, like they were afraid I'd be made or at least upset. Kevin was more thoughtful, looking at me oddly, with a sort of smirk.

They left me, though, going back into the other room, telling me to come when I felt like it. I relaxed, moving my body slowly, groaning at the bruises and sore sports. My wrists felt burned, my ankles a little less so.

My breasts felt a little sore and bruised, and my thighs much more. My pussy was hot, sore, and also very wet, with both my juices and the juices of six cocks that had pumped their loads into me.

I tried to picture how much liquid that was, but since I'd never seen a cock come I wasn't very successful. Maybe if I'd given blow jobs and hand jobs like other girls my age I'd have had a better idea, but since I hadn't, I was wondering whether it would all leak out of me like an overturned glass as soon as I stood up.

I felt sore all over as I slowly sat up. The orgasms had made my body shake and tremble so that almost every muscle had been straining and spasming. I guess I'd used muscles I'd never had before.

I sat on the table with my feet flat, my knees up, and my legs apart. My

pussy lips felt swollen and sensitive, and when I eased a finger against them white liquid oozed out of me.

I slowly swung my legs over the side of the table and stood up. I swayed a little, holding the table, then shuffled to the sink and turned on the water. I found some paper towels and wetted them, then tried to clean up my thighs and pussy a little.

I bent over the sink and gulped in some cold water, then straightened and turned towards the living room. I felt embarrassed again. The sexual heat had left me, and I was kind of...humiliated by what I'd said and done.

The thought of walking into the living room and seeing those three was bad enough, but doing it naked was far, far worse. I didn't see any alternative, however. There was nothing in there to wear and nowhere to go.

Even if I found something to cover myself with and went in to snatch my clothes it would seem ridiculous. After all, there was hardly a square inch of my body they didn't know as intimately as I did, or maybe more intimately.

I braced myself, though, and walked out, moving quickly, trying to be casual. They all looked at me, but none said anything. I knew I was blushing, and that just made me blush more. I tried to not look at them as I grabbed my panties and tugged them on, then pulled on my halter.

"Hey, Jessie, Kevin says you're one of those girls that likes to be tied up. Are you?" Paul asked.

I didn't answer him, except to blush a little more. I yanked up my shorts, then pulled my tank top up over my head.

"She is," Kevin said. "She liked that spanking too."

"Yeah, she likes getting spanked and tied up," Jason grinned. "She's real kinky."

"At least we know she's not a dyke now," Kevin said.

"Going home? Why don't you stick around and watch the game?"

"I gotta go," I mumbled, moving, head down, towards the door.

I stuffed my bare feet into my tennis shoes at the door, then hurried outside, incredibly thankful when I was out of their sight.

I walked home slowly, which was unusual for me. I normally walked very quickly everywhere. I tried to think about what I'd done, and why, but couldn't understand it. Whenever I pictured it in my mind I felt a wave of humiliation, but right behind it came one of excitement and heat.

I had been a virgin. Now I'd been fucked six times. I'd been gang banged, stripped, spanked, tied up, and then gang-banged.

And I'd loved it. I'd... I knew what orgasms were even though I hadn't come until today. I knew that that was what had happened, that the incredible pleasure that had lashed my nervous system had been orgasms.

Why had I loved it? I knew that that kind of thing wasn't considered normal. I mean, most girls only screwed guys when they knew them really well, and cared for them. Well, I knew the guys pretty well, but I didn't care for them in that way.

Yet I'd fucked them, or, at least, they'd fucked me, all at the same time too, without any dates or anything. Not only that I'd begged them to fuck me. I could pretend that they'd made me, but I know that wasn't the truth. I had really, really wanted them to stick their cocks in me.

Even before they bent me over on the sofa I'd wanted it.

I just didn't understand why.

Was I that much of a whore? Any girl who wanted to be gang-banged was surely a whore. Any girl that let three guys fuck her at the same time was a slut.

I thought of what people would say and groaned, my face burning with shame. A story like this would get out. The guys would be delighted to tell everyone. My name would be mud. All those girls who liked to pretend they were better than me because of their boyfriends and makeup would rub their hands in glee when they heard of what a whore I'd been.

How could I ever live with such humiliation? I couldn't. Plain and simple. I couldn't bear being the butt of everyone's jokes and taunts. I had too much pride, too much dignity.

And that brought me back to why I had done what I'd done. What had happened to my pride and dignity?

I had felt the embarrassment and humiliation when they'd done things to me, stripped me, spanked me, but somehow, it had seemed almost natural, almost a part of the sexuality of what was happening. It was... different.

The humiliation had almost added to the eroticism of it all, made me feel more...I don't know...cheap, but at the same time, free.

But the thought of everyone else knowing and taunting me, calling me whore and slut, that was too much to bear. If I hadn't been almost home, and hadn't been too embarrassed to face them all again I think I would have rushed back and begged them not to say anything.

I doubted that would work, but I was desperate. The more I thought about others hearing of my lewd deflowering, the more horrible it seemed.

I ran up the front stairs and yanked the door open, then rushed through the hall and upstairs without saying a word to anyone, closing my door behind me and locking it, then throwing myself at the phone.

I called Kevin, my face already turning red before he answered.

"Hello?"

I squirmed inwardly, not wanting to talk to him.

"Uh, it's me," I gulped.

"Hi."

"Kevin..."

"Yeah?"

"I... you... you guys aren't... I mean... you guys won't... tell anyone... about..."

"About how we fucked your brains out?"

My face blushed hotly as he laughed, and I glared at the phone.

"If you do I'll deny it," I said.

"Three to one. They'll believe us."

"No they won't!"

"Well, the girls will when I tell them your pussy hair is lighter than the hair on your head, and that your nipples are small and very pink. You take showers with them all the time, after all."

"One of them... could have... told you that," I said awkwardly.

"Look, you want us to stay quiet. Why should we? This is a great story."

"I... you're supposed to be my friends," I said.

"Yeah, so? That doesn't mean we can't gossip," he said.

"Don't be such a prick!"

"You weren't saying that a little while ago."

"Kevin!"

"Tell you what, you want us to keep quiet, we'll be quiet, for a price."

"Wh- what price?" I gulped, my stomach starting to clench up.

"What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"Yes you do."

"You want to fuck me again."

"Yeah, and then some."

"How... how do I know you won't tell anyway?"

"You don't. What have you got to lose, though?"

"When?"

"I don't know. I'll let you know."

"If anyone hears about it..."

"Nobody will. I'll make sure these two assholes don't talk."

"All right," I gulped.

"You're a real hot fuck, Jessica."

I didn't answer that.

"You got a nice tight pussy. I can't wait to stick my cock in it again."

"Good bye," I snapped.

He laughed and I hung up.

The door opened and my mother looked in.

"Gather up your things for the laundry, Jes," she said.

I looked up at her like a deer caught in headlights. I thought that surely one look at me and she would know what I'd been doing.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yes," I gulped.

"Are you all right?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"You're on the bed."

"I was on the phone."

"Okay."

She closed the door and I let my breath out. I guess it wasn't so obvious what a whore I now was.

At least not to her.

I gathered up my things and brought them downstairs to the basement where she was feeding clothes into the washer. I helped her sort things, feeling oddly smug, like I was putting something over on her.

I mean, there I was just like everything was normal yet half an hour ago I'd been laying spreadeagled on a table being... gang banged, with guys groping my naked tits and sticking their cocks into me.

And she didn't know.

It was like nothing had happened.

Almost.

I wondered, though, what Kevin and the others would want me to do. And what would happen after I did it. I knew they would all fuck me again, but would they keep quiet after that? Would they demand I let them fuck me again and again to keep them quiet?

I took a shower, wincing a little as I ran my hands over my sore breasts and thighs. Afterwards I looked at myself in the mirror, trying to look at myself the way they would.

I slid my hands through my hair, arching my back a little and trying to look sexy. I didn't feel sexy - exactly. I stood back, and my heels hit the bathtub, stopping me short. My fingers brushed the shower curtain rod above, and for some reason I stood up on my toes to grip it and looked at myself again.

I thought back to all those adventure stories, and imagined myself tied like this, with my wrists bound up above me to a bar or...or in chains, naked, maybe to be whipped like a...like a tortured prisoner.

I felt my insides quiver and throb with the same kind of heat I'd felt at Kevin's house, and slowly eased down onto my feet, swallowing repeatedly. My nipples were hard, throbbing. I fingered them lightly, gasping at how sensitive they were.

For a minute, while my pussy was hot and my nipples hard, I almost didn't mind that I had to let them fuck me again. In fact... I almost wished I could do it today.

Then I pulled on my clothes and went back to my room.

Three

I was on pins and needles whenever the phone rang over the next few days. I didn't go out much because I was afraid of running into one of the guys.

I was still terribly embarrassed about what happened, and filled with both

anxiety, and some excitement, a little anyway, about what they'd do with me.

When I heard Kevin's voice on the phone my heart almost stopped.

"I've got the house to myself today. Come on over."

"Why?" I gulped.

"Why not?"

"I-I'm doing something."

"You can do something here."

"I'm... really... busy, Kevin."

"You'll be busy here. Come on over. We have a deal, remember."

"All right," I groaned.

"Don't worry. You might even enjoy yourself. You sure did last time."

I went downstairs and passed my mother.

"Going out?"

"Yeah, to Kevin's" I said.

"That's good. You've been hanging around the house too much the last few days."

I wondered what she'd think if she knew where I was going, and why.

I walked slowly along the sidewalk, like I was going to my execution. Yet, even as filled with worry and anxiety as I was, there was this other part of me that was quivering with repressed excitement and lust. It wasn't as strong, at least, not yet, but it was there.

I hesitated at his door, then knocked softly, wishing he wouldn't be home, though that was silly.

The door opened and he motioned me inside, then closed it behind me.

His hand slid onto my ass and squeezed, and I leapt forward, whirling around to glare at him.

"What?" he challenged. "I'm gonna do a lot more than that, baby."

I lowered my eyes and he moved up to me, then put his hands around me. I jerked my head up and he kissed me on the lips.

At first I tried to ignore it, but he pulled back and gave me a look that said I had better do what I had said, then he kissed me again and I eased my lips open and let his tongue slide into my mouth. Meanwhile his hands slid onto my ass, squeezing and kneading my buttocks through my shorts.

I didn't feel particularly aroused or excited by his kissing or his groping, even when he slid his hand up between us and squeezed one of my breasts.

He broke free and led me into the living room, which was empty.

"Where's Paul and Jason?"

"Not here."

"Why not?"

"We don't need them."

"What do you mean? I thought... I mean, I have to..."

"Do whatever I tell you."

I flushed a little, feeling indignant.

"I know what kind of girl you are, baby."

"What kind?" I snapped.

"The hot kind. The dirty kind. The wild and kinky kind," he leered.

"Oh, please," I sniffed.

"Take off your clothes."

I blushed a little.

"Just... I mean, here?" I looked around uneasily.

"Yes here. Now. Strip. Naked. Show me your tits."

I glared at him, angry and embarrassed. I felt like walking out. Yet, I knew I couldn't, that I had to keep my end of the agreement.

I unbuttoned my shirt, glaring at him as I did.

"Stop that."

"What?"

"I want you to smile."

"What?"

"Do it. You're my slave. You know what that means? You do whatever I tell you."

"I'm not your slave," I snapped.

"Oh, yes you are. You're my slave for this afternoon, anyway. Now do what I tell you. Smile."

I gave him a phoney smile and his hand shot out and clamped against my cheeks, squeezing painfully. I grabbed at his arm but he held tight, and squeezed even harder until I let go.

"You do what you're told, baby. You got that?"

"Yes," I whimpered.

"Now smile."

I smiled and he eased off his grip.

"Now show me your tits."

I blushed, angry, confused, embarrassed, and now also a little scared of him.

I unbuttoned my shirt, tugged it out of my jeans, and tossed it on the sofa. Then I reached down and peeled my halter up and off, baring my breasts.

"Put your hands up and behind your head," he ordered.

Face flushed, I obeyed and he inspected my breasts, then reached out and fingered my nipples. They were both erect, rigidly erect, and I had a hard time not showing any reaction as he pinched and rolled them in his fingers.

"You don't behave and I'll have to spank you," he said.

I felt my cunny quiver at the words.

"Now cup them for me. Hold em' in your hands."

A little confused, I drew my hands down and cupped my breasts.

"Squeeze them."

I obeyed, wondering why.

"More. Squeeze them together, and play with the nipples."

Now I understood, and blushed furiously. The heat rose within my lower

belly as well as my face. I squeezed my breasts, mashing them together, playing with them while he stood there, smiling. I felt incredibly embarrassed, but also...kind of...aroused, hotly aroused.

"Now take off your pants. Show me that pussy that we fucked so well."

I undid my pants, pushing them and my panties down with a single motion, then, feeling awkward in my shoes, stepping out of them too, standing naked.

"Spread your legs."

I shifted my knees apart, looking away from him.

"Turn around. Show me your ass."

I obeyed again.

"Bend over and spread your legs. Grab your ankle."

"Kevin," I said protestingly.

"Do it!" he snapped, his tone hard.

I swallowed nervously, but obeyed, feeling terribly dirty and cheap as I stood there with my cunt exposed to him. He moved forward and squeezed it, rubbing his hand up and down against my pussy mound, then I felt his finger prodding at my hole, slowly pushing inside.

He slapped my ass, and I gasped in pain.

"Stand up."

I stood up gratefully, and he went over to the stereo and turned it on. Loud dance music poured from the speakers.

"Dance."

"What?"

"Dance. Dance, baby."

"I-I... can't," I gasped.

The thought of dancing naked was... weird and... embarrassing. I had never been one to dance anyway.

"Do it, Jessie!" he ordered. "Shake those tits for me."

I began to swing my hips from side to side in an awkward rhythm, then, as he watched, and as I got more into it, I moved with more grace and flow, dancing as though I had clothes. It felt really strange, not just because I was naked, but because I wasn't dancing with anyone, but was dancing for him.

"Shake your tits more, and grind your hips, hump your pussy out at me," he ordered.

I knew what he wanted. He wanted the kind of slutty dancing girls did in front of their mirrors sometimes, when they were feeling sexy. Even I had done that a little, but the thought of doing it for him was almost too embarrassing.

I pretended not to know what he wanted, and he finally told me to stop.

"Come here, baby."

"Don't call me that," I begged.

He smiled in a nasty way. "You know it's what you want."

He gripped my arm and yanked me forward, then bent down and pulled a long length of rope out from behind the sofa.

I didn't ask what it was for. I knew, and my belly churned with emotion and sexual excitement as he lifted it up.

"Get down on all fours," he ordered.

I flushed, but obeyed, kneeling there as he tied a pair of loose, wide loops near one end of the rope. He knelt beside me and to my surprise and confusion fitted the loops over my breasts, then brought them up tight against my ribs.

He slowly tightened the knots, closing the loops until they were firmly against the sides of my breasts, then his fingers went to one, the one on my right breast, shoving it up a little higher, so it was flush against my ribs, and pulling it tighter, and tighter.

I gasped in pain.

"Kevin!"

"Shut up."

"I-it's too tight," I gasped, starting to move my hands.

"Don't touch them," he snapped.

He tightened it further, then moved his fingers to the other loop, tightening that the same amount. I gasped in pain, my breasts throbbing as he crushed them in the two loops.

He pulled the rope around behind my back and tied it off, then ordered me to stand up. I obeyed, and saw that my breasts were sticking out like two fat, hard melons, like two taut balls of flesh. I cupped them in my hands, amazed at how hard they felt.

Kevin tied another knot in the rope behind my back, then let it fall down my back along my spine. He held it with his fingers at the small of my back, then looped it twice around my waist and tied it tightly before pulling my wrists together behind my back.

He carefully criss-crossed each wrist, binding them tightly, then led the rope down between my buttocks and through my legs. He tugged it up hard, and I gasped as it pulled up tight between my pussy lips.

"It's too tight," I whined again.

"Shut up, slut."

He fed the rope through the loop that went around my waist, then pulled it back down, back through my legs, and jerked it up tight against my pussy before tying it off at the small of my back.

The rope was digging into my soft pink pussy meat, not to mention everywhere else, especially my breasts. My breasts were throbbing and red, and my wrists were locked immovably against my back.

I was worried, but also extremely excited. This was so kinky and so... so... hot. I was like a prisoner, a helpless prisoner.

A naked helpless prisoner, a sexual prisoner, a...a sex slave.

I could feel my inner juices sopping into the ropes that were pulled up into my puss, and my blood rushing through my body as my heart pounded with growing strength.

"Owww," I gasped, as Kevin pulled my hair, forcing my head back.

"You'll do anything I want, won't you, Jessie?" he leered. "You'll be my little whore."

He ran his hands over my taut, straining breasts, pinching my nipples enough to make me wince and gasp in pain. They were incredibly hard, harder than they'd ever been before, thick and fat and swollen.

He pushed down on my shoulders, forcing me to my knees in front of him, then pulled my face into his crotch, rubbing it against him so I could feel his swollen cock. I'd never sucked a cock before, but I knew that was what he was going to want... going to demand.

Sure enough he stepped back and stripped. I had to admit he had a fairly decent body, and was even... attractive. His cock was sticking out at me threateningly, though, and I licked my lips worriedly as he stepped forward and poked me with it.

"Know what you're gonna do, baby? You're gonna suck me off."

"No," I said nervously.

"Oh yes."

"I won't."

I don't know why I was saying that, but somehow I felt I had to show some resistance. Like before I didn't want to just give in to his wishes. It was like... no matter how bad it was, whatever I did, that is, if he made me do it I wouldn't be guilty of anything.

He tugged on my hair and I gasped, but kept my mouth shut.

"Maybe you want another spanking, huh, Jessie? Is that what you need, you little whore?"

I blushed, and almost gave in, though the thought of his cock in my mouth was kind of... disgusting.

He bent me forward, though, jamming my face against the floor. Then he bent and began to slap his hand against my ass really hard and fast. I cried out in pain repeatedly as his hand smacked loudly against my unprotected buttocks.

At first it hurt terribly. I mean, it really, really stung. But the pain began to fade behind a throbbing heat that built up there, and though the heat itself burned, new blows didn't really add much to it.

But they did add to the heat inside me, the heat that was focussed, not in my buttocks, but in my pussy. I made no attempt to writhe away, but kept my ass in the air, gasping as the ropes dug into my pussy, my breasts ground against the rub, and his hand smacked against my bottom.

Then he yanked me upright and pushed his cock against my face again.

"Suck it," he gasped, face hot and hungry.

I kept my mouth shut, though by now I actually wanted to suck it. I looked at it, wondering what it would be like to take it between my lips and suck.

He pulled back on my hair again, and I arched my back. He leaned over and his hand smacked against my right breast. A tremendous stinging pain stabbed my

chest, and I cried out, shocked.

"Are you ready to suck, baby? You ready to suck my cock?"

"No," I said, my voice choked.

His hand cracked down on the other breast, and again a burning pain caught hold of me and clawed at my mind.

He dragged me up to my feet by the hair and then suddenly slapped my face. It shocked me more than hurt me, sending me reeling backwards.

"Bastard!" I gasped.

He slapped my face again, this time from the other side.

His eyes were strangely alight, and for the first time I realized that he might be as hot at this kinky forcing stuff than me, only from the other side.

He slapped my face again, and my head was thrown to one side. I stumbled to my right. Then he slapped the right side of my face, throwing my head to the left, and I staggered that way. My mind was spinning, and dazed by the sudden shocks of pain against my face.

"Suck my cock, Jessie," Kevin growled, eyes fiery and dangerous.

"Faggot," I gasped, my pussy burning hot, my body now almost visibly trembling with heat and excitement.

I thought he would slap me again, and braced myself, but he surprised me again. He threw his fist into my belly. The air whooshed out of me and I was flung back against the wall, then collapsed to my knees, bending over and gasping for breath.

He dragged me back to my feet and shoved me against the wall. His eyes were uncertain now, like he thought maybe he'd gone too far.

I gasped for breath, but gathered some saliva and spit into his face. He looked at me in shock. And, in fact, I was shocked at my own daring. But as I stuck my tongue out at him I knew that I wanted, somehow needed the force and violence.

His fist slammed into my belly again, and I jackknifed downwards. He grabbed me and shoved me back against the wall. My head rang as it hit the plaster, then his knee slammed right up into my pussy pad, almost lifting me off my feet.

Nausea and dizziness filled me as I slumped to my knees again. Kevin dragged me up to my feet and punched me in the stomach again, then let me fall onto the floor. I gasped and panted and sobbed weakly, filled with pain as I lay on the floor on my side.

"You slut bitch!" he growled, spitting at me.

He kicked me in the side, then dragged me by the hair over to the sofa. He forced me back onto my knees and sat on the edge of the sofa, his cock still rock hard.

He rubbed his cock over my face as I panted and gasped and groaned.

"Suck it, you little whore. Suck my cock!" he hissed.

He forced it into my mouth and I gasped and almost choked on it. He held

my hair, tugging and pulling on it as I sucked on his cock. It was so... soft, yet firm inside my mouth. It didn't taste very good, really, but it felt incredibly sensual inside my mouth.

I didn't know much about what to do, other than sucking, but did that at least.

"Lick it, you little whore," he ordered, pulling on my hair.

I licked at his cock, at the underside of the head as it rubbed against my tongue, and he sighed and said "Yeahhh."

So I licked at it some more as I sucked. Kevin pushed his cock in and out of my mouth, almost gagging me several times. It was like he was fucking my face. I couldn't do much about it, though because of how tightly he held my hair

He spurted into my mouth in less than a minute, his come filling me and forcing me to swallow the yucky stuff. I thought he would get soft then, but he didn't. He kept pumping his cock into my mouth and cursing at me.

He pulled back and jerked me forward. He slid to his knees and moved behind me as he shoved me against the sofa, and his hand squeezed my pussy hard.

He reached to my back and untied one of the knots, then pulled one of the ropes down from between my buttocks and yanked it out from between my pussy lips. He jerked the second one down as well, baring my sex, then shoved me further forward, mashing my face into the back of the sofa.

I was trembling with lust as I waited for him to jam his cock into me. He rubbed his spit-wet cock against my anus instead of my pussy. I thought it was a mistake, at first, but he kept rubbing and prodding and pushing, and I realized he wanted to stick his cock there.

The idea shocked me.

"What... no!" I gasped.

"You need a cock up this tight little ass, Jessie," he grunted.

"NO! NO!"

"Shut up, Jessie. I been wanting to stick my cock up your asshole for years."

I gasped as his cockhead slowly pushed into my hole, forcing it open.

"Always... uhgn, walking around in those... uhh... short shorts... showing off your... skinny little ass," he gasped. "We all wanted to bone you, baby, and now I'm gonna bone your asshole!"

My anal opening ached as his cock was pushed deeper. I groaned and gasped, filled with discomfort, pain and anxiety.

Kevin's fingers dug into my sore buttocks, squeezing them apart as he pushed his cock in, then pulled back a little, then thrust forward once more. He was working his cock backwards and forward, forcing my anus open for his hard cock.

It felt as strange taking it up my bottom as it had the first time he'd pushed it up my pussy opening. Though in my ass it felt deeper, like it was right up in my guts. It ached, too, a kind of raw, burning sensation.

I pulled at the ropes around my wrists, but they held tightly as Kevin forced inch after inch of cock meat into my anus. I felt really weird, really slutty and

cheap... and that made my body burn with lust.

I felt cramps in my belly as he forced his cock deeper inside me. I gasped and groaned, but he ignored me and thrust deeper. I finally felt his hips pressing against my buttocks and moaned as he ground himself into me.

"You got it all, Jessie," he growled. "You got my cock all the way up your asshole."

He ran his hands over my back and sides, then under me to rub and squeeze my swollen breasts. At the same time he kept grinding himself against me in a circular motion, twisting his cock around in my belly. He slapped my bottom, then did it again, laughing in lewd delight.

"Man!" he growled. "I wish everyone could see me with my cock up your butt!"

He pulled back a little, and I felt his prick rasping against the tight, squeezing walls of my rectum. Then he pushed back inside. He started to work his dick back and forth, going fairly slowly at first. Then my anus seemed to stop fighting and he pumped harder and deeper, his cock sliding easily back and forth inside me.

His hips slapped against my buttocks as he fucked my ass, and I blinked my eyes wonderingly as the sensations burned up to my mind. It no longer hurt, and I was able to concentrate again on how hot and erotic and slutty I was, at how... degraded and... and raped and abused I felt.

Then the phone rang.

I thought he would just ignore it, but he reached out to it and picked it up.

"Hello."

He continued to slide his cock in and out of my ass, though slower.

"Just a second."

He gripped my hair and pulled my head up and back as he pressed the phone against my face.

"It's your mother," he said with a snigger.

I gaped at the phone in shock as he began to fuck harder again.

"Jessica?"

"Y-ye... yess?" I gasped.

"Listen, would you pick up some milk on the way home?"

Kevin thrust in harder, slapping his hips against my buttocks as he reamed out my bung hole.

"O-Okay," I gulped.

"Do you have enough money?"

He leaned over me, thrusting deep and grinding his cock around in my gut as he chewed at the side of my throat.

"Yes!"

"How long do you think you'll be?"

"I-I...don't know."

"All right. Just so it's by four."

"Okaaaay," I panted.

She hung up, and Kevin fucked harder, his hips bouncing off my buttocks as he spiked his cock into me harder and faster, fucking me as hard as any of the guys had when they'd raped me on the kitchen table.

He reached down and gripped the rope that dangled from my belly, the one that had been pulled up into my pussy slit, and jerked it back through my legs and upwards, grinding it against my soft, sensitive pink flesh. I gasped as it crushed my clitty and rasped roughly against it.

Kevin used it like the reins of a horse, jerking back on it to pull me onto his cock, thrusting forward at the same time. The rope kept grinding and rubbing and rasping across my clitty as his hard hips pounded into my buttocks.

The heat and sexual pressure began to build up inside me, and my pussy and breasts flared hot as his cock pounded into my guts. I was ashamed, in a way, that I was feeling so much pleasure from such a degrading, demeaning act, but at the same time gloried in the waves of sensual pleasure that rolled over my body.

I came, my entire body wracked by convulsions as my anus sucked and squeezed on his rutting boner. My eyes rolled back in my head and I strained to breathe as all my muscles locked in place. I trembled and shook with violent spasms of pleasure, gurgling and gasping and grunting in raw, animalistic passion, then his cock spewed its load into my ass, into my asshole, and my mind reeled in shocked horror and delight as I felt his liquid sex pouring into me.

Four

Kevin was rough with me, tied me up, and slapped me around when he fucked me, but even though I came, I thought there was something missing, like the heat needed to be hotter, sharper.

I had always heard rumours about Mr. Flynn, the Principal of my high school. The rumours talked about how he used to take great delight in using the strap on girls before the school's board of directors banned corporal punishment. They hinted that, when he got the chance, even today, he kept a strap in his desk drawer and that he still liked to bend a shapely girl across his desk.

There were rumours about what girls he might have done it to, and even rumours that he'd done more than just strap them.

The rumours said that the reason Kelly Barker was still in school and hadn't been expelled after being caught having sex with her boyfriend in the cafeteria was that she'd let him whip her ass then given him a blow job.

The rumours said there was another girl, not named, that also saved herself from expulsion by letting him strip her naked, whip her ass, then fuck her.

Nobody had any real evidence of this, but the girls acted really... strange

around Mr. Flynn. I think all the girls thought of how erotic it would be, even while they would have been horrified to have it done to them personally.

It was the kind of kinky story that livened up the school day.

But I wondered if there were any truth to it. I thought Kevin was kind of crass and raw, to tell you the truth. I wanted more than him, more than his slaps and ropes and hair pulling. I wanted something more erotic, more... forbidding.

At the same time I didn't want to get expelled if I was wrong.

I tried to think of how I could arrange things, about how I could see if he wanted to do it without getting myself into too much trouble if I was wrong.

I knew that Mr. Flynn ate his lunch at his desk, and that most of the office staff ate in the staff room then, so I kind of snuck past the lone secretary who was on the phone, and into Mr. Flynn's office.

He looked up in surprise, then glowered at me as he munched on a sandwich.

"I'm sorry to bother you, Mr. Flynn," I said. "But it's really important."

"If it's important then you can see Mrs. Washington."

"It has to be you."

"I'm eating lunch."

"It won't take long."

"What is it?" he sighed.

"I...did something really, really bad."

"What?"

"I...can't tell you."

"Don't play games, miss..."

"I'm Jessica."

"What is it, Jessica?"

"I did something really bad, and I need to be punished for it."

His eyes narrowed.

"I can't tell my parents, or even you what it is. But I...need to be punished."

"How am I supposed to know what punishment to give you if I don't know what you've done?"

"I...know what punishment I need."

"And that is?"

"I-I heard that... I heard you used to.. uhm, that you used to have a belt that you used on girls, as... as punishment."

He stared at me, and my face reddened, wondering if I was making a total fool of myself, wondering if he was going to call my parents and tell them their daughter needed to see a shrink.

"That was before the board decided to ban corporal punishment."

"But... what if... if I uh... agreed."

"You? You are a student, a non-person, Jessica. You can't say yes or no to anything."

"But..."

"Why do you think you should be strapped?"

"I-I just do."

"You want me to take a strap to your behind?"

I nodded, shamefaced.

"How bad was this thing you did?"

"Bad. R-Really bad."

"And have you ever been strapped before?"

I shook my head.

"Spanked?"

I hesitated, then nodded my head.

"When was the last time you were spanked?"

"I...last week."

"By your father?"

I shook my head.

"A boyfriend?" he smirked.

I shook my head again, looking down at my feet.

He got up, and I looked up at him anxiously as he moved before me. He slid his hand through my hair, then looked down at my body.

"I think I know what you want, Jessica," he breathed against my ear.

He moved past me and went to the door, then opened it and looked out. He ducked back in and locked it, then turned to me.

"I normally have girls lift their skirts and bend over the desk, but - ."

I was wearing a jumpsuit, black, not too tight but nicely fitting. I licked my lips as he gazed at me.

His eyes were hard, yet filled with desire. It was like Kevin but much more... dangerous.

I reached to the zipper which ran up the front of my jumpsuit and slowly, every so slowly, pulled it down. I waited for him to say stop, for him to get angry, but he didn't move, didn't speak as I pulled the zipper down to my lower belly, then opened the front of the jumpsuit and shrugged it over my shoulders.

I had taken my bra and panties off in the girls room. Mr. Flynn's eyes narrowed, but he made no comment when my breasts appeared naked.

I shrugged the jumpsuit down around my waist, and still he said nothing. My nipples were hard, my breasts swollen, and I was breathing harder as I pushed the jumpsuit down past my hips then... then pushed it down my legs and stepped out of it.

I was standing there naked, except for my shoes. Mr. Flynn stared at me, and for a horrified moment I was afraid I had gotten it all wrong.

Then he moved forward until he was a few feet in front of me.

"Take off your shoes," he said.

I felt a wave of relief, then bent and kicked off my shoes. I looked up at him as he opened his lower drawer and took out a long strap and several leather strips.

"Bend over the desk," he ordered, his voice gravelly.

I pressed my muff against the desk, then bent forward, way forward, gripping the other edge. Mr. Flynn took one of the leather strips and jerked my wrists together, then wrapped the strip around them and tied it tight.

He led the strip over the other side of the desk and tied it to something underneath, then came around behind me. He ran his hand over my bottom, and I gasped and arched my back, feeling the lust burning up inside me at my lewd position, and the perfect view of my sex that Mr. Flynn now enjoyed.

He squatted down and gripped my ankle, wrapping another of the leather strips around it. He pulled my leg to the side and tied the strap to one of the legs of the desk, then did the same to the other ankle.

He stoop up and again ran his hand over my ass, stroking and caressing it, squeezing and kneading the soft white flesh.

"Do you need to be punished?" he growled.

"Yes," I gulped.

"Do you want me to punish you?"

"Yes."

"Yes, sir!"

"Yes, sir! Please punish me, sir," I gasped.

He stood back, and I braced myself. Nobody had ever used a belt on my behind before, and I wondered if it might be a lot worse than being spanked.

But he moved away, opening a cupboard and taking something out. I strained against the leather strips, feeling my insides bubbling with lust at my lewd, degrading exposure.

He leaned over me and I saw some kind of leather mass in his hand.

"Open your mouth," he ordered.

I opened my mouth in surprise.

"Wider!" he snapped.

I opened my mouth wider, and he pushed something against it, a thick round leather object. He forced it into my mouth, pushing it in hard, straining my jaw as I gurgled protestingly.

The thing had straps, and he pulled them around my head and tied them in place as I made weak, moaning sounds into the gag. It filled my mouth, crushing my tongue, and kept my lips wide.

"Scream," he said.

I looked at him in wonder.

"Scream," he glared.

I tried to scream a little, but not much emerged from the gag.

"Louder!"

I screamed louder, then screamed as loud as I could.

He smiled, then stroked my face and moved around behind me. I felt a trembling fear at what he was going to do, at how much the strap might hurt. Yet the heat in my loins was so high that I was almost shaking with the urge to hump back at him.

I heard the strap whistling through the air, then felt it splat across my upturned buttocks. A second later I screamed into the gag as the pain hit me. My ass flashed on fire as I jerked and strained against the leather bands, almost panicking at the level of pain.

Again the strap whipped across my buttocks, then again, then again, then again, and each time I screamed into the gag, jerking and shaking helplessly as my buttocks flared with pain.

Still the strap cracked down across my round buttocks, which felt like they were cut in a dozen places already. I sobbed into the gag, sweat coating my body, plastering my hair against my forehead.

Then the pain faded as the endorphins flooded my system. My buttocks were on fire, but the strap didn't slash so much now as sting, and the stinging wasn't unbearable.

He was pausing every minute or so to run his hands over my buttocks. After the first couple of times he began to slide his hand lower, rubbing against my pussy slit. Each time he did that my pussy was hotter and wetter, and his fingers raised more fire along my cleft.

He whipped my bottom slowly, but deliberately, taking his time, aiming his blows, pausing to let me shake and jerk in reaction before bringing the belt down again.

He stopped to rub my pussy again, only this time it wasn't his fingers moving along my slit. I felt his cock thrust into me and go deep, and let out a long, shuddering groan of pleasure as I took his cock inside me.

He didn't speak as he began thrusting. He fucked carefully, in and out, in and out, in and out, with machine-like precision, driving his cock in to the balls on each stroke, then grinding himself against my sore buttocks.

His hands moved up and down my body, stroking and caressing my hot flesh as he worked his prick in and out of me. He didn't say anything, didn't make any sounds. It was eerie, strange, and somehow intimidating, almost like I was a non-person, like I was an animal he didn't need to talk to.

His cock was long, and filled my belly each time he ground his pelvis against me. His cock strained my pussy, forcing my lips wide, and it ground heavily across my clitty as it moved in and out.

My insides were soon burning more than my skin, and I was grunting and moaning in heat as I humped back against him. My bottom was incredibly sore, but I didn't care. More and more of my concentration was focussed on the insides of my belly, on that steaming cock meat pumping steadily up and down inside me.

I felt the orgasm swelling like a rising wave, then it swamped me, and my body stiffened, then quivered violently as I gurgled and grunted and moaned into the gag, feeling obscurely free because I could make whatever noises I wanted.

Mr. Flynn continued to fuck into me, though, his cock skewering me as he rutted with growing speed into my hot, wet, spasming pussy sheath.

I felt my clitty starting to buzz again as the heat built up once more. I

groaned weakly, blissed out on the hot, steamy, slutty sex, and the lewdness of my bondage. I grunted into the gag as his cock thrust up my pussy repeatedly, then shuddered and came again.

I jerked against the leather straps, grinding and rubbing my breasts against the top of the desk as the orgasm swirled through my nervous system.

My hips were grinding painfully against the edge of the desk, and my head was jerking and thrashing through the last of the climax when Mr. Flynn finally came, flooding my womb with his sticky white seed. He didn't cry out, or curse, or anything, just fucked a little faster and dug his fingers into my hips.

He held still for a few seconds inside me, then pulled his cock back, grabbed some tissues from his desk, and cleaned it off. He pulled his pants back up, then undid the straps holding my ankles and wrists, and pulled me off the desk.

"Get dressed," he said curtly.

I was a little weak-kneed, and winced as I lightly brushed my hand against my bottom.

I tried to look behind me to see if I was, like, bleeding or anything, but though I could see some red stripes, there wasn't any blood.

"Get dressed unless you want more," he said.

I squatted down and grabbed my jumpsuit, then stepped into it and pulled it up my legs. I winced when it pressed against my sore bottom.

I pulled it up over my shoulders anyway, then zipped it up and stepped into my shoes. Mr. Flynn was already sitting behind his desk again and writing away at something.

I expected him to say... something... but he didn't. He didn't even look up. It felt really strange. I mean, talk about casual sex.

"Get out," he said, without looking up.

I opened my mouth to protest but... well, he was Mr. Flynn, after all. He was the principle.

I turned and left, then went to the bathroom and examined my ass. It wasn't too bad. I mean, the red marks weren't really bad or anything, and they were already starting to fade a little.

I pulled on my panties anyway, because they were softer, but then decided to take the afternoon off. I just wasn't feeling up to sitting on hard wooden chairs all afternoon.

I never even thought about what Mr. Flynn would do to me for skipping school. I mean, he was just a guy, like Kevin, that I'd fucked. I guess I wasn't really thinking about him as anything else. It was in the back of my mind that maybe I'd do it again some other time, maybe next week, but I didn't realize that he'd take it into his own hands to bring us together again.

Normally when I took time off school I just acted sick and one or the other of my parents would write me a note to take in the next day. That was what I thought I'd do this time, but for some reason it just didn't work out right.

My father had to work late, and my mother was in a bad mood, her time of

the month or something, and acted like I wasn't really sick. In fact, she refused to write any note for me. And when my father got home he wasn't in any mood to either.

So I went to school the next day without one. Well, it wasn't the first time I'd done that. I figured I'd just bluff my way through like usual. All you had to do, see, was say you forgot the note. Then, half the time they forgot to ask for it the next day.

What I wasn't counting on was that Mr. Flynn had made enquiries about me, and had told everyone to let him know whenever anything at all happened with me. Naturally he knew I'd gone home after "lunch", and he must have known damned well why.

But when I got in the next day and didn't have a note for my home-room teacher she sent me to the office. This surprised me a little, since it wasn't the procedure, but I shrugged, figured I might get a little bit of detention or something, and wandered on down to the office.

I didn't start to think something was wrong until Ms. Fientstien told me to go in and see Mr. Flynn. Right away I realized that something was up. My pussy started to tingle, and my heart started to pound.

I went inside and closed the door behind me, not sure if I should lock it or not. I went up to his desk and stood there anxiously, shifting my weight from foot to foot until he finally looked up.

"Well now, my dear, I see you've been acting up again."

"What?"

"You played truant the other afternoon."

"My ass was sore."

"Was it? Well now, you should have thought of that earlier."

"You were the one who made it sore."

"Don't hold me responsible for your wrongdoing, girl. Truancy is something I take very seriously. You will have to be punished."

"Uhm... but = ."

"Silence!"

I swallowed nervously.

"Since you will obviously claim that discipline now will cause you to discontinue your studies for the day we shall hold your punishment off until after school this afternoon. You may meet me in the staff parking lot at four exactly."

"Why?"

"Why? For your punishment, you stupid girl. Now get to your class."

I turned and left, feeling a tightness in my stomach that was to come back again and again that day. Every time I thought of Mr. Flynn I felt my heart skip a beat.

At four I was standing near the gym wall waiting. Mr. Flynn walked out of the school and over to a black Chrysler. I pushed myself away from the wall and headed over to meet him.

He opened the trunk and put his briefcase in there, then, just as I reached him and started to talk he grabbed my arm and practically threw me into the trunk. He slammed it shut before I could even protest. I pounded on it, and demanded he let me out, but all I heard was the slam of the car door, then the engine starting. The car jerked forward, and for the next half hour or so I rode in the back, bouncing and bumping along.

I was pissed off, but there wasn't anything I could do about it but wait until the car stopped and he let me out.

The car bumped over a curb, and I heard the sound change as it went in somewhere, like in a garage. I heard what had to be a garage door closing, and the engine turned off.

The car jiggled a little, then the door slammed, and a moment later I heard the key in the trunk lock. It opened and Mr. Flynn looked down at me.

"Get out," he ordered.

"What the fuck did you put me in the trunk for?" I demanded.

"I said, get out."

I climbed out of the trunk and he gripped my arm tightly and jerked me forward.

"Hey!"

He opened a door and pulled me through into the house, and down a hall into the living room. Then he gave me a kind of shove so I staggered across the room.

"Strip," he ordered.

I turned and glared at him.

"Maybe I don't feel like it," I said.

"If I have to rip those clothes off you'll walk home naked," he snapped.

I blinked my eyes, worriedly, wondering just how far he would go. I didn't really know much about him, after all, except that he was really strict and stern and... kind of a prick. Still, I was sure he wouldn't do that. After all, if I had to explain what I was doing naked it might cause him trouble.

Besides, I was starting to feel that little tingling between my legs again, and wondering what he might do to punish me if I acted disobedient.

"No," I said.

He walked towards me slowly until he was standing just in front of me. His face was so... stern, angry... that I felt an instant of fear.

Then his hands shot out and grabbed the front of my blouse. He ripped it open, tearing the whole front of it apart. I cried out in shock, and he backhanded me, throwing me backwards so hard I fell on the floor.

He was on me in a second, tearing my bra open, then slapping my face again as I started to raise it. He dropped his weight on me, gripping my hair and yanking my head back violently. I cried out in pain as his mouth crushed mine and his tongue shot forward.

His hand dug cruelly into the soft flesh of my breast, then reached down and

jerked my skirt up. He tore my panties right off, then undid his pants and pulled his cock out. I pushed at him and he jerked back on my hair again, really hard.

I screamed into his mouth, and his tongue swirled inside me as he pressed his cock against my pussy entrance. He thrust in, throwing his weight down, driving his tool into me with sudden, furious stabbing motions.

He forced it down deep as he bit and chewed at my mouth. He ground and humped against me, slamming his hips against my splayed thighs as he twisted his boner around inside my lower belly.

He tore his cock in and out of me so hard my ass bounced on the floor. His hands were everywhere, grabbing and squeezing and twisting and crushing my flesh as his tongue and teeth worked over my lips and throat and ears.

He was nothing like the calm man who had fucked me in his office. Now he was violent, his eyes red-rimmed, his teeth clenched, his lips drawn back in a snarl as he threw his hips at me.

He reached down and grasped my legs behind the knees, jerking them up and then slamming them back against my breasts. He rose up over me, almost snarling as he hammered his cock down into my tight pussy opening.

I gasped and grunted as his hips pounded against my upturned buttocks and his cock speared down into my belly with furious speed and power.

His hips pounded against my buttocks with painful, jarring force, beating and bruising me as he jammed my legs against my breasts.

I was staggered by the speed and force and violence of his assault, too overcome by it all to do anything but lay there and be fucked, raped.

He dropped his weight atop me and panted for breath, finally stopping his savage rutting with his cock buried inside me.

I groaned as he eased back onto his knees and let my legs fall apart and thump to the floor.

"You... you've got a lot of things to learn, girl," he said, climbing to his feet.

I closed my eyes and moaned.

"Get up," he ordered.

I opened my eyes and slowly sat up, gasping and groaning.

"You... ripped my... shirt," I panted.

"I'll rip your skin off if you don't get to your feet."

I slowly stood up, still looking at my ripped blouse.

"Get that off. Strip!" he snapped.

Fearful of another attack I pulled off the remains of the blouse, then undid my skirt and slipped it off. I stepped out of my shoes as well, all the time watching him warily.

"Come here," he ordered.

I moved forward slowly, and he grabbed my arm and jerked me forward, pulling me along with him as he led me down a small hallway. He opened a door and pulled me down a flight of stairs into a finished rec room. We passed through that went through a laundry room, then through a door leading to a small stone

walled room.

"Time for you to learn a little discipline, slut," he growled.

Five

I stared around the room, my jaw dropping. It wasn't a large room, and was lined with stone except on one side, the side with the door.

There were odd looking wood and metal frames set in various places around the room, mostly made of two by fours. There were straps and buckles and chains set into all of them, obviously meant to hold someone in place.

What the frameworks themselves were for, though, I couldn't figure out.

Mr. Flynn gripped my arm and led me across the stone and stopped me, then gripped my arms and lifted them up above my head. I felt my pussy starting to tingle again as I looked up and saw a pair of metal shackles hanging from a chain.

The chain went up to the roof, through a metal ring, then across and down to the far wall. Mr. Flynn went to the wall as soon as my wrists were locked in tightly and pulled on the chain where it was fastened to the wall.

The chain lifted my wrists up higher, until I was on my toes, then it lowered a bit, until I could just barely stand up with my feet flat, as long as my body was really stretched out fully.

Then he snapped it in place there and came back to me. He stood in front of me and looked me up and down while my body got hotter and hotter.

I just knew that I looked incredibly sexy and erotic like this, and wondered what Mr. Flynn would do to me now that I was helpless.

"How many cocks have you taken?"

I looked at him in surprise, reluctant to answer.

He moved back and opened a drawer, taking from it a strange looking leather thing. It had a solid handle about ten inches long, then above that was a set of leather strips.

"Do you know what this is, slut?"

It felt strange to have him call me that. I mean, I'd heard it a lot. It was a common insult among my friends towards any girl for any reason. But he wasn't one of my friends. He was an "adult", and my principal. My belly fluttered.

"No, sir."

"No, master," he snapped.

I drew in my breath, my heart skipping a beat.

"No, Master," I breathed.

"This is called a cat O' nine tails. These are the tails, see."

He slid his fingers through the strips, then he suddenly jerked his arm back and whipped it forward, slashing the strips across my belly.

I cried out in shock, then pain. It felt like I'd been clawed by an animal, burning scratches extending across my lower ribs and belly. I looked down to see there were a number of long thin red lines across my flesh.

"You answer me in future when I ask a question, slut," Mr. Flynn growled. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," I gasped.

He slashed the cat across my lower ribs again and I cried out in pain, jerking against the shackles.

"Master," he corrected.

"Yes, Master," I gasped.

"Now how many cocks have you taken into your mouth?"

He squeezed my face hard, and I whimpered in pain.

"How many?"

"Three," I moaned.

"Three cocks or three boys."

"T-three boys," I gasped.

"How many times have they fucked you?"

"I... uhm, one of them fucked me... I... a lot of times. The other two fucked me uhm, maybe five times.

"How many times, in total, has a cock, any cock, slipped up into your sluttish vaginal opening?" he demanded. "Because you're such a stupid, ignorant girl. I'll explain that further. If one of your ignorant boyfriends fucked you ten times in one day, then you count all ten times. Got that?"

"Yes, Master," I blinked.

"Now how many cocks have been stuck up this sluttish hole of yours?"

He gripped my pubic mound and squeezed hard enough to make me cry out in pain. I twisted from side to side, but he only squeezed harder, digging his fingers into the soft, fleshy meat.

He stopped and I whimpered in pain, squeezing my thighs together as dizziness made me sway and shake.

"How many cocks, slut?"

"Maybe... maybe twenty," I gasped.

"Twenty cocks," he said, sneering contemptuously. "Twenty cocks have pumped up your cheap dirty hole. I bet you came every time, too."

He moved around behind me, then gripped my hair and jerked it back painfully hard.

"How many cocks have you sucked on?" he asked next.

He reached around me and shoved his fingers into my mouth, twisting them around inside, pushing against my tongue and cheeks, then almost gagging me as they jammed against the back of my throat.

He pulled his fingers out.

"J-Just one! I mean, maybe five," I gulped.

"And swallowed every drop of semen, I bet. Suck on this."

He pushed his thumb into my mouth and I closed my lips around it, sucking as he pumped it in and out of my mouth.

"Yes, that looks natural. Your lips should always be wrapped around some male meat."

He pulled his thumb out and rubbed it in my hair, then moved over to a shelf and pulled a pair of long narrow chains from it. He brought them back to me and draped one over my left shoulder, then showed me the other.

On the end was a small opening, like a loop. He cupped my right breast and squeezed it hard, making the already erect nipple stick out even further. I watched as he pushed the loop over it, then tugged it closed.

I felt the loop squeezing, then pinching my nipple. I gasped as it squeezed down harder and harder.

"Oowwwwww!" I cried, my nipple stinging.

He let go of the chain and it dangled from my nipple to the floor. Then he squeezed my other breast and closed the loop on the other chain around it just as tight.

He lifted both chains and backed up several feet to a nearby wooden framework. There were two small rings in it and he slid the chains through them, then pulled them taut. I gasped as he pulled slowly harder, and the chains tugged my nipples out.

He pulled harder still, and my nipples burned and pinched and ached as my nipples stretched and strained and my round breasts began to pull out into sharp cones.

He tied them off and walked back to me, stroking the undersides of my cone shaped breasts with his hands.

I stared at my breasts in amazement. I'd never seen them looking like this. The nipples burned and ached, but...somehow my breasts were alive with hot pleasure, tingling like my pussy did.

Mr. Flynn squeezed them, and I yelped in pain as the nipples were pulled even harder.

He slid his hand down my belly and in between my legs, then laid his middle fingers along my pussy cleft and began to rub them up and down.

I stared at my breasts and the chains, gasping in pleasure, grinding my hips against his fingers as the pleasure boiled upwards through my loins. My hips swayed and undulated, as I humped softly against his fingers.

"That's it, little slut," he breathed. "Get off on my fingers. Rub your dirty snatch against my fingers like the true slut you are."

I felt ashamed, but I couldn't stop myself from grinding my hips, from rubbing my pussy against his fingers. He stopped moving his fingers, and I had to rub harder, gasping in pain as I jerked against the chains on my nipples, pushing myself up on my toes to grind my slit against his fingers.

"Jerk yourself off on my fingers, whore!" he snarled harshly. "Diddle your dirty little cunt. Rub it! Rub yourself against me! Whore! Dirty stinking little slut!"

He squeezed one of my taut, cone-shaped breasts, and It ached fiercely. I gasped and moaned as I rubbed myself desperately against his fingers. I basked in embarrassment, almost humiliation as he sneered contemptuously down at me.

My insides quivered and bubbled, my heart pounding, my blood racing through my body. My crotch was sopping with moisture as I rubbed myself against his fingers, and my pussy was crackling with sexual electricity. I could feel the sparks shooting through my belly, could feel the wildfire heat setting my insides to bubbling and throbbing and twisting.

Then I came... on his fingers, rubbing myself frantically, gasping and groaning, whimpering as the pleasure swamped me, as the heat and pressure exploded in wildfire ecstasy and bliss. I cried out in wondrous delight, throwing back my head and grinding myself on his finger.

"That's it, whore!" he spat. "Come on my finger! Slut! Dirty little slut! I'll teach you discipline, you tramp!"

"OohhhH! UhhhhhH! OoohhhhhH!" I groaned, trying to arch my back and being jerked forward by the chains pulling on my nipples.

My knees went rubbery as the orgasm faded, and I groaned weakly, letting my head fall forward.

Mr. Flynn pushed two fingers up into my pussy, curling them slightly, then pulling them out. He pushed them against my mouth, into my mouth.

"Suck them. Suck your own cunt cream, slut!" he sneered, rubbing the fingers around inside my cheeks.

I tried to twist my head away in disgust, but he gripped my hair.

"Suck! I said suck them, tramp! Lick and suck them clean!"

I yelped in pain as he pulled at my hair, then reluctantly sucked on my fingers, licking weakly, until he jerked at my hair again, then licking harder.

"Filthy tramp," he said.

He pumped the fingers in and out of my mouth, then pulled them out and shoved them into my pussy again. He pumped them in and out of there, then forced them into my mouth again, making me lick and suck on them.

He pulled his fingers out and rubbed them against my hair.

"Do you know what you are, slut?"

"No," I panted.

He frowned and slapped my face, rocking my head to one side.

"Master," he corrected.

"N-No, master," I groaned.

"You are fuck meat. Meat made for fucking. You are a fuck-toy. A fuck toy. Say it. Say fuck toy."

"Fu..fuck toy," I gulped.

"What are you?"

"I...i'm a fuck toy," I gulped, my pussy starting to tingle again.

"Say it again."

"I'm a fuck-toy."

"What's a fuck toy?"

"A...toy for fucking?"

He slapped my face again.

"Master!" I gasped.

"You're a toy for fucking, a toy for men to play with, cunt meat, fuck meat, slut meat. That's what you are. You're wasting your time at school. Do you know that? You don't need to learn any of that stuff. All you need to know is how to work this cunt of yours, how to suck cock, and how to shake these tits and that tight little ass."

He moved behind me and slapped my ass to punctuate his remarks. Then he went over to the shelf and brought back another gold chain. This one didn't have a little loop on the end. Instead it had a little clip, alligator jaws.

He opened them and then let the jaws close over the tip of my nose.

"Oww," I moaned.

They were surprisingly strong, and really pinched.

He opened them again, and let them close on my right earlobe. Again I yelped in pain, wincing as they dug into my soft flesh.

He removed the clip and let it clamp on my other earlobe, then my lower lip. That really hurt, and I cried out much louder, gasping and whimpering.

"Stupid slut," he said. "You need much more punishment. You need to learn more discipline so you'll be a good little fuck toy."

He eased down onto his knees in front of me, and his fingers pressed against my pussy lips. He slid the jaws of the clip over my pussy lip and let it clamp shut. I cried out in pain, jerking and shaking, and almost kicking at him.

"OOowww! Nooo! Take it oooooof!"

He opened it and then clipped it to my pussy lip in another location. Again I cried out, shaking and trembling. He removed it and spread my cunt open, rubbing the metal jaws against my glistening pink flesh.

He licked at my clitty several times, then pressed the metal against it.

"No!" I gasped. "Oh now! No! Don't! Please!"

He let the alligator jaws snap shut on my clitoris and I screamed in pain, shaking wildly, thrashing and jerking, one of my legs lifting and pawing at the air as I sobbed in agony.

"Take it oooof! Take it oooofFF!" I cried.

Instead he pulled the chain attached to the thread between my shaking legs and led it downwards to a ring set into the floor behind me. He clipped it to the ring, and I had to go still. Moving my hips forward jerked my clitty on the jaws, and I couldn't move my body back without pulling my nipples against the other chains.

"You have a lot to learn, slut-machine," he purred.

He went back to the shelf and pulled a long thick tube that was shaped like a little rocket. He fiddled with it as he came back, and it started to buzz. He came up behind me and slid the tube between my thighs, rubbing it against my pussy

mound.

The tube buzzed hard, and made my pussy buzz in tune with it. It felt really strange, almost like my flesh was vibrating.

He rubbed it up and down against my pussy slit, nudging my clipped clitty at the top and making me gasp in pain. He moved his hand in front of me and prodded my pussy opening with the thing, then pushed it slowly up into my belly.

I knew it was a vibrator. I'd heard of them, though never actually seen one. I tried to concentrate on it as much as possible, hoping to distract myself from the burning pain, the dizzying ache in my throbbing clitoris.

"Like that, slut-toy? Hah? Like that?"

"Y-Y-Yyesss," I whimpered.

He fucked it slowly in and out of me, and the full sensation of my pussy tunnel felt good. The buzzing was making my whole body vibrate, especially my crotch.

He pulled it back and my pussy strained towards it.

"What are you?"

"F-Fuck meat," I gasped.

"What else?"

"I... fu... a fuck toy."

"Master," he snapped slapping my right breast.

"Master!"

"What else are you?"

"Fu... cunt meat, master!"

"Say it! Say it, dog!"

"I'm fuck meat, master! I'm...I'm slut meat! I'm a fuck toy!"

"Beg for it, whore."

"Please," I moaned.

He rubbed the vibrator back and forth against my pussy slit and I moaned, jamming myself against it.

He pulled it back again.

"What are you made for, slut meat?"

"I'm made for fucking!" I moaned.

"You're made for fucking," he echoed. "You're a piece of slut meat made to bring pleasure to men. Beg for my cock, slut."

"Please fuck me, master!"

"Louder."

"Please fuck me, maaaster!" I cried.

"In your dirty cunt pipe? Do you want my cock up in you dirty twat where all those other cocks went?"

"Yes, master!"

"Say it."

"Please fuck me in my twat, master!"

He jammed the vibrator up my pussy and I groaned in bliss

I was swamped with heat, pain-heat and pleasure-heat. And it all mixed together inside me in a hazy, throbbing lust. Pressure ached in my skull and bones, building up higher and higher. I gasped and whimpered, trembling and shaking, sweat pouring down my flanks.

Mr. Flynn shoved the vibrator up high and pulled back, picking up the cat O' nine tails. He moved behind me as I quivered helplessly, and a moment later I felt the thing slash down across my back.

I cried out in startled shock and pain, jerking against the chains, then cried out again an instant later as the chains jerked on my clitty and nipples. He swung the cat against me again, and fiery trails of pain ripped across my shoulders.

Again the strips of leather whipped across me, this time biting into my buttocks as I stood helplessly, trying desperately not to move. I cried out, then screamed as my hips instinctively jerked forward and jerked my clitty against the alligator clip.

My pussy was burning inside and out, my emotions and nervous system swirling in overheated confusion. My pussy squeezed down on the thick vibrator buzzing inside me, and my nipples boiled with heat as the loops bit into them, threatening to tear them off.

Again the cat lashed across my buttocks, then again, then again, then across my shoulders, then my lower back, then my shoulders again.

I was going insane with the blistering pain and bubbling hot pleasure racing around inside me, then the pain seemed to ease. No, it didn't ease, but... as my body jerked and the clip pulled at my clitty, the sharp snap seemed to be...I don't know.... It hurt but... it was a good hurt, a wonderful hot hurt, a sensual, seductive hurt that sent the pleasure inside me soaring.

The same was true of my nipples. They hurt but the hurt was...almost pleasurable. The hurt was a spiking hot sensation that made me cry out in pleasure and actually caused me to jerk my upper body back harder against the chains.

The cat slashed across my back, my shoulders, then my ass again, alternating. Tears were pouring down my cheeks as I came. My entire body shuddered violently as my head whipped back and forth hard enough to snap my spine. The ecstasy roared inside me like a lion, and slashed its powerful claws across my mind and body.

I screamed as I came, every nerve and muscle in my body shaking and spasming and snapping as a monster orgasm caught me in its jaws and shook me like a rag doll.

And each sharp, snapping pain, from my clit, from my nipples, or from the cat landing across my shoulders, made the climax explode higher and higher. My mind was frayed and blasted, and my skull threatened to explode.

The orgasm swept through and over, fading, but almost immediately I felt another building up.

I shuddered and gurgled in pain and pleasure, gulping in air as my eyes bulged, then I came again, giving off a choked off scream and then shaking as the

orgasm blasted me.

Mr. Flynn threw down his whip and pressed himself against me from behind. I sobbed in pain as he reached around me and squeezed my conical breasts cruelly.

Then he pulled back his hands, and a moment later I felt his erection pressing against my sweating buttocks. I whimpered in pain as he rubbed his cock over my tormented flesh. Then he pressed it against my bung hole and thrust up.

Because of the way the alligator clip was pulling back and down on my clitty, my ass was pushed back and out, and he had a terrific angle as he caught at my thighs from in front, and impaled me on his steaming prong.

It just drove right up into my belly like a spear, and I gasped and gurgled mindlessly as he ground his hips against my sore ass, and twisted his long, stiff prick around in my guts.

"Whore," he snarled into my ear. "Dirty stinking whore!"

He jerked his hips back, tearing his cock back down my ass tube, then thrust up into me again, making me cry out in pain as he slammed my hips forward and the alligator clip tore at my clitoris.

"Grind that ass back, fuck-meat!" he panted. "Jam your filthy asshole onto my cock!"

He bit down on the side of my throat and I whimpered in pain as he drove his cock deep into my belly again and ground himself against my aching buttocks.

His hands squeezed my breasts, kneading and squeezing them savagely, pulling them against the chains as he fucked his cock up into me with rough, hard strokes, tearing it in and out of my asshole.

"Tell me you love it, whore," he growled. "Tell me you love my cock!"

I was too wasted to speak, and only gurgled in response. He crushed my breasts and I cried out.

"Tell me, slut! Tell me how you love my cock up your asshole!"

He pulled his hips back, his thick meat sliding down my anus and out.

"Tell me you want it, dog! Tell me how you want my cock up your asshole! Tell me how you want to be ass fucked!"

"Pleeeeeasse," I groaned.

"Beg for it!"

"Pleeeeeasse," I sobbed.

"Beg for it!"

"Please fuck me! Please f-fuck me in the...ass hooooole!"

"Again!"

"Please fuck me in the asshole!"

"Master!"

"Please! Please fuck me in the asshole, master! Please stick your cock up my asshole!"

He pressed the nose of his prick against my bung hole, then thrust up so hard he lifted my feet right off the floor. I cried out in pain as the jaws tore at my clitty

and the rings tore at my nipples and my entire body flared and exploded through another orgasm.

My mind was shredded and torn by the howling whirlwind of sexual violence. I felt like my entire body was being ripped apart as his throbbing meat pounded into me. He fucked me with harsh, violent motions, jerking my body forward despite my best efforts to keep my crotch in place.

The clip tore at my clitty repeatedly, the pain shocking, blasting through me like liquid fire. I screamed repeatedly, the pleasure and pain all running together inside me as the orgasm went on and on and on. I couldn't breathe, couldn't see, couldn't think.

Mr. Flynn jerked his hands down from my tits and gripped my thighs, snapping them open, lifting my feet right off the floor as he jammed me back onto his hard driving prick.

I almost lost consciousness, and sagged limply as the orgasm faded away. Mr. Flynn continued to pound his cock up my ass for almost a full minute before it exploded inside me and his jism shot up into my guts.

He closed his lips against the nape of my neck, sucking long and hard as his cock slowly softened and he pulled it back out of me. He moved back and I hung there by the wrists for long seconds before my scrabbling toes finally got hold of the floor and I was able to take the weight off my wrists.

"Just a start, fuck-toy," he sighed. "You have a lot to learn yet. But that's a good start."

He moved back and opened a cupboard door. Inside was a TV monitor and a pair of VCRs. He turned on the TV and pressed a button on one of the VCRs.

I stood in place, groaning weakly, hardly able to keep my feet under me. I sagged several times, and hung from my wrists before getting my legs straight again.

Noise came from the TV, familiar noise, like...like my voice. I turned my head and saw...me. It was showing me standing here naked, my breasts distended by the chains on my nipples. I was humping myself against Mr. Flynn's fingers.

"That's it, little slut," he said on the TV. "Get off on my fingers. Rub your dirty snatch against my fingers like the true slut you are."

I blinked the sweat out of my eyes, still gasping for breath as I stared at my image on the TV and watched myself wildly humping against his fingers. Then I cried out in pleasure, on the TV, that is, and came, gargling and groaning and whining in obvious orgasmic delight as I rubbed myself against Mr. Flynn's fingers.

I had worried that my skin would be all cut after the whipping Mr. Flynn gave me, but though there were a few cuts they were very thin and shallow, and faded to almost nothing by next day.

What didn't fade, of course, was the memory of the shocking and erotic events, or the video Mr. Flynn had secretly taken.

I kept flashing back, remembering the pinching of my nipples as I fingered them, remembered the clamp on my clit when I ran my hand down there, remembered the cat across my back and buttocks when I looked in the mirror, or ran my hand over my soft bottom.

And remembered his hard cock thrusting so hard up into my belly, his hands clutching at my breasts, his breath and teeth on my neck, and his voice, so... cruel and hot, the words so vicious and savage.

I jerked off again and again as I ran it all through my mind, and two days later he presented me with a videotape, a copy of the one he shot. I sat and watched, face flushed with embarrassment, yet at the same time my pussy burning with lust.

I looked so incredibly hot, the whole thing so sensuous and exciting. I longed to do it again, to let him chain me up and rape me and abuse me. My mind swam with sexual exultation as I saw myself on tape and heard my cries. I was a hot, slutty rape toy and I loved it! It felt - weird, but I loved it, and was excited by it, was proud of it and embarrassed at the same time.

I wandered over to Kevin's on a night I knew the guys would be watching football. I just walked in, then trotted down the stairs to the basement. I don't think his parents even noticed me enter. At first, the guys didn't either. But Jason looked up quickly enough and his eyes narrowed when he saw me. I saw him nudge Mark, and Mark looked at Kevin, who stroked his chin as he gazed at me.

"Hey, slut," he said.

I flushed hot. "Fuck you, asshole," I said, plopping myself down on the old sofa next to Paul.

"Good game," Mark said.

"Yeah, makes me feel like tackling someone," Jason said.

Paul abruptly slipped his arm around me and half lifted, half yanked me across his lap.

"Hey! Let me go, asshole! I came to watch the game!" I cried, struggling against him.

Not that I really wanted to watch the game, of course.

"Sure you didn't come to be fucked again?" Mark asked with a sly grin.

I glowered at him. "You mean raped?" I demanded. "Did you like raping me, Mark?"

He flushed a little.

"Did you all like gang raping me?" I demanded fiercely.

"Yeah," Kevin said. "And I think I'd like to gang rape you again."

Paul groped at my breasts through the thin tank top I was wearing, and

laughed.

“You should feel how hard her nipples are!”

“Fuckin whore!” Jason growled.

Paul began to tear at my clothes while I struggled against him. I yelled and Paul grabbed at my flailing legs, yanking them along the sofa. My heart was pounding and I was feeling a wild, hot, nasty thrill between my legs as they pinned me down. I felt my jeans undone and then yelled as they were pulled down my legs and off. Laughing, the guys jammed their hands between my legs and tore at my panties while forcing my tank top up over my head.

“Let’s gang rape Jessie again!” Paul crowed.

“I’ll scream!” I panted.

“Go ahead. My parents aren’t here.”

My heart throbbed and pounded and I twisted and writhed as they stripped off my bra and then lifted me into the air and dropped me on the old coffee table.

“Bastards! Fucking rapists!”

They pinned my arms and legs wide and then Kevin raped me - hard. After him came Kevin, and while he was raping me Mark forced his cock into my mouth, almost gagging me.

“You bite and I’ll fucking break your jaw,” he growled.

I shuddered and moaned as his hard cockhead thrust against the inside of my cheeks, against the roof of my mouth, against the back of my throat.

They all raped me twice, then, at halftime, they tied my wrists behind my back, tied ropes around my ankles, and hung me from the ceiling with my legs spread wide. They were having fun, but I was going wild with heat. I cursed them and called them rapists, and they sneered at me, mocking me, and slapped me to shut me up.

I hung upside down for the rest of the game, and whenever one of the guys felt like it he would get up, walk over, and thrust his cock into my pussy or down into my ass.

Mark left after the game, and so did Paul. That left me with Kevin and Jason, and they were the meanest, which made my belly quiver. Jason produced a belt and began to strap my bottom, threatening to strap my vulnerable pussy unless I told them how much I loved being raped and sucking their cocks. Then they raped me again and let me go home.

At school the next day, we still hung around together, but they groped me all the time, and called me obscene names. Between classes and at lunch, they took me out back and raped me hard and fast, their harsh fingers bruising my breasts as they dug into the soft, throbbing flesh.

Paul and Kevin showed up at my door that evening. I stared at them, startled, feeling a rush of guilt and shame as they said hi to my parents, acting casual and normal. I nervously followed them outside to where Jason and Mark were waiting, and we wandered along the dark, quiet sidewalk.

“We’re gonna rape your ass, Jessie,” Paul said.

“Yeah, we’re gonna gang rape you again, slut,” Kevin growled, squeezing my ass through my jeans.

“Bastards,” I said, my eyes low.

“Fucking whore,” Pauls aid, squeezing my breast.

I slapped his hand off, and twisted as Jason squeezed my pussy.

We went into a small park and they soon stripped me naked and forced me down onto all fours. Then Paul and Kevin knelt on opposite sides of me. Paul rammed his cock into my mouth, twisting on my hair as he did, and Kevin mounted me from behind. It was becoming too casual, though, too routine. I was hot, but not as hot as I had been.

When Paul let go of my hair I suddenly twisted away and scrambled to my feet. Jason grabbed at me and I punched him right in the face. He staggered back in shock.

“Faggots!” I said, running away.

Naked. Which was stupid, but I had no real desire to escape them, nor did I think I would get far. I didn’t. Kevin tackled me hard and I gasped in pain as he bore me to the ground.

“Fucking bitch,” he said.

They bent me over a low bench and Kevin picked up a long, thin branch which had fallen from a nearby tree, whipping my bottom while Jason kept his hand over my mouth. Tears of pain streamed down my face as I twisted and writhed, but they held me in an iron grip, then sodomised me, telling me it was what I deserved for being such a whore.

Then to top it off they took my clothes and wandered away. I had to make my way home naked through the streets, and sneak in through the back door.

But it wasn’t enough. Mr. Flynn had said I would come over on the weekend, but I could hardly wait. I would lay on my bed with my arms and legs outstretched as though bound, and stand before my mirror with my hands together high above my head and my breasts pushed out lewdly.

I wondered what Mr. Flynn would do to me, and my belly got tight with anxiety, and quivery with excitement at the same time.

I knew how shocked and horrified my parents, practically everyone would be if they had any idea what was happening to poor little me. What would they say? What would they do? Probably call the cops, I guess.

And how many of the cops would watch this video and get bulging hard-ons, wishing it were them fucking and whipping me?

Mr. Flynn only had me come into his office once before the weekend. I was prepared for almost anything, but all he did was motion me around behind his desk as he pushed his chair back.

I walked around, and he grabbed my arm and roughly jerked me down onto my knees in front of his chair. He gripped me by the hair and held me tightly, painfully, as he unzipped his fly and drew out his cock, then he forced my head down.

I slipped my lips over it and began sucking, and his hands moved back. He lay back, his hands behind his head, legs apart, relaxed, as I bobbed my lips up and down on his prick.

I opened his pants and pulled them down a little more, and slid my tongue up and down the shaft. I sucked on his balls and licked them avidly, then licked my way back up his shaft and took the head into my mouth.

I massaged his balls as I bobbed up and down on his cock. A couple of minutes later Mr. Flynn suddenly reached down and grabbed me by the hair again, jerking my head up and back.

He took his cock in his other hand and rubbed the head furiously against my face. Sperm shot out, wad after wad pumping against my face as he held me still.

He rubbed his cock all over and through the white wads, smearing it over my forehead and nose and cheeks and lips, rubbing it into my skin. Then he pulled my head down and rubbed his cock over my hair, drying it.

He pulled back and shoved me so I fell back on my ass, then pushed his cock back into his pants, did them up, and pushed his chair back behind the desk. He lifted up a paper and read it, ignoring me.

I licked my lips and slowly got to my knees.

"Get out," he said, not looking up.

I felt... I don't know, shocked, outraged, but also... also so cheap and... degraded. And that last part turned me on for some reason. It was so... I don't know, so cheap.

I turned and walked out, going to the bathroom. I was going to wash my face, but when I looked in the mirror I didn't see any sign of the sperm, since he'd rubbed it in so good. I could feel it a little, in places, though.

I decided to leave it there, thinking, with a certain hot, lewdness, that everyone would look at me, and nobody would know there was sperm all over my face.

On Friday night I masturbated again and again as I imagined what Mr. Flynn would do the next day. I had a hard time sleeping, and woke early.

I dressed carefully, in worn, too-tight jeans I no longer wore, and a blouse that was a bit too short. Underneath I wore underwear I expected to be ripped.

Mr. Flynn had promised me he was going to rape me again. He had said that a girl like me needed to be raped a lot.

I wanted to be raped again, raped like the first time. It had been so... electrifying.

I carried a pair of shorts and another top in my purse, so that, unlike last time, I wouldn't need to wear one of his shirts home.

I wanted to be raped. I was going to be raped. My heart pounded with the knowledge, and my pussy was seeping with it even as I waited at the bus stop.

I had to transfer twice, then walk several blocks to wind up at Mr. Flynn's door. The closer I got the more my heart pounded, and the more my pussy burned, until I was almost ready to come even as I stood on the porch, squeezing my thighs

together and grinding my pussy into the tight crotch of my jeans.

There was no answer to the bell, or to my knocking. I tried the handle and found it turned. My heart skipped a beat, and I wondered whether I dared go in on my own. What if he wasn't home? Would he be really pissed off?

I opened the door and peeked inside. Everything was quiet.

I opened it further and slipped inside, closing it behind me.

"Mr. Flynn?" I called.

I put down my bag and walked in further.

"Mr. Flynn? Are you here?"

Something slipped over my head, like a black velvet bag, and then the opening pulled tight around my throat. I grabbed at it in shock only to be spun around and flung against the sofa.

My blouse was torn open, then my bra was jerked down under my breasts. Hard fingers gouged at my breasts as I cried out in pain and tried to cover them with my hands.

A hand jammed against my throat, squeezing hard, and I gurgled as my eyes bulged. I grabbed at the hand, at the wrist, trying to free my throat. The pressure built up inside my skull, my chest burning as my mouth opened and closed desperately in search of air.

I felt myself starting to fade, felt faint.

The hand released my throat, and right away two hands grabbed at my pants, tearing them open, tearing the fabric, ripping it to the crotch, then grabbing the fabric along my inner thighs and tearing it down and open.

My panties disappeared with a brief rip, then a heavy body crushed mine as a hard cock probed at my moist pussy opening. I was still gasping and panting for breath, my hands on my throat as I drew in sweet mouthfuls of air.

The cock thrust down savagely, making me cry out in shocked pain. It slammed into me, impaled me with a powerful driving stroke that made my back arch and my legs jerk and bounce on the floor.

A mouth was at my throat as hips ground cruelly against my thighs. Teeth chewed and bit at my exposed flesh as the big cock twisted around inside me. He began to fuck, his hips slamming down into me as the cock ripped in and out of my pussy sheath.

His hips battered at me, pounding and grinding as the cock pistoned inside my pussy hole. His hands clawed at my breasts as he chewed on my throat. I lay there, helpless, and dazed, feeling a bizarre worry that it wasn't even Mr. Flynn, that it could be someone else.

But then my hot, wet pussy began to squeeze down on his plunging cock, and I realized, with a little shiver of excitement, that I didn't care who it was. I loved the cock spearing down into my belly, and spread my arms and legs apart in submission as the man atop me continued to rut against me.

He threw his heavy body at me again and again, and I gasped and grunted in pain and pleasure as his cock sliced between my pussy lips and stabbed deep into

my belly on each thrust.

I felt my insides quivering and shimmering, felt the heat building up to cataclysmic heights. My legs jerked repeatedly as he pounded against my thighs, and my breasts boiled with lust and desire as he squeezed and kneaded them.

I cried out as I came, arching my back and clawing at the air as my head thrashed from side to side. My feet drummed on the floor as I basked in the waves of ecstasy flooding my nervous system, and I trembled with delight as my pussy boiled and burned in glorious orgiastic pleasure.

I felt my pussy walls spasming around his stroking cock, felt my cunt squeezing and sucking on his boner as it rodded up and down. I felt a grunt, which I knew was him, Mr. Flynn, and he buried his tool inside me and spewed his jism into my belly, adding to the liquid heat already burning up my insides.

He collapsed atop my writhing body, his cock leaking steam as I gurgled and groaned, panting for breath again.

After a minute he eased back and he pulled off the remains of my pants, took off my shoes, and ripped off the last pieces of my blouse. He hauled me to my feet then undid the drawstring of the velvet bag and lifted it off my head.

I blinked up at Mr. Flynn, relieved that, despite my worries, it was indeed him standing there.

"Did you like being raped, slut?"

"Yes, s...master," I gulped.

"Then have some manners," he snapped.

I stared at him in confusion for a moment.

"Tha..thank you for raping me, master," I said then.

He nodded and walked across the room, sitting in a straight-backed chair.

"On your knees, slut."

I lowered myself to my knees, feeling my skin begin to glow again as more excitement built up.

"On your belly."

I laid on my belly, my breasts still swollen, aching as I crushed them to the floor.

"Crawl to me on your belly, slut."

Every time he said slut I felt a little shiver in my loins.

I pushed myself along with my arms and legs, grinding my breasts against the carpet, moving slowly as my nipples burned against the rough fabric. I reached him and he pressed his foot against my upturned face.

"Lick my shoe, slut. Lick it clean."

I was shocked at the idea, but also aroused. Even the thought of doing it was so degrading! And the gall of him ordering it, the arrogance, it was all an incredible turn-on. I looked at his foot, at his shoe, then pushed out my tongue and licked at the bottom.

I thought about what my mother would think if she could see me on my belly, naked, licking a man's shoes.

My pussy burned.

I licked across the bottom, then, when he put the foot flat on the rug I licked over the top and laces and toe.

"Get on your knees, whore."

I climbed to my knees and he pushed his foot up between my thighs, jamming the pointy toe against my sex. I grunted as it prodded my pussy lips and forced them apart, pushing up into my glistening pink flesh.

"Let's see you jerk off on it, whore," he spat. "Use my shoe to get your filthy cunt all excited."

I didn't need to because it already was, but I closed my thighs around it and gripped it anyway, gasping as he pushed it deeper, as my pussy lips strained around it. I ground myself against the toe of the hard leather shoe, moving my ass in circular motions as I gasped in pleasure.

"Fucking whore," he said contemptuously.

I cringed under the words and scorn, yet my pussy burned in response. I rubbed and ground myself against him, my pussy opening aching because of the width of his hard shoe, but boiling with lust anyway.

I humped against his shoe, closing my eyes briefly, then letting my head ease back as the orgasm approached. I opened them and stared at him, looking him in the eyes and felt the shame and degradation of my actions as he sneered derisively.

I came, gasping and panting and whining and gurgling in wondrous pleasure, my head thrashing and my back arching repeatedly as I clutched his foot tightly and humped frantically against it.

I humped for long seconds, my chest burning and my body trembling. Then I slowly went limp, bending forward, clutching his foot now for support as my chest heaved.

He lifted his other foot and placed his foot against my chest just between my breasts, then shoved hard, lifting me up and flinging me backwards to land heavily on my back, legs apart. I gasped and shook my head to try and clear it.

"Come back here and clean off my shoe, you filthy little whore," he ordered.

I groaned weakly as I sat up, then crawled back to him. I licked my gleaming pussy juice off the front of his shoe, tasting my own musky sauce as my tongue lapped again and again.

"Take off my shoes, fuck-toy," he ordered, his voice cold.

"Yes, master," I said meekly.

Oh, this was so lewd and slutty and bizarre and kinky! I felt my mind leaping in excitement at this raw, carnal game.

I untied his shoes and removed them, then pulled his socks free.

"Now lick my feet, whore. Suck the toes clean."

I wrinkled my nose, not wanting to do this at all.

"I don't want to," I said reluctantly.

"Nobody asked you if you wanted to, whore! Do what you're told!"

"Can't I do something else instead?" I whined.

Mr. Flynn looked at me, then got to his feet and moved over to a table. He picked up several things and came back. The first was a thick leather collar. He put it around my neck and locked it with a small padlock.

I swallowed nervously, my pussy starting to quiver with life again. I held out my arms obediently as he placed a pair of studded leather restraints around them, locking each tightly.

He placed a thin chain around my waist, and clipped it in place, then placed another pair of studded leather restraints around my ankles.

He had a small, foot long chain which had small loops on both ends. He knelt to pinch and rub each of my nipples before slipping the loops around them and screwing the loops tightly, painfully closed, squashing my throbbing nipples.

Then he pulled each of my wrists straight down my side, and clipped them there to the chain around my waist.

He stood up, his fingers clutching the chain that was tightly locked to my nipples. I gasped in pain as he pulled it up, forcing me to scramble to my feet. He led me by the chain across the room, with me wincing and yelping and gasping as he tugged and jerked on the chain.

He led me downstairs, and my heart started to pound louder. We went through the laundry room and into the torture room, as I thought of it. He led me up to a wall, and pressed me against it, lifting the chain and sliding it over a little hook.

I was forced to stand with my breasts pressed against the cold stone as he moved away. I shifted my wrists, but could not move them away from my sides. My nipples ached as I stood on my toes to ease the pressure of the chain on them.

Even so my nipples were pulled upwards, stretched out a little.

"When a man gives an order to a slut, the slut obeys and says yes master," Mr. Flynn said from behind me. "A slut has no will, and no pride. A filthy little fuck toy like you exists only to please men. You will be forced to accept this fact before I'm done with you."

He held what looked like a ping pong paddle in one hand, though the plastic or rubber coating had been pulled off to leave its surface bare. He aimed it at my upthrust buttocks and I gasped and braced myself.

I couldn't do anything to pull away. I had to stay on my toes to keep my nipples from being torn off by the chain draped over the hook.

The paddle whacked against my ass with tremendous force, and the loud crack of noise it made was almost instantly overridden as I screamed in pain, my whole rear end exploding in fire.

My nipples burned as I was thrown off balance, and I cried out again, then screamed again as the paddle smacked against my ass again, then again, then again.

Tears filled my eyes and I sobbed in anguished pain as the paddle smacked repeatedly down against my buttocks, setting the firm, soft, ivory cheeks to

jiggling and bouncing and shaking as it splatted against them.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Never had my bottom ached so much, never had the skin burned with so much heat. Yet I could only stand there as he brought the paddle down against my perfectly upthrust buttocks.

Thankfully, after a dozen, or was it two...blows my buttocks seemed to go a little numb. No, that's not the word. My bottom was on fire, and the fire seemed to absorb the fresh heat from each new blow with hardly any additional pain. I felt the impact, but the explosive cracks of pain dropped to soft aching.

Mr. Flynn stopped, and put down the paddle. He picked up something else, a couple of feet long and leathery looking.

"What are you?" he demanded.

"A fu-f-fuck toooyy," I sobbed.

"What is a fuck toy for?"

"Fo-For fucking," I sobbed.

"The purpose of a fuck-toy is to give men pleasure. Repeat that, whore."

"The... the.... the pur-purpose of a fu-fuck toy is to p-please meeen," I whimpered.

"A fuck-toy must obey her master at all times. Repeat that, slut."

"A-A... f-fuck toy must obey her... m.-master at all times," I gasped, sniffing and whimpering.

"Who is your master, fuck-toy?"

"Y-You are, master," I whimpered.

"Did I give you an order upstairs?"

"Ye... yes, master."

"Did you obey it?"

"I-I'm sorry, maaaaaster," I whimpered.

"I'm sure you are. But you must still be punished, slut."

He swung his arm and the leather thing slammed against my buttocks with a pain that cut through the throbbing burning ache that was already there. I screamed again, thrown forward against the wall, howling in pain as I was practically hung from my nipples.

I straightened up as the thing cracked across my buttocks again, then again, then again, each fresh blow sending my feet scrambling, tearing at my nipples. I screamed and sobbed as the blows continued, my bottom a massive gale of aching, burning agony.

He stopped, and jammed the thing under my jaw, forcing my head up and back.

"I will show you the behaviour men expect from fuck-toys," he said. "I will rip this pride from you and teach you how low a fuck-toy is on the evolutionary chain."

He gripped my sides and lifted me slightly, pulling the chain up over the hook. I gasped at the pain to my nipples, then groaned in relief as the chain

dangled and he pulled me back from the wall. He half dragged me across to where what I had first taken as an exercise bicycle was standing.

Now that I was in front of it I realized that the seat was made of smooth metal, and there were two round tubes sticking up through holes in the narrow seat, each sticking up about an inch or two.

"Sit on this, whore," he ordered, unclipping my wrist restraints from the chain around my waist.

I slowly put my leg over the bicycle, my body trembling in pain. I moaned as I eased my thighs around the seat and slowly sank down. I felt the two round things sticking up, and knew where they were supposed to go. Mr. Flynn gripped my hips and guided me to make sure.

I sank down on the seat, the two round things pushing into my pussy hole and anus as my burning ass flesh came into contact with the metal seat. I winced and whimpered and moaned, trying to ease up again. Mr. Flynn gripped my hips and jammed me down.

He lifted my wrists above my head and locked my wrist restraints to a chain hanging there. He put my feet on the pedals, but didn't lock them there.

He unscrewed the nipple chains, removing them, and my nipples throbbed and ached in relief. The relief was premature. On the wall right next to the bicycle thing was a shelf and he pulled down a pair of long wires, each of which was attached to an alligator clamp.

I whimpered when I saw them, remembering yesterday. Mr. Flynn opened one and placed the jaws around my left nipple, then let it snap shut. I cried out, straining against the bonds holding me, writhing as it made my nipple burn like fire.

Mr. Flynn snapped the other around my other nipple, and I sobbed and moaned, almost ready to tell him to stop, to end the games, to let me go home.

He reached below the seat and pulled up a leather strap, like a seat belt, slid it around my hips, then back down to cinch tightly behind the seat.

He reached up and threw a switch, and I felt a strange tingling in my nipples, then in my crotch. It distracted me, and the more I concentrated, the more my nipples and pussy seemed to tingle.

I realized that the things attached to the alligator clips were wires and not chains, and wondered at this. I ground myself down on the seat a little, gulping and swallowing repeatedly.

The sensation was mildly pleasant. In fact, the more it went on the more pleasant it seemed.

"Now, slut. Let me explain something so that even your tiny excuse for a brain can understand," he said, gripping my hair and pulling my head back.

"I want you to start pedalling. When you pedal, you will be creating electricity and sending it out from the bike. I am going to turn up the juice coming in to the bike. If you don't pedal fast enough, and create enough juice going out, the electricity will start to come back on you.

You feel that little tingling now? It gets far, far worse than this. This is actually a little pleasant? Isn't it?"

He reached to a box I hadn't seen, a machine of sorts up on the wall on the shelf. The tingling became much fiercer, painful, snapping and burning. I gasped and shook, pulling at the restraints.

"That's nothing, of course. Try this."

My head exploded with agony as my body thrashed and shook wildly. I howled, my voice shrieking in wild undulating animalistic agony as convulsions wracked my body. I quite simply went insane, shaking like an epileptic in a fit, warbling and howling and screaming as my body exploded with stunning pain.

It stopped and I sagged weakly. I would have fallen forward if not for the chain holding my wrists aloft.

"All right, slut. Start pedalling. If you're not pedalling fast enough in one minute you're going to feel the electricity again."

"P-P-Please... n-no... noooo," I gasped, still trembling and twitching.

"Fifty five seconds."

"Nooo," I gasped. "I...no..."

I pulled at the wrist restraints.

"Fifty seconds."

"S...ss....stop," I gasped. "Le...let me off."

"Forty five seconds."

"I don't want too," I sobbed. "Let me gooo."

"Forty seconds."

I whimpered in fear, pushing my foot slowly down. I felt one of the round things, the thing in my pussy, pushing upwards. I gasped, and halted.

"Thirty five seconds."

I pushed again, slowly pedalling. The tube slid upwards into my pussy tunnel, going high, painfully high. I groaned and whimpered, but it finally reached its apex, and started to slide back down. Then the other one, the one in my anus pushed upwards. Again I slowed.

"Twenty seconds."

"You know, the interesting thing is that those dildos in your pussy and asshole are electrified, and now that you've started them moving one will always be fully buried in your gut. The shocks will be a lot worse than what you felt a minute ago if you don't pedal faster."

I pushed slowly on the pedals and it rose, forcing its way up into my anus, driving deep into my belly as the other sank to only about an inch.

"Ten seconds."

I knew I wasn't pushing fast enough, and gasped in terror at the thought of that power ripping through me again. I increased my pedalling, sending the anal tube sliding back down as the one in my pussy slid quickly back up inside.

"Five seconds."

I pedalled faster, gasping in pain as the tube in my pussy slid down and the

other thrust up hard into my ass. It sank down and the other rammed up into my twat.

"...four three two one..."

Pain blasted through my sex and into my chest and seared my mind. I screamed, jamming my feet frantically on the pedals, sending them spinning. The tubes ripped up and down inside me but the electricity eased off and then disappeared.

I was pedalling really fast, and my guts were being churned to froth by the tubes pistoning up and down inside me. My pussy ached, my asshole burned, but even together they were far less pain than the electricity.

I pedalled furiously, gasping and panting for breath as the metal tubes were thrust up into me with terrible force and blinding speed. My legs started to tire, but desperation kept them moving as Mr. Flynn moved around to one side.

I noticed, vaguely, that he had a video camera, and was filming me, but I had no time to waste on him as my legs strained and the muscles ached and the metal tubes rammed up into my guts with fearsome power.

I kept it up as long as I could, even as I sobbed with terror and desperation and my legs burned and trembled, then I slowed. I felt my nipples tingling, felt the two metal tubes starting to tingle, felt the buzzing up inside my belly.

It grew in power, becoming unpleasant, then painful. The pain rose higher and higher, even as I sobbed and pushed desperately at the pedals, then the pain ripped into my belly and breasts with such force all I could do was scream and shake.

My feet flew off the pedals as I writhed and shook and danced in agonized delirium. My ass ground on the metal seat as my body shook and jerked from side to side. My legs bounced and flailed and my head jerked back and shook spastically.

The pain ripped through me, furious crackling electricity eating through my nervous system, burning it clean as I gurgled in mindless pain.

The electricity stopped and my head fell slowly forward until my chin hit my chest. Only the chain holding my wrists above me and the strap around my waist kept me in place.

"You will learn to obey a command, fuck-toy," he said, his voice coming from a great distance.

Then everything faded away.

Seven

I woke to pleasure, rather than pain. I woke slowly, feeling dazed, my mind murky. My body buzzed and twitched weakly, feeling burned and... and raw... raw

and sensitive over every inch of skin.

I opened my eyes.

I was standing up... no... I was...Where was I?

I was in the torture room, I thought. It was hard to tell. My body buzzed, trembled...in a way that was familiar. I felt pleasure, and heat, sexual heat.

I was standing, but... against one of the frameworks. This consisted of a flat base on which was fixed a narrow polished board which stood on its end and rose to just below my shoulders. The top of it was padded, which was a good thing because I was straining backwards over the top.

My wrists had been pulled up behind my head, locked together and then pulled down so hard my back strained like it would snap. My head was upside down, looking at the wall behind me. I could feel straps around my hips, under my breasts, and against my upper legs. My ankles restraints were also locked against the board.

I had noticed before that the board had a... well..a sort of... well a cock sticking up out of it. What it really was was a narrow round thing that stuck straight out. A dildo, or, in this case, a vibrator, had been attached to this base, pushing straight up...up into me that is.

I could feel it all inside me, my pussy lips mashing hard against the wooden base at the bottom of the vibrator.

My insides were quivering with lust and heat and sexual excitement, probably from the vibrator, which shook and buzzed inside me, and was pressing directly against my clitoris.

I basked in the pleasure, feeling too weak and aching too much to want to do anything else. I groaned as I tried to move my hips, tried to grind my pelvis, to hump against the vibrator burning away inside me. I couldn't move a bit.

I felt the glowing core of heat building up, expanding, flooding the rest of my body. I trembled lightly as it filled me with deep, wonderful pleasure.

The orgasm took a long time to come, for some reason, but I didn't really care. The pleasure was so soothing, so delightful, that I was drunk on it, blissed out by the shimmering delight that gripped my body.

Then the orgasm hit, shattering me with its power. I gasped and groaned and shuddered in the tight, unrelenting bondage, whining in pleasure as my ass mashed against the board and my head jerked against my arms.

Then I relaxed, groaning weakly. My thinking processes started to fall back into line, and I stared at the wall, my eyes fluttering as I tried to bring things into focus.

I wondered where Mr. Flynn was, and how long I had been here? I pulled experimentally at the bonds but none gave even the slightest, and I resigned myself to staying until Mr. Flynn got back from wherever he'd gone.

The buzzing in my loins remained, and soon my own pussy was buzzing in tune with it. My sexual juices started to flow, and I squeezed my vaginal muscles down around the vibrator, welcoming any pleasure, any distraction from the aching

in my back, the burning in my buttocks and the raw, sensitive, sparkling sensation in my flesh and muscle.

I started grinding myself down on the base of the vibrator again, groaning and panting breathlessly as the sexual pressure built up inside me. I heard a sound, like a slamming door and a few moments later hands slid over my taut, straining breasts.

One of them moved down my belly, and fingers rubbed at my clit, sending waves of heat up into my belly.

I started to come, started to gasp and moan and jerk helplessly against the bonds. Suddenly pain exploded in my right breast as he, Mr. Flynn, I guessed, hit it with something. He struck the other one, and even as I screamed I recognized the sharp stinging pain of the cat O' nine tails. I tumbled over the brink into orgasmic bliss, yet the blows continued to rain down on my boiling, agonised breast meat.

I shook like a leaf in a high windstorm, gurgling and grunting and sobbing in pleasure as I ground my pussy against the vibrator. At the same time Mr. Flynn was using the cat with furious speed, whipping it down again and again. The pain and pleasure lashed my nervous system like a howling whirlwind as my mind disintegrated under the onslaught.

Every blow was an explosive blast of burning pleasure that sent my mind tumbling and turning end over end in shocked delight. The orgasm seemed to expand, growing more and more powerful as it spread through my body and set every inch of flesh burning and flaring with crackling hot sexual energy.

I passed out from it all, my mind flooded with so many sensations it drowned. I didn't stay out for long this time, and regained consciousness even as Mr. Flynn was pulling me away from the framework.

He lifted me up over his shoulder like a bag of potatoes and carried me from the room. He brought me into a bathroom and slipped me into a warm bath. It stung, but I was still too dazed to really care.

He washed the sweat off me, even doing my hair, then lifted me up out of the tub. By then I was back to normal, more or less, and my whole body was aching.

Mr. Flynn opened a jar of some kind ointment and spread it over my aching bottom and breasts. It burned a little at first, but then felt nicely soothing. I could see all the thin red lines across my breasts and buttocks, and winced at the throbbing in my soft, wounded flesh.

At the same time I marvelled at the multiple criss crossing lines across my ivory skin. It looked like...it looked so hot and erotic, so sensual. I just stared at my breasts, slowly bringing my hands up underneath and cupping them gently.

My nipples were really swollen. They'd caught some of the blows from the cat, and, well, maybe because they couldn't change colour they were swollen. I don't know, but they were incredibly sensitive to the touch, even a slight touch with my fingers made them burn.

"Stop playing with yourself, fuck-toy," Mr. Flynn snapped.

He gripped my hips and lifted me up, then dropped me onto the edge of the counter. He gripped my legs and jerked them up and apart, then poured some water on my pussy and sprayed shaving cream over it.

I stared at him, my eyes fluttering as he produced a razor and began to shave my pussy hair. I didn't know why, but since it didn't hurt I wasn't going to protest. It seemed a pretty little thing compared to the pain I'd gone through.

I didn't realize until he was almost done that he intended to more than trim my little bush. He actually shaved it all off, every last little bit of hair, and then ran his fingers carefully all over my crotch in search for any strays.

He poured more water over my crotch, then got a towel and rubbed me dry. He put his hand on my pussy and squeezed it, and I was amazed at how pleasant the sensation was against my pink skin. My pussy felt much more...sensitive without the hair around it.

He lifted me off the counter and turned me to look at myself. I felt astonished and embarrassed at how naked, how bald and vulnerable and...exposed my cunt opening was.

His hand moved behind my head and he grabbed me and shoved me forward out of the room, then down the hall to the living room. He picked something up and threw it to me. I caught it loosely.

"Put it on."

Put what on? It didn't look like any kind of clothing. I shook it out and looked at it in confusion. It looked sort of like a black net.

It seemed to have an opening, though, and once I pulled it apart I realized it had legs and arms too. I stepped into the legs, which, like panty hose, had feet as well, and slowly tugged the thing up them.

It was tight against my skin, but not too too tight. It stretched a little, especially when I pulled it up against my crotch and over my hips. I pulled it up my chest, then pulled the arms on and the thing slid up my front to my neck. The back was open a little, but Mr. Flynn tied it together and stepped back.

There was a tall mirror on the wall and I looked at myself in interest. The net didn't really cover anything, of course. I was still naked, with my thick, throbbing nipples sticking out, my bald, bare little cunt crack, and my round white ass with interlacing red lines.

Mr. Flynn buckled the thick leather collar around my throat, then replaced the matching restraints around my wrists and ankles. He locked my wrist restraints together behind my back, then made me kneel beside his chair as he ate lunch.

My own stomach was rumbling a little. It had been hours since my own breakfast, and it was well past my normal lunch time. I was even thirstier than I was hungry, and had almost been tempted to try and drink some of the soapy bathwater when we'd been in there.

I didn't dare ask for any food or water, though. Somehow I knew that if Mr. Flynn knew I wanted it he would refuse it to me.

So I just sat knelt there, trying to keep as much pressure off my buttocks as

possible, and trying not to stare at the food travelling from Mr. Flynn's plate to his mouth.

"Hungry, slut?"

"Uhm, yes, master," I gulped.

"What are you?"

"Uh, a fuck toy, master."

"What are you for."

"I was made to bring pleasure to men, master."

"Do fuck-toys obey their master?"

"Yes, master."

"Always?"

"Yes, master."

I quivered a little talking like this. It made me feel hot.

"You remember that, slut. And remember the electrical shocks. You can get worse than that for disobeying me."

"Y-Yes, master," I gulped.

"I've got a guy coming over after lunch, fuck-toy."

My heart skipped a beat.

"He's a friend of mine. He's gonna fuck you. Maybe he'll fuck you up the ass. Maybe he'll want you to suck him. Whatever he wants you'll do. Because you're my fuck-toy, and you do what I say. Got that?"

"Y-Yes, master," I breathed, my mind spinning.

"You fuck whoever I tell you to fuck, any way I tell you to. Understand, fuck-toy?"

"Yes, master."

"You can kiss my feet now and thank me for finding another cock for you."

"Thank you, master," I gulped, slowly bending over and kissing his foot.

I pulled myself back up, groaning a little. I felt really weak, though my pussy was starting to tingle with fresh life.

"Lay back and spread your legs apart," he said.

I grunted as I half lay, half fell backwards, then spread my legs.

"Wider, slut."

I spread my legs wider, the tendons in my thighs aching with the strain.

"Wider, whore."

I gasped and winced as I tried to spread my legs just a little further apart. My knees were almost on the floor as it was.

"Get on your knees and turn around," he ordered.

I gasped with the effort as I sat up, then struggled to my knees. I turned around.

"Bend over. Put your shoulders on the floor and spread your legs."

Again I almost fell to the floor, taking my weight on my shoulders as the side of my face pressed against the rug. I raised my ass and shifted my knees apart.

"Straighten up, slut, and push your ass back to me."

I grunted and groaned as I straightened up. I eased myself backwards, getting as close to the chair as I could. His hand moved to my wrists and unclipped the restraints from each other.

"Get to your feet. Go over and turn on the stereo."

"Yes, master," I said.

I obeyed and then turned to him when the music started playing.

"Change the channel. Get something faster."

I changed the channel, then changed it again.

"There. Louder."

I turned up the music, a quick dance beat, and turned to see if it was okay.

"Dance."

I blinked in confusion, then licked my lips uncomfortably.

"Dance," he said, glowering.

Well, I had to. It felt odd dancing in front of an audience, but I had no alternative. I swung my hips from side to side and raised my arms, moving them lightly in tune to the music. It felt weird with him watching, but I also felt...sexy, like a stripper or something.

I put my swing into my hips, and moved my arms more, then started to roll my head loosely as I shifted from foot to foot. I began to undulate my body, sliding my hands over my head. I had never danced before except a few times in front of my mirror, and I was pretty sure I wasn't doing it with much grace.

Mr. Flynn seemed to agree.

"Haven't you ever danced before you, stupid slut?"

"No, master," I said, blushing.

He stood up and came over to me, scowling.

"You're jerking around too much. The idea is to move smoothly. Never mind the speed. Move smoothly. Shift your feet more. That's it. Move your arms in tandem with your legs."

All of this made a kind of sense, but then his instructions got a little different.

"Slide your hands up and down your body, over your breasts, squeeze them a little. Now slid them up through your hair and up over your head. Swing your torso as you move your hips. Now turn around. Spread your legs more. Push your ass out. Hump it, slut. Hump it back at me."

"Bend forward more. Good. Hump that ass. Move your hands down your sides and squeeze your buttocks. Pull them open. Now bend over more. Spread your legs wider. Show us that slit, baby. Show us your bung hole and show us your crack. Everyone wants to see them."

"Yeah. Nice and pink. Nice pink fuck holes all ready for cocks. Straighten up, fuck-toy. Swing around and shake your tits at me. Put your hands up and shake your tits."

The dancing lessons, if you could call some of that dancing went on for almost an hour, and I was exhausted at the end of it. All the weakness of my legs,

which had been caused by the wild peddling I'd done earlier, came back with a vengeance, and when he finally called an end to it I was weak-kneed, and my legs were rubbery.

I dropped to my knees, panting for breath, my chest heaving as Mr. Flynn moved back to his chair.

"Crawl over here on your belly and lick my shoes, slut."

Still gulping in air I slid onto my belly and crawled forward to where I could lick his shoes.

"Now sit down in that chair over there."

I got to my knees and crawled over to an overstuffed chair that faced his, then sat in it.

"Slump down more, slut. More. Good. Now lift your legs and drape them across the arms of the chair."

I obeyed him, splaying my legs and baring my groin to his eyes. He raised his glass and sipped, and I swallowed reflexively, wishing I could get away long enough to get a drink. My throat was painfully dry.

He turned on the TV and mostly ignored me for the next ten minutes or so. I just sat slumped like that, my legs getting a little stiff.

The front door rang, and I gasped and jerked my head around to stare at it.

"Go and answer the door, fuck-toy."

"But.. I-I can't..."

"Are you going to disobey me, fuck-toy!?"

"Well... no... but - ."

"No what?"

"No, master."

I licked my lips worriedly, looking at the door.

"Answer the door, slut, or we'll go downstairs and turn on the electricity again."

I stood up slowly and turned towards the door.

"And this time I'll use the riding crop on those tits of yours," he snapped.

I lurched forward, my heart pounding, and walked to the door. I could see a shape through the curtained windows. I pulled the curtain aside a crack and jerked back.

"It's a man," I gulped.

"Of course it's a man. Now open the door!"

I opened the door, my face turning red as I stood back.

The man who stood there was large and powerfully built, much more so than Mr. Flynn. He was in his late thirties, or early forties, with a square jawed face and short brown hair.

His face drew back into a grin of amusement and lust as he saw me, and I blushed fiercely.

"Well, hello, baby," he smiled. "Love your outfit."

"Thank you... uh, sir," I gulped.

He walked in and I closed the door, turning away from him.

"Hey, Jack, is that you?"

"Hell, Mike. Who else would waste their time coming to see you," the man laughed, striding forward and shaking Mr. Flynn's hand.

"I see you got a new toy," he laughed, turning and looking at me.

"Yeah. She's new. Less than a week old, in fact."

"Looks shy."

"She is so far. She won't be when I'm done with her."

"Gonna have her pull a chain, huh? Can I snap off a piece before then."

"Of course. She's got a tight snatch and loves to feel cocks inside it."

My face was burning at the words, and at Jack's eyes on my body.

"Come over here, slut," Mr. Flynn said.

I shuffled closer as Jack sat down next to Mr. Flynn.

"Get down on your knees, fuck-toy."

I looked at Jack, then slowly sank to my knees.

"On your belly, fuck-toy."

I slid forward onto my belly, grateful, in a way, since much of my body was hidden.

"Jack's shoes look a little dirty from the walk," Mr. Flynn said. "Clean them off, slut-meat."

I knew what he wanted, but really hesitated to do it. I thought of the blasting pain from the electricity, and slowly moved my face forward to where Jack's feet lay. I licked at them and he chuckled in amusement.

I felt mortified, but couldn't do anything but obey Mr. Flynn's words. I licked at Jack's shoes as the two men looked down at me, and I felt a growing sense of detachment, as though I wasn't really inside my body, mixed with excitement at the degradation being done to it, to my body, I mean.

"All right, slut. Enough," Mr. Flynn said. "Get on your knees again."

I pushed myself up onto my knees, too shamed to look at them.

"Turn around put your shoulders against the floor. You know how its done."

I clenched my jaws, but obeyed, turning around and bending over, then laying my shoulders flat, my ass staying high. I trembled as Mr. Flynn and Jack stared into my naked, exposed crotch, feeling a mixture of erotic excitement and humiliation.

Fingers moved over my ass, and I wined a little.

"Been a bad little girl, I see," Jack's voice said in amusement.

"She's not a girl, Jack. She's a fuck-toy."

"Oh, right. I forgot."

The fingers rubbed against my exposed pussy slit, and I felt a new wave of heated excitement rippling up my spine. The fingers spread my slit apart, then one of them pushed into me, sliding down to the knuckle. I was surprised at how moist I was inside, how easily the finger moved.

It pumped slowly in and out a few times, then pulled free.

"Now you've gone and gotten your finger all dirty, Jack," Mr. Flynn said.

"Turn around, slut meat, and clean off his finger for him."

I pushed myself up off the floor and turned on all fours.

"Yes, master," I said, blushing even as a blast of heat washed over me.

I moved forward and slid my lips over Jack's finger, sucking on it, sliding them down the knuckle and licking it as I sucked. He looked back with a lot less amusement than he had when he'd come through the door.

"I got something a lot better for you to suck on, baby," he growled.

He undid his pants and pulled out a hard, bulging erection.

"Suck him off, fuck-toy," Mr. Flynn said.

I pulled my lips off his finger.

"Yes, master," I said.

"Hot little slut," Jack sighed. "Where do you keep finding these whores, Mike?"

I slid further into Jack's lap and gripped his cock, then slid my lips over the head and sucked on it. I licked and moistened it, sliding my lips down as far as I could, then sliding them back up again. I licked and slurped on the head, knowing that was where the concentrate, and massaged his balls as he sat back and sighed in pleasure.

"Ahhh! That's it, fuck-toy, baby. Suck that meat," he groaned.

I bobbed my lips up and down his prick, sucking and licking, feeling hot and sluttish as I squeezed his balls. I pulled my lips off his tool and rubbed the spit-wet head all over my face and lips, then engulfed it again, sliding my lips way down until the head almost choked me.

I bobbed my lips up and down harder and faster, slurping wetly as the man slid his hands through my hair. Then he came, his juice blasting into my mouth. I sucked it down, swallowing rapidly as it filled my mouth. He cursed and groaned, humping up at my face as I continued to lick and suck on his spurting tool.

Then he eased off and the cock started softening. I continued sucking and licking, then, as it softened more, I pulled my lips off and turned to look at Mr. Flynn.

"Okay, slut. Now turn on the stereo and dance for us."

I pulled back and stood up, walking to the stereo.

"Not bad, huh," Mr. Flynn said. "I've only had her for maybe six hour or so in total so far."

"You're kidding."

"Nope. She's a natural submissive, a real hot little masochist."

"Looks like you really whipped her tits."

"Only with the light cat."

"Dance, slut."

I started dancing the way Mr. Flynn had showed me, getting into it more and more as the two men watched, wondering if I could get Jack's cock hard again, if he would fuck me with it.

I danced from side to side, my legs moving, my arms swinging and my hips shaking and humping. I turned and bent over, swinging my bottom at them, then reached back and pulled my buttocks apart, baring my wrinkled little anal opening to them.

"Enough dancing. Sit down over there, slut-meat. You know how," Mr. Flynn said.

I walked over to the chair and sat down all slumped down with my legs up and over the arms. I felt a shimmering lust as I displayed myself like this to Jack, who was a total stranger, after all.

"Let's see you jerk off for us, baby," Mr. Flynn said.

I gasped in surprise, feeling a wave of excitement. I didn't know that I dared do something so filthy, yet I couldn't disobey him.

I looked down at my virtually naked body, then across at the two of them, meeting their eyes briefly before dropping mine. I licked my lips nervously, then a haze seemed to come over me.

I cupped my breasts and squeezed them through the thin netting. My right hand slid down between my legs and my fingers stroked along my pussy slit. I felt the sexual fever growing within me at this lewd, wicked act, and slowly pressed my fingers into my opening.

Eight

I let my head fall back as I slowly wriggled two fingers up into my fleshy tube. My clitoris was burning with lust as I stroked it with my thumb. The two men watched, only a few feet back as I masturbated.

I gasped and panted for breath as the heat rolled over me. This was the most wanton thing I had ever done. Jerking off while two men watched was a stunningly perverted act.

My fingers drove into my moist tunnel again and again as my body rolled and writhed on the sofa. I humped up at my fingers automatically, yearning for deeper penetration.

Then Mr. Flynn threw something at me. It bounced off my belly and I caught it with a gasp. It looked like a cock, but was made of rubber. It was a dildo, a big, thick, penis-shaped dildo. I shivered in wanton lust and rubbed the head against my crack as I raised my eyes to them.

I slowly pushed it through one of the big square holes in the net and into myself, gasping and groaning as the sexual fire caught hold and burned along my veins. They stared at my crotch, and I stared at them watching as I pushed inch after inch of thick rubber cock up my oozing fuck tunnel.

I came when I was only halfway up, gasping and gurgling in delight as I

rammed the dildo all the way up into my belly and humped wildly against it.

My fingers stroked furiously against my clitty as I twisted the hard rubber cock around in my belly. My ass bounced and jerked on the chair as my legs bounced up and down to either side of it.

They were watching. I knew they were watching. I never forgot it for a second. Even as my head jerked back spastically and my eyes closed and I gurgled in wondrous delight I was aware of their eyes on me, watching me fucking myself with the cock, watching me coming.

I had barely started to come out of it when someone jerked my hair, twisting my head back and to one side with painful force. I opened my eyes to find Mr. Flynn's cock pressing against my mouth, and opened it automatically.

Jack was kneeling at the foot of the chair. He gripped the dildo and tore it back down my pussy, then thrust it back in again, making me cry out in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Mr. Flynn shoved his cock into my mouth, and I started sucking and licking it as Jack pumped the dildo in my pussy hole with unrestrained violence, stabbing it into me with painful force.

His fingers pressed against my anus as he fucked my pussy, and then wriggled down inside. Mr. Flynn kept hold of my hair with one hand while he squeezed and fondled and kneaded my swollen breasts with the other.

They hurt fiercely, not even close to having recovered from his cruel whipping of them, but somehow the pain felt good. I know it's hard to understand pain feeling good, but it did. The burning pain made my breasts swell even further, and my nipples stood out with eager delight.

Mr. Flynn pulled the dildo out of my pussy and his fingers out of my anus, then shoved the dildo up my ass. It hurt too, but I groaned in pleasure to feel myself filled with it again. Seconds later I felt his cock at my pussy opening, and he thrust himself into me.

Mr. Flynn said something I didn't catch, and they both pulled back and lifted me off the chair. Mr. Flynn locked my wrist restraints together behind my back. Then they dropped me heavily on the coffee table, so my head and shoulders hung over one end and my ass stuck out over the other.

I grunted in pain as my weight crushed my arms, but then Jack lifted my legs up in the air and shoved his cock back into my pussy, and I forgot about them, grunting with pleasure.

Mr. Flynn gripped my head and forced it down further than it already was, so it was completely upside down. He pushed his cock into my mouth then, and I started sucking and licking.

Then suddenly he thrust forward hard. His cockhead struck the back of my throat and punched through, going right down my gullet. I screamed, or tried to, but couldn't make a sound as his thick meat slid down my throat.

It blocked it like a cork in a bottle, and all I could do was squirm and shake as it went all the way down through my neck. I kept gagging, but his cock

continued to drive down my throat until his balls were pressed firmly against my nose.

They held me easily, despite my squirming and shaking, and laughed to each other. I couldn't hear their words because of the blood roaring in my ears, and didn't care anyway. I fought nausea, desperately trying to control my body's reaction to this sudden invasion.

Mr. Flynn slowly pulled his cock back up my throat, and the urge to throw up was overwhelming, but somehow I controlled it as his cockhead popped free of my throat and I was able to gulp in sweet breaths of air.

My mouth tasted bad, like stomach acid, but the air was still wonderful as I gasped for breath. Mr. Flynn rubbed his wet cock all over my face, then shoved it into my gaping mouth again. Before I could protest he thrust it down my throat.

Again I shook and squirmed, but they ignored me. Jack continued to fuck his big cock into my pussy, his hips slamming heavily into my buttocks, and Mr. Flynn held his cock deep in my throat for long seconds, then began to slowly pump it in and out, fucking my throat like it was a pussy.

I felt Jack's hands on my breasts, squeezing them through the net. Then he tore the net open and squeezed my soft bare tits. His tongue lapped at my nipple, then his lips closed around it and he sucked hard and heavily as Mr. Flynn fucked my throat.

His hands tore at the netting, ripping it free of my belly and then tearing it apart at my crotch. His hands moved under me, squeezing and kneading my buttocks, then he pulled his mouth from my nipple and his weight moved off my belly.

He fucked more steadily, and his fingers gripped the dildo and began fucking that up my asshole at the same time. Mr. Flynn slid his cock out of my throat and let me breathe once again, and that took up all my attention for long seconds.

He rubbed his prick over my face, soaking it, then pushed the head into my mouth again. I sucked it and licked at it, hoping he would be content with that, but after a half minute or so he thrust it down my throat again.

Meanwhile Jack let go of the dildo, leaving it buried in my rectum. He seized my thighs and jerked them up and back, then began pounding his cock down into me furiously. It sawed across my clitty, sending hot, sparkling sexual heat through my body, but I was too concerned with Mr. Flynn's cock to really concentrate on it.

He came inside me, burying his prick as the juices were sucked out by my pussy. Then he eased back, letting go of my legs. Mr. Flynn pulled his cock free of my throat then spewed his load into my face before rubbing his cock around against it again.

Then they laughed and moved away, doing up their pants as I lay there, gasping and panting and moaning.

I tried to avoid the guys for a while. They would notice the marks on my body, and I wasn't sure how I would explain them. I didn't really want them to know about Mr. Flynn and I for some reason. I didn't answer the phone when it rang, and they began to leave threatening messages on my machine, telling me how they would tell everyone what a slut I was, how they gang banged me all the time and I begged them to spank me.

They sought me out in the hall at school, growling at me quietly, threateningly, demanding I come out behind the gym and suck their cocks, that I come out back and let them fuck me. I nervously refused, even after the marks had faded, wanting to taunt and provoke them. It told them their cocks were too puny and they bored me, that I was looking for some real men who knew how to treat a girl.

The following Saturday I arranged with my parents to sleep over at a fictitious girlfriend's house. They even called Mr. Flynn, the "father" of my girlfriend to make sure I wasn't putting one over on them.

I arrived at Mr. Flynn's on Friday evening. This time he didn't rape me as I stepped in the door. Instead he led me into the house, where, to my surprise, I found another girl.

I frowned at her in confusion. I didn't know who she was. She had long brown hair, and a full, voluptuous body. She was a year or two older than me, and was completely naked.

She wore metal restraints on her wrists and ankles, and a metal collar around her throat. Chains held the wrist restraints close together at her waist, and she knelt on the floor, back straight, head down.

"Do you know what this is?" Mr. Flynn asked, moving behind the girl and seizing her hair to jerk her head up and back.

I shook my head.

"This is a slave. You see these shackles? They're welded on. They can't be taken off. Come here."

I moved forward reluctantly, and he held up the girl's wrists to show me that the metal bracelets were indeed welded together around her slim wrists. The collar was the same, actually welded together at her throat.

The girl looked up steadily, not seeming to be embarrassed at all as Mr. Flynn held her like an animal.

"This is what all women aspire to," Mr. Flynn sneered, shoving her head forward and letting go of her hair.

"Get on all fours, slave," Mr. Flynn ordered.

"Yes, master," the girl said.

I frowned, feeling faintly jealous.

"Where...who is she?" I asked.

"She? You mean it. Say it when you talk about a slave. It's not like it's human or anything. I rented it for the night. Now get your clothes off, fuck-toy.

You and the slave are going to have a little fun together."

I blushed, but obeyed, feeling a strange interest in the woman's body. I'd never really thought of girls before, as I said. But she looked so erotic and exciting as she knelt there in her chains that I almost hoped Mr. Flynn would want us to do something together.

"Lay on the chair, slut, like you did last week," Mr. Flynn ordered me.

I was embarrassed, but obeyed, spreading my legs as Mr. Flynn dragged the slave girl over by her hair. He positioned her so her face was right in front of my pussy slit, and the girl leaned in and began to lick me.

I stared at her in shock and delight, swallowing repeatedly as I tried not to show any emotion. But her tongue was extremely talented, and very long, pushing deep into my pussy hole as it swirled around inside me.

Her chained hands came up and pried my pussy lips apart, then began to massage my clitty as her tongue drove up into my box.

Mr. Flynn had a video camera and was taking videos, I felt cheap and whorish as he moved around watching, but spread my legs as wide as I could and humped up into the slave's face. I reached out and ran my hands through her hair, gasping in pleasure as her tongue moved onto my clitty.

Her fingers pushed into my quim, sliding around inside me as she sucked on my clitty, and I humped up faster and faster, groaning and panting and whining in overheated sexual delight. Mr. Flynn moved in to catch a close-up as I came.

I jammed the girl's face down into my sex as I humped up against her, and she sucked strongly as her tongue whipped across my clit. My back arched and my head rolled from side to side as the orgasm rolled on and on.

Then it faded, and I groaned and relaxed my grip on the slave's head. Mr. Flynn put his camera down and jerked the slave back.

"Stand up, slut," he ordered.

I slowly pulled my legs together and got up, my legs a little shaky. He handed me a thing. It was like a dildo with straps.

"Put this one," he ordered.

It was, in fact, a dildo with straps. I stepped into them and pulled it up my legs then buckled the thing around my waist. It stuck out firmly from just above my slit, and I squeezed it in amazement.

"Slave, get on all fours," he ordered.

The brunette dropped onto her hands and knees and knelt there as Mr. Flynn picked up the camera again.

"Now get behind it and fuck its cunt hard," he ordered me. "Then, when you've done that, you can stick that thing up its asshole and ream that out too."

I felt a little sorry for the girl, but she didn't seem to be worried or anything. I moved behind her, feeling awkward, and pressed the nose of the rubber prick against her pussy slit.

It was shaved, like mine, and it suddenly came to me that maybe Mr. Flynn wanted me to be a slave like this some day.

I felt goose bumps at that, and rubbed the nose of the dildo up and down her slit. It was moist there, and I realized the girl had enjoyed what was going on so far. I pressed the dildo between her lips and thrust it into her.

She groaned in pleasure, and I put my hands on her hips and started fucking her, fucking her like a man. I felt tremendously powerful, and also incredibly excited, as I fucked the dildo into her cunt. I pretended it was my cock and I was a man, owning this slave slut, able to do whatever I wanted to her.

I fucked hard, changing the direction of my strokes like Mr. Flynn sometimes did to me, thrusting in from above and below, from left and right. I daringly slid my hands up her body then under her to cup her dangling breasts.

They were swinging as she humped back at me. I caught them in my hands and squeezed them upwards so the meat oozed out between my splayed fingers.

"Now give it to her up the ass," Mr. Flynn said, moving close beside me and focussing the camera on her bottom.

I pulled the dildo out of her pussy and pressed it against her anus, then slowly forced it into her. She was tight, and her muscles resisted a little, but Mr. Flynn demanded I bury it fast, so I thrust and thrust again until I battered my way into her.

The girl just grunted and groaned, never protesting or complaining as the dildo rammed into her again and again. I was getting more and more excited, and was disappointed when Mr. Flynn told me to stop.

But all he wanted was for the slave to lay on her back. She did so, her locked hands above her head as I knelt before her, lifted her legs up and back, and buried the dildo in her anus again.

This time I had to kiss her, which felt very strange. I was excited, though, and ready to do anything. We pressed our lips together as I crushed her legs back and ground the dildo around in her belly. Her tongue pushed out strongly against mine, and our lips slid moistly together as I humped against her upturned ass.

Mr. Flynn had me stop when I was almost ready to come. The pressure of the base of the dildo against my pussy, combined with how incredibly hot I was made me super sensitive.

"Slave. Crawl," Mr. Flynn ordered.

The slave girl got to all fours and followed Mr. Flynn as he headed for the torture room. I followed along behind her, my fake cock bouncing up and down a little as I walked.

Mr. Flynn opened the door and led her inside, and I followed. Inside was everything that I expected, plus one major surprise.

Two thick metal poles had been added, both of them as thick as pop bottles, thrusting up waist high from the floor. Mr. Flynn led the slave to the first one and then, pulling on her hair, forced her to her feet before one of the poles. He stood behind her and his arms went around her, crossing her belly and then gripping her inner thighs.

He lifted her, and my eyes grew round as he positioned her over one of the

bars. I saw the rounded tip pressing against her sex, saw it forcing the soft flesh in, and watched as her face squeezed tight with pain. She began to breath raggedly, then in sobs, tears filling her eyes as she clenched her teeth.

Her pussy was forced open and then he lowered her, slowly, down onto the pole.

She shuddered violently, her thighs squeezing tightly around the pole, yet as he released more and more of her weight she slid lower, the thick metal bar driving higher into her sex, into her belly, until her toes were almost to the floor. She began to cry out then, twisting and writhing, gulping in air. Her body took on a light sheen as pain sweat covered her pale skin.

She cried out again, her hands clawing at the pole, but he quickly gripped her wrists and pulled them back behind her. Her screams redoubled, and I stared, watching her toes and feet trembling, desperately reaching for the floor only an inch away. Her sweating thighs were squeezing tightly around the bar, yet she was impaled, her entire weight coming down on the top of the metal bar inside her.

And then it was my turn.

At first I tried to back away, but he caught me easily around the waist, binding my wrists behind me and then lifting me up over the second pole.

“No! No! It’s too big!” I cried.

But it wasn’t.

I cried out in pain as it jammed against my sex, as the pressure mounted, became a stinging, aching, raw, burning as my pussy lips were slowly forced wider. And then it was inside me, straining my pussy horribly wide as it slide slowly up into my body.

Like the slave girl, I squeezed my thighs as tightly around the bar as I could. Yet like her, it was not enough, and my strength began to seep away as the weight of my body pushed me down. The fat metal bar drove higher and the pain mounted until its nose must have been jammed directly against my cervix. The pain was intense and I screamed and sobbed as he released me, letting all my weight down on the metal pole.

I hardly noticed what he did, too busy trying to cope with the pain. The stinging as he clipped a line to my nipple was like a candle compared to the bonfire between my legs, as was the second. The ran the lines to the slave girl’s nipples, and pulled them tight so that our breasts were pulled out, the nipples burning.

The next clip crushed my clitoris, and that rivalled the pole impaling me, at least at first, as I howled and shrieked, soon joined by the slave as another such clip bit into her clitoris.

Humming softly, he placed a two foot long metal bar against the bar the slave girl was impaled upon. It was horizontal, and perhaps a foot from the floor. On each side of the bar was a small metal shackle, and the slave girl’s ankles were pried away from the thick vertical bar impaling her and shackled in place.

She could no longer support herself in any way.

All her weight was now upon the bar driven up painfully deep into her

abdomen.

Tears of pain filled her eyes, and her chest fluttered like that of a bird as she trembled violently.

And then he produced a second bar.

“Please!” I gasped. “Don’t! Sir! Master! I d-don’t want to! Please let me go now!”

He fastened the bar in place. I felt his heavy hand around my left ankle, trying to tug it away from the post.

“No!” I cried.

But it was to no avail. He forced my legs apart and I screamed as all my weight came down on the post inside me. I felt a searing, terrible heat deep in my belly, and my body twisted and writhed in agony as he fastened my ankles in place.

His heavy hand squeezed my head and then my eyes bulged as another clip snapped tightly together around my tongue. It too had a line attached, and he pulled it outwards, tearing my tongue forward, over my lip, muffling my cries as he led the line towards the slave girl a few feet in front of me. He forced her mouth open and clipped the line to her own tongue, and now I felt the strange sense of movement as her tongue pulled against mine.

That sense of movement was echoed by the pull of her writhing body against my nipples, against my burning clitoris. For every movement she made tugged at my own sensitive flesh and mine on hers.

Slowly, our minds and bodies became numb to the pain. And as the raw, searing edge of it was pushed back and softened I felt the growing of arousal once more, the biting sense of shocked lust which had gripped me since I had first been raped. And I could see its echo in the slave girl, for she was like I, a sexual masochist who exulted in her own pain and torment.

I twisted my tongue, feeling the pull of her own, feeling, through the thin line, how her tongue was twisted and turned and pulled out over her lip. Then she pulled her tongue back, forcing mine forward. We were both a little punch drunk, dazed by the pain in our bodies. Yet the hot, dark, cruel heat was upon us.

I twisted my body, gasping at the pull against my nipples, hearing her own muffled gasp as my body’s movements pulled against her own nipples.

Our tongues moved in and out, fighting each other, pulling back and forth, aching, yet burning with a bizarre sensation of heat and joining.

Standing to one side, Mr. Flynn held a video camera to his face, recording us.

Mr. Flynn would not have me back at school. He said I was a diseased whore and unfit to be at school with decent people. Instead he found me a job at a strip club, and I began to strip to leering, drunken men, something which both humiliated and aroused me. After a short time videos began to appear at the club, the videos Mr. Flynn had taken of me and the slave girl, and others - many others. For he had sent them in to a distributor as amateur pornography and they were

selling all across the country.

I was terrified that my parents or someone else I knew would spot them, would see, with shock, the familiar, sweet girl they knew swallowing cocks and screaming in pleasure as she was beaten and sodomised.

He stopped calling me by any name but slut or slave unless someone else was around. And always told me how worthless and cheap I was as he whipped and raped me.

He and other men he knew made many more porn tapes, often with the slave girl and I having sex together or at the same time. Their faces were usually covered, and Mr. Flynn's always, but ours were always bare.

It was quite bizarre to walk off to school in the day, and be on a porn set an hour later, naked, with cameras watching as Mr. Flynn or someone else guided us through whatever degrading or painful scene they had invented for us.

"Two hot, cheap sluts," Mr Flynn growled, his face covered in a leather mask as the slave and I stood naked before him. To one side was a fat man wearing a baseball cap backwards. In front of me was a youngish man with a scraggly beard. Both were operating camcorders, watching us.

"Slave. Stand up."

Slave - for she had no other name that I knew - pulled herself to her feet, and at a motion from him I did the same.

"Hands behind your head. Arch your back. Stick those tits out, slave."

He picked up the riding crop and handed it to me. I stared at it in shock.

"Whip her tits."

This surprised me, for while I had been beaten many times I had never been on the other end of the crop.

"But... but I - ."

"Or I'll do yours, slut!"

I stared at her breasts, so full and round and soft. She stood waiting, not moving, not trembling, not showing any sign of fear, her breasts thrust out so vulnerable.

I raised the crop and whipped it down softly across one breast.

"Harder, slut!"

I brought it down again, this time against the other breast, and a little harder. It had to hurt, but she didn't move.

"Harder, slut!!"

I brought the crop down harder, this time on her first breast, and felt the oddest sensation of pleasure and sexual power. I whipped the second breast even harder, then hit the first. I felt the crop's impact transmitted through the leather, and saw the red welt appear across her round orbs.

She slowly sagged to her knees, her head still back, her hands still behind it, her breasts still sticking out.

I whipped again and again, harder and harder, cracking the crop across the

soft, jiggling surface of her breasts as she moaned and whimpered and sobbed in pain.

Mr. Flynn stopped me and spun me around. He pulled me to the center of the room and raised my arms up above me, then locked each into a separate shackle hanging from the ceiling. I didn't resist. I wanted to be whipped. Somehow whipping the slave had made my pussy steam like crazy, and I wanted the whip against my own body, even against my breasts. I felt the cameras looking on and groaned to think of how many men would get to witness the beating.

They felt raw and swollen, like they knew what was coming.

Mr. Flynn picked up the cat, though, and then dragged the slave to her feet. Her face was red, her eyes glassy at first. He shook her and gave her the whip, and then pulled her behind me.

The cat slashed across my shoulders, and I cried out in pain and pleasure. It bit into my buttocks, and I screamed in joy and agony. It cut across my back and sides and ribs and shoulders and I stood there squeezing my thighs together and rubbing myself towards orgasm.

The girl moved around in front of me then, and Mr. Flynn grasped my hair, jerking my head back. The cat slashed across my breasts again and again while I screamed and jerked helplessly.

“Do her cunt,” one of the men said from behind the camera.

Mr. Flynn bent down, his arms sliding around me, then gripping my legs and scooping them up. He raised my legs and pulled them back against my chest, then shifted his grip, each hand sliding along my leg to the ankle.

He stood behind me, his hands pulling my ankles up and apart so they were to either side of my head. The girl stood in front of me as I hung there, and she smiled slightly as she raised the cat. I sobbed in pain and pleasure, in fear and excitement.

The cat lashed down across my gaping pussy and I howled in agony as I came. My body shook and trembled wildly as the orgasms ripped through my mind. The cat lashed down again and again, whipping my soft, bare flesh as she grunted with the effort and my mind spun and shook under the impact.

I almost passed out from the force of the orgasm, but though I was dazed, I still stayed conscious as the whipping ended and Mr. Flynn slowly released me, pulling me down from the shackles.

I couldn't stand, of course, but that didn't matter much. Mr. Flynn dragged me over to one of the other frameworks, one shaped like a T. He chained my arms along the upper, horizontal bar, then the slave moved behind me and pulled my head back.

I didn't really know what was going on, or care, as I hung there. I felt a sharp sting at my right nipple and gasped in pain, but the girl held my head back so I couldn't see what he was doing.

I felt another sharp sting at my other nipple, but again I didn't know what it was. Then I felt odd sensations from both nipples. When the girl released my head

and it more or less fell forward I saw that Mr. Flynn had pierced my nipples and had put two gold rings through them.

I stared at them with bemusement, still more than a little dazed from the pleasure and pain.

The girl moved around in front of me and dropped to her knees, then began to lick at my aching, burning, tortured pussy flesh. It stung terribly, but the sexual heat was greater, and I was soon coming again, shaking and trembling and moaning and sobbing as my body was ripped by incendiary bursts of ecstasy.

Mr. Flynn unstrapped me from the frame, and the slave girl pulled me against her. Our aching breasts met, rubbing moistly together in pain and heat. Her lips crushed mine as her hands gouged my wounded buttocks, and our tongues moved in passionate wanton pleasure as we groaned and whined in lewd delight.

I squeezed her soft buttocks, grinding my loins against her as I rubbed my aching nipples over hers. Mr. Flynn moved in and loosened the ring in my left nipple, then slid it through her right nipple, which had, I now realized been pierced at some other time.

Mr. Flynn locked our nipples together, then moved around to our other side, and locked our other nipples together. The slave and I continued to kiss and caress each other. My leg was between hers, and we ground our thighs into each other's steaming pussies as Mr. Flynn took videos.

Then she gasped and I felt the blow through her body as Mr. Flynn hit her back with the cat. I squeezed her buttocks and ground my thigh up against her pussy harder and faster as the blows slammed into her back, and she gasped and moaned and whimpered against me.

She ground her thigh up into my pussy as I ground mine into hers, and bit the nape of my neck, then arched her back in shuddering release as the blows slammed against her back.

Mr. Flynn moved behind me, and the cat struck across my shoulders. I hugged the slave girl tighter, gasping and moaning. Her thigh pushed up into my groin and I gasped in pleasure, then cried out in release as the cat slashed across my back again, then again.

It was months later. I stood in the middle of the room, pressed back against an X shaped frame. I had “graduated” from school now, with all the proper paperwork done. Now I was officially working as a waitress, though I continued to strip and give Mr. Flynn all the money. Straps bound my arms and legs to it, though my hands and feet stood out freely.

Mr. Flynn stood next to me while a thick, big-bellied man placed a thick leather pad around each of my wrists and ankles. His welding torch flared into light, and he placed a round metal bracelet around my right wrist, over the thick pad.

The torch spat against it as he slowly welded the seam closed.

Another metal shackle was placed around my other wrist, and again it was

welded closed...for all time.

Metal shackles were welded onto my ankles, closed permanently.

Then the man placed a heavy leather pad around my throat and placed the heavy metal collar over it. The torch flared again, melting the metal together so the collar was immovable.

Finally, he put the torch away and produced another tool, heavy and powerful. He placed a golden ring through my right nipple, then used the tool to lock it together. Another ring was placed in my left nipple, then a third in my labia, and finally, the fourth, in my nose.

The man poured water over the hot metal, then tugged the protective leather pads out from under the collar and shackles. He put his things away and left, leaving me alone with Mr. Flynn.

My hair had grown long enough to brush my shoulders. Mr. Flynn moved behind me with a pair of scissors, carefully cutting off my blonde tresses, sheering them off as close to the scalp as he could.

He soaked, then lathered up my head, then his razor hissed across my scalp, removing the last of my hair.

Now, without a hair on my body, Mr. Flynn, my master, unclipped me from the X-Frame. I sank to my knees in front of him and kissed his feet.

"Thank you for making me your slave, master," I said.

"You'll earn your keep, slut," he said.

"Yes, master."

He snapped a leash to my collar and led me out the door. In the main room a gathering of his friends waited to congratulate him on his new slave. Many of them had fucked me before, but it still felt strange to be seen like this crawling among them as my master moved around chatting.

Several times guests dropped to their knees behind me and mounted me, plunging their cocks deep into my pussy or anus and riding me with hard, casual pleasure.

Several times my master had me give blow jobs or lick pussies as he watched in content.

Finally, I was led back into the torture room, as I always thought of it, and hung by my wrists. Then my master's guests took turns whipping me all over my body with canes, riding crops, and the cat O' nine tails.

As the last of them took his last blow, and I hung weakly, my entire body criss-crossed with welts and stripes, my master stepped up with a bull whip and it lashed across my breasts.

New agony boiled through me as the whip cracked against my nipples and breasts and belly, and I came in a glorious explosion of wanton sexual satisfaction.