

Regan's Summer Job

By JJ Argus



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

Chapter One

Boats. For as long as she could remember, Regan had been in love with boats, and of course, the water. Her parents had had a cottage, a real cottage, not one of those palaces by the lake. It had no electricity, and no indoor plumbing. But it had had a dock, and a small boat with an outboard motor. Later, a canoe had joined the family's 'fleet'.

Since the cottage next door had a sailboat, and girl her age, she'd learned to sail when she was ten. And since the little outboard motor on their boat was constantly breaking down, she'd learned how to fix it, and eventually, how to rebuild it.

When she was a teenager, she'd taken up with a rich boy named Jason, who lived in one of the palaces across the lake. Jason had a shiny speedboat and water skis, and she'd learned how to ski, how to drive the boat, and how to deep throat, all talents she employed regularly.

Jason and she had broken up when he'd left for an ivory tower university in the northeast. Regan had perused college catalogs of various kinds but found nothing she had an interest in spending her life on, certainly not to the extent of continuing her formal education.

Regan had always thrived in the open air. Being forced to sit in a chair in a musty room listening to old men drone on about subjects she had little interest in was little short of torture. She was a hyperactive girl and needed to be doing things!

Given her interest in boats, and the long periods of time she spent at the cottage, it surprised no one in her family that she'd gotten a job at The Boathouse. The store was right alongside the lake, and sold every manner of boating equipment and supplies, not excluding snacks, beer, suntan oil and bathing suits. It had fuel pumps, and did minor repairs and maintenance.

There were a lot of jobs in The Boathouse, but most were inside. Regan preferred the docks. She got to move around more, see the sights, and to interact

with people.

Of course, a lot of them were damn fools who didn't seem to know enough to turn their boats off until she yelled at them, but you took the bad with the good.

When the gleaming blue, forty foot cruiser pulled up next to the docks, well, that was good. It was a beauty, clearly from the other side of the lake. It was gorgeous, with a long, raked nose, steeply angled, low rising, curved windshield, and a short, flat roof. It looked like it was racing across the water even as it pulled slowly into the dock.

Very slowly. The 'captain' clearly didn't know what he was doing. Regan got impatient and reached out to grip the rail at the bow, pulling it in, but then didn't spot any rope to tie it down.

“You have any rope on board?” she called, looking up at the man.

Another man leaned around the side of the cabin and looked at her a moment, a faintly amused smile on his face. He wore dark glasses and a baseball cap, and not much else.

“I have lots of rope,” he said. “Is there a particular color you prefer?”

The query baffled Regan and she looked at the man in confusion, then pointed out the obvious.

“I need to tie your boat down,” she said.

Sometimes you had to tell idiots the obvious.

He disappeared, then as the 'captain' tried to turn off the engines he reversed them instead, suddenly. Regan was holding onto the bow rail, and it took her a moment to communicate to her hand that she needed to let go, which was too long. She was yanked over the side of the dock into the water as the engines stopped again, the boat floating slowly back and out from the dock.

She popped to the surface, glowering at the boat, then swam to the nearest pylon and climbed up the ladder and back onto the dock. Idiots, she thought. She resented that a boat like the cruiser was in the hands of a fool who didn't know enough to appreciate her.

A rich fool, of course. The boat was probably worth half a million dollars.

“Throw me a rope, you idiot,” she called.

The man in the baseball cap gave her the same amused look, then tossed out a long blue line she caught and wrapped around the cleat as she drew the boat in again. She was dripping wet, but that didn't really bother her until she realized she'd had her Ipod in one of the pockets of her shorts. Cursing, she pulled it out and examined it as the man in the cap leaped over the side of the boat.

“Sorry about that,” he said. “My man isn't very familiar with boats.”

“That doesn't help my Ipod!” she said, raising her eyes to glare at him.

The glare held but she felt a flicker of startlement. It wasn't unusual for people to arrive in bathing suits. But this guy had a body. She'd seen some decent male bodies, of course, especially when she was with Jason, for his crowd all had home gyms and trainers.

This man, an older man, she thought, well, over thirty probably anyway, had the well-built body of a man who used his muscles. There was some gym work in there too, probably, but it wasn't the carefully styled and cut body of someone building themselves up to look pretty. It was the body of someone who used their body, who exerted it regularly.

And it was a pretty powerful body to look at, with broad shoulders, a chest just short of being brawny, a flat belly, and strong, toned arms. He had a sardonic look on his square jawed face, and once he pulled off his sunglasses, she saw he had bright blue eyes, and was indeed over thirty, maybe as old as thirty five.

“If your man isn't familiar with boats he shouldn't be trying to pilot one,” she half snapped, a bit distracted by all that male body right in front of her eyes.

Her head only came up to the center of his chest, after all.

“You're probably right, but I seem short of people with that particular skill set at the moment,” he replied, looking down at her with amusement.

His eyes flicked down.

“Nice outfit,” he said, with another lazily amused look.

Regan flushed. She was still dripping wet, and in addition to her shorts she'd been wearing a white shirt which she'd rolled up and tied together under her breasts. White, after all, reflected sunlight best. Of course, now that it was wet it was clinging to her body in a revealing way, especially since it hadn't been buttoned.

It wasn't that her body embarrassed her, really. She thought it was a fine body, and certainly every boy she'd ever met had agreed. And she'd been teasing them in smaller and smaller bikinis for years. If you've got it, flaunt it, was a statement she, for the most part, fully agreed with, along with 'you're only young once'.

So showing a little cleavage to a handsome man, even an older man, was hardly something to unnerve her. It was the smirk that annoyed her.

“How would you like to go in the water?” she asked.

The threat failed to daunt him.

“I don't think you have the weight to push me off the dock,” he said.

“Ever hear of leverage!?”

“Practically wrote the book on it,” he replied.

He pulled a wallet out of the back pocket of his shorts, slipped a pair of bills out of it, and then, to her outrage, folded them up, and slid them into her cleavage. Or to be more precise, slid them into the right cup of her bikini bra, which was now showing, since the shirt was plastered against her.

“Buy yourself a new music box on me, beautiful.”

“Are we tied up now?” a man asked, peering down from the boat.

The man on the dock put his sunglasses on, and, grinning broadly, headed down the dock. Regan glared after him, then took a run at him from behind.

Regan had an athletic body, and had explored just about every sport at high school, including jumping and gymnastics.

“Hey, you!”

The man half turned his upper body as she leapt on his back, swinging her legs violently to the side to twist herself – and him around and spin them both off the dock and into the lake.

He made a much bigger splash than she did.

She knew a moment of fear. What if he didn't know how to swim, but he popped to the surface easily enough, and she then gave him a sniff of satisfaction, and pretended to ignore him as she swam to the pylon to climb up.

She had just started to climb up when a shadow came over her, and she quickly turned to find him right there, very close, glaring at her as he grabbed the ladder above her head.

“That wasn't very polite,” he said, his voice much less amused than it had been.

“I guess I'm not a polite girl,” she gulped.

“Do you know what I do to girls who aren't polite?” he asked in a low voice.

“You weren't polite stuffing bills into my top either!”

“That's true, but I'm the customer. I'm supposed to be a jerk. You're the employee. You're supposed to be polite anyway.”

And with that he gripped her arm and yanked her forward, off the ladder, to fall back into the water. Before she could spin around and do a thing he had already climbed up the ladder. She glared after him, then climbed up, hearing his voice speaking to someone up above.

The voice she recognized almost at once as belonging to Mr. Billings, her boss.

He glowered at her as she climbed, dripping wet again, onto the dock, red faced with indignation.

“You are fired!” he said, shaking a finger in her face.

“But – .”

“It really was as much my fault as hers,” the man said.

“I will not have employees attacking customers!” Billings said. “You can pick up your check tomorrow morning!”

He turned to the man. “Again, I apologize, sir. It won't happen again,” he said.

Regan glared at Billings' back as he stalked away.

“You see? When you work for someone, you better be on your best behavior,” the man said.

She turned and glared at him instead. “Bite me!” she said.

He didn't seem insulted. “Any particular location?”

She muttered something under her breath and started to stalk off herself but he gripped her arm, his grip firm as steel, though not at all painful.

“Since you don't have a job any more you can work for me,” he said.

She was just about to unload on him, but stopped in surprise.

“Work for you?! Doing what!?”

“Piloting this boat, for one. I'm sure you'll be far better at it than Ethan.”

“And how would you know that?” she demanded.

He grinned at her again. “You don't recognize me? Well, there were a lot of people at the party that day.”

“What day?” she asked, frowning.

“You were Jason Dunlop's girlfriend at the time. I'm his uncle. My name is Adam Kane.”

“Oh, uhm, no, I don't remember,” she said, her voice faltering.

“Not surprised. There was a lot of people there, that day. You drew a lot of attention, though, in a little black bikini.”

Regan blushed.

“What really caught my attention was that after coming back from water skiing, with you piloting the boat, by the way, you insisted the engine didn't sound right, and opened up the compartment to check the fuel lines. I'm quite sure Jason wouldn't have been able to tighten a fuel line to save his life, yet there was this very hot young thing bent over with her butt in the air running her hands over the... hoses.”

Regan blushed even more deeply, starting to protest.

“Come on, now. You knew very well your butt was in the air and that Jason was looking at it. That's probably half the reason you opened up the engine compartment.”

She remembered it quite clearly, and Kane was absolutely right, but that only embarrassed her more!

“Did you know at least a dozen other men had their eyes caught as you bent way over like that?”

Her face flushed even more deeply.

“Long row of us on the deck above looking down, talking about the Dodgers' chances in the playoffs, and suddenly all speaking stopped as we were caught by the sight of you bent over. You have a very nice butt, you know.”

Now her face was crimson! And since she couldn't bring herself to speak, Regan started to stomp off, only to have that big hand grip her arm again and pull her back.

“The point is, I know you can pilot that boat way better than Ethan can, and can even maintain it. You're easy on the eyes, and you need a job.”

“No thank you,” she said, still blushing hotly.

“How much were you making here?”

“I – .”

'How much?' he asked, in a voice that, despite him not having spoken any louder, was a demand she instinctively didn't want to challenge.

"Uhm, ten dollars an hour," she said.

"That's chump change."

She glowered at him.

"I'll pay you thirty."

Her eyes widened. "Thirty dollars an hour!"

"I've just bought a little place on the lake. And I'm a sociable guy. I'll be having visitors, and they'll want to ride around, maybe water ski. Ethan has better things to do, and he's not fond of boats anyway."

"But..."

Thirty dollars an hour! Regan tried to calculate what sort of paycheck that meant after deductions."

"Under the table," he said, loosening his grip on her arm.

Under the table meant no taxes or deductions!

Then she looked at the boat, and realized that she'd get to pilot it!

"Come on aboard and Ethan can show you around, as much as he knows how to, that is."

Regan was somewhat in a daze, but let him guide her back to the boat, not even objecting to his hand on her back. There was a hatch in the side of the boat near the rear, and the other man had opened it and was standing on the dock. He was shorter than Kane, but if anything, even more broad in the shoulders, with a barrel chest.

"This is... Regan, isn't it?" he asked, looking at her.

"Uhm, yeah," she said.

“Ethan. She's going to be my new boat captain,” Kane said.

“Now that you got her fired, you mean?” Ethan said with a snort.

“She was rude to a customer. As an employee, she'll come to learn the proper behavior expected by their employers as she gets older.”

Regan was staring into the boat like a child on Christmas morning, and barely paid any attention to their words, until she felt a tug on her pony tail that jerked her head up and back, and her eyes looked up at Kane.

“Won't you?”

“Wh-what?” she gulped.

“You'll learn that employees need to mind their behavior, or else, right?”

“Uhm, right,” she said.

“You better,” he said, releasing her hair. “You have a great ass, honey, but I'll still pull you across my knee and turn it red if you toss my guests into the lake.”

The threat should have outraged her, especially coming from her 'boss' but didn't, for some reason. Maybe because she didn't take it seriously, and maybe because she couldn't imagine tossing his guests into the lake.

Thirty dollars an hour, to pilot this beautiful, powerful cruiser around the lake!?

The interior was gleaming leather, chrome and glass, and the more Ethan showed her the instruments, and the rated power of the boat the more thrilled she became. By the time it was fueled and Kane had returned from the store with snacks she was practically in love.

She took it out from the dock and headed out into the lake, then, at Kane's instructions, opened it up to see what it could do. It raced across the water, bouncing only lightly, just enough to add to the thrill as the engines roared. The crossed the lake in record time, passed where Jason's place was, and continued on to the far end, what she considered the palace section.

“In there,” Kane said, pointing ahead.

Her eyes widened. It was the waterfall house. It was perched about eighty feet up above the lake, with several layers of water spilling down the rocks, some going into swimming pools below the house, some falling straight down the nearly sheer rock cliffs into the lake below. There were two pools on different levels below the sprawling house, and a wide dock just below them, with a dock-house off to the side.

It was a multi million dollar lake house. Calling it a cottage was simply silly. People took their boats slowly past it all the time, just to look at it. IT was even better at night, with lights strategically placed to light up the pools, fountains and waterfalls.

She rolled her eyes up and back at him. Whoever Kane was he was sure loaded.

She pulled the cruiser into the dock carefully, directing Ethan to flip over the bumpers, then having Kane take the wheel briefly while she jumped out to tie the boat down. She then hopped back inside, shouldered Kane aside, and shut down the engine. Ethan climbed off, carrying the snacks and things Kane had bought, which left them alone.

“This sure is some boat,” she said, finding it impossible to hide her enthusiasm. “And some uh, house.”

“Yes, I saw it last year at the party,” Kane said, grinning at her.

Regan blushed.

“It's a trial, being beautiful, isn't it?” he asked, with that sardonic smirk that was starting to become familiar. “I know myself. Women are constantly throwing themselves at me.”

She snorted, but on the other hand, didn't doubt him. With his looks and his money, they probably were indeed.

“You're not married, uh, Mister Kane?”

“Not any more. Women find me a trial.”

“A trial?”

“I'm a perve, you know,” he said seriously.

She blushed again, but didn't take it seriously. “All guys are,” she said.

“I need to find a very perverted girl, I guess,” he said.

He looked at her with amused eyes.

“Well don't look at me,” she said, blushing again, but feeling a strange, giddy sensation.

“Girls can be perverts, too,” he said.

“I suppose so,” she replied, starting to get uncomfortable.

“Well, no matter. Let me show you around.”

He led her off the boat towards the boathouse, which contained, among other things, several addle boats, a canoe, and an entire rack of water skis and water boards. There were also tools and some spare parts for things on the boat which habitually needed replacing.

“You need more rope for your boat,” she said. “And you have the wrong kind. Those skinny ropes of yours aren't strong enough and aren't water resistant.”

“On the contrary. They're made of a new polymer fiber,” he said.

He opened a cupboard and drew out a roll of the same slim blue rope which was tying the boat down.

“This is much more resilient than your typical three strand polypropylene,” he said.

She looked at him surprise, and he smirked, then with a quick movement of his hands, wrapped the rope around her, pinning her arms to her sides.

“It's very strong, too,” he said in a soft voice.

Regan flushed again, opened her mouth to speak, and found herself not sure what to say! She felt a sudden blossoming sensation of heat, anxiety, embarrassment, and dark, thrilling helplessness all mixed together!

He grinned. "Softer against the skin too," he said.

He pulled it momentarily tighter, locking her arms tightly against her sides, then slid it away and put it back.

Regan found her heart was pounding as she watched him open more cupboards and show her what was there, swallowing repeatedly. She realized, after a moment, that her nipples were hard, and she was glad his back was turned to her.

Though as her eyes flicked over it, she thought it was an extremely powerful back, and wondered what it would feel like to slide her fingers across it...

She found herself suddenly very much aware of just how big he was, of how much bare flesh was before her in the tight confines of the boathouse. Not that the boathouse was small, but the majority of its space was open water. So as they moved around the sides they had to remain very close together.

"Here are the skis," he said. "Can you reach up?"

She bit her lip a bit, stretching her arms up, she was just able to reach the clamps which held the skis in place.

"Good. It'll be your job to take them down and put them on the boat if someone wants to ski. It'll also be your job to judge their eight and weight to get the proper ski. You know how?"

She nodded. She'd done a lot of water skiing the previous summer.

Everywhere they moved, he slid an arm behind her, and it, or his big hand, guided her forward. She didn't object, but feeling his warm skin against her only reinforced just how ... male he was. She'd never really put much time in close with a large man before. Jason was, like most of her boyfriends, reasonably slender, and about her size.

Kane was just... big. His bare chest was thick, but unlike that of the guys she had known, he didn't bother shaving it. He wasn't, thankfully, terribly hairy, but he did have a strong dusting of hair across his chest. Regan thought that simply added to his aura of strength and power. Kane, unlike the guys she'd known, was not a boy.

He didn't have the voice of a boy, didn't walk like a boy, didn't act like a boy, didn't look like a boy. He certainly didn't look or act anything like her father, on the other hand, but then again, he wasn't that old. But he talked with a certainty and decisiveness which was almost entirely absent in the guys she had known thus far in her life.

When he said something, there was no room for argument. This was how it was, and he was the boss, and she was brand new.

“You won't simply be taking care of the boat,” he said, giving her a pointed look. “That will keep you busy on certain days, like those I have parties or visitors, but I'm not paying you to sit around on your pretty little butt most of the time. And the boat only needs so much maintenance and cleaning.”

“Uhm, sure, I guess,” Regan said uncertainly, “What else would I be doing?”

“Whatever needs servicing that you can help with or be shown how to help with. For example, we have a lot of pumps running the water, both down the cliffs and into the pond and pools, and there are maintenance issues with them on occasion, including the filters. The pools need attending to, even the lights along the walkways have to be checked and replaced on occasion.”

“If I can do it or someone can show me how then sure,” Regan said.

For thirty dollars an hour she wouldn't expect to be lounging around on the boat, after all.

“Good,” he said. “I don't expect heavy lifting from you ...”

He smiled as he said it, put his hands on her arms, and then, startling her, and without any apparent effort, lifted her straight up into the air until they were eye to eye.

“... Ethan can take of that. But whatever other odd jobs we have ...”

He set her down again and released her arms.

“Ethan or Mike will tell you about,” he finished.

“Uh, sure,” she gulped.

“And no loafing.” he said, index finger lightly tapping the bridge of her nose. “Though you can dip in the lake or in the pools if no one is around and your work is caught up, or you're on a break, of course.”

“I wouldn't!” she protested.

“Okay.”

He ruffled her hair, but again, she didn't really feel annoyed at it. If he was being paternalistic, well, she could hardly fault the attitude. He was a big, powerful, rich, older man. And she was... a girl, and one of no particular accomplishments to date.

“You have very soft hair,” he said, momentarily combing his big fingers through her bangs before drawing his hand back.

Before she could answer he led her out of the boat house, talking about the pumps and pools.

Chapter Two

Regan was staying at the cottage alone just then, her parents both working, but she did call her father to tell him she wasn't working at the Boat House any more, but was instead working at a boat house. She had debated not telling him, but he was due up next weekend and he'd be sure to drop by the place and look for her. She didn't want him being told she was fired.

She did stress how much more money she was getting, though, and how amazing the huge lake house was. She also told him Kane was Jason's uncle, to explain how he knew her abilities with boats. But she found herself trying to make sure he didn't get any ideas about Kane's ideas, by telling him he lived there with another man.

If he got the idea they were a gay couple, well, she hadn't really said that, just sort of, given clues about how much Kane loved color patterns and landscaping.

It was true that Kane did take a keen interest in the colors of the flowers and lights that melded together to make the lake-house look so incredible, particularly at night. She hadn't really seen much of the house itself, but what she had seen was eye-popping.

There was a lovely lily pond built around the rear of the house, with a small waterfall spilling into it. The pool in the front was huge, with a water slide which curved downward into the second pool thirty feet below! There was also a big hot tub next to the second pool.

She had learned that Kane had built an pipeline services company out of nothing but a pickup truck and some tools. Now he had franchisees who had huge trucks which used something like fire hoses with vacuum attachments to dig holes in the ground for pipeline and sewer servicing. The water turned the ground to mud, which the vacuum sucked up and into tanks.

It sounded bizarre to Regan, but even more bizarre was that he'd made a fortune at it, and now other people did the work and paid him for the privilege of buying trucks from him and using his company name.

The company logo was a powder blue, the same as his boat, his car, the pools, some of the furniture, and... her bikini.

That had been a bit of a shocker! It had left her anxious, a bit nervous and uncertain.

Many of those who he guested were potential franchise buyers, and the beauty of the lake house was one of his sales tools, as was his speedy, beautiful boat. Everything had to look great to impress them, and that included the help. In other words, she would, when there were visitors, wear a powder blue bikini at work.

“I didn't get where I was without making use of anything available that would work for me,” he said to her. “And it's not, I admit, an original thought to have pretty girls around to impress clients. You don't find too many ugly, fat women as receptionists at big law partnerships, for example. I wouldn't hire you just because you're cute, but since you are cute I'm going to take advantage of it.”

He shrugged. “Why wouldn't I?”

He'd talked in that confident, certain voice which brooked no real disagreement, and continued to talk over her stuttered expressions of uncertainty.

“Think of it as the uniform,” he said with a casual shrug, like it was no big deal.

And, in a way, it wasn't a big deal. After all, she usually wore her bathing suit when she'd been working at the Boat House. The difference was she'd worn it under her shirt and shorts. She hadn't greeted the customers as they'd pulled up, wearing a bikini!

But then again this was a much different, more private location. And it was on and around a boat, and she'd be looking after docks and pumps and pools so... so it was hard to really think it out of place.

It did make her squirm a little, but not entirely with discomfort. The thought of wearing a bikini around Kane, his eyes on her, kind of made her lower belly thrum in a distinctly fluttery way! But then she'd had to give him her measurements! And hadn't that been a strange mix of emotions! She'd been both embarrassed, and, again, a bit squirmy as he'd put them into his blackberry!

No, she couldn't just show up in her own bikini. It had to be the same powder blue as the company logo, and someplace he knew of produced all kinds of things with whatever the corporate color was, so he would order it for her.

“Don't worry,” he said with a grin. “No thongs. It will be modest.”

That, at least, was a relief – kind of. She hoped it wouldn't be an old lady suit, one of those big bottom things nobody wore unless she was old or fat...

But someone else picking a bikini for her to wear!? A man!” That was just so weird!

*

Her first day was a little exhilarating. She got to spend a lot of time on the boat, both driving it to take Ethan across the lake for more supplies, and doing routine maintenance Ethan hadn't done. Ethan was an interesting man himself. He wasn't as energetic as Kane, and seemed to brood a lot. His voice was softer, calmer and slower than Kane.

But he, too, was a big man, and he spoke with the same certainty and confidence when he gave orders, though he tended to give them as if they were questions, asking her to do something, rather than telling her. Kane made no such pretense. He was the boss, and what he said was what you did.

Ethan showed her how the pool pump and filters worked, and what cleaning and maintenance had to be done on them, then led her to the pump room to demonstrate how the pumps sucked lake water up to the top of the cliff, then let it tumble down again, as well as how other pumps drew water from the lower pool up to the top pool so it could cascade down the slide between the two.

It was a busy day, and a fun one, as was the second day. The third day, when she showed up, there was a large brown envelope waiting on the boat, and in it were several plastic envelopes containing powder blue bikinis. Her anxiety level shot up as she looked at them, and she froze. Then she went into the little cabin and took them out.

The bikinis had reasonably full cups which fit her breasts perfectly, but the strings were short, which meant the cups squeezed her breasts in and up and together to produce a very satisfying amount of curved flesh on display. Or at

least, it would have been satisfying under other circumstances!

The bottom had a two inch waistband going over her hips, but sat quite low, and the rear, while definitely not a thong, was more of a Brazilian than a full bottom. The suit looked good on her, she admitted, checking herself out in a mirror. It looked very good, in fact. She'd worn more revealing suits, but this one... this one just seemed to look so... good.

Maybe it was the way it lifted her breasts up and kind of squeezed them together. Regan was big enough and tomboy enough to have never really thought about wearing a push-up bra. But that was what this was, and while it was 'modest' in the narrow sense, it certainly put her assets on display!

From both directions!

But how could she protest!? On what basis? It wasn't particularly revealing. The bikini he'd seen her in at the party had been smaller. She checked the second and third suit, but found them identical. The fourth was a string top, the cups smaller, and with a very small crotch and thong bottom! No way she was wearing a thong, and especially not with the tiny inverted triangle of fabric over her crotch!

Maybe that one was a mistake.

Her mind still squirmed at the thought of walking around at work in the suit. If it had been on the beach with friends, well, no issue there. She liked how she looked in it. It was hard to find a sexy suit that wasn't really revealing. She just wasn't sure about wearing sexy little bikinis as part of her job!

But it was a job, she reminded herself. She could just as easily be looking through the want-ads now, trying to find a job for minimum wage at a local coffee shop.

She stepped out on the rear deck in the bikini, determined to just accept it. Why not? She didn't mind looking sexy, and most of the time she'd be alone anyway. Wearing a swimsuit, in fact, would let her jump into the water any time she wanted, whether cleaning the pools or servicing the boat.

Boats, plural. She was also to make sure the paddle boats and canoe were okay, and clean, keep the boathouse in shape, and do sanding and staining on the deck if it needed it. It was a great job to have, and she was lucky as hell to have it!

But when Kane showed up an hour later to find her on her knees on the deck cleaning along the base of the rear seats, she was feeling something other than lucky. In fact, she didn't notice until he'd hopped onto the boat, which meant, as she turned and looked up, she was looking into his crotch.

She got up hastily, face reddening as she remembered the bikini. By sheer strength of will she kept her arms from rising to try to cover herself. That would have been dumb, she knew.

“So how are things going?” he asked. “I see the bikinis showed up.”

“Uhm, yeah,” she gulped, blushing as he looked her up and down.

“Looks like it fits perfectly,” he said.

He wasn't leering or staring or anything, and speaking and acting very matter-of-fact, but she still felt her chest tightening at standing before him in a bikini!

He was wearing a swimsuit himself, as well as a blue Hawaiian shirt over it.

“Uhm, yeah, most of them,” she said.

“Most of them?”

“Uhm...” She blushed anew. “I mean, the others like this are fine.”

“Thought they all like that?”

“There was the uhm, thong.”

He frowned, and she couldn't tell if he was lying or not.

“I only ordered four like this, so you could switch over from time to time.”

“Well, there's three like this and then this little itty-bitty thong.”

He laughed, then pursed his lips. “Well, I won't ask you to wear that one,” he said.

“Good!”

He laughed again.

“But I will ask you to take the boat out in an hour. I want to do some water skiing.”

“Who's going to be the spotter?”

“Ethan will be coming.”

“Okay, sure.”

That felt somewhat comforting, because being in a bikini around them water skiing, well, it felt more like something social, something she ought to be in a bathing suit for.

In fact, it turned out to be more than a little social. It was as if she was out for a day on the water with friends! He and Ethan took turns water skiing, and then he half insisted she take a turn, while Ethan piloted the boat. They sat together on the boat, sipped ice tea and Pepsi together, laughed and talked together, and the only thing even a little odd to Regan was that they were both much older than her.

Aside from that she could hardly believe this was supposed to be work!

Nor was it just water skiing. The swimming had started when he'd thrown her over the side into the water. She'd swam back to the side of the boat, which was too high to climb up over, but he'd simply bent over, gripped her raised wrists, and lifted her bodily up over the side in one smooth, powerful motion.

That motion had ended (briefly) with her wet body pressed against his, before he set her down with a grin, then winked and bent and held his hands together, fingers interlocked.

“Step in,” he said.

She was a bit anxious, but grasped his shoulder and put a foot into his locked hands, then squealed as he flung high into the air. She dove neatly into the water after that one, and again he lifted her out easily. The water was cool, but as she again was pressed against him briefly, she felt her nipples tightening within the bra cups, and knew it wasn't the water!

Still, he threw her in again, and pulled her out, then guided her to the rear seats on the boat.

“Climb up,” he said, helping her.

He turned his back and urged her to climb up onto his shoulders.

“Now,” he said, grasping her legs, “try to stand on my shoulders.”

“I couldn't!” she gasped.

But with his strong hands helping raise her up, she did... briefly, then dove from his shoulders into the water!

Before she hit the water she heard Ethan suggest, in his dry voice, that Kane let him climb up on his shoulders to dive.

She was laughing as she hit the water, then swirled around underwater and came up again, to be lifted bodily up out of the water again. Only this time he bent over and hauled her right up across his shoulder!

“Adam!” she squealed as he swung her around.

Crack!

His hand slapped against her bottom, and she yelped in surprise!

“That's Mister Kane to you, boat girl,” he said.

And then he climbed onto the edge of the boat and walked forward, with her across his shoulders, staring down at his powerful back! From the raised front deck he then jumped off the boat with her still across his shoulder, tossing her away at the last minute so they both landed with mighty splashes!

She surfaced with a gasp, pushing the hair back from her face.

“Jerk!” she said as he emerged, grinning.

“That's Mister Jerk to you, employee!” he said, putting his big hand on her head and shoving her back underwater.

She rose, sputtering.

“Mister Jerk!”

He grinned and then nodded her forward.

“What?”

“I'll raise you up.”

“It's too high!”

They were at the front of the boat now, which was considerably higher than further back.

He drew her in tightly against him, then put his arms around her, hefting her up. That put his face about in her stomach, though, and he nibbled at her for a moment as she squealed and squirmed. He lifted her higher than, high enough that her questing fingers caught the edge of the deck.

She started to pull herself up, but it wasn't as easy as having someone just yank you up!

“I don't know if I can climb all the way up,” she gasped, hanging by her hands.

“Just hang there. I like the view,” he said.

She turned around and tsked, because her bottom was just a little out of the water, which put it pretty close to his face.

“Pervert!”

He grinned and then slapped her bottom.

“That's mister pervert, boat girl,” he said.

“Oww! Don't!” she squealed.

“Then climb up.”

“I uhm, can't!” she grunted.

Crack!

“Oh! Adam!”

“You just need more inspiration,” he said. “How about if I tug your suit down?”

She scrambled up quickly with his laughter behind her, then turned around and glared at him over the edge, sticking her tongue out.

“Gonna lift me up now, boat girl?”

“Oh right! Like that's going to happen!”

He laughed and swam along the boat. Regan sat then lay back, staring up at the sun, again thinking of how amazing it was to be paid for this! She wondered if she should just lay there and work on her tan...

But then she sat up and scrambled back along the narrow ledge leading back to the cabin as Kane climbed up from the rear of the boat onto the low deck there, then climbed over the ledge and topped onto one of the seats.

“Time to go in, kiddies,” he said with a sigh.

Regan was a little disappointed, but it had been a fun time. She started the engine and headed back, not bothering to sit as the two men discussed someone she didn't know behind her. She turned her head at one point, though, and rolled her eyes back, and was pretty sure she saw Kane looking at her butt out of the corner of her eye.

She felt that tightness in her chest again, and a fluttering in her stomach.

*

It would be impossible not to think about the possibilities. After all, Kane was a wealthy, powerful, good looking man, and a guy she was coming to like a lot. He had a great body, too, and Regan found herself thinking about it more and more often, both at work and at home, particularly in the shower or in bed...

What would sex with him be like?

She was willing to bet he was no eager, ham-fisted boy, that he knew what he was doing, and that he'd take charge. It was hard to imagine anything beyond the physical with him, given he was, if not quite twice her age, well, closer to it than anyone she'd hung around with before. She was only twenty, after all, while he was, she had learned, thirty six.

Besides, it wasn't that she was 'hanging around' with him. He was her boss!

Sleeping with the boss! What a concept!

The thought made her more than slightly breathless.

Chapter Three

Kane never left any doubt who was the boss when he gave her instructions, but aside from that, working for him was almost like it wasn't a job at all. Even cleaning the boat or pools was easy and relaxing in the beautiful sunny air, in her bikini, with a cool drink next to her and music playing from the disguised speakers around the lake house.

Until she screwed up.

It really was just forgetfulness. Ethan had produced a list of things for her to do that day, and that included taking the boat across the lake to pick up a name named Stephen Foster at eleven thirty. Only at ten thirty she'd started maintenance on one of the pump filters, and it had been harder than she'd thought, so she'd forgotten.

Until Kane came into the room.

“Regan, you're supposed to be picking up Mister Foster in five minutes,” he exclaimed.

She looked up at him, frowning in confusion, then remembered with a gasp and sprang to her feet.

“Oh shit! I forgot!”

“Move!”

She sprang out the door, yelping and taking a half jump as his hand cracked against her bottom on the way past.

“And make sure you apologize!” he called after her, not sounding happy at all!

She ran down to the boat, quickly untied the lines, and started up the blowers. They were needed to vent any fumes before starting the engine. She gave it a minute, rubbing her bottom while she did and looking up at the house. That slap had stung!

She made record time across the lake in the speedy boat, drawing it up to the marina before a man in a dark blue three piece suit.

“Mister Foster?” she called.

He nodded.

“I'm very sorry. I was doing something else and this slipped my mind,” she said.

“Not a big problem,” he said, climbing on board.

“If you'll take a seat, I'll get you across the lake really quickly,” she promised.

“I am getting a bit hungry,” he said.

She supposed that meant he was going to be having lunch there.

She didn't speed back as fast as she'd come across. That would have bounced the boat pretty wildly, and she had no idea how much experience he had. Having him fall on his face would not make Kane any happier with her.

She arrived at the dock to find Ethan waiting. He frowned at her, then turned on the charm for Foster. Like the man, he was wearing a suit, and they shook hands as he helped him off the boat.

“Regan, get up to the house, if you please, and see Michael,” he said.

She nodded, finished tying the boat down as the two men left, then followed up after. She saw them on the upper deck, with Kane, as the three talked, and Kane waved his arm out at the lake. She bypassed them and headed into the house.

Michael was an interesting man. He had worked for Kane at his excavation firm, and somehow wound up as his assistant, of sorts. That was probably the wrong term. Ethan was more the assistant type. Michael cooked, took care of his clothes and shoes and sometimes drove for him. He was more of a manservant, she supposed.

He wasn't a big, broad shouldered man like Ethan and Kane, but he was ten years younger and had a swimmers body she found more than a little attractive. He also had a face that was the opposite of Kane and Ethan, in that it was more

pretty than handsome, almost girlishly so. He was more the type she had been attracted to before, but now she found him a pale comparison to Kane.

“Bad girl,” he said. “I’ve had this meal planned out to the minute.”

“I’m really sorry!” she gulped.

“There’s also been a last-minute change. Mister Foster doesn’t like the heat, which he discovered, I guess, standing around waiting for you.”

She flushed.

“Anyway, we’re going to eat in the dining room instead of on the deck. And you’re going to help.”

“Me!?”

“I need everything set out and quickly, so get to it!”

He had to show her where everything was, of course, but she scurried back and forth between the kitchen, which was bigger than her family’s whole cabin, and the dining room, which was almost as big.

The dining room table was twenty feet long, and gleamed, made of some highly polished dark wood. Michael helped as she set up the places for the three men, along with special blue trimmed napkins and place mats.

It was cool in the house, and she felt chilly in just her bare feet and bikini, but there was little time to think about it as she hurried back and forth. Then Kane came in, with Ethan and Foster, and sat down.

Michael had her bringing food out, then, and there was a lot of it. In Regan’s world, you brought out the food and that was that. She knew about things like ‘five course dinners’ and the like, but had never actually experienced it until then. Now she carried out different plates to each of the men, setting them before them, then going back to the kitchen to wait until the next course was served.

It was... weird.

What was even weirder was being in a bikini inside the house around four fully

dressed men, three of them in full suits and ties!

Kane frowned at her at first, but then seemed to ease up. She hoped that meant he forgave her. But every time she came in his eyes flickered up and down at her, and she felt that little breathy sensation once again. Leaning over him, her breasts very close to his face, made her pray her nipples wouldn't show through the top!

Because they were definitely hard!

It was the cool air, she told herself, though she wasn't sure that was the only reason...

She just felt extremely self-conscious about wearing so little inside the house, and very much aware of the mens eyes upon her as she moved in and out of the room. It felt very sexual, as if she was some kind of exhibitionist in her little bikini! Yet it wasn't she who had chosen to wear it, nor even picked it out!

Kane and Ethan noticed her, certainly, but they didn't stare or pay any special attention. Foster seemed more disconcerted and distracted, and it gave her an odd feeling whenever she caught his eyes on her chest. On the one part she felt cheap, but then since it wasn't her who had chosen the outfit she felt defiant. Then again she felt a strange sort of smugness to her ego despite the fact she had no interest in the man whatever.

She felt safe in that there was no way he was going to say anything to her, or do anything, which had a calming effect. But she still felt a little like she was showing off, even if it wasn't her idea. Then she wondered it was Kane's idea. He had said he wanted her to look nice, just like everything else here looked nice, as an image thing. But did he think she'd be distracting, perhaps to men he was negotiating with?

That was both insulting and kind of complimentary at the same time, that he thought she was that hot. And moving around them, she sort of felt hot in her little bikini, sort of slutty, but safe slutty.

It wasn't like any of them were going to be talking to her friends about her, after all!

Michael had her bringing out pastries for desert, and then coffee afterward She

was becoming suspicious, though, that Kane was indeed using her as if she was some sort of Hooters waitress, to distract Foster, and vowed to talk to him about it afterward.

If she was a waitress, she thought, she was showing off a heck of a lot more than any Hooters girl did!

Lunch finished, and the men went outside again to the deck, while she cleared the table and brought things into the kitchen, then scraped them and put them into the dishwasher under Michael's direction. Afterward, Kane and Foster followed her down to the lake and got into the boat, continuing their business negotiation as she stood in front of them, hand on the wheel, wondering if they were looking at her.

She swung her seat out and sat down, a bit self-consciously, yet still feeling strangely smug despite that, even while chiding herself. It's not like I'm all that gorgeous, she sniffed silently.

It wasn't necessarily terrible to be thought of that way, though.

They dropped off Foster, and she puttered around on the boat for fifteen minutes while the men talked on the dock, then Kane got back aboard.

“A profitable enough time, boat girl,” he said, then frowned at her. “Despite your forgetfulness.”

She opened her mouth to protest, flushing a little. “I forgot!” she said.

His eyes narrowed and his frown deepened.

“I wasn't goofing off or anything! I was actually cleaning one of the pump filters!”

“Lucky for you,” he said. “or that pretty bottom of yours would feel my hand on it.”

He went past her into the cabin and picked up the phone there, thus forestalling any further conversation, including protests, but she felt another strange little thrum of energy at his threat. It wasn't the first time he'd made it either. And he'd slapped her bottom once or twice before, as had Ethan, when he'd sent her

hurrying out to pick up Foster.

Was this a paternalistic thing, or was it sexual, she wondered uncertainly. If they had been closer to her age she wouldn't have had any doubt, but given they were older, and her bosses, that she worked for them, she wasn't entirely sure. But the idea of being dragged over Kane's lap and spanked was... very ... strangely... exciting.

Oh it was daunting, too, and completely outrageous! Even if it wasn't sexual it was still horrifyingly sexist! The idea a man would spank a woman, much less a female employee, was ridiculous in this day and age! Which was why she thought of it as more sexual than sexist. So why did the idea turn her on, in a dark fantasy sort of way?

Maybe because Kane was so... big and powerful and masculine and.. impressive. Any way she looked at it he was a pretty hunky guy, older or not! The idea of being manhandled by him was scary hot! But that slap by Ethan had stung! That was the more daunting part. Still, she let her mind wander though a dark place where she was spanked by Kane, maybe even spanked on her bare bottom!

And then what would Kane do? The thought made her stomach flutter and her nipples tingle!

How much did he really appreciate her bottom?! Did he have fantasies about her!? Why was he even single? A guy like him should have tons of really hot women beating down his door desperate to be his girlfriend. He had just about everything any woman would want, so far as she could tell.

Or maybe, somehow, he actually was gay! Him and Ethan! That would partially explain why he didn't feel bothered at the thought of commenting about her looks, or slapping her bottom. He would think himself immune to the normal suspicions that he was doing it out of some kind of perverted interest in her.

But it was hard to believe. She'd never met two guys who seemed less likely to be gay! But then again, maybe it was just an act. Maybe his comments about watching her bending over the engine and how nice her ass was were just to convince her he was straight? Maybe he wasn't out of the closet.

She could see Michael as gay. He looked more feminine, and he cooked and cleaned, which most men would probably not like much. But Kane and Ethan?

That didn't seem likely.

After she docked, she went up to finish the maintenance on the pump filter, then hesitated. She was now avidly curious about Kane, and wanted to know more about him. She'd tried googling him, and found little. But there was bound to be something in the house which would give her more information.

She went back up – quietly, and wandered in through the open dining room door. She could hear Michael rattling around in the kitchen, and she looked around. The ceiling was high, the furniture top end, and the windows covered much of the walls, letting in a lot of light. But the décor was kind of man-cave, with little in the way of floral or what she thought of as 'gay' décor.

She could claim she was coming to see if Michael needed her, then had to go to the bathroom, she thought, working up her excuse as she wandered through a living room which her entire cottage could have fit into without touching either ceiling or walls.

The corridor outside was paneled in dark wood. She could hear him talking from further down, but there was a carpeted stairway leading up, and she dashed up there, staring around in fascination. Everything was so big! Everything was so rich looking! Where, she wondered, was his bedroom?

Would there be florals and chintz there, lace and pretty pictures? She found a few bedrooms which were obviously for guests, and found herself further impressed. They were like no bedrooms she'd ever seen in her life, except on television!

Then she came upon the bathroom. It was large, of course, with a huge white tub in the middle of the floor. The shower beyond it was big enough to park a car, and off to the left was a very long counter with discrete lighting beneath it, as well as above the mirror.

She hurried back along the corridor, then found what was surely his room. It was enormous, with four curved windows around the corner where the bed was. It was a low but wide bed, very modern, kind of Scandinavian, and the floor was covered in a carpet that felt like a mix between silk and cotton balls. It was the softest and fluffiest material her bare feet had ever encountered!

The room didn't look very girly, she thought, eyes flitting about. There no

flowers or lace, and the painting on the wall was of some kind of a tall ship from centuries past, sailing through a fog. The colors were solid, greens and browns mostly. There was a sofa and a fireplace in one corner, and a pair of doors which gave onto a huge en-suite bath and a walk-in closet.

The clothes in the latter didn't look very... colorful. Then again, what did a gay guy wear that was different from a straight guy, unless he was one of those flouncing queens? There were no pictures around of girlfriends or ex wives or children, for that matter.

And then she saw a statuette on a pedestal in the corner and her mouth dropped open a bit.

It was black, in some kind of gleaming stone material, perhaps onyx, and it featured the head and torso of a woman with long hair. It was about two feet high, not counting the pedestal, and her arms were shackled behind her back, both above the elbows and at her wrists. Chains connected the four shackles and descended further, below her buttocks, which was the bottom of the sculpture.

She was naked, shapely, and had full, pert breasts with upturned nipples, very hard nipples. The sculpture of the girl didn't was very well-detailed, but wasn't obscene – exactly – depending on your standards. But it was very... odd for a man to have that in his bedroom!

Or anywhere!

She hurried out and back down the hall, managing to slip down the stairs and back outside without being seen. But her head was awhirl with strange thoughts and dark fantasies the rest of the day and evening, some of which imagined herself naked, with chains binding her arms, helpless before Kane...

*

It was two days later that whatever was going on in her subconscious about Kane caused her to do something impulsive – and stupid. She didn't think of it as stupid, necessarily, though she did think of herself as stupid for doing it. No, she thought of it more as daring, and perhaps a little flirty, as a means of exploring further what kind of man Kane was and what he thought of her.

While most of the stores, and the small town of Pilson, was on the other side of

the lake, the house did have a garage, and a paved drive which led about a quarter of a mile up to a country road. That road in turn led to a highway. Ethan and Michael left in the Jaguar, a car she had much admired though only got to sit in once, leaving the two of them 'alone'.

Well, Kane was alone up there in the house. She was alone on the dock. But still, the principal was the same.

She put on some suntan oil, and took advantage of the excellent sound system on the boat, turning it up nice and loud – to a rap station.

Kane had made it clear she could listen to music while she worked, as long as it was kept relatively low, and he'd mentioned something in passing a few days earlier which made his disdain for rap fairly clear. So she turned it up loudly and lay back on the front deck of the boat as if she was getting a little sun.

It was only a little after ten, which was a bit early for her break given she started at nine, but she heard nothing from Kane, despite how much sound carried in the quiet air of the lake. At least, not at first. Perhaps he was waiting for her fifteen minute break to be over, she thought. At thirty minutes, she was just about to give up, not being particularly fond of most of the music being played anyway.

That was when the boat shifted a little, and she knew he had come on board. She felt a bit smug about that, but made sure she hardly moved. She did make sure that her hands were behind her head, though, casually, of course, which would help push her breasts up a bit.

She closed her eyes as he approached, and waited. Every time her heart beat she imagined him staring down at her lustfully! And that meant the longer he waited, the more time he was taking to stare at her! That made her skin flush, and her heart beat faster, made her chest tighten and her stomach flutter.

When she opened her eyes, however, hoping to catch him staring at her body, she found him looking at her face instead, a sour look on his own.

“Uhm, hi,” she said.

“Boat girl,” he said in a gravelly sort of voice filled with disapproval.

“Music too loud?” she asked.

“You know it is.”

She blushed further, sitting up finally, starting to feel anxious.

“I'm sorry,” she said. “I just... like... I mean, the music is only really good when it's turned up loud.”

“Some music is. I don't think this, however, qualifies as music. Besides which, you've been laying out here half an hour. I'm quite sure there's something else you could be doing I would approve of more than this.”

She gave him a blank look, though she was starting to feel more and more breathless.

“Like what?” she asked.

His eyes narrowed.

“Did Ethan not provide you your daily list?”

“Uhm, maybe. I didn't see it.”

He moved back along the deck and climbed down onto the rear deck as she got up, butterflies swirling, and followed him back. He already had the list in hand as she climbed down into the rear deck.

“It didn't seem to be hidden,” he said. “You've done everything?”

“I was taking a break,” she said.

He frowned at her. “Pretty long break, wouldn't you say?”

“Not really,” she said.

“Are you trying to aggravate me, Regan?”

“Honestly, Andrew. I was just relaxing and taking a break!” she said defensively.

“Mister Kane,” he said.

“You called me Regan.”

“I'm your boss.”

“So?”

He stared at her. “Very well, Miss Foster – .”

“Miz,” she said.

“You are trying to annoy me.”

“I'm not!” she protested.

“No?”

He put a finger against her chest, and she gulped. It was high up, just below her neck, and it was just a finger, and he wasn't doing anything much with it, but Regan felt her pulse starting to race. He moved the finger in a slow circle, then drew it up before her eyes.

“You're using suntan oil and laying right on the deck, which means the deck has oil on it now. Is this water based?”

She stared at him blankly.

“And did you intend to clean the deck later?”

“I... guess, she said.

His finger returned to her chest, only now it slid slowly down her chest. There was a space of perhaps one inch between her breasts, squeezed inward by the bikini top, and his hand slid down it, right between them, along her flat chest, then hooked into the material of the suit between the cups and tugged it up and toward him with a slow, firm motion.

Regan gasped as she felt herself pulled up onto the balls of her feet! She grasped his wrist, his very big wrist, with both of her small hands, gaping at him as his face turned very stern indeed.

“I do not like lazy girls,” he said in a low voice. “I do not like girls who take advantage of my easygoing nature, and I do not like girls who toy with me.”

Regan felt the tightness of the suit pulling up against the undersides of her breasts as his finger pulled up even more, and her eyes widened as he leaned in to bring his face close to hers.

“And you, little boat girl, are doing all of those things right now.”

“I-I'm not!” she blurted.

“Ha,” he said.

In an instant he released her suit, and instead his hands, far too big to move that quickly, grasped her wrists and raised them straight up above her, pinning them together as she squeaked in shock. He held them high and easily in one hand, raising her up to stand on the balls of her feet again, eyes wide as he looked at her and she looked back.

Regan felt her heart pounding as she stared up at him, her mind flooded with emotions, heat, excitement, fear and alarm, anxiety and a dark sense of anticipation mixed with embarrassment and uncertainty.

“What should I do with you, boat girl?” he growled.

Regan couldn't make her voice work just then. Her mind was spinning too fast!

He drew her slowly forward and to the side, and her thighs made contact with the high seat across from the captain's chair. That stopped them moving forward, but he continued to draw her wrists forward, which bent her over.

And then his other hand cracked down on her bottom with a sharp blow that caused her to yelp in startled shock.

Chapter Four

“Oww!”

“My assessment of your nature prior to today was of a responsible girl,” he said.

His hand cracked down against her bottom a second time, and Regan cried out again.

“A girl who takes her duties seriously.”

Crack! His hand slapped against her bottom a third time! And again the blow was sharp and stinging!

“A girl who keeps her promises,” he said.

Crack!

“Oww! Stop!”

“Not a thoughtless girl who would slack off.”

Crack!

That hurt! Regan was now having very serious second thoughts about the wisdom of this! Her bottom was starting to burn!

“And a girl intelligent enough that if she wanted to slack off – .”

Crack!

“Would do so in a less ostentatious fashion.”

Crack!

“OW! That hurts! Adam!”

Crack!

“You mean Mister Kane, don't you?”

“Oww! Stop it! Mister Kane!”

“I did tell you, did I not, that I'm a man of action when it comes to disobedient or lazy young people who work for me?”

Crack!

“Oww!” she squealed.

“I believe I did warn you I'd take you across my knees if you acted up.”

Crack!

“Oww! Please!” she cried, her bottom on fire now!

This was not at all how she'd imagined this going! She certainly hadn't imagined the stinging pain! She pulled and twisted, but her wrists remained locked in the vice-like grip of his big hand, immovable. However much the rest of her twisted and writhed, she could do nothing to get away!

“You're hurting me!” she squealed.

“Hurting, perhaps, but not harming,” he replied.

And then to her shock, she felt his finger slid into the waistband of her bikini bottom and tug them swiftly down! She cried out in shock as she felt them sliding over her hips, but even as his finger pulled away the bikini bottoms slid down around her thighs, then around her ankles!

“Yes, I see your bottom is entirely unharmed,” he said. “A little red, perhaps, but that's not an indication of actual harm.”

Crack!

She squealed as his hand came down again, this time on her bare flesh! The blow seemed sharper, that time, but even so, was washed out by the roar of emotions which erupted within her. Shocked embarrassment and a strange dark sense of...

of thrill... of anticipation, and something else, a kind of outraged delight!

Crack!

His hand cracked down again, and she twisted and writhed helplessly.

“No, your buttocks look quite healthy,” he said.

Crack!

“Very nicely shaped.

Crack!

“Unmarked and unmarred.”

Crack!

“Just kind of red.”

Crack!

“But that will fade quickly enough.”

Crack!

The pain, despite the swirling emotions and arousal, was battering at Regan's mind, which was becoming more and more desperate to make it stop!

So when it did stop, however temporarily, there was only a sense of desperate relief, even though it stopped because – and here she felt another wild, anxious, embarrassed, helpless thrill – because his hand was now gliding up and down across the overheated skin stretched tautly across her buttocks.

She was on the verge of tears from the wild emotions and the frustration of the repeated blows, but now gulped in air in ragged gasps and moans as his hand skimmed gently across her curved bottom.

“No, completely undamaged,” he said.

His hand moved up and down her back now, under the bra strap crossing her

back, then back down again. Now slick with suntan oil, his big, warm hand slid directly down between her buttocks, following the soft contour of her body until his hand had pushed between her trembling thighs and was cupping her pussy!

“A little overheated, as I said, much like this, I think,” he said, rubbing his slick fingers against her naked sex.

“I suspected you were well-shaven,” he said, “as so many girls are these days.”

Regan was beyond speech! And even as her fluttering mind tried to work up something to say she was jolted by another tremendous blow as one of his fingers pushed in between the tight lips of her sex, rubbed lightly up and down, then found her opening and pushed inside!

A second finger followed almost immediately, and left her gaping in shock, staring at nothing as his left hand pulled her wrists still further forward, bending her over more. His fingers, large and warm, yet slick with the suntan oil, slid slowly in and out of her entrance, and her legs began to wobble as a tremendous rush of dark excitement billowed up within her.

His fingers were both thick and long, of course, and plunged deep into the now fiery heat of her sex, twisting and turning as they pumped in and out. They pulled back entirely and then

Crack!

“Oh!” she cried.

His fingers pushed back into her again, pumping in and out.

“I’ve met a lot of girls and women in my life, boat girl,” he said.

His fingers pulled out again.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“When you look like I do, and have my money, it’s not difficult.”

His fingers were deep, and now a third was added. The three of them together were thicker than any penis Regan had ever felt inside her! And harder!

“P-Please!” she gasped, breath ragged, mind spinning.

“They say men are shallow, but women are really not that much different,” he said.

Crack!

His fingers pulled free, only to slap her bottom stingingly again, then they pushed roughly up into her hot, oiled pussy once more!

“So when you have looks and money, well, it's not really difficult to get them into bed.”

Crack!

She gave a half sob at the hard, stinging blow that time, but almost immediately, his fingers thrust into her pussy, pumping in and out, and she shuddered at the wave of heat.

“Maybe that makes me jaded,” he said. “And spoiled. “And maybe it combines with my nature.”

Crack!

She squealed, tears filling her eyes at the next blow, then gurgled as his fingers pushed deep inside her, twisting and turning, pumping slowly in and out, then not so slowly. Heat roared within her, a dark, thrilling, shocked heat, her body wildly aroused even as her mind felt like a small mouse being battered back and forth between the paws of a sadistic cat!

“You might say I'm a bit controlling,” he said.

Crack!

“Ow!” she moaned.

Three fingers pushed back into her pussy, but then his thumb rubbed against her

wrinkled back passage, and she squealed, eyes going wide, as it slowly pushed up inside her!

“D-Don't!” she gasped in a strangled voice.

“Why not? You like it.”

“I-I-I don't!” she gasped.

His fingers pulled back.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

“That's for lying to me,” he said, his fingers sliding back into her pussy and ass.

The thumb turned and twisted around her, twisting around as though stirring her soft, tight insides. The three fingers in her pussy pumped up and down inside almost casually.

“Do you think I haven't come to know when a pretty girl is turned on?” he asked.

His fingers pulled back and slid up her back, then under the strap of her bra. An instant later the strap gave way! Regan gasped, but already his hand was up behind her neck, and then that was gone, as well! He pulled the bikini top away and then pulled back on her arms, standing her upright again in front of him, holding her at arms length, raised up on the balls of her feet as he looked down at her.

“Lovely,” he said in a soft voice. “You really are a gorgeous thing, boat girl.”

He turned her abruptly away from him, his right hand going up to her wrists. Suddenly, he shifted his grip, pulling them apart, down and back behind her. Now his big hand held her arms together at the elbows, and a moment later she felt something – her bikini top, being wrapped around her arms there! It drew in together, pulling in tightly against her flesh, and when he released her she found her arms bound!

He spun her around again and she gaped at him. Her face was flaming, but then her entire chest seemed flushed with heat, to say nothing of her bottom! His hands cupped her face, so big her face was practically lost in them, and tilted her

head up, and then his lips were on hers, stunning her!

She backed up, but only a few inches before her overheated buttocks were pressing against the side of one of the seats. He only eased forward as she moved, in any event, keeping her face cupped between his hands as his lips seemed to... to melt against hers, then move in a slow, sensuous manner completely at odds with the way her heart was pounding and her pulse racing!

But despite the clamor of emotions and sensations in her mind more and more of her attention was being drawn to that kiss, to the feel of his lips moving against hers, to the tip of his tongue brushing against her, and then dipping in and out between her lips. She moaned, staring at him, helpless, her arms bound tightly so that, even as they trembled and jerked instinctively, she could do nothing!

His kiss became hotter and heavier, and his hands slid a little further back so that his fingers curved behind her head to draw her face forward. His tongue found hers, and she jerked at the sensuous touch as it slid in and back, then over and around her own tongue as his lips moved against her own!

Regan had been kissed many times, of course, but never quite like this. And the fact she was being kissed NAKED, while her arms were tied behind her back, seemed to make her far more sensitive to the experience!

Moreover, she had never in her life been exposed like this to a man all at once! In fact, being naked with a guy, at least for Regan, was generally the culmination of a long sequence of events, and was generally done in some semi darkened place.

Jason, for example, had started out with kissing, then groping her outside her swimsuit. She had given him a blow-job on the first date, and he had gotten his hands under her clothes. Later, that had progressed to him partially undressing her to get at her breasts, and then after a few weeks, to sex, which had taken place in the woods at night after a party.

Kane had stripped her naked even before kissing her! And he'd done it right out in the open, in bright sunlight, while staring at her naked body! And spanking her! She had not had any time to get used to the level of intimacy which would allow her to be exposed before him!

In a weird way, him kissing her was a relief, since he obviously couldn't see any

of her body while their lips were locked together. Of course, he couldn't spank her either, which was certainly a good thing given her bottom still throbbed hotly!

It was bizarre that he'd tied her arms together like this! Her hands wriggled helplessly against her hips, against opposite hips, but could do nothing with her elbows crossed and bound. She had a feeling of being completely and totally at Kane's mercy, and while that was intimidating and made her quite anxious there was something exotic and darkly thrilling about it, as well.

He released her face at last, pulling his head back somewhat, and she noted, with some satisfaction, that he looked to be a little flushed himself. Then his left hand swept around behind her head and fastened on her hair. She yelped as he tightened his fist and jerked her head up and back sharply, arching her back.

Then his lips were on hers again, hard, demanding, hungry, and she moaned into his mouth, then cried out as she felt his other hand suddenly down between her legs, cupping her sex briefly, then rubbing up and down against it, fingers sliding between the taut, swollen lips of her sex and sliding slickly back and forth across her clitoris!

Her hand jerked spastically, but unable to do anything, even if she could make her mind function to decide what they ought to be doing. Her pussy thrummed with a growing intensity, and though her scalp ached because of how he was pulling on her hair she was almost completely distracted by his tongue in her mouth and what his fingers were doing!

Her bottom was pressed against the side of the seat again, and her back was arched back as he leaned over her. That left her hips pushed forward, at the mercy of his slippery fingers, and a wild rush of sensation was flooding up through her as her hips jerked and ground helplessly against them.

Then he pulled his hands and mouth back, easing his grip on her hair, though not releasing it. She gulped in air, staring up at him through wide eyes, and saw his lips curve into a fierce smile. Then he pulled forward and down on her hair. Regan gasped, forced to her knees in front of him.

He released her and folded his arms across his chest, and Regan felt a strange sense of dark, delicious heat oozing through her mind and body. She was naked, kneeling before him while he looked sternly down at her! He was wearing a

white cotton, short sleeved shirt which left his tanned, muscular arms bare, and khakis.

“What am I to do with a naked, helpless little beauty here on my boat?” he asked as if wondering himself.

Regan gulped, certain he didn't actually doubt what he was going to do!

His hand went to his fly and he unzipped it, and she saw he was already bulging. He pulled his cock out and she felt her eyes widen involuntarily.

“Maybe I should make her into my sex slave,” he said.

The word jolted her with heat even as she continued staring at his cock. It wasn't like she hadn't seen big cocks before... on the internet. She'd probably seen eight or ten in person, though, which included the boys she'd slept with as well as those she'd only given oral sex to. Kane was definitely bigger than any of them. He was not only long, he was thick, and she gulped as he reached for her hair again.

“I think the first job of a sex slave is to learn how to service her master's needs,” he said. “And right now I have a certain need...”

He was holding his cock in his other hand, and as he drew her head forward by the hair, he rubbed himself up and down across her lips.

“And if the little sex slave wants to avoid further punishment to her pretty little bottom, she had better learn to do a good job,” he said.

He pushed forward, and she gurgled, her lips open automatically, then opening wider. She felt anxiety and heat swirling within her as his cock pushed into her mouth, as her tongue felt it and almost instinctively began to lick at the underside to the head.

Her pussy throbbed hotly as his cock pushed deeper, sliding along her tongue, through the tight ring of her lips. She stared along its length with a sense of amazement, arousal and anxiety, moaning weakly as she considered the possibility of actually swallowing the thing.

Never mind that, she thought, a little panicky, what happens if he fucks me with

this monster!?

Not that it was exactly a monster, but the idea of having it inside her belly was both thrilling and daunting. She sucked as he began to slowly pump his hips in and out, moaning, gulping in air as he pulled on her hair.

Then he released her hair, folding his arms across his chest again, standing there before her as if to emphasize his superiority. She worked her lips up and down, sucking and licking as he watched, rolling her eyes up at him anxiously, wondering if she was up to the task given what he'd said about having so many women.

No doubt many of them were lots older than her, and had lots more experience. Maybe she was a complete amateur compared to them! Then again, she was used to having her hand on a man's cock as she worked, not having her arms tied behind her back! There would be no squeezing her, no pumping her fist, now massaging his balls.

She worked her head in and out, taking the cock right to the entrance to her throat, nervous and anxious, yet for some reason really wanting to impress him, to show she was no virginal little girl. She braced herself several times, but backed off, then, finally, she pushed forward, and as she felt the head nearing her throat... kept going.

She gurgled weakly, gagging a bit, her throat aching at the fullness as she forced herself forward, staring in wide-eyed excitement at his cock as it pushed forward, as it disappeared into her mouth and down her throat. And then her lips were jammed in against the fabric of his pants, his cock filling her throat, and she felt his hand on her head, both hands, squeezing, pushing her forward more.

“Oh yes,” he groaned. “That's the way to please your master, little sex slave.”

Her head was pounding already, but his words sent heat rushing through her. They were so kinky and, given she was tied up and naked, she felt herself easily falling into the game, into the idea that she was his sex slave!

It seemed so... natural!

For one thing, it was impossible to think of herself as his girlfriend. He was a rich, sophisticated older man fifteen years older than her! He was also her boss.

She simply couldn't imagine them as boyfriend and girlfriend. But sex slave, his little slave girl, well, that was a hot, nasty, delicious fantasy come to life!

He let her pull back, and her eyes crossed, watching inch after inch of slick, glistening cock appearing before her eyes, until finally she could breath again. She gasped for breath, saliva dripping over her lower lip as he rubbed his cock across her mouth once more, letting her breath.

He pushed himself back into her mouth again, and she sucked dazedly, working her mouth up and down as his hips began to pump, and then suddenly, with a startled gasp, she had his cock deep in her throat again! She rolled her eyes up at him as he buried himself in her throat, and felt a rush of excitement at his own obvious heat.

Apparently he didn't think she was some amateur after all!

He pulled back, and Regan let out a breathless gasp of pain as he pulled on her hair, forcing her to get her legs under herself and stand up.

Everything they'd done so far had been in the front of the cabin, near the front seats. There was a half roof over it, and the hull, or wall, curved sleekly back on either side, though there were windows. But now he drew her back to the rear of the deck, which was wide open, without roof or walls.

There was a row of seats here, wide seats, and with a hand under her buttocks, he pushed and pulled her up until she was on her knees on the edge. Then a heavy hand pressed down against the back of her neck, bending her over so her face was pressed into the corner.

“Raise that beautiful ass of yours higher, sex slave,” he said.

Crack!

Regan yelped, but the sting made her respond instantly, as she jerked her bottom up high, her breasts throbbing as they pressed into the hot vinyl! She felt his hands on her hips, felt his hands on her inner thighs, as if arranging her body just so.

Then... a long pause. She was gulping in air, almost overwhelmed by sensations and emotions, and knowing he was standing behind looking at her, and what was

going to happen, had her mind spinning wildly. God, she thought suddenly, she could be seen from the house like this! They could be seen! Were Michael and Ethan home?!

She rolled her head around, trying to look up at the house and back at him, but his hand gripped her hair and jerked her face back forward into the corner.

“Don't move, slave girl,” he said. “Just kneel there like that. I want to remember this moment.”

Regan's chest fluttered, her heart pounding, her pussy throbbing hotly. She gasped as she felt his fingers trace the line of her sex and slide across her swollen clitoris. Then, a moment later, she felt what had to be his big cock pushing against her, felt the warm, soft pressure against her opening.

It pushed in firmly, but slowly, and she felt the lips of her sex slowly giving way before it, being pushed inward, and then, back, and apart, slowly, stretching deliciously, then stretching still more as she moaned in heated excitement. The stretched still more, to the point of beginning to ache!

Then she felt him pushing forward, sliding into her body. His hands gripped her buttocks briefly, raising them up from where she'd dropped them. All she heard in the world was her own pounding her and ragged breath!

He slid deeper and deeper, stretching out the soft, elastic walls of her sex, spreading her wide, filling her with his own hot, throbbing heat and hardness! She shuddered as he pushed still deeper, eyes closed, all her attention focused inward. He paused, and drew back, and she thought for a moment that meant she had taken his whole length, but on the next push forward she groaned as he went deeper still.

She moaned at the deep penetration. It was a new sensation, for she'd never taken anything quite so deep before. It ... ached... but ached in an incredibly hot, thrilling way that left her wanting more. And she got it. He drew slowly back, then pushed forward, and now the ache was deeper, as was his cock. She gasped and moaned helplessly as his hands moved over her hips.

One hand slid up to grasp her hair, roughly, jerking her head up and back a little, enough to raise her chest off the seat. Then his other hand slid in and cupped her breast, completely enveloping it, squeezing and kneading it as his cock worked

slowly in and out. He held her head tightly in place, his cock pumping inside her, her body trembling, and she rolled her eyes up and to the side, towards the house, again reminded that she was out in the open!

He continued to pump in a steady, almost machine-like way as he held her in place, but each time the head pushed achingly deep into her the ache eased, as if her insides were somehow expanding, finding room for him. Then he drove himself even deeper! Finally, she felt his hips against her upturned buttocks, and despite the ache felt a thrill of success!

He drew back, back, back, back, such a long way that she marveled. Then, just inside her opening, he thrust slowly but firmly forward, and she groaned in delight as he buried himself in her quivering belly!

She gasped and moaned and her eyes fluttered as he pumped in and out, slowly, steadily... and then, just as she'd gotten used to it, that changed. He started to thrust harder and faster, and she felt the impact, both against her buttocks and against the deepest wall of her pussy! She gasped and grunted with every thrust, but heat spiraled up hotter and higher!

It ached, but she didn't care. Her scalp ached as he yanked on her hair, but that didn't matter. Even her breast was aching hotly as his fingers dug into the soft flesh. But a scalding heat was growing more and more intense within her as his hips began to strike her buttocks, and every time he drew back she felt a wide-eyed sense of elation and anticipation, then as he thrust forward, she felt like a child squealing in delight at hurtling down a slide.

A long slide!

A steaming miasma of dark sexual heat and pleasure swirled around her body and mind, and she grunted and gurgled and gasped as he rode her faster and harder, her body shaking now, her buttocks aching from the force of his thrusts, her insides aching. But she burned with a dark fire she could not remember ever feeling during sex before!

Every deep thrust sent a rush of almost exultant pleasure sweeping over her, and as the intensity of her heat rose she knew she was going to come, and powerfully. She had never, a small part of her functioning mind thought, really come very hard during sex before. Only Jason and one other guy, Mark, had ever made her come simply through sex, as opposed to oral sex or fingering her.

And then the orgasm rose like a tidal wave, and swamped her mind like no other. Regan was not a vocal person during sex. Sex was like any other social exercise in that it was important to guard her dignity and be careful of what she said and did lest her partner thought unkind thing about her.

But this time she lost control, lost all concern, and as the pleasure rose in intensity she knew she was crying out in pleasure, crying out wildly, and didn't care, didn't even process the fact. The pleasure was a glittering white wall of light that overwhelmed everything else in the world!

Yes, it hurt as he pounded against her. So?

The dull pain was merely a small fragment of the storm of sensations sweeping through her and swamping her nervous system. She trembled and shook, gurgling, drooling, eyes staring sightlessly as the storm of pleasure thundered through her! And nothing else existed but that, and nothing else mattered but that it continue... forever!

Of course it couldn't, and yet, it seemed to! It went on and on, and on! Her insides began to ache from the way her abdominal muscles were spasming and clenching, and her lungs ached for she had no air in them any more and she didn't want to breath lest the slightest change in her dampen the pleasure.

But then, finally, it began to fade, and she drew in a loud, shuddering sob of breath, eyes going glassy as her muscles seemed to melt and her entire body go limp.

And yet, he still held her hair tightly, his hips still pounding into her buttocks, his cock still driving into her like a spear of flesh! She grunted weakly, eyes slitted, until with a final flurry, he finished, or at least, she assumed so, his cock softening within her as his fingers finally released her hair and she could slump bonelessly into the corner of the seat.

Chapter Five

Regan had an awful lot on her mind that evening. Her dangerous little plan had gotten her a lot more than she had expected! It was difficult to come to terms with what had happened for a number of reasons. First, she didn't want to think of herself as a slut. She didn't do first night sex, or sex with friends. She had sex with boyfriends, with guys she was in a relationship with.

What had happened between her and Kane was something entirely different. Sure, they had a relationship, of sorts, but it certainly wasn't romantic! Nor had she really considered a romantic relationship possible, or necessarily even desirable. She wasn't, in truth, quite sure what she had expected when she'd set out to see if Kane would dare drag her across his lap.

It had been partly challenge, partly a sort of heady excitement, and partly a way to measure whether he really did find her attractive. It was also a poorly thought-out experiment in her own sexuality, and that was what had given her the most difficulties.

She had liked it. She had liked it a ton! It had been the most exciting, thrilling, gut wrenching, erotic sexual experience of her life! And part of that was that he'd tied her up! That was outrageous! Yet kneeling with her arms bound behind her, sucking his cock, helpless... what a wild, incredible, intense moment that had been!

It wasn't that she didn't like giving oral sex. She kind of liked the challenge and the power, but it didn't turn her on, really, not the way it had when he'd had her at his feet and was pushing himself into her like he owned her! She had felt so completely helpless, so totally under his control, and that had done something darkly exciting in her mind.

And then he had used her like a whore! That embarrassed her, as it should have, but it also excited her, in a strange way. Of course, the fact he knew none of her friends was a big bonus. She didn't have to worry about her reputation. What happened at his place wasn't going to get around – unless he told his nephew, of course, but she couldn't imagine him doing that.

Jason wasn't even in the country just then.

But there was also the question of why she, who had always been an impudent, self-sufficient, tomboy, in many ways, a girl who rarely did as she was told, an independent girl, and proud of it, would get turned on by being tied up and pretending to be a sex slave.

And then there was the question of what to do now. It was a great job, and she sure didn't want to quit. But she was going to be red-faced the next time she saw Kane, that was for sure!

And would he want more of the same?

Her chest tightened and she felt a fluttering in her stomach at that thought!

Because he probably would! What man wouldn't!? And was she going to let him? She couldn't see herself saying no given how incredible the first time had been. Okay, her ass had stung there at first, when he was spanking her, but given what had followed she forgave him.

So was she going to have wild sex at work from now on?! What a crazy idea! Could she put that on her resume?! Maybe if she was applying to be a call girl!

Then again, Kane had a lot of money and owned a company. Maybe if he was impressed with her he'd let her try some other job working for his company, one that might have a future, a chance of promotion and higher pay...

But for now, all she could say for sure was that her life had just taken a turn up as far as excitement went!

*

She arrived at his dock the next morning, as usual, in her little fiberglass outboard motor boat. It was six feet long, and really only had room for two people at best. She liked it, though, because as small as it was it felt like she was really moving.

She tied up at the dock, starting to feel nervous as soon as she climbed up the ladder. She was already wearing her swimsuit under shorts and tank top, and she felt a passing thought that she might delay removing the shorts and top just to

see if Kane decided to punish her again. But she wasn't sure if she wanted him to punish her again!

That spanking hadn't exactly been tender and gentle! Her ass had stung and burned! On the other hand, it had sure been exciting! But surely there was a way to get his attention without getting a spanking...

Her mind was all over the place on Kane. One of the things which was oddly reassuring, however, was that she hadn't had any control over anything. That being the case, she couldn't really think of herself as a slut or anything. She'd been practically... attacked! He hadn't asked her to take her swimsuit off. He'd stripped her naked himself!

She hadn't exactly resisted, but that was okay. She could put that down to shock. God knows she certainly had been shocked!

She slipped off her shorts and removed the tank top, though she felt a bit disappointed when she did so. It made life more predictable but less exciting. She folded them and stepped down into the boat's cabin, then placed them on one of the counters.

The boat's cabin wasn't large, but it had all the luxuries, including a toilet, small kitchen and bar, and even a bed further forward, though the bed didn't have a ton of head room. Still, it was a luxurious little boat, and it would be neat, she thought, to be able to take it somewhere on a long trip.

She remained tense most of the morning, waiting for him to show up, wondering what he would say and what she would say, what he would do or want, and how she would react. She felt very... sexual, especially in the bikini. Her nipples were hard often, like whenever she thought back to what they'd done the other day, or what he might do today.

She had a list of chores to do, and did them, trying to concentrate as best she could. She felt very strange, though.

She was sanding the edge of the deck near the far end, away from the boat, when he finally arrived. For a large man he had a very light tread, and she didn't hear him until he was close. Then she looked up and her chest suddenly got tight as she forgot to breath.

He was wearing a swimsuit, and sunglasses, and nothing more, and she instantly felt her heart start to pound.

“Boat girl,” he said as she scrambled to her feet.

“I uh...”

He moved in closer and her hands instinctively rose to push him back, landing on his bare chest. She felt a rush of heat, and jerked her hands back.

“I was uhm, just... sanding... this rough spot,” she gulped.

“Mister Kane,” he said.

She stared at him, feeling her chest tighten further.

“Say it,” he said, fingers rising up under her chin.

“M-Mister Kane!” she gulped.

He nodded and pulled his hand back.

“No sunscreen today?”

She gulped. “I uhm, didn't want to get oil on the – .”

“Fair skin like yours needs sunscreen,” he said.

He walked back towards the boat and she watched him, wondering if he was leaving, if that was the extent of their interaction that day.

The dock was about a hundred feet long. The boat was at the far end, while this end was largely unused. There was a pergola here, though, with a little bench which let you sit and look out on the water. Next to it was a series of rock outcroppings which made it largely invisible from the house.

He climbed into the boat and disappeared, then reappeared a moment later, holding a small plastic bottle. Regan felt her pulse starting to pick up as he grew closer. Was he going to offer to put the sunscreen on her!?

She was ready to say something like “I can do it!” the moment he offered, but

instead he surprised her by sticking it into the waistband of his bathing suit. Then, smiling, he reached out for her. She raised her hands instinctively, and he grasped them as if that were his intent, drawing her wrists together, then raising them high as he pushed her back next to the pergola.

“Wha – what are... doing!?” she gasped as he reached up, and she cocked her head sharply up.

There was a rope hanging from the pergola. She hadn't noticed it before. Now he casually wrapped it several times around her wrists, quickly, then up between them and tied it.

“Mister Kane!” she said desperately.

He smiled and quickly untied the two straps of her bikini, pulling it free. She squealed and twisted around, but her mobility was, of course, severely limited as he pulled out the squeeze bottle and then squirted the liquid onto the center of her chest!

His hand followed, and then the other as she gaped at him! She had expected... something, certainly! But not this brazen! Not this arrogant assumption he could do whatever he wanted to her!

“Your skin is incredibly soft,” he said as his hands stroked up and down across her breasts.

Regan continued to gape at him, her pulse racing, words lost to her as her mind swirled wildly.

He turned her around casually, and his hands moved gently up and down across her bare back as she stared out at the lake in stunned amazement.

“Y-You can't – !”

She gasped as his hands slid around her and squeezed her breasts, drawing her body back against him. She felt his soft skin against her own bare back now as he abandoned one breast, and seized her hair. She cried out as he drew her head up and back. Then his face was there, his mouth, his lips, chewing along the nape of her neck, sucking and kissing her!

“M-M-Mister K-Kane!” she gasped breathlessly.

“Yes, sex slave?” he asked softly.

His other hand slid down her body, and, still slick with the sunscreen, pushed in beneath the waistband of her bikini bottoms! Regan let out a yelp as his hand moved down to cup her pussy, then shuddered as his fingers, his slick, oily fingers, began to rub her clitoris.

They felt so good! The sensations they roused were incredible and so intense they shocked words out of her mind! Her hips were already jerking convulsively as her pussy began to burn with a scalding heat!

“Naughty little girl,’ he growled, nibbling on her earlobe. “Definitely need to be punished again.”

She gasped aloud, but his fingers began to move faster and faster, and she was rapidly losing her mind to the waves of heat and pleasure!

Then he let go of her hair and stopped rubbing her clitoris. An instant later she gasped as he yanked down her bikini bottoms, leaving her naked there on the dock!

Regan looked around wildly, breathlessly! There were a few boats out on the lake, but not close, and as she jerked her head around towards the house she could only see the edge of the roof.

Kane moved to stand beside her, his left hand sliding down her taut abdomen, and she stared at him as he poured more of the oil onto his fingers. Then his hand slid down her abdomen and between her legs, pushing her hips back.

It was like yesterday! Regan's mind felt a white hot rush of shocked excitement and heat at the realization, along with a helpless shudder of anxiety. For as he pushed her bottom back the ropes around her wrists locked her in place. This caused her to rise onto the balls of her feet, and bend forward.

Like yesterday!

Crack!

“Oh!”

The difference between now and yesterday was that his oiled fingers were between her legs, and her swollen clitoris seemed to be... squeezed between two of those fingers. Any movement on her part – or his – caused her to jerk against them, which made her clitoris burn and flare with a wild burst of pleasure, heat and... a soft, dull ache as his fingers squeezed in hard.

Crack!

Her hips jerked convulsively at the blow and a rush of wild heat flooded up from between her legs.

“D-Don't” she gurgled.

Crack!

She jerked again, and shuddered as her clitoris ground against his fingers.

“But bad girls need to be spanked,” he said.

Crack!

“I-I'm not a bad girl!” she gasped desperately.

Crack!

“All girls are bad girls,” he said.

“Th-that hurts!” she moans.

Crack!

“Oww!”

“It's only heat, when you think about it.”

Crack!

“Oww!”

“Just heat.

Crack!

“But there are different kinds of heat, aren't there, boat girl?”

Crack!

“Please!” she gasped.

His left hand slid out from between her legs, and, trembling, she was able to more or less straighten her body as Kane poured more oil onto his hands. She gasped, heart pounding, as he rubbed his hands over her already throbbing bottom, then in between her thighs, before sliding them up and down her legs, falling to his knees to do it.

His big hands made short work of coating her body in slippery sunscreen. Then he gripped her hips and turned her roughly to face him. She stared down at him, her brown eyes enormous, as he gripped her thighs and spread them apart, far enough she found herself on the balls of her feet again.

“Hmm, this looks like it would taste good,” he said.

She gaped, and he drew her in, his mouth opening wide, then enveloping her sex! She let out a helpless, hapless cry as she felt his warm, soft mouth over her flesh, then began to tremble as his lips eased in and he began to lick and suck on her burning clitoris. The sensations were overpowering! Her hips began to buck against him almost at once!

Laughing softly, he cupped her buttocks, squeezing and kneading them as his tongue moved up and down her sex, and she squealed again as his fingers pushed against her back opening!

“D-Don't!” she moaned weakly.

He ignored her, his fingers pushing into her, dipping in, at first, then pushing in deeper! Oiled and slick, they pushed up into her ass, then slid back down as his tongue moved teasingly now against her clitoris. It stoked her with just enough force for her to gasp and moan, but not enough to rouse her flaming body to its peak.

Then he stood up and gripped her hips, roughly spinning her again so her back was to him. His left hand slid down her abdomen again to cup her sex as he pulled her back against him. She looked down and saw his swimsuit drop around his ankles, then saw him step out of it. She felt his hardness against her buttocks, rubbing up and down against her slick skin, then felt it prodding against her back opening.

“I-I don't – .”

“You do now, sex slave.”

“I'm not a sex slave!” she gasped, feeling a wave of panic.

“You will be.”

His hands gripped her thighs now from in front, spreading her legs and pulling her back against him as his cock pushed against her slippery back opening. She hung forward, wrists bound tightly, balanced on the balls of her feet, shock and heat filling her as he pushed firmly against her and the oil let him slide inside.

“Oh! OhmyGod!” she cried.

“I'm not your god, sex slave, just your master,” he said.

Regan had never let a guy do her in the ass, nor ever felt much interest or temptation for anal sex. Now, however, the feeling of fullness as his thick hard cock pushed up into her, the ropes wrapped tight around her wrists, her helplessness and wild heat, saturated her mind with a dazed sexual hunger which had few inhibitions or limits.

She was in a state of disbelief, overwhelmed by it all, her head staring wildly around even as his big cock pushed deeper and deeper into her ass on a layer of slick oil. He was lodged deep inside her when he released her thighs, and instead cupped her breasts. He caught her rock hard nipples between thumbs and forefingers and pinched them lightly.

“Now push yourself back onto my cock,” he ordered.

Regan gulped helplessly, not sure what to do!

He pinched her nipples and she yelped in pain.

“Push your tight, hot little ass back onto my cock, slave girl. I've been promising I was going to fuck your ass from the moment I saw it bent over in front of me. Now push it back.”

He pinched and twisted her nipples, and Regan gasped again but the message was clear, and her aching nipples lent a certain urgency to it! She pushed back, moaning, careful, despite her aching nipples. As soon as she pushed back he eased his pinching, rolling them gently between his fingers instead.

“I want every inch of cock jammed deep into your buttery little ass, slave girl,” he said behind her. Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?”

“N-N-No!” she gurgled.

“What a waste. An ass like yours should be worshiped, should be on an alter, bent over, so all the worshipers could jam their cocks into it all day long.”

It was an incredible, ridiculous, shocking thing to say to a girl, yet he said it so calmly, in such a rational voice, as if it was only common sense!

“Deeper, sex slave,” he said, pinching her nipples again.

She gasped, forcing her hips back further, groaning as his thick cock pushed deeper into her belly.

I can't believe I'm doing this! I can't believe this is happening, she thought, over and over again.

It ached, but that didn't seem to matter. The wild intensity of the pleasure was like a hurricane of sensations, spitting off wild bursts of emotions in all directions. She gasped and yelped and moaned and trembled as she forced her hips back, feeling him incredibly deep inside her belly, starting to ache, starting to cramp!

His hips began to work now, drawing him slowly back, then pushing forward once more. His body pushed into her now, and she gasped as she was forced up against the four by four upright post of the pergola, against the thankfully smoothly sanded corner. Her knees pushed forward and she felt the pressure

against her sex sent a jolt of heat up through her body as he jerked her head back by the hair again and bit into the nape of her neck.

“I'm going to make you my sex slave, boat girl,” he growled in a low voice, working his cock slowly in and out of her. “I'm going to teach you how to please a man with your body, and how to obey him like a good little slave girl should.”

She squealed as his hips pushed firmly forward, and his cock slid even deeper into her belly! It ached deep inside, cramps rippling through her insides as his hips pushed firmly against her buttocks.

“Come for me, little sex slave,” he said in a deep, hungry voice. “Come for me with my cock jammed up into your tight little ass!”

He released her hair to grip her breasts, crushing them in his hands as he began to thrust against her. She was forced up onto the balls of her feet, then her toes as his hips drove against her again and again. His cock was moving rapidly, aching, deliciously inside her even as her pussy was ground against the wood of the pergola.

She came, crying out in dazed, wanton heat, the intensity of the orgasm tearing through her body like sheet lightning, making her muscles spasm and her body tremble and shake as he drove himself into her harder and deeper!

The pleasure was like a narcotic, intoxicating! She swooned and jerked spastically, eyes closing as she trembled and shook, and then, as it slowly seeped out of her, she sagged against the rope, moaning, feeling them digging harder into her wrists as she half hung in place.

But Kane hadn't finished. He eased back, in fact, gripping her hips, pulling her with him, drawing her away from the wood until her hips were pushed back against him again. He drew her legs together, or almost together, with the shaft of his cock squeezed in tightly between her buttocks. His own legs were spread apart to maintain his height compared to hers, and his hands moved slowly up and down her slick skin.

“You were built to be a sex toy, boat girl,” he said, kissing the back of her neck. “Your body was designed to please men.”

The crackling ball of fire which had filled her mind had eased considerably,

enough that Regan's mind now functioned again, at least on a higher level than animal heat.

“Sexist,” she gulped.

“Definitely,” he said, his hands cupping her breasts and kneading them gently.

“I'm not your sex toy!”

“What are you then?”

“I'm... just... me!” she gulped.

“You can be both.”

“You can't just... fuck me whenever you want to!”

“I can if I make it so you want to.”

“I-I don't!” she gasped.

“You don't, hmmm? You want me to take my cock out of you and walk away and not do it again?”

His right hand slid down and his fingers began to rub lightly against her clitoris again.

“I didn't say you could ... do this!”

“You didn't say I couldn't,” he said. “And soon you won't have the ability. You'll be so conditioned by incredible orgasms that your body won't let you.”

What colossal arrogance he had, she thought.

“You should see what my cock looks like half buried in your beautiful little ass,” he said. “Maybe I'll get a video camera for the next time.”

“N-No!”

He chuckled throatily, and his hands left her, but she felt him gripping her hair instead. He drew her head back between her arms gently, then pulled down.

“Ride my cock, slave. I want you to slide your ass in and out.”

“I – !”

“Do it, sex slave.”

Gulping, and feeling a thrum of heat and energy roll through her, Regan pushed back and up. She had to rise onto the balls of her feet as she pushed back, but felt his slick cock pushing deeper into her belly, then jamming in to the hilt as her buttocks mashed against his groin.

“Nasty little girl,” he said. “Keep doing it, slave girl.”

“I'm not a slave girl!” she gasped.

“Keep riding my cock,” he ordered, as she pushed in and back repeatedly.

The feel of him sliding inside her was undeniably erotic and exotic. She had always thought it would hurt a lot, but thought it ached when he was at the deepest point, even that was easily bearable. She was more than a little surprised at how easy it had been, in fact, to take his big cock up all the way into her ass.

She rose up onto the balls of her feet to take him deep, mashing her buttocks against him, then eased down and forward, groaning as his big cock slid back up the narrow tube of her back passage. Then she pushed up and back again, feeling another little shudder of disbelief at what she was doing.

He pulled back suddenly and spun her around, then with a quick motion he bent and seized her ankles, jerking them out from under her and lifting her feet up and back. Regan squealed in surprise, and sudden pain as so much of her weight came down on her bound wrists. But almost immediately more of it was taken by his hold on her ankles as he pushed her legs back against her chest.

Her own back was now pressed against the four by four upright post of the pergola as he forced her ankles back further and further, jamming them over her head and then behind her head, then even further, behind the four-by-four post so that her lower body now tilted upwards.

He stepped behind her, reaching up, and she felt another rope going around her ankles, binding them together behind the pergola post and leaving her folded

tightly in two, with her arms straight up and her ankles behind her and the post.

He stepped quickly back in front of her while Regan was still absorbing the shock of what he'd done, of her new helplessness, and how obscenely vulnerable her position was! Her wide eyes were jerked down to her own naked sex and the sight of his glistening cock as he pushed it into her bottom.

“Now you can see how beautiful it looks,” he said, as he slid deep into her ass.

The sight was unquestionably shocking, wild, and hot, as she felt his cock pushing achingly deep into her belly. Another wave of astonished disbelief at what was happening swept through her as he gripped her buttocks to tilt her further out and began to thrust.

The rope around her wrists and ankles was tight and her flesh burned, but even more heat and sensation were coming from the rest of her body as she stared in wide eyed wonder at the sight of him, his belly, his chest, his face, and of course, his cock as it drove into her, then slid back out.

He cupped her breasts, which were plump and soft as she was folded over, plucking at her nipples, then rolling them between his fingers. Then his right hand abandoned her breast and slick fingers pushed slowly but firmly into her pussy as she stared.

“Ohmygod!” she croaked.

“Just your master, not your god,” he said with a smile. “But you can think of me as your god if it helps.”

He was definitely crazy!

But perhaps she was as well, for the raw, wild eroticism of what was happening threatened to overwhelm her mind! He was thrusting into her with long, deep strokes now, every one of them causing her to gasp and grunt as the tip of his cock was driven deep into her ass. At the same time, he had three fingers in her pussy as his thumb began to stroke across her clitoris.

And then as she began to tremble and jerk, her hips starting to roll up convulsively, he stopped.

“Beg me to fuck you, slave girl.”

“Please!”

“Beg me.”

“Please fuck me!’ she gasped, too near to climax to care about anything but the pleasure.

“Say master. Please fuck me master.”

“Please fuck me, master!” she gasped, heedlessly.

“Say please fuck my ass, master,” he said with a grin.

And so she did, as he began to thrust again, as his fingers began to work in and out of her again, as his thumb stroked across her clitoris.

“Please fuck my ass, master!” she cried.

And he made her chant it as he thrust into her harder, as the pleasure boiled within her body and mind, as her mind was buffeted by wave after wave of incredible sexual heat and wild, wanton excitement that built to a stunning intensity inside her!

And then it gave way to cries of shocked pleasure as the orgasm exploded, as her body flared with a brilliant pulsing eruption of sensations that tore her mind apart and caused her body to shake and twist and buck in spastic response.

Chapter Six

Regan was entirely naked. He'd untied her ankles, at least, and let them down to the dock. But he'd left her wrists tied up above her so that she could do nothing but stand there naked as he casually swam in the lake!

She was standing alone on the end of the dock naked with her wrists tied above her! It was insane! Anyone could decide to take their boat in closer to shore and then they'd see her like this!

And meanwhile, he was doing the backstroke!

Not only was she naked but he'd found a ... a thing... a round sort of plastic cone thing which he'd pushed up into her ass! Even now she could feel the base squeezed between her buttocks where it lay flat against her body! He was a pervert!

"I want you to wear this all the time, slave girl, so your ass is ready for my cock whenever I'm in the mood," he'd said with a casual assumption that practically took her breath away!

She had no intention of keeping the... butt plug, he called it, inside her! And she'd told him so! Only that had gotten another round thing, an entirely different sort of round thing, much like a latex ball, pushed into her mouth! It filled her mouth, pressing her tongue down and jamming up against the roof of her mouth, while holding her jaw apart!

She couldn't spit it out, either, for it had a slender strap that went behind her head to hold it in place, and while she sort of recognized it from pictures on the internet she was still outraged that he'd shoved it into her mouth without any warning! It made her mouth water, too, and she had to keep sucking down saliva lest it ooze out around the thing and dribble down her chin!

Who would even make such things, let alone buy them?!

She wasn't quite fuming, but was certainly highly indignant, and had a fair

degree of anxiety to mix with it, as she looked around worriedly. But at the same time she couldn't deny that she was also feeling a continuing thrum of sexual energy rolling through her body. This was all so wild and kinky and nasty! But it was also intensely exciting and erotic!

He was doing nothing but swimming, but her eyes only left him to flick around her warily for fear of anyone finding her like this. She looked up at her bound wrists occasionally, still feeling that sense of disbelief mixed with dark excitement. The feel of the ... things he had pushed into her body was a continual charge of heat that left her body quivering like a tuning fork.

Then he finally came back to the dock and climbed up the ladder. That increased her hope he would untie her but also the sexual tension within her, and the sight of him climbing naked out of the water, water dripping down his body, did nothing to dull the heat within her!

He picked up a towel on the bench and rubbed down his hair and head, then dropped it on the bench and looked at her.

“Hello, slave girl. Been enjoying the sun?”

She glowered at him, unable, of course, to reply.

“A woman who can't speak is a fantasy of every man,” he said as he pulled on his swimsuit.

She glowered at him harder, but he simply came over and knelt before her. With no warning, he abruptly jerked her thighs apart and began to lick along her sex!

Regan gasped, staring down at him with something like disbelief, but there wasn't much she could do to stop him, even if she wanted to. And in truth, it would be hard to work up the determination to stop him even if she wasn't tied up!

Instead she pretended to ignore him, to shrug off whatever he was doing, as if it were having no effect. The problem with that was he was really quite good at oral sex, far better than anyone she'd ever met, and the feel of his tongue on her clitoris was sending waves of pleasure up through her body and arousing her to higher and higher levels where it was becoming nearly impossible to resist.

His hands gripped her buttocks, forcing her legs wider still, and his tongue thrust up inside her, dipping, pumping, twisting as his mouth enveloped her pussy. Regan moaned helplessly into the gag, her head back against her bound arms, eyes closed as he worked his tongue up across her clitoris again, then began to suck and lick her with in a quick, rhythmic fashion which destroyed her ability to pretend indifference.

Her hips began to grind against him, to buck spastically against his tongue and lips, and her breath became ragged and loud through the gag as her body throbbed with heat and need.

And then he got up and kissed her on the forehead before turning away! He walked back to the boat as she stared at him, panting and gulping in air, then disappeared inside. She wondered what he was doing. Was he going to the bathroom or...

He climbed back onto the dock, carrying something she couldn't quite make out. He held it casually at his side, and as he came closer, her eyes widened as she recognized it, or at least, recognized what it was.

It was his boat, not hers. She was hired to do maintenance in and around it, and to pilot the boat for him. But there were cabinets in the bedroom and little kitchen she had never gone near, especially the ones in the bedroom, for that would have been snooping and prying. So she really had no idea what he'd stored on the boat.

What he held in his hand looked like a big cock! Obviously, it was a dildo! She'd never had one, but she knew it could be nothing else, especially as realistically shaped as it was! She shook her head at him but he ignored her, getting down on his knees once more, dropping the dildo onto the deck.

He gripped her buttocks, spread her legs, and resumed his oral assault on her mind. It was an assault Regan really couldn't even work up the necessary determination to resist, and her hips were soon grinding helplessly against him once more as she moaned in pleasure.

She didn't care, then, when he picked up the dildo and began to push it up into her body. In fact, the feel of the pressure against her pussy lips, the feel of the thick, soft dildo pushing up through the tight folds of her sex, only added more heat to the fires burning away at her mind. Now he began to lick her and pump

the dildo at the same time.

And if he hadn't been doing it so slowly she'd have climaxed.

But he was doing it slowly, both the licking and the pumping, and it was arousing her, thrilling her, and driving her out of her mind with the need for more! She moaned and cursed and jammed her pussy against him, wanting to feel the thing thrusting into her hard, wanting him to lick her harder! But he just continued on, keeping her body in a state of burning hunger and pleasure without quite driving her over the edge to reach release!

She groaned as he shoved the dildo deep inside her, then stood up. He seized her head and tilted it up and back.

“Do you want me to fuck you, sex slave?”

She jerked her head up and down desperately.

“Beg.”

Which was silly, of course, since she couldn't speak, but she did try, begging him to fuck her, though the words were highly muffled. It seemed to satisfy him, for he reached up above her and began to untie the rope. He didn't untie it from her wrists, though, but from the pergola. With the rope now loose in his hands he pulled it down, and she half fell to her knees on the deck. He pulled the rope forward, and she gasped, her arms forced forward.

“I want you on your belly on the deck and your ass in the air, just like in the boat the other day,” he said.

Moaning, gasping, Regan complied. She felt a shudder of delicious excitement at how outrageous her position was, at how submissive and even obscene, as she raised her bottom high and spread her legs wide. Her breasts ached as they pillowed out against the hard deck, and she rolled her eyes up at him desperately, wanting him to kneel behind her and ... and pound her!

“Of course, the problem with this position is, despite how visually appealing it is, that I'm rather taller than you are, slave girl,” he said. “And with your legs spread wide like that it makes it rather difficult to reach the proper height.”

He squatted next to the panting, sweating, moaning girl, and untied her wrists. But then, to her surprise, he wrapped the rope around her neck instead, and tied it there before standing up. She gasped as she felt the pull of the rope against her throat, forced up onto her hands by the tug.

“Crawl,” he said, his voice sounding more husky now.

He started forward slowly, pulling on the rope, and she gasped, forced to crawl along with him. Her knees hurt a bit, but he went slowly, until they reached the path leading up to the house. He led her just off the path, so she was on the grass, then pulled on the rope a little more, tugging, forcing her to crawl up towards the house next to him, to crawl faster.

She was overwhelmed by it all, by the outrage and the dark, thrilling, kinky sexuality. The dildo was filling her pussy, which throbbed and squeezed down on it, and the butt-plug filled her bottom. Her breasts wobbled below her as she crawled, and she moaned into the gag, drooling a bit now, her mind getting feverish with the charged sexuality filling her body.

Suddenly, she realized that there were people, Ethan and Michael, in the house ahead, possibly even able to see her! She jerked back, despite the pull of the rope, and when he tugged her forward she grasped the rope anxiously, shaking her head wildly at him.

He made a face, then pushed her down on the ground again and removed the rope from her throat. That was a relief. What wasn't a relief was that he quickly drew her arms back behind her back, crossed at the elbows like yesterday, then tied them that way before she could even begin to think about resisting!

He grasped her hair and she yelped into the ball thing, forced up onto her knees, then onto her feet as he bent and then lifted her up across his shoulder! His left arm was tight across the backs of her knees to hold them pressed against his chest. Her torso was of course, hanging upside down across his back, elbows still bound, hair spilling downward.

Crack!

“Slave girls don't have the right to refuse their master's orders,” he said as he continued up the stone stairway.

Regan's mind squirmed wildly as her breasts rubbed against his bare back and her hair hung below her. They were heading to the house! What if Ethan and Michael saw her!

She gasped as she felt his fingers at her sex, felt him casually rubbing her, then pushing against the dildo, as if to jam it in deeper.

“You'll have new duties from now on, boat girl,” he said. “Servicing your master whenever he's in the mood.”

His fingers caressed her buttocks, then slid up and down along her pussy.

She moaned a protest.

Crack!

“Impertinence will only get you punishment, as will laziness,” he said calmly. “Slave girls need to be obedient.”

She let out another inarticulate cry of protest.

Crack!

“Unless they want their bottoms tanned,” he said.

He carried her into the house, and she gasped, for simply being inside now sent a wave of dark heat through her as he carried her through the front room

“Oh Adam?”

Her eyes went wide as she heard Michael's voice from very nearby! But she refused to look! He was behind Kane, which meant he wouldn't be able to see much of her – .

And then Kane turned around! Regan's face went crimson as she realized the sight Michael would have of her! He would even be able to see the dildo and butt-plug thing sticking out of her! She was mortified, and yet, still charged with sexual heat!

“Will you be wanting chicken or meat for lunch?”

“When I'm done eating her I'll decide what else I want to eat,” Kane said.

Michael chuckled, and Regan's face burned all the hotter.

“Well, since you're going to be eating meat I'll presume chicken for lunch,” he said.

“Very tender meat,” Kane said, as she felt his hand caress her bottom.

Then he turned away and headed up the hall.

“Caught that in the lake, did you?” she heard Ethan's voice from in front of him.

Her face flamed again!

“Yes, and I'm not throwing this one back.”

“Hard to blame you.”

Kane carried her past him, and she saw Ethan's form out of the corner of her eyes as they passed by, then went up the stairs.

He carried her into his big bedroom, but not to the bed. Instead he carried her through it to the big en-suite bath, and there, finally, he bent forward, and set her on her feet. Only briefly, however, for as he straightened, he pushed down on her shoulders, forcing her to her knees.

“Sit on your heels, sex slave,” he said with a dark and hungry grin.

Regan gulped, feeling her heart skip a beat, but sank back onto her heels, looking up at him through glazed eyes. She was still horribly embarrassed, outraged, and indignant, but the sexual fever he had roused in her with all this kinkiness was still in control, and she moaned as he combed his fingers through her hair.

“Spread your legs,” he said.

Her stomach churned, and she obeyed, exposing herself to his hungry eyes.

“Head back, shoulders out. Kneel like a proper little sex slave,” he said.

It was a silly game, but on the other hand, it was a wildly thrilling game! Heart beating faster and faster, Regan played the game, positioning herself as he ordered, watching as he undid his swimsuit and then let it fall.

The only guy she had seen completely naked in the light was Jason. And while Jason had a lean, athletic body, it was nothing like Kane. She swallowed and did her best not to look impressed, even though she still was.

Very few men, in her experience, and that included looking at them on the internet, really looked that great naked. Kane was an exception. He was not smooth like the swimmers, like the actors, like the underwear models. But neither was he hairy. He had a dusting of hair on his tanned chest, and a thin line going down from his belly.

He had pubic hair, but it was trimmed back a lot, and his cock hung there not looking at all funny, as she had often thought they did. His hips were firm, his belly did not protrude at all, but moved flatly, smoothly down to his abdomen, and his thighs were thick and well-muscled.

She sat there as if in a trance, just looking at him, as he looked back at her.

“Now, my little slave girl, I have work to do, for a master takes care of his slave the way a master takes care of his pet. You are going to be my little pet, and that means I need to take care of you.”

She gulped as he took a step closer, which brought his groin much closer to her face. But then he turned and slid aside the wall of the shower. It was a large shower, and as he turned on the water, it flowed from multiple shower-heads.

He reached down and caught her by the hair, a thick mass filling his fist, and then pulled, not sharply, but firmly. Regan gasped, scrambling up to her feet as he pulled her into the shower with him. Water cascaded down around them and immediately soaked her hair.

“Got to get that sunscreen off you,” he said softly. “It's vegetable based and edible, but will mess up the sheets.”

He turned her around, and she felt his hands at her elbows, then felt the rope untied. Her arms came free, and she felt a strange mix of relief and disappointment.

“Hands at your sides,” he said sternly, turning off the water.

He picked up the soap and began to soap up her chest. Regan almost instinctively began to try to protest, then stopped, letting his hands glide soapily up and down over her breasts, down her belly, down her abdomen and between her legs.

Yet he didn't linger. He soaped up her shoulders and turned her to soap her back. His hands slid down onto her bottom, which still felt sensitive but didn't seem to hurt that much any more. He put down the soap, and she felt his hands at the strap behind her head. It loosened, and he turned her around, then tugged the ball thing slowly out of her mouth.

“Much better. You have lovely lips,” he said.

She gasped as his lips came down on hers. She felt enveloped in his arms, her body now pressed firmly against his as he kissed her. His hands slid up and down her soap back and then down to cup her buttocks, drawing her hips in against him as well. At first, she didn't move, but then her hands rose, sliding onto his arms, and felt a rising tide of excitement as her fingers slid up and down his upper arms, then up along his shoulders.

Her soapy breasts were already thrumming and swollen as they pressed into his chest, her nipples burning like hot little pebbles against his chest! She moaned into his mouth, kissing back without even thinking, her tongue moving with his, her hips starting to grind against his own as she covered them both in soap.

He drew back, gripping her upper arms to push her a little ways back, then picked up a shampoo bottle and poured a bit into his hand. He looked at her, holding her eyes, as he began to soap up her hair. He turned her around then, his fingers surprisingly gentle, even combing through her long hair, twisting and turning it.

His fingers slid down her body as she stood there, panting and essentially blinded, and she felt them ease down between her legs, rubbing at her clitoris, and caressing the taut lips of her sex still clutching the dildo he had buried inside her.

Then the water came on and poured down around them, and he ran his fingers through her hair again, helping to rinse her off. When he turned off the water he

squeezed her hair, twisting it to work most of the water out, then slid open the door and pulled a soft towel from a nearby rack, dropping it over her head, then using it to soak up more of the water.

“I can – .”

“Do nothing you're not told to do, sex slave,” he said.

She felt a hot tremor of lust, but had no objection to continuing his kinky game. The raw heat which had been engulfing her had eased, but only insofar as she was no longer trembling with her hunger.

He patted her body dry, then did his own, almost casually before turning her towards the long counter with double sinks. The mirror filled the wall, and she saw him behind her, saw how big he looked with his body almost pressed against hers. The top of her head didn't even reach his neck! Her eyes looked at her own body, a hot flush darkening the skin of her face and chest, and then down further at the dildo clutched tightly inside her!

He lifted up a comb and casually combed his own short hair for a few seconds, then put it down and picked up a brush and began to work on hers. It felt weird, but Regan just watched as he brushed her hair, until he reached the front. When it became evident he intended to part her hair in the middle, rather than have bangs spilling across her forehead, she started to object.

“I don't – .”

“But now you will, because your master says so,” he replied.

He let his fingers comb through her hair.

“It makes you look more... mature, boat girl,” he said.

“I'm twenty,” she gulped.

“And without bangs you look less like a teenager.”

She bit her lower lip, but supposed it didn't really matter. She could soak and brush her hair out later.

He picked up the hair dryer and began to dry her hair as he brushed. He was close enough she could feel his own breath against the back of her head as he directed the dryer to the sides first, then the top, and finally the back.

When her hair was dry he combed his fingers through it slowly.

“You have wonderful hair,” he said. “Its soft, but rich and silky and full.”

He pressed his face against her hair, then his hands slid around her and cupped her breasts.

“Not that I don't like the rest of you, too,” he said.

Regan gulped as she stared at herself in the mirror, watched his big hands cupping her breasts, his thumbs and index fingers curving in to catch at her nipples and roll and stroke them.

“You are going to make a fine little sex slave,” he said, leaning forward to chew lightly along the back, then the nape of her neck.

“I'm not your sex slave,” she said with a breathless groan.

“You will be,” he said.

The confidence in his voice left her gasping, and for a moment she felt a dark, anxious, thrilling uncertainty about whether he considered this slave business to be a game or not!

“Let's go,” he said, “It's time for me to tie you down and make you scream again.”

Chapter Seven

Regan felt her stomach give a lurch but his hand around her arm was strong as he propelled her out of the room, and she didn't really have any coherent thoughts about resisting or refusing. In truth, she was feeling much more comfortable naked around him now. Then again, she'd never spent quite so much time openly naked with a guy before.

And besides, it was Kane, older, stronger, more sophisticated, more powerful – her boss...

He led out into his bedroom and half threw her onto the bed, climbing atop her, straddling her body. She gulped, staring at him, and he looked back down, then took her arms, drew them up and towards the the top corners of the bed.

“What – .”

“No need to talk, sex slave,” he said.

She snorted, but craned her head up and back as he slid forward, then got distracted, jerking her head forward again, as he half sat on her chest. She gulped, staring at his abdomen and his cock pressed against her skin, and felt a wild thrill of heat and anticipation.

She jerked her head up and back as she felt something wrapped around her wrist, and felt another shock of kinky excitement as she saw the strap he was tightening around her.

“You don't need to tie me down,” she gulped.

“I know, but I want to.”

He eased over to her other side as she stared back at her wrist, and the strap wrapped around it. It seemed to lead down below the corner of the bed, where it was attached somehow. Then she craned her head up and back the other way as he slipped another strap around her wrist and tightened it.

“Why do you want to?” she asked.

“Because I'm a pervert.”

“All men are perverts,” she said almost automatically.

“So there you go.”

“They don't all tie girls down to have sex with them.”

“I guess I'm more of a pervert than most.”

He pulled the pillow out from under her head and tossed it aside, then twisted off her, sliding out of bed, a hand on her right ankle. He pulled it down sharply, and then lifted another strap from beneath the corner of the bed, wrapping it around her ankles.

Regan watched, a bit nervously. She was fairly sure he wasn't crazy, though, and it wasn't like she was going to stop him from doing whatever he wanted to her anyway, not given the strength of the man. She let her eyes play over his body as he moved, particularly over his shoulders and upper arms.

He crossed to the other side of the bed, and she blushed a little as he pulled her left leg wide, aiming the foot straight at the lower corner. She wasn't used to laying around with her legs spread so wide, especially where someone was looking!

When he was done he stood there and looked at her, and she looked back, face flushed, rapidly feeling self-conscious as his eyes raked her up and down.

“Very nice,” he said softly.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and dropped a heavy hand onto her upper leg, then slid it up and down, moving up to caress her pussy, pushing at the base of the dildo and stroking her clitoris, then sliding up across her belly onto her left breast.

“What should I do to you, sex slave? How should I torture you?”

“You could try singing to me,” she gulped.

He snorted, then pinched her nipple hard enough to make her yelp.

“No impertinence to your owner, slave.”

“I'm not a slave.”

“You will be.”

“Will not.”

He smiled and rolled her nipple between his fingers in a way which was both painful and exciting.

“Did you like what I did to you on the dock, boat girl?”

She gulped and licked her lips.

“You're going to like this even more. You're going to like it so much you're going to want more of it.”

He climbed into bed and knelt between her legs, then slid forward atop her. She felt his cock rubbing against her lower abdomen but he propped his upper body a little above her so as to not crush her chest. He looked down at her from a few inches above, and she looked back breathlessly.

He was a big man, and the heat of his body, the size of it hovering over her and pressing into her, and the way her arms were strapped down gave her an enormous sense of being helpless... but erotically helpless.

He kissed her gently, then his arms angled in, his elbows still propping him up but his hands sliding in beneath her head, fingers combing through her hair as he continued to kiss her.

He raised his lips up.

“I'm going to make you beg to be my slave girl,” he said.

“No way,” she said, breathing already getting ragged.

He kissed her again, longer, and his kiss became harder, his tongue sliding into her mouth and over her own.

“I'm going to make you beg me to fuck you,” he said as he pulled his head back.

Regan felt her chest tighten even as it rose and fell with growing excitement. He slid downward, then, though slowly, giving him enough time to kiss and nibble and even chew at the nape of her neck before his mouth slid lower and began to work on her breasts.

It wasn't as if guys hadn't enjoyed playing with her breasts before, or getting their mouths onto them, but Kane was clearly far and away more experienced at what to do with them.

His tongue licked long slow trails across the center of her breasts, staring at the very bottom of her breasts, so that when his tongue slid across her nipple it had lost some of its moisture and rasped across her stiff nipples with a delicious sense of tactile pleasure! He licked again and again, then closed his mouth, letting his teeth dig into her soft flesh just enough to make her gasp before sucking rhythmically on that flesh – which of course, included her nipple!

Then he drew his lips together to focus just on her nipple, his wet tongue circling it before his teeth closed on it to nip and bite enough to make her gasp again! He shifted his mouth from breast to breast, his fingers gently kneading her soft flesh as her turned her already hard nipples into tingling, throbbing, burning little embers of fire against the swollen heat of her breasts!

She moaned as he licked and kissed his way down the center of her chest, his hands squeezing her breasts, fingers kneading them as his mouth moved lower and lower, right down onto her belly, then lower still. He nibbled at her, making her gasp and moan, and slid his body still lower, as she stared down in trembling anticipation.

He started by licking lightly against her sex, his tongue swirling and twisting lightly up and down the length of her labia where they clutched the dildo. His hands slid down off her breasts, down her body, until his thumbs began to caress her labia and push rhythmically at the base of the dildo.

She moaned, her neck aching, as she continued to try to raise her head up to watch him. She dropped her head back to the bed with a gasp, staring up at the ceiling, pulling against the straps in an almost experimental fashion, just to see how strong they were. She wasn't sure if she was trying to see if she could get away or reassuring herself she couldn't.

She gasped and jerked her head back up as he pulled the dildo out of her, then drove his tongue into her opening, making it twist and turn and roll as it moved up and down her pink opening, then almost... oozed down into her, pushing surprisingly, even startlingly deep inside her, like a soft, slick snake!

She dropped her head back again, gasping. Her hands jerked and flinched against the straps, for she kept feeling the instinctive urge to reach down and grasp his head, perhaps to push him down harder.

His tongue slid out of her and she let out a helpless groan as the thick dildo was pushed deep inside once more while his tongue moved up along her sex, then began to circle her already swollen clitoris. He kissed her there, letting his lips encircle her hot little button, then began to suck lightly as she felt a finger pushing into her body, a long thick finger.

And then, to her disappointment, he slid up atop her body again, sucking and licking at her nipples, chewing on them, and running his hands up and down her body.

It wasn't that Regan wasn't very much enjoying what he was doing to her body but she was confused by it. He'd already done more foreplay than any guy she'd had sex with and she was oh so very ready! But he didn't seem to be in any hurry. In fact, he slid half off her, to the point he was laying on his side next to her, his head propped up on one elbow.

“You have very soft skin,” he said, his hand sliding over her breasts.

She looked at him, a bit breathless, watching him.

“Practically gave me an erection the other day in the water just touching it,” he said, his hand gliding down her belly and in between her legs.

She gasped as she felt his finger sink into her, then another join it. He pumped them slowly in and out, then added a third finger as he leaned in to suck and chew lightly on her nipple and breast.

“Are you my little bitch, boat girl?” he asked softly.

She jerked as his thumb came down against her clitoris. She was moist and slick between her legs now, and the pad of his thumb began to rub in slow, but rapid

motions against her swollen clitoris as his fingers pushed at the base of the dildo.

She let out a soft cry then as his hand jerked back on her hair, tilting her head back so he could lean in and close his mouth across the front of her throat. He let his jaw close enough for her to feel his teeth pressing firmly into her skin, against the front of her neck, like an animal caught in the jaws of a predator!

A dark thrill of fear, then heat swept through her as he growled softly against her. Then his mouth slid back and he began to chew on the center of her right breast again.

The sexual heat and energy was throbbing inside her now, the pleasure a hot, liquid thing which oozed through her body, the center between her legs. He continued to rub his thumb against her clitoris, but now gripped the base of the dildo, pumping it in and out in short, sharp thrusting motions.

His thumb didn't just continue stroking up and down, but alternated, moving from side to side at times. Her body began to writhe, limbs pulling against the straps as she moaned and gulped in air. Sexual heat crackled through her body and mind and she felt herself getting nearer and nearer to a climax!

His fingers eased, then.

“Would you like to come, boat girl?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped.

“Beg me to come.”

The heat filled her, the sexual pressure making her head throb.

“Please make me come!” she gasped.

“Say please make me come master.”

It was silly, but she really didn't care.

“Please make me come, master!” she gasped.

His fingers thrust harder and his thumb stroked faster, and then the orgasm hit,

and she arched sharply, crying out, gurgling in pleasure as her arms and legs pulled against the straps and her hips bucked against his fingers.

The orgasm enveloped her in a glittering wall of pleasure, filling her mind and body with the wild intensity of release, a pleasure so powerful she clung to it desperately as her body strained against the straps.

As it eased, she went limp, panting for breath, and rolled her head to look at him, face flushed.

“Nasty little boat girl,” he said. “Imagine coming like that while all tied up, coming while a man masturbates you. Shameful.”

He bent to suck and chew and lick at her breasts, then rolled atop her again, this time letting more of his weight crush her beneath him so that she grunted as his weight pushed her down into the bed. He gripped her hair again and kissed her long and slow, then eased down her body once again.

His tongue began to lick at her clitoris, his fingers pushing into her body once more, and she was soon moaning and gasping once more amid a churning cauldron of sexual heat.

Only this time he stopped when she was on the verge of coming, and slid his heavy body atop hers again, making her groan at the heavy weight atop her. He kissed her lightly, and let his firmly muscled chest grind against her breasts, moving it from side to side atop her.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said. “I bet you want to come again.”

“P-Please!” she gasped, gulping in air.

“Are you my little bitch?”

“Y-yes!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm your little bitch!” she gasped.

He eased off her, sliding onto his side again, his hand moving up and down her

body, then down between her legs, fingers stroking across her clitoris.

“Whose little bitch are you?”

“Y-Yours!” she moaned, hips grinding up against him.

“Say I'm mister Kane's little bitch.”

“I'm Mister Kane's little bitch!” she gulped.

Her mind was roiled by the heat, and her skull throbbed with the building pressure inside her head. She rolled her head, moaning, as his fingers stroked against her.

He slid back down her body and his tongue licked a long, slow trail up the length of her sex, then across her clitoris. He gave her clit several hard, quick licks, then looked up the length of her body at her.

“Say I'm mister Kane's sex slave,” he said with a feral grin.

She moaned weakly, but her pride had melted under the flaming heat, and anyway, the words sounded darkly thrilling now.

“I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!” she moaned.

“I'll let you take control of my body, little boat girl,” he said, eyes rolling up at her. “Keep saying that and I'll keep licking. Stop saying it and I'll stop licking.”

He really was crazy, she thought dazedly.

But he stopped licking.

“I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!” she gasped.

He started licking again, harder, the dildo pumping inside her, but then, after a few seconds, his fingers slowed and he stopped licking.

“I'm mister Kane's sex slave!” she groaned.

He started licking and pumping again and then began to slow.

“I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!” she cried, and then. “I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!”

He continued to lick and suck and pump the dildo, then started to slow.

“I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!” she gasped. “I'm Mister Kane's sex slave! I'm Mister Kane's sex slave! I'm Mister Kane's sex slave! I'm Mister Kane's sex slave! I'm Mister Kane's sex slave!”

She had to keep repeating the words, almost a chant, moaning and gasping and gulping in air as he licked and sucked her, and then the orgasm took away her breath, and most of her mind, and her words were lost to a gurgling, high pitched cry of pleasure as the orgasm exploded within her and sent a hot flood of pleasure flooding her mind and sending it tumbling and turning in dazed wonder.

He rolled over her, laying next to her again, hand gliding slowly up and down her body as her chest heaved and she moaned breathlessly.

“See how good it is to be a sex slave?” he said with a smile.

He sat up and then rose to his knees. He quickly shifted his body until he was straddling her, then shifted forward. Regan groaned as he sat down on her chest, though he still kept a lot of weight on his knees and heels as he eased forward.

“I want you to worship my cock, sex slave,” he said.

He rubbed the head across her lips and she licked at it dazedly.

But that, of course, was only the beginning. She knew how to perform oral sex on a guy, but his standards seemed higher. He had her lick her way up and down his cock as he moved it across her mouth, then fed his balls into her mouth so she could suck them and lick them and massage them inside her mouth.

As his cock hardened, he leaned further forward and drove his cock into her mouth, but only a little ways, letting her suck and lick on the head and the top of the shaft as he pumped slowly in and out.

“Now swallow your master's cock, little sex slave,” he ordered.

She moaned around his cock, then gulped in air as he pushed down. Her head

was tilted back a little, and he was leaning forward over her, able to push in and back, feeding his slick, saliva covered cock straight down her throat until he was buried to the hilt.

“That's my little sex slave,” he breathed. “You're clearly a natural at this.”

He pumped slowly in and out, using long strokes, then shifted off her, crawled around to the head of the bed, facing down the length of her body, and gripped her head to tilt it back further. He spread his knees wide and thrust into her mouth and the straight down her throat, then let his body fall forward across her body.

She grunted at his weight as his hips began to pump slowly in and out. Then she felt his tongue at her own pussy, felt the dildo pumping in and out as he licked and sucked her, and her body began to tremble and strain against the straps as heat burned through her body and mind.

This was again a position which she'd seen on the internet, but not experienced. None of the guys she'd had sex with had been much interested in oral sex to that extent. But of course, this was not exactly like in the videos, for her body was spreadeagled and she had no control of his cock as he pumped in and out of her open mouth.

As he licked, he pumped harder, deeper, jamming his cock into her to the balls, then giving a series of hard, short thrusts that made her gurgle and gasp and almost gag. She could breathe, after a fashion, with him in her throat, but it wasn't easy, and her head was starting to pound as he continued thrusting in and out!

He pulled out, finally, and Regan drew in deep, gasping breaths of air as she swung around again. This time the dildo was pulled free, and then he drove deep into her pussy, laying atop her, his lips coming down on hers as he began to do her hard and deep and fast!

The dildo had felt good inside her. It had spread out out and the fullness and deep penetration had excited her body. But the knowledge it was him inside her, was far more arousing, and she moaned into his mouth as he thrust into her in a steady, powerful stroke that soon pushed her over the edge into another monster orgasm!

Yet it wasn't the last. He slowed his pumping, but didn't stop, and his hands tore

at her hair, jerking her head back and to the side so his lips and mouth could ravish her throat as he drove himself into her. Dazedly, she moaned, eyes glassy, unable to move, gripped a heat that seemed to never end as his steady thrusting made her belly ache and spasm.

“Please!” she moaned.

He kept thrusting, harder, in fact, and Regan's voice began to gasp and grunt and cry out as the spasms grew more powerful, as the heat flowed back through her body and mind once again. It took shockingly little time to rouse her up and push her over the edge into orgasm again, certainly the fastest time between orgasms she'd ever experienced!

But her body seemed primed to it, still gripped by a sexual fever, every nerve ending straining, her body nothing but putty in his hands as he rode her to yet another orgasm before spending himself atop her and inside her.

*

She joined him for lunch that day. It definitely wasn't her idea, though. After what Michael and Ethan had seen of her the idea of facing them again made her cringe with embarrassment!

“They've seen naked girls before,” was all Kane said to her complaint. “They weren't shocked.”

Before she'd even recovered from the orgasms he'd given her he had gotten off the bed, then returned with some things he tossed onto the mattress. He unstrapped her ankles, but then put something around them which she paid little attention to, at first. Only after he unstrapped her wrists and helped her sit up did she see the black leather straps around her ankles.

“What are these?” she gulped.

“More of my perverted bondage stuff,” he said as he buckled a similar leather strap around her right wrist.

She bit her lip, but didn't resist as he attached a fourth to her other wrist, then picked up a much bigger one. It was clearly a collar, and a ripple of dark heat swept through her as she saw it, as he lifted it up and began to put it around her

throat.

“I'm not your sex slave,” she gulped.

“You will be. After all, where else would you have so much excitement and pleasure?”

He pulled her out of bed, and led her over before the full length mirror where she could see herself. Regan trembled a bit at the sight of the collar around her neck and the leather restraints. It was so kinky and hot and ... exotic! It was so not boring old Regan! It was almost unbelievable!

“Put this on,” he said, tossing her a plastic package.

She thought it was one of the bathing suits, and a part of her felt a sense of relief to be able to actually wear something! As she opened it, though, she realized it was the fourth bikini, the one with the tiny cups and the low-cut thong with the angled string going over her hips.

She gulped, but stepped into the thong, then pulled on the cup and adjusted it.

“Very sexy.”

He took her arm and turned her around, then drew her wrists together behind her. When he released them, the restraints were locked together.

“Let's go down to lunch.”

“I can't!” she gasped.

“You're not going to get out of here without being seen, and even if you do, you still have to come back, so you might as well face it. Besides, why on earth should a girl with a body like yours be embarrassed that they saw it?”

“Because I am! And they saw... the dildo sticking out of me and everything!”

“They know you're my little bitch,” he said with a soft smile.

“I'm not!”

He turned her and his hand cracked against her bar bottom.

“Ow!”

“See how handy a thong is?” he said.

He took her arm firmly and led her out of the bedroom. Regan resisted, somewhat, but she knew she couldn't stay in there forever. And at least she now had a bathing suit on, even if it was a revealing one!

As he led her down the stairs her eyes grew wider, though and she gasped aloud.

“But that butt-plug thing is still in me!”

“So?”

“They'll see it!”

“They've already seen it.”

“But – !”

“I might want to use that tight little ass of yours later,” he said. “Good thing for it to be prepared.”

His arrogance was astonishing, and she glared at him as he half dragged her down the stairs, his hand like padded iron around her arm.

It was almost as embarrassing as she had feared! And was to get worse! The table was set only for two, but at least Michael and Ethan weren't around. But instead of guiding her into one of the chair and undoing her wrists he sat down and pulled her into place sitting on his lap!

She squirmed a bit, then gasped as his hand pushed down into the front of her thong and he began to casually rub her clitoris. Her head swiveled anxiously from side to side in case anyone approached and saw!

“Please!” she gasped.

“Please what?”

“Please, master!”

He chuckled, and slid his hand out, just as Michael came out of the house, pushing a cart loaded with food on trays. Her face flamed and she dropped her head as Kane greeted him.

“Ah, and what have we got to eat today, Chef?”

“Greek chicken with herb vegetable couscous & tzatziki, and for the slave girl, chicken fajitas with homemade guacamole & salsa.”

Regan's face burned hotter at the word 'slave girls', and her head dropped lower, but Kane only chuckled and then reached to one of the plates Michael placed on the table, then lifted her head up and back by gripping her hair.

“You have to eat to keep your energy up, little slave girl,” he said. “You're doing very energetic things, after all.”

He was holding a fajita before her, and now slid it into her mouth. She let her lips widen, half frozen in place under Michael's eyes, and let him feed it to her. But she was horribly relieved when Michael left.

There just didn't seem to be a lot of point in complaining about it. Unless she really put up a big fuss he wasn't going to care.

He alternated between eating from his plate, and feeding her.

“I can feed myself I you undo my wrists!” she complained.

“But slave girls are supposed to be in restraints.”

“I'm not a slave girl!”

He jerked her head up and back by the hair and she cried out at the sharp pull to her scalp as his mouth moved into kiss and chew its way lightly up and down along the side of her throat.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he growled softly. “Don't make me spank you.”

It was all so bizarre! Yet there was a strange and thrilling intimacy to it, as she sat on his lap, as he fed her and kissed her and caressed her, and the thought that she should probably instead be eating a sandwich down on the dock and surfing

the internet on her Iphone was a strange one.

He slid another fajita into her mouth, letting her chew it, then made her lick his fingers clean by sliding them into her mouth. It left her breathless, and when Ethan came out and she was still licking at his fingers she blushed hotly and dropped her face.

“Mister Mulligan will be here at two,” he said.

“Excellent,” Kane replied. “My little slave girl can go and pick him up.”

Regan flushed anew.

“And will she be wearing her collar?” Ethan asked, a bit dryly.

“Probably not. I don't think Mulligan would quite approve, though of course, one never knows.”

“You could have her pick him up naked and see how that goes over,” Ethan replied.

“Oh I don't think so. I think naked is a bit much. Topless, he might go for. She has lovely breasts, after all.”

“I'm sure.”

“Don't you think they're lovely?”

Regan let out a startled cry as she felt her hair pulled up and back, raising her head and forcing her back to arch.

“They do look very nice, but of course, it's not always easy to tell under clothing.”

“Not much clothing,” Kane said.

Regan gasped aloud as she felt his other hand caress her left breast through the bikini top.

“True, but it could be her breasts are flabby and droopy.”

“They're not,” Kane said indignantly.

And then he undid her bikini top and Regan squealed as he pulled it off and displayed her bare breasts to Ethan.

“Well, those do look very nice,” Ethan said.

“Very nice? They're gorgeous!”

As embarrassed as she was, Regan still felt a strange sort of pride at Kane's indignant remark.

“Look how firm they are, and how nicely shaped. The nipples are very pink, and get hard very easily. See?”

She felt another rush of embarrassment mixed with dark heat as she felt his fingers plucking at her hard nipple!

“And the skin is incredibly soft.”

She felt another hand on her other breast, stroking and caressing her, and jerked helplessly, realizing it had to be Ethan's hand!

“It is very soft,” Ethan conceded.

The hand left her breast and she heard his voice coming from further away.

“I'll make sure the contracts are drawn up and ready for signing,” he said.

The hold on her hair disappeared and Regan jerked her head forward, face still burning.

“You... you... “

“You have lovely breasts. Nothing to be embarrassed about,” he said.

“You bastard!”

“Do you want a spanking?”

She gulped, and her wrists jerked against the leather restraints. “No, but – .”

“You have a gorgeous body. I like showing off the things I own.”

“You don't own – Oh!”

His other hand slid down into the front of the thong and began to finger her clitoris.

“Stand up, little slave girl.”

His hand slid out of her thong and Regan felt her hips gripped, pushing her up and forward. She stood up awkwardly, for there wasn't much room between her belly and the table, then let out an inarticulate cry as she felt his hand slide between her legs and tug aside the narrow back of her thong.

“Oh! Don't!” she gasped!

“You love cock, you nasty little sex slave,” he said, one hand pulling her slowly back again as the other pulled the butt-plug out of her bottom.

Regan's eyes went wide and she struggled instinctively as she sank back onto his cock, but the plug had been well-oiled, and now so was she. She jerked her eyes up towards the house frantically, but there was no sign of Ethan as she felt the head of his cock pushing up into her ass.

“You're a pervert!” she moaned.

“We've already established that.”

She moaned again, gasping and trying to ease forward as he pulled her back, but his cock slid deeper and deeper into her bottom as her own weight forced her down further. There was far less fear, now, though she was still anxious and her head was still spinning, overwhelmed by all this wild, kinky sexual behavior!

But it felt indescribably erotic as his thick cock slid deep into her belly, even when she sat back down further and began to feel a kind of cramping ache deep inside, her pussy still thrummed with energy. She groaned aloud as he settled her atop him once more, her legs spread out to the sides, his cock buried in her ass.

“Now let's resume our meal.”

“Please I-I don't – .”

He popped another bit of chicken into her mouth.

“You're my little sex toy now, remember?”

I'm not, a part of her wanted to cry.

Chapter Eight

As much as her mind squirmed with embarrassment, it was impossible to dismiss the wild dark thrills Kane roused in her, the stunning level of sexual arousal and passion he made her feel. And why not, a part of her thought dazedly. She was young, single, free, and why shouldn't she experiment in kinky sex!?

She had to eat the food before she could talk, so ate quickly, then had to lick his fingers clean before he would pull them out of her mouth, but finally she was able to speak.

“Could you please put my top back on!?” she begged plaintively.

“Sir.”

“Sir!”

“Repeat the whole sentence,” he said playfully.

“Please put my top back on, sir!”

“Hmm. Let's hear it again but with mister Kane added.”

“Adam!”

“No, no, no. I haven't given you permission to use my Christian name, slave girl. It's Mister Kane to you.”

“But if – .”

And then Ethan came back! She gulped, face flaming again, as he carried a folder out onto the deck.

“Ethan, this slave girl is being naughty,” Kane said.

She gulped, dropping her eyes, but he gripped her hair again, jerking her head

up, though not as far back as before.

“Is she? You should punish her then,” Ethan said.

“Is that a plastic ruler there in your folder?”

Regan's eyes darted to the folder, and what looked like one of those thin plastic rulers protruding from the top. Ethan slid it out and handed it to Kane. It was thin, flexible and see-through, and she had no idea why it had entered the discussion.

“Now, remember to only address me as sir or mister Kane, slave girl,” he said.

“You're crazy!” she gulped, eyes still jerking away from where Ethan stood beside the table.

He pulled her hair back sharply and she shuddered, her back arching, breasts thrust up and out. She knew Ethan was watching, and her mind squirmed with embarrassment once again, and yet... and yet she also felt an incredible sense of sexual excitement, an almost exhilarated rush of pride as her body was displayed so brazenly to him.

She wouldn't in a million years have done it herself. What girl would!? But she was helpless and it was Kane doing it, so in a sense, she bore no guilt, no responsibility, no shame from showing off her breasts. And the fact she was impaled on his cock, and that Ethan didn't know it, was another cause for the sexual electricity crackling through her body and mind!

Ethan was another attractive man, older, to be sure, but very handsome and muscular, and like Kane, knew none of her friends or family. Being displayed to him made her mind do strange things, leaving her almost breathless. At least, until she felt the sharp little slap against the center of her right breast.

She gasped, for it stung, but only a bit. Then it hit again, and she rolled her eyes down to see Kane had smacked the center of her breast with the ruler! Then he began to slap her hard and fast, a dozen times in a few seconds as she squealed and squirmed and writhed in his grip, her nipple burning as the little plastic ruler spanked it repeatedly.

“Oh! Oh! Please! Don't! Don't!” she cried.

“Mister Kane,” he said in amusement. “Say it.”

“Please, Mister Kane!” she cried.

Now he began to slap the thing down against her other breast, so fast it was just a blur as it snapped against her throbbing nipple and quickly began to make it throb and burn.

Crackcrackcrackcrackcrackcrackcrackcrackcrack!

“Are you going to always remember to call me Mister Kane or Sir?”

“Yes! Yes! Please!” she squealed.

Crackcrackcrackcrackcrackcrack!

“You didn't say Mister Kane,” he said mildly.

“Please, Mister Kane!” she cried.

He stopped hitting her breasts and eased her head forward, looking down at them as he handed the ruler back to Ethan.

“This is how little slave girls learn to behave,” he said, gently rolling one throbbing hard nipple between his fingers.

“Would you like to examine the contracts before Mister Mulligan arrives?” Ethan asked.

“Ethan, right now my cock is jammed up this little cutie's ass all the way to the balls,” Kane said. “I'm not really interested in contracts just now.”

“Perfectly understandable, Mister Kane,” Ethan said with a smile as Regan's face flamed.

Another shock of embarrassment rolled through her, but it was almost like she was beyond shock, or at least, beyond the ability of it to affect the dark heat Kane had inflicted upon her.

“Go and get me a vibrator, would you?”

“Any particular one?”

“The Hitachi wand, if you please.”

“Certainly.”

Ethan turned and headed back into the house, and Regan gasped as Kane leaned in and began to chew along the side of her neck. His other hand pushed down the front of her thong again, and she began to writhe and jerk, her body shuddering through powerful waves of flaming passion and heat.

“Please!” she gasped breathlessly.

“You're my little sex slave,” he mumbled into her neck. “Just resign yourself to it and you'll stop feeling so concerned about what Ethan or anyone else thinks.”

“I-I-I'm not!” she gasped.

Then why are you sitting on my lap with my cock up your ass and your wrists bound behind your back?”

He pulled his hand out of the thong as he swung his legs a little to the side – swinging her with him, then jerked the string tie on the side of the thong and pulled it away, leaving her completely naked! Regan felt another shock-wave roll through her! She twisted helplessly as he held her neatly by the hair, spreading his own legs which she was straddling so her legs moved wider.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he growled, pulling back on her hair to force her back to bow even more sharply.

“Push up with your feet. Slide your tight little ass up off my cock, slave girl,” he ordered.

Gulping in air, but overpowered by the sexual passion and pleasure tearing through her, Regan obeyed, moaning as she pushed down, trying to lever herself up a few inches. It wasn't easy with her back arched and her head back, especially with her arms bound together. Kane apparently realized it for he let go of her hair and let her sit upright, panting and flushed.

“Ride my cock, sex slave,” he said, fingering her clitoris.

Helpless, Regan slowly raised her body several inches, then sank back down with a cry. She raised herself again, then sank down. Her insides were a frothing, steaming stew as she slowly and awkwardly raised herself up and down on his thick cock, crying out every time she sank back.

And then Ethan came outside and she abruptly sat down again, gulping, face burning as he looked at her, her mind churning wildly with embarrassment as he smiled in her direction.

“Your wand, Mister Kane,” he said, handing it to the man.

“Plug it in there next to the table, would you please, Ethan?”

Ethan bent to plug the device in as Regan stared at it, open jawed. It didn't look like any vibrator she'd seen before, not that she'd seen many, nor ever had one. It had a thick handle, and then a rounded half ball attached to the handle by a narrow length of plastic or metal.

But when he flicked the switch on the handle the rounded ball began to vibrate visibly, and she gasped as he brought it in against her pussy. Her legs instinctively tried to jerk closed, but they were held apart by his own, and her emotions were a frantic, scrambling mess as Kane played the strongly buzzing thing up and down across her clitoris.

“Now how does that feel, sex slave?” he asked.

She heard his voice as though from a distance, desperately trying to do something, anything, to diminish her embarrassment as Ethan watched her, as he saw her sitting there naked and obscenely presented. Yet the feel of the wand thing rubbing up and down against her already throbbing clitoris was far too much to ignore.

A sweltering sexual heat was sweeping over her, drowning her in sensation, her body reacting as if feverish, overheated and pulsing with every beat of her heart. She knew she was close to orgasm, and tried for a panicky few seconds to resist, but couldn't. The orgasm hit her with a storm of sensations and she began to buck helplessly.

The cock stuffed into her ass twisted as she twisted, and she pushed up, starting to ride it desperately, grunting and gasping and yelping as the cock plunged deep

into her ass with each of her strokes. The orgasm bathed her mind in glittering, diamond-sharp sensations that took her breath away and left her trembling and filled with nothing but passion as she rode him like a crazed animal, plunging down again and again as her body exploded with pleasure!

She collapsed dazedly atop him, sprawled back, hips jerking, head falling across his shoulder as he eased the vibrator away with a soft chuckle.

There was no going back from there. She had been exposed before Ethan so fully, so totally, that nothing was left but to accept it, absorb it, and stop worrying. And so, in the languid aftermath, groaning dazedly, eyes slitted, she felt the embarrassment, though still present, fading in importance.

“A lovely performance, Mr. Kane,” Ethan said.

Kane chuckled softly. “You sound a little sour, Ethan.”

“Jealous, perhaps.”

“You're right to be jealous. Who wouldn't be? But I do apologize for her behavior in rousing you as she clearly has.”

Regan grunted and gasped as he tugged on her hair, then pushed her upright once more. She flinched her eyes away from Ethan at first, but couldn't ignore him as he was standing before her.

“You see what you've done, slave girl? You've caused Ethan to get all excited,” Kane said.

Regan's eyes widened as she saw the bulge in the front of Ethan's trousers, and the implications of Kane's words hit her. She was staggered, for a moment, but then felt a sudden tremendously dark thrill of excitement grip her as Ethan unzipped his fly and drew his cock out.

This was unbelievably kinky and wild!

He pushed forward as Kane pushed on the back of her head, bending her forward. She opened her mouth and took Ethan's cock into it with a shuddering moan, sucking and licking as Kane gripped her hips and began to push her out and draw her back. His cock was still very hard in her ass, and now in more

control of herself, she began to ride it as she sucked Ethan.

Another of those 'I can't believe this is happening' thoughts swirled through her mind, but it was one with a wild, almost hysterical edge of excitement.

A moment later Ethan pulled out a chair, and then the two men pulled her forward, positioning her on her knees on the chair, leaning forward. Ethan took her hair in one hand as Kane lifted her bound arms high, forcing her to bend over. She cried out weakly as he drove his cock deep into her ass again while Ethan shoved his cock into her mouth.

Caught between the two big men, she felt her arousal surging up once again, exploding from the dazed afterglow of the previous orgasm. Kane was now driving himself into her with deep strokes that jarred her body, while Ethan was twisting his fingers in her hair, making her scalp sting as he pulled on it.

The intensity grew with shocking speed, as Ethan pushed himself down her throat while reaching forward to grasp one of her breasts and Kane reached out from behind to squeeze the other. The two men thrust into her from both sides, and Regan felt her mind washed away in the scalding flood of passion and pleasure.

*

It was all completely insane! How had she ever allowed things to come to this pass!? Yet Regan felt an almost giddy sense of euphoria as she cleaned out the filter in the pool room. She was entirely naked, save for the collar and the leather restraints on her wrists. Her arms were free, as the restraints were not locked together, and she simply knelt, doing the same job as usual, though her mind was paying it virtually no attention.

What had just happened to her was like something out of her own fantasies, the kind of fanciful masturbatory fantasies she never thought would ever come true. Yet it had! There she'd been between two men, sucking one while the other fucked her! In the ass!

Who did that!?

And here she was doing something utterly banal like changing a filter, naked and wearing a... a slave collar! It was ridiculous! It was appalling! And despite the

several incredible orgasms Kane had already given her it still filled her with a heady sexual hunger and heat.

She flushed and looked up as Ethan appeared in the doorway.

“Time to go and get Mister Mulligan, slave girl,” he said.

She gulped, but he simply turned and left. She hesitated, then put the pool assembly back in place and hurried outside. She stared out at the lake anxiously, then hurried down the path to the dock, half covering her breasts with her arms. When she reached the boat she saw the thong bikini was sitting on the seat, but the other bikinis seemed to have gone.

She bit her lip, then removed her collar and the leather restraints, put the thong on and took the boat across the lake. She was anxious and self-conscious, but the idea of the strange man seeing her bare butt didn't seem as shocking and embarrassing as it would have not very long ago.

She greeted him with only a small blush, but then, he didn't know she was wearing a thong. He came aboard, and she flushed more darkly as she turned her back to him and started up the boat.

He wasn't the least bit attractive. But that didn't seem to matter. He was a man, wearing a suit, and staring at her ass, she was sure. He insisted on talking to her, too, which added to her embarrassment, even if the talk was inconsequential. Yes, she loved the lake. Yes, it was beautiful. Yes, it was a beautiful boat. Yes, it was a far better job than working in a cubicle somewhere.

She was glad to let him off at the dock, but only had a few minutes of relief before Ethan ordered her up to the kitchen to help Michael.

They ate indoors, though the glass wall was pushed aside to let in the warm outside air. Still, there were three men in suits at the table, and she was their thong clad waitress! It couldn't help but make her both self-conscious, and, given recent events, excited.

She was nervous, though, too, worried about what Kane might say about her, or worse, do! But while Mulligan often let his eyes roam over her body, the conversation was strictly business. And after lunch, and drinks, she followed them down to the boat, and after Kane had said his farewells, took him back

across the lake.

Once she docked again she was at a loss. She wasn't sure what to do, so decided to continue what she had been doing, and went back to cleaning the pump filter. She hesitated about her thong, not sure if she was supposed to be wearing it, but decided to keep it on.

The weird thing was she was almost reluctant to. She wanted to go naked! She was afraid, though, that it would seem.. slutty. It was important to her, for her prides sake, for her to try to pretend all the sex and nudity stuff was at least somewhat against her will. Or at least that she was giving in reluctantly!

When Ethan stopped by he found her just finishing up. She blushed at once as he looked down at her.

“Why are you wearing clothes, slave girl?” he asked.

Her face flushed even hotter, and her chest tightened.

“Uhm, I-I didn't – .”

“Such a naughty slave girl,” he said dryly.

“But – .”

“Stand up.”

Heart pounding, Regan stood up anxiously.

“Remove your bathing suit.”

The gall! What an incredibly outrageous demand!

Yet she did it, almost breathless with the sudden pulsing sexual heat which gripped her.

“Turn around and bend over that table there,” he said calmly.

Blinking rapidly, she turned her head and saw the metal table in the corner of the room. She looked back at Ethan, and he motioned impatiently. Stomach fluttering and chest tight, she bent over the table, turning her head to look behind

again, and gasped as he slid his belt out of the loops of his dress pants.

“Wh-what are you doing to do!?” she gasped.

“Punish you for wearing clothes.”

“But – !”

“Turn and face the wall, slave girl.”

Dazed, she obeyed, with a wild flood of anxiety and dark heat swirling within her.

“Bottom high, legs together,” he said primly.

She obeyed, starting to tremble with a mixture of anxiety and fear, and an incredibly wild sense of sexual heat.

Crack!

“Oww!” she cried as the belt snapped across her bottom.

She felt the sharp sting, followed by the heat beginning to throb in her buttocks, but while it hurt, there was just something so wicked and forbidden and outrageous about it that her pussy pulsed wildly.

“Resume your position, slave girl,” he said.

“But – .”

“And why did you not put your collar and restraints back on?”

“But I wasn't – !”

Crack!

“Oww! Please!”

Crack!

The belt snapped painfully across her bottom again! And then his hand grasped

the back of her neck, pushing her down again so that her breasts pillowed out firmly against the table. Regan's heart pounded as he released her head, anxiety spilling through her despite the dark thrill.

“Please sir,” he said.

“Please, sir!” she gasped.

“Little slave girls have to be taught to behave properly,” he said.

Slave girls?! That was such a stupid, but thrilling – !

Crack!

“Oh!

Crack!

“Oww! That hurts!”

Her bottom was getting hotter, her pulse racing.

“It's supposed to hurt, slave girl.”

Crack!

“Spread your legs, slave girl.”

Moaning, she obeyed, shifting her feet apart on the floor.

“Wider. Show me your hungry little pussy.”

Heart pounding, Regan shifted her feet further apart on the floor, though she had to rise onto the balls of her feet to keep contact. She gasped as she felt his fingers between her legs, felt them caressing her pussy, then pushing slowly into her! Her heart pounded like a drum and her pussy burned as his finger twisted deeper and his thumb began to stroke against her clitoris.

Regan squeaked and moaned, her hips trembling as his fingers stroked against her.

“Sexy little slave girl, aren't you,” he said. “With a body that loves being touched.”

He drew his hand back, though, and she cried out in surprise and alarm as he suddenly gripped her hair and jerked her back upright. She staggered but he held her tightly and pointed her to the door.

“Go and get your collar and restraints from the boat and take them to Mister Kane. Tell him you're sorry you didn't do so as soon as you got back. Go.”

He was insane! They were both insane! And her bottom stung and burned! But she scurried down the path to the dock, rubbing her bottom, anxiety filling her as she quickly got the leather items out of the cabinet and then took them back up the path to find Kane.

Then she thought of Michael and hesitated, filled with a squirming anxiety! She looked behind her, then tried to sneak into the house around the side, away from the kitchen. She wasn't really sure where he was now, though.

She found Kane at his big desk in his second floor den, the one that overlooked the lake, and felt a rush of relief. That was quickly replaced by anxiety and anticipation as he looked at her.

“Yes, slave?”

She flushed.

“I uh, Ethan said that uhm, I was to... take these to you and... apologize for not bringing them as soon as I got back,” she gulped.

“I see. Bring them here.”

She carried them over, stomach fluttering again, and he took them from her.

“On you knees.”

She knelt, heart thumping as he looked down at her from his chair. He reached down and put the collar around her throat, fastening it behind her neck, then combing her hair out from under it.

“Hold your hands up,” he said.

She did so, and he put the wrist restraints on her, one at a time as her mind swirled with confusion about why she was even allowing it, much less cooperating.

“Now your ankles.”

She blinked and looked down at her feet.

“Lay back and raise your feet up towards me one at a time.”

She obeyed, raising her left foot almost shyly. He took her leg in hand and wrapped one of the leather restraints around it, buckling it, then dropped her foot and nodded for her to present the other. When that ankle too was encircled by a tight, firm, black restraint he motioned her to stand.

Then his arm swept around her midsection and he drew her up onto his lap, sitting across it.

“You are an incredibly sensual, beautiful child of sex,” he said.

He drew her head back by the hair, though gently, and kissed her.

“I-I'm not a child!” she gulped weakly.

“No, you most definitely are not.”

His hand slid between her legs and he fingered her already swollen clitoris, bringing a now familiar rush of sensation.

“You're alone in your cottage right now, aren't you, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes!” she gulped.

“Yes, sir.”

“Yes sir!”

“You'll stay here tonight, then.”

She felt another rush of heat and sexual tension.

“There's a lot for you to learn about being a slave girl,” he said.

She almost objected again, but the lazy grin on his face made it pointless.

“Now, then, as Ethan said, you should have come to me immediately. So I think punishment would be in order.”

“He already punished me!” she exclaimed.

“Did he? And how did he do that?”

She blushed. “uhm, he... he used his belt on me.”

“On your lovely bottom, hmm? Well, that's appropriate, I suppose, but not very imaginative. I can think of better.”

Chapter Nine

Regan had never been in this room before. It was largely empty, the floor covered by a soft, eggshell white carpet. She lay on it now, looking nervously up at him as he attached chains to the restraints around her wrists and ankles. There was a machine up on the roof which she thought resembled a garage door opener, and Adam fed the chains through rings on either side of it, then into the machine.

When he pushed the remote control she gasped, for there was a mechanical sound, and then the chains began to drag her across the floor! Not far, for her feet were quickly lifted up into the air, up and apart, as her heart pounded and she stared! Her bottom was raised off the floor, and she was dragged a bit further, then her back rose and she was pulled forward on her shoulders.

Then she was off the floor entirely, and hanging by her ankles! She gulped as her legs were spread further as they rose up towards the ceiling. She saw Adam move in and take the end of the chain attached to her right wrist restraint, and pulled it down and apart. There was an opening in the floor, a hole, and he attached the chain to a ring, then screwed the ring into the hole.

A moment later he did the same with her other wrist, and the startled girl found herself hanging completely upside down, spreadeagled in mid-air! He moved over to a cabinet as she writhed slowly, adjusting to her position, and to the sudden pounding in her skull as the blood rushed to her head.

When he returned it was to finger her pussy, which was still quite moist, then push something into her. She gasped and moaned as she felt her sex spreading open and back, then felt what had to be a dildo being pushed down her thrumming, sensitive pussy tunnel. She moaned in pleasure as she was spread wider, as the thing was driven deep inside her.

But then, oddly, it felt as if there was some sort of hook at the end, which slid over the top of her sex, and pressed in against her clitoris.

Then it started to buzz. She gasped aloud, for her clitoris was caught between the

...whatever it was on the outside, and the thick body of the dildo on the inside, and she began to squirm – or tried to, as the vibrations heated her up further.

This was insane!

He knelt behind her, and she felt him grasp her hair, then pull her head back.

“Oh! Oh! That hurts!” she squealed, as her head was pulled way back, so that it was almost upright, and looking behind her.

He shoved the ball-gag thing into her wide open mouth, then, and released her hair, quickly drawing the strap around her head and snapping it in place.

Regan moaned into the gag. She felt even more helpless without being able to say anything!

A moment later she groaned as another dildo pushed down into her bottom, deep, achingly deep into her bottom, filling her and overflowing her! He hummed to himself as he moved around in front of her again, then dropped to his knees. He reached his fingers forward to her nipples, and a moment later she screamed as they were both pinched hard!

But even when he drew his hands back her nipples still burned hotly! She stared, bug-eyed, at what looked like small alligator clips biting into her nipples! They each had a cord attached, and as she stared at them and yelled into the gag, he drew the cords straight out from her body, and then down to clip to the floor in the same way her wrists were!

“I’ll leave you for a bit, slave,” he said.

Leave her!? Like this!? Regan yelled into the gag, but he was gone, the door closed, and she found herself alone, wrapped in disbelief, gasping and moaning as her nipples burned hotly!

Fortunately, the sharp ache subsided fairly quickly into a dull ache, a kind of burning ache, as she hung there. Her head was still throbbing, but perhaps not as much, and she stared around her, still gripped by how unreal this all was!

This was beyond kinky! This was perverted! It was sick! And it was.. horribly, helplessly thrilling! God! What would her friends think of this!? They’d think

he was crazy, insane, a whore, a slut!

She groaned, her heart still thumping, pulse still racing, as she hung in place. The buzzing in her pussy continued, however, and soon she found herself wrapped in heat and arousal once more, a squirming excitement making her almost tremble with the pressure of the sexuality gripping her mind!

Even the aching of her nipples began to be sucked into the dark vortex of excitement, and she soon learned that tiny movement she made could tug her nipples against the little alligator teeth to give a tiny jolt of sharp pain.

She had no idea why the pain aroused her, why it was exciting, how it had been merged with the heat swirling through her mind, but it was. She hung for long minutes, gasping through the gag, and began to feel her mind falling into a strange place, a kind of dazed, wondrous acceptance of the notion – even for just play purposes – that she was a slave girl.

A sex slave! She was a sex slave being punished! The scorching heat of such a notion began to melt away her inhibitions, her anxieties, and all other concerns and trap her in the moment, in that moment, of dark sexual thrills.

Her body could not move very much, but enough, by shifting her weight, by pulling on her arms and feet, to tug her repeatedly against the little teeth gripping her nipples. With the buzzing heat in her pussy the sharp stinging sensations were like flareups of pleasure through the storm of sensation gripping her.

The orgasm came quickly, and it came powerfully, so that screamed helplessly, and very nearly mindlessly into the gag, writhing and thrashing in wildfire pleasure, back arching and heat thrashing below her as the orgasm rolled over her like a freight train – a very long freight train.

It left her gasping, dazed, eyes glazed, drooling, quite literally, around the ball gag filling her mouth.

Nor was it the last. Several more intense orgasm tore through her as she hung there, her ragged mind swept by raging floods of sensations that tore her consciousness, her sense of self, to pieces, and left her moaning, eyes slitted, and light-headed.

But still conscious, still aware, as Adam returned.

“Sex slaves must be punished when they're bad,” he said. “It's how they learn to be good sex slaves.”

Regan moaned. If this was punishment she didn't mind it, but then she saw the thing dangling from his hand and her eyes blinked rapidly as her mind tried to process the image.

He moved behind her, and a moment later she gasped as she felt a ... a blow against her back. It was a strange sort of blow, light, and spread out, as if coming from many things hitting her at once. Her head twisted around. She saw him holding a long handled something, from which dangled a number of thin dark strips.

“You know slave girls need to be whipped,” he said.

Regan felt a shock that tore her mind from the dazed languor of her orgasms.

Whipped!?

She twisted her head around again, yelling into the gag, but he swung his arm forward and the ... the thin strips struck her back again, harder this time, hard enough to sting. They weren't very heavy, and the sting was fairly mild as well, but it wasn't just the sting of one of the things hitting, but a number of them, scattered across her back!

Whipped!?

She gasped at another blow, and another. Her back began to warm, the skin growing pink and tender as he swung the whip sideways to snap in against her. And there wasn't a single thing she could do about it! She couldn't move or turn or twist or even complain!

The whip struck again, and again, and her back grew hotter and more sensitive, so that the blows stung more. Regan twisted and writhed helplessly, gulping in air, moaning, anxiety filling her as he swept the whip down across her back yet again.

Then he moved around in front of her.

“Sex slave,” he said.

His arm swept out and Regan squealed into the gag as the thin thongs of the whips swept down across her breasts!

The next blow was to her belly and abdomen, then the next struck her breasts and chest again!

She moaned and twisted, or tried to, but could do nothing. It took her some time to come to terms with that, to relax and stop struggling and accept that she could do nothing whatsoever. It was a strange kind of understanding, but a calmness settled on her as she grasped it.

The whip struck her repeatedly, and she flinched and gasped, and sometimes cried out, especially when one of the thin laces snapped across one of her nipples, but the pain, she realized, was not really that bad. Her skin was becoming more sensitive with every blow, however, turning pink, and becoming hot.

Then he swept his arm overhead and the laces fell between her legs. She squealed anew, surprised, the laces cutting into her buttocks, her inner thighs, and across the sides of her pussy, around the dildo protruding.

The whip descended repeatedly, as he began to circle her, now hitting her breasts, now her back, now falling between her legs, and it seemed to be falling harder, the sharp little stings more intense as she shuddered and moaned weakly.

She arched and cried out, her head twisting, her limbs straining, but again, despite the increasing pain, she felt a sense of resignation settle over her. There was nothing she could do. She was being whipped, and she would simply have to accept it, and... and be more careful next time about putting on her restraints right away when she got back...

The pain mounted, but the dark heat never left her either. She began dazed, by the wild mixture, and when the machine sounded and she began to be lowered to the floor she felt nothing more than a dizzy acceptance.

She didn't lay on the floor for long, however. He moved around her, removing chains, or perhaps, just replacing them. Then the machine sounded once more and she groaned as she felt her wrists lifted up. Her arms followed, which forced her torso off the floor. Her bottom slid along the floor as her wrists pulled upward, and she dazedly tried to get her feet under her to take her weight.

She was lifted off her bottom, and she stood up shakily, but the chains kept rising, pulling her arms up above her head, up and apart, and then her ankles were being pulled up, as well! She moaned weakly, staring at her feet as they were lifted out from under her, lifted and raised slowly up and then back and apart. She gasped as her feet were lifted above her head and wider, then further back.

When the machine finally stopped she was hanging by her wrists and ankles. Both were well apart, and her ankles had been pulled up and back behind her body, which tilted her groin up and forward at precisely the height of Adam's own groin.

“Naughty slave girl,” he said.

He gripped the vibrator dildo thing, and now her glazed eyes dropped to it, staring as he pulled it slowly out, then thrust it into her again, like sheathing a dagger. She shuddered, head falling back, then shuddered again as he pulled it out and thrust it forward. She moaned as he ground it against her, making the little silicon branch which hooked over the top of her pussy rub back and forth against her clitoris.

“You're just a helpless little sex slave now, Regan, being tortured by your master,” he said.

She moaned dazedly.

The door opened, and she moaned as Michael came in. She blushed hotly, though she was still dizzy and dazed, as he looked her over.

“Ah, Michael. Regan has decided to become my sex slave,” Adam said.

“Well, she's quite a beautiful sex slave,” Michael said, coming to stand in front of her.

“She is, isn't she?”

Adam reached out and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing it.

“Fell how soft this breast is.”

Regan moaned as Michael did just that, grasping her other breast, fingers kneading the soft flesh.

“Very nice,” Michael said.

“Would you like to fuck her?”

“Who wouldn't like to fuck Regan?” Michael said with a smile.

“Well, be my guest then. She has a deliciously tight little pussy.”

“I'm sure all her orifices will be deliciously tight,” Michael said, unzipping his fly.

Embarrassment, shock, heat and that now familiar dark thrill gripped Regan at his words, and she stared as his cock appeared, hard and ready.

“Fuck her hard, Michael. That's the way sex slaves like it,” Adam said.

“Don't worry. I intend to fuck her hard enough,” he replied.

Regan felt that sense of unreality again as Michael pulled the dildo out of her body. She moaned as she stared at his cock, as he rubbed the head up and down her moist, swollen opening. Then he thrust into her, and she gurgled into the gag, dazed, excited, embarrassed, aroused, and her mind gripped by the dark thrill of what was happening.

There was a distinct difference both in how it felt – physically – to have a real cock in her, and how her mind felt about it. Her body exulted in the tactile pleasure of that hard, warm cock sliding deep inside her, while her mind burned with a raw, ragged heat and excitement.

Adam simply looked on, and she blushed and flushed and shuddered as Michael drove himself into her with hard, deep strokes, his hips striking her buttocks so that he had to hold her in place to keep her from being swung back on the chains from powerful stroke.

Sex slave, she thought dazedly. She moaned and grunted and gasped as Michael fucked her, as her body burned with heat, as the intensity of the dark thrill gripping her grew more intense, more powerful. Then the orgasm hit her, and she

dropped her head back, screaming helplessly, her voice undulating as her muscles spasmed and her insides flared with a hot, terrible, wonderful explosion of pleasure and passion!

The pleasure and heat and excitement blew her mind, and she drooled through the gag, eyes going glassy as Michael continued to pound himself into her. And after Michael, Adam thrust himself home and rode her to another orgasm. Then Evan came in and drove himself into her ass.

Regan could feel her mind shifting, as if who she was, what she was, her own understanding of what kind of person she was, had changed, and was continuing to change. She was becoming more and more accepting of whatever they did to her, good or bad, falling into the role of sex slave as the three men used her.

She knew it was changing her profoundly, and a part of her understood the change might be lasting, but she couldn't find it within herself to resist, or even care. The pleasure and heat were too intense, and the wild thrill of it all was like a bonfire to the dull candle which had been her life.

She gave herself to that bonfire, to that heat, and felt it searing her, felt it surrounding her, and another orgasm tore through her.

Yes! She would be his sex slave! Their slave girl! Why not! She gave herself to it, embraced the idea, and shuddered as marveled at the strange sense of freedom that brought.

* * * * *

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

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