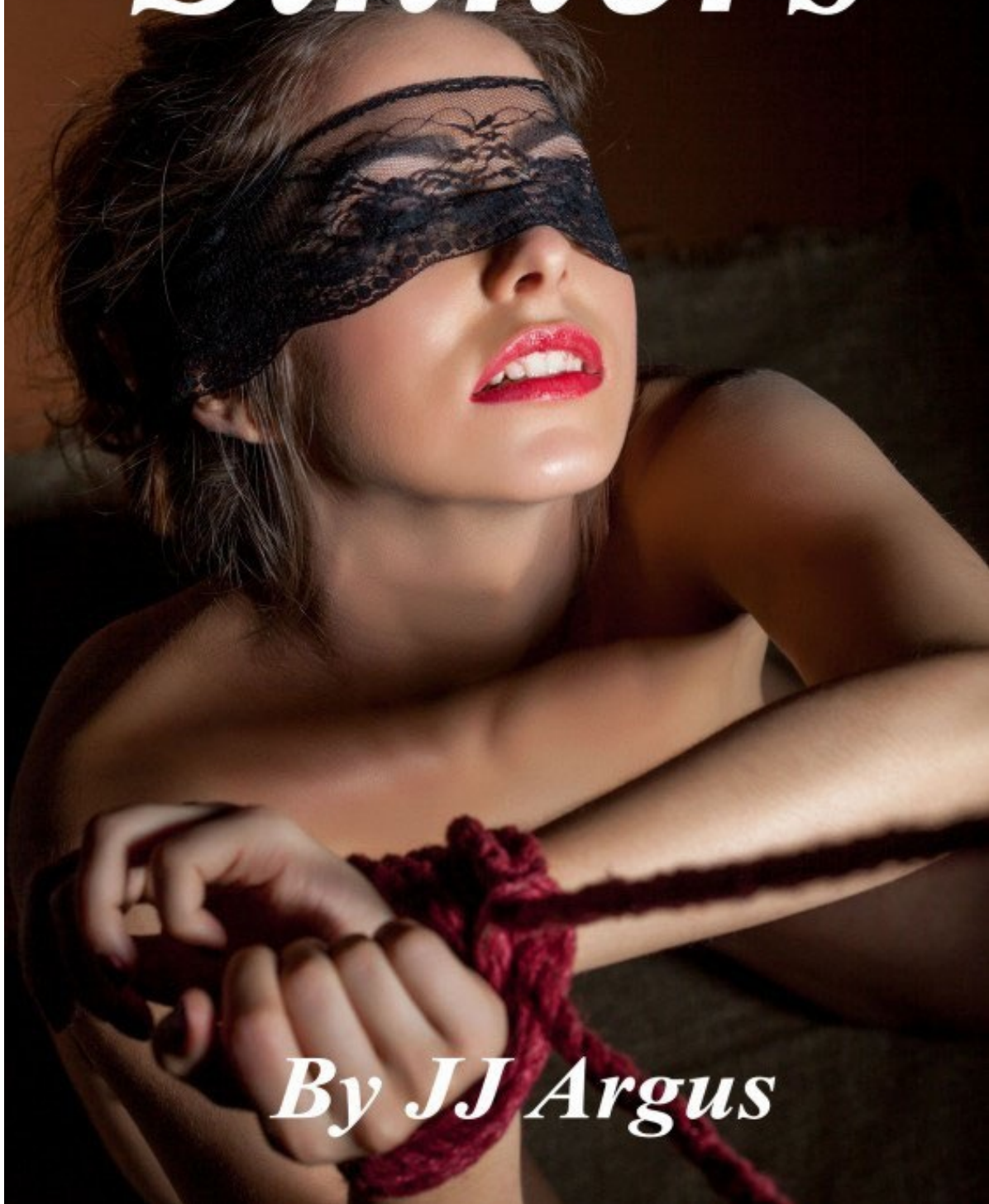
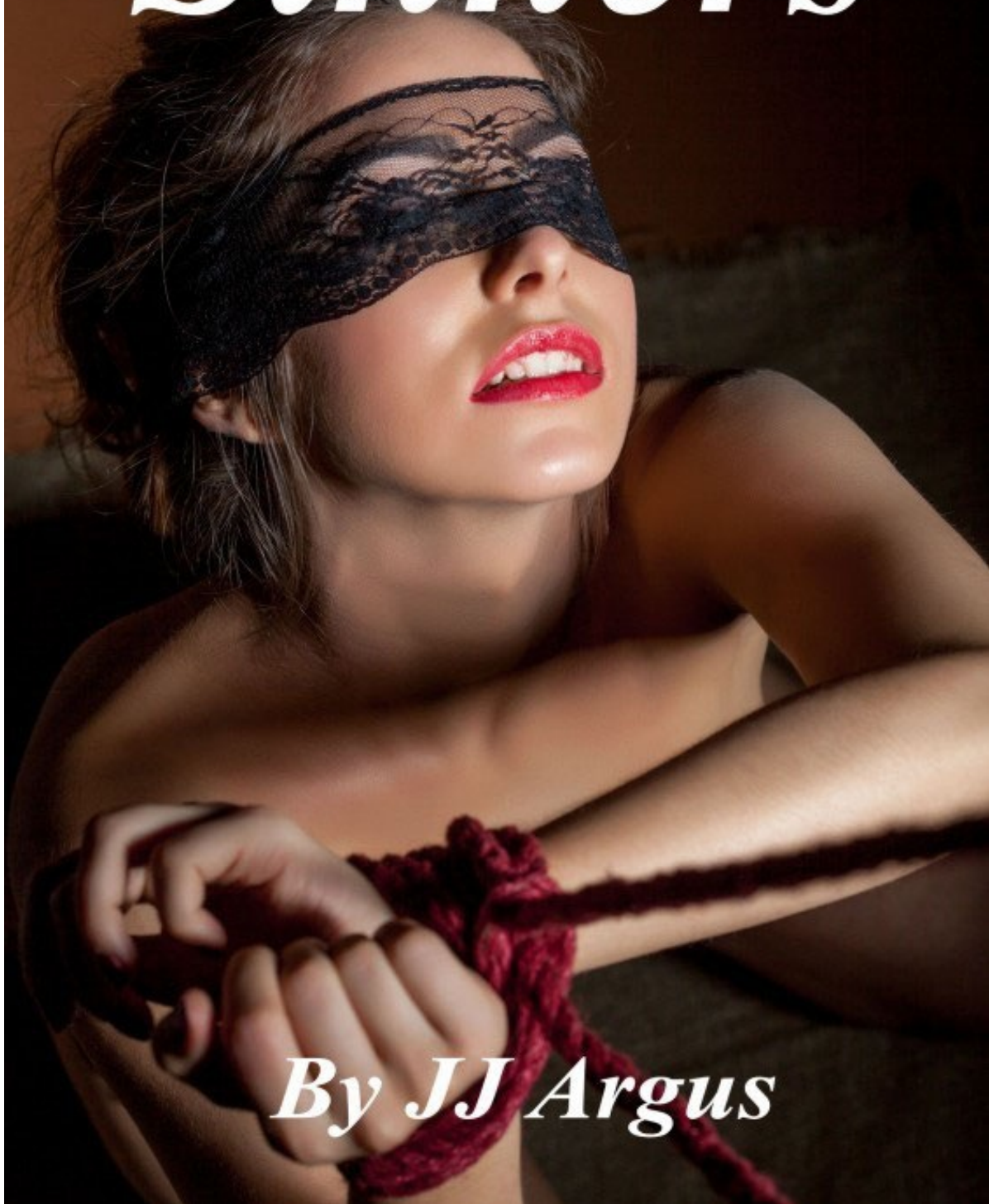


Sinners



By JJ Argus

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Smashwords edition

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

It was hot, uncomfortably hot, swelteringly hot. It wasn't as bad as a sauna, but it was damned hot, and beads of sweat crept slowly down Mackenzie's flushed and overheated skin as she half knelt, half hung in place in the darkened attic of the old Victorian home.

It wasn't as dark as it might have been, that attic. It had been heavily renovated. The sharply peaked roof had two enormous skylights on either side, each a good eight feet in height, and three feet wide. Not by accident, Mackenzie knelt in the center of the room, arms stretched above her towards a hook set into the peak between two of the skylights.

Moonlight poured down upon her as she knelt in place, her breathing shallow and ragged. Her head was down, her hair, normally glistening with a reddish brown light, dangled around it limp and dark with perspiration, thick strands glued to her cheek.

Her body was naked and pale in the moonlight, arms stretched tautly up to the thick leather restraints around her wrists which dangled from the hook above. Her knees were spread achingly wide, narrow leather straps circling them, and pulling tautly to either side of her body. She could neither straighten her legs to stand, nor close them.

It was a hot and humid night outside. It was hotter in the still dark interior of the attic. Mackenzie could not say how long she had been there, for it was difficult to measure time in her condition.

Her eyes felt hollow with exhaustion, rimmed by sweat as she knelt in place. It was hard to concentrate, to focus. She had never felt so drained. It wasn't just the heat of the attic, however, which had exhausted her, but the heat within her own body.

There was a patterns of darkness on the floor around her, as if droplets of water had been spattered about. Her own dripping sweat accounted for it, sweat dripping off her forehead, off her hips, and off her full breasts, which throbbed hotly as she knelt there.

Not all the moisture was from perspiration, however. Her full lips were spread wide around a red ball gag which forced her jaw open and filled much of her mouth. A thin strap went behind her head and buckled the ball in place, quieting any noise she might make, either involuntarily or by choice.

That produced the perfectly normal physiological response within her mouth, which was the production of saliva. As her exhaustion had deepened and her head had begun to droop that had begun to seep out around the ball and drip down onto her lower chest and belly, before trickling its way down her body.

A darker stain was immediately below her, surrounding the base of a metal, silicone covered dildo screwed into the floor. It was quite thick, studded with pea sized dimples, and all but invisible, save for its base, which the tightly stretched and straining lips of her sex enveloped.

Immediately at the base of the dildo was a vibrator, rounded, the size of an egg, set precisely so as to come into contact with her clitoris as she knelt, impaled upon the thick, nearly foot long length of the thing.

Two small, sharp toothed alligator clips bit into her engorged nipples, both attached to small chains which descended below to a small ring set into the floor just behind the small vibrator, then through it and back up to attach together to a third which had her clitoris in its wicked embrace.

They had hurt when put on, the pain sharp and as biting as the teeth of the clips. That pain had faded now into a dull background sensation to become just a part of the surging flood-tide of sensations which roiled within her.

She was dazed but conscious, and her body was not entirely still in the moonlit attic. Her hips ground slowly in a hesitant, jerky, circular motion, and her head made minute movements as she breathed in ragged breaths of air around the ball gag.

The tip of the dildo was jammed high inside her slender body, achingly high, making it impossible to simply rest there atop it. The pain, while bearable, was unending, and even in her dazed state her body sought relief from it.

The straps around her legs were near her knees, giving her some ability, some leverage, to raise herself up a little by using her now aching leg muscles, while using her arm muscles and the leverage they had against the restraints above.

By design, naturally.

She was too tired to do so any more, really too tired, too exhausted. But even so, as that roiling heat within her grew – again – as it began to flicker up and down within the length of her body and set her internal muscles to spasming and quivering, her movements grew slowly more agitated.

She shuddered, and a soft sob of dazed exhaustion emerged from the ball gag as she dragged her aching sex up almost a full inch before sinking back down with a gurgling sob of both pleasure and pain as she impaled herself again and her clitoris ground against the vibrator.

The rising tide of sexual energy fueled a partial awakening of her mind, and she moaned under the remorseless lash of renewed hunger and lust. Her insides

ached horribly, not so much from the thick silicone shaft but the rapid, repeated, and violent spasming of her own internal muscles. A part of her mind railed in denial, desperately wanting to avoid another aching orgasm.

But that side of her mind was simply not as strong as the rising fever which took hold of her yet again. Despite the knowledge of pain to come her hips ground more energetically, and she forced the straining lips of her sex up and down around the bottom inch – or sometimes two – of the dimpled silicone cock, shuddering, moaning and gasping in dazed pleasure as the perspiration trickled down her body in growing strength.

The muffled sound of her voice was an agonized, desperate, helpless moan of breath rasping in and out as she worked herself up and down on the dildo and ground her swollen, aching clitoris against the vibrator.

Of course, any movement of her body tugged her nipples and clitoris against the biting teeth of the alligator clips, turning the dull background ache into sharp, stinging pain once again. But such was the state of the fever upon her that this pain, like the rest, was simply sucked into the boiling maelstrom of sensation overwhelming her mind.

Her chin rose, higher and higher, until her damp, tangled hair was rubbing and grinding against the insides of her upstretched arms. As she drew her head back further, forcing it between her arms, her body began to undulate, spasming weakly, hips bucking. The pull of the clips against her nipples and clitoris grew harder, stretching them out as soft, muffled, passion-filled cries of helpless pleasure began to fill the room.

Those cries were short and breathless, but grew in intensity as the thunderous storm of pleasure built up within her. And when it broke, and another orgasm tore through her body and mind they grew to wild, animal screams, crying out again and again as she writhed and twisted and bucked in maddened pleasure.

Her internal muscles spasmed violently as she desperately forced herself up and down on the dildo as fast and far as she could, sucking in air only to scream it out again as her senses were lashed by crackling sexual electricity which frayed her nerve endings and forced her muscles into violent convulsions.

A fleeting thought that this might actually kill her passed through her mind, but she paid it no real concern. The pleasure was all-consuming, and nothing could

possibly matter more than extending that incredible orgasm as long as possible.

As long as she could endure it. No matter what.

*

It was the kind of house which surrounded a lot of ivory college campuses. Long but narrow, surfaced in brown brick, with high ceilings and narrow windows, a Victorian era relic whose time had come and gone and come again.

The renovations had been extensive – and expensive. Evan Tweed was an architect, though, and he had a vision. The windows had been enlarged, the internal structure laid open, the long, wide staircase buffed and repaired, and the five second floor bedrooms reduced to three.

The Victorian era was a prim and proper time, a more righteous time, a more moral time, a time Evan Thorne much admired. Among his alternations was to finish the basement, and there was room for a small room which he made into a chapel, complete with alter where he and his wife Cynthia could pray.

Cynthia was actually more religious than he, a righteous, born again woman who prayed several times a day in the chapel, and volunteered considerable time at their church, The Church of Holy Redemption. Holy redemption was what this fallen world needed, she thought, being heavily disapproving of modern cultural values and social norms.

Evan was a stern and righteous man who believed in clean lines, and remade the house in his image. He was also an efficient man, and when it came to the attic he put considerable thought into what to do. It was an inefficient place for storage, given one had to carry things up two flights of stairs to get it there, and he did his best not to keep too much 'junk' around the house anyway.

What storage needs he had were easily met by the basement and backyard shed, so instead, and bearing in mind how much money the renovations were costing, he remade the attic as an income producing apartment.

He had to rebuild the roof, in any case, and putting in skylights would definitely modernize the place and make it more livable. He placed a small kitchen at one end, with an even smaller bathroom next to it. He built in low storage cabinets along the sides, where the sharply sloping ceiling would make walking, or even

sitting impossible, and put modern, recessed lighting in overhead.

Such an apartment, he knew, could be reliably rented for a considerable sum to one of the over pampered, Godless brats who attended the nearby university. It would, of course, have to be a female, for Evan felt they would be more obedient to the rules he would impose, and less likely to openly defy him.

Not that women were the meek and modest creatures the bible called for, of course, not today. Cynthia was an exception, praise the Lord, but such exceptions seemed few and far between. Still, they were less likely to resist his wishes, particularly resist them with force, than a female.

Evan Thorne was a bull of a man. He was proud of the high school football trophies he still held, and had broad shoulders and a barrel chest. He didn't merely design things at a drawing board but liked to 'get his hands dirty' and was thoroughly familiar with every kind of tool, from a hammer and screwdriver to powerful bulldozers and excavators.

Now in his mid forties, he was a confident, arrogant and judgmental man who had no doubts or concerns about the rightness of his life or beliefs. He had married at seventeen, and he and Cynthia had four children, the youngest of which was off at college.

He and Cynthia now used their spare time to help the church, and to spread the word of God. As for attractiveness, sex was for the purpose of procreation, and since they intended to have no more children, they did not have sex, nor had they engaged in such activity since the birth of their last child eighteen years ago.

The fact that so much of 'modern' culture seemed fixated, if not obsessed with sex outraged he and Cynthia, who dressed and behaved modestly, and always had. He had never actually seen Cynthia naked, in fact, since they undressed in separate, put on pajamas, and, when necessary for procreation, engaged in coitus in the dark.

That was not to say that no part of Evan was interested in the nubile charms of attractive women. It was impossible to miss seeing them, as close to the university as he was, but he steeled his soul with Gods armor, resolutely turning his mind away from them as they flaunted their bodies to the world.

The one thing he had come to believe the Godless heathen Muslims were correct

about was the need for women to hide their bodies from the eyes of men so that Satan did not creep into their souls. The thought of all these sluttish young women being forced to wear total body and facial coverings, down to masks to hide their faces was one of his favorite fantasies.

Not that he would rent his apartment to a heathen, of course, for any reason. The person would have to be a good Christian. He would not rent to a slattern either, and he would make his rules of behavior very clear to applicants.

Most of what he saw in Mackenzie Porter pleased him. She dressed modestly, her long dress discrete enough to disguise the shape of her body somewhat. She did not wear makeup. She did not dye her hair. And she spoke in a soft, respectful tone to him and Cynthia. Her eyes were often meekly downcast, and she seemed shy.

She also readily promised to obey the rules he imposed on tenants, bearing in mind it was, after all, his house. She would stay in her apartment, keep the noise low, and not venture out except to enter or exit the premises, or when the need came, to go down into the basement where the washer and dryer were, to wash her clothing.

She was taking English literature and poetry, which again made Evan think well of her. He did not approve of women taking courses like medicine, law or science. Those sorts of occupations were not suitable to a modest, traditional woman.

The one hesitation he held was that she was quite an attractive young woman, and he had immediately felt Satan's temptation upon seeing her. She had large blue gray eyes, pale, but flawless skin, high cheekbones, and full lips with perfect teeth. Her brown hair shone as it fell around that face and danced upon her shoulders.

And despite the modesty with which she dressed – modest by modern standards, at least – there was no disguising that she was a fairly buxom girl with a shapely body.

Evan felt that would be a temptation to him, but steeled himself for the challenge. He was encased in God's armor, and could easily resist Satan's call.

The girl had proved to be an excellent tenant, minding her own business,

keeping in her apartment, not bothering he or Cynthia, making no noise, and paying on time. She had no guests over, and when she did go out in the evening, which was infrequent, and for the purpose of studying, returned at a decent hour.

But his armor had developed chinks in it when he had come upon an odd mesh bag in the washer one afternoon, and drawn it out in puzzlement. He had never seen its like. He opened it and out poured a lacy mass of women's lingerie!

Evan recoiled in some distaste, but then felt himself staring. The lingerie was nothing like the plain, sturdy underthings Cynthia wore. This was very lightweight, and came in every color of the rainbow. More importantly, he felt a breathless sensation at the realization that such intimate apparel had lain next to Mackenzie's soft bare skin.

The bras seemed rather small for her breasts, which, by that point in time Evan had been unable to avoid noticing were somewhat oversized for her slender frame. Cynthia's bras completely enveloped her breasts, but these, these would definitely not do so.

Shameful, he thought with disapproval.

The panties were even worse! Almost none of them had full bottoms. Most seemed to be those 'thongs' he had heard and read about. Absurd! Sluttish wear! Why was a good girl like Mackenzie wearing such trash!? He had thought her a moral young woman, but perhaps these indicated otherwise.

Had he allowed a serpent into his own home?

He had no way of knowing, which irked him. He looked at her more and more closely now in the periods of time when she was chatting with Cynthia on her way in and out, looked at her with suspicion, but also a helpless growing sense of dark fascination.

Was she wearing those sluttish underthings even now? What did they look like on her? What did her body look like in such things? What immoral, immodest and sluttish activities did she engage in when not pretending to be a good, God fearing girl!?

He had to find out!

And so, when she was away at school one morning, he let himself into her apartment. It was in his house, after all, and he had the right to inspect the premises, or so he told himself. He looked around with a sense of some satisfaction. Things were kept spotlessly clean, as they should be. There were no clothing left strewn around, no fast food containers on the floors or counters, and no sign of Satan's influence.

Still, there could be drugs!

He searched the medicine cabinet in the small bathroom. And here he found evidence of wicked fornication! She had a prescription pill for birth control! There was no reason to have such a thing, in Evan's opinion, other than immorality!

He left the bathroom, scowling, then went straight to the large, low queen sized bed. There were two low night tables on each side, and he sat down on the bed and pulled open the single drawer on one side.

The first thing which caught his eye, and caused him to frown in confusion, was a long wine colored tube made of some kind of plastic. He picked it up in his hand, turning it from side to side. It had dimples all across its surface, a flat base, and a rounded end. He had no idea what it could be for, however, and put it back.

In doing so he pushed aside a CD cover and gasped in horror and disgust, for the object could not be mistaken for anything else. He had one between his legs, after all. It was a penis, an artificial penis! It had a helmet shaped head, and even raised and painted veins along the side of the shaft!

Evan might deliberately keep his attention away from the excesses of the modern world but he knew full well what the purpose of such a thing was!

Mackenzie Porter was a slut! She would have to go! Even if the only sin she was engaged in was that of masturbation, which, given the evidence of the pills, he doubted, she would have to go!

But even as that thought filled his mind he was assailed by the image of her sweet face and full body on the bed, naked, making use of the sex toy. He imagined lust filling her blue gray eyes as she thrust the thing into her body, and before he could resist, his own organ rose to full and eager readiness.

He resolutely ignored it, standing up, and feeling its pressure pushing out against the front of his trousers.

The filthy slut! The vile little whore! She was causing these wicked thoughts to fill his mind!

He turned aside from the bed, and there on the desk was a computer, a laptop. Evan was reasonably knowledgeable about computers, of course, being an architect. He used one himself. But again, he was aware of the filth which could be drawn from the internet on such things.

He sat down and turned it on. Was the little slut drawing such filth into his very house!? Why, Cynthia quite liked the girl, and they often spoke together! What if her filth polluted Cynthia's mind!?

It did not prove to be a difficult search. The results were shocking!

There was a video. It was of Mackenzie Porter. She was completely naked! Evan's eyes bulged, and his jaw dropped as he stared at her, his organ throbbing powerfully as his eyes ravished those full, firm young breasts.

She was on her knees, and, bizarrely, her wrists were tied together behind her back! Evan might have thought this was then the product of some kind of assault, except that the look on her face was unquestionably one of raw lust and passion!

Whoever had taken the video had been seated. Mackenzie was kneeling before him, bent over, and licking at his penis! Then, as a shocked Evan watched, her lips enveloped the head, and slid slowly up and down, moving lower and lower until the entire length was inside her!

The cameraman raised the camera up to view the mirror on the wall behind the girl, which gave another shock to Evan, for it showed her beautifully shaped bottom, but more than that, objects which protruded from her vagina and anus! He gaped at them, breathless, his mind assaulted by possibilities of perversion he had been steadfast in avoiding all those decades!

The camera lowered and he saw the girl, face and upper chest flushed, sliding her lips back off the slick, saliva covered penis, gasping for breath as the man's other hand gripped her hair.

“Do you love cock, baby?” he asked.

“I love cock!” she gasped breathlessly.

Foul slut, Evan thought desperately. He watched the man's arm reach out, his hand extended, and sucked in a sharp breath as fingers kneaded a full, soft, creamy breast.

The man stood up, tilting her head back by the hair, and aimed his thick member into her open mouth before sliding it deep, deep in one long, smooth push, until her lips were wrapped impossibly around the base and her eyes looked up at him.

Evan felt himself exploding in his own trousers.

*

Mackenzie didn't think of herself as a very brave girl. She was, in many ways, quite old fashioned and conservative. She dressed modestly, and believed in family values. She disapproved of pre-marital sex, though that disapproval was not altogether firm. She was not a virgin, after all.

But she was determinedly against casual sex. She had to know a boy very well, trust him, and be in a relationship before she would go very far with him. And her studies were very important to her, so she had little time for dating during the school year. And her old fashioned views put off a number of potential boyfriends.

Yet Mackenzie's weakness was her strength. She had a vivid imagination and an insatiable curiosity. That was good for someone who wanted to be a writer, but in an age of readily available pornography, it was something bound to cause a modest girl... issues.

Mackenzie had also come to think of herself as a very sexual girl, if secretive about it. She had developed a number of highly charged sexual fantasies which were wildly out of keeping with her reputation and the front she displayed to the world.

She imagined herself as a stripper in a club, for it was utterly outrageous and completely against her shy personality. And she imagined herself as a helpless

sexual toy to some big, powerful man, forced to bow and obey, which was wildly opposed to her views of female equality.

She was shy about displaying her body, but took enormous pride in it. She would often examine it, and pose in the same positions as the girls she saw on the internet, reassuring her that she was every bit as pretty and sexy as they were.

She would dance naked in front of her mirror, imagining she was on a stage, and men were shouting out obscene praise of her as she crudely and obscenely exhibited her naked body. And she would tie herself up, imagining herself a sexual prisoner about to be ravished, the helpless victim of some evil and perverted captor!

Masturbation had become an important part of her sex life, and with her resources, she was able to discretely procure a few devices to help aid in making that as exciting and wicked as possible.

None of which, though she sometimes felt a sense of shame over it, marked her as much different than other young girls her age.

What did make her different was her growing fascination with the thought of bondage and submission. The whole idea behind such things was outrageously contrary to her firm belief in gender equality, and she wasn't at all sure why they excited her so, but they did.

Perhaps it was her difficulty, as good as her imagination was, in imagining herself doing anything truly outrageous or scandalous. She knew very well she would be too shy, too demure, too dignified to engage in wicked things. Unless, of course, some wicked person was forcing her into it.

Now that she was away from home, she had more freedom to indulge her fantasies, but was still restricted by her own personal sense of dignity and pride. She cared very much what others thought of her, and couldn't see how she could expose her 'dirty' thoughts to another, unless it was someone she completely trusted not to think ill of her.

And she had thus far failed to meet such a person.

Buying her own dildo was a wickedly exciting thing for Mackenzie. Her hands had been shaking when she'd unwrapped it, and of course, she'd used it almost

immediately, to wonderful effect! That had been so successful she'd purchased other things over the internet since, each making her desperately excited when they'd arrived.

The red dildo had been something sent by mistake, in fact. She had ordered something smaller, but when it had arrived she'd felt an incredible sense of desperate lust and passion at the mere thought of somehow forcing the massive thing inside her slender body!

Besides, returning it would have meant phoning the customer service number, and the very idea of discussing it with some stranger had made her face burn!

The soft black rope had been an intriguing purchase, and she had experimented in tying herself up in numerous different ways, with the internet as her guide. That had often been frustrating, of course, since she was limited as to how tightly and firmly she could tie herself.

The leather restraints made things easier. They could be strapped around her wrists, and the rings on them fairly easily slipped onto hooks or through other rings. But she wanted still more realism, for the more realistic her sense of bondage, the more excited she became.

Then she hit upon a method. She would attach the restraints through a round ring which was attached to a chain, and hang that from the ceiling. With the restraints already attached and dangling, all she had to do was slip her wrists into them and close them tight. They locked automatically, after all, once the metal tongue was pushed into the opening on the other side.

She would have no way to escape, then, but to unlock them, and for that, she tied a key to a string, and hung it from the chain above. That way, as soon as she decided to release herself, she would simply grab the key, insert it into the side of the leather cuff, and it would pop open and release her.

She placed a full length mirror against the wall nearest her, and did it, wide eyed with excitement. Of course, once her wrists were locked above her head she could do nothing to bring about further excitement aside from looking and imagining.

Doing so with the smaller dildo in her bottom and the thicker one in her sex, however, was a much greater thrill! She could feel the pressure of the base of the

dildo between her buttocks, and the other one spread the lips of her sex wide, which allowed her to grind her thighs together excitedly!

But then she hit on an even better idea. She put the string in the freezer of her little refrigerator, with half of it folded up inside an ice cube tray. When she hung this from the chain the key was too high for her to touch until the ice cube melted enough for the string to unfold and the key to drop into reach.

The first time she did it, when she realized that, no matter what, she was helpless, it almost made her orgasm right on the spot! Knowing that she could not get free, no matter how she tried, thrilled her and made her tremble with heat and excitement! She ground her thighs together, writhing and moaning, and soon had an intense climax!

*

Evan watched the girl, his blood boiling! He was enraged! And he was intensely, passionately aroused! Replacing the smoke detector in her apartment with a fake one bought at a nearby electronics store had been a simple task. Now, the fake one showed a clear picture of what she was doing in her apartment.

In his house!

He was ... stunned by it! He shook his head as he stared at the screen, watching the girl standing there writhing and twisting, moaning and wriggling, her lithe young body moving and arching and grinding with those two... things inside her orifices!

It was a scandalously sexual, sensual and erotic sight that however strong his belief in the Lord, could not be resisted! Knowing he was doing Satan's work, but not able to care sufficiently to stop, he masturbated frantically as he watched the girl masturbate. His eyes were wide and he was sweating as the pulse pounded in his head!

And then he had a tremendous orgasm, crying out in helpless pleasure as his sinful act granted him a crescendo of pleasure!

He slumped down, gasping for breath, flushed, and then glared angrily at the girl as her own orgasm took her.

Foul slut!

He would have to punish her! She deserved to be punished! It was clear she even craved it! She must realize what a whore she was and what needed to be done to her! She needed to be whipped!

But he could not be the one to do it. It was clear that he had not the strength to resist her. The lust she created in him would cause him to do something even more wicked, and he would not violate his vow of marriage!

Yet she must be punished! She must be taught a lesson! And the calculated mind of Evan Thorne quickly derived a way of doing so which would not risk further sin from him. The next morning, when she was safely off at school, he entered her apartment and went straight to the refrigerator.

A small dab of glue would teach the slut a lesson!

*

It was five days before Mackenzie had the time and inclination to set up one of her complicated little 'scenes' again. Her excitement made her mind rush through ideas as she considered her 'gear' and what to do with it.

The red dildo had a screw in the base which could be attached to something flat. She had picked up a two by four for that very purpose. She found that she could wedge one end perfectly in beneath one of the built in storage cupboards, and then lift up a corner of the bed and place the leg on the rear.

That locked the two by four to the floor, and the dildo was then screwed into it. This time, she had also attached a small vibrator she had recently purchased, one which plugged into the AC outlet so it would not quickly run out of power.

She placed the shackles overhead, lowering the chain to the appropriate height, then slid a pair of straps around her legs as she knelt in place, binding them firmly. The straps had rings set in the sides, and she attached a black rope to each ring, then wound them out to the sides, and in behind the legs of her bed.

She was already feeling shaky with sexual passion as she stripped and then put lube on the two dildos. She bent over and worked the slower one into her bottom, or at least, most of it, before holding it in place with her hand and

straddling the bigger dildo.

It always took a bit of time to get that one into her body! The pressure against the opening to her sex was a dull ache as she slowly ground herself against it, and she had to firmly resist touching her clitoris, which was already swollen with excitement, for fear of a premature orgasm.

Slowly, the weight of her body forced her down on the thing, and she gasped aloud as it finally penetrated, her sex lips stretched aching wide as she began to slowly slide down its length. Her heart pounded as she felt it pushing up higher and higher, and the little dimples ground their way through her opening one by one, or two by two.

When she was halfway down the thing she had to pause, gasping, moaning, closing her eyes as she ran her hands over her upper body, fingers stroking her tingling nipples. She felt incredibly hard!

She reached out with trembling fingers for the clips. She was reluctant to use them, for the pain was always very sharp, at first. That was why she'd procured the ball-gag. Not only was it wickedly exciting to wear one, but it would prevent any inadvertent sound from getting through the floor to the Thorne's below.

She pinched and plucked her nipples, wincing a bit, twisting them so they became hot and throbbing. Then she took two of the clips attached to the Y-chain and framed her stiff, tingling, burning nipples between their jaws. She let them close slowly at first, then simply released them.

“Awwhh!” she cried into the ball gag, her head jerking violently back, her body twisting and her hands jerking up against her breasts.

She held them pressed in firmly against the underside of her breasts to keep them from grabbing the clips and removing them! She bit into the ball gag, gasping, her breath ragged as she waited for the pain to dull. But it did. And anyway, this was the easy part, she knew.

The Y-shaped chain had another clip on the bottom end, and she bent forward, moaning helplessly as she fed it through a small ring set on the two by four, and then under where she'd attached the rounded vibrator.

She guided it up. Her fingers traced the line of her sex where it gripped the thick

dildo, and she shuddered hotly. She let her fingers press in against her flesh on either side of her swollen clitoris, then framed the throbbing button between the jaws of the clip and let it slowly close.

The pain mounted, becoming sharper and sharper, and she hissed and moaned and her eyes narrowed to slits. Then she let it go and she screamed into the gag, rocking in and out, clutching her arms around her chest under her breasts as she fought to keep from grabbing the thing and removing it!

The pain was fierce and hot and sharp!

But like the pain in her nipples, the sharpness faded, slowly.

She had to lean forward to keep the chain from stretching between her aching sex and her burning nipples, but she'd taken the length into careful consideration, of course. Groaning to herself, she let her weight slowly sink her down further and further on the giant dildo, feeling it grinding slickly against the elastic walls of her sex as it pushed deeper.

She slid lower, and then slowly, as the sharpness of the pain dulled, straightened her shoulders. This pulled at her nipples and clitoris a little, but it was bearable. Just!

She reached behind her for the two ropes, one being wound behind each of the lower legs of her heavy bed, and began to pull. Groaning, gasping, she felt her legs being pulled apart, her knees spreading wider and wider. She forced them as wide as she could bear before carefully tying the two ropes together behind her.

She reached forward, then, and turned the vibrator on, then straightened again and raised her arms. There was one more thing to do to make the scene perfect. She could already feel the pressure against the base of the dildo in her bottom now that her body had slid lower, and that would grow rapidly.

She slipped her left wrist easily into one of the leather restraints, then closed it. It locked with a soft click. Her eyes sought out the string and key, triple checking it was at the right height so that when the ice cube melted the key would fall to the same level as her hands. Then she slipped her right wrist into the other cuff, and used her left hand to snap the leather restraint closed.

She was completely helpless!

*

Thorne had held himself back, though he trembled hungrily, staring at the computer monitor, watching the girl's actions, heart pounding! Only when she reached above her and thrust her wrists into the restraints, then locked them, only then did he reach for his shaft.

Staring at those incredible breasts, so taut and full on her slender chest, watching the heat and hunger in her face, his hands began to pump frantically, and within less than a minute, orgasm took him!

He recovered quickly, then glared at the girl again.

“You'll have your pleasure too, slut,” he growled, “And then you'll begin to realize just how wicked you've been as God's judgment comes upon you!”

She would be horrified when she found out she couldn't escape, he thought smugly. And he would allow her to be horrified for some time before he finally came to her rescue. He would relieve his sexual tension again before doing so lest he be seduced by her wicked, Satan inspired beauty. Then he would let her reach the full level of humiliation as he 'accidentally' discovered her like that!

Ha! She would be more than glad to move out after that!

*

The excitement built higher and higher within her as she slowly slid down the long, thick dildo and her insides began to ache with a deep, throbbing pressure. Mackenzie moaned and groaned into the gag, her nipples still hot, her clitoris sore enough to suppress the heat somewhat.

Until, that was, she slid low enough to bring her clitoris into contact with the small, rounded vibrator! The instant she touched it the pain from the clip biting into her nipples intensified, but then it began to shift, to change, to morph into something hotter, something scalding!

At the same time, the dildo behind her was being pushed in deeper, as well, and the ache in her inner thighs as the straps held them wide added their own sharp, aching, throbbing sensation to the wild mix inside her body!

The orgasm hit, and it was an incredible one! She cried out in helpless, breathless ecstasy, her body twisting and writhing there on the floor, head flung up and back, trembling with a wild feverish heat at the orgasm went on and on and on, tearing its way through her body like a howling storm!

It was so, soooo, soooooooo good!

She slumped a little, afterward, gasping for breath, panting weakly, letting her head shake slowly from side to side as she gulped in air.

That had been incredible!

She was not done, yet, though. She drew her head up and back and looked up at the sight of the ice cube, slowly melting, slick now, drops of water falling onto the floor beside her.

She was still helpless! She groaned, feeling a wild sense of something like martyrdom, pretending she really was a captive, a prisoner, being held by a lustful man who was intent on doing foul and shocking things to her naked body!

She let her mind play through dark fantasies, and as her inner heat re-surfed she began to grind herself helplessly against the vibrator, moaning as she sank even further down the dildo, then raised herself up a bit. She had to use her arm, pulling against the leather shackles, and also the strength of her lower legs to partially raise herself a couple of inches.

But then she got to sink down! And that sensation was – glorious!

She was starting to sweat. It was unseasonably hot for late September, and quite hot in the room. There was no air conditioning for it was an old house and the room was not occupied during the summer months. The heat had been bearable before, but now as her body worked, as her heart pounded, as her muscles strained, she began to perspire.

She forced herself up a bit, then sank down with a shuddering cry of pleasure. She did it again, and then again, moaning and jerking each time her clitoris made fresh contact with the vibrator and the dildo pushed fully inside her. Another massive orgasm made her cry out in glorious bliss, writhing and jerking, forcing herself desperately up and down as much as she could, as the orgasm tore through her!

Her insides ached from the fullness of the dildos, both front and back! And the orgasm was so intense her inner muscles spasmed wildly, making her ache further! The orgasm seemed to go on and on, leaving her dazed, gasping for breath, and sweating badly.

She slumped weakly,, groaning, gasping for breath.

That had been incredible, she thought.

She looked up and saw that the ice cube had nearly all melted now. She frowned, wondering why the key had not fallen yet. But it could only be a matter of a minute or two more now that most of the cube had melted. So she wasn't concerned.

She leaned her head against one arm, groaning, chest still rising and falling rapidly. The pressure inside her was uncomfortable now, and the vibrations against her throbbing clitoris, now that the orgasm had passed, were uncomfortable and overpowering.

She eased herself up an inch or two, feeling a sense of relief inside her, and from her clitoris. But she knew she wouldn't be able to stay up for long. Already her feet were aching pretty badly. She was sitting mostly on her heels, which meant that only the balls of her feet were pressing against the floor, bent sharply back under her weight.

She looked up at the string again, frowning now. The ice seemed to have all melted. The string was still bunched up, though. Maybe it was because it was still glistening wet. That must be why it remained clumped together rather than the weight of the key pulling it down.

Though that had never happened before...

But it wouldn't be long now. She jerked her hands in and out to make the chain move. The key was tied to one of the links above, after all, and as it bounced and swung it would inevitably fall free.

Only it didn't.

*

Thorne quickly snapped the monitor off and stood up at the knock at his office door, then smoothed his hair and went to answer it.

“Yes, Cynthia?” he asked as he opened it.

“Evan, we have to be at the Church in half an hour,” she said.

He looked at her in surprise.

“I don't remember any commitment this afternoon.”

She shook her head and made a tsking sound.

“The book sale, Evan. Remember? It was extended.”

“Oh yes! Forgive me! I had forgotten!”

The church had held a book sale to raise funds for a new roof. It had poured the other day so visitors had been few and they still had many books left. The Reverend Dixon had decided to extend the sale another day, and Cynthia had volunteered them to man the tables.

He hesitated, thinking of the girl upstairs, but there was no way he could break free of Cynthia and delay things to dash up there and free her.

She would just have to wait a couple of hours. It wasn't like she would do an injury to herself. And if her fear was extended, well, so much the better to teach her a lesson about being Satan's minion!

*

Mackenzie began to feel a sense of despair as the key refused to drop. She exhausted herself, madly scrambling at it with her hands, shaking the chain wildly and trying to force her legs to stretch despite the straps binding them together.

What was worse, now that she had been forced to change the position of her feet, lowering her body on the massive dildo impaling her, it had driven even higher into her belly!

The two by four which it was attached to was stretched out before her, which meant she was straddling it. Thus the pressure became even more intense on the back wall of her sex as the soft flesh of her mound began to press more and more heavily into that wood as her strength faded!

The long, dimpled red dildo was now completely within her, something she would have thought impossible not long ago, as was the shorter, but still thick dildo driven up into her bottom. She swayed weakly in her awkward position, only held up by the chains attached to her wrist restraints.

What am I going to do?! she thought with dazed incomprehension.

She had tried her hardest and accomplished nothing but to further exhaust herself. Her skin glistened with sweat and she moaned weakly into the ball gag, her head drooping so that saliva began to build up inside and slowly seep past her lips.

She had to rest and catch her breath, then she would try again.

Of course, resting meant impaled on the two dildos, meant her soft, tender sex pressing down hard against the narrow length of wood, and meant her aching, hypersensitive clitoris jammed in tightly against the vibrator.

She could not rest long, of course, for her position was extremely uncomfortable. She had to try and ease herself up somewhat, to ease that terrible pressure filling her aching belly. She groaned as she worked her aching muscles, managing to ease herself up an inch. The relief was immense, but she couldn't hold herself, and slid back down with a moan.

The renewed pressure ached, but the journey down was, despite her desperate state, a delicious tactile pleasure.

She would get herself released. Of course she would. The key would fall, eventually. Of course it would.

She shuddered as her lower belly began to resonate with the unrelenting vibrations, as a dark, sensual energy began to spread through her body once again. Her head rolled wearily and she moaned, drawing it up and back, despite how that pulled more sharply against the clips biting into her nipples.

The stinging pain was bracing, somehow, even when it pulled against her clitoris, which was now almost vibrating in tune with the device pressed so firmly against it. Her skin was slick with sweat as she ground herself helplessly against it, arching slowly, writhing weakly, until the energy built up to the point

her body began to buck and jerk in helpless heated pleasure.

Her head nodded back again and again, deliberately tugging her nipples against the chain as her breathing became more and more ragged. It was slower in coming, this time, but a miasma of dark, sensual heat swirled around her as fiery sexual electricity crackled through her body to lend her energy.

Then the orgasm hit and she cried out, a long, gurgling, undulating howl of intense pleasure as the searing heat tore through her overloaded nervous system and set her muscles to violent, uncontrolled spasms.

She jammed herself down on the two by four, impaled herself on the dildos, ground herself against the vibrator, twisting and writhing and sobbing in mindless pleasure as the orgasm went on and on until she thought, in a dazed, wondering state, that it might never end!

But then, finally, it did, leaving her gasping for breath, reeling, dazed, and sweating. Her head lolled bonelessly, her chest heaving as she lay fully impaled once more, groaning weakly.

*

The sales were good, and Evan was proud of the the work he had accomplished in helping the church. It had taken longer than he had expected, however, and then, the Reverend had invited Cynthia and he to dinner. Since Cynthia accepted at once, stating they had no plans, there was little Evan could do but agree.

And then Anthony Michaelson and his wife Anne had come by to join them after dinner, and he got into a rousing discussion with Anthony which traversed politics, religion, and their mutual condemnation of today's social mores and morality.

It was well after dark before he and Cynthia arrived home, with him getting more and more anxious now that his thoughts were less distracted. Had the girl managed to free herself? Well, if not, she wasn't suffering any real harm. She was simply kneeling there. No doubt she was quite anxious about things and quite sorry she had chosen to experiment with Satan's temptations, but she would be fine, though mortified (as she should be!) when he released her.

In fact, the additional time was a more worthy punishment than he had originally

intended. And well deserved, he thought sternly. Those who live by the sword... well, they suffer accordingly. And if she wanted to abuse her body with those preposterous and disgusting sexual toys, then it was entirely appropriate that they cause her a certain amount of anguish.

He managed to take his leave of Cynthia, thought not quickly, and proceeded to his office, there to turn on the monitor again. It was difficult to see much in the room now for the lights were out and it was dark. Some light came through the skylights, enough to see by the silhouette there that she was still waiting to be released.

He nodded righteously, betting she was pretty frightened by now, and that it would be a long time before she ever thought to indulge in such perversion again.

The computer was still recording her, however, and, curious, he rewound the video to the point at which he had stopped watching. He had already observed the girl's obvious orgasm, and now watched her growing desperation as she tried to get the string to loosen to drop the key.

There was another intense orgasm, which, despite his steely resolve, had his shaft as hard as iron in his trousers and the blood rushing through his body. Then she appeared to sag exhausted for a time before starting to grind and move and pull herself up and down to force another orgasm upon herself.

And another. And another, and another. He stared in something like disbelief. At first the orgasms were twenty minutes or more apart, then they came closer together, culminating in one long period where it looked like she was going insane, as if her orgasms ended only to being the upward ride to another.

He stared with slack jaw, the sight of her glistening naked body writhing and twisting through the throes of screaming orgasm the most intensely erotic site he had ever witnessed in his life! He felt his blood boiling in a way he had never experienced nor ever expected to experience!

Was it Satan's heat!?

The long string of orgasms appeared to leave her barely conscious for some time. He fast forwarded, and then she started to move again, to writhe and twist and ride with growing energy until she howled at the top of her lungs, howled

like a maddened beast, until she seemed to collapse unconscious!

But then it began again, not quickly, but eventually, and the scene repeated itself, and then again, and then again.

To Evan Thorne, she seemed almost inhuman, like some wild animal, or a seductive demon, like a succubus! Yes, that fit Evan Thorne's world view. A succubus! She was a creature of sexual temptation inspiring men to sin and wickedness!

He felt his anger at that, his righteous determination to punish her! At the same time, his desperate arousal did not diminish at all.

He shifted the view to the present, and his jaw clenched as he saw the silhouette moving slowly, writhing in place. It was unbelievable, he thought! How could a human being have so many climaxes!? It must be some kind of demonic possession!

He would have to wait until Cynthia went to bed, of course. But then, he would get his cross, and see what he could do to save the girl's soul.

*

Mackenzie felt utterly drained after her latest orgasm. Her chin fell and she drooled around the ball gag, her eyes closed. Her mind was gripped by a hazy sense of unreality as she hung in place, twitching and trembling.

Her arms ached, her hands were numb, her legs were cramped horribly. She also had that monster dildo deep inside her body. Fortunately, the clips no longer bit into her flesh. During one intense orgasm, when she had jerked and arched and twisted, the clips had pulled free of her sweaty nipples.

That had still left the one attached to her clitoris, but when the chain had fallen from her breasts it had somehow become stuck on one of the screws she had used to hold the vibrator in place. Thus during a following orgasm, when her hips had bucked violently in and out the last clip had torn free of her body, too.

Still, both her nipples and her clitoris felt swollen to twice their normal size, and were incredibly sore and sensitive. After the clip had pulled free of her clitoris, the next orgasm had seemed to go on forever, almost driving her mad as her

mind and body were lashed by an endless rippling explosion of intense sensations of pleasure.

Then, hazily, she sensed a growing light, a flickering light she did not understand. She stirred dazedly and saw a strange light coming nearer, with a shadowy figure behind it. She groaned and her head dropped low again.

The heat was beginning to stir within her once more, and she whimpered helplessly, pressing herself more firmly into the vibrator and rolling her hips weakly to grind against it. That produced sharp little spikes of stinging pain in her inner thighs as first one, then the other, was stretched still further, but she didn't care.

A tremor ran through her, and her head pulled up slowly, glassy eyes blinking in the light, then pulled back further as she a guttural moan escaped her. The shadow above looked down at her.

“Wanton whore!” it said in a harsh, strangled whisper.

Yes, yes, she was, her dazed, feverish mind thought. She was indeed.

A large hand reached down and for the first time in hours and hours she felt something new touching her body. She groaned as the hand cupped her breast, fingers seeming to tremble as the grip grew harsher and then moved up to pinch and pluck and roll her swollen nipple.

*

Evan Thorne jerked his hand back, gasping. Get thee behind me, Satan!” he thought wildly.

But the feel of her full breast, the soft, slick warmth of her skin, so incredibly satiny and silky, resonated in his mind! He shook his head desperately, then set himself in determination and moved forward, jerking the girl's head roughly forward by the hair, pushing it down, and reaching behind to undo the strap of the gag in her mouth.

The straps fell aside, and he gazed with distaste at the slick ball protruding, before gathering the straps in and pulling back to pull the ball from her mouth.

And what have you to say for yourself? he intended to sternly demand.

The words died in his throat. For as her head lolled back with her mouth still wide open – as it had been for so long, he was jolted by the memory of the video he had seen of her with some man, the video of a man thrusting his shaft deep into her mouth!

She was a succubus for certain, he thought wildly, but despite that his heat was suddenly a fire he could not escape! His hands tore at his trousers, not even undoing them, but forcing them down over his hips. His shaft sprang up hungrily, and with a despairing cry, he reached down, gripped the girl's head and thrust himself into her open mouth!

The sensation was unlike anything in his entire life's experience! The throbbing, swollen head of his shaft pushed through her open lips and onto her tongue as it lolled there, and his body began to explode with heat, lust and passion!

He gripped her by the sides of the head, pulling her forward, pushing into her with a frenzied hunger and need! Her tongue seemed to have no end as he drove deeper and deeper, and felt her throat closing around him! Yet still he pushed, pulling on the girl's head until her soft, moist lips were wrapped around the base of him!

*

The moment Mackenzie saw the naked shaft before her she felt a sense of pure rightness. Her brief sexual experience with Danny Moore had been the most thrilling of her life, after all. He had been a visiting member of the debating team from Cal-tech, however, and had left the next morning, leaving behind only the one video he had taken.

She had watched that video again and again, masturbating to it repeatedly. And now, here she was, tied up again, with a thick cock filling her mouth and then pushing into her throat. It was, her fevered mind though, supremely satisfying.

Her head started to pound and her chest to burn from lack of air, but she was barely aware of it as he pulled back, then thrust forward, pulled back, then thrust forward, faster and faster. She gurgled dazedly around him, able to breath with some effort (instinctive) by then, though still very light-headed in addition to her dazed state.

And then it stopped, buried inside her, and seemed to shrink within her mouth. It pulled back, and the strong hands released her. Her head fell weakly forward and she moaned, her lower body still grinding dazedly against the vibrator as her inner heat spiraled upwards once again.

*

Thorne paced back and forth, agitated, confused, anguished, and praying for guidance. He left the candle in front of the girl, and by its light, every time he turned and paced in that direction, he could see her writhing, clearly in the grip of Satan's sexual demon.

He must, he thought, drive the demon out – of both of them!

He had raised several children, and knew of only one credo when it came to instilling proper behavior: spare the rod, spoil the child.

He turned back towards her, glaring, considering, then moved. He had let her swallow his seed, which was a terrible thing, but on the other hand, he was now, he thought, largely immune to her wicked temptations.

He glowered down at the oblivious young woman, then, his eyes darting from side to side, bent and tugged the plug from the buzzing device jammed against her sex. He then untied the straps binding her legs.

She groaned dazedly as the buzzing stopped, but her hips continued to grind herself lewdly against the thing. Thorne reached down and filled his fist with her thick, damp, tangled hair, then pulled quite firmly.

She started to moan in pain now, which he vastly preferred. He pulled harder, and her legs began to weakly flail. It was as if she had forgotten that she could straighten her legs, but at last, some instinct born of pain took hold and she pushed herself upward to lessen the stinging pain to her scalp.

He glared down at her as he saw the ... thing appear, an inch, two, three, and then more. He shook his head, feeling a sense of wonder that such an enormous object could have been buried in the slutish girl's belly!

He was not nearly so large, yet Cynthia had always felt pain when they had had sex!

He forced her to keep pushing herself up, more and more of the thing appearing until, finally, it slid entirely free of her, and he observed, much to his disgust, a strange white fluid trickling out of her still open sex.

Resolute, he bent over, grasping one slender ankle, and jerked it in and back, then shifted his grip and pulled the other in so that her legs were now together beneath her... more or less. He transferred his attention to her wrists, still locked within the leather restraints.

He had no intention of freeing her entirely, succubus that she was, but he freed her wrist restraints from the hook above, then, grasping them firmly, and reaching down to grasp her hair again. He half dragged her to her rubbery feet, then around to shove against the low, leather bench at the foot of her bed.

Her legs collapsed across it, her knees finding purchase in the top as he flung her forward, belly down, across the bottom of the bed.

Exactly appropriate, he thought with satisfaction. For her bottom was raised up and perfectly positioned as he drew the belt from the loops of his trousers, doubled it in his fist, and then swung it down sharply.

The impact caused a sharp crack of sound to fill the room, echoed a moment later by a gasp from the dazed girl. Thorn swung again, and again and again, filled with righteous determination, bringing the belt down across the girl's bottom repeatedly!

Her very shapely bottom. Her incredibly shapely bottom.

The belt slashed into that soft flesh again and again, and the girl sobbed and twisted and writhed, but made no attempt to escape.

Of course, strapping a beautiful young woman was an entirely different sensation than strapping ones own small children. Thorne felt a jolt of emotional heat every time he felt the impact of the strap travel up his arm, felt an emotional blow every time he saw that lovely bottom jerk and roll, and his eyes traversed downward to the soft pale flesh between her legs again and again.

He would not have believed it possible, given his recent orgasm, but his shaft began to harden again, and pulsed with every blow to her shapely bottom! He began to sweat himself, to tremble, and swung his arm harder, determined to drive the succubus out!

A heat came over him, affecting his thoughts. Perhaps there was another way to drive it out, he thought wildly.

*

The relentless pull on her hair, and then the sharp explosions of pain in her bottom began to pull Mackenzie out of her stupor. It... hurt! What was going on!?! She was still confused, still dazed. But as the belt snapped down across her upraised bottom again and again she realized, at least, that she was being... strapped.

Which was only right. She was a bad girl, she thought dazedly. She had been very bad, and she ought to be punished. Her parents had often threatened her with the strap, but she'd never done anything bad enough to merit it.

She moaned and gasped and whimpered and twisted in helpless growing pain as the blows continued. Her upper body was laying on the bed, the round foot-board jammed up into her abdomen as the strap bit into her bottom.

And yet, despite the stinging blows she felt a sense of incredible relief, for her legs were finally able to close, were finally able to unbend, and of course, she was no longer impaled on that long, thick dildo. The stinging blows from the strap were like fleabites compared to that.

And then large hands jerked her thighs apart, and she felt something against her sex, something incredibly soft and warm, so much more delicious than the harsh wood she had rested upon for hours. It slid up and down, then penetrated her. The lips of her sex stretched wide around it, but not nearly as wide as they had for the dildo.

Her resilient and elastic body had recovered already, despite some bruising deep inside, and now squeezed down on the shaft pushing into her. But his shaft was so much more natural, the feel of it so much more ... right, and while it stretched her, it didn't strain her.

Heat flared within, and as hard hips began to slap against her now sore, burning buttocks, that delicious shaft began to pump in and out of her overheated belly.

For hours which had felt like forever, she had struggled desperately to move her body even an inch or two up and down on that fake organ. Now something which felt infinitely softer, warmer and more delicious was moving in and out of her using deep, hard strokes!

Hips slapped against her upraised buttocks, and that glorious shaft drove wonderfully deep into her trembling body! Mackenzie dazedly thought that never in her life had she felt anything so wonderful!

It didn't push as deep as the dildo, but that just meant there was no pain! Only pleasure! And she didn't have to work at it at all! Her exhausted muscles didn't have to do a thing! She just had to lay there as it thrust in and out of her, using deep, fast strokes that began to set her insides to boiling over with sexual heat and passion!

“Oh! Oh! Ungh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Oh! God! God! God!” she gasped in breathless passion.

A hand gripped her hair, jerking her face up and back from the mattress.

“Yes! Pray to God, you filthy slut!” a harsh voice growled.

Mackenzie gurgled weakly, eyes rolling up and back as another hand roughly kneaded her right breast, and that glorious object continued to ram into her throbbing belly with relentless speed, power and strength!

She whimpered as she felt the onset of another orgasm. Not another, a part of her cried in anguish.

But with that shaft pistoning within her it was unavoidable, and she began to cry out in heated pleasure, cries which turned to howls until a large hand clamped across her mouth to silence her, all while her body shook to the powerful blows against her bottom.

The flood of pleasure grew into a dark, lush flood which swamped her mind and body, and a sense of euphoria seemed to grip her as her senses seemed to be elevated, the power of the churning storm of pleasure roiling her mind as her

eyes went glassy and she wallowed in it even as he continued to ride her, to pound her.

While no virgin – quite, Mackenzie had never experienced anything like this, never been ridden like this, never experienced the ageless submission of allowing herself to simply be taken, to be ravished by a powerful and lusty man. Her body shook continuously as he rode her, as his big hands dug into her flanks or slid forward to grasp her shoulders.

His hips slammed against her again and again as his powerful shaft was driven deep into her aching belly. It was a physical action as old as time, and her instincts felt an almost intoxicated sense of rapture as it continued, no matter what his hands did, no matter how she ached.

She gasped weakly as he gripped her hair in his fist again, yanking it up and back, pulling her chest off the bed so that he could reach in and roughly grope her breast once more. He mauled her tender, throbbing flesh, heedless of her comfort or pleasure, hammering himself against her as she grunted and moaned and cried out in dazed heat.

The bubbling, churning liquid heat filled her body, roiling and swirling and sweeping through her again and again as she gave herself completely to the pleasure, heedless of anything else, wallowing in it as the raging male animal she had not even seen continued to put her through what her fantasies had only ever imagined.

He was riding her like a bull, and she felt a calm sense of perfect acceptance in submission to him. And when he slowed, when his pounding hips ground against hers, and the thick girth of his shaft eased back and out, she lay as she had been, dazed, gasping, eyes glazed, trembling but otherwise unmoving.

She lay as she was for some long period of time, bottom raised, legs apart, chest against the bed, groaning weakly. Her mind had been blown by the intensity of the experience, of the hours long torment of repeated orgasms of such intensity her body had been drained and the higher thinking processes of her mind stunned into submission.

Eventually, she fell over onto her side with a groan, and lay there for another period of time, drifting off to sleep. When she woke, it was still dark. Her stomach rumbled, for she had had no dinner, and she was desperately thirsty.

The muscles of her legs ached. Her feet ached. Her back ached. Her arms and wrists ached. Her movements were thus halting and accompanied by gasps, moans and winces. Nevertheless, she managed to sit up wearily. She eased out of bed and gingerly made her way across the room to where the key still hung from the string.

Shaking her head and wincing again, she undid the cuffs and removed them, then reached down and gripped the base of the dildo still in her bottom, working it out and tossing it on the floor. Then she made her way to the little kitchen and drank down half a quart of milk while putting together a sandwich.

She wolfed it down, then collapsed into bed again.

She still ached the next morning, ached all over. Her belly ached, too. Her sex ached. Her nipples and clitoris ached and were still swollen, still sore, and still... very, very sensitive to the touch.

She had a shower, during which she masturbated to climax three separate times, aided by slippery, soapy fingers and her own dark fantasies. Those fantasies now had a much more realistic sense of what it felt like to be thrown down and roughly mounted and used, and the memories of the previous night resonated within her mind and body.

It was some time later when she finally inspected the string with the key, pondering why it had never fallen. The bunched up part of the string which was supposed to have fallen out once the ice melted was still stuck firmly together, as if glued!

And who, she wondered, could it have been who had come into her room and ridden her so powerfully? Her mind had shied away from the thought repeatedly, but she knew who it had to be. She had only a vague memory of the shape and size of him, but she remembered his voice. There was no question it had been Mister Thorne.

The thought was humiliating! He was old enough to be her father! And she had zero romantic interest in him! Not to mention he was married, so doing anything with him was adultery!

But on the other hand, she felt little guilt for it. The memory was too richly colored with a searing pleasure and passion. And besides, it wasn't like she'd

sought him out, or had an opportunity to resist. No, any guilt was on him.

Her intelligent young mind returned to the key and the string. She quite clearly remembered the feel of the string as she had carefully folded it over and placed part of it into the ice cube tray before adding the water. It could not have acquired this sticky substance on its own, could it? Was it possible Thorne had done it?! But how would he have known to!?

A peep hole? Her friends had joked about that at one point, but she was in the attic. And most of the floor was carpeted. Besides, the ceiling downstairs was quite high. She didn't see him standing on a ladder to peek through a hole.

She moved carefully around the room, inspecting the walls. There was really very little room for anything to be placed there, especially with the skylights. She went on the internet and looked up hidden cameras, instantly finding a web site which sold them in a variety of disguises.

She checked her stuffed animals, but none were new, and none contained a camera. There were no electronic devices here that weren't her own. But one of the more popular means of hiding a camera was in a smoke detector, and she remembered him replacing hers not very long ago. She stared up at it wonderingly. How could she tell without inspecting it?

She would need a ladder for that, and she would need to wait until the Thorne's went out, which was fine with her. The idea of coming face to face with Thorne just then was too mortifying to contemplate!

It soon became even more mortifying. Inspecting the smoke detector confirmed her suspicion. The anger of that drove her to the most obvious destination for any signals, that being his office on the floor below, and its computer. Neither were locked. And it took very little effort to find the video record of last night.

It was... horrifying! It was appalling! It was mortifying and humiliating!

And yet...

Watching herself was like reliving yesterday without the discomfort. She stared at her body writhing and twisting and bucking in orgasm after orgasm, cringing at the sight even while her body thrummed with a wild rush of dark, thrilling heat! The look on her face in those videos was pure ecstasy!

Her face flamed at the thought of him watching and seeing her like that!

But then came his image entering the video! Then came the sight of him and his cock, plunging it down her throat! And after that, throwing her down and riding her like a whore! She cringed again, face on fire, shocked at what she was seeing, yet still gripped by a churning, seething sense of heat and hunger.

Her first thought was to delete the videos, but then... then he would know she knew! What would he do!? She was numbed by the enormity of it all! She had never in her life been so utterly exposed before another person, her secrets, her kinky fantasies laid as bare as her body.

No man had ever seen her so naked before, so openly naked for such a long period of time. No man had any idea of her kinky fantasies. No man had ever touched her like he had, had ever used her like he had, had ever controlled her like he had.

She despised him for what he had done, but even so, that dark, rushing undertone of heat, passion and dark hunger did not diminish.

The incredible pleasure, the intensity of the wild, screaming sexual storm had been like nothing in her life to date. And every impulsive thought she had of hurriedly packing and fleeing ran into the sudden dark hole of realization that if she did so, it might never happen again.

She might never get to feel that kind of wild, fiery heat again!

It was wrong and nasty, and finding a man who would do it who wasn't himself nasty, would be very difficult. There was also the problem of keeping it secret. It wasn't like she could ask potential dates if they liked to tie girls up and strap them.

She was simply not good with men! She was shy and desperately careful of her pride and dignity.

But Thorne, he already knew. He had already seen her, had already touched her. She had no secrets from him. And he didn't dare tell anyone.

So what if she did it again!?

Just thinking that, almost casually, filled her with such a flood of emotion that she was shocked into immobility for long seconds! It was a ludicrous thought, a preposterous thought! God only knew what would happen or what he would do!?

She remembered his voice, calling her a filthy slut. He had strapped her hard, and she winced at the memory. Yet, she had probably deserved it in his eyes. She had acted like a slut. Of course, he hadn't exactly acted very pure peeping at her!

She had a fair idea of his religious views by then. She wondered if what he had done was tormenting him as much as it was her. Probably, but the hypocrite probably blamed her for it! She was a Christian but she wasn't a fundamentalist like him. Nevertheless, she had a pretty good idea how they thought, how he thought.

He would probably want her to be punished for 'causing' what had happened. And, in fact, a part of her felt a deep need for that punishment. Oh, intellectually, she knew better. Emotionally, however, she felt as though she had indeed behaved like a slut, and for that she deserved punishment.

*

Thorne waited in an agony of prayer for the shoe to drop. Surely the slut had come to realize by now that he was the man who had used her that night. How would she respond? Would there be a horrible confrontation in front of Cynthia!? He would not be able to deny her accusations without lying, and that would add still more sinfulness to his soul!

Nor could he stay away from watching her, from staring at her in the monitor. She did not seem to have changed her behavior much at first. When she was home she spent most of her time at her desk, or watching TV. Or, of course, sleeping or eating. The bed was well within view of the camera, but she often undressed after turning the lights out, giving him only tantalizing views of her in the light of the windows.

And then one day she undressed with the lights on, and, naked, climbed onto the bed, then, before his wide and disbelieving eyes, began to use the dildo on herself, drawing her legs up and apart, moaning to herself as she plunged the thing into her naked sex, passion and lust filling her face!

“Whore!” he whispered as his shaft hardened. “Filthy slut!”

*

Mackenzie didn't know if he was watching now, but if not, he would see her on video. She was sure of that! And the thought of that was both incredibly embarrassing and incredibly exciting. Her body began to tremble with the intensity of the excitement within her as she brought the nose of the dildo to her sex and began to stroke it up and down against her clitoris.

She still felt swollen and sensitive there, and shuddered, rolling her hips up as need filled her mind. She drove the dildo slowly down into her body, moaning as she arched and rolled her head, pumping the dildo in and out as her trembling fingers sought her clitoris and began to stroke frantically.

It was shocking how rapidly the heat built up! And it was the thought of him watching which did it! It was nearly impossible to stop before the orgasm, but she did it, if only just!

She slipped out of bed and grabbed the bench from the foot of the bed, dragging it across the floor until it was underneath the hook. She stepped on it and removed the heavy planter, still flushed with heat – and embarrassment – at the thought of him watching her.

She picked up the red dildo, filled with anxiety and uncertainty as she did so. God, it was thick But she was incredibly aroused. She placed it on the bench. She had screwed a hole into the bench already, and now locked the dildo into place. She adjusted the length of the chain to which the wrist restraints were locked, then worked the dildo she had been using into her bottom and the ball gag into her mouth.

She placed the vibrator down before the dildo, put some lubrication on the dildo, then climbed onto the bench and knelt straddling it. Moaning, she slowly sank herself down onto it, fighting to keep from visibly trembling at the thought of him watching. It took some time to slowly work herself down the length of the thing, but she succeeded, aided by her own raw hunger.

This time there were no straps to bind her legs together and restrict her ability to ride the dildo. Instead she tied the rope around each leg just under the knees. She had already wound them around the rear legs of the bench, and now pulled on them as she shifted her knees wide, sitting back on her heels, exulting in the feel of pressure against her thighs once again as she spread herself so widely.

She tied the rope off behind her, then reached up to grip the shackles, moaning, eyes closed, putting on a show for him. She rode slowly up and down on the vibrator, not having to pretend to a heat rapidly filling her body and mind.

Then, still gripping the dangling restraints with one hand, she reached down with the other and picked up the flog.

She had chosen it carefully. It was short and lightweight, the laces thin and not particularly painful when she tested it on her back. Still, the thought of it was thrilling! She swung the short handled flog back over her shoulder, gasping, moaning into the gag as the laces spread out to snap against her bare back.

It stung, though the degree of pain was easily manageable. But it still produced a dark thrill of heat at the thought of being flogged, and an even darker thrill at the thought of him doing it! She put the flog down as if too excited to continue, and fumbled her left hand into one of the restraints, locking it.

This time, the key was attached to the chain within easy reach!

She slipped her other wrist into the other restraint, managed to fumble the lock closed, and then moaned as she stared at herself in the mirror. Now, with the improvement in how her legs were tied she was able to ride up and down on the thick dildo below her, even while her knees were held wide and locked down. She would not be able to rise off them, any more than she would be able to pull her wrists free of the restraints without the keys.

She was helpless!

She wasn't sure if he was watching, or, perhaps more likely, would simply find the video the next time he checked the computer. It didn't matter. The heat rose within her like flames, and she rode the dildo with growing passion, gasping and moaning into the gag as the thickness and length of it made her ache.

She gurgled in pain as she eased all the way down, grinding her clitoris against the vibrator, crying out again and again as an orgasm burst within. Rapture seized her, and she writhed and sobbed and moaned in its embrace.

*

Whore! Filthy she-animal! Thorne watched her and burned with anger, with

outrage, and with heat and hunger and desire!

Desire she was causing!

Sinful, wicked desire he would not be feeling were it not for her sluttish antics! His eyes narrowed at her halfhearted pretense at self-flagellation. It looked like an obscene version of the religious experience!

What the girl needed, was punishment, true punishment, harsh punishment! She was a wicked creature of sin and God's anger must be made manifest upon her! If she wanted to embrace Satan, he would see to it she got what she wanted!

He was so hard it was difficult to walk, but he did so, going to the door to the attic and taking out his key.

*

Mackenzie screamed, startled by the sudden movement, then again, shocked by what her eyes beheld! At first she felt a shock of terror. What she was was a ... a devil, a demon. It had a snarling face with scaly red flesh, and scales going down its throat and visible through the open front of its shirt! Two black horns sprouted from the sides of its head.

But almost immediately she realized it was a mask, a rubber mask, though not a cheap one. This one covered not only the face but the entire head and then lay upon the shoulders of whoever it was beneath. From the size, it had to be, well, it simply had to be Thorne!

Still, she gaped at him, at least until he slapped her face, stunning her and throwing her head sharply to the side. She gasped as he moved forward, then around her. She had a moment to notice he had picked up the flog, and then it was sweeping down across her back.

Harder than her little tests, much harder!

She cried out in pain as the thin individual laces sliced into the soft, pale flesh of her back. That stung! And it stung all across her upper back! It did not, of course, sting nearly as much as the alligator clips which she had placed on her nipples and clitoris a few days before, but even so!

She barely had time to cry out and jerk sharply from the pain before it hit again, and then again, lower down. She squealed and cried out, back arching, then again, then again, for he was swinging the flog rapidly, furiously! She cried out as her back began to burn, as the laces bit into her from top to bottom, as they cut into her buttocks and hips and shoulders!

Her hands fumbled at the key but he paused long enough to snatch it away!

Then the flogging continued! The flog snapping down as fast as he could swing it as her back flamed hotly and she began to feel a sense of desperation at the rising pain!

Yet her wrists were bound above her head and her knees were tied down and spread wide! All she could do was writhe and twist and cry out into the ball gag she herself had placed into her mouth!

He paused, finally, leaving her trembling and whimpering, her entire back from shoulders to thighs burning!

Two heavy hands landed on her thighs and shoved down – hard. Mackenzie cried out as her sex was jammed down onto the big dildo, impaling her completely! Then a hand gripped her hair and jerked her head up and back sharply.

“Whore!” he growled in a strangled hiss next to her ear. “Slut! Filthy temptress! Child of Satan!”

He forced her hips forward, jamming her clitoris against the vibrator.

“Know the fulfillment of your own wicked hungers!” he growled.

And then she felt his hand at her bottom, felt fingers gripping the base of the dildo there and pulling it free. She cried out in pain as a harsh hand gripped her hair again and forced her upward. And then something else pushed frantically against her back passage, finding it and jamming itself inside.

Big hands came around her chest to roughly cup and fondle her breasts, mashing them together as hot breath blew against her hair. She felt his cock pushing deeper, hurting despite the fact the lubricated dildo had prepared her well.

She moaned and whimpered, her back still throbbing hotly, but then a sort of epiphany reached her mind. He was driving his cock into her, sodomizing her! That was so wicked and nasty! No one had ever done that before! And if he had flogged her, well, she had deserved it!

Heat sparked and reignited, flaring up within her. The big red dildo was still half buried in her sex as he drove himself up achingly deep into her bottom, and as his hips began to slap against her, as he began to roughly, even violently use her, a hazy cloud of dark sexual steam began to fill her mind.

He cursed her as he sodomized her, cursed her as he crushed her breasts, cursed her as he pulled angrily at her hair to force it sharply back, and cursed as her orgasm became obvious and her body spasmed around his plunging shaft.

And he cursed her as her orgasm brought him over the edge, as well, and he clenched his jaw against the explosion of pleasure which howled through his body, ramming himself into her with wild, animalistic passion!

But he especially cursed her as he finished, gasping, and drew his softening shaft out of her body, and she sagged slowly downward, impaling herself on the big dildo in her sex again, until her clitoris was jammed against the vibrator.

He picked up the flog and moved around in front of her. Her body was stretched out, her arms high above, her full young breasts round and firm, the nipples swollen with her heat. His eyes dropped down the flat belly to where nothing of the thick dildo was even visible beneath her, for she had taken it all into her.

Her glazed eyes look up at him and she moaned into the gag, then she began to slowly ride up and down on the dildo.

The devil creature that was Thorne raised the flog and brought it down across her breasts with a sweeping movement of his arm.

Mackenzie cried out at the crackle of stinging blows to her soft breasts! But the shock and outrageousness of the blow only made the heat burn hotter. She rode the dildo more frantically as he drew back his arm and swept the flog down again.

He wasn't wild, and he was moving much slower than he had when flogging her back, as if studying the results of every blow. But her breasts were soon burning

like her back had been, her nipples like hard, white hot pebbles at their center as the flog came down again, and again, and again.

Ten times, twenty, forty!

She sobbed as her belly and chest and breasts burned, but she rode plunged wildly up and down on the dildo as one orgasm after another tore through her flaming mind.

He was hard again, and finally, cursing, reached down and pulled himself out of his pants, fisting himself, pumping his fist frantically as he brought the flog down more and more rapidly, then, with an animal howl, he stopped swinging the flog, dropping it and clutching his red and purple shaft with both hands as he spewed himself across her chest and face.

*

They never spoke of it. They barely acknowledged each other's existence, for they felt nothing but contempt for each other. Every evening Mackenzie tormented him, knowing he was watching, spending much of her time in the room naked, artfully posing and arching and positioning, bending over, and of course, fondling herself, masturbating so he could watch and be driven into raging heat.

And once a week she would bind herself in such a way that she knew he would come to her and punish her for her wickedness, then sate his own wild lust upon her body.

He always hurt her, but she knew she deserved it. Besides, he never harmed her.

And the intensity of the thrilling passion and heat which gripped her was like a drug, one she had become quickly addicted to and could not forsake.

As for Thorne, he wished, in a peculiar way, that he was a Catholic so he could confess and cleanse his soul. But he was caught in a lust driven bondage of his own making, forced to watch her, unable to resist her, sating his lust upon her against all laws of God, only to be beset by guilt each time.

END

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

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